The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

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NEW-ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1849.

Oaths of Office.

A recent attempt was made in the Rhode Island Legislature to restore Thomas W. Dorr to his political rights. The attempt, however, failed, owing to the opposition of the party in power in the State of Rhode Island. They refused to give Mr. Dorr the right of suffrage until he takes the oath of allegiance to the Constitution.

We do not intend to comment on the strange excuse which has been given for withholding from Mr. Dorr those rights which are granted to every citizen of Rhode Island of a certain age and with certain property qualifications, independent of any oath he may take to support the constitution and laws. We take the opportunity which this Rhode Island incident furnishes to express the opinion that it would be better if all oaths of office were abolished.

Having derived the custom of requiring an oath from public servants on their entrance into office from our British ancestors, we seem like them to cling to the meaningless ceremony as if it contained the essence of a duty or a right. The custom is perfectly in accordance with the theory, if not with the practice, of the English constitution, inasmuch as the oath taken by an English officeholder is an oath of allegiance to the Sovereign. And as the upholders of monarchy assert that it is necessary to impose on the senses and imaginations of men by forms and ceremonies, it is perfectly natural for a monarchial government to call in the sanctity of an oath in order to add to the solemnity of the tie which binds the subject to his sovereign. But why should this be done in the United States? Our officers take the oath to support the Constitution and the laws; but if the oath is violated, is the officer ever prosecuted for the crime of perjury? Or is the lesser crime—at least the lesser in the eye of human law—merged in the greater? Is the indictment for perjury suppressed by the graver and more heinous charge of treason?

We need merely suggest these inquiries in order to show that the oath of office is useless as a remedy: that is, if the officer violates the Constitution or the laws, a prosecution for perjury on the ground that he has violated his official oath, is never resorted to in order to punish the offender or take away from him the powers with which he has been vested. Useless then as a remedy, can we consider the official oath as beneficial by restraining men from violations of the constitution or the laws which they would otherwise have attempted? Do you think that the man who meditates an attack on the laws of his country will be arrested in his crime by the fear of offending his God by the violation of an oath. Would it be wisdom in a government to own that a man might be true in his allegiance to his God when he might forget his duty to his country—that a man might separate his religion from his patriotism, and though his inclination might prompt him to violate the laws, that the idea of exciting the wrath of an outraged Deity (offended not at the treason but at the perjury) would keep him from the execution of treasonable designs?

Without power, then, either as a remedy in case the laws are violated, or as a preventive to an infringement of the laws which might otherwise be attempted, the oath of office becomes not only useless, but is in reality a blunder, and might by many be tortured into something worse—a blasphemy. To our eyes the name of God seems desecrated by an alliance with human statutes and human constitutions. And in our abolition of oaths we would go even beyond the oaths of office. It seems to us that all oaths are anomalies in our system of government; for the religious opinions of a man are the essential elements of his oath, and our political institutions profess not to interfere with the theological tenets a man may hold. To insist that a man shall believe in the existence of God before he is permitted to give his testimony in a court of justice is to make Theism, under some shape or other, the religion of the State. And to require a man to take an oath before entering into office has the effect either of excluding from the service of the republic all those who conscientiously doubt the existance of God, or of tempting ambitious men who may be skeptical to an act of arrant hypocrisy and deceit.

All oaths which are prescribed by the statute book are traceable to that grand deviation from good government which mingled up religious with political affairs. And never will we have a government thoroughly good, or a religion perfectly pure, until we have an entire and complete separation of the two. The least mixture of these elements degrades religion and corrupts government—takes as much from the heavenly and divine attributes of the one as it does from the useful and beneficial operations of the other. It becomes us then to reflect whether the system of oaths is not injurious both to the State and the Church. If so, the sooner we do away with the system the better it will be for ourselves and posterity.

Cholera in Lexington.—The Lexington Observer of the 11th says, "for the last few days our city has been wrapped in general consternation and grief, as one by one some familiar face has been buried for ever from the sight of friends. Scarce had we time to recover from one attack before another would come upon us." The Observer gives a list of those who have died; among the rest it mentions "Mr. A. S. Jouett, the second son of Mrs. Jouett of this city, who died of cholera at Harrodsburg, on Saturday morning last, after a violent attack, which terminated in about three hours. He was attacked about 7 o'clock and died at 10 o'clock of that morning. He left the city on Wednesday to spend a few days in Harrodsburg. He was a member of Capt. Beard's company, and behaved with great gallantry in the memorable battle of Buena Vista."

☞ The lawyers in Clermont county, (Ohio,) published a card, notifying jurymen, witnesses and clients, that in consequence of the prevalence of the cholera in that county, it would be unnecessary to attend the court appointed for the 10th inst., as nothing would be transacted except perhaps the probate business.

Letter from China.—The following is an extract from a letter dated March 20th, 1849, from John W. Davis, Commissioner to China, to his brother, Major Henry L. Davis, of Maysville, Ky.:

"China is in a most excited condition, growing out of the probability of a war between this country and England. This condition of things renders insecure the lives and property of all foreigners here, and creates great alarm and confusion. All business is suspended, and robberies by land and water are of every day occurance. No foreigner ventures outside of his domicil without being armed for defence. After the 6th of April coming, I hope things will wear a better aspect. That is the day fixed by treaty for all foreigners to enter the walled city of Canton,—and it is in anticipation that the English will force them to open the city gates, that all this trouble and excitement exists. The 'Preble,' with John W. Davis, jr., as acting Lieutenant, has gone to Japan to release some American sailors that are in prison there."

Death of Dr. Gard of Columbia.—Dr. Gard a physician of Columbia, died of cholera on the 10th inst. The Ohio State Journal thus notices his death:

"Dr. Gard was a native of Washington county, in this State, and until recently has resided in Pickaway county, about twelve miles from here, from whence he removed a few months since. He has been a member of the Legislature of this State, and one of the Directors of the Penitentiary. We saw him yesterday engaged in attending upon the sick at the State Prison, and noticed his remarkable apparent health. Fatigue incident to his professional labors there and elsewhere, was probably a predisposing cause of the attack to which he fell a victim."

The Illinois Speculation.—William B. Maclay, late member of Congress from the city of New York, disclaims the land monopoly imputed to himself and brothers, in Illinois, and says the land mentioned was entered in the name of his brother, but actually belongs to a large number of persons who are to occupy it in the proportion of about two hundred acres each.

Bridging the Ohio.—A private company some time since obtained a charter from the States of Virginia and Ohio, to build a bridge across the Ohio river, at Wheeling, Va. The bridge is to have a single span of 1010 feet in length, and an elevation of 92 feet above low water mark. The water in the river at that place has sometimes risen 44 feet above low water mark. No steamboat with a chimney higher than 52 feet could pass in high water without having hinges to lower her chimneys. Some of the larger boats in the upper trade have chimneys 82 feet from the surface of the water. The bridge is to be the connecting link between the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Plans for its construction have been adopted, and the work is about to commence. But Pittsburg is getting excited and protests vehemently against the threatened interruption to her trade. The inhabitants are remonstrating against the erection of the bridge, as hostile to the interests of Pittsburg and insulting to the State of Pennsylvania. Public meetings have been held, speeches made, lawyers consulted, and committees appointed.

Break in the Miami Canal.—Another break occurred near Hamilton, in the Miami canal, in consequence of the late heavy rains. The intelligence was received in Cincinnati on the morning of the 11th, and it was reported to be a very serious affair, which would not be repaired under ten or twelve days.

Railroad in Alabama.—The contract for the completion of the Montgomery Railroad, has been awarded to Messrs. J. D. Gray and W. D. Riddle. The contract requires them to complete the road to West Point by July 1850. They commenced work the 1st July, and are, it was said, to place 800 or 900 hands on the road at once. Messrs. Gray and Riddle are experienced men in work of this kind. They are now completing a contract on the Western and Atlantic Railroad from Dalton, Ga., to Chattanooga, embracing a tunnel of 1508 feet in length, which had been undertaken and abandoned as impracticable by two contractors who preceded them. This will be in continuation of the road upon which the great Southern mail travels, and will limit the stage route, in that line, to the State of Georgia—from the Chattahooche at West Point to Griffin.

Plank Roads in New York.—The seventh plank road leading from Utica, New York, is about to be commenced. Those now in operation pay 15 per cent. per annum on an investment of $300,000.

Appointments by the President.

Collectors of the Customs.—J. L. Rogers, Gloucester, Massachusetts, vice Eli F. Stacy, removed. Gideon S. Hackett, Cape Vincent, New York, vice Peleg Burchard, removed.

Surveyors of the Customs.—Lorenzo Nash, Gloucester, Massachusetts, vice John Woodbury, removed. John A. Chew, Havre de Grace, Maryland, vice Robert Gale, removed.

Marshals.—William M. Brown, of Georgia, to be Marshal of the United States for the district of Georgia, vice Henry Williams, who declines the office. Walter C. Maloney, of Florida, to be Marshal of the United States for the Southern district of Florida, vice Joseph B. Browne, removed.

Attorneys.—Hiram W. Husted, of North Carolina, to be Attorney of the United States for the district of North Carolina, vice William H. Haigh, who declines the office. George W. Call, jr., of Florida, to be Attorney of the United States for the Northern district of Florida, vice Chandler C. Younge, removed.

Land Officers.—John Diskgrave, of Louisiana, to be Receiver of Public Moneys at Monroe, Louisiana, vice John B. Filhiol, removed. Daniel Clapp, of Illinois, to be Register of the Land Office at Danville, Illinois, vice William E. Russell, removed. Lewis H. Lovell, of Michigan, to be Receiver of the Land Office at Ionia, Michigan, vice Benj. Sherman, removed. Thomas B. Thorpe, of Louisiana, to be Register of the Land Office at New Orleans, Louisiana, vice Louis Ste Martin, removed.

Promotions, etc., in the Army.—The Washington papers publish an official list of promotions, appointments, transfer, resignations, deaths, etc., in the army, since the list published March 15. We condense them briefly, as follows:

Promotions.—Medical Department—Assistant Surgeons Leonard McPhail and [illegible] P. Moore, to be Surgeons.
Infantry—Lieut. Col. John Garland to be Colonel; Major B. L. E. Bonneville, to be Lieut. Colonel; J. J. B. Kingsbury to be Major; 1st Lieuts. Spencer Norvell and Geo. C. Westcott to be Captains; 2d Lieuts. Cyrus W. Lear and D. R. Jones to be 1st Lieutenants; Brevet 2d Lieuts. A. G. Miller, T. D. Johns, G. H. Page, N. H. McLean, F. Paine, and W. N. R. Beall, to be 2d Lieutenants.
Dragoons—1st Lieut. W. H. Saunders to be Captain; Brevet 2d Lieut. Charles H. Tyler to be 2d Lieutenant.
Artillery—1st Lieut. J. J. P. O'Brien to be Captain; 2d Lieuts. Amos J. Cook, A. L. Magilton, G. A. DeRussy, and J. S. Garland, to be 1st Lieutenants; Brevet 2d Lieuts. T. S. Rhett, W. G. Gill, James Holmes, T. K. Walbridge, G. Talmadge, J. C. Booth, to be 2d Lieutenants.
Appointments.—Medical Department—Asst. Surgeons W. B. Ballard, of La.; Geo. K. Wood, N. Y.; J. F. Brown, Mich.; A. B. Hasson, Md.; J. Letherman, Pa.; W. A. Hammond, Pa.; F. Sorrel, Ga.; E. W. Johns, Md.; W. W. Anderson, S. C.
Pay Department—A. J. Smith, of Va., to be Paymaster.
Cadets Appointed to Commands, with rank of Brevet 2d Lieuts.—Q. A. Gilmore, attached to Engineers; J. G. Parke, Top. Engineers; J. Y. Benet, Ordnance; H. Deane, R. H. Robertson, C. W. Field, Dragoons; D. McClure, W. C. Tevis, Mounted Riflemen; T. J. Haines, W. Silvey, B. DuBarry, D. D. Perkins, A. Baird, W. A. Nimmo, E. R. Platt, E. D. Stockton, C. McKeever, J. Railagy, J. C. Moore, R. Saxton, jr., J. K. Duncan, E. M. Hudson, Artillery; M. Cogswell, W. H. Lewis, L. W. Fraser, A. Cumming, T. Wright, J. Withers, J. S. Tidball, S. M. Barton, C. Green, R. W. Johnson, S. B. Holabird, Thomas G. Williams, T. A. Washington, T. C. English, J. H. McArthur, J. P. Roy, C. A. Alvord, D. D. Clark, L. H. Marshall, J. H. Reynolds, J. McIntosh, Infantry.
Resignations.—Brevet Major G. H. McPhail, D. H. Hill and A. Lowry; 1st Lieut. E. Bradford; Brevet 1st Lieut. S. L. Gouverneur; Brevet 2d Lieut. S. Ross; Surgeon L. C. McPhail; Assistant Surgeon J. Walker; Paymaster C. H. Smith.
Declined.—Assistant Surgeon J. H. Bailey declines promotion to Surgeon.
Deaths.—Brevet Major-Generals E. P. Gaines and W. J. Worth; Captains N. W. Hunter, Edward Deas and Leslie Chase; 2d Lieuts. C. Hall, T. M. Whedbee, W. Johnston.
Transfers.—2d Lieut. J. C. Symmes, of 4th Art., to Ordnance; 2d Lieut. J. DeRussey, of 2d Inf., to 2d Art.; 2d Lieut. C. Smith, of 2d Art., to 2d Inf.

The Over-Zealous Commissary.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It is well known that Mr. Lumley, the enterprising manager of her Majesty's Theatre, having accidentally witnessed the performance of the Caid at the Comic Opera, was so strongly impressed with the talent of Madame Ugalde, that he instantly conceived the project of taking her to England. Mr. Lumley at first offered to pay her forfeit—forty thousand francs—a mere bagatelle for an English manager—and then tendered to the young *artiste*, at an almost fabulous price, an engagement for a long term of years.

In consequence of these offers, M. Perrin, the French manager—who was an adept in his profession—took such precautions as he thought necessary to prevent the loss of the charming cantatrice. He knew that such *enlevements* were nothing more than those little strokes of usage which managers established between themselves merely for the purpose of keeping up an acquaintance. He remembered the fame of Gardoni, the *rapt* ravishment of Plessy, and a thousand other similar turns. As a first step he appealed to the minister.

"If our theatres are to be continued," said the French manager to the minister, "it is necessary to put an end to these scandalous desertions, or their support will be rendered impossible. The public is not remarkably generous. When it does not demand gratuitous tickets, it is willing at the price of three or four francs to listen to our first artistes; to have comedies, dramas, and vaudevilles, when tastefully gotten up and garnished with charming music, beautiful scenery and rich costumes. The theatres are burdened with the author's tax, the poor tax, and a thousand other taxes more or less ruinous, which are to be found nowhere but in Paris. What profit I submit can remain to them? And how can we contend with those Californians on the other side of the channel, whose receipts are two thousand pounds sterling, and who gave to their *cantatrices* bouquets of diamonds, while we can scarcely afford to present ours with bouquets of violets! I think this matter ought to be made an international affair."

"Is this really your opinion, M. Perrin?" replied the minister; "what then would become of the 'cordial understanding,' which has never been more cordial than since its inventor Louis Philippe is no longer at the Tuileries! If as you say Mr. Lumley is seeking to deprive you of Madame Ugalde, why not set your wits at work to deprive him of Jenny Lind. That would be a glorious reprisal."

The unhappy manager looked at the minister with an air that plainly said, "sir, you are ridiculing me." Then resuming his calmness he continued—

Can we not M. le Ministre, at least establish a surveillance over the movements of our artiste! The railroads are numerous, and I fear that without any other previous ceremony some fine morning the Times or the Chronicle will inform me, at breakfast, that Madame Ugalde is in London, and will appear that evening in *Il Barbiere!*—a species of coffee which would be a shade too strong to be agreeable.

"Oh, as to that," said the minister, who was in his element, "as to that M. Perrin you have nothing to fear. I will instantly send the most rigorous orders to all the railroad lines, and to all the seaports of the Republic. The fact shall be transmitted by telegraph to the agents of the public force throughout the country without delay, and your charming *cantatrice* shall escape you only when she has terminated her engagement, or paid her stipulated forfeit, in which latter case, my dear Perin, I could only tender to you my unfeigned regrets."

On the evening of the same day that the order had been given for the surveillance of Madame Ugalde, and to prevent her flight at all hazards, the police agents posted on the dock of Boulogne saw a young woman descend from a carriage. Her figure was rather small, and she was enveloped from head to foot in a black cloak. She appeared studiously to avoid the attention of the curious. A young gentleman, whose figure and external appearance corresponded admirably with the description given of the husband of Mad. Ugalde, accompanied the lady; and though he did not offer her his arm it was perfectly manifest that she was under his protection.

"There she is," exclaimed the police officers, "it is really her!" And they politely begged her to stop.

"Madame," said they, "will you have the kindness to accompany us to the residence of the commissary of the police!"

"What! to the commissary's!" said the young woman in an agitated voice, "for whom do you take me, gentlemen! Without doubt you deceive yourselves. Allow me to proceed."

"Madame," said the chief of the police, "we have been directed to keep the most vigilant watch for you, and you must follow us. Have you your papers with you?"

"Sir, I have come from Abbeville," responded the woman with impatience, "and I am going to Folkstone on urgent business. I have twenty times made the same journey without ever having been interrupted before. If it be absolutely necessary I will take a passport. Do not detain me longer, gentlemen, for I am anxious to fulfil my engagement."

"Oh, yes," said the young man who accompanied her, "the lady is extremely anxious to proceed."

"We have nothing to say to you, sir," said the chief of the police. "You are at perfect liberty to depart or remain. We know who you are."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Englishman, for such he was, "I am delighted to find you know me."

"You are the husband of that lady."

"Indeed I am not."

"Then you are the *empresario*."

"Capital!" responded the Englishman, "capital! The French police are a set of wags."

But to abridge the affair we will explain the enigma. The young woman who had been mistaken by the police for Madame Ugalde, the charming *cantatrice*, was—heaven forgive them!—a *sage-femme* (midwife) from Abbeville, whom the Englishman had been in pursuit of in great haste, to attend to a matter which would not admit of delay. The Englishman, who had been privately married wished still to keep the circumstance a secret; and had intended that his wife's *accouchement* should take place in France. But the premonitory symptoms of a family manifested themselves so unexpectedly, that the Englishman's intention of taking his rib across the channel was frustrated. He then confided his embarrassment to his landlady, who advised him to procure a French *sage-femme*, and accordingly gave him the address of one at Abbeville, on whose entire discretion, she assured him, he could implicitly rely.

But notwithstanding these circumstances—unknown it is true to the police, for the *sage-femme* was pledged to keep the object of her journey a secret—they were determined to carry her before the Commissary.

In the meantime the report of the arrest of Madame Ugalde, the celebrated *cantatrice* of the Comic Opera, was bruited all over Boulogne. Imagine the sensation which such a report would create in a town devoted to the fine arts, and which can boast the possession of three ball-rooms, a hall for concerts and a lyric theatre. The Commissary a great lover of music, and who once cultivated a knowledge of the violin, rubbed his hands with joy. His wife and children were busily preparing to listen to the examination behind a half-opened door. A brace of municipal councilmen too gave an absurd excuse for visiting the Commissary at 3 o'clock in the morning. But to the examination:

"Madame," said the magistrate, while putting on his spectacles, "I beg you to be seated."

"An arm-chair for the lady!" exclaimed one of the councilmen, in a stentorian voice.

"How pretty she is mother," whispered the daughter of the Commissary.

"Silence!" angrily exclaimed the mother, "Your *father* is sufficiently infatuated with such creatures."

"Madamoiselle—Madame," said the magistrate in the sweetest tone of his voice, "there is no possible doubt"—and he looked at the lady and then at his papers—"there is not a shadow of doubt—the identity is perfect."

"And moreover," he added with the most exquisite gallantry, "though we have never before had the pleasure of seeing and hearing you, a single glance at the rays of genius which illuminate your forehead and sparkle in your eyes, is sufficient to dazzle the beholder."

"What an old fool!" murmured the enraged wife of the commissary.

"Sir, many thanks for your compliments," said the *sage-femme*; "but I can only repeat to you what I told the officers who arrested me—that I am certainly the victim of some misapprehension."

"What a charming voice! what enchanting accents!" exclaimed the commissary with admiration; "her voice is a beautiful *soprano sfogato*."

"Sir, I do not know whether my voice is a *soprano* or *contralto*," replied the *sage-femme*, laughing, "but I beg you to allow me to depart."

"Are you indeed in such haste to leave us!"

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* it is not I who am in haste, but it is the gentleman who accompanies me. If you only knew, sir, the object of my visit to Folkstone, you would never forgive yourself for having thus detained me."

"I understand—your *debut*—"

"I am not going to make my *debut*, sir."

"We know your talent, your agility, your science!"

"It is only the result of constant practice," replied the *sage-femme*.

"If you would only, Madame—I am about making a very bold request—if while we are compelled to retain you in our presence—a circumstance which we at once deplore and rejoice at—if you would have the kindness to give us a specimen of your art."

"What do you mean, sir!" replied the *sage-femme*.

"That you should try your marvellous art upon us."

"You are crazy!" exclaimed the *voyageuse*, bursting into a roar of laughter.

"Madame!"

"What do you wish me—"

"Madame!"

"I tell you, sir, that I am a *sage-femme!* You have but to write to Abbeville to verify this. There you will find a full-length portrait of myself over my own door."

"Madame!" cried the magistrate harshly, "that the theatre has its licenses, and talent its privileges, I am perfectly aware; but you strangely abuse your advantages; you insult the majesty of justice!"

And without leaving his seat, the magistrate penned the following dispatch to the government:

"Monsieur le Ministre:—In accordance with your orders, transmitted in dispatch numbered 4327, we caused to be arrested yesterday evening near the dock of the Boulogne railroad, the young and illustrious *artiste*, Madame Ugalde Beaure, who had clandestinely left Paris for London. After a short examination her identity was perfectly substantiated, notwithstanding the protestations of the prisoner; who attempted by one of the grossest fables to blind the eyes of justice. I await, sir, your final orders, to know whether I shall retain the celebrated prisoner here, or forward her to Paris by the first conveyance. I will not conceal from you, sir, that if during her sojourn in our town, Madame Ugalde could be prevailed upon to give a concert for the benefit of the poor, it would be a marked event in the history of Boulogne."

Some hours after this, the far-seeing magistrate received by telegraph the response which follows:

"Madame Ugalde has not left Paris. She sang yesterday evening in *le Caid*. You have made a mistake. Release as speedily as possible the poor woman you have so erroneously arrested."

The unfortunate commissary, mortified and confounded, protested that he would never again be caught in such a ridiculous affair.

☞ It is not often that one meets with such songs as this from the Knickerbocker:

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' calm and tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith, and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your e'en,
Believe it, "for the best," and trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses a wee drap o' rain, to nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

O'Connell's Opinion of the Pope's Temporal Power.—In the "Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M. P., by Wm. J. O. N. Daunt," his Private Secretary, the following conversation is given:

"One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, 'I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings you will find his priests and friars good men. The circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to court the ruling powers by any writer who was not a Catholic himself.'"

"In the play of King John," observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the Tablet), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual dominion."

Drowned on the Fourth—*Canine Sagacity.* The Buffalo Republican says: "On the fourth of July, Mr. Alexander Wintemute, while attempting to swim across the Niagara river to an island called Strawberry Island, when about half way, lost his strength and was drowned. Mr. Wintemute was about forty-two years of age, and the youngest of five brothers, residing in Waterloo, Canada, opposite the Black Rock. He leaves a wife. There is an incident connected with the death of Mr. W. that is quite affecting, as it exhibits the strong attachment and peculiar sagacity of his dog. This faithful animal had accompanied M. W. in the water, and was the means of discovering his loss and the recovery of his body by his friends. The dog, from the moment his master sunk, continued to swim in a circuit of fifty feet, howling and barking, for about two hours. The continued cries of the dog, uttered in the most pitiful and lamentable strains known to the race, attracted the attention of neighbors from the shore, who at length went to the dog, and recognizing him, concluded, from his sorrowful cries and earnest manner, that his master was in the water. This proved to be so; on searching, his body was found within the circuit made by the dog, as he swam round and round. When the body of his master was taken into the boat, nothing could exceed the expressions of joy manifested by this faithful animal, which, quite exhausted and feeble, was taken into the boat along with the body. We do not recollect to have read a more affecting incident, exhibiting the strong attachment and real sagacity of the dog, than is shown in this instance."

Great Will Case.—The will of Edward B. Phillips, of Essex, (Mass.,) we believe, is before the Supreme Court of the State, being impeached by all the parties in interest, except Harvard University and the residuary legatee. The amount of property involved is about *a million* of dollars. The will bequeathed in usual form $100,000 to Charles Amory and Chas. G. Loring, in trust, the interest of the same to be paid in quarterly instalments to Charles Beck and wife, during their lives and after their decease to Abby S. Beck and Theresa Phillips, his sister; $100,000 to Harvard University as a fund for one or more astronomical observers, or for the purchase of astronomical instruments, as may be thought desirable by the College corporation; $60,000 to Charles Amory and John H. Gray, or the survivor; the remainder of his property, and all his personal effects to his cousin, Wm. Phillips. The heirs at law who contest the will are Miss Theresa Philips, sister of the deceased, Mrs. Professor Beck, Cambridge, the mother, Miss Beck, daughter of the above, and Mrs. Salisbury, wife of Edward E. Salisbury, half sister, by the first wife of the father of the deceased. Mr. Phillips shot himself about a year after making his will. The will is sought to be set aside on three grounds; because it was executed on Sunday, for undue influences, and because of insanity.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER;
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft, brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's soft whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like snow flake, white and mute;
And then from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she, upon her bended knees—
Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

The Circassian Slave Traffic.—In a moral point of view, all slave traffic is of course odious and reprehensible, but that of Circassia differed from other commerce of the kind, in so far that all parties were benefitted by, and consenting to, the contract. The Turks obtained from the Caucasus handsomer and healthier wives than those born in the harem; and the Circassian beauties were delighted to exchange the poverty and toil of their fathers' mountain huts for the luxurious far-niente of the seraglio, of whose wonders and delights their ears were regaled, from childhood upwards, with the most glowing description. The trade, although greatly impeded, and very hazardous, still goes on. Small Turkish craft creep up to the coast, cautiously evading the Russian cruisers, enter creeks and inlets, and are dragged by the Circassians high and dry upon the beach, there to remain till the negotiation for their live cargo is completed, an operation that generally takes a few weeks. The women sold are the daughters of serfs and freemen; rarely does a work consent to dispose of his sister or daughter, although the case does sometimes occur. But while the sale goes on, the slave ships are any thing but secure. It is a small matter to have escaped the Russian frigates and steamers. Each of the Kreposts possesses a little squadron of row-boats, manned with Cossacks, who pull along the coast in search of Turkish vessels. If they detect one, they land in the night, and endeavor to set fire to it before the mountaineers can come to the assistance of the crew. The Turks, who live in profound terror of these Cossack coast-guards, resort to every possible expedient to escape their observation; often covering their vessels with dry leaves and boughs, and tying fir branches to the masts, that the scouts may take them for trees. If they are captured at sea by the cruisers, the crew are set to hard labor in Siberia, and the Circassian girls are married to Cossacks, or divided as handmaidens among the Russian staff officers. From thirty to forty slaves compose the usual cargo of each of these vessels, which are so small that the poor creatures are packed almost like herrings in a barrel. But they patiently endure the misery of the voyage, in anticipation of the honeyed existence of the harem. It is calculated that one vessel out of six is taken or lost.—*Layard's Nineveh and its Remains.*

Steam—Gas.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, under date of the 21st ult., writes—

I should have noticed before this a new application of the principle of steam, successfully made here during the last eight months. A few words will suffice to indicate it. Water boils and gives off steam at 100 degrees (French scale.) Heat the boiler to 800 degrees, and the same quantity of water will give off steam with an expansive power perhaps fifty times as great. The heat should be always kept just below that at which the water takes the spherical state and gives off no steam at all. A French mechanic has made a small boiler which, under the great heat above mentioned, runs a powerful machinery. The boiler and engine occupy about one-twentieth part of the space occupied by a common boiler of the same power. I need not point out the great utility of this for vessels of all kinds, especially for sea-packets, where economy of space is important.

Last Saturday an interesting experiment was performed at the Sorbonne, in presence of a great many chemists and learned gentlemen of the French Academy. It was to test the truth of the pretended discovery of a new and cheap mode of making gas for lighting streets. Messrs. Livenais and Berhardt had asserted that the decomposition, in a close vessel, of grape skins, after the last pressing and the lees of wine, disengages a carbonated hydrogen gas of a superior quality. The experiment was entirely successful. A pound of dried grape skins, placed in a white-hot retort, furnished, in less than seven minutes, 350 quarts of excellent carbonated hydrogen gas. The gas burns with a brilliant white flame, is without odor, and emits little smoke, in comparison with that produced from pit-coal and rosin. A second experiment with the dried dregs of wine was equally satisfactory.

The British Museum.—The present British Museum Library ranks in the number of volumes with the libraries of Vienna, Berlin and Dresden; and is inferior only to the two great libraries of Munich and Paris. The number of volumes included in the last return is 435,000, exhibiting an increase of 135,000 in four years. The only catalogue to this vast library at present in use was printed in 1819, in eight octavo volumes, and is now, with interleavings of manuscript additions, swelled into sixty-seven folio volumes. The number of readers possessing tickets of admission is between 30,000 and 40,000, and the average number of readers per day, it is said, 250. But the attendance has of late very much decreased; this falling off is attributed to the miserable and perplexing catalogue.

It is also stated that the Museum is not sufficiently extensive to contain the objects for which it has been enlarged. Every fresh consignment of any extent causes fresh embarrassment to the officers. The arrival of the Xanthian marbles necessitated the building of a new room; and now, a new room will have to be built for the Nineveh sculptures. The want of room is the reason why no British series of objects of natural history have been formed. The want of room has driven the exhibition of popular illustrations of plants and their uses to the new Museum at Kew, and that of the uses of minerals and fossils to the Practical Museum of Geology.

Hasty.—"Jones, I say, Jones!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding in her hand a paper, "aint you a philanthropic man!" "To be sure I am, Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner, "what's up now!" "*What's up now!*" almost shrieked his spouse; "why, look there," said she, thrusting the paper into his face, at the same time pointing with her right hand-forefinger to a paragraph—"read *that* and weep." "Well, what of it!" asked Uncle Dick, as he ran his eye over it. "Oh! you, you hard-hearted sinner, I thought you was a man with a little of the cream of human kindness in you." "Why, Fanny, I believe you are *going crazy!*" "*Going crazy!*" she echoed, "and is n't it enough to make one go crazy, when such things are taking place, and the cowardly men dar n't stop 'em. I wish I was n't a woman." "But what's in the paper to make you act so!" "Ca n't you read! Do n't it say there—Women and children starving to death by Morse's telegraph—Fatal spread of the cholera by electric telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying during a day in New Orleans by magnetic telegraph—Horrible riot in New York, and twenty-seven lives lost by telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston, an immense amount of property destroyed by telegraph—Welch's circus blown down, and life lost by electro magnetic telegraph—and yet you men sit here with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all-devastating and devouring monster. I wish I was a man!"—and Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

☞ Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them until they have been a short time in hot water.

Self-Command Illustrated.—*Plato.*—Plato being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him, said, "It matters not; I will endeavor so to live that no one shall believe them."

Antigonus.—Antigonus, king of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent, "Gentlemen," said he, opening the curtain, "remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

Cæsar.—Cæsar having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: "For," said he, "though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause."

Adrian.—The Emperor Adrian one day seeing a person by whom he had been injured in a former station, cried out to him, "You are safe; I am Emperor!"

Bernard.—Father Bernard once said to his obstinate adversaries, "I will cleave to you against your wills; I will cleave to you against my own will: when ye are moved I will be quiet: I will not give place to anger, that I may not give place to the devil."

John Henderson.—An anecdote is related of John Henderson, who died at Oxford, at the early age of thirty-two, and who was distinguished for scholastic attainments. He had acquired a remarkable ascendancy over his temper, and his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected. A student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was desirous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. The subject was selected, and they argued for some time in the presence of his friends with candor and moderation. But Henderson's antagonist soon lost command of his temper, and at length perceiving his defeat inevitable, he so far forgot the character of a gentleman as to throw a cup full of wine in Henderson's face—who, without changing countenance or varying his position, gently wiped his face, and coolly replied, "that, sir, is a digression—now for the argument."

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