THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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THE MOUNTAINEER

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Original Poetry.

"THE SUNLIGHT OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

BY S. E. CARMICHAEL.

We knew that she was beautiful,
We thought that she was ours;
And loved her as the summer loves
Its carousal of flowers.
We loved to praise her winning ways,
As th' wild bird loves to sing,
When its full heart is pressed against
The earliest flower of spring.
But shadows crossed our path—bright curls
Were pillowed with the sod;
And the sunlight of the household
Went trembling back to God.

Our morning's wealth of light was dim,
Our noon was cold and drear,
Our evening seemed as dark as though
A night of storm was near;
We missed the smile, whose sunny wile
Was wont to chase our gloom;
The beautiful, that slept beneath
The shadows of the tomb.
We could not bear to linger where
Our petted one had trod;
Since the sunlight of the household
Went trembling back to God.

And life had lost that shadeless glow,
That gilded other years;
Or had to us, for our weak eyes,
Looked blindly through their tears.
The summer's sigh stole softly by
With music in its tone,
And hearts are deaf to melody,
Whose singing bird hath flown.
'Tis well! the angels only raised
Our magnet from the sod;
And the sunlight of the household
Is calling us to God.

Selections.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

NATURE, or something that stands in its stead, is still strong in the Americans. They fight "willing, but with unwilling minds." They lift the hand to strike, they wing the instrument of death, but a mysterious power averts the stroke, or blunts the edge or deadens the blow. Are they in earnest, or are they playing at war, or dreaming that they strike, and still strike not? It sounds more like a dangerous game than a sad reality. Seven batteries breached and bombarded Fort Sumter for forty hours, burnt down its barracks, blew up several magazines, threw shells into it innumerable, and did a vast show of destruction. The fort replied with like spirit. At length it surrendered, the garrison marched out prisoners of war, and it was then found that not a man was killed or an officer wounded on either side. Many a "difficulty" at a bar has cost more bloodshed. Was this a preconcerted feat of conjuring? Were the rival Presidents saluting one another in harmless fireworks to amuse the groundlings? The whole affair is utterly inexplicable. It sounds like the battles when the coat of mail had come to its perfection, and when the only casualty, after a day's hard fighting, was a case of suffocation and a few bruises. Odin's heroes, as they renew their daily warfare are really wounded, though their wounds are quickly healed. This is sparring with boxing-gloves—not the loaded cestus of modern warfare. It is a mere spectacle. The population and even the ladies of Charleston poured forth to see the sight. Ten thousand soldiers lined the works, watching the sport and contributing their share. Our own Cockneys have seen as much, and done as much, at Cremorne, or the Surrey gardens, not more unscathed, and, let us hope, in not more pacific mood. But, perhaps, this is only the interchange of courtesies which in olden times preceded real war. The result is utterly different from all we are accustomed to hear of the Americans. There "a word and a blow" has been the rule. In this case the blow, when it does at last come, falls like snow and lights as gently as thistledown. Surely it cannot be a "cross?" If it be, half the Old Union is in the conspiracy, for all are arming and rushing to war as if they expected serious work.

What next? An attempt to recapture Fort Sumter? A contest at Fort Pickens? A struggle for the capitol? A diversion in Texas? A renewal of negotiation? No one knows, and, what is worse, no one credits President Lincoln for any plan. We can only compare the two sides and strike a balance. In the North there is an army, and a navy, and money, and a more numerous white population, without, too, the incubus of slavery. There is also the tradition of the Union, the capitol, and the successor of Washington. Modern warfare cannot go on without money, and the Northern states can more easily raise and spend a hundred millions of dollars a-year than the Southern can raise ten millions. All that is outside and material is in favor of the North. It has the preponderance of everything that can be counted, measured and weighed; that can be bought and sold; that can be entered in ledgers and put on a balance sheet. It has the manufactories, the building yards, the dock-yards—the whole apparatus of national wealth and strength. It has the money market, and it borrows more easily than the South, where, however, political zeal sustains a fictitious credit. So in the North we read of numerous gatherings of State forces; of many steamers chartered, stripped of their finery, filled with soldiers, food and ammunition, and steaming southward. So much for the North. In the South, on the contrary, there is little or nothing but that which often becomes the counterbalance to everything else. There are the men of action, who can combine, conspire, keep the secret, have a plan, and carry it out without wavering or flinching. The politicians at Washington have been vacillating between peace and war, between compromise and resistance. In the South there has been one steady uninterrupted progress toward secession and war. To the very last President Lincoln has been behind-hand. His ships sent to relieve Fort Sumter only arrived in time to be distant spectators of the scene; they came, in fact, but to contribute to the glory of the captors, and to bring shame and distrust on themselves and their cause. If this is to be an omen of the result, the rich and unready North will be no match for the fiery forwardness of the South.

But long shots are very different from close quarters. A fight of batteries across a river, watched with telescopes, and quietly witnessed by a large population affords little clue for the result of a battle, hand to hand, step by step, with revolvers, knives and what not, round the very buildings of the capitol. That appears to be the thing next apprehended and President Lincoln has summoned to his aid all the miscellaneous local corps of the several Northern States that may choose to hear him. Strange that the spot once held so sacred and so carefully insolated from local or partial associations, should become the object of the first civil war! That is, indeed, what we have come to. Many of us remember, not without a tingle of shame for our own country, the wanton attack of the British army on the capitol, and the foolish injuries done there destined soon to be more than avenged. That was but a *souvenir* of the older War of Independence. No British officer would have dared to insult the great shrine of American union and liberty, had it not been felt that, beside the question then at issue, there was an account still to settle for the former war. Since the year 1813 there has been a generation of mutual respect—of even affection. That is all gone by. Other combatants gather round Washington. The war minister of the southern Confederacy publicly promises that the secession flag shall float over the capitol by the 1st of May. Any day it is expected that Virginia, whether by choice or by necessity, will join the secession, and then the sacred district of Columbia, which was to have been the common ground of the world's great brotherhood, will be the debateable border of a divided allegiance and a bloody quarrel. Meanwhile time brings round anniversaries which are celebrated as of yore, but with the feeling that they are now a solemn mockery. Want are the Declaration of Independence, the Battle of Lexington, the birthday of Clay, and the other red letter days in the American calender, now that the glorious fabric is itself in the dust, and the mountain made with hands shattered to pieces? It was but the other day that all eyes were fixed on the capitol of the Old World as the single object of interest, and the expected scene of the great events that were to mark the latter years of this century. Rome occupied the attention of all men. A hundred questions were asked, but all were of Rome. Will Rome be still a capital? Will it be the head of a Confederation, or the throne of a universal bishop, or the senate of a national republic? Before these questions could be answered, and while they are still asked, the capital of the New World comes to the foreground, and is the object of much the same inquiries. The two cities of Rome and Washington are not so differently situated at this moment, nor are their prospects so different as might be. For the present, indeed, we shall all think more of Washington than of Rome. —*London Times.*

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, AND THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

THE fall of Fort Sumter must soon, we fear, if we may rely at all on the drift of the recent news, issue in civil war. The rumour that the southern Confederation intends to anticipate an attack by moving upon Washington is scarcely likely to be true, for President Davis is too sagacious a man to take a step which would so enrage the North as to induce it to enter heart and soul into an internecine contest with the South. If he were wise, indeed, he would not have ventured any active collision at all, such as has taken place at Charleston. It would have been better to trust exclusively to blockade for the reduction of the federal garrisons in the revolted states. The moral shock of any collision is most dangerous, as the accounts of the frantic excitement in Washington on the arrival of the news of the collision at Fort Sumter and the surrender of Major Anderson, sufficiently prove. It is true that American rage even at its highest pitch usually manages to stop short where civil [illegible] and there so much said against as the en-mies [illegible] policy would direct, and that we in England are exceedingly liable to be deceived by its effervescent symptoms. Still there is now the gravest reason to apprehend a serious civil war; indeed all the free states seem already to have intimated to the President, through the telegraph, their readiness to support a war policy; and, if it is prevented at all, it will only be by the unwillingness of the northern statesmen to risk the adhesion of the border states by an actual invasion. But if the Southern States should, as is rumored, be so foolish as to take the initiative by invading Washington, they would play directly into the hands of the extreme party in the North. All composition would immediately be at an end, and in all probability the border states would themselves be induced by such a step to fight with the North. The situation is very similar to the attitude of Austria and Sardinia. The neutrals will inevitably throw their influence into the scale of the party attacked. Mr. Lincoln, as far as his own popularity and political position is concerned, can wish for nothing better than to be relieved by his antagonist of the responsibility of a decision. His difficulty has hitherto been, that the great power and wealth of the North has been passive, and reluctant to foment a fratricidal strife. But let once the slave states take the guilt upon themselves, as in some degree they have already done, and Mr. Lincoln would find his hands strengthened and his cause enthusiastically supported by a power such as does not exist in the southern states at all. We do not believe, then, in the reported invasion of Washington. A course so blind and insane is utterly inconsistent with the general ability shown by the southern government. But we do fear that the strife and defeat at Charleston will render it very difficult for Mr. Lincoln, in the attitude in which he now stands, to evade some attempt at reprisal, and that thus a regular war may soon break out.

Under these grave circumstances it is that Mr. Gregory proposes to ask the House of Commons on Tuesday next to affirm the expediency of an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederation. We can imagine no course more disgraceful to England, or less likely to command the assent of the popular body appealed to. Not that we desire to see a civil war in America, even though the North should be completely triumphant. We have often said that unless there were a Union party in the Southern States considerable enough to make some head even without external assistance, the defeat of the nearly-Confederated States by the North could scarcely lead to any good result. It would be mere military conquest; and a power like the American Union cannot hope to hold together its territory by military force. And seeing that there is unhappily, but little trade of a powerful Unionist minority among the seceded states, we cannot wish to see a fratricidal strife which would multiply indefinitely the mutual hatreds of North and South without solving the ultimate difficulty. But this is not the question for us to consider. It has been England's universal rule to acknowledge a de facto revolutionary government whenever it has established its practical independence by incontrovertible proofs—then and not sooner. Whatever be the wisdom or folly of the war which there is but too much reason to believe is now declared between the federal government at Washington and the revolted states—it is not yet begun, or is only just beginning. There can be no question whatever of the constitutional right of President Lincoln to treat the hostile Confederation as a treasonable rebellion, which, so far as it trenches on federal property and laws, he may resist by force. This is his present attitude. He hopes, however little we may hope, to suppress the rebellion. He thinks, however little we may think, that he shall be able to enforce the laws enacted at Washington, and to redeem the United States property from the hands of the seceders. This may be sanguine; nay, it may even be a mere hallucination. With that we have nothing to do. We profess always to abstain from judging the rights of a quarrel between a people and its rulers, and to guide our conduct by the plain results of political fact. We are now on the eve of seeing what these results will be. Either war or compromise seems now inevitable. If it be compromise, we shall know how to act. If it be war, we are bound to await the results of that war. A premature recognition of the Southern Confederation would be a departure from the recognized course of England, and could not but therefore express a political bias in favor of the seceders.

Now, is it even decent to ask an English House of Commons to express such a bias in favor of such a power as that which has its seat of government at Montgomery—a power which is based on slavery as the very principle of its individual existence, and which, though it professes for the moment to have abolished the slave trade, is worked by men many of whom have openly assailed the laws against that traffic as a gross violation of the rights of the South. The head of the commission appointed to negotiate with the European powers for the recognition of the Southern Confederation, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, has devoted a great portion of his public life to denouncing the obsolete views of Washington and the other great American statesmen of the last century on this subject. The men and the journalists who chiefly instigated secession were most of them deeply pledged to a repeal of the slave trade laws. It is true that when secession was achieved they found it necessary, as a political measure, to put forward more moderate men—men like Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, who had done his best to arrest the secession movement—and to acquiesce to their counsels. But it remains certain that such papers as the Charleston *Mercury* and such statesmen as Mr. Yancey were the motive power of the secession movement, and will again become the motive power of a slavery extension policy (which in its turn will require the slave trade as its legitimate result), so soon as the ends of compromise have been answered by securing the recognition of the new power in Europe, and if it may be so, the adhesion of some of wavering states. Under these circumstances, we earnestly rejoice to see that Mr. W. E. Foster has given notice of an amendment to Mr. Gregory's motion to the effect that "the House does not at present desire to express any opinion in favor of such recognition, and trusts that the government will at no time make it without obtaining due security against the renewal of the Africa slave trade." Such an amendment will come with the greatest weight from the representative of Bradford—a town which, though identified more with the worsted than the cotton trade, still represents fairly the public spirit of our northern manufacturing interests. The determination of England not to let interested motives interfere with the high principle which she has always shown on the question of slavery and the slave trade, could not be expressed more fittingly than by the member for Bradford.—*London Economist*, April 27.

SUPPLY OF ARMS IN VIRGINIA.

AT one time there existed throughout the state a feeling of want of the munitions of war, but investigation and examination have entirely dispelled the impression. Virginia to-day is better provided with all the necessaries of a great campaign than any State North of Mason and Dixon's line—if she is not equally as well supplied as the Federal government itself. The navy yard at Gosport, the magazine at Norfolk, the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, added largely to the supply; but the action taken by many of the counties, without the knowledge of the authorities at Richmond, in purchasing arms and munitions of war for the companies within the county limits, has supplied, to a very great extent, the hundred thousand men which within a few days, will be ready to defend the soil of Virginia from federal invasion.

The thorough and complete organization of the quartermaster's and commissary departments, which General Lee has perfected, will enable the immediate concentration of troops upon the borders of the state wherever the movements of the enemy may demand the presence of our troops. Should the folly which reigns at Washington induce an invasion of Virginia and a demonstration against Alexandria, General Cooke is prepared to meet them, while Col. Jackson from Harper's Ferry crossing the river with ten thousand men, would immediately advance on Washington and, assisted by Maryland would soon end the invasion of Virginia by the capture of Washington.

Gen. Lee can at any moment leave Richmond at the head of twenty thousand men, now here and in the counties between this and Alexandria. General Gwynn, at Norfolk and General Ruggles, at Fredericksburg, have each a very large army under their command. The railroads of the state, under the quarter master's department, are held in readiness for the transportation of troops from point to point. The telegraph will communicate orders, while carriers are prepared to convey commands wherever the telegraph does not extend.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

FANNY FERN ON LOVERS AND MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, passes me. That it is done every day, does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for—"him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason that after you have worried her through the measles, and chicken-pox, and scarlet-fever, and whooping-cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to "him," not the least in the world except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blueberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came for you. You disdain to answer, of course: it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a—"well, if I must, I must," you just order her wedding-clothes, muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist 'will' that child make at the head of a house; how will she 'ever' know what to do in this, that, or the other emergency; she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day, to settle every trifling question."

What folly for her to set up house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding-clothes; and yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas! may be dust when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

HOW CHINA-WARE IS MADE.

CHINA is so common a material that we are apt to overlook its beauty and value. Some people make collections of pieces of old china, as others do of old pictures. Horace Walpole and the people of our great-grandmothers' time did so; and now, when the news of the "looting" or plundering of the Emperor of China's palace at Pekin, has lately arrived, curiosity-hunters are anxiously expecting the arrival of specimens of the famous "egg-shell china" of which not a single particle has been allowed to leave the imperial capital for the last two hundred years.

"Why are our cups and saucers called china?" Because the first specimens of the manufacture came from that country. It is also called "porcelain" because the word *porallana* in Portuguese means a little cup, and the first traders in the articles came from Portugal. The first china-ware brought to England was in a Portuguese ship taken as a prize in 1593.

In manufacturing it the workman takes a certain stone called feldspar, breaks it up, washes it, and preserves the finest portion, which sinking to the bottom of the water, forms a hard, white mass that can be reduced to a fine powder. This is mixed with water till it is like thick cream. Then pieces of flint, which are very hard, are burnt in a great kiln-fire, thrown red-hot into cold water and afterward ground fine. Next, the flint and the clay mixtures are brought together, when they form a sort of mortar or dough.

This dough is now trampled on by men, with naked feet, to squeeze out the air bubbles. It is afterward placed in a damp cellar to ferment, and thus get rid of any animal or vegetable matter it may contain. The longer it is kept the better the clay is. The Chinese keep it over fifteen or twenty years, and a parent will often provide a sufficient stock for his son's life.

Most pieces of machinery become improved and altered in course of time; but the potters' wheel is much the same now in 1861 as it is known to have been nineteen hundred years before Christ. This potters' wheel is a small circular board made to revolve very rapidly, and on this the clay is measured, and its intended shape given to it by the pressure of the fingers and palms of the potters' hands. In the catacombs of Thebes in Egypt, which are proved to have existed more than three thousand seven hundred years, there have been found paintings representing various processes of the potters' art, and among them a delineation of a potters' wheel, exactly like those now in use. When the clay vessel is moulded it is partially dried, smoothed on a turning-lathe, and fitted with spouts, handles, &c. those irregularly sloped pieces being cast in mold; then they are all baked hard in a great fierce oven.

But when they leave the oven they look dull, and some ladies buy them in this state (called "biscuit ware," because they resemble ship's biscuit) and paint their own designs or patterns on them. The painting is done with peculiar metallic colors which are afterward *burnt in.*

The exquisite group of flowers often found on china-ware is painted by an artist who makes it his sole business to decorate china.

The gold round the edges is laid on in the metallic leaf, then burned in, and burnished by rubbing it with a very smooth tool.

After *painting* the vessels, they are *glazed* by being dipped in a mixture of lead and ground flints, which looks like cream. When taken out of this mixture the paintings are quite covered by it, it is so thick; but on being fired in an oven the heat converts the pasty looking covering into a thin coating of glass.

Although the Chinese made the first china, their manufactures are neither as elegant nor useful as those of America and England. But they are more curious. They ornament their porcelain in very queer style; and the division of labor being great among them, and carried even into their designs, different workmen, without any concert or plan, paint successive parts of the same group or picture which contributes to the grotesque effect of their work. They are also ignorant of perspective; so that you see the strangest effects in what they call landscapes. They make besides common china several others—a black kind much esteemed in the East; a kind which appears as though it were cracked all over; one in which the colors show only when the vessel is filled with liquid; and still another variety, in which various figures appear raised on pure white porcelain, and yet the surface is smooth. They have even built a tower in Nankin which is nearly three hundred feet high, and entirely covered with porcelain tiles, which look as fresh as when they were first put on, four hundred years ago.

The first attempt to make porcelain in Europe was by the Moors in Spain—then a ware called "majonca" was made at Majorca, from whence the manufacture was removed to Italy. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Bernard Palissy, a Protestant, after many trials, produced a beautiful enamel-glazed vase. Palissy's life, which you should all read, is very interesting, and shows what patience and perseverance will accomplish. In the seventeenth century, in England there was only a common earthen-ware, but two German brothers of the name of Elfers discovered a superior clay, and after this a gentleman named Asbury, who was engaged in the manufacture, having occasion to employ some calcined flints as a poultice to his horse's eyes, noticed their fine, white, opaque substance, and added them to the paste of which he made his china, thus supplying the last needed improvement for the perfection of the art. Mr. Josiah Wedgewood, who was born a poor potter's son, was the next and greatest improver.

In the eighteenth century, a German named Botticher, while hunting for the philosopher's stone, made Dresden china by accident! The clay which he used for his crucibles was discovered in a singular manner. John Schnorr, an iron-master, riding out, discovered that his horse's feet were sticking in a soft white earth, which he used as a substitute for hair-powder. Botticher used it as such, and observing its earthly nature, tested it, and found it exacty what he wanted to perfect his porcelain. The Elector then caused the earth to be taken secretly to the factory in sealed barrels. Every workman was sworn to secresy; and "Dumb till death!" was inscribed in large letters in all the work-shops. The next famous works were those of Sevres.

THE YANKEE ALADDIN.

ALADDIN began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and bartering halves of marbles stuck together for whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hill pastures, he greased the quart pot, so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. He hoyed hard all summer, and went to evening schools in winter, and learned the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself, subtraction for his neighbor; and in all the games he held strictly to the rule of Turnabout: "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you—if I can; but at all events, you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he always succeeded in exchanging the worse for the better; always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving village shook its head, and said, "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up and left the village for the world.

"He'll be rich," said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village says of a departing boy. "He'll be honest, faithful, generous." To Aladdin, the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no heroism, no piety, no history. To him all lands and waters are alike. No Homer sings for him along the Ægean; he only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp oath of a brutal boatswain.

With a Bible in his hand, and a quid in his mouth, he squirts about the holy places of Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack-knife upon Egyptian obelisks, by the side of the hieroglyphed names of Rameses and Tothems, names that shook early history with their grandeur; and the reverend echoes of the Libyan desert, that have slept since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Old Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch of snuff out of the Pope's snuff-box. He eats flesh cut raw from the animal with Abyssinians, chews bang with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartar.

Then Aladdin comes home. He has turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all turned into piles of money. The wise village welcomes him, and younger generations, as the shining example of the successful man. "For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the doing good societies, he is the chief director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures, and books, and statues. He is housed in luxury, and he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads anything but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sundays and only wakes up when the preacher reviles and denounces the sinners of Sodom and those tough old Jews of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons that have hit it and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor-box is passed round; and he goes home like a similarly successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are; and after dinner lights a cigar, sits before the fire in an easy chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are conned over by the editors, as the mourning carriages are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to deplore the loss of the revered parent, generous friend, public spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precious swapper of jack-knives, and model for the rising generations, is left under the sod. The stars that he never saw now burn over him with a soft lustre that no lamps above a king's tomb emulate; and the south winds, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with anemones and violets, which his heel crushed while living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model and pursue a similar success, carelessly ask as they stir their toddies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last; will he cut up well?" The sculptor carves a cherub upon his tombstone, and graves the motto, "By their works ye shall know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with insanity in his family, asks, as he reads Aladdin's epitaph, "Where be all the bad people buried?"—*G. W. Curtis.*

Miscellaneous.

PRICE OF CATTLE.—Fifteen cows and thirteen calves sold the other day in Sonoma county for $159. This was considered a good price.

Two comets are now looked for by astronomers—the De Vica comet which appeared in 1855, and the celebrated comet of Charles V.

Fugitive slaves have been frightened and scattered at Cleveland, O., in consequence of the recent prompt action in carrying out the law.

Recently, what was supposed to be a meteoric stone, exploded near Elgin, Illinois, with a noise which awakened the sleepers for a distance of twenty miles in circumference.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—North Carolina papers chronicle the marriage of Rev. Mark Smith to the daughter of Gov. Cook, age 12 years 6 months and 13 days.

John B. Gough has declined all his receipts from earnings, until next fall, to the good work of equipping volunteers for the defense of the Union.

EFFECT OF JEALOUSY.—The wife of J. H. King a New York actor, committed suicide lately by means of poison, because she found a strange pair of lady's gloves in her husband's pocket.

RAPID INCREASE.—The Melbourne *Herald* states that in less than a quarter of a century, Australia has increased from a population of 170 to 550,000 persons; and in ten years has exported 22,000,000 ounces of gold.

AID FOR THE POPE.—The sum received for Peter's Pence, from all parts of the Catholic world, amounts to 2,500,000 scudi (a scudi is about one dollar.) But it adds that the sum is far outweighed by the vast number of prayers that have been offered up by the faithful, "for the triumph of the church over her enemies."

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—Two men in France took shelter in a barn for the night, and in the morning one of them was found dead, with a gash on his head. His companion was arrested for supposed crime, but protested his innocence, and on examination a hole was discovered in the roof, and the meteoric stone which caused the gash was afterwards found near where the man was lying.

A WARNING.—As the oldest daughter of Mrs. Lemuel Holmes was preparing for church, on Sunday says the Janesville *Republican* of recent date, she threw back her head and asked if her neck was clean, and immediately fell down crying, "A pin, a pin." She began to choke and grew black, and struggle as if she must die, while the pin, which she had held in her mouth, stuck fast in her windpipe. The doctors were summoned, and after a skillful operation which lasted three hours, succeeded in opening the throat and extracting the dangerous intruder. The patient was under the influence of chloroform. She is now doing well.

FAMINE AND MUNIFICENCE.—The famine in India is desolating the North-wertern provinces for a thousand miles in extent. Human beings were dying at the rate of 400 or 500 a day. Mothers are selling their children as slaves for 6d each, that they may have bread, if only for a single day. The first Prince of Travancore has called on his brother princes to unite in subscribing for a throne of solid gold, to be presented to Queen Victoria, as the sovereign of India. He himself offers to subscribe £500. It is in Travancore that they are starving at such a fearful rate.

THE CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—This Cathedral is probably the most capacious edifice of worship in America. It is 500 feet long, 420 feet wide, and capable of holding 30,000. The edifice is thus described:—The building is not in conformity with any order of architecture, although remarkably imposing. The walls are built of unhewn basalt, but the front is covered over with the most laborious carving, while massive pillars rise up against the wall for the support of its lofty towers. The interior is gorgeous almost beyond description, though the decorations are more remarkable for costliness than taste. The choir is formed of rare carved woods, and elaborately covered with gilded images; the high altar, raised from the floor on an elevated platform, exhibits a profusion of candlesticks, crosses and other ornaments, of solid gold or silver, and is crowned by an image of the Virgin, decked in jewels estimated at the value of more than $2,500,000; and all other parts of the church are a perfect wilderness of columns, statues, shrines, fonts, &c.