

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, oh where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago!

Who peopled all the city street,
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt,
Where, oh where, are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hope, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they the living wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their lands are tilled:
Their graves are filled:
Yet nature then was just as gay;
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago?

**THE
Destruction and Sacking
Of Scio.**

BY REV. J. C. S. ABBOTT.

Scio was one of the largest, richest and most beautiful islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It contained, at the commencement of the Greek Revolution, 120,000 inhabitants. Extensive commerce had brought to the island the treasures of the East and West, and her opulent families, refined in manners by European travel, and with minds highly cultivated, afforded the most intelligent and fascinating society of the East. Schools flourished upon the island, and richly endowed colleges were crowded with Grecian youth. The traveller, lured by the moonlight of that gorgeous clime to an evening stroll through the streets of Scio, heard from the dwellings of the wealthy Greeks the tone of the piano and guitar, touched by fingers skilled in the polite accomplishments. Many of these families were living in the enjoyment of highly cultivated minds and polished manners, rendered doubly attractive by all the establishments of wealth.

The Grecian revolt extended to this island, and Sultan Mahamud resolved upon signal vengeance. He proclaimed to all the desperadoes of the Bosphorus that the inhabitants of Scio, male and female, with all their possessions, were to be entirely surrendered to the adventurers, who would embark in the expedition for its destruction. Every ruffian of Constantinople crowded to the Turkish fleet. The ferocious and semi-savage boatmen of the Bosphorus, the scowling, Christian-hating wretches, who in poverty and crime, thronged the lanes and the alleys of the Moslem city; rushed eagerly to the squadron. Every scoundrel and renegade upon the frontiers of Europe and Asia, who could come with knife or club, was received with a welcome. In this way a reinforcement of about ten thousand assassins, the very refuse of creation, were collected, and other thousands followed on in schooners, and sloops, and fishing boats, swelling the number to about fifteen thousand men, to join in the sack and the carnage. The fleet dropped down the Bosphorus amid acclamations of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, and the reverberations of the parting rolled along the shores of Europe and of Asia.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when this fleet was seen on the bosom of the Ægean, approaching Scio. It anchored in the bay, and immediately vomited forth upon those ill-fated shores the murderous hordes collected for their destruction. Who can imagine the horrors of the night which ensued?—This brutal mob, phrenzied with licentiousness and rage, were let loose with unrestrained liberty to glut their vengeance. The city was fired in every direction. Indiscriminate massacre ensued.

Men, women and children were shot down without mercy. Every house was entered; every apartment was ransacked. The scymetar and pistol of the Turk were every where busy. The frantic cries of the perishing rose above the roar

Several thousand of the youth of both sexes were saved to be sold as slaves.—The young men taken from the literary seclusion and intellectual refinement of the college of Scio, were sold to the degraded servitude of hopeless bondage. The young ladies taken from the parlors of their opulent parents, from the accomplishments of highly cultivated life, and who had visited in the refined circles of London and Paris, who had been brought up as delicately, says an English writer, "as luxuriously and almost as intellectually as those of the same classes among ourselves, became the property of the most ferocious and licentious outcasts of the human race." It is said that forty-one thousand were carried into slavery. For weeks and months they were sold through all the marts of the Ottoman empire, like slaves in the South, or cattle in the shambles.

As the fleet returned to Constantinople from its murderous excursion, the whole city was on the alert to witness the triumphant entrance. As the leading ship rounded the point of land, which brought it into view of the whole city, many captured Greeks were seen standing on deck with ropes around their necks, and suddenly they were strung up to the bowsprit and every yard arm struggling in the agonies of death. And thus, as ship after ship turned the point the struggling forms of dying men swung in the breeze. These were the horrid ornaments and trophies of barbarian triumph. In view of them the very shores of the Bosphorus seemed to be shaken by the explosion of artillery, and by the exulting shouts of the millions of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera and Scutari.

These outrages however terminated the sway of the Turk over the Grecs; they aroused through all Europe an universal cry of horror and indignation. The sympathy of the governments of Europe could no longer be withheld from the Greeks. The Turkish navy was annihilated, and Greece was free.

The Mines of Scio.

Iron, it is said, is found in the United States in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. The metallic iron is found in the form of ore in Scio, and yields 3000 tons of iron annually. The mines in Dutchess and Columbia counties, N. Y., produce annually 20,000 tons of ore; Essex county 1500 tons; Clinton 3000; Franklin 600; St. Lawrence 2000; amounting in value to more than \$500,000. The value of iron produced in the U. States in 1835 was \$5,000,000, in 1837 \$7,700,000. In Ohio 1200 square miles are underlaid with iron. A region explored in 1838 would furnish iron, 61 miles long, and 6 miles wide; a square mile would yield 3,000,000 tons of pig iron, so that this district would contain 1,080,000,000 tons. By taking from this region 40,000 annually, (a larger quantity than England produced previous to 1820) it would last 2700 years! as long a distance, certainly, as a man looks ahead.—The States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, and Virginia, possess inexhaustible quantities of iron ore. In Tennessee 100,000 tons are annually manufactured. Notwithstanding our great resources, more than one half of our cutlery, hardware, railroad iron, &c., is still imported from Great Britain. It is supposed by Geologists that the weekly supply of gold from our own mines will be equal to the demand, and that our mines will yet be more profitable than the mines of Brazil or Columbia. The most extensive lead mines in the world are in Missouri, where the lead region is 70 miles long by 50 wide. These mines in 1826 produced 7,500,000 tons, and the whole produce of the United States was 8,332,105 tons. It has been estimated that the quantity of iron required in England for railroads, &c., for the current year, will be about 1,260,000 tons, which it is supposed will be equal to all that the country will produce. The quantity of lead manufactured in the United States in 1828 was 12,311,730 lbs; in 1829, 14,541,310; 1830, 8,332,105, 1832, 4,281,876. The copper trade, until within a year or two, has not been of much importance—as the result of the efforts made, were not sufficient to justify our great operations. But now it appears to be attracting a good deal of attention. Whether the demand for copper stock is a fair index to the value of the copper regions remains to be seen.

AN IMMENSE HORSE.—Carter, the Lion King, "has purchased the largest horse in England. He has named him 'General Washington.'" He is twenty hands high, and looks as large as an elephant.

An Inscription.
The following is an inscription on a tombstone in Massachusetts. It is beautiful:
"I came in the morning—it was spring;
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon—it was summer;
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even—it was autumn;
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night—it was winter;
And I slept."

**AN
Uncas's Predicament.**

We were the witnesses of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly "frightened from our propriety" by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming—"For God's sake help me to see what's the matter!—I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of suspicion mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting.—There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the

leg, at the bottom as long as I live. "What's the matter!" at last asked we. "The matter!" he exclaimed, "oh help me! I've got something here, which just now I can't get out of my leg! Some infernal scorpion or tarantula, I expect! Oh, I can't let go; hold it. Ah, there!" he shrieked, "move just then! Oh, these pants straps! I'll never wear another pair, as long as I live."

"What's the matter?" we inquired, standing at some time at a respectable distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, tarantulas, and lizards, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's "unmentionables," as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that old pile of rubbish there in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning, and it stopped just here, where I have my hand," and he clenched his fist still more tightly. "If it had been the neck of an anaconda we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly."

By this time two or three of the news boys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fitz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit!" said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!—if I do it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit!"

"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what you've got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had had any life by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself holding out his leg stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harms way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became more agitated than ever. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "its inside my drawers. Its alive—I feel it! Quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made. In went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo, out came—HIS WIFE'S STOCKING!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself and must pardon us for doing so. Tho' this is all about a STOCKING, we assure our readers it is no "YARN."

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—At N. Orleans, on the 5th instant, Frenchman, whose

Iron War Steamers.
FROM THE PITTSBURG MORNING POST. NOVEMBER 13.

A few weeks since, in directing public attention to the advertisement of the Postmaster General inviting proposals for mail service between New York and Galveston, Texas, we took occasion to urge upon the boat-builders of this city & others the importance of securing the contract & building the required vessels. The vessels, it will be borne in mind, are to be of the most substantial kind, & so constructed that they can be used by the Government, when necessary, as war vessels. Of course it would be best to build them of iron, and would give another opportunity for a display of Pittsburg skill in the construction of iron steamers. We remarked at the time that the iron vessels already built by our enterprising and ingenious mechanics had done much for Pittsburg, in proof of which we take great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the remarks of the editor of the "Military and Naval Chronicle" a paper printed in New York city, and devoted exclusively to military and naval affairs. The editor, it would seem has recently been in our city, and whilst here visited the iron war steamer now constructing under the direction of Capt. Hunter. The compliment paid to the capacity of our friend Captain Hunter is well merited; he is highly esteemed in this community as a gentleman of extended scientific acquirements and greatly devoted to his profession. But let the editor, speak for himself!

IRON WAR STEAMERS.—We have on several occasions called the attention of our numerous military readers to the importance of this class of vessels for the protection of our prominent harbors, not only on the Atlantic coast, but also on the shores of our great inland seas.

We had the gratification of visiting not long since, while sojourning at Pittsburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, the iron war steamer now being constructed under the direction of Captain William W. Hunter, of the United States Navy. It is contemplated that this vessel will be ready for sea in the early part of the spring of 1846; and it is hoped that the Navy Department will direct her commander to visit all the principal cities on the Atlantic coast, in order that the people here may witness the capabilities, to some extent, of that great section of country lying west of the Alleghany Mountains. It would indeed be a novelty to behold in the waters of New York a large war steamer of eleven hundred tons burden, barque rigged, built on the head waters of the Ohio, more than two thousand miles from the ocean. Her model is of surpassing beauty, and we hazard the opinion that there are few if any vessels now in our navy that will out sail her, even while under canvass without the aid of her steam power.

"When completely equipped for service, armament all on board, her draught of water will be thirteen feet, enabling her to cross the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi at all times. On her spar-deck are to be four sixty-four pounders, mounted on carriages, fitted in open boxes, which revolve on pivots, enabling them to bear upon any quarter of the compass in an incredibly short space of time. The guns are Paixhan, and will weigh 19,000 pounds each. The gun-deck is pierced for a side battery of thirty-two pounders. Her machinery and motive power are below the water line, and consequently completely protected from the fire of the enemy. She is to be provided with Captain Hunter's submerged propellers, including the recent valuable improvements added thereto by the talented inventor. We are not of the number who believe that steam can be applied to men of war as to entirely supersede the use of sails, from the fact of the impossibility of carrying sufficient fuel for long voyages; but we do not perceive why sails and steam may not harmonize with Hunter propellers, the buckets being so constructed that they shut into the sides of the vessel so soon as the engine is stopped, retarding not in the least the headway of the vessel while under canvass.

"Captain Hunter is a gentleman of extended information; arrived at that period of life when the powers of the mind are in full vigor; an ornament to the profession he has adopted; and if his life should be spared for a few years to come, he will render essential services to his country, by converting the iron mountains of the West into floating batteries for the defence of that banner of freedom which is dear to us, a birthright priceless when compared to the blood shed in days gone by, that we, our children, and our children's children might repose in safety under its ample folds."

A PATRIARCH GONE!—MR. ANDREW

[From the Natchez Free-Trader.
The Origin of the Prairies.

In lately passing through the prairie country we were at some pains in searching for geological facts by which to account for the formation of these vast level plains and their destitution of timber.—The result has satisfied us that they were once covered with water, either as the bottoms of lakes, running streams, or in the same manner of the everglades of Florida. The upper stratum is loose sand or dark loam, such as forms the bottom of lakes and rivers or contiguous marshes; the next is sand, clay, and pebbles of large size, bearing evidence of having been rolled about by the action of the water, and deposited in their present position by the same agency. Large numbers of fossil shells, of fresh water formation, are found in every direction and stratum. Besides these, large erratic blocks of granite; sometimes many feet in circumference and many tons in weight and other transported fragments, are to be met with scattered over all the prairies; and on the southern shores of the lakes, wherever the superficial sand and gravel have been removed from the rocky strata straight parallel furrows appear ploughed in their smooth surface, running in a general southern direction, and always preserving their parallelism.

The only rational mode of accounting for the appearance of these transported fragments, as no formations of a similar nature exist south of the great lakes, appears to us to be through the agency of water and ice. During the submergence of these vast fields, when the lakes must have disembogued themselves through the Gulf of Mexico, these huge boulders were caught up by the ice, firmly imbedded in it, and driven off by the northern blasts or streams into a more southern climate, and when the ice melted in spring, they were deposited where they now are found. This is to us the only means of accounting for their appearance, as well as parallel furrows in the rocks on the southern shores of the lakes. By what agency this state of affairs was changed, whether by the upheaving of the prairies from the action of internal fires, or their gradual filling up by the annual deposition of the loose detritus washed down by the stream or deposited from the melting ice, it is useless to speculate. But as the whole of the alluvial lands of the valley of the Mississippi are of comparatively recent formation, it is not improbable that the waters of the great lakes washed the bases of the hills on both sides of the Mississippi, and that the whole intervening space, now so fertile and fruitful, was then a dark rolling stream of liquified mud. To us it appears that the whole west is the richest field for the geologist in the world, and none more so than those portions of the country lying between the lakes and the Ohio.

DETROIT.

Detroit is one of the oldest cities in the Union having been founded by Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, under commission of Louis XIV, of France, in 1701—one hundred and forty-four years ago. It was first visited by the Roman Catholic Missionaries in 1620, and the French language is still commonly spoken there.—In most respects art has done less for the city than nature, and this remark is especially true, if the whole field of vision be included, as viewed from some favorable and elevated point. As you approach the city from Lake Erie, a scene of calm and quiet beauty comes over the mind, as you view the old French settlements on the Western margin of the broad and noble stream, and the fertile and cultivated islands which repose in the clear waters on the East. Here are pasture-grounds covered with grazing flocks and herds, and meadows, and fields of standing grain, and farm-houses, and splendid mansions. Detroit itself is situated on the south-west bank of the river, on a plain which extends along the stream and the lakes, and for many miles back into the country. This belt of land is elevated about 30 feet above the surface of the water. The surrounding country though not affording the most generous soil, with proper cultivation, will abundantly repay the toil of the husbandman. It is especially adapted to grazing. Most of the farms in the neighborhood are in the hands of the French, and their descendants.

ACCIDENT ON THE WESTERN RAILROAD.—The freight train of cars from Springfield for Albany ran over an ox in West Springfield on Friday morning, which threw the engine and fourteen of the cars off the track, some of which were badly broken.

A CULINARY HOPE BLIGHTED.—A story has been going the rounds of the papers that tame ducks can be made equal in flavor to canvasbacks by feeding them

Useful Statistics.

The following is from a very useful book just published in London, called the "Statistical Companion to the Pocket Book, by C. R. Weld, Esq.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

	Population.	Area Sq. Miles.
Europe,	236,000,000	3,684,841
Asia,	430,000,000	18,000,000
Africa,	99,000,000	12,000,000
America,	47,000,000	14,050,000
Australasia,	1,500,000	3,000,000
Oceania,	20,000,000	10,000,000
Total,	824,500,000	60,734,841

CLASSIFICATION OF MANKIND ACCORDING TO THEIR RELIGIONS.

Christianity in all its branches,	260,000,000
Judaism,	5,000,000
Islam,	96,000,000
Brahmanism,	80,000,000
Rhuddism,	230,000,000
Other Religions,	153,000,000
Total,	824,000,000

CLASSIFICATION OF MANKIND ACCORDING TO THEIR LANGUAGES.

The researches made by Balbi for the construction of his *Atlas Ethnographique*, have led him to set down the number of known languages as 2000 at least; but the imperfect state of ethnography, he states, has allowed him to class only 860 languages, and about 5000 dialects; of which number, 143 languages belong to Asia, 53 to Europe, 115 to Africa, 117 to Oceania, and 422 to America.

VEGETABLE SPECIES.

According to Humboldt there are 38,500 Vegetable Species, viz: 6500 in Africa, 7000 in Europe, 3000 in Africa, 5000 in Oceania, and 17,000 in America.

POPULATION OF CITIES ACCORDING TO THE LATEST RETURNS.

Alexandria,	60,000.	Amsterdam,	207,000.
Antwerp,	75,000.	Athens,	26,237.
Berlin,	290,757.	Berne,	20,500.
Bombay,	230,000.	Brussels,	107,000.
Calcutta,	230,000.	Christiania,	25,000.
Constantinople,	5000,000.	Copenhagen,	122,000.
Dublin,	375,000.	Edinburgh,	160,000.
Florence,	99,400.	Genoa,	115,500.
Hamburg,	128,000.	Jerusalem,	10,000.
London,	1,870,727.	Leipsic,	47,500.
Lisbon,	580,000.	Madrid,	236,000.
Morocco,	80,000.	Mexico,	135,000.
Munich,	108,537.	Naples,	350,000.
New York,	340,000.	New Orleans,	40,272.
Paris,	909,126.	Petersburg,	469,720.
Pekin,	2,000,000.	Pelermo,	140,000.
Rome,	148,903.	Stockholm,	83,883.
Stuttgart,	38,5000.	Turin,	104,000.
Vienna,	333,000.		

A new Railroad Completed.

The completion and opening of the *Old Colony Railroad*, from Boston to the ancient town of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, was celebrated on Saturday last. The route passes through the town of Dochester, on its seacoast border, crosses the Neponset river near its mouth passes through the villages of Quincy and Braintree, and thence proceeds through or near the villages of South Weymouth, Centre and South Abington, a portion of Hanson, a corner of Halifax, and the village of Kingston, to its termination in Plymouth, a distance of thirty-seven miles.

A large company of stockholders and invited guests left South Boston at ten o'clock and reached Plymouth in about two hours and a half. They were cordially received by the citizens of that hospitable town and escorted to the Pigeon Hall, where a collation was in readiness. The Hon. Nat. Morton Davis presided, and after the repast had been dispatched, a number of toasts were given, interspersed with brief and appropriate addresses by the President of the day, the Hon. John Quincy Adams, the Hon. Daniel Webster, and other guests. Every thing went off well, and the party returned to Boston in the evening, much gratified with their excursion.

It is about a twelvemonth since the above work was commenced, and it has been completed at a cost less than the capital of the company, which is a million of dollars. This constitutes the seventh of the main lines of railroad which now radiate from the city of Boston as a common centre, measuring in all, with their branches, more than eight hundred miles in extent, and some of them destined to be soon much further extended.

New York.

The census just completed in New York city, shows the occupations of its citizens to be as follows:

Number of Inns and Taverns	1360
Wholesale Stores	1951
Retail do	4187
Groceries	1944
Farmers and Agriculturalists	267
Merchants	8177