

TOO POOR TO FAY.

We were so poor when baby died, And mother stiched his shroud, The others in their hunger cried, With sorrow wild and loud. We were so poor we could not pay The man to carry him away.

LETTERS OF AN EXILE...No. XVII.

TURKISH NOTIONS OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. ASIA MINOR, Saturday, Sept. 20, 1851.

In Asia, as well as every where else, there are two things in human society—political, social or religious institutions, and human nature, but imperfectly modified by them.

I have before spoken of the morals of the higher classes of Turkish society, such as Pachas or Pachas of two or three tails, Beys, dignitaries, courtiers, governors, kamaaks, kadis, muftis, derwishes, counsellors, generals, admirals—in one word, the nobles and the rich.

Every Turk longs for children. Why, is still a mystery to me. Their daughters are sometimes given away, sometimes sold, or sometimes married before they reach what we call the age of discretion, and their parents see no more of them.

FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

NUREMBERG AND ROTHEBURG—PICTURES OF TWO OLD GERMAN CITIES. Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. NUREMBERG, Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1851.

My last letter closed with our arrival at Rothenburg—a city whose name is scarcely mentioned in guide-books, but which is one of the oldest and most remarkable places in all Germany.

I went, some time ago, to visit a very old and venerable Mufi, (a sort of Mohammedan bishop,) who enjoys the public esteem and respect.

and Cham. Sometimes they come to see him, or send him a greeting, but if they don't inform him they are of his own blood, it is impossible for him to know it—they are so many.

I had an opportunity next day of seeing the wife of the Mufi, the old wife of thirty years of the young husband of eighty. She was really a splendid Asiatic; too round, too fat, too heavy, and too much painted for our notions of female elegance and beauty.

Early this morning one of the teachers in the City School called to accompany us through the city. The weather was dull and rainy, and we had only time to visit the principal places.

The Church, which we visited, dates from the fourteenth century, and its interior is a beautiful specimen of the pure Gothic style. It is in complete preservation, and still contains the altar-piece by Wohlgemuth, master of Albert Durer, and fine carvings in wood by the old sculptor, Herlen.

As the rain continued, we hired a carriage for 5 florins (about \$2) to convey us to Anspach, a distance of 25 miles.

Anspach, formerly the residence of the Mark, graves of Anspach and Baireuth, is a dull town of about ten thousand inhabitants, but has a magnificent Residence and gardens.

At Nuremberg, Friday, Oct. 10, 1851. "If one the German land would know, And love with all his heart, Then let him go to Nuremberg, The home of noblest art."

it stands an old church, now disused, to which, in former times, motes made their pilgrimage. The localities were carefully compared with Jerusalem, and a new Via Dolorosa was made along the sides of the hill, with twelve shrines representing the twelve places where Christ rested under the weight of the cross.

The landlord related to me a curious incident connected with the later history of Rothenburg. "The city," said he, "was once besieged by Tilly and Wallenstein, but the Senate and citizens made such a stubborn resistance, that it was taken with great difficulty.

We tried the Tauber wine with our supper, and found it light, pure and pleasant. Still, I should rather let the headman be summoned than perform Burgomaster Nusch's feat.

The situation of the city is peculiar, and in the highest degree picturesque. It is divided by the river Pegnitz into two nearly equal parts, called, from the two grand churches they contain, the Lorenz-side and the Sebald-side.

I will not attempt to describe in detail the sights of Nuremberg. My time has been too short to do them justice, yet long enough to receive some impressions which I shall never forget.

When I was on the island of Ometepe, situated on the Lake of Nicaragua and formed by two high mountains of volcanic origin, an old man told me that these mountains were full of gold, and to my question, whether gold had ever been found there, he replied that it had not, but that its existence was certain, and could be seen from certain lights moving in the air above the gold-veins at night.

During my stay at Granada I took an interest in visiting a certain spot on the isthmus between the lake and the Pacific, to examine an extensive vein of antimony which I expected to find rich in silver.

I returned to Tinotepe, and scarcely had I arrived in the house where I was to pass the night, when a crowd of people gathered around me, the alcalde and the curate among them, all inquisitive and anxious to get some information of my discoveries.

This six stands beside one of the pillars of the chancel, and sprays upward like a fountain, says I, charmed with the little I have seen of Nuremberg. No one knows Germany, who has not visited this place.

er the arch, to the height of more than sixty feet. It is of pure white sandstone, and of the most rare and wonderful workmanship.

The only objects in Nuremberg that appear old, are the tomb-stones. Albert Durer's house on the hill, under the walls of the Castle, keeps its rich, red coloring, its steep gable mounting into a picturesque, overhanging balcony, and its windows of stained glass, as if he were still within, ready to welcome his friend Willibald.

The general attention drawn upon Nicaragua by the Canal question—the favorable opinions of that country expressed by some travelers and entertained by foreign residents—the competition and rivalry of foreign speculations in that quarter, and the immigration of a hundred Europeans and North Americans settling or proposing to settle there, have produced the most ridiculous ideas of the importance and the natural advantages of that little spot among its native inhabitants; ideas, the extravagance of which is only to be compared to their entire ignorance of the extent, the resources and the state of civilization of the rest of the world.

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NICARAGUA.

IGNORANCE AND EXTRAVAGANT OPINIONS. To the Editors of the N. Y. Tribune.

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in the pockets of my guide. To calan their suspicions, I had no other means but to throw away my samples, telling them that they were without any value. After this they wanted to induce me to examine some other mines in their neighborhood, of which they gave me a glowing description.

There is no department of human knowledge in which there is so great an ignorance as Nicaragua as in that of natural science. A man of high standing in Granada, speaking of the metallic treasures of the country, asked me what planet produced gold and what planet silver.

It may be ridiculous indeed, to hear this proud sentence from the south of an ignorant. I must, however, remark that I have met in Nicaragua with a general and deep respect for science, which, as the population are endowed with fine talents, will make them advance very rapidly as soon as they are in possession of the means of progress.

Temperance in Connecticut.

A temperance meeting was recently held in Bridgeport, at which the Mayor of the City, Capt. John Brooks, Jr. presided. P. T. BARRETT and others addressed the meeting, and six or seven legal voters pledged themselves to vote for no man at the ensuing election for an Executive or Legislative office, who is not known to be in favor of a law identical in substance with that in Maine, for the destruction of the liquor traffic in Connecticut.

Barum has published a card denying that he is to be a candidate for Governor—declaring that he is not the slightest political aspirant in the world, but announcing his determination to devote his leisure time in traversing the State, and urging upon the people the importance of signing the above pledge immediately.

Rum-selling in Boston.

Mr. Francis Tukey, City Marshal of Boston, was recently called upon by the Board of Aldermen of that City for the Statistics of Rum-selling within the limits of the American Alvea, and instead of concocting a ten-column report, he returned the Board's questions with laconic business-like answers, as follows:

Q.—The whole number of places where intoxicating liquors are sold, and the ward in which they are sold? A.—I find the whole number of places to be 590, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Ward, and a numerical value. Rows include I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, and Total.

Q.—By whom they are sold, and if foreigners, of what nation, and also if they are sold by men or women, in cellars or above ground? A.—Americans, German, English and Swedes, Irish, Above ground, In cellars.

Q.—How many places called Oyster Saloons or Ice-Cream Saloons, furnish strong drink? A.—Oyster and Ice Cream Saloons, Bowling Alveas, Buildings for the same, Groceries, Other places.

Q.—How many places sell only intoxicating drinks, and how many grocery stores keep them for sale? A.—Groceries, Other places.

Q.—How many places where an intoxicated man or woman has been taken to the hospital, and how many have been committed to the almshouse? A.—All except four.

Q.—Also, to give any information he may possess in his opinion as to the extent to which the progress of crime and intemperance, whereby our taxes are greatly increased and the reputation of the city injured? A.—Execute the law.

If the Marshal should ever be out of a situation, we speak for the first offer of his services. A man who can state the whole case in the fewest words is invaluable on a newspaper.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—In another column will be found a statement from Major Whittier, Superintendent of the New York and New-Haven Railroad, relative to the disaster which recently occurred on said road, between New-Rochelle and William's Bridge, by a collision of trains.

It has every appearance of being a fair and honest statement, and would entirely exonerate the Company from blame, in the public estimation, but for the fact that the accident occurred on a track which is to be deemed an all-sufficient answer to everything that can be said in vindication of a Railroad Company and its managers in any case in which the Journal of Commerce has the following to say: (Evening Post.)