BAYARD TAYLOR'S LETTERS.

LXXXIX.

The Siwalik Hills—Journey to Meerut and Cawnpore.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CAWNPORE, (on the Ganges,) Thursday, Feb 10, 1853.

I left Mr. Keene's pleasant residence at Dehra on Sunday morning last. The thunder-storm has passed away, the sky was blue and vaperless, the verdure of the beautiful valley freshened by the rain, and the hights of the Sub-Himalayas were capped with new-fallen snow. My host and I took a hasty breakfast and then set off for Shahpore in his buggy. The distance was nine miles, the road muddy, full of deep pools left by the rain, and ascending as we approached the hills, so that we made but slow progress. From the mouth of the pass I turned to take a last view of the lovely valley. Just within, the opening is Shahpore, a native hamlet, consisting of about a dozen bamboo huts. Mr. Keene was met by one of the native police, who engaged to send a chuprassee with me to Mohun, for the purpose of seeing that my bearers were ready.

The Rajah had kept his promise, and his big she-elephant had already arrived. She knelt at the keeper's command, and a small ladder was placed against her side, that I might climb upon the pad, as I had been unable to borrow a howdah. I had a package of bread and cold roast beef, to serve me as a tiffin, but was careful to conceal it from the driver, otherwise himself and the elephant, with all her trappings, must have undergone purification. I took leave of Mr. Keene, seated myself astride on the pad, with the driver before me, on the elephant's neck, and we moved off. The driver was a Sikh, in a clean white and scarlet dress, and a narrow handkerchief bound around his head. His long, well-combed hair was anointed with butter, and, as his head was just under my nose, I was continually regaled with the unctuous odors. He carried a short iron spike, with which he occasionally punched the elephant's head, causing her to snort and throw up her trunk, as she quickened her pace. I found the motion very like that of a large dromedary, and by no means unpleasant or fatiguing. Though walking, she went at the rate of about five miles an hour. I noticed that the driver frequently spoke to her, in a quiet, conversational tone, making remarks about the roads and advising how to proceed—all of which she seemed to understand perfectly, and obeyed without hesitation.

After leaving Shahpore, the road ascended through a wild gorge for about half a mile, where it reached the dividing ridge and thence descended into a winding glen, which showed traces of having been worn through the hills by the action of water. Our path followed the bed of the stream for the distance of eight miles, where the pass opens upon the great plains. The scenery is very wild and picturesque, the hills being covered to their very summits with jungle, the abode of the tiger and wild elephant. None of the peaks are more than 1,000 or 1,200 feet above the bottom of the glen, yet in their forms they have a striking similarity to the great Himalayan range. They are sharp and conical, frequently with a perpendicular front, like a bisected cone, and are divided by deep and abrupt chasms. I was quite charmed with the succession of landscapes which the windings of the pass brought to view, and nothing was wanting to complete my satisfaction but the sight of a tiger. The jungle was filled with parrots, a bird with plumage blue as a turquoise, and flocks of wild peacocks. The plumage of the latter bird is much more brilliant than that of the domesticated fowl, though the body is smaller. Near the entrance of the pass, a large congregation of monkeys, each seated on a huge boulder left by the floods, gravely watched me as I passed.

At Mohun I found my palanquin standing in front of the Police office, which was a bamboo hut. The chuprasses were very obsequious in their offers of service, and immediately called together my bearers. I sent back the elephant, seated myself cross-legged in the palanquin, and made a very fair tiffin out of the prohibited cow's-flesh and bread. Saharunpore was 29 miles distant, and it was already noon. I therefore urged on the bearers, in the hopes of arriving before dark. The plain was very monotonous, swept by cold winds from the hills, and appeared like a desert, by contrast with the luxuriant Dhoon. The sun went down, and I was still stretched in the tiresome palanquin, but about dusk the mussalchee (torch-bearer) came and asked where they should take me. I supposed there was a hotel in Saharunpore, and answered: "to the *punch ghur*," (punch-house or hotel.) "Which one?" he again asked. At a venture, I answered: "the *burra* (large) punch-ghur." Away they went, and in a quarter of an hour, the palanquin was set down. "Here is the punch-house," said the mussalchee. I crept out, and found myself at the door of the Station Church! There happened, however, to be some natives passing through the enclosure, who directed me to the dawk bungalow, as there was no hotel. I called on Rev. Mr. Campbell, an American Missionary, in the course of the evening, and he at once quartered me in his house.

As my bearers were engaged to start for Meerut the next morning, my kind host arose before sunrise and took me in his buggy to see something of the place. The cantonments are scattered over a wide space, and have not the comfortable air of those at Meerut. The lanes are lined with the Casuarina or Australian Pine, a lofty, ragged looking tree, with very long and slender fibres, which gives the place the air of an English or German country town. The native city has a population of about 80,000 inhabitants, and appeared to be an industrious and flourishing place. The American Mission here is supported by the Presbyterian Board. The Missionaries have erected a handsome church, two spacious dwelling-houses, and a school-house, all within the same inclosure, besides an agency in the native town for the distribution of books, and the discussing of religious matters with any of the natives who choose to come forward. Mr. Campbell is sanguine as to the ultimate success of Missions in India. Their schools of education (embracing also religious instruction) are certainly doing much to enlighten the race; but so far as I can learn, very few scholars change their faith, though educated as Christians. They look upon the Christian Doctrine very much as we look upon the Greek Mythology. They are interested in it, they admire portions of it, perhaps admit certain of its claims, yet still go on worshiping the lingam, and keeping up the distinctions of caste. I have no doubt that *caste* is at the bottom of all this, and that many who are convinced, in their own hearts, of the truth of Christianity, dare not avow it, on account of the ban of excommunication from their friends and kindred, which would immediately follow.

Mr. Campbell took me to the Botanic Garden, where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Jameson, who has charge of the Tea Culture in the North-West. The Garden is one of the finest in India. It is laid out with great taste, and contains nearly all the indigenous trees and plants, beside many exotics. I there saw, for the first time, a cinnamon tree, the large glossy leaves of which were redolent of its spicy blood. The cinnamon is a *laurus*, and brother to our sassafras. It is of so refined and dainty a nature, that there are but few parts of the world where it will grow.

I left Saharunpore at 10 o'clock, congratulating myself, as I entered my palanquin, that it was the last journey I should make in such a disagreeable vehicle. It was a veiled, cool and dreary day; the plains had even a dreary look, and nothing could be more monotonous. I was heartily sick of the journey before night. The Himalayas were so obscured that nothing but a large leaden-colored mass was to be seen on the horizon. The road was crowded with people, among whom were several Englishmen in their palanquins, on their way up to the hills. Numbers of native women also passed, some in the *hackree*, or bullock-cart, and others borne in a *dhoolie*, a rude sort of palanquin made of bamboo, and covered with a cotton cloth. These are the "ferocious Dhoolies," who, according to Sheridan, in one of his Parliamentary speeches, "carried off the unfortunate wounded" from the field of battle—the orator, ignorant of Hindostance, supposing that the "dhoolies" were a tribe of savage people.

At dusk I reached a station where the bearers were not on hand, but such vigorous search was made for them that I was not detained more than half an hour. The native salutation in these parts is "Ram, Ram!" and the answer the same—as if one should say, in English, "God, God!" instead of "Good morning." I was no longer addressed as "Protector of the Poor," but received the Persian title of *Khodawend*, which signifies "My Lord." About nine o'clock I reached Mozuffer-nuggur, only half-way to Meerut. I rolled myself in my quilted *razaps*, closed the palanquin, except when the bearers cried out for backsheesh, and so slept, dozed, and waked alternately through the long, chilly night. The first streak of dawn showed me the buildings of Sirdhana, (the former residence of the famous Begum Somroo,) on the right, and just as the sun rose the shivering bearers set me down at the hotel in Meerut.

I visited the unwashed individual of whom I spoke in a former letter, returned him his palanquin, and then engaged a garree to this place. The distance was 273 miles, and the cost of a comfortable garree, with relays of horses, about $16. In order to rest, and to allow time for the necessary preparations to be made, I did not leave until evening—a delay which enabled the native servants at the hotel to steal from me a hand-some box of Cashmere manufacture—the present of a friend—containing several beautiful Delhi miniatures. I did not discover the loss until reaching here, and am the more annoyed at it, since there is now no chance of replacing the miniatures.

The night of leaving Meerut, I again passed Allyghur, much to my regret, for I desired to see the famous pillar of Coël. Morning dawned on the plains of Hindostan. There is almost as little variety in the aspect of these immense plains as in that of the open sea. The same fields of wheat, poppies, grain and mustard alternate with the same mango or tamarind groves; the Hindoo temples by the roadside are the same dreary architectural deformities, and the villages you pass, the same collections of mud walls, thatched roofs and bamboo verandahs, tenanted by the same family of hideous fakeers, naked children, ugly women, (who try to persuade you that they are beautiful, by hiding their faces,) and beggars in every stage of deformity. But I noticed, as I proceeded southward, spacious caravansaries, built of burnt brick, though ruined and half deserted; richer groves of tamarind and brab palm; and the minarets and pagodas of large towns which the road skirted, but did not enter.

I stopped at the bungalow of Etah for breakfast, which was ready in an hour. The bungalows on this road are much superior to those in other parts of India. The floors are carpeted, and there are mattresses and pillows on the charpoys. The rooms have a neat, home-like air, and are truly oases in this vast wilderness—for such India still is, except where the European hand has left its trace. The day past away like other days on the plains. It was warm during the mid-hours, and the road was very dusty, in spite of the recent rains. It is a magnificent highway, and would not suffer by comparison with any in Europe. The amount of travel is so great, that from sunrise until sunset, there is an almost unbroken procession of natives of all descriptions, from the Afghan and Sikh, to the Goorkha of the hills and the Mahratta of the Deccan, with tattoos, (as the little country ponies are called,) camels, elephants, Persian steeds, buffaloes, palanquins, dhoolies, hackrees, bullock trains, and the *garrees* of luxurious travelers like myself. I can, however, feel neither the same interest in, nor respect for, the natives of India, as for the Arab races of Africa and Syria. The lower castes are too servile, too vilely the slaves of a degrading superstition and too much given to cheating and lying. One cannot use familiarity toward them, without encouraging them to impertinence. How different from my humble companions of the Nubian Desert!

About noon I passed Mynpeine, a civil and missionary station, though not, I believe, a military cantonment. Toward evening I stopped for an hour at another bungalow, to take dinner, and then started for Cawnpore. The driver was changed again at dusk, and as I was very thirsty, I asked him to get me a drink of water, before giving him his backsheesh. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to bring a glass with me, and the people refused to let me touch one of their brass drinking-vessels, as this would occasion them a violent scouring, if not the destruction of the article. After some search, a clay vessel of the rudest description was found, with a spout like a tea-pot, and I was allowed to drink by holding it above my head and pouring the stream down my throat. I had learned the trick of this on the Nile, or it might have been a strangling matter. To such an extent is the accursed law of caste carried, that here, where the English have ruled for nearly a century, their very touch is defilement.

We had several fractious horses during the night, but I had learned patience by long experience, and so lay still and let the beast take his course. I think we must have been detained in one spot nearly half an hour, by a horse that *would* dash from side to side, obstinately refusing to go forward. In the traveler's book at the bungalow where I dined, I read the memorandum of a gentleman who had been left in the lurch by the driver and groom, after they had taken the bits out of the horse's mouth. He was run away with, and narrowly escaped being dashed to pieces. I feared, once or twice, that I might have the same driver and groom, and the same wicked tattoo. At last, when the Great Bear (my nocturnal dial) had passed his occultation, and I knew that the dawn would appear in half an hour, I was set down at the Cawnpore Hotel. Shortly after I arrived, a salute of nineteen guns announced the departure of the Governor of the North-West.

Looking out the window of my room, after sunrise, I saw the Ganges flowing beneath it—not a sparkling mountain stream, as at Hurdwar, but a deep, muddy river, lined with barges. The opposite bank was a reach of white sand, which glared painfully in the sun. After a visit to a half-blood, or *Eurasian* banker, I went to the Joint Magistrate, Capt. Riddell, whom I found dispensing justice to the natives, under the shade of a huge umbrella tent, in the midst of his own umbrageous compound. He received me very courteously, and insisted on my removing to his house, but as I have made arrangements to leave this evening for Lucknow, I could only promise to spend Saturday morning with him after my return.

Cawnpore is a pleasant spot, though it contains nothing whatever to interest the traveler. It is one of the largest cantonments in the Mofussil, and scattering bungalows of the civil and military residents extend for five miles along the western bank of the Ganges, which is at this place high and steep. The town is shaded with neem trees, of great size. In walking past the bungalows, I noticed many elegant and well kept gardens, and was more than once greeted by the delicious odor of violets in bloom. Close beside the beds of this humble Saxon flower hung the scarlet foliage of the Syrian pomegranate, or the tattered plumes of the tropical banana. The residences are large, but their enormous roofs of thatch contrast oddly with verandahs supported by Ionic pillars. The Church is a large Gothic edifice, English from turret to foundation stone, and an exile, like those who built it. A Gothic building looks as strangely among palm-trees, as an Oriental palace on the shores of Long Island Sound.

B. T.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

Ontonagon Mines—Collins—Forrest—Glen—Minnesota.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ONTANAGON, Friday, June 17, 1853.

In coming east on the mineral range from the Northwich bluff, we passed the Collins Mine, which is not very productive at present, although it is being worked, and the location explored; we also passed a number of abandoned diggings which were worked in the palmy days of copper stock; but they 'Petered' in '48, when there was something more required to maintain a mine than ink and paper. However, these mines have all been premined or purchased since, for the purpose of being put off in the east.

The Forrest Mine is situated on the west side of the Ontonogan, about a mile from the landing, on the same range as the Minnesota, though the River is between them. This Company own a large tract of mineral land, and several veins of fair promise have been opened; the vein they are working is rather irregular, but very rich at times in barrel and stamp works. The main shaft is sunk 230 feet, two others from 100 to 150 feet in depth; the 10 and 20 fathom levels are extended about 600 feet each, and the 30 fathom level 425 feet. An adit has been driven in, which relieves the mine of the surface water, and cross-cuts made for the purpose of cutting other veins. There has been some stoping done between the 10 and 20 fathom levels east of the main shaft, which produced very good ore. The vein becomes confused, and divides as it is worked east, but as they drive west it appears to make Copper in bunches and small masses. If this is ever a paying mine, it will be made so by opening it to the west. The Superintendent (Mr. Livingston) is working this mine with energy, and a determination to prove it up. This Company have a steam saw-mill on the Ontonagon, where they are doing a brisk business in lumbering. Also, a set of stamps of eight head, in operation. They will ship this season 40 to 50 tuns of Copper.

The Glen Company have opened one of the best surface prospects in the region. They have commenced working it under the most flattering indications of its making a mine.

The National Mine is upon a school section on the east side of the river. It was included in the lease bought by the Minnesota Company, but the State of Michigan claimed it, and sold it to Judge Bacon, who formed the National Company. They commenced work here last fall, on a vein lying between the conglomerate and trap. It is not a wide vein, but exceedingly rich in masses. Shaft No. 1 is sunk 76 feet, and No. 2, 68 feet in depth; a ten-fathom lead has been extended from the west end of the bluff, 600 feet east on the vein. They are driving a cross-cut north to intersect the Minnesota vein. It is in 90 feet, and there is every appearance of its being in proximity to the lode. Capt. Edward Jennings, who formerly had charge of the Cliff Mine, is the agent. He has shipped 21 tuns of copper in masses, and estimates a further shipment of 30 tuns this season. This is the only mine in the region that has raised sufficient copper during the first year to pay the current expenses.

The Minnesota is the great mine of the Ontonagon. Pæans have been sung of it, by the owners of every quarter-section of land where the veins run east and west and with the formation, is now a cash dividend-paying Company. There has been paid into this Company on 3,000 shares, $21 50 per share to work the mine; a dividend of $30 per share will be paid on 3,000 shares in the month of August. This mine has been opened to the depth of about 270 feet and levels extended for more than 1,100 feet; the lode in the lowest level is stronger and the masses larger than at any point above, with every indication of a proportionate increase, especially so, as the south or National vein, will be cut in sinking the next lift. There will be about 800 tuns of copper shipped during the season. Mr. Roberts, the Superintendent is entitled to much credit for the manner in which he has laid out the surface improvements. There is an appearance of comfort and solidity, that closely resembles our eastern villages. The original tract of land owned by this Company has been carried up a little. The National was taken out by the State the Peninsular and Flint Steel have been set off as independent Companies, and now the Lake Superior takes all of the range east and west, except 800 or 900 yards, which is received by this Company.

Respectfully,

W. O. K.

BALTIMORE.

Newspaper Change—Retirement of two of the Proprietors of the American—The Democratic Nominations—The Prospects of the Aspirants.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, July 2, 1853.

A change of some importance in the newspaper interests of this city, dated from the 1st of July, in the retirement of William Bose and Thomas Murphy from the proprietorship of *The Baltimore American*, and the incoming of Charles C. Fulton as a partner, to the constitution of a new firm (Dobbin & Fulton) composed of Robert A. Dobbin, the energetic senior member of the old firm of Dobbin, Murphy & Bose, and Mr. Fulton. I have not been exactly informed of the proportion of interest which Mr. Fulton has secured. But, whatever it may be, he certainly has been lucky in the estimated value of the concern, which is understood to be only forty thousand dollars, whereas it must be worth at least fifty thousand. This change will, doubtless, work to the advantage of the concern. Mr. Fulton belongs to a younger and more progressive class of men than the retiring proprietors, able and industrious as they were. He has had much experience in different departments of the Press, having been once connected editorially with the flourishing *Sun* establishment, and more recently with a telegraphic agency in this city, as its principal. He is a man of tact, as well as of ability and experience.

Brantz Meyer, the editor (that is, the editorial writer) of *The American*, will be retained, and wisely too, as I think. He has managed his department better, in many respects, than his predecessor, Mr. Carey, making it more replete and varied, by dint of greater adaptability as well as industry. Mr. Bose goes to Europe, for a season, to return to a life of leisure, amid affluence, for a short time—but for a short time only, I predict, he being too public-spirited to remain satisfied with the *otium cum dignitate* of life. Mr. Murphy will spend his summers at watering-places, and his winters at the firesides of his nieces, concocting new plans for rendering them happy with his benefactions. A bachelor, with no children of his own to care for, he has found happiness in providing for the children of less prosperous relatives, and will continue to find happiness therein. Blessings will follow him to his grave!

The return of conventional delegates for this city favorable to Walter Mitchell for Governor, and Henry May and Joshua Vansant for the two Congressional Districts, embracing parts of Baltimore, severally, has temporarily ended the difficulties which have, for some time past, disturbed the harmony of the Democratic ranks, while giving a terrible blow to Hunkerism. Mr. May has, unquestionable, procured the nomination of his district, as the vote of the Convention will show. Mr. Vansant will also be nominated, notwithstanding strong efforts are being made to carry Baltimore County for his principal opponent, Mr. Preston. And a well deserved nomination will Mr. Vansant's be. He will be triumphantly elected, as some slight reward for his many unpaid services to his party and the public at large—to say nothing of his eminent services to his own class, the mechanics, as President of their own "Maryland Institute," and in other spheres. And employes of this class will not forget how he has stood by them (without loosing sight of the rights of the employers) in the recent "strike" of the hands employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, in which Mr. Vansant is a City Director—a service, the benefit of which other workingmen felt and appreciated, and will remember.

SIGMA.

MULES.

Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a debt of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1783 there were but very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no good jacks and no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to disease, and longer lived, and work upon shorter feed, and are much less liable to be injured by careless servants than horses.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the King of Spain sent him a jack and two jennies from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent another jack and jennies from the Island of Malta.

The first was of a grey color, sixteen hands high, heavily made, and of a sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gift. The other was called the Knight of Malta; he was about as high, but lighter made, black color, and lithe and fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was a favorite jack which he called Compound, because he partook of the best points in both of the original jacks. The General bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his family coach for that purpose, and produced such superb mules that the country was all agog to breed some of the same sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of mules in the United States, now about sixty-five years since the first start, and no doubt there are now some of the third and fourth generations of Knight of Malta and Royal Gift to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are to be seen upon almost every cultivated acre in the Southern States. Notwithstanding the enormous increase, of late years, arising from a systematic course of breeding in the Northern States for the Southern market, mules were never more valuable than at present, or more ready of sale at high prices.

THE USE OF WOOD GAS IN GERMANY.—It is a well known fact that about two years ago Dr. Peter Kudler, in Munich, invented this kind of gas for light; but, in order to make it practicable by suitable apparatus, he invited to a share in his invention Mr. E. R. Breitsach, an eminent practical chemist in Augsburg, to whom the merit is due of having brought it to general use in many cities of Germany and Switzerland.

Mr. Breitsach published a report in *The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, of May 16 last, which we translate, as we are informed that one of the inventors will shortly visit our country in order to introduce this new means of illumination. He writes as follows:

"At last it is beyond cavil that Wood Gas can be supplied and used in the largest scale. The streets of Bayreuth (a large city in Bavaria) are lighted with that Gas, and eye witnesses from all parts of the country confirm unanimously that in brilliancy it is far superior to coal gas. However, greater certainty can be acquired by photometrical investigation, and it is evident that neither oil, resin nor coal gas can be compared to wood gas in regard to the many advantages it offers to consumers. The intensity of its light is solely to be ascribed to its chemical purity. For my investigations here in Bayreuth, I have made use as well of Bunsen's Photometer as of ordinary wax light, as I did in former investigations standing with coal gas, and I found, on average, as the result of 15 experiments on different days and at different hours of the day, that under a pressure of 6·7 millimetres, and with a breadth of flame of 22 lines and a consumption of gas of five feet per hour, 15 3-10 power of light is produced, while coal gas, under the same conditions, yields only 10 12 light power. For private consumers it may be agreeable to be informed that with flat burners, consuming 4 7-10 cubic feet per hour, they have a light power of 14 7-10, and with 9 1-10 cubic feet per hour, a light power of 8. I am convinced that with a more favorable form of the burners that wood gas would give a still better result. It is worth mentioning that wood gas of my improved manner of manufacturing, does not suffer in its quality by keeping in the gas reservoirs, though if particular care is not observed its decomposition and relaxation take place, as was the case at Munich, on account of the manufacturer not having much experience. Even after three days I found my own gas in as perfect a state as if it was freshly made. By experience I have learned to avoid others of the many inconveniences, as for instance the adhesion of water—and thus all the difficulties in the way of introducing wood gas on the largest scale. Concerning the expense, I refer to different statements I have made publicly on different occasions. Every one who can understand figures will be easily convinced of the advantages of wood gas, even if personal interest prevents him from acknowledging it."

FOR LIBERIA.—A company of intelligent colored men is in course of formation in Pennsylvania, with a view of emigrating to Liberia with their families, starting either from Philadelphia or New-York during the approaching autumn. Two delegates sent out by the colored people in different sections of the State—Rev. S. Williams and Mr. Charles Deputie—have visited the new Republic, and brought back favorable reports, and they are the leaders in the new organization. According to *The Colonization Herald*, they are both practical men, as well as men of intelligence and piety, and have large and respectable families, comfortable property, and numerous friends. Deputie is from the iron region of the State, and has a practical education as a mechanic and machinist. The company is designed to settle on the St. Paul River, near the lot of the first great waterfall, about twenty or twenty-five miles from Monrovia, in a mountainous, fertile, beautiful and healthful district, and they would like to sail with their families some time in November next.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—This body concluded its sessions at Yarmouth on Thursday, and adjourned. Among the business of general interest transacted was the following: The General Association of California was received into fellowship and correspondence. Rev. Emerson Davis, D. D., was unanimously reelected Secretary of the General Association for the next three years. A resolution was adopted commending the Congregational Library Association to the attention of ministers and laymen of the denomination. It was voted to hold the next meeting at Fall River, in the Church of Rev. E. Thurston.

[Boston Atlas.

DIED—At the Narrows Bridge, Lake Simcoe, on the 28th of May, Antonio, *alias* Peter Pike, chief of the Sioux Nation, and nephew of the celebrated Black Hawk. This extraordinary individual joined the British Army when it penetrated the head waters of the Mississippi, during the last war with the United States. He led no inconsiderable body of followers, who, under his command, and that of one M'Kay, were generally employed as scouts, under the immortal Brock. Antonio was present at the fierce battle where the gallant Tecumseh fell, and acted during that bloody conflict as Tecumseh's Aid. Upon the close of the war, Antonio settled upon the shores of Lake Simcoe, and married the daughter of Chief Shilding, whose life presents nearly as strange adventure and passages as the subject of our notice. Upon the death of his wife, Antonio seemed to prefer residing with the whites, which, it is presumed, was displeasing to the Indians, as his presents were stopped.

Antonio once visited the Mississippi country after the war; but only to aid in the transfer of his fine property as Sioux Chief to a gentleman who is reported to have bought the right for a trifle. Antonio had no connections in the country, and died a beggar. In his last illness he was supported by the charity of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kay and a few others. And thus ended the career of this gallant ally and follower of the British arms, whose life is interwoven with the stirring scenes of bygone days, nor can it be considered chimerical to suppose, whose name may yet appear in conjunction with more noted characters in the pages of Canadian history. The old Chief was decently interred, a few gentlemen contributing his last outfit. Notes have been taken of his life, and it is the intention of their possessor to publish them, when prepared for the press.

[Toronto Colonist.

DAMAGES FOR SLANDER.—At Woodstock, Vermont, a jury have found a verdict of $1,065 against Mr. Robinson, for the slander of Miss Shadbourne, a young lady whom he had courted, and who had given him a written discharge. The costs swell Mr. Robinson's little bill to about $2,000.

A little son of Mr. James Kirkland, near Barnwell, S. C., was recently murdered by a slave girl, only 11 or 12 years of age. The girl, who was a house servant, had been chastised by her mistress, and soon after, from a feeling of revenge, beat the child to death with a club.

Mr. John Haynes, a well to do farmer of Flushing, Long Island, committed suicide on Wednesday night last by throwing in a well. Mr. H. was laboring under a hallucination that he was coming to beggary.

We learn from *The Warsaw Mirror* that there was a heavy fire in the village of Portageville on Saturday, June 25, by which one life was lost and a grist mill and sash factory destroyed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JULY.

With this number of the veteran Knickerbocker, commences the Forty Second Volume, having attained a "kind of" and by no means frosty old age of nearly a quarter of a century, a date seldom if ever rivalled in magazine literature. The uniform excellence of the Knickerbocker for this long space of time is quite remarkable, and furnishes a guarantee to current subscribers that in purchasing the work they are making a good investment for their libraries. Sixteen additional pages are hereafter to be given with each number, thus adding nearly two hundred pages a year to the work. In this number, which appears on a new and beautiful type, we have a succession of articles which are all readable even in the sweltering month of July. Among the most attractive are "Journeyings in Spain" continued, "Papers of the Traveling Dentist," "Damascena," a quaint, wicked poem, and the ever welcome "Up the River Letters." The hot weather on the Hudson has made the writer more than half a convert to a mild form of

VEGETARIANISM,

"It has become a moot point whether we ought to feast upon the flesh of beasts. And never are we more inclined to take the negative of the question, than when appetite begins to flag on the approach of summer, and the green and crisp things of the earth abound in gardens, and one by one the fruits for which so prosperity we have been so long praying, 'that in due time we may enjoy them,' appeal to the eye in the ruddy flush of their ripeness, to the smell by their pervading fragrance, and to the taste by their luscious flavor. Then do we turn away from the steaming kitchen with disgust, and abhor the greasy feast as we would the lapping of train-oil. Where the whole country is a vast ice house, vegetation does not exist, and the body craves unguents; and even if roots and tender vegetables could be obtained, they would not suffice for its protection. While the summer lasts, we think it may possibly be sinful to consume flesh, but to feed upon it the year round is enough to turn men into brutes. Show us a tender heart of butcher, and he shall have a gold cup, or ought to have one. Will he let the calves' heads hang out of the wagon, and their soft, black eyes be extirpated by the grazing-wheel? Will he not hear the lambs to slaughter in comfortable positions, and gently lead those which are with young? Then may he ask for the hand of the shepherd's daughter, and not till then."

With what gusto does he discourse on the seductions of

BREAD AND BUTTER.

"But I say that when the weather becomes hot, much meat I do not desire. It is the favorite roosting place of flies which make the very ointment of the apothecary to smell bad. Bread and butter is a theme, however so nasty, on which a volume might be written. Although the appetite may tire of other things, on this substantial ground it makes a stand. It must be trifling or far-fetched cookery, while the taste acquired at so much pains, departs suddenly. Civilized men enjoy one kind of food, and cannibals another. Some are very simple in their habits, and like the boy Cyrus, at the courtly table of his grandfather, wonder at the multitude of dishes. But no man, Christian or heathen, ever quarrels with his bread and butter. It is acceptable the year round, and the taste for it is universal, and never palls. You cannot eat it to a surfeit, or ever return to it with disgust. If it is of a bad quality, that does not destroy your affection. You blame the baker, but stick to the bread. Good bread and butter in the summer time are peculiarly delicious,—the very staff of life. When the flour is of the finest wheat, the yeast of a buoyant nature, and the loaf, with its crust properly baked, has the whiteness of snow and lightness of a sponge; when the butter has the flavor of the fresh grass and the color of new minted gold, eat to your heart's content, and desire nothing else. When you have come in at the noon-tide hour, wearied with your expedition to the mountain-top, your walk in the woods, or sail on the lake, or your botanizing in the meadows; when you have labored faithfully in the garden, rooting out the weeds from the cucumbers and green peas, the sweet corn and cauliflowers, which are to grace your table, contrasting a shaky appetite from the smell of the mould; when you have returned with wood-cock from the swamp, or have been a fishing, and then the golden butter and fresh bread are set before you, garnished perhaps with a well dressed lettuce, or a few short top scarlet radishes, each crackling and brittle as glass, well may you disdain the aid of cooks, for it is a feast which an anchorite might not refuse, and which an epicure might envy.

Fragrant words to drop from his pen on

THE POETRY OF MINT.

"There is now a very decided smell of mint from the meadows, as its tender stalks are bruised by the feet of cattle, or its odors are dislodged by the somewhat rough handling of the freebooting winds. Thirsty people like to bruise it against little icebergs, in a tumbler with wine of a choice quality, and, if I remember rightly, a slight paring of lemon and a strawberry or two, to produce a curious, composite flavor, and so imbibe it slowly through a wheaten straw, or, a mistimed a glass tube. What the advantage of this mode is, does not appear clearly, but perhaps the volatile aroma of the herb following in the wake of the drops which clamber up the tube, more gradually and pleasantly insinuates itself into the brain than when it sweeps over the sense in a powerful puff. To have it poured from a silver pitcher, on whose outer surface the atmospheric is collected in cool drops, in the heat of a sultry day, and offered in moderate quantity by the fair hands which have concocted it with skill and with a scrupulous neatness, is not unacceptable to those who make use of such fluids; and of the julep it can with truth be said that it contains some good ingredients—the fragrant mint and crystal ice-drops. That the mint has medicinal quality, is well known. With the valetudinarian cut it, dissolves the palm with cat-nip; and when covered with the dews, the sick chicken takes a little nip of it."

Philosophically he descants on the cornucopia of our

SUMMER FRUITS.

"I have spoken of the feast of roses, but the feast of strawberries must be remembered. How plentiful is the crop! In this happy land the poor taste of delicacies, and the horn of plenty is literally poured out with its profusion of fruits and flowers. Here the cows come home at night with their hoofs actually dripping with the red blood of this berry, and the odors of it float over the snowy foam of the milk Pail. It grows wild in all the woods and all the meadows, and methinks the wilder the sweeter; for as it is smaller in size than the seedlings of the garden, it stands a better chance to become dead ripe and lose its acid. It requires no addition, and is rendered fit to eat by the sugar of its own nature. Doubtless, says an old writer, God might have made a better berry, but He never did. I have, however, met with some who are disposed to deny the truth of this statement, and who say that the raspberry is better. No doubt it is, to some palates, but the general voice would hardly give it the palm. In flavor, the straw berry is admitted to be the acme of perfection, and it has probably not degenerated since it was originated in Eden. But it is so keen and pungent, that in a little while it destroys the tone of the tongue, whereas the raspberry has an exceedingly delicate aroma, as much so as the wild grape blossom. Its merits are more slowly perceived, but it less fatigues the taste, and is longer appreciated. The succession of fruits as the year advances, exhibits an adaptation most pleasing and wonderful. The straw berry is first with us, and its precedence in time is a fair presumption in favor of its ripe merits. Then comes the rasp-berry. These occupy a certain space, mostly to themselves, but when they are gone, a rabble of fruits jostle one another in the garden, and every one may take his pick and choice. The English heart cherry charms the eye and satisfies the taste, especially when you pluck it from the branch as it hides its blushing cheek beneath the leaves. The gooseberry and tart currant arrive in the very nick of time, but the berries taper off in excellence at the close of the year. The plain and healthful black berry is succeeded by the whortle-berry, the poorest of fruits—God forgive me! But, in the meantime, the larger kinds come in to adapt themselves to every variety of taste, and to every necessity of constitution—peach, plum, and grape."

"The Editor's Table," as usual, has a little of every thing, served up with the choicest condiments. (Samuel Hueston.)

LABOR CELEBRATION.

Excursion of Locomotive Builders.

On Saturday last the operatives, to the number of five hundred, in the employ of Messrs. Danforth, Cooke & Co. Locomotive and Cotton machine manufacturers of Paterson, visited Jersey City, by Railroad, on a pleasure excursion. They are a very respectable body of men and made a creditable appearance. The establishment so fully represented on this occasion is located in Congress st., Paterson. For twenty years past this firm, under the title of Charles Danforth & Co. have been manufacturers of Machinery, and have been known extensively throughout the United States. In September last, the erection of shops for the building of locomotives was commenced, at which time Mr. Prall became a partner, and the firm is now known under the title of DANFORTH, COOKE & Co. The premises occupied by them for manufacturing purposes cover two acres of ground, or one entire block. The buildings are of brick and are furnished with all the modern tools, and improved machinery and facilities for carrying on this branch of business successfully, by turning out the best class of work with remarkable expedition. The works were completed in season to turn out two new locomotives in the month of March last, and since that time two have been completed each month—making eight which have been built by them; and it is but about nine months since their buildings were begun. Danforth, Cooke & Co., employ four hundred and fifty persons in their locomotive and cotton machine works, beside sixty-five, principally girls, in their cotton manufactory. Of the whole number, probably two hundred and fifty are men having families; so that from twelve to fourteen hundred persons, in all, depend for their livelihood upon the avails of the employment directly afforded by this firm. The amount annually paid by them for wages and stock will not come much short of half a million of dollars.

The occasion of this turn out was the completion of a new, first-class locomotive—the GOVERNOR WILLIAMSON. This machine is about the size of the Governor Fish, and is certainly one of the most splendid locomotives that has as yet been placed upon the iron track. Its weight is twenty three tuns. It has a fifteen by twenty inch cylinder. The driving wheels are six feet in diameter. The framework, braces, and all her parts are planed up and finished in the best manner, and are polished wherever polishing would add to the utility or beauty of the machine. The shell part of the boiler, the steam chest and cylinder heads, are covered with brass, highly polished. The domes, also, are covered with the same metal. On one of the domes is a beautifully polished brass globe, on which is perched a gilded eagle. The engineer's house is made in Gothic style, and is painted and grained in imitation of oak. The foot caps of the columns, and the arches over the windows are gilded, which gives it a light and airy appearance. Altogether, it is a strong and beautiful locomotive—a model machine.

At Paterson, during the forenoon, the workmen assembled at the establishment of Messrs Danforth, Cooke & Co., and having fastened badges upon their coats, formed in procession—numbering, with the invited guests, full 600 men. With music from the Paterson Band, and from Dodworth's Band, and with three banners and four flags flying, the procession marched through the principal streets of Paterson. Mr. Thos Forbes, Foreman of the Foundry, was the Marshal. They took the cars at about 11½ o'clock, and arrived at Jersey City after a ride of about three quarters of an hour. At the Depôt in Jersey City, they again formed in line, with the Paterson Band at the front and Dodworth's in the rear, and marched through some of the streets, under the guidance of Capt. Pollard, with banners, flags and music. One of the banners was the figure of a locomotive, painted in fine style, and surrounded by a wreath. The words:

INDUSTRY AND PROSPERITY,

were suspended within the circle of the wreath over the figure of the locomotive; and under it were the words:

DANFORTH, COOKE & CO., PATERSON, N. J.

The procession halted at the Hudson House in Grand st., where dinner had been prepared. There were four long tables, beside the one at the head of the room, at which were seated the firm that gave the entertainment, the invited guests of Paterson and Jersey City and members of the Press of Paterson and New York. No wine or strong drinks were, it is gratifying to state, furnished for the occasion. At 1½ o'clock the company were seated. A DERHOM, Esq., Mayor of Paterson, presided. When the dinner had been discussed, various sentiments were offered and responded to by gentlemen present. The first toast was:

Danforth, Cooke & Co.—Though young in the Locomotive business, the specimens of their workmanship prove that they cannot be beaten.

Mr. Charles Danforth, senior partner of the firm being called for, responded. He spoke about as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKMEN: I am much gratified in meeting you on this occasion. I feel myself much flattered by the compliment you have paid me. I do not intend to