NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, for February, confirms the remark that we made a short time since, that this publication was assuming too much of a political character. The present number contains three articles, one on foreign and two on home policy, which are not marked either by any great originality of thought or strength of reasoning. We regret to see this excellent periodical abandoning the field which it had so legitimately and usefully occupied to wander into political speculations, from the apprehended consequences of which its conductor is frequently obliged to safeguard himself by disclamatory foot notes. It had better leave political polemics to the newspapers, whose proper business it is, and confine itself to scientific and artistical dilletant-ism, in which it more especially excels. Its "Diplomacy and Cannon Balls" is not likely to exercise any very decided influence on the decision of the Russian question, and its "Progress of our Political Virtues," only leads to the conclusion that our body politic is irredeemably corrupt. We turn with pleasure from these *rifacciminti* of stale newspaper topics to such articles as those of "Nature in Motion" and "Mining Varieties." If papers of this stamp do not always present us with new facts, they have at least the merit of giving a fresh and attractive aspect to old ones. To many they will afford both pleasure and instruction. The first of these articles merits a few extracts:

DISINTEGRATING ACTION OF THE GLOBE.

Even at home, our own great mother earth is not, as many still believe, at rest, and its very foundations are every now and then giving signs of the mysterious life which is throbbing in this vast globe. Meteoric stones, also, come like aerial messengers from distant, unknown spheres, and speak loudly of the life in spaces unknown to human vision. For stones travel as well as life-endowed organic bodies; they are, in fact, the very oldest travellers on earth of whom we have any knowledge. The mountains are not everlasting, and the sea is not eternal. Thousands of years ago rocks began to shiver in the fierce cold of the Polar regions; even Sweden and Norway, Greenland and Spitzbergen became intolerable, and they set out on their great journey to the warmer South. But huge, unwieldy travellers as they were, they soon tired and rested awhile in the wide, sandy wastes which stretch through Northern Europe and Asia. Some, the large ones, remained there, bleak, blasted masses of rock, sterile and stern, like grim giants of dark, old ages. Their lighter companions, smaller and swifter, rolled merrily on towards the foot of mountains, and there they also lie, scattered over the plains of Europe and Siberia. Science calls them "erratic" stones; the people know them as "foundlings," for they are, like lost children, belonging to another climate and a different race from those which surround them. When they travelled, man knows not. It must have been in times of yore, however, when the great Northern Ocean covered yet with its dark waves, mountain and forest in the very heart of the continent. Other blocks travelled against their will, packed up in snow and ice. Whole islands of ice, we know, were torn off by terrible convulsions from the coasts of Scandinavia; the storm tossed sea hurled them into her powerful currents, and thus they were carried southward, bearing on their broad shoulders huge masses of rock that had rolled down from their native mountains. These gigantic guests from the north soon stranded against the mountains of the continent; they melted under a more genial sun, and their burden fell to the ground. When, afterwards, the bottom of this vast sea rose and became dry land, these foreign visitors also rose and found themselves, with amazement, in a southern country, under a southern sun. Thus it is that the famous statue of Peter the Great, which adorns one of the magnificent open squares of his city, was hewn out of Swedish granite—the same stone from the far north which furnished the colossal vase before the Museum in Berlin.

How long ago these early travels were made by rock and stone we know not; but they are by no means at an end. The same process is still going on, even now. The Arctic still sends her children out to dwell in warmer climes, and year after year seas wandering stones come from high, icy regions, and tumble into the Atlantic, or strand on the low shore at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. If the bottom of the sea, on the banks of Newfoundland is ever to see the sweet light of heaven, it will be found strewn with mighty rocks from Greenland, and our children's children may yet erect a monument to the great father of our country hewn out of Green land stone.

Other rocks are sea-born. Lofty mountains, now capped with snow, and wrapped in clouds, bear unmistakeable evidence that they once dwelt at the very bottom of the ocean. Sandstone blocks, piled up high until they form large mountain chains, on which gigantic trees are deeply rooted, and the birds of heaven dwell, to whose summit men painfully climb to look down upon the sunny plain, were once mere loose, fragile sand down in the deeps of the sea. They are still mixed with countless shells, the bones of fishes, and a thousand relics of their former home. On the other hand, we know that large tracts of sea-bottom once belonged to the firm land—enjoyed light, air and warmth, and abounded with life of every kind. But the sea came and buried them in eternal darkness. For the ocean, also, the infinite, is not the same to-day that it was yesterday—it changes form and shape like everything else on earth. The very heart of the globe is restless. Fused, molten stones are dragged from their hidden resting places in the depths of the earth, passed through fiery ovens, and at last, in fierce fury, thrown out of volcanoes, where, as lava streams they soon become solid, fertile and fruitbearing, or form new mountains on land, new islands in the ocean.

Even now, stones still migrate, thanks to their old friend, ice glaciers of vast, gigantic size moving foot by foot. They may, therefore, be fairly included among the travelling portions of our globe. Their motion is slow but sure; the glacier of Grindelwald moves only about twenty-five feet a year, but a signalpost fastened to a large granite block embedded in the Unteraar glacier progressed at the rate of nearly a thousand feet annually. Thus, stones travel on the back of icy waves from the mountain top to the foot of the Alps, where they form grotesque groups and lofty ramparts, or lie scattered about on the plain, like the giant rocks of Stonehenge.

They have, however, one mode of travel unlike all other kinds of locomotion, and so mysterious, that human science has not yet fathomed its nature. Large masses of rock, namely, of truly gigantic dimensions, when by a cident they fall into the deep crevices of these glaciers, return with quiet but irresistible energy to the surface, moving slowly, steadily upward. Thus not unfrequently vast pyramids or stately pillars of ice, broken loose from the mother glacier, are seen standing in isolated grandeur, and crowned with huge masses of stone. After a while the strange forms change and melt, the rock sinks deeper and deeper, until at last it is lost to sight, deeply buried in snow and ice. Yet, after a time, it re-appears above, and the Swiss say the glacier purifies itself. For, strange as it seems, the glacier does not suffer either block or grain of sand within its clear, transparent masses, and though covered for miles with millions of crumbling stones, with heaps of foliage and debris of every kind, at the foot of the mountain it is so clear and pure, that even the microscope fails to discern the presence of foreign bodies. What is equally amazing is, that whilst every weighty object—leaves, insects, dead bodies, stones or gravel—sink alike into the cold bed, the organic parts decay quickly in the frozen, rigid mass, but the inorganic parts are thrown up again. Years ago a horse fell into one of these glaciers; it sank, marking its outline distinctly, until it was seen no more. A year afterwards the clean white skeleton projected from the top through the clear ice. In the middle of the sixteenth century a succession of long winters, during which immense masses of snow fell, increased the glaciers so much that they travelled faster and lower than usually, and in their course overwhelmed a little chapel at the foot of the Grindelwald. All was covered, mountains high with snow and ice, and so remained for years, buried in ghastly silence. But lo! all of a sudden there appeared a black ungainly mass, high up on the glittering field—it was the chapel bell! Pious hands saved it, carried it to a neighboring town, and there the long buried bell now rings merrily Sabbath after Sabbath.

If stones travel thus by the aid of majestic glaciers slowly downwards, they have to perform their journeys from below upward in much less time. That fierce element, which many believe to be still raging under the thin crust which we inhabit, breaks out every now and then through the great safety valves that nature has provided. Already, Strabo and Pausanias tell us how, nearly three hundred years before Christ, the mountain Methone arose on the Trocenian peninsula. Ovid, also, describes, in beautiful verses, how a high hill, rigid and treeless, was suddenly seen where once a fair plain had been spread out. He traces it to vapors shut up in dark caverns below, and seeking, in vain, an outlet through some cleft. The soil began at last to heave, he says, and to swell under the pressure of the pent up heat, until it finally yielded and rose to a lofty height. Every age has seen huge rocks and large mountains appear thus unexpectedly on the surface of the globe. In the last century the volcano of Jorullo rose, in Mexico, 1,580 feet above the surrounding plain. The sea also has its volcanic mountains, which are of a sudden thrown up from the bottom. The famous island of Santorin, in 1810, still considerably below the surface, was, in 1830, only a few feet from it. It appeared as an enormous peak, steep on all sides, but on the top presenting the crater of a sub-marine volcano. The igneous nature of the land below is strongly shown by sulphuric vapors, which rise so actively that ships now anchor there in order to clean their copper thoroughly and quickly. Stromboli, also, was in like manner sent up from the deep to take its place among the islands of the Mediterranean; and although Italy is now comparatively quiet, still its volcanoes pour forth inexhaustible showers of burning matter, and temporary islands start up now and then from the surrounding sea.

Of the migration of plants, which has so frequently puzzled the naturalist, and given rise to so much ingenious conjectural reasoning, the writer says:—

Plants have ever travelled most and furthest of all children of this earth. Much has been said and much has been written about poor flowers, these true and genuine children of their mother earth, coming directly out of her bosom, and ever busy to draw from the air of heaven food for their great parent. Often have they been pitied because they are chained to the soil, whilst their own shadow, as in mockery, dances around them and marks the passing hours of sunshine. Trees have been called the true symbols of that longing for heaven which is innate in man's soul. Bound for life to one small spot on earth, they are represented as stretching out widely their broad branches, far beyond the reach of humble roots, trying to embrace the balmy air, to drink in the golden light of the sun, and to arrest the very clouds in their aerial flight.

But in reality plants travel far and fast. It is true they perform their journey mostly in the seed; but there is, perhaps, no earthly kind of locomotion which they do not employ for their purpose. Wind and water, the beasts of the field and the winged creatures of heaven; above all, man himself—all have been pressed into their service, to carry them from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Countless powers of nature are incessantly at work to scatter the blessings of the vegetable world over the nations of the world. Almost one fourth of all plants upon earth bear seeds that are provided with wings, parachutes or other contrivances, by means of which they may be carried on the wings of the wind to distant regions. Every brook and every river, even a shortlived rain, carry a thousand plants to remote countries. The great ocean itself, on its mighty currents, bears fruits and nuts from island to island, and every coral reef in the South Sea is almost instantly covered with a rich, luxuriant vegetation.

New plants appear thus constantly where they were formerly not found, whilst of the disappearance of vegetables there are but few isolated instances known. Thus, the Egyptian monuments have, in their quaint and well preserved paintings, three kinds of sea rose; only two of these are now met with in Egypt or the adjoining countries; the third is not found there or anywhere over the wide world.

Of the influence of climatic changes on these remarkable phenomena of vegetable life we are told that—

Some plants literally conquer a country and banish the native inhabitants; others disappear, not before enemies of their own race, but emigrate because of climatic changes. Palestine, which was once a land flowing with milk and honey, where the grape and the date abounded, is now utterly sterile. The spoiler is fallen upon her summer fruit and her vintage; joy and gladness are taken from the plentiful field, and her plants are gone over the sea. Our common clover has distinctly marked its travelling stations; requiring much moisture, it left Greece when her plains were scorched and withered; Italy could not hold it, after repeated devastations, when it made its way into Southern Germany; from thence it is even now gradually wandering towards the moister regions of the north. No Pythagoras need forbid his disciples now the use of the bean, for Egypt is no longer able to produce it. The wine of Mareotis, also, that inspired the guests of Cleopatra, and whose praises Horace has sung in such graceful verses, grows no more. The conscience stricken murderer would find no shelter, in our day, in the pine forests of Poseidon, where to lie in wait for the guests that wandered joyfully to the great festivals of Greece; the pines have long since left the plain, with its hot, dry climate, and moved up to the cooler mountains.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN continue to maintain their popularity. The last two issued —"Bruno and Willie and the Mortgage"—are among the most attractive of the series. The object aimed at by these works—that of making amusement a vehicle for instruction, is more happily carried out in these little tales, than in any other juvenile publications that we are acquainted with.

Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, have just published an abridgment of "Lingard's England," which, apart from its religious views, is justly regarded as one of the best of the few good histories that have as yet been written of that country. The voluminous size of the original work, will render this compression of its contents useful to many. It is especially adapted for the use of Catholic schools.

"High Life in New York," by Jonathan Slick, is one of those works which depend rather on the reader's local opportunities of appreciation than on their general fidelity to nature. It is, in fact, more strictly entitled to the character of a literary caricature than to that of a successful delineation of real life. Viewed in the former light, it possesses some amusing features. The publishers are Bunce & Brother.

"Rummell's Diaries" and memorandum books for 1855, are among the best and most conveniently arranged publications of the sort that have been issued for this year.

"Tallis's Street Views and Pictorial Directory of New York," deserves to be largely patronised for the artistical fidelity and excellence of its engravings. No. 1 contains a fine view of Trinity church, with about thirty others of almost equal merit.

"Jocelyn's Mirror of Sebastopol and Map of the Crimea and Black Sea" will be found particularly useful at a time when public attention is riveted on the shifting incidents of a campaign which are likely to render all the localities laid down in this map points of stirring interest. Its low price, 25 cents, places it within the reach of all classes.

The "London Illustrated News," in the hands of its active agents, Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, of Nassau street, is rapidly extending its circulation in this country. Its magnificent engravings of the war, remarkable as they are both for their truthfulness and artistic merit, have given it a world-wide popularity.

The new French paper, the *Progrès*, is attracting attention by the ability and moderation with which it is conducted. Although its editor, M. Malespine, and several of its contributors, were connected with the *Republicain*, that fierce advocate of socialist and communist doctrines, they seem, by the new baptism which they have given to that paper, to be desirous of abandoning the extreme ground which they had previously occupied. A French journal, conducted on the sound and rational principles of republicanism, has fair chances of success here, and we congratulate M. Malespine and his coadjutors on the judgment they have evinced in their new enterprise.

"American Law Register," No. 3, vol. 3, contains the decisions in the cases of the American Pin Company vs. the Oakville Company; Ketcham vs. Bank of Commerce; Cadwalader vs. Montgomery, and Perry vs. Kinley. They are long and tedious and occupy nearly all the number. Would it not be well for the editor to abreviate all such prosy opinions? Let him look at the old English decisions, and profit by the example.

Powder Mill Explosion—Two Lives Lost.

[From the Wilkesbarre Union, Jan. 24.]

On Thursday evening last, about 7 o'clock, the inhabitants of our town were suddenly aroused by a loud explosion, that shook the whole village and the buildings around for several miles. It was soon ascertained that the large powder manufactory of Messrs. Parrish, Silver & Co., situate about two miles below the borough, had exploded, blowing to atoms the drying house and glazing house, destroying the stock house and coal house, and also utterly destroying the frame of one mill and unroofing the other. The powder in process of manufacture in these latter buildings did not explode. At the time of the explosion two boys, aged about 16, were in the packing house, as is supposed—one a white boy, named Joseph Rhoads, and the other a colored boy, named Jerry Cooper. They were found the next morning, having been blown about one hundred and fifty yards, badly torn and mangled.

The explosion occurred in the drying and packing house. There is no possible way of explaining the immediate cause of this catastrophe, as the only persons that could have known anything of the matter, in the first instance, were the two boys who were killed. There were about four hundred kegs of powder, finished and unfinished, destroyed. Total loss about $2,500.

The glass in the windows of all the houses situated about the mills was broken, and in some cases the sash and doors destroyed. Before the report was heard, the light could be seen for miles, which was soon followed by a crash that made the stoutest tremble, and that seemed to shake the very earth beneath their feet. The blackened, burned, mutilated corpses of the two boys presented a sad spectacle to look upon.

Religious Intelligence.

SERMONS.

Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., of Philadelphia, will deliver the sixteenth discourse before the Young Men's Association of the South Dutch Church, Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-first street, this evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Rev. E. W. Collier will deliver the seventh discourse before the Young People's Association of the Reformed Dutch Church in Twenty-first street, near Sixth avenue, this evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., will deliver the thirteenth discourse before the Young People's Christian Association of Calvary Baptist Church, Twenty-third street, this evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Rev. Thomas Wilks will preach this morning, at 10½ o'clock, at the room over the Savings' Bank, corner of Fourth and South Third streets, Williamsburg; and in the evening, at 7½ o'clock, Professor Bush will deliver the first of a course of lectures on the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church.

The Gospel of the Kingdom of God, as taught in the Scriptures, will continue to be expounded every Lord's day, by Dr. Thomas, at the meeting house of the Association of Believers, corner of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue.

Rev. Dr. Hawks will preach the quarterly sermon in the Missionary Church of the Holy Martyrs, Ludlow street, near Grand, this afternoon.

ORDINATIONS.

Rev. John Williard was ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church in Fairhaven, on the 25th instant.

Rev. Alfred B. Swift was ordained to the Christian Ministry and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Middle Granville, N. Y., last week.

INVITATIONS.

The Presbyterian Church in Albion, N. Y., have given a unanimous call to Rev. John T. Colt to become their pastor.

The congregation of the First Congregational church, in Clinton street, Newark, N. J., have extended a call to the Rev. Wm. Brown, of Andover, Mass. He is a brother of Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, but opposed to her creed and movements.

Rev. James M. Phillips has accepted a call to the villages of Jamesville, in Bremer county, and Cedar Falls and Waterloo, in Black Hawk county, Iowa.

Rev. Louis Gano, of the Union Theological Seminary, has been called to the Presbyterian church in Whitehall, N. Y.

Rev. C. Doolittle, of North Granville, has been called to the Presbyterian church in Sand Lake, N. Y.

Rev. George I. King, of Hanover, N. J., was recently called to Westernville, N. Y., the church of which he was formerly pastor. Mr. K. has, however, declined.

Rev F. W. Graves has declined the call of the Sixth street church in this city.

Rev. Dr. H. Hamilton, of Trumansburg, N. Y., has been called to the Howe street church in New Haven, Conn.

INSTALLATIONS.

The services of installing Rev. Mr. Parker as pastor of the first Universalist church and society in Troy, took place on the 24th inst.

The installation of Rev. Mr. Eells as pastor of the second Presbyterian church in Cleveland, Ohio, took place on the 23d inst.

Rev. J. Paschal Strong was installed pastor of the third Reformed Dutch church, Jersey City, on Sabbath evening, 21st inst.

Rev. N. C. Robinson was installed over the first Presbyterian church of Vinton, Benton county, Iowa, on the 24th ult.

Rev. Asa T. Loring was installed at Norway Village, Me., on the 3d inst.

Rev. Daniel Sewall, son of the late Father Jotham Sewall, was installed at South Paris, Maine, on the 4th inst.

NEW CHURCHES.

A new Baptist church is about to be organized in Philadelphia, in very encouraging circumstances. A considerable number of the members of the Tenth church, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. H. Henard, will unite with others of sister churches to form this new interest.

A Presbyterian church was dedicated at Girard, Ind., on the 1st inst. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Logan, of St. Louis.

The new church at Mt. Morris is to be dedicated very soon. Dr. Chester, of Buffalo, is to preach the sermon.

A new Old School church has been formed in Buffalo by a colony from Dr. Lord's, to be called the Delaware street church.

An Old School church was dedicated at Lambertaville, N. J., on the 11th inst. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Magie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Several Baptist churches in this city and vicinity are now without pastors:—The Eighth avenue church, the Yorkville church, the Harlem church, the churches at Morrisania and at Hastings, and the Sixth street church.

Rev. J. Cutler Teff and wife (late Miss Saxton) and Mrs. Barton, missionaries of the American Missionary Association, sailed for Sierra Leone last week, on their return to the missionary field; and Miss Woolsey, Miss Winters, and Miss Susan Peail, who are going to join the mission. They are accompanied by Rev. Messrs William J. Shuey, David K. Flickinger, and Daniel C. Kumler, of the United Brethren in Christ, from Dayton, Ohio. These brethren have been deputed to visit the Kammendi mission, to be absent a year, with a view to ascertain, by personal inquiry and observation, whether the field is a desirable one for this denomination to commence its first foreign mission.

A benevolent gentleman, some years since, proposed to give an elegant pocket Bible as a prize to each child in the State of Illinois, who would commit to memory and recite the whole of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. It is stated that more than 5,000 Bibles have been already received and nearly all given into the hands of children who have perfectly committed the whole catechism to memory, and recited it at one time.

The Lutheran Church Extension Fund of $50,000 is still urged upon the churches of that denomination. The Maryland and East and West Pennsylvania Synods have pledged their proportion of its whole amount.

The Rev. Wm. D. Hires, of New Market, N. J., has been chosen pastor of the Baptist church in Freehold, in that State.

Rev. E. J. Gillett, of the Buffalo Presbytery, has accepted the Presidency of Yellow Spring College at Kossuth, Desmoines county, Iowa.

Rev. Samuel Barnum has been dismissed from Chesterfield, Mass.

Rev. Henry W. Biggs has resigned the charge of the O. S. church in Princeton, Ind., on account of ill-health.

Rev. R. Conover has been dismissed from the O. S. church of North Salem, Ind.

Of six members of the Congregational church in Southington, Conn., who died during the past year, the youngest was 67 years of age, the oldest 88, and four of them were over 80; one of them had been a member of that church more than 52 years, and another almost 60 years.

Obituary.

THE LAST OF THE HEROES OF ENNINGTON GONE.—Captain Simeon Hicks, the last of the Americans who were in the battle of Bennington, says the Troy *Budget*, died at the residence of his grandson, Maynard Knight, in Sunderland, Vermont, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., aged ninety-nine years, five months and two days. He was born in Hobarth, Mass., August 22, 1755, and was the eldest of twenty-two children by his father, who was twice married. Capt. H. served in the revolutionary army at two or three different stages of the struggle—first under Washington at Cambridge and afterwards under Stark in 1777. He participated in all the struggles of the 16th of August, at Bennington, (Hoosick,) to the final and complete discomfiture of the British. During the greater part of that day he was in the front ranks and in the hottest of the fight. At critical moments, Starks' position was near his company; many of his comrades were shot down, among others his right-hand man. He was married in 1778 to a daughter of Capt. Constant Barney, of Concord, N. H., and after the close of the war settled in Sunderland, Vermont, where for more than sixty years he maintained the character of an industrious, honest and respectable citizen. Capt. H. was a remarkable man, physically; for seventy years he had no experience of bodily ailment—and his death, and extreme old age, was not attended by suffering or pain. Vitality and consciousness, gradually left him, so that the moment of his final departure was hardly perceptible. His remains have had a quiet burial among the Green Mountains, but had he lived and died in one of our metropolitan cities, they would have been ostentatiously interred in the presence of thousands, and amid military parade and display.

Coroner's Inquests.

SUICIDE.—Coroner O'Donnell held an inquest yesterday at the Plough Tavern, No. 320 Hudson street, upon the body of William Dixon, an Englishman, who came to his death by administering to himself a large dose of laudanum, while laboring under a fit of temporary aberation of mind, produced by intemperance. The accused separated from his wife about two years ago, his irregular course of living being the cause. For the last two weeks he boarded at the Plough Tavern, and yesterday on the inmates of the house going to his room they found him dead in bed. The following letter, addressed to his wife, was found in his pocket:—

"To MRS. DIXON, No. 1 Leonard street—

As this is the last you will receive from me, do not say that I do not think of you because I have left you; but I acknowledge my faults. Do not let my boy know how his father died; but when you get this letter I am no more, as I shall be found dead in bed at the Plough Tavern in Hudson street. I am, yours,

WM. DIXON."

The jury rendered a verdict of "suicide from laudanum." The deceased was thirty-four years of age.

The Soldiers of the War of 1812.

Speech of Gen. Leslie Coombs, in support of the resolutions adopted by the 8th of January Convention, at Washington:—

Gen. COOMBS said—That having prepared and reported the resolutions just read, he asked leave to make a few remarks in their support. No other time and occasion but the present could have induced him to make a public address. He was sick at heart with hope deferred, in reference to a matter of much importance to him, which had been pending before Congress for seven years, without final action. But to meet with so many boys of 1812—some of them his companions in arms through bloody scenes—and to see them still vigorous and hopeful, although covered with gray hairs, was a gratification too great to be passed by in silence. He thanked heaven for their preservation so many years, and hoped they might still live on till justice was done them all. At any rate they might rely on him to stand by them and assert their rights, for let who would faint or falter by the wayside, he would be found firm and faithful to the last.

It will be remembered that the treaty of peace which closed our revolutionary war, was signed on the 3d of September, 1783, and on the 18th of March, 1818, a general pension act was passed by a grateful Congress in favor of the surviving officers and soldiers of that heroic struggle. Thirty-five years and fifteen days had then only elapsed. The treaty at Ghent, which terminated the war of 1812, was signed on the 24th December, Christmas eve, 1814. Forty years and fifteen days have since rolled over our heads, and while most of those who shared our perils and privations—either poured out their blood upon the battle field, or have long since gone down to the grave in consequence of those privations—and others with blasted frames and ruined health are now lingering out their last days in penury and want, we have been preserved to come up here to claim their rights. Shall we ask them in vain? Why should not we and our brethren be cared for as were our revolutionary fathers? Are we aliens and bastards that we should be turned off with neglect and scorn from the doors of Congress?

In 1818 the treasury was empty, and the heavy debts of two wars were hanging over us. Now it is overflowing with gold: and nothing due which cannot be paid at a moment's notice.

Then as to the public lands. Who has a better right to them than we have? Nay, who will dare to try titles with us? Look at the history of the great northwestern wilderness, and see how it was redeemed from the savages and wild beasts. Did not the national treasury pay for them? Did not our blood moisten them? Sir, the son of an old hunter of Kentucky has a right to speak plainly on this subject. His father fought with Washington at Yorktown, and then crossed the Alleghany mountains with his old-fashioned, revolutionary whig rifle, and helped Daniel Boone to whip the Indians out of that God-favored land called Kentucky (field of blood.) After you, on this side of the mountains, were enjoying peace and prosperity, his father and his bold companions slept with their rifles in their arms for ten long years—and not until after Wayne's glorious victory at the Rapids, in 1779, did we have peace with the ferocious Indians on our northern and western frontiers. Yet, sir, to this day have these services and sufferings remained unacknowledged by any adequate remuneration. And what did we do during the war of 1812? If the records of the War Department shall be examined it will be found that Kentucky shed more red blood than any other State in the Union. Look at Tippecanoe, where Daviess and Owen fell. At Mississinnawa, where Campbell triumphed. At Raisin, where Allen, Hart, Meade, Montgomery, and six hundred brave companions were killed on the field or subsequently massacred. Look at the two sieges of Fort Meigs, and Dudley's defeat on the 5th of May, 1813, and at the glorious victory on the Thames, the following 5th of October. (Applause.)

From the sanguinary defeat at the Blue Licks till the glorious triumph at New Orleans, (whose anniversary we this day celebrate,) Kentucky bones were left to bleach on every field of conflict. Is it not almost time to give some evidence of public gratitude to the silver-haired survivors? Shall the widows and children of the dead appeal in vain to Congress for small portions of the great country which their husbands and fathers fought for? While they are unprovided for—many of them poor and landless—what right have strangers to come from across the ocean and share our heritage, free of charge? What right have the surcharged despotisms of the Old World to throw off their scum of the earth on us—to empty their poor-houses and prisons upon New York, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans, filling them with beggars, pickpockets, thieves, burglars and robbers—throwing their dead cats into our wells of living water?

It is true, this country is the asylum for the oppressed of other nations, when driven from their native homes by ruthless despotism—so may it ever be—but those who seek our hospitality and protection must submit themselves to our laws, and not attempt to govern us on our own soil, or take from our children their lawful inheritance.

Why, sir, according to the doctrines of national legislation now coming in fashion, while the vile wretches who desolated our seaboard during the late war, stood by at Raisin and Meigs and saw, unmoved, my Kentucky brother soldiers massacred and burned, and the villains who fired the capitol and threw into the streets the types and press of the *National Intelligencer*, by a simple declaration of an intention to become American citizens, will each of them have one hundred and sixty acres of land, the gallant militia of New York and Vermont, who helped to drive back the English and their savage allies at Plattsburg, (the Saratoga of the second war of independence,) the Maryland Minute men, who immortalized themselves at North Point; the Pennsylvania volunteers who aided Perry to annihilate the enemy on Lake Erie; and the Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky militia, who fought under Jackson at New Orleans, would get but forty acres each, about enough for a garden and a graveyard.

He solemnly protested against all such iniquitous measures, which were generally the baits used by ambitious politicians to gain high places. What would have been the fate of the Congress of 1818, if, instead of pensioning the poor survivors of Gen. Washington's barefooted soldiers, who marched across the Delaware on the ice, and gained those brilliant victories at Trenton and Princeton, they had dared to divide out our public domain among the Hessians who fought against us?

Thank God, there was evidence throughout the length and breadth of the land of an uprising feeling in the American heart to rebuke such crying injustice. Stand to your arms, my boys; the old soldiers of the Indian wars since 1790 and those who fought in 1812, will yet get their rights, and so will the widows and orphans of those who have died or been killed. (Great applause.)

Our red brethren, too, who fought by our side will not be neglected. On the Niagara frontier and in the Northwest, as well as in the South, many of them behaved with heroic self-devotion. Gen. Coombs had seen them in battle, and some few had been under his command, and he would vouch for their fidelity and courage.

This broad and beautiful land, with all its rivers and mountains and fertile plains, once belonged to them. It is ours now, leaving the red man scarce ground enough to bury their dead on this side of the great Father of Waters. And in the far West we are circumscribing their dominion to the Rocky Mountains and the prairies at their base. We are rich and they are poor; and it is our duty to stand by them and vindicate their rights now, as they stood by us and fought for us during the war. He knew it would be difficult to prove up their individual claims, for they had no regular muster rolls, but as far as possible let it be done and satisfaction rendered.

The Six Nations of New York sent forth hundreds of warriors, who had no constitutional scruples about crossing the Niagara river into Canada, many of whom fell in battle, and others returned mutilated for life. Gen. Jackson was aided by portions of the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw tribes in the South, and Gen. Harrison by some of the Shawnees and others in the Northwest. Our government is bound by every principle of honor and gratitude now to reward those services liberally.

And what was it necessary for Gen. C. to say of our hardy tars and brave marines, who had spoken in thunder tones on every ocean and inland sea during the late war; had won victory after victory over the haughty self-styled mistress of the ocean, and taught a lesson to our proud enemy which the rolling of a hundred years will not blot out? Shall any of them be neglected? Never. (Applause.)

Gen. Coombs then gave a rapid and graphic description of the great Northwestern wilderness at the commencement of the war of 1812, and contrasted it with its present civilized and prosperous condition. Then Fort Mackinaw had been surprised and taken by the British before the garrison heard of the declaration of war. The little fort at Chicago had been abandoned and the garrison waylaid and murdered on its march to Fort Wayne, and Wells, the Indian agent, tomahawked and scalped.

Soon afterwards, Hull surrendered Detroit and all Michigan territory. The settlement at the Maumee Rapids was destroyed, and nothing remained but a few standing chimnies. With the exception of two small stockade forts (Wayne and Harrison), not an inhabitant, but hostile Indians, could be found between Lake Erie and the Mississippi river. The first was besieged by the enemy in large force, and only relieved by General Harrison and the Kentucky volunteers under his command; and the latter was successfully defended by Captain Zachary Taylor and his feeble garrison against most fearful odds.

He spoke of the starving condition of the left wing of the Northwestern army, to which he belonged, encamped below old Fort Defiance, under Winchester. At one time it was five days without bread or flour, and living on beef so poor that it was a standing jest with the little Dutch butcher, when about to slaughter our daily rations, to call on some by-stander "to hold up dis beef till he shot him." He described the horrible winter campaign of 1812-13, terminating at Rositer in two bloody battles, followed by the massacre of the prisoners on the 22d and 23d of January, 1813.

He related some thrilling incidents occurring in the spring of 1813, while General Harrison with a feeble garrison was besieged in Fort Meigs, and Gen. Green Clay, with two regiments of Kentucky volunteers, was hastening on to his relief. All northwestern Ohio, beyond Piqua Urbanna and Columbus, was then an unbroken wilderness—except a few Indian villages—full of impassable swamps and morasses. Although then a beardless youth, Gen. Coombs had become well acquainted with the country, and was appointed captain of spies—white men and Indians. While descending the Anglaize river, an express arrived from Fort Meigs, urging us onward, and Gen. Coombs was despatched with four or five of his company in a canoe down the Maumee from old Fort Defiance, to inform Gen. Harrison of their approach, and bring back his orders if possible. He described his night ride down the river, some forty miles—part of the time through the upper rapids, in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces among the rocks; his approach to the fort next morning, while it was surrounded on all sides by the British and Indians; his strong emotions when turning the last point on the river, he first came in sight of the British batteries on the north side, pouring forth their red hot thunder upon Fort Meigs, while the glorious stars and stripes were floating out in proud defiance from the battlements. No white flag of disgrace—no Gen. Hull was there. (Much applause.) In attempting to get into the fort half his men were shot down in the canoe, and the others forced to land on the British shore, and find their way back—if they could escape the Indians in pursuit—to Fort Defiance. This was done.

He described the subsequent battle of the 5th of May, 1813, opposite Fort Meigs, terminating in the death and defeat of Col. Dudley, and the destruction and capture of the greater portion of his force. In this affair he had commanded the vanguard, composed of two spy companies of white men and friendly Indians, which brought on the engagement, and after the death of his junior captain and a number of his men, had himself been wounded and taken prisoner. The scenes subsequently occurring at old Fort Maumee were then narrated; the running of the gauntlet, the shooting, stabbing, tomahawking and scalping of many of the prisoners, some of them so near to him that their blood and brains sprinkled him. At one time there was apprehension of a general massacre, which was only prevented by the bold humanity of the great Tecumseh. (Sensation.)

General C. had nothing to ask for himself; he had received his one hundred and sixty acres of land, and had, after more than twenty years' neglect—because he was too proud to petition Congress—been placed on the pension roll by a special law, signed by Gen. Jackson in 1834. But he came here to stand by his brother soldiers, who had received only small tracts of land, or none at all, and to protect the widows and children of those who were dead. (Great applause.)

Sir, let us go before Congress now and ask for justice, not for charity, and if they refuse, we will "meet them again at Philippi." They shall hear our voices at the polls, as loud as drums and trumpets, next election day, and in the Presidential campaign of 1856.

If the voices of the remnant of gray-headed veterans who now alone remain of the four hundred thousand gallant youths who fought in 1812-'15 shall remain unheeded, we will muster millions of children and grandchildren, and come down like an avalanche upon our cold-hearted representatives hereafter.

Gen. Coombs concluded by reminding his brother soldiers that they had given to each other the right hand of fellowship, and solemnly pledged themselves, by every sacred obligation, to stand by each other while they lived, in defence of all their rights, and to aid and protect the bereaved widows and orphans of their deceased companions in arms. Let us do this, and success is certain. (Prolonged applause.)

The following resolution was subsequently adopted:—

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention be and they are hereby unanimously tendered to Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, chairman of the Committees on Resolutions, for his able report thereon, as well as the eloquent and spirit-stirring speech which he delivered on that occasion.

Terrible Snow Storm at Chicago.

[From the Chicago Journal, Jan. 22.]

A snow storm of unprecedented violence set in about two o'clock yesterday morning, accompanied by a high wind from the northeast, and raged with great violence for nearly twenty hours. Throughout the whole of that time the air was full of fine dry snow, which drifted as it fell, and this morning, though it is not easy to estimate its depth, certainly more snow has fallen than at any one time for some years past. We have doubtless to hear of considerable damage from the high wind which at times amounted to a tempest. A sloop bound for Racine, which cleared on Saturday from this port, appeared off our harbor yesterday morning, since which time she has not been seen; no traces of her to be discovered by nine o'clock this morning, and the most melancholy surmises as to her fate are entertained. It was a terrible gale on lake and land, and on the latter there must have been much suffering in the slightly constructed dwellings of many of the poor, for the snow found its way into every cranny and crevice, under badly jointed doors, and through shattered and ill-fitted windows. We learn that a small dwelling on the west side was partially unroofed, forcing the family to seek refuge with their neighbors. The north gable end of the dwelling on the corner of Kinzie and Dearborn streets, occupied by Mr. Goroux, was driven in, and the wind and snow had full circulation. Mr. G. was absent from home, and the family were greatly alarmed less the whole roof should be blown off. The balustrade of the house of J. Russell, Esq., of Michigan avenue, was also blown away.

Some injury was done to the stock of our lumber dealers, the wind making free with the high lumber piles, and slipping away board after board with the greatest facility. One or two dealers, during the height of the storm, attempted to stay proceedings by lashing their piles, &c., but generally the storm king had it all his own way, and made most tyrannous use of his opportunities. The thermometer sunk with the dying away of the storm, nearly to zero, and this morning was severely cold, and our city presented an appearance not of frequent occurrence here, with an army of shovellers at work upon huge drifts, in some instances five or six feet deep. Considerable delays must result to the trains on all the railroads of this section, and the telegraph lines must have received much damage.

Theatres and Exhibitions.

BROADWAY THEATRE—The great success of the grand opera and fairy spectacle of "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper," induces Mr. Marshall to continue its representation on Monday and every evening during the week. In the third act Miss L. Pyne will introduce the new aria, the Skylark. The amusements will close with the farce of the "Omnibus." Mr. Seymour as Pat Rooney.

BOWERY THEATRE—The manager of this theatre, Mr. Waldron, who uses every means to please his patrons, has engaged Mr. G. C. Charles, the popular Irish comedian, and Miss M. A. Charles, an American actress. They will make their first appearance to-morrow evening, in the drama of "Ireland as It Is," and "Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty." This new feature at the Bowery will likely draw good houses.

BURTON'S THEATRE—The new American comedy of "Our Set" is announced again for Monday evening, Messrs. Burton, Jordan, Marchant, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Raymond, and Mrs