

From the United States Journal.
GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON
TO THE ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS.

BY JESSIE E. DOW.

The Roman bugle o'er thee peal'd
When march'd the cohorts of the brave,
With blunted spear and better'd shield,
A fitting escort, to the grave;
Through rocky pass and rosy vale,
They slowly filed, a weeping train,
While Ramah swell'd the mourners' wail,
And Sharon caught the dying strain.

Memento of departed time!
Of Empires trodden in the dust—
Of rulers steeped in blood and crime,
And Nations eaten up with lust!
What! sleep in thee, thou hollow thing?
A sepulchre that once wert fed—
Tomb of the mother of a King—
Where rests the ashes of thy dead?

Let Princes in their marble sleep,
When crowns and sceptres turn to dust,
And let the vines of ages creep
Around them, faithful to their trust;
But as for me, go make my tomb
Where sleeps the partner of my love,
Where Spring's first roses love to bloom,
And weeping willows bend above.

I cannot take my final rest
Where Rome's proud mistress slept in pride;
My bosom spurns the robber's crest,
And scorns the marble's sculptured side.
When I am called to meet my God,
I would from pomp and pride be free;
Then make my grave beneath the sod,
And hallow it with memory.

From the Albany Daily Argus.
Our Claim to Oregon.

Great Britain claims, without reservation, all the territory north of the Columbia river, and with an equal right to navigate that river. It is said that she has offered to make that river the boundary between the two governments. This claim, if allowed by the United States, would take full one half of the Oregon—perhaps more. To this, our country will never accede. During the discussions in the papers and in Congress, our title to the 49th parallel was considered valid and unquestionable.

The American title rests upon the strong and acknowledged right of discovery. Captain GRAY, of Boston, in the year 1792, in the ship Columbia, entered for the first time the great river of Oregon, which he named after his ship—the Columbia—and to this day it bears that and no other name. This is of some moment, as there is a law of nations which reads thus: "The nation which discovers and enters the mouth of a river, by implication discovers the whole country watered by it." In virtue of this discovery, the Columbia valley belongs to the United States as against England. As if to perfect our title, it is not denied that the Lewis and Clark and Wallamette rivers, its tributaries, which spread through all Oregon, were first explored by Americans by the expedition sent out by the American Congress at the suggestion of JEFFERSON under Captains LEWIS and CLARK.—There was a minuteness and a fullness in their discoveries which give the highest authenticity to a title founded upon prior discovery.

Oregon is also ours by purchase (in 1819) from Spain, undeniable the first discoverer and occupant of the coast, even as far north as the 55th parallel. In 1819, Spain, for a consideration of \$5,000,000, ceded to the United States Florida, and also all her rights, title and claim to all territory on the Pacific coast north of the 42d parallel of latitude.

The only circumstance calculated to weaken the perfectness of the United States' title, is the well known Nootka Sound contest (in 1789) which terminated in a convention between England and Spain, in the year 1790, some twenty years before our purchase from Spain and with which conditions our title is undoubtedly clogged. The terms of that convention have been the source of infinite dispute. After an examination of the terms of the treaty—the debates in the English Parliament when the treaty was laid before that body—the contemporaneous action in relation to the surrender of the English possessions on Nootka Sound, which had been seized by Spain—his surrender, by the way, an English historian, BEL-HAM, insists was never made—the whole convention seems to be resolved into a joint occupancy on the part of Englishmen and Spaniards for commercial purposes.—Such a one now exists and has existed for twenty-seven years between Great Britain and the United States in relation to the very same territory. Yet we doubt whether any American considers that we yielded in the least our ultimate title to the Oregon, by that joint occupancy. Applying the same principle to the convention between England and Spain, and the conviction will arise that the title was left in abeyance to be determined by subsequent agreement. The following is a clear summary of the American title:

1. Discovery of the mouth of Columbia river by Capt. Gray, of Boston, giving the name of his vessel to the river.
2. The discovery of the head of the same river by Lewis and Clark, under the authority of the United States.
3. The settlement of Astoria under the auspices of Mr. Astor, an American naturalized citizen.

4. The treaty of 1803 with the French republic.
5. The treaty of Spain in 1819, acquiring all rights of Spain to land north of 42 degrees beyond the Rocky mountains.

6. The Nootka Sound contest (1789) between England and Spain.

7. The treaty of Utrecht (1763) between France and England, settling boundaries—this settlement becoming ours, as the successor of France in that part of her dominions.

8. The treaty of Ghent (1815) restoring Astoria to the United States as American property.

9. American citizens were once in sole possession of the Columbia river region.

Even should the Nootka Sound convention be considered a cession of title and sovereignty to England on the part of Spain, it only applies to the places named therein and those are situated north of the 49th parallel of latitude. It is well remarked: "Not an inch of soil in the valley of the Columbia and its tributaries were included in the provisions of the convention of 1790." South of Nootka Sound all parties in this country concur that our title is clear and unquestionable." And there is not the remotest probability that our people will ever consent to surrender an acre.

Though this question is evidently surrounded with complicated difficulties and embarrassments, growing too, in no small degree out of the joint occupancy, we have the hope that it will be settled peaceably, honorably, and satisfactorily, under the auspices of our President and his able Secretary of State.

Anecdote of Gen. Putnam.

Among the worthies who flourished during the era of the American Revolution, perhaps there were none possessing more originality of character than Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the darling soldier, without the polish of the gentleman. He might well be called Marion of the north, though the disguise, probably from the fact of his being, was very apt to overthrow any kind of trickery he might have in view.

At the time a stronghold, called Horse-neck, some miles from New York, was in possession of the British, Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient, and impertinent the General with questions as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind. "Fellers—yow've been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going down to Bush's at Horse-neck in an hour, with an ox team and a load of corn. If I come back, I will let you know all the particulars. If I should not, let them have it, by the hokey!"

He shortly after mounted his ox cart, dressed in the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops.—No sooner did the officers spy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton, (as they thought,) they began to question him, and threatened to seize the corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For mercy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clothopper, with a deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that want dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word; leave your team and provender with us, and we won't require any bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished; he then returned to his men, and told them of the foe and his plan of attack.

The morning came and with it rallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clothopper, he sarcastically remarked: "Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

Orphans.

In the course of fifty-two years, the City Council of Charleston, S. C., have supported and educated at their institution between 1700 and 1800 orphans. They are dismissed at the age of fourteen, with a good English education, and are generally apprenticed to those trades and occupations for which they have natural inclination. Some, whose talents are above mediocrity are sent to the high schools, and even to college. Nearly all of them have conducted themselves well. Some occupy enviable stations. Twenty boys have been sent to the United States naval service. One has risen to the rank of Captain. Another is Captain Gedney, of the United States Navy. A third is a Lieutenant who was wounded in the battle of Lake Erie; and afterwards honorably located

in the navy yard at Philadelphia. A fourth is a country judge in Alabama; a fifth is a District Attorney of the United States in Florida; a sixth is a respectable minister of the British church in Greenville, S. C. Others now in Charleston, hold a lofty stand at the bar, for intellect, influence and moral worth; and others elsewhere have secured an elevated standing as lawyers, physicians, instructors of youth, and merchants. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and neglects not the widow and the orphan.—*Boston Recorder.*

Gold—An Extract.

BY JEROME A. MAYBEE.

God of the craven heart! Idol of millions! How gorgeous thy temples, how ardent thy worshippers! They fly to thy smile in the morning, and midnight flings not its pall on their devotions! One favoring look from thee and they are mad with delight, in the midst of their palaces. They are princes in fancy and conquerors in dreams! Who can resist the might of thy sorcery? Thou leadest the light foot of the beautiful, and directest the strong arm of the brave! Thy glittering car rolls under triumphant arches! Thy presence is the source of power! When the Macedonian pointed to thy shining heaps before the eye of the orator, the syren voice of eloquence grew still, and the mistress of the world rose before thee in the balance! Disposer of Empires, thy dominion is with the sun; thy yellow visage incites the spoiler, when he seeks the battle field and makes himself red with carnage! In all ages thou hast triumphed! Whether in the thirty pieces rewarding a Judas; or the spangling diadem of a tyrant's brow; alike invincible! The man of business falls obsequiously before thee! The man of fashion yields slavishly to thy decree; and the miser, even in sleep clutches thy garments as though they were the curtains of Paradise! And oh thy goal is one of splendid misery, where guilty makes her alliance with death! The virgin at the sacratory fears not thy footsteps, and the shorn priest at the altar flees not the power of thy magic!—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

Value of a Newspaper.

Somebody—a very sensible somebody—speaks as follows: "A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper because he reads of names and things that are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent of mind, and pure of language, and always cheerful and circumspect. As instructor of her children she should be well instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course, contented and more easily governed."

Neal's Saturday Gazette says:—The difference between the people who read the newspapers and people who do not, is striking. It may almost be seen in their faces, and is at least made evident in two manners of conversation. We have indeed been always of opinion, that newspapers of the proper character should be regularly placed in the hands of children, as soon as they are able to read. It will soon be to them a pleasure as well as an advantage, and its beneficial effects in awakening the mind, would be felt throughout life. We might even, if we had leisure just now, prove that to read the journal is an improver of beauty; an actual cosmetic, giving an elegance to the eye, expansion to the brow, and vivacity to the expression. The aspect often indicates the soul, and if the soul be dark and unenlightened, the countenance will be marked on the visage. How often do we see children of the most bright and intellectual look, become gradually heavy dull and contracted in their expression, as they advance towards maturity. And why is this for want of proper mental culture. The best part of their nature perishes for lack of exercise. They do not read the newspaper. People may laugh perhaps; but if this be a jest, there is not a little truth in it.

Clairvoyance.

Rev. Gibson Smith a gentleman of respectable and unimpeachable veracity, and pastor of the First Universalist Society of Powkeepsie, New York, in a recent letter to the Editors of the Tribune, communicates the following statement in relation to a mesmerizer of that town.—*New World.*

There is in this place a Clairvoyant, Jackson Davis, whose wonderful powers have for a long time astonished many of our citizens. This young man is eighteen years of age, is uneducated, and has resided here for the last six years, and is very generally known.

What is perfectly astonishing is, that when in the Clairvoyant state, he is complete master of the general sciences, such as physiology, pathology, anatomy, geology, hydrology, phrenology, astronomy, medicine, &c. He is conversant with all these sciences—distinctly points out their fundamental truths and exposes their incidental errors. He has spoken also in as many different languages, and whilst in that state is able and willing to give instruction on any subject, which will be of benefit to mankind. He has already explained many phenomena in nature which the learned have been unable to fathom, such, for instance, as the cause of the variation of the magnetic needle.

Of late he has given us four lectures on Animal Magnetism. The theory of Magnetism, as given in these lectures, is entirely new, and beautiful beyond description. He shows in a clear and lucid manner that Mesmerism is a science,

and that all its phenomena are accounted for on natural principles, thus removing all the mystery in which the subject has been shrouded, and completely reversing all former theories which have been put forth;—and he has given Mesmerism a new name expressive of this fact, that of "Cairmativeness."

Within the last twelve months, this young man has examined and prescribed for upwards of one hundred persons, and has restored them to health.

The names of these persons can be given if called for. Among the number, I will mention Dr. Charles Thatcher, an eminent physician of this town. This gentleman, for years past, was afflicted with ulceration of the bowels, in consequence of which he was obliged to give up the practice of medicine. He is now restored to health.

This young man has astonished and confounded me by revealing to me my own thoughts, when I have been sitting beside him, in the trance state. And he has frequently done the same with others, in the presence of many witnesses.

He is still engaged in giving us lectures on various subjects, and these lectures in due time will be given to the public.

SANTA ANNA'S LEG AT LONDON.—A correspondent of the Courier des Etats writes from Paris:

"At the time of the attack on Vera Cruz by the French, Santa Anna had a leg carried away by a cannon shot. The limb triumphantly borne to Mexico, was embalmed and deposited in a splendid mausoleum in that city. At the period of the last events which have resulted in his downfall, this relic of the ex-president experienced the fate of its former proprietor: the monument under which it reposed was destroyed, and the unfortunate leg, after a promenade through the streets of the city, was thrown into a cistern. A street porter, who had followed it during the day, picked it up and sold it to an Englishman, the latter sent it to London, where it is exhibited in the famous collection of wax figures of all kinds, and the heads of the most noted criminals preserved in spirits of wine."

INVISIBLE WRITING.—The plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of Iodine, was practised with great success in the correspondence with Jellala ad. The first letter of this kind received from thence was concealed in a quilt. On opening it a small piece of paper was unfolded on which appeared only a single word, "Iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and an interesting despatch from Sir Robert Sale stood forth.—*United Service Magazine.*

THERE is a beautiful circumstance connected with agricultural emulation in many of the pursuits of life, one man gets rich by making another man poor—climbs the ladder by putting his feet on another man's shoulder; or he builds his own building out of the fragments of his neighbor's which he has undermined. This is often a crying injustice, and inflicts many bitter justifications, or arouses vindictive and tiger passions. Emulation in agricultural improvement enkindles no such baneful fires. A man can make no improvements in husbandry, without at once extending the knowledge and advantage of them to others. The enlargement of the capacities of the soil and every increase of its productions, confer an immediate benefit upon the whole community.—*Selected.*

FACT.—To its influence is ascribed much of that address in which women are superior to men. The latter, in ordinary affairs, generally adopt a very direct course. They confide in strength rather than policy. They overlook lesser means in the contemplation of larger ends. This, indeed, is partly owing to their position. Nature always gives additional resources where the relation is that of the pursuers. Hence, the insight into character—the talent for observation—the skill in tracing motives and anticipating results, which belong to women.—*Tuckerman.*

GOOD ADVICE.—Girls beware of transient young men—never suffer the addresses of a stranger;—recollect, one good steady farmer's boy, or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world; the allurements of a dandy-jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home—a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters;—their affections last,—while that of such a young man is lost at the wane of a honey moon. 'Tis true.

AN ARMY OF EMIGRANTS.—We learn from a gentleman just from Independence, Mo., that the emigrants near that point number about seven thousand, all destined for Oregon and California.—They will start about the same time, divided into convenient companies for travelling with ease and safety. Mr. Hastings, author of the new work on Oregon, &c., just published here, informed us that the Indians of course do not attack a company of five hundred.

More EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—Mr. John Hightower, of Merango county, Ala. a soldier of the Revolution, departed this life a short time since, having attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty six years. He received a wound at Braddock's defeat, 99 years ago.

More EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—A widow is said to be living in Moscow, Russia, who has attained her one hundred and fifty-seventh year, and is in full possession of her mental faculties and in good health. When 123 she married her fifth husband.

Lieut. Freeman, with fifty men, is about to start on an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection?

Cherish, then your hearts' best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love every body, and every thing that is lovely.—Teach your children to love; to love the rose, to love the robin, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts—ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God—love to man.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HORN.—Eternal hope! thy realm is unending—thou art strong even in the mania—thou art a balm for every woe—thou leadest to the Himalayan summit of time—spreadest eternity before us like one grand Panorama—and showest joys at God's right hand, that shall never pall or fade while eternity endures! Oh! when marble shall moulder—when arts shall crumble—and worlds in flaming fires decay, thou shalt light thy torch with the last blazing fragments of expiring nature, and live eternal in the skies.

What is man without the Hope of future life? How feeble! how disconsolate! how unsatisfied! Earth it is true, has a thousand allurements, and opens to our tastes unnumbered joys; but, in the midst of them there is a something wanting to gratify the soul, if the hope of immortality be absent.

Cooking a Husband.

Many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one 'Mary' which points out the modes operandi of preparing and cooking a husband, Mary states that many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as though their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up in sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner thus:—"Get a jar, called the jar of cheerfulness (which by the by all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love, let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all let the heat be constant and regular. Cover him over with quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of those things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy; and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation."

A contemporary gives the following good advice to newspaper readers: "People in every station of life should read the advertisements, not only to ascertain what is going on in the world of life and business, but to take advantage of the many favorable opportunities presented in its columns for benefiting themselves."

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A Little of Everything.

We select the following "every sentiment" Poetry from the New York Sunday Mercury.

The sun in all his glory roll'd
Majestic down the west,
Bathing himself in seas of gold
Ere going to his rest;
The clouds were tinted with every hue,
White, sapphire, and red,
And silver, gold, and deepest blue,
Most beautiful to mortal view,
When lovely Mary said
In accents low, and sweet, and mild,
Which proved her heart yet undefiled,
"I guess I'll go to bed."

A little streamlet danced along
Right merrily on its way,
As if keeping time to the robin's song
That piped his evening lay,
The moon in all her beauty rose,
And look'd upon the scene;
All nature seem'd in sweet repose,
And fancies sought the green.
A pensive youth sat all alone
Upon the streamlet's brink;
Of one whose heart was all his own
This pensive youth did think;—
And as he thought, he whisper'd 'Ruth,
The stars are peeping out!—
Then wildly shriek'd the pensive youth
"O crackle! what a trout!"

A Whistling Yankee.

Some years ago, a Yankee from the land of 'notions,' travelling westward, found himself minus of cash, after his arrival at the flourishing village of Painesville, Ohio. But Yankees are proverbial for tact, and can turn their wits many ways, to supply the needful. So our Yankee traveller, being keen at whistling, perambulated the village, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a variety of national airs, much to the amusement of all. Seeing that his empty 'pocket' with the multitude, he set himself up as a teacher of the Science of Whistling, and reasoned very gravely, that as multitudes would whistle, it would be well for them to learn the science, rightly judging that what ought to be done at all should be done well, i. e. upon scientific principles. He believed that there were far more persons who could learn this science, than was generally supposed, that there was no reason why the female sex, with acknowledged better voices than the males, should be denied the privilege of whistling! and descended largely upon the advantage to be derived from a thorough knowledge of the science. In short, a school was started at once, and many a young limb of the law, medical students, and clerks, with their ladies, were subscribers. The price was fixed at fifty cents per couple, and always paid in advance, by which our Yankee friend well spiced his pockets.

The evening for the first lesson arrived, and with it a goodly number of gents and ladies, at a hotel, waiting the promised instruction. The preliminary observation was made that no one would be assured of any improvement, unless they carried out the precise instructions, and obeyed the commands of the teacher.

All were standing upon the floor, on the tip-toe of expectation, when our Yankee gave forth his first command with great gravity; "PREPARE TO PUCKER!" All anticipated the next command, "PUCKER!" and instantly a roar of laughter shook the house to its foundation.

It is unnecessary to say that the next day our Yankee traveller was seen wending his way westward, with full pockets, and whistling many a merry tune whilst those who had taken their first lesson in the science of whistling were hailed at every turn of the street with the by-word—"PREPARE TO PUCKER!"—"PUCKER!"—*Callataraugus Whig.*

A minister reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the Clerk, by some mistake or other read it after him. The clergyman read as follows:—"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people."

The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated it thus:—"Moses was an oyster-man, and made atonement for the shins of his people."

ODDS AND ENDS.—"Do you like novels?" said Miss Donzenbury to her up-country lover. "I can't say," said he, "for I never ate any; but I'll tell you what I'm tremendous at young possums."

A distinguished English physician used to say he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion, that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass, he slipped a guinea from one pocket into the other.

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.
I give thee all, I can no more,
Except a pound of tea;
My heart and gong are all the store
That I have got for thee.

A gong, whose thundering twang reveals
More noise than any bell;
And, better still, a heart that feels
Much more than gong can tell.