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WHOLE NO. 409.

BY SAMUEL D. HARRIS, JR.

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THE SONG OF LABOR.

Delve the plough, the shuttle throw,
Wield the woodman's axe,
Delve and dig the earth below—
Exertion never relax.
The tree was made for man to fell,
The mine for him to sink,
His task to clear the wooded dell,
And dam the river's brink.
Brothers, come! let's reap the corn,
And stack it high and dry;
Wring pulley rope and luscious fruit,
Beneath the autumn sky;
From every field, and every vale,
Let sounds of labor rise;
'Twill make us manly, bold, hale,
And all life's blessings prize.
Let droves, who dream away the hour
Of dull, listless ease,
Down they will—our labor power
Shall always rise o'er these.
Then, quick, hunt out the arbutin bar,
And make the nuttling ring—
We've happier than the drone by far,
And labor as we sing.

An Adventure in Texas.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

During the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Ferguson of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardihood and success in the terrible hunting of the Indians. The following incident will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still raging in the New World between civilization and barbarism.

A small band of volunteers, among whom was Captain Ferguson, spent several days exploring Texas, and had wandered far into the interior without meeting a solitary Indian track. Tired of this pacific journey, they resolved to separate and seek adventures singly, before returning to the camp.

Accordingly the following morning, Captain Ferguson, mounted on an excellent horse, left his companions and directed his course across a vast prairie, toward a cluster of hills hemmed in by thick woods which bound the horizon. Arrived at the foot of one of the hills, the Captain perceived a troop of wild horses slowly advancing toward him. Suddenly they broke into a gallop; a maneuver which appeared suspicious, and induced our hero to watch them closely.

They soon gained the level ground, and the dull sound of their hoofs striking the soil became distinctly audible. The Captain looked, and saw dashing to the flanks of each horse an Indian suspended horizontally by an arm and leg. This is a common stratagem among the Indians, but, luckily for Ferguson, he was still at a considerable distance from these unpleasant looking cavaliers.

Perceiving, by the sudden rapidity of his flight, that they were discovered, the Indians climbed nimbly on their horses, and pursued our hero at full speed, shouting their terrible war cry. Looking back, Ferguson observed that his enemies spread themselves across the prairie, with the evident intention of cutting off his retreat to the hills. He saw that his only chance of safety consisted in gaining the woods whither his pursuers dare not follow him, lest they might encounter the out-posts of the American troops.

He did not again look behind, but with his eyes eagerly fixed on the yet distant goal, he spurred on his horse to its utmost speed. The animal stumbled, and the cry of the Indians became more distinct; but the noble animal rose again, and with a long neigh, as though conscious of the danger that menaced his master, he made a prodigious forward bound, and cleared the space which divided him from the wood with the speed of an arrow.

As Ferguson had foreseen, the Indians, fearing to enter the woods, came to a sudden halt. Although now comparatively out of danger, he did not esteem the neighborhood perfectly safe, and therefore pursued his course for five or six miles, without drawing bridle. Evening was closing in when he judged it proper to pause. He turned in vain to discover where he was; but he was not a man to vex himself for trifles, so he quickly resolved to pass the night in the open air, and defer till the morrow the task of finding his way. A clear stream, bordered with shrubs, ran near, and Ferguson, having unbridled his horse, wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down on the grass.

At day break he resumed his journey, following the course of the stream. When he had gone about four miles, he found the corpse of one of his companions. The poor fellow had been scalped, and Ferguson's first thought was that all of his friends had probably been surprised and massacred singly. Indeed, the numerous hoof-prints of horses, some shod and some unshod, indicated plainly the recent passage of both white men and Indians. Slowly and cautiously he followed these traces, without making any discoveries, until toward the middle of the day, having climbed up a slight eminence, he saw on the plain, at about a mile's distance, a large Indian encampment.

At the same moment the Indians perceived the Captain, and leaped on their horses. Cursing his own impudence Ferguson turned bridle and began as quickly as possible, to retrace his steps. Arriving at the outer border of the wood, he saw on the plain which he was about to cross, a dense cloud of lurid smoke extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. It was a prairie on fire. What was he to do? To return was death; to go forward, destruction no less inevitable.

In this terrible emergency, Ferguson did not lose his presence of mind, but continued to advance rapidly in the direction of the fire. When he met the black advanced guard of smoke, he beheld which the flame wound and darted like some hydra-headed serpent, Ferguson checked and dismounted. He tore his mantle into pieces, fasten-

ed one as a bandaged round his horse's eyes, and another so as to envelope the animals mouth and nostrils; then he covered his own face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments—precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparation made, Ferguson remounted, and facing his horse toward the fire, spurred him on with the energy of despair. The noble beast bounded onward, the fierce flames enveloping him and his rider; but the arm of the latter was of iron strength; he held up his horse and impelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds, and the torture was over.

The fresh, cool air how delicious it was! Ferguson tore off the bandages which covered his horse's eyes and threw himself on the ground. He is saved! He has accomplished an unparalleled exploit! But, above the roaring and crackling of the flames, he heard the triumphant cries of his pursuers who think they have precipitated him into an ocean of flame. He made an effort to give back a defying shout, but his voice died on his lips.

Half suffocated, both horse and man had scarcely strength to move across the blackened plain; yet Ferguson knew that without water they must inevitably perish. He therefore summoned his remaining strength, and crept on, leading his horse by the bridle. All the poor creature's hair was singed off, and large pieces of his hide came away at the slightest touch.

Tormented by a raging thirst, Ferguson dragged himself toward the farthest extremity of the plain, and when there, he perceived a band of wolves advancing with savage howls. This new peril roused both the horse and his rider.

A clear, fresh stream was flowing by, into it he plunged the animal, and Ferguson also dipped his head into the delicious bath. Its restorative effect was magical. He recollected that the wolves in these vast deserts are accustomed to flock toward a prairie on fire, in order to prey on the animals escaping from the flames. The Captain examined his horse, and found, with pleasure, that the poor creature was much recovered, and even neighed in reply to the wolves howling. More moved by this plaintive neigh than he had ever been by human cry, Ferguson gently caressed the head of his steed, and then mounting, urged him toward the forest. The wolves meanwhile were crossing the stream in hot pursuit, their hoarse yells sounding a thousand times more terrible than the whistling of bullets on the battle field.

A cold shudder seized Ferguson. "If my horse should fall!" he thought. But thanks to his vigilance and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained on their pursuers; for the speed of the prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet horse.

But the powers of the noble animal were nearly spent, his breathing became rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he made a wondrous effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be among the trees.

At length the wood was gained. Ferguson gave a joyous shout, for now he could take refuge in a tree. Tying his horse to a lower branch, our hero climbed one quickly and loaded his carbine and pistol, with a hope of defending the poor animal from the wolves' attack. From the lofty branch on which he had taken up his position, Ferguson watched the monsters approach; they were of the fiercest species, white, with glowing red eyes, and he saw that all was over with his faithful horse. They rushed on their victim; Ferguson fired among them, but in a moment the animal was devoured and the empty bridle left hanging on the branch.

The wolves, with gaping throats, and their white tusks grinning horribly, remained round the tree, for the horse had scarcely furnished each with a single mouthful. On the Captain's slightest movement, they jumped up as if to seize him before he could touch the ground. Ferguson enjoyed a sort of feverish pleasure in killing a number of them with his carbine. But night was closing in, and quite exhausted, unable even to reload his arms, he was forced to close his eyes, lest he should fall from his green fortress.

Then a deep roar was heard in the neighboring prairie. At the sound, the wolves pricked up their ears, and darted off simultaneously in search of a new prey. In short time Ferguson opened his eyes, and descried in the plain, on the border of the wood, an enormous buffalo, surrounded by the ravenous wolves, who were tearing him to pieces, despite his furious efforts to escape.

The captain, profiting by this fortunate diversion, descended from his tree and hastened to kindle the dried branches scattered on the ground. He shortly succeeded in surrounding himself with a rampart of fire.

Feeling then in comparative safety, he roasted one of the dead wolves, and ate a small portion of the flesh, notwithstanding the natural repugnance inspired by such unclean food. Being somewhat strengthened by his strange repast, he collected a supply of wood for the night.

In about an hour afterwards, the wolves returned to the charge, but Ferguson, thanks to his flame fortification, was in such safety that, despite their continued howling, he slept profoundly until morning.

On awaking, he found that the wolves were gone, in pursuit, doubtless, of some easier prey; and the Captain was able to resume his journey on foot, carrying with him his pistols, his cutlass, and his carbine. After a week of incredible fatigue and privation he arrived in safety at the American camp, but no tidings were ever heard of his unfortunate companions. They probably had either been massacred by the Indians or devoured by the wolves. As to Captain Ferguson, he was seized with a fever, which confined him to bed during many weeks. When convalescent, he happened one day to look in a mirror, and started back aghast. His beard remained black, but the hair of his head had become white as snow.

The Old Man and the Acorn.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A foreign beggar sat one bleak day in autumn beneath the boughs of a venerable oak; he sat upon a rude stone bench, and mused bitterly upon his destitution in regard to friends, home, and the comforts of life.

"Who cares for the poor old beggar?" he said. "These people drive me with threats of violence from their doors. If I ask for a morsel of meat, or a crumb of bread, or a night's shelter from the inclemency of the blast, they turn away, and mutter of vagrants, work houses and idle poverty. I am sick of life. Even the wind moaning overhead seems to mock my sorrows.— Just at that moment, an acorn which had grown upon the topmost bough of the tree, came rattling down, and hitting the uncovered head of the beggar, wounded it until the blood gushed out. The old man arose in wrath.

"Has everything conspired to wound and to injure me?" he cried. "Cannot I sit down peacefully—must I be pelted and tortured by such a paltry thing as this?" and with his heel he ground the poor acorn into the soft, moist soil, and when it was entirely hidden beneath the surface of the earth, he exulted proudly, as men exult over a fallen or extirpated foe.

"I will learn you," he muttered, as if it had been a sentient thing, "to come rattling down in that style. You will never see day-light again.— Your dancing days are over; you are buried, and may lie there and rot, for what I care!" and picking up his tattered hat and knapsack, the angry beggar journeyed on.

The acorn hidden away beneath the surface of the soil, lay buried from sight a little while, but finally the spirit of life slumbering in it, began to act, and up came a vigorous young oak, waving its green leaves in the sunshine, and becoming more firmly rooted by every blast that swept over it. The beggar in his wrath had done a good work for the acorn. He had made it answer the purpose for which it had been designed: he had unconsciously been the agent in planting the young and vigorous oak. And thus it often happens.— Men strive to crush their enemies and fancy they have buried them beneath public odium and scorn; but, ten to one, the stroke they design for an afflictive one, will be the means of developing some latent virtue, which will make them rise higher than ever.

What men term "adverse circumstances," are often the best developers of physical, moral or intellectual greatness; the poor, crushed and down-trodden orphan becomes the great statesman; had he been the petted child of fortune, he never would have been heard of out of his native village, and very likely would have died in poverty and obscurity. Truthfully has it been said, "that what we term afflictions may be blessings in disguise."

The Irish Exodus.

A correspondent of the Dublin Daily Exodus, writing upon the 5th instant, says:—"Whether for good or for evil, emigration from this and the adjoining counties continues to flow on without any material abatement. Despairing of the speedy revival of property, almost all who possess means of leaving the country are about to do so.

The Mayo Constitution remarks:—"The vessels at present lying at the quays of our seaports have already had applications for the full number of their berths. The class of emigrants at present leaving this country are, in very many cases, persons whose friends, having before emigrated, were enabled to send funds to bring out their remaining relatives.

The Wexford Guardian says:—"The exodus here seems to have assumed a steady, increasing current, and emigration is the frequent topic of conversation in most parts of the country. The States appear the favorite land, very few speaking of the Canadas or other British Colonies."

The Limerick Chronicle of the 5th inst., says:—"From the railway stations from Limerick to Clonmel, from Limerick and Galway to Dublin, and elsewhere throughout the country, the water-ford are flying in crowds to the ports of Waterford and Liverpool, to take shipping for the New World; whilst in Limerick we believe we are correct in stating, that the ships already announced for sailing are filled, and other ships eagerly looked for by applicants every day. The rural districts and the smaller towns are the destination of remittances to an almost incredible amount from America and Australia; and those remittances are sent to enable those to bear their voyage expenses to whom they are directed.

A letter received in New York, dated Parsonstown, Ireland, March 26, says:—"All Ireland is in motion. I left Dublin for this place eighteen days ago. On my route I met the people in gangs of 40 to 60, in all directions, wending their way to the coast to emigrate for America. The emigration is terrible. If it continues a few years at this rate, Old Ireland will be depopulated. Our best farmers and mechanics, servants, clerical soldiers and policemen out of employ, have all taken the 'emigration fever,' and are preparing to emigrate. Our wonder here is, how you find employ for all these people."

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.—A law has just passed the New York Legislature, making it the duty of any one who performs the marriage ceremony to keep a record of the same, with the names and condition of the parties; and all physicians and mid-wives to make a similar registry of births, with the name, sex, and color of the child, &c., and the city inspector and doctor to keep an account of the deaths.

An old lady once lived in the country who had a habit of always saying, when any misfortune would happen, "I know'd it." Her husband one day came in appearing to be in trouble, and said, "The boys forgot the iron wedge in the field, and it is melted with the sun." "I know'd it," said the old woman.

A Ridiculous Assertion.

"The deadliest foe to love is not change, but custom."—BULWER.

Such language will do for Bulwer; he could invent no better when he wrote that. He was the son of satiety, the foster-brother of voluptuousness. A golden chalice was given him; he distilled a dew from the bitterest herbs that grew rankly along his pathway, and filling his chalice, called it a balm. He threw out his poison broadcast; sons and daughters; the sunny-haired and the white-browed; drank, oh! too deeply drunk, and—died a death too horrible to mention; a death from which virtue fled shrieking.

"The deadliest foe to love is not change, but custom." We love the being who gave us birth. The last sweet name upon icy lips is "Mother, mother." Because we grow accustomed to her gentle voice, do we therefore weary of her who has made our path to manhood and womanhood as light and beautiful as was in her power? Is custom there the deadliest foe to love?

In groups all over the world sit families together; the father who has toiled and grown grey; the mother whose life has been one long labor of love; the youth, the bold boy, the happy-hearted girl, the son just on the threshold of manhood; the maiden blooming into ripened beauty. There they sit, caring for each other, living in each other's love. Mark how sickness enters; seizes the fairest of the little flock. Look at the chamber where they have laid her; how still and sheltered! how white the linens; how fresh the cool red flowers that touch the feverish lips. The table is covered with delicate porcelain, all the vials are put out of sight, and soft fingers press the flushed brow, and soothe back the damp locks, that they may not lie too heavily against the throbbing temples.

Mark the silence of that household; see the springing tears when little voices whisper "Minnie is sick." Now they glide like angels around that couch. Carefully the massive door is swung to when the father steps into the street; the bell wire is loosened. Why should that father care if a great shadow with awful portent stands on the threshold? All her life has been accustomed to the sweet one's smile; why does his cheek pale when he returns, hardly daring to breathe, much less to ask, "Is it well with the child?" Has custom deadened love?

And why when the last change comes, and the still plaits of the shroud lie upon the little bosom, do they all weep and moan, so that one would think their hearts were every one breaking with the sorrow? They were accustomed to the little one; they knew every pulse of her character, and could almost divine what her rosy lips opened to say to them. Why did they not weary with the heart survey—that sameness of kindness, and twining of arms, and lisping love-words? If it was all so common, why did they miss her so!

Because true love never wearies of its objects, be it mother, father or child, betrothed or wedded.

Hand in hand go many a couple through a long life; loving at the first, loving at the last. One by one the rough places are made smooth; little defects of character which, alone, neither would have sought to remedy, are brought into harmony with the softer traits of the other. Beautiful union! who will say, that had a reasonable experience of happiness, that familiarity begets contempt!

"What all passion, the soul demands something unexpressed, some vague recess to explore or to marvel upon," says Bulwer. This sublimated nonsense was written by one who was a most wretched example of connubial woe. Such things from such sources, strike us as unpleasantly as the howling of a dog on a moonlight night. There's no sense in them.—Olive Branch.

"PUT THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL OUT."—While the congregation were collected at church, on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard-featured skin and bone individual was seen wending his way up the side and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers he thought that they ought to be the natural outpourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded, the house as usual was called to prayer. The genius we have introduced, did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally on the back of his pew. The minister, began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and by savage adored."—"Pope," said a low but clear voice, near old hard features. The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice continued—"whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hill of Paradise."—"Milton," again interrupted the voice. The minister's lips quivered a moment, but recovering himself he began, "we thank the most gracious father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in thy name, while others equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from whence no traveler returns."—"Shakespeare," interrupted the voice; this was too much, "put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister—"Original," ejaculated the voice in the same calm but provoking manner.

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.—The English papers regret the democratic feeling which is steadily growing up in the colony of Australia. The troops are insulted, have little or no influence in the preservation of order. Everything done by the Government seemed to be unpopular. The people at large were impatient at being trampled by laws imposed by authorities 16,000 miles off; and it is mentioned as a significant circumstance that portraits of Her Majesty, are almost unobtainable. The soldiers, too, are beginning to desert from the 40th regiment, in Australia, and are off to the diggings. Upwards of twenty are gone. £75 per head is offered for their apprehension.

Set not your judgment above that of all the earth; neither condemn that as falsehood which agrees not with your own apprehension. Who gave you the power of determining for others? Or who has taken from the world the right of choice!

To Loners.

Stand up here, my lazy rascals, and let us reason about your daily vocation. Hold up your sheepish heads and say why sentence of condemnation should not be passed upon your conduct. How can you possibly have the impudence to stretch your lazy bones out on store boxes or block up the post office door with your carcasses, to the no small annoyance of busy working people who are engaged in some useful occupation! How can you be content to pass away the time lounging around the streets, only shifting to avoid the rays of the sun—in company of your equally lazy, and equally useful companions, the dogs; and perchance once in a while setting your canine friends to fighting for the sake of gratifying your brutal love of fun! and how can you have the unblushing impudence to gaze under every lady's bonnet who is compelled to pass by, and just before she is quite out of hearing indulge your vulgar propensities by remarking, "what a gait," "what big feet," or "what a stuck-up air," and turning to one of your companions, inquire of him how he'd like to hitch horses with that feminine for life! You poor fools, don't you know that her stuck-up air was caused by her having to pass such a crowd of human brutes! And don't you know that in criticising a lady's gait you ought to be at home mending your garden gate! And that no sensible feminine will hitch horses with any of you, as long as you pursue your present business!

Do you suppose that you were made for no other purpose than to "loaf," and hinder industrious people by asking unmeaning questions or standing in their way! And do you think it "decidedly sharp" when you hail a gentleman who is hurrying about his business, and ask him if he is "walking for wages?" To be sure he is walking for wages, and you are loafing for wages which you will surely get some day if you don't mend your ways, i. e. free boarding in the poor house, or you may be promoted to the higher rank of private in the penitentiary. Time may hang heavily with you now, but you may hang heavily in time if you do not bestir yourself and make yourself useful.

Do you imagine that you were created to do nothing, and that brains were put in your great pumpkin heads for the poor use you make of them! Do you think it honorable to do nothing because your fathers have enough to support you, when you know that they have got by honest industry! And do you suppose your mothers and sisters were sent into this world to cook meals and wash shirts for such worthless scamps as you are! And then, when night comes, what do we see you at? Why, about a grocery or liquor store of course. There you post yourselves and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in, and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to "treat," at the same time urge as a reason that he is "the only man in the crowd who is making any money." And then after you have sponged enough liquor off "clever fellows" to make you drunk, you sally forth and make night hideous with your beastly shouts, and finally lie down in some gutter with your equally respectable companion, the hog.

Now ain't you a beautiful set of fellows! Fellows, we ought to call you. Your brazen face ought to be covered with shame at the idea of degrading poor human nature in this manner, especially when you must acknowledge that it is an awful burden to do so. Then go to work like men or take arsenic, and make yourself of some use, by giving the printers a chance to publish your departure under the head of "suicide."

Mormonism in Illinois.

Bill Smith, the only surviving brother of Joe Smith, the celebrated Mormon prophet, has formed a settlement in Lee county, Illinois, where he preaches and practices all the doctrines of that peculiar set. According to his statement, he is persecuted by the Gentiles. A short time ago he was brought before the Circuit Court, at Dixon, at the instigation of a "Spiritual Wife." We copy what follows from the Dixon Telegraph:—"At the present term of our circuit Court, Wm. Smith was brought before it, having been arrested in consequence of an affidavit made by one of the female members of the church, in which she set forth that she had been induced to believe that it was necessary for her salvation that she should become his spiritual wife; the result of which was the same that usually accompanies cases where no spiritualism is claimed. On account of the inability of the witness to attend at this term, the case was continued. The defendant says that it all arises in persecution from the Gentiles.

As another item on the same subject, we may state that Smith has himself now pending in the same court an application for a divorce, on the ground that his wife while at Nauvoo was initiated into the mysteries of and, as he says, "took seven degrees" in spiritual wifery. So that it seems according to his ideas of the doctrines of that particular branch of the church militant, what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander.

A Traveler in one of the Western States.

Came upon a negro boy by the side of the road pulling the fleece from the carcass of a sheep and inquired;

"What ailed the critter Cuffy?"
"Ah, mas' answered the grinning black, all dis child know 'bout him, be he died in the wool."

John how does the thermometer stand.
Against the wall, dad.
I mean how is the mercury?
I guess it's pretty well dad; it hasn't complain'd lately.

You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?
I don't know dad, I'll go out and feel.

A Judge once reprimanded a lawyer for bringing several small suits into court, remarking that it would have been better for the parties had he persuaded his clients to an arbitration of some two or three honest men. "Please your honor," said the lawyer, "we do not wish to trouble honest men with them."

The Condition of Mexico.

The present condition of Mexico is a subject worthy of the attention of enlightened statesmen. In the proclamation of Santa Anna, upon resuming the reins of government in that ill-fated country, the following startling passage occurs:

"Mexicans! Too long have we suffered ourselves to be the victims of chimerical ideas; we have lost too much time in intestine dissensions; a sorrowful reality has brought to us a terrible conviction. What have we after thirty years of independence! Look upon the map of your country, and you will see a large part of your territory lost. Examine the state of your finances, and you will find nothing but abuse, disorder, ruin. What is your credit abroad! What is your reputation among foreign nations! Where is that army in whose ranks I had the honor to fight!"

The tyranny and imbecility of the rulers of Mexico have unquestionably brought about this sad state of affairs. Within a few years the best portion of the country has been lost to her forever. The extent of the republic according to the divisory line of 1819, in Mexican leagues of 5,000 yards

Extent according to the divisory line of 1819,	219,019
1848,	106,007

Loss of territory since 1839, 109,945
Equal to a loss of half the territory, and 1,939 square leagues over.

We see it stated that Mexico has a foreign debt pending of about \$53,000,000, and a domestic debt of \$78,179,403, making a round aggregate of some \$130,000,000 to struggle against, without the ability of paying. That her resources for liquidating are diminishing is a fact, shown by the decrease of her revenue, from \$20,000,000 before her independence to \$10,000,000 under General Arista! A cotemporary asks, how can this immense debt be met, each year adding to its magnitude! Certainly not from taxation, for the people are poor, and have certain insurrectionary feelings that will not bear tampering with. To add to the weight of Mexican tribulation, Santa Anna has returned, with all his hostile feelings towards the United States, and every disposition to annoy us. His policy is not yet revealed, but, to judge from his past conduct, we have but little to hope from it. He certainly will not be able to free Mexico from the burden that oppresses her. Nothing but trouble can result from his return. Mexican writers are seeking for an answer to the problem of what they are to do, and are looking, some of them hopefully towards annexation with this country as the solution; others with doubtful looks, openly admit the chances of such a result, one writer saying, that if the remedy is not found in a spirit of unity—which he admits does not exist—"the United States will obtain the object of their intrigues, and Mexico will at length be blotted out from the catalogue of nations." What that obliteration means we leave for others to infer.—Pittsburgh Post.

The stone contributed by Switzerland, inscribed "The Free Swiss Confederation to the memory of Washington," was presented on the 5th inst., at the City Hall with appropriate ceremonies. It was thence drawn by six horses, and escorted by the German Yagers, the Maine Band, and citizens to Monument Place. On passing the Executive mansion, Gen. Henderson notified the President, who repaired to the window to view it. On its passing for a moment, he simply remarked, "The Washington Monument would not be complete without a stone from Switzerland."

MISDIRECTED EXPENDITURES.—The Sheriff, Thomas Chamly, presented a bill of \$38.11 for hanging Otto Grunzig, in New York.

Now that amount, spent when he was a child, in educating him, would have saved the expense of his trial, conviction, and execution, as well as the cost of the life of himself and victim. At \$4 a quarter that amount would have paid for his schooling five years and six months, and made him a scholar and gentleman, an ornament to his race, instead of a curse.

People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better to look up neglected children, and educate them, than to hang them when older.—The School Mistress.

A NOVELTY FOR THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.—A St. Louis confectioner is said to have manufactured an article for exhibition at the crystal palace in New York, which will doubtless attract crowds of juvenile observers. It is a picture in candy, being a copy of a lithograph of a boat hunt. The figures in the original, consist of the hunters and their horses, the boat and the hounds, and even the grass and the sky overhead, are said to be represented with surprising accuracy.

Before the door of a shop in Philadelphia is displayed two signs. The first is painted in red italics, and reads as follows:

"Shirts Related here."
This, we take it is for the benefit of the Backsiders. The other reads thus:

"Hands scanted to work upon bosoms."

AUSTRIAN VENGEANCE.—It is said that the process now going on against Madame Messelany, a sister of Kossuth, will terminate in a sentence of death. The lady is, however, out of the reach of the Austrian authorities. She is in Brussels, and it is expected that she, with an elder sister, and their children, will soon join a third sister, already established in the United States.

GOOD LOGIC.—"Brooder bone, can you tell me do difference 'tween dying and dieting?"
"Why ob course I can Lomeel. When you diet you lib on noffin, and when you die you hab noffin to lib on."

"Well, dat's different from what I telt it was: I telt it was a race atween do doctor in child and starvation, to see which would kill fast."

He that cannot forgive others, breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

A Man too poor to take a newspaper, always spends a chilling week for pig-tail tobacco.