Delaware Gazette.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to News, Literature and Politics.

VOL. XLI. DELAWARE, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1858. NUMBER 25.

For the Delaware Gazette.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. —*Psalms XIV, 1.*

BY JESSE ROYCE SCHENCK.

Will the soul that burns within us,
Wither in the sphere of night?
Will oblivion rolling on,
As its anchor, hither thrust?

The Christian's trust forever.
The poor Indian hopes on:
And with pleasure each one believes
A celestial beaming ground

On the records of creation,
Is a signature divine,
While the lights of revelation
In the heart's guest chambers shine.

If dim nature's starlight beaming,
Throws the soul into the shade,
Morning dawns—night, orbed and gleaming,
Rises to shine forever more.

In the Atheist declaring,
Earth is hopeless, no the skies,
He is doubting—not disparaging:
Who can blunder doubts to rise.

Surely brighter faith constrained,
To deny the Deity,
When eternal night—retrograde,
Then believes his agency.

"HE DIED RICH"

"People said this everywhere when the morning papers announced the death of "John Russel, President of the ——— Bank." They said it on Wall street where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city: they said it, too, in the dark alleys, and in squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of the life that was to them a burden and a misery.—Everywhere was the same story, "He died rich."

His family and his friends thought so, as they gathered around the bedside of the dying man; and you, reader, would have tho't it too, if you could have looked around that chamber, into which death was entering with his dumb footfalls and ghastly presence. Oh, it was a princely room! Rare pictures flushed the walls that winter day, with the glory of Arcadian summers; the fairest blossoms of Southern Maya were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft, crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than three score years, he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich! He had bought lands and sold them; he had sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports; he had owned shares in railroads, and stock banks, and now!

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russel in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him; no generous, noble, self-sacrificing deed, which would have been pearls, and gold, and all free ious jewels in the hand of the angel; so he wrote down at the close of the chapter of John Russel's life, "*He died poor.*"

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of a small dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russel's residence.—The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs a table, and a low bed was in the room. By his side stood an old woman, whom the dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood or a loaf of bread. She moistened his cold lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his eyes, so that he might see once more the light of this world. He had not a dollar upon earth; his fortune had taken wings and flown away; his wife and his children had gone before him, his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, and now none remained to watch with the old man till death called him, but the grateful old woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there, too, and looking over that old man's life he saw many good, and gentle, and generous deeds brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrongs as make men friends, and striven through all the trials and temptations of his long, sad life, to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this old man's life, every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "*He died rich.*"

And the old man knew it, too, when he stood at the silver gates of the eternal city, and they led him in and showed him the "inheritance to which he was heir."

There was a house, not made with hands, with its columns of pearl, and its ceilings of jasper, with its pleasant rooms and lofty halls, and its mighty organs from which peal forever the notes of praise to our God!

There, too, was the pleasant landscape, with its green avenues, and its golden pavilions, its trees waving in joy of eternal waters. He was heir to all these things, and he took their title deeds from the hands of God's angels, and saying pityingly on earth, "He died poor."

Ah, reader! how unlike are the things here, and the things there. All the wealth in the world cannot buy one acre of the soil "on the other side of the river," nor one title deed to its pleasant homes, or its fountains of sweet waters; but only live so that when you sail out on the great sea of death you shall bear with you to the golden ports those blessed words of the angels, "he died rich," and you shall be satisfied with your inheritance in the "kingdom of Heaven."—*Arthur's Magazine.*

HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly or say an improper word. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any disobedient or improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from duty, or pursuing the path of error shame or crime. Hold on to your temper when your are angry, excited or imposed upon, others are angry about you. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join them in their games, mirth and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high place or fashionable attire. Hold on to the truth for it will serve you well and do you good through life and through eternity. Hold on to your virtue, it is above price to you in all times and places. Hold on to your character, for it is and always will be your best wealth.

A BOLD, BUT BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

During the delivery of a sermon, last Sunday, in St. Patrick's Catholic Church in this city, the eyes of the congregation were suddenly riveted on the speaker, Rev. Francis X. Boyle, by what, for the moment seemed to be a digression to the all absorbing topic of conversation and conjecture throughout the civilized world—the Atlantic telegraph. The eloquent divine spoke in terms of glowing panegyric of this wonderful triumph of human science, and dilated upon the revolutions which the grand achievement will accomplish in the commercial, political and social condition of the two hemispheres thus successfully united by means of electric wire. What is it after all, exclaimed the speaker, when compared with the instantaneous communication between the Throne of Divine Grace and the heart of man! Offer up your silent petition for grace. It is transmitted through realms of unmeasured space more rapidly than the lightnings flash, and the answer reaches the soul ere the prayer has died away on the sinner's lips. Yet this telegraph, performing its saving functions ever since Christ died for us on Cavalry, fills not the world with exultation and shouts of gladness—with illuminations and bonfires and the booming of cannon. The reason is, one is the telegraph of this world, and may produce wonderful revolutions on earth; the other is the sweet communion between Christ and the Christian's soul, and will secure a glorious immortality in Heaven.—*Wash. Union.*

Truth is far more intensely interesting than fiction, when the heart and affections are enlisted in the subject.

A WIFE'S DOWER.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Everybody who know John Gordon knew him to be one of the meanest and most contemptible men that ever was permitted to walk the earth. His brother Peter was not a whit better—so that it would appear that meanness ran in the blood of the family.

John was pretty well off, so far as this world's goods were concerned. His property was all invested in a building which had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. He did not marry until he was forty—probably from a fear of incurring unnecessary expense, and when finally he did take a wife, it was only as he would have taken him a housekeeper, a servant.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, and had been obliged to work very hard for a living.—Probably she married on purely prudential considerations for she could not possibly have loved such an abortion of a man as John Gordon. She took good care of her husband, treated him better than he deserved, and was in every respect an obedient and faithful wife. All she received in return was the meager support her husband's house afforded her.

When they had been married some three years John was taken sick, and lingered along for a year, during which time his wife was an excellent and devoted nurse. Her whole aim seemed to be to discharge her duties to her lord with fidelity. She had made a bargain with him, and she performed her part with scrupulous exactness.

One day I heard that John Gordon was dead. It was a small loss to the community, and I could not think of pitying his wife, for her lot would certainly be ameliorated by his departure. She would be entitled to one-third of the income of his real estate, which for a poor woman, as she had been, and having no luxurious taste to gratify, would be a princely stipend.

I neither thought nor heard any more of John Gordon or his wife for two months, when a woman appeared at my office and introduced herself as the latter.

"Mine is a very bad case, Mr. Docket," said she, seating herself by my side.

"Indeed, madam, I thought you were very comfortably provided for. You have one third of your husband's estate or about a thousand dollars a year."

"It seems I am not to have this," she replied, gloomily.

"Not to have it!"

"Peter Gordon has taken possession of the estate, declaring it belongs to him. He says my husband sold it to him a few weeks before he died."

"How could that be!"

"Peter showed me the deed, and says it has been recorded."

"Does he! So much the better for you madame. The law gives one half of his personal estate——

"But he sold it for one dollar," interrupted Mrs. Gordon.

"He couldn't sell it without your concurrence. Did you release your right to dower in the premises!"

"No, sir, Peter says I did, though, and showed me my name, duly witnessed on the deed."

"Didn't you sign it!"

"No sir."

"Then it is a forgery."

"I suppose it is."

"You are confident you did not sign your name to the deed!"

"I am very sure I did not, and for a very good reason."

"How's that!"

"I cannot write; I never even wrote my name. I was brought up in a country where girls did not get so much schooling as now.—My folks were very poor, and I never had a chance to go to school," replied Mrs. Gordon, with some confusion.

Did your husband know that you could not write."

"No, I never told him."

I dismissed her with the request that she would call next day. I went at once to the Registry of Deeds, and found that Mrs. Gordon had told a straight story. Her miserable, contemptible husband had given her property to his brother in his last days, so as to cheat his wife; who cared for him in health and nursed him in sickness, of her just claim upon his estate!

He was a villian! I need not say I felt a deep interest in the case of my client, and resolved to bring matters to an issue at once. The next day when she called, she directed me to her sister, by whom it could be proved that Mrs. Gordon could not write her name: who had seen her mark often within a very short time.

The person who professed to have witnessed the signature of Mrs. Gordon was a clerk in the office of Peter. My first move was to take steps to arrest him on charge of fraud, and to sue his employer for my client's share of the rents he had just collected, and which he refused to pay over to her.

When I had proceeded thus far, I received a visit from Peter Gordon.

"What do you mean, sh!" he asked rather sourly.

"I mean to get justice for the widow."

"Her husband was worth nothing when he died."

"But his wife has one-third interest in his real estate."

"It was sold to me, and she signed away her right to dower."

"Did she!"

"Certainly she did."

"Did you see her sign!"

"To be sure I did; so did my clerk."

"There is a warrant out for the arrest of your clerk; and I have some hope that he will turn State's evidence, and convict his principal."

He started back with terror and astonishment."

"!—I don't understand you!" he stammered out.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Gordon, you will understand it all in due time."

"For God's sake, don't arrest my clerk.—He will be the ruin of me," groaned he.

"You should have thought of that before," I said.

"You don't mean to say that everything isn't all right about my brother's affairs!—Because if it isn't I will make it all right you know," he whined in supplicating tones.

"You say you saw Mrs. Gordon sign that deed!"

"Well—no, not exactly, but I suppose she signed it."

"You know she didn't."

"How should I know?"

"She can't write! She never even wrote her name in her life!"

I pressed the rascal closely and made him acknowledge that his clerk had signed the name for a consideration. I would have caused both of them to be sent to the State Prison, if Mrs. Gordon had not begged me to spare them. As it was, I secured the entire income of the estate for my client, and charged my bill to Peter who was but too glad to pay it.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

WHAT THEY SAID.

BY VIRGINIA TOWNSEND.

"An anxious mind is never a holy mind."
MARY PETERS.

"I would'nt have believed Mrs. Peck would have said that about me; I've always trusted her like a sister, and believed she was my friend, and now to think she should go and talk against me at the sewing society! Well, I'll never trust anybody in this world again, for I don't believe there's any truth or friendship in it," and here Mrs. Collins threw down the baby's apron she was hemming, and burst into a flood of tears.

Poor woman! she certainly had cause to feel acutely, for the blow had fallen unexpectedly, dealt too by a neighbor and a friend one near whom she had lived in perfect harmony, and whom she had trusted as a sister.

It was an insidious thrust, too, on what she could neither parry nor resent, and though Mrs. Collins was in the main a very sensible woman, she was, for a time, quite overwhelmed; for the story was a *lie*, an unfounded malicious, though somewhat plausible *lie*.

It was on this wise. Mrs. Collins had been married twelve years, and for ten of these her husband's mother had resided with her. She had been a smart, active woman, but the infirmities of age had crept upon her, and impaired her intellect, and scoured her naturally fine disposition.

For the last five years she had been confined to her room, with rheumatism and paralsis, and during this time Mrs, Collins had been the most unweary and patient of nurses to the fretful invalid.

All she had done for and borne with her would never be known or dreamed of until the sweet voices of the angels read it from the golden line of the book of Life, and the "well done" of God pierced the solemn silence of the Judgement.

But Grandmother Collins grew more exacting and fault-finding every day. In her nervous irritability, she would not bear the sight or sound of the children, (there were two boys and one girl) and it seemed almost impossible to please her; indeed, the old woman persuaded herself that she was not fairly treated, and would often insinuate this to some fleighbor who dropped in to see her, remarking with a sigh, that "she was an old woman, and she supposed she was in the way.

Her daughter-in-law paid no attention to these remarks, not doubting but her neighbors would understand the cause, and receive them accordingly, but alas for her nature! there is in it an inherent love of evil speaking a proclivity to tell the bad, rather than the good in the life conduct and antecedents of another; and to this evil proclivity, every son and daughter of Adam whether saint or sinner, has been at some time the victim.

Talk of it—philosophize over it as you will, that dark element of our humanity still exists, still works out its natural result of social fermentation, mischief and misery, and will, till men's hearts learn the height and depth, the length and breadth of that glorious line of Paul, the apostle, set like a diamond among pearls, and all rare and radient jewels, "*The greatest of these, is Charity.*"

To that question, "Who are they, and what were their fathers before them!" let any half dozen men or women respond in social assembly, and the chances are one to a million, they will tell the evil, rather than the good, and "this is human nature."

Poor Mrs. Collins! It appeared at the last sewing society, her name, her main life and conduct, had been introduced for comment, deliberation and sentence.

It had been hinted that she was not so kind to her husband's mother as she might be, and that "she allowed the children to drive over her rough-shod."

Mrs. Peck had contributed her share to these animadversions, asserting that the old woman had hinted to her more than once she was really abused, and hardly had the comforts of life, all this being received with various exclamations, comments, pantomines indicative of surprise, interest, horror and the entire matter was the next day conveyed to Mrs. Collins' ears, by some well meaning, but not very judicious individual who was present.

Mrs. Peck too, was, on the whole, a well meaning and kind-hearted woman. She would make almost any sacrifice for a neighbor; but with her many good impulses she lacked principle, and sooner or later, such a friend will surely fail one.

Now you can very readily divine how Mrs. Collins would be apt to conduct herself in this juncture, and how long, as she was a woman of good common sense, she would require to recover her equanimity and regard these asperasions for what they were worth. Of one thing I am certain, a great degree of coldness always existed after this between her and Mrs. Peck.

But, reader remember that just so long as you live such reports will be circulated about you more or less according to the community in which you live, and the character of the people with whom you are daily brought in contact. These stories, malicious and untrue, will come to you in one form or another, so long as you live among men, no matter how innocent, how good, or high you are, and it is best to be prepared for them, and keep the soul in a position that it shall not be disturbed by these things. Then they cannot harm you for a *lie* has in it the elements of death. It cannot live. Just so true as truth is immutable, eternal, a lie must work out its own destruction, and the raiment of your soul shall only grow fairer as the dust of scandal falls away without polluting it.

Sharp lessons of betrayed confidence and faithless friendship the world will teach us all and God have mercy upon us in the day and the hour when we learn them; for life has no teachings so sharp and terrible as these; but even they may have their need and blessing; for the threads of this strange tangled, mysterious life; are in the Hand that has not wearied since it "set fast the mountains by its power."

So, it is best, amid all the petty assaults and annoyances of life, to cultivate that "bracing, sparkling atmosphere of the mind" which is called "cheerfulness;" above all, ourselves to try and eschew all scandal and evil speaking, thinking charitably of others in remembrance of their temperament and temptations, and so far as possible, forgetting and forgiving the wrong they have done us.

So shall good be borne of evil, as the day with her white garments, her majestic presence, her glorious morning jubilees, and evening psalms, is born of the night, black and silent, and *dead!*

DISCONTENT.

The Latin poet asks, whence it comes that no one is content with his lot! The merchant however successful, bewails the vicissitudes of trade, the lawyer the arduousness of his studies, the physician his privation of rest and ease, the artisan the uncertainty and unprofitableness of his employment, and the farmer the change of weather and the disappointment in his crop. Can it be that there is something in our nature which forbids us to be satisfied with that which is appointed for us, and always make us pine for something beyond our reach! Philosophy teaches us to make the best of what we possess, instead of looking to the possession of something beyond our reach, which, even if obtained—would in all probability turn out a source of discomfort. It is true that the merchant must expect misfortune, but is so mixed up with attendant blessings that the sum of comfort, will show him largely the gainer.

So also, the lawyer and physician may each have to contend with labor and loss of rest, the good which they may confer upon society, and the consciousness of their being useful in their vocations, should reconcile them to their pursuits and make them thankful for being the instruments of so great benefit. By the same course of reasoning would every calling in life present the well ordered mind a redeeming advantage sufficient to outweigh any objection connected with it, and furnish us cause of gratitude to the benificent Being under whose appointment life is chequered with its alterations of good and ill.

Among the various situations of life none is more frequently attended with regret and repining than that of the agriculturist, when if we mistake not, none ought to afford less causes for the indulgence of a grumbling disposition, the tiller of the soil although his lot may not be cast in the midst of brilliant enjoyments, has perhaps a greater share of life's comforts than the mass of those he is disposed to envy. Withdrawn from the never ending turmoil and bustle of a city life, dwells upon his farm, surrounded by most of the essentials calculated to render existence desirable. It is true, that to him the gorgeous spectacle and the splendid rout, the gay enchantments of fashion and its round of amusing insipidities are known only by description, but in their stead he possesses the free, wholesome air the bright sunshine of heaven, and enjoys the companionship of nature in its loveliest attire. To him each day that passes is fraught with pleasure, the repetition of which brings no statiety, and the result of which is health, mental and physical. Unannoyed by feverish excitements and artificial wants, he has but few needs, save those which the fertile soil supplies at the demand of judicious industry. His flocks and fields furnish him whereon to be fed, and wherewith to be clad, and though his food may be simple and his clothing plain, they are all that is required for support and protection, in the absence of those falsely styled pleasures which madden and exhaust, his gratifications are more delightful from the peculiar aptitude of enjoyment which they produce.—Be the currency be as it may, let trade languish and improvement cease, to him they are matters of secondary importance, not involving more of his comforts than may be disposed with easily, and with slight sacrifice of feeling. Should plague, pestilence or even famine spread their influence, over the land he can look with comparative composure, for he feels aware that to him and his household the woes that wait upon their presence can never be more than theoretical. Immediately dependent on kind providence for the blessing he enjoys, he is taught to rely with confidence on the great First Cause for reward of his toil, and to him the seasons of seed-time and harvest are but alternatives of hope and fruition. Assuredly then, of all lots that of the tiller of the soil is the most independent, and consequenty the most enviable.—*Balt. American.*

The Great Thellusson Will Case.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of vanity and purse with eagerness the phantom of name, attend the history of one richer than Rasselas—even to the history of one Peter Thellusson, late of the city of London, merchant. It is partly detailed in the columns of our this day's law report, but scarcely plain enough to be understood without labor by non-legal minds.

It is now sixty-two years since Peter Thellusson took stock of his worldly possessions, and found that he had £600,000 in money, and lands to the annual value of £4,-500. Peter Thellusson had satisfied the ordinary ambition of an English *bourgeois*—he had founded a family. Peter Isaac the son of his youth the prop of his house, was heir to £35,000 a year in money and land, and might claim to be born a gentleman.

Peers and peeresses might hereafter, spring in intermediate succession from the loins of that dennizen of a dingy little back parlor behind the bank. The best men upon Change envied the rich and prosperous Peter Thellusson, who had no object of ambition unsatisfied. Peter was of a different mind; he had not near money enough. Let other men be satisfied to found one family. Peter was lucky enough to have three sons and would found three families.

It was not that he loved his sons or his sons' sons, but it was the hope and desire of this magnificently posthumous miser to associate his name in future generations with three collossal fortunes. If he did not love his sons he did not hate them; he was simply indifferent to everything except his own cherished object. Peter Thellusson obtained the very best legal advice, and made a will. He left a few trifling legacies, probably to show that no unnatural antipathy to his children tainted that will with mania; but his great fortune was all conveyed to trustees. It was to accumulate until every man woman and child of the offspring of Peter, and alive or begotten at the time of Peter's death should also be defunct. No one of the children or grandchildren who had ever looked Peter in the face, or trembled in his presence, or squalled at the sound of his hard, harsh voice, should ever be the richer for Peters wealth. "And the rich man also died." Twelve months after making his will, sixty one years from the present time, Peter was gathered to his unknown fathers. The will was opened and created sensation which vibrated through the land in widening circles. Our law books picture to us the blank disappointment of these living relatives, the gentle cachinations of a past generation of lawyers, and gaping wonder of the general public. There were three sons and six grandsons of this malignant old merchant then alive, all destined to live the life of Tantalus; to see this great pagoda tree growing up before them yet never to pluck one unit of its fruit.—The terms of the will enjoined that when the last survivor of all the nine children and grand children should yield up his breath then the charm was to end; the great mountain of accumulated wealth was to be divided into three portions, and one-third was to be given to each of the "eldest male linael descendants" of the three sons. Having thus done what he liked with his own, and excluded all his living progeny from all the benefit, he ends with a shrine to the Legislature worthy of Shylock appealing against mercy—he had earned his money with honesty and industry, and he hoped the Legislature would not alter his will. Of course the first thing that followed was a chancery suit of the fattest bulk.

The common sense view of the case would have been to set aside the will as the product of a diseased mind—a mind rendered morbid as to its disposing powers by dwelling on an irrational object. But Lords Loughborough, and Alvanley and Elpon, and Judges of kindred sympathies, seem to have been led by their love of art to admire the skill with which the technicalities of our blessed real property law had been adapted to the object of this old trader. The litigation went up to the House of Lords and the will was confirmed. This affair naturally made a great noise.

The Legislature took it up, and although they would not set aside the will by an *ex post facto* law, they branded Peter Thellusson's memory with the imputation of "vanity, illiberality, and folly," and enacted by statute 39th and 40th George III., cap. 98, that the power of devising property for the purpose of accumulation shall be restrained in general to twenty-one years after the death of the testator. Persons of an arithmetical and statistical turn of mind also occupied themselves with the matter, and, with the aid of life insurance tables and Cocker, they calculated that this fund, accumulating at compound interest, could not amount to less than pineteen millions at the moment of distribution, and would very probably reach the tremendous figure of thirty-two millions But nothing is "so false as facts, except figures." The calculators had forgotten to take account of that unknown quantity which must, in practical matters, be represented, not by the letter "x," but by the word "litigation." Contemporaneously with the chancery suit to set aside the will there was a cross-suit to have the trusts of the will performed under the direction of the Court of Chancery. That suit is now sixty years old and though children and grandchildren are dead, the suit is as hale and lively as it was in their earliest youth. That suit was the true heir to Peter Thellusson, and it is still spending his money like a frolicksome young coronet. Necessarily there were other suits.

The last survivor of the nine lives died in February, 1856, and four new bills were immediately filed. The property is now to be divided, into thirds, but into moities. There is, however, a question raised as to who is entitled. Who were the eldest lineal descendants of old Peter Thullusson in February, 1856? There are two who are eldest in point of lineage, and two who are eldest in point of personal age. This point of personalage. This point is still *subjudice*. It would not be very difficult to guess how it will be decided, but that is no matter of the least interest to old Peter Thellusson.

His object was to make the heap very large; he evidently cared not one lock of wool as to which of the descendants might be the possessor. Public interest in this long line of litigation is confined to its general aspect. Peter Thullusson's scheme has turned out a foolish failure. No single Thellusson will stalk over the land, overshadowing our dukes and crushing our barons by the magnitude of his territorial possessions. No thirty-two millions of money are expanded into broad acres where men may travel and say, "Behold the conquests of the great Peter Thellusson."

Whether Lord Rendlesham and Charles Sabine Augustus Thellusson divide the estate as the eldest in lineage, or whether Thomas and Arthur take as eldest in years, we should equally desire to call up old Peter Thellusson to see the division of his anticipated accumulations. The Court of Chancery has so clipped and pollarded his oak that it is no larger than he left it. It would be sufficient punishment for that purse-proud, vain, cruel old man to see that he disinherited his own children only to fatten a generation of lawyers; that he was a dupe of his own subtlety, and that his name, instead of being associated with the foundation of a house of fabulous wealth, is only known in connexion with an abortive scheme of vulgar vanity.—*London Times.*

Burying the Dead in New Orleans.

New Orleans is an easy place to die in, but a barbarous place to be buried in.—How so, the following from the *Delta* of August 29th, tells.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CEMETERY.—This cemetery, which is situated on Louisiana street, in the Third District, has been the burying place of a large number of victims of yellow fever this season. This is accounted for from the fact that the disease has been prevailing to a greater degree in the Third District than in any other portion of the city. The cemetery is divided into two divisions, the lower one of which is almost destitue of vaults and tombs, those interred there, are placed in dry weather, about a foot under ground, the dirt thrown on top not more than covering the coffin.—Since the recent heavy rains, the whole place is flooded more or less, and looks more like a swamp than a cemetery. The spade hardly breaks the sod before the water shows itself, and the negroes gouge out as much earth as they can for the water.

Several graves were open yesterday as we passed through, looking like oblong mud puddles. A few moments afterwards the remains of some poor individual were brought in, and left to the negroes to inter. Placing the rough coffin on the hand car they carried it a short distance, and placed it by the side of the hole, then made preparations for placing it in its last resting place. The head of the coffin is let down into the water, but, of course, it would not sink and immediately rose to the surface. It was thrust down several times rather roughly to endeavor to make it adhere to the soft mud at the bottom, but it invariably rose again.

At last it was shoved in, and the spade of one of the negroes held it until the other threw in large quantities of hard mud, to serve as a weight in keeping the head down. One of the negroes then, while the other kept his spade on the first end, lowered the foot and sank it in the same manner, kicking in some mud with his foot, while his spade kept the coffin down. The whole of this section of the cemetery is filled with new graves, and presents the appearance of a newly ploughed field. The stench in some portions is hardly endurable coming, as it does from the shallow graves of water.

Music in Schools.

The following is an extract from a speech of Governor Banks of Massachusetts, delivered at Music Hall, Boston, on the occasion of the inauguration of a new series of musical festivals at the recent Annual Exhibitions of the Public Schools of that city:

"The study of music is one of the most practical studies in which men or women can engage. There is no hour in the day, no hour of life, no occupation in which men or women may be engaged, when the power of impressing the human thought or the human sympathies in harmonious numbers is not only practicable, but where it is needed. It sweetens the atmosphere of the bourdoir, it makes more pleasant the darkened shop of the artisan; in the street, it takes the place of riot and ribaldry; and in whatever association or on whatever occasion men or women may be gathered, the power of common utterance and human sympathies in these harmonious numbers, as expressed by that most majestic organ, the human voice, never, never can be heard, without moving the heart to its deepest, highest, and serenest pleasure.

"More than that teaching music in the common schools is the first step in physical culture. It is a step of the highest and most important character. It is the culture of the voice, the human voice—that organ which has more power over the world than any other power of which man is the possessor. More than the lore of the schools more than attainments of science, more than the cunning of the artisan and craftsman, more than the skill of the professor, the human voice can mould and direct the masses of men in the right way, to the general good. And there can be no culture of this majestic organ, of which alone the poet has well said that it has the power of

"Charming all the ears that the
The hidden soul of harmony;

there can be no general culture of that organ except it be through the instrumentality of teaching music in the common schools, to the high and low, to the learned and unlearned, to those who have taste, and to those who have come to acquire taste.—And to give this power to one and to all, is the only method and the only principle we have to improve and increase us in the use of the finest instrument with which God has strengthened the human system."

A Glance at London.

Pedestrians pay no attention to right or left, but push ahead, and collisions consequently often occur. There are more than in fifty streets here crowded as much as Broadway ever is, and the walks being much narrower, it is easy to imagine what the difficulties are in progressing. The Londoners are not early risers, but rather turn night into day. Very few, so far as I can learn, take breakfast before nine o'clock, and twelve at midnight is considered an early hour to retire. Places of amusement often keep open till one and sometimes two in the morning, and in gardens where pyrotechnic displays are a prominent feature, the fireworks are not set off till twelve.

Hotel life is also peculiar. There are very few public houses in which the inmates eat at a *table d'hote*. Englishmen like to be alone, and more than once have I noticed one step into an eating house, and finding half a dozen persons at the table immediately retire. On this account, a large eating room, like the one at the Astor House for instance, could not be supported. Hence the large number of restaurants, and very limited accommodations. One of the worst features of these eating houses is the pay of the servants. At every meal you have to pay two and some places four cents to the waiter who attends you, in addition to the high price of the meal. These waiters wear fashionable clothes and white cravats.

The streets of London are kept very clean. So far as I can learn, there is no regular time for sweeping the streets, but when any dirt or filth collects it is directly removed.—I have been in nearly every portion of the city, and have not seen a street so dirty as ours are after the are swept. Notwithstanding it rains here almost every day, the sprinkling carts are continually on duty, and when the streets begin to dry up they at once lay the dust. A stranger would hardly expect to see birds flying about in a city like this; but they are here in abundance.—The streets are full of sparrows, birds about the size of American wrens, and they are very tame. They are seen in most crowded thoroughfares as well as in the less frequented streets.

The police system of London is as nearly perfect as possible. A policeman is almost in sight, and being dressed entirely in blue with the coat buttoned up around the neck *a la militaire*, can be readily distinguished. The streets are so numerous and crooked that it is often necessary for a stranger to ask questions of the policemen and they are always ready to give the required information. With such systematic arrangements it seems almost impossible for a stranger to be imposed upon if he uses proper judgment. At all places where crowds are likely to collect, such as railroad depots, steamboat landings, theatres &c., the police are distributed liberally. The entire police force of the Metropolis is about 6,-000 in a population of 2,000,000.

Japan with Other Nations.

If intelligence which we have from Japan, through a correspondence of a Paris journal may be relied on, the relations and intercourse of that country with "the rest of mankind" are about to be greatly changed. Instead of impeding the intercourse, as formerly, this correspondent confidently states that the intention of the Japan government is to multiply as much as possible the commercial relations of the empire with the great maratime powers; and that with that view, it has been determined to send embassadors to the chief nations of the west. It was currently reported that an embassador has already been appointed to Holland, in the person of a nephew of the emperor, and that he had actually set out for his destination with a brilliant suite. The honor of the first appointment is probably given to Holland because she alone has preserved up to the treaty with the United States, commercial intercourse with that country.—Doubtless our country will next be honored by the appointment to Washington of some other high relative of the emperor. The intelligence of this new Japanese policy had been officially communicated to the Russian admiral on the coast, and by him deemed of sufficient importance to send to St. Petersburg by a special messenger. The Russians according to all accounts, have better success in open than any other nation, owing to the fact that, being neighbors, the produce of the two nations answers perfectly the needs resulting from their respective habits and climates. A difficulty in the way of trade with the United States has been removed. Hitherto our exports to Japan have been almost wholly of specie, and on this by the rates at which it was received, there was a loss of fifty per cent. Our consul general, this French correspondent writes, had succeeded in having United States coin taken at par, but, he adds, "it would be a hundred times better if the importer charge of goods could be increased, in order to avoid the importation of specie into a country where its re-exportation is not allowed."

This resolution in the policy of Japan comes of the pioneer effort of the United States. It was the American expedition under Commodore Perry that inserted the wedge which has opened the so-called book of Japanese invisibility. No other government had undertaken the work, if any other had thought of it, though Russia came close upon our heels. Undoubtedly other countries will reap greater immediate benefits from the results of our exertions than the United States, but the honor of the enterprise will forever remain a monument to American policy.—*Detroit Press.*

Women Fined for Wearing Silk.

In what we are wont to call the good old times of our fathers and mothers there were curious notions, which, if carried out in these latter times, would sometimes be inconvenient if not absurd. As an instance we may cite the following, from the Court Records of 1772, in Western Massachusetts:

"The wife of Edward Grannis of Hadley, presented by the jury for wearing silks against the law, they being of very mean estate; she being also presented at the last Court at Northampton for the like offense, she then appeared not in person, nor yet now; but her husband for her; the court accounting little otherwise than contempt; and be bringing into court his wife's silk hood and scarf, which, somewhat worn, yet they had been good silk; whereupon the court fined her 10 shillings to the county; to be paid to the county treasurer."

"Divers women at Springfield presented at ye court in March last, for that being of mean estate they did wear silks contrary to law viz Goodwife Dobbes, Holtum, Goodwife Morgan, Goodwife Barnard, Mary and Hephzibah, Jones Hunts's wife and daughter, and Abel Wright's wife, and warned to this court, the six former appeared in court; they were admonished of their extravagance and dismissed; the other appeared not.—And the fines of the women presented at the last court for the like offense were remitted.

Deep Sea Soundings.

Some persons are surprised at the statement that water upon the telegraphic plateau between Trinity and Valentia Bays, is from two to three miles deep in its deepest parts, having been told that it is comparatively shallow. A comparison of deep sea soundings will show that the idea of its shallowness is correct, when measured by the almost incredible abysses to which the plummet has been sent. Lieut. Berryman, in 1848 made a sounding in the Atlantic Ocean 27,600 feet in depth, equal to a little over 7½ miles; and Capt. Denham, of the British Navy, has obtained sounding at the vast depth of 46,236 feet, or about 8¾ English miles. The highest mountains upon the globe might be hurled into these immense chasms and still leave a vast ocean above their tallest peaks. The giant Himalaya, that overtop all other mountains would be swallowed as easily as the Alps. The highest peak of the chain is only 28,-178 feet above the sea level, and its summit might be submerged about three miles at the point of Capt Denham's deepest soundings.

Peep holes in foreign hotels.

About two years ago says a correspondent, Archdeacon Musgrave found small holes bored in the bedroom doors of French hotels which treacherous holes he told us are appropriately called "Trous Judas." He said as the fact is, that a person applying his eye to one of the holes can see everything that goes on in the room into which he is looking, as clearly as if he were staring in at the window. Last summer, being abroad in Germany and the north of Italy, I carefully searched to see if this disgusting custom was limited to France. I regret to say that it is not. I found it almost universal in all the hotels where I stopped. I see from the page of my last years diary, which I open at hazard, that at Wiesbaden there were in my bed-room two side doors' which communicated with other bed-rooms. In one of these doors there were five, in the other door there were four, of these little holes. Above each hole were the Greasy marks left by the heads of the "Peeping Toms," who had availed themselves of this means of watching the toilet mysteries of many an unsuspecting Godiva. So small are these holes that it is difficult to find them—sometimes they are near the top, sometimes almost at the bottom, of the doors. I write this towards ladies going abroad of the existence of these "Trous Judas" in foreign hotels; and I advise them to carry with them large pieces of silk or linen, and to pin them up over the whole of any side doors in their bed rooms. These holes often escape even a careful search; besides, though there be none when ladies go to bed at night, there may be some prepared and in full use by the time they get up in the morning.

Hammond on Squatter Sovereignty.

Senator Hammond, in a speech made at a public dinner, in his own State, on the 22d ult., took occasion to express himself very freely in regard to the sham "Popular Sovereignty" doctrine, as embodied in the Nebraska-Kansas bill. Among other things, the Senator said:

"When he went to the Federal Congress six months ago, he found the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, the all-absorbing and exciting subject before the Representatives of the people and the Government. To him the whole theory and scheme of Squatter Sovereignty was a matter of disgust. The Kansas Nebraska bill was a delusion and deception from the beginning. He felt satisfied that on that basis the South would never unite. The President plead and tried to do his best. North and South; but it was evident that it was a subject fraught with trouble.

He (Mr. H) was even opposed to this Kansas Nebraska bill and if there was a good feature in it, it was that it allowed the people, free from interference, to frame principles for themselves after their own fashion. It was a snare to those at the South. It was rotten with fraud, and those who made it flinched from its consequences.

A Paris correspondent to the London Post says: Intelligence has been received to-day (Sunday) of the accouchment of the Empress of Austria. Her Majesty has been delivered of a son. The infant prince and his imperial mother are both doing well.

Spreading Manure on the Surface.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST.—In reading your paper of June 12th, I noticed an experiment about supplying manure to the surface of the ground. The writer said he tried four experiments with manure and that which laid on the top of the ground three or four weeks raised the best rye. No doubt of it; nobody could expect anything else, it being just where the rye could feed upon it, consequently it is no more than reasonable to believe that the rye would be best in so applying the manure on the surface, and harrowing or hoeing it in.

But the question is not settled yet. If a farmer carts fifteen or twenty two horse carttloads of manure to a field, spreads it upon the land after it has been ploughed and harrowed; and sows wheat or rye upon the field, and gives it two harrowings in; by so doing, he gets about one-half or two thirds of the manure under the ground, to the depth of one or one and a half inches, and that crop of wheat or rye will of course be good, if the season is good.

If your land is heavy, I believe the way is to spread manure on the top for winter wheat; but if your land is light, I believe the best way is to spread it on top and plough it in. I know a great many farmers think that ploughing in manure for wheat, and leaving it down there, is a dead loss, but all I ask of you, farmers who say or think so, is to try a piece both ways—but don't try it on heavy lands.

By ploughing in manure, your crop of winter will not be, in some cases as good though it were harrowed in; but wait till next season for the timothy or clover crop, then your land will be all right for that. But say you, how about its going down in the ground to the depth of ten or twelve inches. Don't make yourself alarmed about that, the clover will go down ten, twelve, or sixteen inches, and when some of your skin-surface manures will have to strike three times before they hit what they are striking after.

But the best and surest way of raising a good piece of winter wheat, is to draw out about the 10th of June on clover sward from twelve to eighteen good two horse loads of manure, and plough under and give a good harrowing or two, and let it lie till about the 10th of September, then plough the same way you did the first time, only a little deeper. If your land lies fair to the sun and if you don't raise wheat, it won't be your fault.

A JERSEY FARMER.

Colic in Horses.

Colic in horses is a very common disease, and if taken in time may be easily cured in most cases. It is not unfrequently confounded with inflamation of the bowels, but is easily distinguished as follows: Colic has no increase of the pulse, which is not over fifty a minute, the animal often rools; the disease intermits, and there