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SUNRISE COMES TO-MORROW

True it is that cloud and mist
But the clear blue weather;
True that love that have kissed,
Come no more together.
True that when we would do good,
Evil often follows;
True that green leaves quit the wood,
Summer leaves their swallows.
True that we must live alone,
Dwell with pale reflections;
True that we must often mourn
Over crushed affections.
True that man his queen awaits,
True that, and her lonely,
Woman, through her prison gates,
Sees her tyrant only.
True the rich despise the poor,
And the poor despise the rich;
Food still from the rich man's door,
Fuel from his fire.
True the plant—but if more true,
I would not deplore it;
If an Eden fade from view,
Time may yet restore it.
Evil comes and evil goes,
But it moves me never;
For the good—the good it grows,
Blossoms and blossoms ever.
Winter still succeeds to spring,
But fresh sprouts are coming;
Other birds are on the wing,
Other bees are humming.
I have loved with right good will,
Mourning my hours departed;
Dreamed my golden dream, and still
Am not broken hearted.
What if cherished goods must fade,
Fate will never leave us;
God preserves what God has made,
Nor can truth deceive us.
Let in light—the holy light;
Brothers, friends, and wrongs right,
Let in light forever.
Let in light! When this shall be
Said and pleasant things;
Mean in common things shall see
Goodness, truth and beauty.

THE LONDON PARKS.

The following very interesting letter,
descriptive of the magnificent parks of
London, was communicated by Mr. J.
A. Downing to the Agriculturalist:

If every thing one sees in England
leads one to the conviction that the
English do not, like the French and
Germans, possess the genius of high art,
there is no denying that they far surpass
all other nations in a profound sense
of nature. Take for example, the
west end of London, and what do you
see there? Magnificent palaces, enormous
piles of dwellings, in the shape of
"terraces," "squares," and "places,"—
the same costly town architecture that
you find every where in the better
portions of populous and wealthy capitals.
But if you ask me what is the peculiar
and distinguishing luxury of this part
of London, I answer in its holding the
country in its lap. In the midst of London,
lie, in an almost connected series,
the great parks: Hyde park, Regent's
park, St. James' park and Green park.

These names are almost as familiar
to you as the Battery and Washington
Square, and I fear your labor under the
delusion that the former are only an
enlarged edition of the latter. Believe
me, you have fallen into as great an
error as if you took the "brick meeting-
house" for a suggestion of St. Peter's.
The London parks are actually like dis-
tricts of open country—meadows and
fields, country estates, lakes and streams,
gardens and shrubberies, with as much
variety as if you were in the heart of
Cambridgeshire, and as much seclusion in
some parts, at certain hours, as if you
were on a farm in the interior of Penn-
sylvania. And the whole is laid out
and treated in the main, with a broad
and noble feeling of natural beauty,
quite the reverse of what you see in the
public parks of the continental cities.
This makes these parks doubly refresh-
ing to citizens tired of straight lines and
formal streets, while the contrast height-
ens the natural charm. Unaccustomed
to this breadth of imitation of nature—
this creating a piece of widespread
country, large enough to shut out for
the time all trace of houses, though ac-
tually in the midst of a city, an American
is always half inclined to believe, (not-
withstanding the abundance of evidence
to the contrary,) that the London parks
are a bit of the native country, surprised
and fairly taken prisoner by the out-
stretched arms of this giant of modern
cities.

St. James' park and Green park are
enormous pieces of real pleasure-ground
scenery, with broad glades of turf, noble
trees, rich masses of shrubbery and
flowering plants—lakes filled with rare
water fowl, and the proper surroundings,
in fact, to two royal palaces; and the
finest private houses in London; but
still, all open to the enjoyment of hun-
dreds of thousands daily. You look out
upon the forest of verdure in Green
Park, as you sit in the windows of our
present Minister's fine mansion in Pic-
cadilly, astonished at the breadth and

beauty of the green landscape, which
seems to you more like a glimpse into
one of the loveliest pleasure-grounds on
the Hudson, than the belongings of the
great metropolis.

But the pride of London is Hyde
park and Kensington gardens, which
together contain nearly 800 acres, so
that you have to make a circuit of nearly
seven miles to go over the entire circum-
ference. If you enter Hyde park be-
tween seven and eight in the morning,
when all the world of fashion is asleep,
you will fancy, after you have left the
great gate ways and the fine colossal
statue of Achilles far enough behind
you to be quite out of sight, that you
made a mistake, and straggled out into
the country unawares. Scarcely a person
is to be seen at this time of the
day, unless it be some lonely foot-passen-
ger, who looks as if he had lost his way,
or his wits, at this early hour. But
you see the broad grass meadows with
scattered groups of trees, not at all
unlike what you remember on the smooth
banks of the Connecticut, and your im-
pression that you have got astray and
quite out of the reach of the metropolis
is confirmed by hearing the tinkle of the
sheep-bells and seeing flocks of these
and other pastoral creatures, feeding
quietly on the short turf of the secluded
portions of the park. You walk on till
you are quite weary, without finding
the end of the matter—for Kensington
garden which is only another and a larger
park, is but the continuation of Hyde
park—and you turn back in a sort of
bewildered astonishment at the vastness
and wealth of a city which can afford
such an illimitable space for the pleas-
ure of air and exercise of its inhabitants.
This is Hyde park in dishabille.

Now go again with me in the after-
noon, any time during the London sea-
son, and you shall see the same place
in full dress, and so altered and animat-
ed by the dramatic persons, that you
will hardly identify it as the locale of
the solitary country rambler you took in
the morning.

It is half past four in the afternoon,
and the fashionable world (who dine at
seven all over England) is now taking
its morning airing. If you will sit down
on one of these solid looking seats under
the shadow of this large elm, you will
see such a display of equipage pass you
in the course of a single hour, as no
other part of the world can parallel.
This broad, well manacled carriage
drive, which makes a circuit of some
four or five miles in Hyde park, is at
this moment fairly filled with private
carriages of all degrees. Here are
heavy coaches and four, with postilions
and footmen, and massive carriages em-
blazoned with family crests and gay
with all the brilliancy of gold and ermine
lineries; you see superb barouches,
with eight spirited horses and numerous
outriders, is the royal equipage, and as
you lean forward to catch a glimpse of
the Sovereign, the coach of the
hero of Waterloo, the servants with
cockades in their hats, dashes past you
at a rate so rapid that you doubt if he
who rides within is out merely for an
airing. Yonder tasteful turnout, with
liveries of a peculiar delicate mulberry,
with only a single tall figure in the
coach, is the Duke of Devonshire's.
Here is the carriage of one of the for-
eign ambassadors, less showy and lighter
than the English vehicles, and that
pretty phantom, drawn by two beautiful
blood horses, is, you see, driven by a
woman of extraordinary skill. She is
quite alone, and behind her sits a foot-
man with his arms folded, his face as
grave and solemn as stones that have
sermons in them. As you express your
surprise at the air of conscious "grace
with which the lady drives," your Lon-
don friend quietly remarks, "yes, but
she is not a lady." Unceasingly the
carriages roll by, and you are less aston-
ished at the numberless superb equipages
or the beauty of the horses, than at
the old world air of the footmen in
gold and silver lace, gaudy liveries,
spotless linen and snowy silk stockings.
Some of the grand old coachmen, in
full powdered wig, decked in all the
glory of laced coats and silken calves,
held the ribbons with such a conscious
air of imposing grandeur, that I willingly
accept them as the tree-peonies, the
most blooming blossoms of this parterre
of equipage. It seems to me that there
may be something comfortable in thus
hanging all the trappings of station on
the backs of coachmen and footmen, if
one must be bothered with such things
—so that one may lean back quietly in
plain clothes in the well stuffed seat of
his private carriage.

But do not let us loiter away all our
time in a single scene in Hyde park. A
few steps farther on is Rotten Row,
(rather an odd name for an elegant
place), the chosen arena of fashionable
equestrians. The English know too well
the pleasures of riding, to gallop on
horse-back over hard pavements, and
Rotten Row is a soft circle of a couple
of miles, in the park, railed off for this
purpose, where the horse's feet have an
elastic surface to travel over. Hundreds
of fair equestrians, with fathers, brothers
or friends for companions, are here
enjoying a more lively and spirited exer-
cise than the languid inmates of the
carriage have just left behind us.

The English women rise in the saddle
like male riders, and at first sight
they look awkwardly and less graceful
to our eyes; but you soon see that they
sit more firmly and ride more boldly
than ladies on our side of the water.
To stand by and see others ride, seems
to be always too tantalizing to be long
endured as a pastime; even where the

scene is as full of novelty and variety as
this. Let us go on, therefore. This
beautiful stream of water, which would
be called a pretty "creek" at home, is
the Serpentine river, which has been
made to meander gracefully through
Hyde park, and wonderfully does its
bright water enhance the beauty of the
landscape, and the charm of the whole
landscapes. As we stand on the bridge
and look up and down on the river, amid
the rich groves and across the green
lawns, the city wholly shut out by groves
and plantations, how finely one feels
the contrast of art and nature to be
realized here.

That delicious band of music which
you hear now is in Kensington gardens,
and only a belt of trees and yonder iron
gate separate the latter from Hyde park.
Let us join the crowd of persons of all
ages collected in the great walk, under
the shade of gigantic elm trees, to hear
the music. It is a well known air of
Donizetti's, and as your eye glances over
the company, perhaps some five or six
thousand persons, who form the charm-
ingly grouped out-of-door audience, (for
the day is a bright one,) and as you see
the radiant pleasure sparkle in a thou-
sand happy faces, young and old, who
here enjoying a little pleasant mingling
of heaven and earth, in an innocent
manner, you cannot but be struck with
fact that if there is a party belonging to
good governments, next to protecting
the lives and property of the people,
it is that of providing public parks
for the past up inhabitants of cities.

"Imperial Kensington" is not only
more spacious and grand than Hyde
park, but it has a certain antique state-
liness which touches my fancy and
pleases me more. The trees are larger
and more grove like, and the broad
glades of soft green turf are of a darker
and richer green, and invite you to a
more private and intimate confidence
than any portions of Hyde park. The
grand avenue of elms, at the farther part
of Kensington gardens, coming suddenly
into it from the farther Day-water gate,
is one of the noblest geometric groves
in any city, and was laid out and plant-
ed, I believe, in King William's time.
An avenue some hundreds of years old,
is always majestic and venerable, and
when it adds great extent and fine keep-
ing, like this, is really a grand thing.
And yet, perhaps, not an American in
fifty that visits Hyde park, ever gets
far enough into the depths of its enjoy-
ment to explore this avenue in King-
ston gardens.

No carriages or horses are permitted
in Kensington gardens, but its broad
glades and shadowy lawns are sacred,
especially to thousands of lovely chil-
dren, who, attended by their nurses,
make a kind of infant Arcadia of these
solemn old groves of the monarch of
Dutch taste. Even the dainty old
brick palace of Kensington, which over-
looks one side of the great lawn, cannot
chase away the bright dimples from the
rosy faces of the children one sees here,
and the symbols of natural aristocracy
—beauty and intelligence, set upon
these young faces, were to my eyes a far
more agreeable study than those of ac-
cident birth and fortune which are so
generally blazoned forth in Hyde park.

My London friend, who evidently
enjoys our astonishment at the vastness
of the London parks, and apparent dis-
play and real enjoyment they minister
to, calculates that not less than 50,000
persons have been out on foot, on horse-
back, or in carriages this afternoon, and
adds that, upon review days, or other
occasions of particular brilliancy,
he has known two hundred thousand
persons to be in Hyde park and King-
ston gardens, at once.

I shall not allow you to escape me
without a glance at Regent's park, an-
other link in the rural scenery of this
part on London. Here are three hun-
dred and thirty-six acres more of lawn,
ornamental plantation, drives and car-
riage roads. Regent's park has a
younger look than any of the others in
the west end of London, having only
been planted about twenty-five or thirty
years, but it is a beautiful surface, con-
taining a great variety of different scenes
within itself. Here are, for instance,
the Royal Botanic garden, with its rich
collection of plants and its flower-shows;
and the Zoological garden, some twenty
acres in extent, where you may see al-
most every living animal as readily as
possible in the same circumstances as in
its native country—over lawns with the
giraffe and camel, led by Arabs in or-
iental costume; among the leafy ave-
nues you see elephants waddling along
with loads of laughing, half-frightened
children on their backs; down in a deep
pool of water you peer upon the slug-
gish hippopotamus; you gaze at the soft
eyes of the gazelle as she feeds in her
little private paddock, as you feed the
black swans that are floating along with
innumerable other rare aquatic birds,
upon the surface of glassy lakes of fresh
water. And the "Zoological" is just
as full of people as Hyde park, though
of a totally different appearance—some
fashionable loungers, elderly women, mor-
tuous strangers, and most of all, boys
and girls, feeding their voracious ap-
petites for the marvellous, by seeing the
less astonished animals fed.

And whose are these pretty country
residences that you see in the very
midst of another part of Regent's park
—beautiful Italian villas and ornamental
cottages embowered in trees of their
own, and only divided from the open
park by a light railing and belts of
shrubbery? These are the villas of
certain favored nobles, who have, at

large cost, realized, as you see, the per-
fection of a residence in town, viz: a
country-house in the midst of a great
city, which is, itself in the midst of a
city. In these favored sites the owners
have the luxury of quiet, and rural sur-
roundings, usually confined to the
country, with the whole of the great
world of May fair and politics within
ten or twenty minutes walk.

And now, having been through more
than a thousand acres of park scenery,
and witnessed the enjoyments of tens of
thousands of persons of all classes, to
whom these parks are open from sun-
rise to nine o'clock at night, you will
naturally ask me if these luxuries are
wholly confined to the west end of Lon-
don. In almost all parts of the city are
"squares"—open places of eight or ten
acres, filled with trees, shrubs, grass and
fountains—like what we call "parks" in
our cities at home. Besides these, a
large new space, called the Victoria
park of two hundred and ninety acres,
has been laid out lately in the eastern
part of London, expressly for the recre-
ation and amusement of the poorer
classes, who are confined to that part
of the town.

You see what noble breathing-places
London has within its own boundaries,
for the daily health and recreation of
its citizens. But these, by no means,
comprise all the rural pleasures of its
inhabitants. There are three other
magnificent public places, within half an
hour of London, which are also enjoyed
daily by thousands and tens of thou-
sands. I mean Hampton Court, Rich-
mond Park and the National Gardens
at Kew.

Hampton Court is the favorite resort
of the middle classes on holidays, and
a pleasure sight than that spot on such
occasions, when it is thronged by im-
mense numbers of citizens, their wives
and children, with all the riches of that
grand old palace, its picture galleries,
halls and splendid apartments, its two
parks and its immense pleasure grounds
thrown open to them, is not easily found.
Indeed, a man may be dull enough to
care for neither palace nor parks, for
neither nature nor art, but he can
scarcely be human, or have a spark of
sympathy in the fortunes of his race, if
he can wander without interest through
these magnificent halls, still in perfect
order, built with the most kingly pre-
fery by the most ambitious and power-
ful of subjects, (Woolsey); halls that
were afterward successfully the home
of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James
Charles and Cromwell; halls where
Shakespeare played and Sydney wrote;
but with all their treasures of art are
now the people's palace and normal
school of enjoyment.

I am neither going to weary you
with catalogues of pictures or disserta-
tions upon architecture. But I
must give you one more impression,
that of the magnificent surroundings
of Hampton Court. Conjure up a
piece of country of diversified rich
meadow surface, some five or six miles
in circuit; imagine, around the pal-
ace, some forty or fifty acres of gar-
dens, mostly in the ancient taste, with
pleached alleys, Queen Mary's bow-
er among them, sloping banks of soft
turf, huge orange trees in boxes, and
a wilderness or labyrinth where you
may lose yourself in the most intricate
perplexity of shrubs; imagine an ave-
nue a mile & a quarter long, of the
most gigantic horse chestnuts you ever
believed, with long vistas of velvet
turf and highly dressed garden scener-
y around them; imagine other parts
of the park where you see on all sides
only great masses and groups of oaks
and elms of a centuries' growth, all
the freedom of luxuriant nature, with
a broad carpet of grass stretching on
all sides; with distant portions of the
park quite wild to king, dotted with
great hawthorn trees, with the tan-
gled copse and fragrant fern, which are
the belongings of our own forests, &
then fill up the scene in the neighbor-
hood of the palace and gardens as I
have before said, on a holiday, with
thousands of happy faces, while in
the secluded parts of the park the
timid deer flits before you, the birds
stealthily build their nests, and the
insects hum fill the air; and you
have some faint idea of the value of
such a possession for the population
of a great city to pass their holidays
in, or to go picnicing.

I will not let the ink dry in my pen
without a word about Richmond Great
Park—also free to the public, and al-
so within reach of the Londoners who
seek for air and exercise. This park
was formerly a royal hunting ground,
but like all the parks I have men-
tioned, has been given up to the peo-
ple—at least free enjoyment of it.—
It is the largest of all the parks I
have described, being eight miles
round, and containing 2,250 acres.
It is a place of magnificent forest
tract, open forest, with grass, tufts of
hazel, thorn and ferns, the surface
gently undulating, and dotted with
grand oaks, extremely like what
you see on a still larger scale in old
Kentucky. Its solitude and seclu-
sion, within sight of London, are al-
most startling. The land is high and
from one side of it your eye wanders
over the valley of Richmond, with
the Thames, here only a silvery look-

ing stream winding through it, a
world renowned view and the one
whose sylvan beauty it is impossible
to praise too highly. Just in this
part of the park, and commanding
this superb view, with the towers of
Windsor Castle in the distance on
one side, and the dome of St. Paul's
on the other, and all the antique syl-
van seclusion of the old wood-land, it
stands a modest little cottage, the
famous summer residence of Lord
John Russell, the use of which has
been given him by his Sovereign. A
more unambitious looking home, and
one better calculated to restore the
facilities of an over-worn premier af-
ter a day's toil in Downing street, it
would be impossible to conceive.

I drove through Richmond Great
Park in the carriage of the Belgian
Minister, and his accomplished wife,
who was my companion, stopped the
coachman for a moment near this
place, in order that she might point
out to me an old oak, that had a story
to tell. "It was here, just under
this tree," she added, (her eyes gleam-
ing slightly with womanly indigna-
tion as she said it,) "that cruel Henry
stood, and saw with his own eyes,
the signal made from the tower of
London, (five miles off,) which told
him that Anne Bolern was at that
moment beheaded! I thanked God
that oak trees were longer lived than
bad monarchs, and that modern civiliza-
tion would no longer permit such
butchery in a Christian country."

I will close this letter with only a
single remark. We fancy, not without
reason, in New York, that we have a
great city, and that the introduction
of Croton water is so marvellous a
luxury in the way of health that noth-
ing more need be done for the comfort
of half a million of people. In cross-
ing the Atlantic, a young New Yorker
who was rabidly patriotic, and who
boasted daily of the superiority of our
beloved commercial metropolis over
every other city on the globe, was our
most amusing companion. I chanced
to meet him one afternoon, a few days
after we landed, in one of the great
parks in London, in the midst of all
the sylvan beauty and human enjoy-
ment I have attempted to describe to
you. He threw up his arms as he
recognized me, and exclaimed—
"Good heavens! what a scene; and
I took some Londoners to the steps of
the City Hall last summer, to show
them the Park of New York! I coun-
seled him with the advice to be less
conceited hereafter in his cockynism,
and to show foreigners the Hudson
and Niagara, instead of the City Hall
and Bowling Green.

But the question may well be asked
is New York really not rich enough,
or is there absolutely not had enough
in America, to give her citizens pub-
lic parks of more than ten acres?

HOW TO DRAW SINNERS.
Several years ago we were a
resident of northwestern Louisiana,
near the confines of Texas. The peo-
ple there, as a general thing, were not
much given to religion. An itinerant
preacher happened along in the neigh-
borhood during this dearth of religion,
and set about repairing the walls of
Zion in good earnest. But his success
was poor. Not over half a dozen
could be got together at his Sunday
meetings. Determined, however, to
create an interest before leaving the
neighborhood, he procured printed
handbills and had them posted up in
every conspicuous place in the district,
which read to the following effect:—

"Religious Notice.—The Rev. Mr.
Blaney will preach next Sunday, in
Denney's Grove, at ten o'clock A.M.,
and at four o'clock P.M., Providence
permitting. During the services,
the preacher will run his sore mare,
Julia, against any nag that can be
tried out in this region, for a purse of
five hundred dollars."
This had the desired effect. People
flocked from all quarters, and the
anxiety to see the singular preacher
was even greater than the excitement
following the challenge. He preach-
ed an elegant sermon in the morning,
and after dinner he brought out his
mare for the race. The purse was
made up by five or six planters, and
an opposing nag produced. The
preacher rode his little sorrel, and won
the day amid the deafening shouts,
screams and yells of the delighted
multitude. The congregation all
remained to the afternoon service and
at its close more than two hundred
joined the church; some from motives
of sincerity, some for the novelty of
the thing, some from excitement and
some because the preacher was a good
fellow. The finale of the affair was
a boarding society as can be found
in the whole region thereabouts.—
Spirit of the Times.

Politeness is like an air cushion;
it may be nothing in it, but it
keeps you from jolting.

(From a late English Paper.)

THE WAY THE YANKEES GET ON.

Mr. Snow is an Englishman who,
for the greater part of his life, has
knocked about the world, from the
Arctic to the Antarctic circle; and
though not by profession a mariner,
he can rate any day as an able sea-
man. When the less official expedi-
tions in search of Sir John Franklin
were planned as additions to those
sent out by government, he hastened
from America, where he was then re-
siding, with the prospect of serving
as a volunteer in the vessels under
the command of the celebrated whaler
Penny. He was to late by a few
days; but he offered his services in
the expedition fitting out at Lady
Franklin's expense, aided by public
subscriptions, and was accepted. The
Albert, the vessel purchased for the
voyage, was originally built for the
fruit trade with the Azores, and was
a fraction less than ninety tons—more
resembling, indeed, the little craft
which the early mariners made their
discoveries, than the godly ships of
modern days. She carried fourteen
men, two mates, and Mr. Snow. Mr.
Snow, in his narrative of the voyage
(for the Prince Albert has returned)
gives a striking picture of the go-
ahead habits of the people, and of the
success which attends such rash or
resolute determination, till it fails.—
"They intended to push on wherever
they could, this way or that way, as
might be found best, in the direction
of Melville Island, and parts adjacent
especially Bank's Land; and they
meant to winter wherever they might
chance to be, in the pack or out of the
pack. As long as they could be mov-
ing or making progress in any di-
rection that might assist in the object
for which they had come, they meant
still to be going on, and with the true
characteristic of the American, cared
for no obstacles or impediments that
might arise in their way. Neither
feared nor the necessary caution which
might easily be alleged as an excuse
for hesitation or delay, at periods
when anything like fancied danger
appeared, was to deter them. Happy
follows! thought I; no fair wind
nor opening prospects will be lost
with you; no discussion or incompe-
tency among your executive officers
exists to stay your progress. Bent
upon one errand alone, no trifles nor
common danger will prevent you dar-
ing everything for the carrying out
of your mission. On, on, then leave
sons of America, and know at least
some share of prosperity and success
attend your noble exertions. If ever
a vessel and her officers were cap-
able of going through an undertak-
ing in which more than ordinary dif-
culties had to be encountered, I had
no doubt it would be the American;
and this was evinced to me even while
we were on board, by the apparent-
ly reckless manner in which they
dashed through the stream of heavy
ice running off from Leopold Island.
I happened to go on deck when they
were thus engaged, and was delighted
to witness how gallantly they put a
side every impediment in their way.
An officer was standing on the heel
of the bowsprit, conning the ship and
issuing his orders to the man at the
wheel, in that short, decisive, yet
clear manner, which the helmsman at
once well understood and promptly
obeyed. There was not a rag of can-
vass taken in, nor a moment's hesita-
tion. The way was before them; the
stream of ice had to be either gone
through boldly, or a long detour made;
and, despite the heaviness of the
stream, they pushed the vessel thro'
in her proper course. Two or three
shocks, as she came in contact with
some large pieces, were unheeded;
and the moment the last block was
past the bows, the officer sang out—
"Steady, steady, as slow goes on her
course," and came aft as if nothing
more than ordinary sailing had been
going on. I observed our own little
bark nobly following in the American's
wake; and, as I afterward learned,
she got through it pretty well, though
not without much doubt of the pro-
priety of keeping on in such proceed-
ure after the "mad Yankee," as he was
called by the mate."

We are indebted for the above to
the Spectator.

We submit the following good story
from the Times:
"Some time ago the American gov-
ernment, scared at the prodigious loss
of its citizens by steamboat explosion,
and being perfectly aware that these
catastrophes originated in a wilful neg-
ligence or temerity, imposed a fine of
\$500, half of which was to fall to the
informer, on any vessel which should
leave any towing place without a
previous inspection of her machinery
by government officers. Two steam-
ers were lying one morning at the
Hudson, bound for the same port, and
announced to start at the same hour,
so that there was the calculating
project of a race at full speed as

the way. The inspector was at his
post, but as he could only attend to
one vessel at a time, it was plain that
the captain who got the certificate
first, would gain ten or fifteen min-
utes start. Great, therefore, was the
excitement on board the steamer left
for the second turn; so great even,
and unendurable that the passengers
though not fond of throwing away
dollars, proposed to club the amount
of the fine and start without inspec-
tion. It might be a quarter of an
hour before they could be assured
that their boiler was not leaky or their
machinery unsound, and this more
than American nature could bear. So
they broached the idea to their cap-
tain, who caught at it instantly. With
the true sagacity of his country, he
merely suggested as an amendment
that he should inform against him-
self, and thereby save half the pen-
alty to be subscribed for. This settled,
he jumped ashore, lodged the informa-
tion against his own vessel, rushed
back, gave the word to his engineers,
and away they went, with fires up,
safety valves lashed down, and a crew
as happy as speed jeoparded and tri-
umph could make them. Whether
they were all blown up has not been
told, but the conclusion is highly prob-
able."

NOISELESS WHEELS.
A NEW INVENTION.—In this in-
stance the invention consists in the
application of a solid band of vulcan-
ized India rubber over the iron tire of
the wheel. The India rubber is held
in its place by the tire having a raised
rim on both sides, and by its own
elasticity. The band of an ordinary
carriage wheel is about an inch to an
inch and a half in thickness, and unless
on close inspection, no difference from
the common iron shod wheel is percep-
tible. We have driven some distance
in a carriage with the wheels so shod,
and were struck, not only with its
noiselessness, but at the perfect smooth-
ness of the motion—the wheels being,
in fact, springs, and by their elasticity
give a lighter draught than with the
iron tire. We have seen one set of
wheels which have been driven
4,000 miles; they have here and
there a trifling cut, but show no ap-
pearance of being worn out and seem
quite capable of another of four thou-
sand. An iron tire is generally worn
out in 3,000 miles, so that the India
rubber tire has so far proved itself
the more lasting. It is certainly a
great addition to the luxury of a
carriage to have it run without jar or
noise, and it would be a universal com-
fort to have the streets of cities with-
out the present incessant rattle of
carriages, omnibusses, &c.—Scientific
American.

MONEY DRIVING IN ROXBURY.—
It is rumored that three young men,
named Athoney, Williams and Max-
well, having been informed by a noted
mesmeriser, that a quantity of money
lay buried on a lot of land, corner of
Kuggles and Parker street; at a certain
hour, says the Herald, on Monday
night or yesterday morning, proceeded
to the spot designated, and after digg-
ing to the depth of three or four feet
discovered a box or trunk containing
a large sum of money, whether in
paper or specie, we have not learned.
"Oposite this land is a cottage that
was occupied some time since by a
notorious character, by the name of
Walker, who suddenly disappeared.
He was thought to be a counterfeiter,
as a number of thousand dollars of
Dorchester and Milton Bank money of
the Perkinsplate counterfeit, was found
buried on the bank near the house,
after his departure. Perhaps he had
a hand in making this deposit just
found. This same ground has been
dug over probably fifty times, by un-
known individuals in the dead of night
within the past six years, with what
success we could not say.

CURIOUS CHANGE OF A JUDGE.—
An article in Blackwood's Magazine,
on Modern State trials, contains the
following anecdote:

Mr. Fletcher, a judge in Ireland,
in the year 1812, thus addressed an
Irish jury in a trial for murder, occa-
sioned by a duel: "Gentlemen, it is
my duty to lay down the law to you,
and I do so. When two people go
out to fight a duel, and one of them
falls, the law says it is murder. And
I tell you by law it is murder; but at
the same time, a fairer deal I never
heard of in the whole course of my
life." The prisoners were of course
acquitted.

One of the military regulations author-
ized by Congress, is to be located at
Washington.

The cap that is full will hold no
more; keep your heart full of good
thoughts, and bad ones may not fill
your mind.