

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1854.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
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Job Work, such as Pamphlets, Minuties, Circulars, Cards, Blankets, Handbills, &c., will be executed in good style, and on reasonable terms.
All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to.
Persons at a distance sending us the names of four subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.
Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1854.
OFFICE OF CITY REGISTER,
Wednesday, Sept. 12th, 10 P. M.
There have been 41 deaths from Yellow Fever for the past 48 hours.
J. L. DAWSON, M. D., C. R.

CORN IN WASHINGTON CO., VA.—The crops around Abingdon have been improved by recent rains. The corn crops, says the Democrat, is not so hopeless as was expected. Wherever the land was ploughed deep, the prospects are good, notwithstanding the drought.

ONE OF THE GREAT CAUSES OF HARD TIMES.—We ship too much of our gold coin to Europe, and why? Because we import ten millions more than we ought. We import too many silks, satins, and laces. If the ladies of the United States would wear cotton fabrics, and encourage our own staple production for four years, every mechanic, mechanic, farmer, and laborer would feel the good effect, and there would be an end of long faces and hard times.

THE PARIS UNIVERSITE states that a grand council of Roman Catholic Bishops from all parts of the world is to assemble at Rome at the end of next October, to deliberate on the question of the immaculate conception of the most Holy Virgin, and finally to settle what is the true dogma of the Roman Church on that point. The University says that "it is probable that the 8th of December of this year will witness the accomplishment of the universal wish."

SAD PICTURE.—We find in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Crumley, the esteemed pastor of the Methodist Church of Savannah, to the editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, the following mournful picture of the effects of the epidemic in that devoted city:

"Yesterday, I followed the last blood kin of Geo. Whitfield from a garret to the grave. I will give more of his history at another time, if Providence permit. How changed is our beautiful, growing, healthy city, lately full of enterprise, noise and business. Now it is nearly depopulated. The long streets are empty, save a few sad processions which are seen silently heading on—there a long train of mourners—here a lone hearse bearing the dead to the city of silence. And at every-tide in the public squares, the pride and beauty of the city, in place of the gay groups that promenade the snow white walks, and the merry children that romped upon the green grass, there is a far-fine flaming in the centre, throwing a lurid glare on the surrounding trees, and spreading abroad a long train of piteous smoke that covers the city like a mourning veil."

EDITORIAL PERSONALITIES.—The New York Times thus winds up in an article upon the dignity of journalism:—"Whenever Editors raise the standard of mutual respect; whenever they become in fact what they are in theory—a Profession; whenever they have a common and current creed of gentlemanly behavior as editors, no less than as men—then will the evils complained of be cured, and society spared the merciless infliction of private wrongs upon its notice. Editors ought to know, that the bare fact of their commanding the use of the pen daily, does not entitle them to persecute the public with editorial quarrels. These are incidents of their private business and ought to be so treated."

ABUNDANCE OF WHEAT.—The Richmond (Va.) Penny Post speaks of the immense amount of wheat now in the various railroad depots of that city. One of them is literally groaning under the weight of its contents, and the writer thinks he "saw enough to feed the Russians and allied troops for a twelve month." There are eight large mills now in operation in that city, and two of them grind at least nine hundred barrels each per day. It is mostly shipped, however, for the South American markets, where it is a favorite over all others. The climate does not sour it, and the secret is said to consist in packing it while it is hot.

"TREMENDOUS MASS MEETING."—The Kennebec (Me.) Journal gives an enthusiastic account of a "tremendous" Democratic mass meeting in that city last week. The people began to pour into the hall at the rate of one a minute, for the space of at least three hundred and sixty seconds. The audience, leaving out the President, Secretary and three orators, consisted of the Postmaster of Augusta, Maine! Of course harmony and unanimity prevailed to a remarkable degree.

THE PRICE OF GETTING DRUNK IN BOSTON has been raised by the Police of the City to \$3. (It formerly being only \$2.) in consequence of so many more persons getting drunk now than before the Maine law was passed. This is the only instance, says the New Orleans Crescent, known to the commercial world, in which the price of a thing is greater by wholesale than retail.

The Indians of Texas are, according to the opinion of Major J. H. Durns, who has just been in their region, determined on a general war, as they have fought with desperation, bravery and warlike skill in the late contests.

ASIA.—Defeat of the Turks.—From Odessa, August 15th, it is stated that a band of Caucasian mountaineers, commanded by a son of Schamyl, made a razzia into the province of Tiflis. They sacked several places, put some persons to death, and carried off a Russian General's wife, and her sister, the Princess Orbellian. The news had caused a panic at Tiflis.

There is reason to believe that the Turkish army in Asia has met with a decisive defeat. A Vienna despatch states—but without date—that General Bebutoff had attacked and signally routed the main body of the Turks under the walls of Kars. The Russians say they killed 3000 Turks, took 2000 prisoners, including 33 staff and other officers, and captured 15 guns, with an immense amount of military stores. The shattered remains of the Turkish force had dispersed. This is, however, from a Russian source.

A sale of a free white woman was recently made at Freemansburg, Lehigh co., Pa. The parties have been residents of that place for some time, are natives of Germany, and the transaction consisted in a man disposing of his wife to another man for the sum of one dollar. Writings are said to have been signed by the trio—the wife, the new husband, and the old husband.

Col. J. Watson Webb, who is now in England, writes to the New York Courier & Enquirer, that in three months or before Christmas, wheat will have fallen from 65 to less than 45 shillings per quarter.

HOW RECTIFIER WHISKEY IS MADE.—At St. Louis raw whiskey is now commanding an unusually high price, 34 & 35 cts. per gallon; and since rectifiers have to pay 35 cts for raw, it is wonderful how they can afford rectified at 34 cents. Nothing is easier of explanation. Rectified whiskey is whiskey liberally mixed with water—three to five, and sometimes as many as eight gallons of water to the barrel, at the manufacturer's discretion. This affords a handsome profit, at the present current rates for raw, a mixture of three gallons "Mississippi" netting \$1 05; five gallons \$1 75, and when it comes to eight gallons there is \$2 80 per barrel, clean clear profit. Besides rectifying may be considered a humane "institution," the charcoal taking out a very considerable portion of the alcoholic fire, and reducing the baneful effects of a too free use of "red eye." It also saves trouble to the toper, as his dram needs no mixing with unwholesome water afterwards.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald writing from Arkansas, tells us a very large story. He says that he discovered a cave near Graham in that State into which he walked several miles, the floor of which was several feet thick with saltpetre. He has also shot several wild turkeys, which weighed, when dressed, twenty-eight pounds. The corn, also, grows down there from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and appears like a forest.

CUTTING COPPER.—It will be seen by the following that Col. R. B. Brabson, of Chattanooga, is in a harvest field of mineral wealth, in the mountains of Virginia. We extract from the Mountain Torrent, of the 24th ult., printed at Hillsville, Carroll county, Va.:

"We have been shown a fine specimen of copper ore, by Col. R. B. Brabson of Chattanooga, Tenn., which had been taken out on the iron ore land near the upper end of this county. This ore, which he termed the gray sulphuret, was obtained within three inches of the surface, and is exceedingly rich—will yield 30 per cent at least. The Colonel and his company own a large amount of property in that section, which is thought to be the most valuable property in the county."

FLY TO HIS RESCUE.—The following is supposed to be the last production of a private exceedingly hard up. Let all sympathizing humans, fly to his rescue and aid.

In seasons when our funds are low
Subscribers are provoking slow,
And no supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes receding rapidly,
The prospect darkens! Oh, ye brave!
Who would our very beacon save!
Waive patrons—all your pretensions waive,
And pay the printer cheerfully!

DARING ROBBERY.—A Mr. Hinkston, a citizen of Brooke county, Va., visited Wheeling on Tuesday last, where he received \$500 from Mr. John W. Gill. He started for home with it in a buggy alone. Near Wellsburg, while riding through the woods in open day, he was seized through the opening of the buggy from behind, by some one who drew him back, and covered his face, another man seized his horse, and another rifled his pockets. They were so disguised that he knew none of them.

NEW YORK HOTELS.—The Herald gives a list of fifty hotels in New York, the total assessed value of which is put down at \$4,256,000. The total amount of capital, including furniture, invested in these hotels is estimated at \$12,000,000. Mr. Monnot, it is said, designs to erect a gigantic structure on the site of the Hippodrome. This building is to be constructed of marble, and will cost, when completed, upwards of a million of dollars.

The Troy Times sums up the losses by the late disastrous fire in that city as follows: Buildings and machinery, \$380,000; lumber, \$300,000; furniture and other personal property, \$100,000. Total, \$780,000, on which there was only \$250,000 insurance.

Rev. Mr. Pileher, of Adrian, Mich., has a Shanghai hen that has laid an egg regular for one hundred and twenty-one successive days. On the one hundred and twenty-second she laid two eggs.

Harvey M. Watson, of Tennessee, is spoken of to succeed Mr. Davis, as Governor of Oregon.

A despatch from York, Pa., dated the 11th inst., says:
"The telegraph is not working between here and Columbia. There is a rumor that the Operator at Columbia, amongst others, has fallen a victim to the terrible scourge. We have had no communication with that town since last night. The train is expected about half past two o'clock, when further particulars may be obtained. Various rumors are in circulation. From all I can gather there has been about eighty deaths of cholera, including yesterday, since the disease appeared on Friday last. It has been unusually fatal, very few escaping who were attacked. Some amongst our best and most prominent citizens have fallen victims. The panic is almost beyond conception. Every store, except Drug and Doctor's offices, are closed and business entirely suspended.

A very large number of persons have already left town for various localities in the country, and hundreds are leaving every hour on foot, in carriages and other vehicles, and on horseback, also by the cars. The whole population is completely panic-stricken, and it is feared there will not be enough left to attend to the sick or bury the dead. At last accounts the epidemic was raging with great violence and on the increase, notwithstanding the great decrease in population. Many who were taken, died in a few hours. Expresses have been sent to Philadelphia and elsewhere for physicians who have had familiar practice with the disease. The calamity is truly appalling."

KILLED BY A NAME.—"Young America," the Douglas organ at Chicago, died on the 30th ult., after a brief and sickly existence of forty-nine days. Its editor, in his valdeictory, seems to think that, like a mad-dog, his paper had a bad name. Here is what he says:

"This morning's issue terminates the existence of 'Young America.' In the course of human events all things must sooner or later die. Thus, in the present instance we are reminded of the old adage, of the uncertainty of all things here below. Young America dies, and the death is voluntary. And like an infant on the parent's knee, it calmly sinks to rest, without any throes of agony or conscious pain. The name de plume, by which our sheet has been recognized, has never held a very affectionate place in our bosom; and although the name disappears, still the embodiment remains, and still will be seen at your firesides and places of business, we doubt not, much improved in merit and calibre, and be quite as welcome as ever has been Young America."

The new paper assumes the more modest, quiet and respectable name of Chicago Times.

AN HONOR DECLINED.—It is not, perhaps, generally known by the present generation, and may have been forgotten by some of the past, that John Quincy Adams was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 23d February, 1811, in place of Levy Lincoln, deceased, and declined the appointment. The high trust was then conferred by Mr. Madison upon Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, whose rank as a profound jurist was only second to that of Chief Justice Marshall.

"NO ONE LOVES ME."—"No one loves me!" Speak it not—believe it not, if thou hast peace, for comfort, for sympathy in this world! The phrase is of dark midnight's birth, when there were no stars seen, and the mother turned from her crying babe. It is false, too, and poison lurks in its ill-omened syllables. If it rise in thy mind scold it out, and give proof of its falseness by seeking for what thou canst love, and be sure thou wilt then be loved in return.

Love inhabits every human soul—its very immortality springs from love alone—however oft hatred of Self and of Humanity and Nature, may fright this God-descended inhabitant away. And love will and does spring from love, as the seed springs from the soil; because it is the immutable law;—because the great Original is love, and love includes our aims, our destiny and our deathlessness.

One thousand of the people of the city of St. John, New Brunswick, have died of cholera in a short period of time. Seven hundred and fifty orphan children left destitute, and without friends or kindred, have been taken charge of by the Roman Catholic Bishop, aided by some benevolent citizens. A lawyer who fell a victim to the disease, bequeathed several thousand dollars in aid of these orphans.

The Washington Star of Saturday, says:
"We have never before known such a dearth of news around us. During the President's absence nothing is doing in the 'rebounding' line. That is, those in Washington interested in securing places at a distance for their respective friends are laying on their oars. His Excellency is expected some time to-day, when they will be down on him, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, with vengeance greatly increased by their breathing spell. The Governorship of Oregon, which, rumor says, the Hon. Ex-Speaker Davis, of Indiana, is about to resign, will be the chief prize sought after for some time to come, unless death cruelly takes off one or more prominent office holders, as though especially to perplex President Pierce. There will, doubtless, be twenty or thirty applicants for that Governorship upon the strength of the rumor only—patriots wanting office being well nigh as plentiful at this moment as on the 4th of March, 1852."

The Baltimore American says that the bearing of the sun southward is very apparent, and we are fast approaching the winter solstice, notwithstanding the overpowering heat. The days are now fully two hours shorter than on the 23d June.

AN OLD PROVERB FALSIFIED.—On the 13th inst. Mr. Benjamin Bird, a bachelor, aged about 70 years, was married at the Roman Catholic Church, on Fifth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Julia Chaff, a buxom widow of 30. So the old Bird was caught at last by Chaff.

"What makes the bell ring Isaac, do you know? Nobody's dead or dying here, I hope."
"I might guess," drawled Isaac, rather slow, "somebody or other's pulled at the rope!"

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—Everyday in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence! "Married yesterday, so and so." Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth: a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the aisles of some holy temple; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers, upon Life's pathway. Each day some new marriage crown is put on and she that wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set midst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the honeysuckle, over the latticed porch, and placed Eolian lyres in all the cements.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe Love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of hope. There are harps tinkling now, whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wred. Life now is become beautiful; the soul soars upward from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage; there is melody in every breeze and every place; yea, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the pater of tiny feet is heard about grandfather's house, and little brains cluster about his knee, who were "married yesterday," mayhap will turn back to the records of the Past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone; their harvest ended and that soon gathering up their shavings, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where there will evermore be but one marriage, that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

INDIANS STARVING.—The condition of the Ottos, and Missouri Indians is indeed deplorable at the present time. Government having neglected to comply with treaty stipulations, those tribes are suffering from the gnawings of hunger, and have commenced ravaging the gardens, and plundering the whites sojourning in Nebraska, of everything they can put their hands upon. The whites over there all complied with the demand first made by the Indians, and have each paid over \$10, which was to secure them from molestation. The Indians, when unprovoked for their breach of faith, state that their Great Father has broken his pledge to them, and that they are compelled by hunger to break their faith with the United States in this matter has been most reprehensible, and we cannot see what excuse can be framed by them for their tergiversations to the Indians.—*Freemont Co. (Iowa) Gazette.*

Boys are re-admonished, by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prisons for their crimes:

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of quarrelsome temper and who are apt to get into difficulties with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.

TO-MORROW.—Procrastination is said to be the thief of time. Those who are continually putting off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, will not accomplish much for themselves nor benefit the world or mankind. Promptness, energy, and action are required to secure all the good—those who postpone will reap the evil.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to day!

We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late!

The papers are everywhere urging the free use of coppers as a disinfectant agent. It is a cheap article, costing only a few cents per pound, and can be found at the druggists and many of the large grocery stores. A couple of pounds may be dissolved in ten quarts of hot water, and the solution poured into sinks, gutters, cesspools, and all other filthy places with good effect.

SUICIDE IN THE PENITENTIARY.—Copenhagen, one of the convicts in the Penitentiary, hung himself on Saturday last, in his cell, by suspending himself from a joist with a handkerchief. He was one of Dr. Roberts' gang of robbers, sent from Monroe county, for robbing Mr. Jackson, near Barasville. He was about 30 years of age, and has respectable connections in Kentucky.—*Sav. News.*

DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE.—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner and there are not strawberries enough. She looks at Mr. S. with a sweet smile, and offers to help him, at the same time touching him gently with her slipper under the table. He always replies, "No, I thank you, dear, they don't agree with me."

Patience is very good, but perseverance is best; better; while the former stands as a stone under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

The Wheeling Times states that a gentleman, in going from Washington Va., was compelled to pay 25c. a bucket for water for his horse.

The circulation of the notes of Banks of other States, of a less denomination than ten dollars, will be prohibited in Ohio, after the 1st of next month.

SPEAKING OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE having reduced its size, the Wilmington N. C. Journal, says:

"Even newspapers have reached a point of cheapness from which they are forced to recede. We can assure His Respectableness, the Public, that printing has got to be quite a costly institution." We would like to leave to assure our readers in the country, and in the town, too, that our expenses have risen faster than the price of turpentine, while the rates of advertising and subscription remain without change. The margin is now too narrow to admit of any reduction. Now, we don't like to make complaints of any sort, and we don't see that we have any particular right to do so, but at the same time, we would suggest the necessity of asking as little gratuitous service from the press as possible. A great many people, we know, never think of the amount of this sort of service which is done, and from not fully understanding the state of the case, are apt to think hard of publishers for charging for the insertion of matters which, perhaps, may seem of great importance to the persons wishing such insertion, and yet, in the view of publishers, coming under the head of advertising matter. With paper and materials of every kind, as well as labor, at their present rates, it behooves publishers to make every department of their business pay. The profits from a subscription list are altogether too much cut down to admit of any looseness in other matters."

THE CORN CROP.—We have predicted that corn will be as cheap in this section next spring as at the present time. The crop will be short, one, it is true, but the farmers have gathered large quantities of fodder, which, together with the fine crops of oats raised the present year, will enable them to winter their stock with comparatively little corn. There will not be, perhaps, more than one-half the number of pork hogs fattened this season; and, as one of our correspondents remarks, by housing and sheltering his stock from the cold winds and rains of winter, the farmer will save one-third in the way of provender.

A general system of economy will be practiced throughout the country, and the result will be a plentiful supply of corn. From present indications pork will be worth from four to five cents.

We have heard of several recent transactions at that rate.

Col. James H. Webster, an intelligent and experienced farmer of this county, left us on Monday last several ears of corn gathered from a field which he describes as being so literally burnt up by the dry weather, that, apparently, a single spark of fire would set the whole field in flames. This corn—the ears left with us—is well filled, and seems to have suffered but little from the drought.—Col. Webster thinks that the crops of corn generally in this county will be much better than is expected. N. Porter, Esq., living some two or three miles south of town, says he never had better crops of corn than he has this season, and that he will raise at least ten barrels to the acre. He prepared his ground well in the spring by subsoil ploughing, which, with my account for the fact that he has suffered little from the drought.—*Mary Int. 7th.*

THE GRAVES OF HEROES.—Every man is a hero. There is not one man being that has yet lived and died in this world but has filled a hero's grave. In the heart of some one, the most humble individual occupies the place of a hero. We respect, love and cherish most that which we know. Every man has his virtues—has his friends—has some one who admires. Heroes are measured by different standards. What would constitute one in some minds would not in others.—There are every day heroes and periodical ones. Some are great with the masses—others with the few, only, who know their worth. Some live and die, and their names are not recorded upon the page of history.—They are heroes, nevertheless. Their calling was a different one from the warrior, the statesman, or the scholar. They have won for themselves a hero's grave by acts of kindness which only their recipients know or appreciate. All graves are heroes' graves. If you doubt it, ask the surviving friends of the departed. Ask those that loved, and the answer will be equal to "he was a hero!"

A NEW SORT OF KNOW NOTHING INTERFERENCE.—A few days since a young lady was insulted in the cars between Louisville and Portland by a large burly Irishman. The conductor interfered to protect her, but five or six of the insulter's comrades took his part, and the conductor was obliged to let him alone. Directly the cars reached Portland, and instantly, through the agency of some Know Nothing sign it is supposed, the conductor was re-informed, and the insulter and three or four of his party terribly beaten in very short order; and two others of them, who escaped from the depot without beating, "caught it" immediately afterwards upon the wharf-board.

A good man's heaven commences here. The same may be said of a wicked man's hell. To taste of Paradise, all that is necessary is to taste of virtue. There is more sunshine in one good act than in all the solar systems ever invented.

The Irish engineer on the rail road in the vicinity of Grafton, Ohio, on Monday evening tried to force their way to "Uncle Tom's Show Tent," owned by a man by the name of Mathias. They were repulsed, but again returned with reinforcement, when they were all driven into the woods, and their shanties entirely demolished.

CONTRACTOR.—The New York Tribune has reduced its dimensions. Under date of Sept. 1st it says:

"Owing to the present calamitous depression in all kinds of business, which, we fear, is to be as protracted as it is universal, and the consequent diminution of the space occupied by advertisements in the Tribune, we find it convenient to slightly reduce the size of our sheet, and henceforth, until further notice, it will appear in the form and style in which it is now presented."

The venerable Elisha Whittlesey, First Comptroller of the Treasury, has tendered his resignation. He takes to heart the removal of his favorite clerk, and complains of interference with his duties by the Secretary.

THE LUNAR WORLD.

Mr. Crampton, in a little book entitled "The Lunar World," draws the following interesting picture of the appearance which the surface of that satellite would present to a visitor from the terrestrial globe:

"Choose the period of the last quarter, and direct our way to that dark shadow spot marked N in the map, and situated at the northeast portion of the lunar globe; it is the Mare Imbrium, or Sea of Showers, as it is called, though no water is to be found there and no shower ever cools or moistens its barren surface. It is about seven hundred miles in extent every way. Let us cast our eyes around, and what do we see? a boundless plain or desert, stretching away as far as the eye can reach on every side, save in one or two points, where a chain of lofty mountains can be perceived, whose brilliant, pointed summits, glittering in the sunbeams, just appear upon the distant horizon. The light that glares upon the plain is intense, and the heat of a tropical furnace, for no cloud shelters us. By that light we may perceive, scattered over the plain, an infinite number of circular pits, of different sizes and depths, varying from a few yards to some hundreds in diameter, and sunk in the body or crust of the planet; some of them but a few feet, and others to an unknown immeasurable depth. Above the sky is black, out of which the sun gleams like a red-hot ball; and the stars sparkle like diamonds, for no atmosphere like ours exists to give by its refractive and reflective powers the delicious blue to its heavens, and the softened shade to its landscape. No lights and shades are indented upon its features deep and dark, or intensely bright; no softening away in the distance, no gentle and beautiful perspective; no lofty twilight, morning or evening, stealing over or away from the scene. All the shadows are abrupt, and all the outlines sharp, clear, appearing startlingly near even when really distant. No sound follows our footsteps, or even hears us at silent place; for there is no atmosphere to conduct it; no fresh breeze blows from its mountain tops, sighs through its burning deserts, rustles through its brilliant green of forests, or waves over meadows; the silence of dead broods over its arid wastes and rocky shores, against which no tides or billows break."

A HINT FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.—The following from Claxton's "Hints for Mechanics," will apply with equal force to mercantile men:

As for luck, as I have said before, there is more in the sound of a word which people have got used to than in the thing they are thinking of. Some luck there is, no doubt, as we commonly understood the term, but very much less than most persons supposed. There is a great deal which passes for luck which is not such. Generally speaking your "lucky fellows," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck comes from there, because they work for it; it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake.—They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does this much, depend upon it, it must be hard luck indeed, if he do not get at least, employers, customers, and friends. One need only, says an American writer, "to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius, to see how by taking advantage of little things and facts, which no one had observed or which every one had thought unworthy of regard they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufacturing processes." And yet these are the men who are called the lucky fellows, and some times envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned, or that it is just as much in my power to "go ahead" as it was in theirs.

Mr. James Maples, a respectable citizen of Huntsville, Ala., hung himself, a few days ago, in consequence of his fears that the drought would prevent his raising corn enough for his family to eat during the winter.

A REBUKE.—The Warwick Baptist Association, of New York, have protested against the action of the three thousand clergymen of New England who, in the "name of the Almighty," denounced the Nebraska bill.—The Association think it presumption for any set of men, no matter what their calling, to arrogantly assume that they speak by Divine authority, and in his name to fulminate anathemas against the representatives of the people in the discharge of their official duties.—This assumption recognized, would destroy every vestige of civil and religious freedom, and prostrate all the institutions of our land at the feet of an irresponsible and arrogant priest-hood. The rebuke is timely and well deserved.

Jokes are immortal. Capital or shoddy they survive the best speeches, the profoundest papers of statesmen. If some anti-diluvian editor treated his readers to one, we do not believe that all the waters of the flood could drown it. A good joke now-days goes to help digest the roast beef and cherry puddings of a thousand families. It makes the circuit of the world, steams over the oceans, rides on telegraph wires, tunnels mountains, skates express, excites the risibles of armies, harms none. Very a good joke is a great thing, and a bad one is abominable. Let jocose people beware.

A NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF SOMEBODY.—We are informed by a worthy gentleman, that a number of our German citizens have actually organized an association to sustain the motto: "Know-Nothing principles." Intending to support the Know-Nothing nominations, they display a rare devotion to what they consider public weal by surrendering their own prospects for political promotion. We do not know whether disgust at the doings of the Carthage Convention caused the movement, or whether Remelin has anything to do with it, but it is certainly a very significant sign of the times.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

PUMPKIN SUGAR AND BEET ROOT BRANDY.—A patent has been granted by the French Government for making sugar from pumpkins. It is said that the quantity produced will be at least as great as could be obtained from an equal weight of beet root. This invention comes in good time, when it has been found that beet root can be more profitably employed in making brandy than sugar.

The *Universal*, a Mexican paper, is out again strongly in favor of a great Spanish American alliance, which it says, is rendered necessary by the late occurrence at Graytown. It says this affair will not be the last of its kind, and that only an alliance can save all South America from the greed of the American Union.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Suddenly Amos roused himself from one of his lethargic fits—"The demons are after me," cried he. "There they are grinning, grinning at me, and gnashing their teeth. I see their eyes of fire, and their horrible looking visages. They seek to chastise me with their red hot iron scourges. Oh! how they scowl and hiss! while a stream of lurid fire issues from their mouths! And now they rush towards me. Away! away! I will not be thrown among the loathsome venomous reptiles in that deep, dark pit! Keep off! I will not go with you!"

Saying this, and uttering screams of terror, this unhappy being, exerting a preternatural strength, burst from the hands which had confined him during the night, and in spite of Sampsons exertions, threw himself from his berth. He sprang to the fore-castle and pushed by the cook, who sought to prevent his leaving the bulkhead. He rushed up the ladder, and in a moment was on deck fully impressed with the idea that a legion of devils were in close pursuit, bent upon torturing him to death.

His appearance at that moment was singularly wild and terrific. He was clad in no garment excepting his shirt—his long black hair hung in elf locks on his shoulders—his eyes were lighted with the fires of insanity—his teeth were firmly set, and his lips apart, exhibiting a ghastly grin—his visage was haggard—bearing the stamp of unutterable woe—and his voice was clear, shrill and unearthly, as he cried out, "Oh help me! for God's sake help me! Away—away—away! I have got me now. I feel their burning breath. Oh, mother mother—help your son! I feel their talons in my throat, and I feel them to the earth!"

Here the hapless sailor escaped the hands of Mr. Cullpeper and Ned Hopkins, who had seized him as he was running aft, after having with almost incredible agility leaped over the windlass and life rail. He sprang upon the beam of the quarter deck, and was instantly within the powerful grasp of captain Branch-bill; but, notwithstanding his great strength, he was unable to arrest the career of the madman to destruction. Amos caught the Captain by the windpipe, and compressing it with all the fury of madness, he threw him as if he had been a dwarf, with tremendous force, against the binnacle, and in a moment after the man was standing alone on the taffrail unnumbered and free. With one hand he pointed to the fathomless deep, which seemed to yawn beneath his feet, and he fiercely shook the other at his fancied pursuers, exclaiming in a hollow but exulting tone,—"Accursed fiends! I am now beyond your reach, and I defy you! Ha! ha! ha! and his maniac laugh swept over the water, and sent a chill to the bosom of his shipmates.

A rush was made by the crew to the stern of the ship, to save the unhappy man from a fate he involuntarily seemed to court. But ere a hand could be laid upon his person, he sprang high in the air, and alighted in the waters over which the ship had just passed. He disappeared for a moment beneath the surface, and then his head rose high above the waves. The poor fellow uttered a shrill shriek—a shriek which seemed to be the very embodiment of horror—and which rang in the ears of his shipmates for days, and months, and years afterwards. He then sank beneath the waters, and was never seen again.

The main topsail was laid aback—the boat was lowered and manned—Ringbolt himself sprang into the stern seat, seized the tiller, and the boat was shoved off and pulled in the direction of the ship's wake, where Amos was last seen—but no trace of this miserable victim of intemperance could be found. The waters which had parted to receive him were now closed over him, and not a ripple remained to mark the spot.

Such was the fate of Amos Chauncey!

CROPS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Frederick, N. E. Reporter says, the grass crop is heavy, and thus far well secured, and potatoes, oats, corn and all the minor root crops, present a most luxuriant appearance.

A DANGEROUS TIME.—The New York Journal of Commerce remarks upon the many disasters which have fallen upon the country during the month of August. It estimates the loss by fire at \$2,577,000.

CLOCKS.—Connecticut has twenty-eight clock factories, employs 1,279 hands in the manufacture, has \$1,000,000 capital invested, and makes annually 790,000 clocks. One-fourth of these time keepers find a market in England.

QUITE APP