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Poetry.

DEATH AND LIFE.

From the *Minerva* (N. Y.) Republican.
BY F. S. BURNETT.
King of dead empires! art of and sublime,
Whose victims nations, whose duration time,
In gloom uncertain is thy solemn throne,
By shadows circling, undefined, unknown,
As some cold peak in heavy clouds immersed,
By day in mystery veiled, by night obscured,
Where neither motion, sound, nor life pervades,
The realm of silence, emptiness and shades.
What fatal form, what shape dost thou assume,
Thou form of life, thou monarch of the tomb?
Swift as the light, as it approaches, dash
Thy certain shafts from unseen ambush come.
To vain the powerful build the rampart round,
To vain the line-trace quest along the ground,
In vain the leaflet to the covert fly,
In vain the humble pray, the hold defy,
Nor solid walls can guard if thou assault,
Nor covert shelter, nor man's project avail,
None, without triumph, silent, but intense,
Though eagle, patriot, calm, but not relent,
With eagle's force descends thy deadly blow
Upon the lofty, or upon the low,
Whichever equal the human eye hath seen,
Or polar snows, or fields peopled green,
Nor deep ravine, nor mountain steep defends,
There art thou monarch, there thy realm extend!
The stream flows on, but it will never return!
The flame expires, ah, never more to burn!
Life, like a vapor 'er the fountain curled,
Melts to this air, and passes through the world.

SONG OF THE SUMMER FLOWERS.

BY EDWARD S. BERRY.
We come with smiles of gladness,
Thou' we're followed by decay;
And we claim a kindly welcome,
For we have not long to stay.
Grant us a glass of sunshine,
A kiss from summer's breeze,
A few of heaven's dew drops,
We ask no more than these.
Then, in your daily pathway,
So cheerfully we'll bloom,
And 'round your pleasant dwellings
We'll lavish rich perfume:
Your hours of rest we'll sweeten,
We'll soothe away your care;
And we'll even bid your sorrows
A holy spirit bear.
There's many human blossom
With sadness like our own,
Whose bloom from earth's fair bowers,
May be so quickly gone.
Such pure, pale buds of beauty,
Are the angels of life's way,
Oh, cherish them with kindness,
While in your hours they stay!
Give them plenty of love's sunshine,
With pity's gentle dew;
And let the breath of tenderness
Their every step perfume.
Then, while they dwell among you,
They'll brighten all your hours;
And when they pass to heaven,
They'll go gently, like the flowers.

Choice Miscellany.

THE ENGLISH MERCHANT AND THE SARACEN LADY.

In the reign of Henry the First of England, called Beauclerc, or the Fine Scholar, for he was actually so learned that he could write his own name—a great attainment for a King in those days—there lived in London a rich young merchant, named Gilbert A. Becket.

He was thought a brave and adventurous man when he left his comfortable English home and sailed for the Holy Land to trade with the rich Syrians for satins, velvets and gems, which he meant to bring to England and sell at a great profit. He probably calculated by this speculation to double his fortune, and perhaps be able to buy a title, and so become one of the nobles of the land, and live in a castle, where he would receive the king and court, and entertain them in princely style. But alas! titles and royal guest were not for him, and all the castle he was ever able to lay claim to, was such a "castle in the air" as any one of us may build. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, robbed of his ship, sold as a slave, fettered and set at work in the palace gardens of Mahmoud, a terrible, fierce-eyed, black-bearded, big-turbaned Saracen Chief.

It was a very hard fortune, that of poor Gilbert. He was obliged to toil from morning to night, digging and spading, planting and weeding, and all the while with the disadvantage of not knowing much about the gardening business, and of having a heavy chain drugging and clanking at his ankles. You may depend that he felt that if he could get safe back to England, he would never more aspire to castles and titles, nor trouble himself if the King and Court never should eat a good dinner or shake their heels at a ball again.

But often out of our greatest misfortune comes our best good and happiness, and hope and joy often follows times of fear and sorrow, as beautiful rainbows are made out of storms that have just darkened the sky and beaten down the flowers. One evening, just as the Muezzin was calling all pious Mussulmen to prayer, Gilbert A. Becket stood leaning against a palm tree, resting a little from his daily toil, and thinking longingly of his country and home. Just then a young Saracen lady of marvellous beauty, called Zarina, chanced that way on her evening walk, and was very much struck by the appearance of the stranger. In truth, as Gilbert stood there leaning so gracefully against the palm, with his

pale face cast down, and his soft auburn hair half veiling his sad eyes—to say nothing of his long golden eye-lashes, and his curling silken moustache, he was a very interesting and handsome young man, and in spite of his gardener's dress and a slavish chain, looked as proud and noble as a prince.

Zarina thought so, and though she was very modest and timid, drew near to speak a few kind words to him. He looked up at the sound of her light step, and for the first time in many months, he smiled, gladdened by the sight of her beautiful innocent face.

The ballad does not tell just how these two became acquainted, but it is certain that they soon grew to be excellent friends; and managed to meet often, and have long walks and talks in the shaded bowers of Mahmoud's gardens. They first talked of the flowers, then of the stars and moonlight, then of love, and then of God. Gilbert told Zarina of the Christian's blessed faith, and related all the beautiful and marvellous stories of our Lord Jesus, and Zarina wondered, and wept, and believed.

Gilbert had learned the Saracen language and spoke it very well, but Zarina did not understand English at all. The first word that she ever spoke was "yes," which Gilbert had taught her to say when he asked her if she would be his wife, whenever he could gain his freedom. But month after month, a whole year went by, and Gilbert was still a captive.

One day, when Zarina met her lover in a shady garden walk, she said in a low, gentle voice, and with her tender eyes cast down, "I am a Christian now, dear Gilbert; I pray to God morning and night. Thou knowest I am an orphan. I love no one in all the world but thee; then why should I stay here? Why wouldst thou linger longer in bondage? Let us fly to England! God will guide us safely over the wide dark waters, for we are Christians, and need not fear anything. I will meet thee to-night on the sea-shore, and bring gold and jewels enough, to purchase a vessel and a skillful crew, and when, O my Gilbert, we are afloat on the broad blue sea, sailing towards thy home, thou wilt bless me and love me—wilt thou not?"

The merchant kissed the maiden's hand, and promised to meet her on the strand at the appointed hour, and he did not fail—but long he walked the lonely shore, and no light-footed Zarina came flitting through the deep night-shadows and stealing to his side. North, south, east and west he looked—but all in vain.

The night was clear, the winds whispered low, the little waves slid on the shining shore, and seemed to invite him to sail away over them to the great seas beyond—but the stars overhead twinkled so merrily and winked so knowingly, that he had almost fancied they had betrayed the story of his and Zarina's love and intended flight. At length he heard a quick light step, and sprung forward with a joyful cry. Alas! it was not Zarina, but her faithful nurse, Safie, who came to tell him that Zarina's love had been discovered, and that her kinsman had confined her in a strong guarded tower, and that he must escape alone. She sent him a casket of gold and gems, with a promise that as soon as possible she would make her escape and come to him in London.

There was nothing for Gilbert A. Becket to do, but to accept Zarina's casket of jewels and follow her advice; so, after sending her many loving farewell messages by Safie, he went.

He had a prosperous voyage, and reached London in safety, where he gave his friends a joyful surprise, for they had given him up for dead.

Year after year went by, and he saw nothing, heard nothing, of his noble Saracen love, Zarina, and at last he grew to think of her very sorrowfully and tenderly as one dead. But Zarina lived, and lived for him whom she loved, and who had taught her to love God.—For years she was kept imprisoned in that lonely guarded tower near the sea—where she could only put her sorrow into mournful songs and sigh her love out on the wind that blew towards England, and gaze up at the bright twinkling stars, and pray for Gilbert. But one night, while the guard slept, the brave Zarina stole out on the parapet, and leaped down some feet to the ground below. She soon sprang up unharmed, and made her way to the strand when she took passage on a foreign vessel for Siamboal. Now, all the English that this poor girl remembered were the words "Gilbert" and "London." These she said in a sad, pleading, inquiring tone to every one she met—but no one knew what she meant.

From Siamboal she went on her way, wandering way from port to port, and from city to city, till she had journeyed through many strange countries,

repeating every where these two words in English—but in vain. Everybody heard of London, none knew Gilbert. Yet the people were very kind, and gave her food in return for the sweet songs which she sung.

At length, after many months of lonely and toilsome wandering, she reached England, and found herself amidst the busy, hurrying throng of London. She gazed about her bewildered and almost despairing at finding it so large a place—it would be so much harder to find him. Yet still patiently and wearily up and down the long streets she went—through the market place and square—past churches and palaces, singing her mournful songs, speaking softly and more sadly the one beloved word—"Gilbert."

One evening as Gilbert A. Becket, the rich merchant, sat at the banquet table in his splendid London house, entertaining a company of rich and noble guests, a servant brought him word that a beautiful Saracen maiden, pale and sorrowful looking, stood in the square without, singing songs and repeating his name over and over. In a moment Gilbert thought of his beloved Zarina, and springing up from the table he rushed out of his brilliant hall into the street where poor Zarina stood, with her long dark hair glistening with the chill night dew, and her sweet face looking very white and tearful in the moonlight.

He knew her at a glance, though she was sadly changed from the fair young girl he had left in the gardens of Mahmoud, as gay hearted as the birds, and as blooming as the flowers. He called her name—he caught her in his arms—and the next time she spoke the dear word "Gilbert," she murmured it against his heart, while his lips pressed her cheeks and his eyes dropped happy tears upon her brow.

He took her into his princely house, and it became her home from that hour. She was baptized and took the Christian name of Matilda—but Gilbert always called her Zarina, for he said he loved that best.

The faithful lovers were married and lived together for many years, happy, honored and beloved. The oldest son, Thomas A. Becket, was a powerful and renowned archbishop in the reign of Henry the Second.

And so ends the true story of the English Merchant and Saracen Lady.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

There is not a drop of chivalric blood in that man's veins, who can look upon a noble woman, mounted on a noble steed, with an eye of cold indifference or passive admiration. The eye that is delicate in its perceptions of the beautiful and grand, will flash enthusiastically at such a sight, and the spirit that can understand and appreciate the graceful, the noble, the daring, or the skillful in form, or in action, will swell with undisguised and irrepressible delight at so glorious a picture. There is everything in it appealing to all that is high-toned, impulsive, daring and chivalric in a brave man's nature; and almost unconsciously his pulse quickens, his blood warms, and his breast swells with high and gallant emotions. Let Blair account for it, and Stewart name this feeling as and what they will, its effects are as we say, and the man who cannot feel it, would be alike untouched by music, unshooked by a sunset, unmoved by the roll of a drum, and unawed by the muttered thunder. Indeed, to be pitted is the man that cannot love a horse, doubly to be pitted is he that cannot love a woman, and thrice to be pitted is he who cannot love a woman on horseback.

But we did not intend an essay on horsemanship, no more than we expected ourselves to be so enthusiastic; but we are not ashamed, if we are guilty of both. And we cannot help saying, merely by way of getting at our real intent—which is quite a different thing—that there is a most surprising obtuseness existing among the majority of our Buckeye girls in reference to this identical matter of backing horses. When will they really learn to love horses and really love to ride them? When will they discover that riding is at once the healthiest, the most exhilarating, the grandest and most womanly of sports, exercises or accomplishments; when will they cease gadding about the country on miserable, lazy, shaggy ponies, on worn out and broken-winded plow horses, on poor old mares, and mount spirited and high mettled steeds, and ride at a pace and in a style more befitting the young blood that bounds in their veins? For their own sakes, for their beauty's sake and for their children's sake, we hope the time will soon come, when a mounted horsewoman will not be the wondrous exception she now is.—*Ohio Farmer.*

'Tis the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy.

MATTERS IN THE MOON.

What a curious almanac these good people in the moon would have! There, days are as long as years, and day and year are equal to our months, 29 days, 12 hours and 45 minutes. The seasons differ but very little from each other. On the equator there reigns eternal summer, for the sun is ever in the zenith; the poles are buried in eternal winter. The days are of equal length throughout the year, all days equally light, all nights equally dark. The absence of an atmosphere deprives the moon of the sweet charms of a twilight, and glaring day would follow gloomy night with the rapidity of lightning, if the slow rising and setting of the sun did not slightly break the suddenness of the transition. Human eyes, however, could not bear the fierce contrast of light and shadow; they would long in vain for the soft intervals between the two extremes—the other colors, which beautify our world with their joyous variety and soft harmony. The sky is not blue, but even in daytime black, and by the side of the dazzling sun the stars claim their place and light in the heavens. Near the poles the mountain tops shine in unbroken splendor year after year, but the valleys know neither day or night, scantily lighted as they ever are by the faint glimmer reflected from the surrounding walls.

That side of the moon which is turned from us, has a night of nearly fifteen days; the stars only, and planets, shine on its ever dark sky. The side we see, on the contrary, knows no night; the earth lights it up with never ceasing earth shine, a light fourteen times stronger than that which we receive from the moon. We recognize our own light, lent to our friend, in the faint, grayish glimmer of that portion of the moon which before and after the new moon receives no light from the sun, but only from the earth, and reflects it back again upon us. Mornings in autumn show it more brilliant than evenings in spring, because in autumn the continents of the earth with their stronger light illumine the moon, while in spring she only receives a fainter light from our oceans. Our orb appears to the Man in the Moon as changeable as his home to us, and he might speak of the first or last quarter of the earth, of new earth and full earth. The whole heaven moves before him once in 29 days around its axis; the sun and stars rise and set regularly once in the long day; but the vast orb of our earth is nearly immovable. All around is in slow unceasing motion; the mild face of the earth alone, a gorgeous moon of immense magnitude, never sets or rises, but remains ever fixed in the zenith. It there appears sixteen times larger than the moon to us, and daily exhibits its vast panoramas of oceans, continents and islands. Bright lights and dark shadows are seen in ever varied change, as land or water, clearings or forests appear, new with every cloud of fog, and different in different seasons.

The Man in the Moon has thus not only his watch and his almanac daily before him in the ever-changing face of the earth, but he may, for all we know, have maps of our globe which many a geographer would envy on account of their fulness and accuracy. Long before Columbus discovered America, and Cook New Holland, our lunar neighbor knew most correctly the form and the outlines of the new continents. There was no new world for him, and there is none left. He could tell us the secrets of the interior of Africa, and reveal to us the fearful mysteries of the Polar Seas. But how he on his side must marvel at our vast fields of snow, our volcanoes and tropical storms and tempests—he who knows neither fire, nor snow, nor clouds! What strange fables he may have invented to explain the shadows of our clouds, as they chase each other over sea and land, and hide from him in an instant the sun-lit landscape! And stranger still, on the side of the moon which is turned from the earth, he knows nothing at all about us, unless news reach him from the happier side. Or he may undertake—the great event of his life—a long and painful journey to the bright side of his globe, to stare at the wondrously brilliant earth with its unceasing changes of lights and shadows. Who knows what earnest prayers may rise from the moon, full of thanks for the floods of light and heat we pour upon them, or of ardent wishes that their souls might hereafter be allowed to dwell in the bright homes of the beauteous earth-star.—*Patan's Magazine.*

WINCHELL, the humorist, tells a story of a dog, who undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. He fell a victim to his ambition. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump a well in two jumps.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The present eruption of this Volcano, is the most extensive which has occurred for years. The following account furnished by an eye-witness, will be read with interest.

NAPLES, May 10, 1855.

The lava having now advanced ten miles from its source, is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed, which looks like a red sea in an undulating state. In the very centre of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red hot stones.

On the morning of the 7th, crater, at the very summit, fired as it were, two heavy cannonades; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone there have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Gavello as far as the Minerva. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, resembling gigantic exhibitions of fire-works. The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on at the summit.

There are reports of an opening of another Pompeii which is not unlikely, and of another towards Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of the most stirring interest, after an interval of two days. The whole length of this unusually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines, that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination. As we approached the menaced neighborhood, the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on the bridge in the middle of the township of Cercolo (through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of these mountain rivers so well known in Italy,) stood a company of sappers.

Creeping under this solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers, raising mounds on either side, to keep the lava in a straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massa di Somma were now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one, thirty poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for, as one says, speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but it was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the king and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, cracking and grinding and grating; and when, from the very face of it, a lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace, when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forward with long poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they imbedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power, without an effort sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a wall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the wintry floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards perhaps. Gradually it rose in height, and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again, till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain slow majesty. At first a few small lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scoria. Then it moved once more in its silent regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were out of completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us, and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with the pick and axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge. "Run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterwards went the whole fabric. In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of Sebastia no, Massa di Somma, Pollena, which stand on either side, and have as yet suffered partially. Cercolo, through which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

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The expectation is that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down to the Ponte Maddaloni, and into the sea—So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

WETTING BRICKS.

As it is important that every one engaged in building should be well informed in regard to the durability of materials, we publish the following from an exchange paper:

Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if they are aware of it, they do not practise it; for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet brick are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick, built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar from it is like so much sand.—*Scientific American.*

A SPECIMEN OF "HUMAN NATURE."

Last week while a man employed at the sewerage works at Halifax, was being rapidly wound up out of a deep hole, after having lit the fuse of a blast, the rope, owing to the carelessness of parties at the top, was suffered to drop back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger, and the sudden view of almost certain death, fell on his knees, uttering accents of prayer. A thought struck him, however, he seized the burning fuse and pulling it out of the hole, saved his life. And then—alas, for his penitence! he commenced swearing at the men at the wheel for having let him slip.

Mrs. GEORGE KELLER, who resided near Churchville, Augusta county, Va., was riding on horseback last Tuesday week and smoking a pipe, when her clothes took fire, and she burnt to death. The Staunton *Vindicator* states that her cries were heard at the house where she had stopped to light her pipe, but before assistance arrived she was dead.

Do good to all men, and women too.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

One of the principal causes, if not the cause, of the attenuated and pallid appearance of Americans, is doubtless the neglect, or rather the violation—the habitual violation of the rules laid down by Nature for muscular development. The class of men in this country whose occupations are such as almost necessarily lead to the formation of sedentary habits is very large, larger perhaps in proportion than that of any other commercial nation. And this will account in a measure for the fact that the various complaints, generally the concomitants of insufficient physical exercise, are more prevalent here than elsewhere. Our young men being thus confined to the narrow limits of a counting-room at a time of life when the open air and constant motion of the body are indispensable, it is not surprising that they should be in their manhood so sadly deficient in muscular vigor, and exhibit so little of the athletic development that is looked for in the sterner sex. With many such their lot is their fate, or is imposed as a necessity from which there is no escape, and for these there is some excuse for the loss of health and life. But what shall be said of those who make no effort to ameliorate their condition, or of that still more culpable class, who from mere indolence suffer their bodies to waste away, to sink into premature old age—actually paying a premium for crooked spines, humped backs, round shoulders, attenuated limbs and drooping head! Such persons are guilty of a species of suicide which, inasmuch as it is more deliberate, may be equally if not more criminal than when the "brittle thread" is severed in an instant by the victim of misfortune or delirium.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

The Albany *Kickerbocker* thus hits off the modern fashion of dressing children: "Butchers usually kill their victims before dressing them. Mothers frequently dress before killing them. We noticed an innocent little girl of about five years, in the streets yesterday, dressed and pinched within an inch of her life. For health and comfort; she might about as well have been in the embrace of a young anaconda. But then, though the pattern was scant, it was a love of a pattern, and the little creature wore a butterfly's wing upon her head, and of course it was all right, and she was a darling. How could one manage to have a game of romps, do you think, with such an anatomy of silk, lace and ribbons? Any might as well attempt to romp with a fancy show case. They have passed a law, and a very good one it is, to protect quails. We want another—a law to protect children. If they are afraid the race of quails will be destroyed, what are we to say of children? Why, there are places in this land of ours, where one can see five hundred epitomes of humanity, without seeing a single specimen of an old-fashioned, red-checked, check-aproned child."

A HEN NURSING KITTENS.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, tells the following story of a Shanghai hen nursing kittens: "Upon entering my fowl house some little time since, I discovered a cat comfortably ensconced in one of the nests, where she had three kittens, as pleased and comfortably as any young feline mother might be. A day or two ago, hearing a great mewing within, I opened the door, and found that an old Shanghai hen, well in the mood of setting, had abandoned the nest with eggs, and taken possession of the kitten nest, much to the discomfort of Tom and Tabby, junior, for they could not be made as comfortable under the foster-mother as by the side of the legitimate mother. The old cat in the meantime was sunning herself at the door, apparently satisfied with the new nurse. Last night the old hen left her charge for the nest eggs, but this morning I found her again in possession of the kittens, having again abandoned the nest with eggs."

EDITORIAL WRITING.—Any one who has had to do with the press, is aware that articles in newspapers are of two kinds, namely, those which are written for a purpose not avowed, and those which are written spontaneously, from the impulse and convictions of the writer's own mind. And any one who has written articles of both descriptions is aware, further, that a man who is writing with perfect sincerity, writing with a pure desire to move, interest or convince, writes better, than when the necessities of his vocation compel him to grind the axe for a party or an individual. There is more or less of axe-grinding done in every newspaper office in the world, and a perfectly independent newspaper never existed. But when a man writes with perfect freedom, then, and only then, he writes his best.—*Life of Horace Greeley.*

THE TREASURE TROVE.

Mr. William Willis, of Portland, has furnished to the *State of Maine* a lengthy and detailed account of the gold and silver coins which were discovered buried in the earth on Richmond's Island, off Cape Elizabeth, a few days since, and of the probable time and manner of the deposit. He says that they were discovered by Hanscom, the occupant of the Island, who in plowing turned up a circular iron pot, which appeared to be full of earth. Being thrown one side, it was picked up by a son of Mr. Hanscom, who began to scoop out its contents, and was astonished to find that the earth covered gold and silver coins, to the standard value of one hundred dollars, all regularly arranged upon the bottom, the gold coins upon one side, and the silver upon the other, with a gold signet ring in the centre. The oldest of the coins were silver shillings, sixpences, groats and half groats, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, bearing upon their face the head of the Queen, crowned, with an appropriate inscription. The other coins bore dates corresponding to the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Mr. Willis expresses the opinion that they were buried there in about the year 1631, by a man named Bagnall, who resided on the Island, carrying on a profitable trade with the Indians, and who was murdered by them in the autumn of that year. They probably were buried either by him, by his servant or by some of the Indians of his time.

EXCHANGING WIVES.

A late number of the *Eastern Clarion*, published at Paudling, Miss., gives an account of a swap negotiated in that vicinity by two of its subscribers, and vouches for the truth of the story. The chattles which exchanged owners were nothing less the wives of the parties, who were on the eve of emigrating, as they eventually did—the one to Alabama and the other to Texas. The *Clarion* refrains from giving the real names of the faithless Benedictos, and calls them "Obediah and Dick," but records the circumstances of the transaction—how they went into the woods, sat down on a log, and entered upon the business; how they came near spoiling the trade because Obe's wife was a "younger critter by a dozen years"; and how, after much chaffering, the difference was finally equalized by the generous proposal of Dick to give in the way of boot, "a cow and a calf, two goats, an old gun, and an ox-bell." The respective children of the two mothers remained with their respective fathers, and with their strangely acquired step-mothers followed them to the States of their adoption.

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN AT AN EARLY AGE.—An American gentleman writes from Nice, Italy, that during the last season, while Mr. Van Buren was in that city, hearing that earthquakes were formerly prevalent in that part of the country, but no shock had been felt for a number of years, told his Italian host that for the rarity and novelty of it, he would like to have a "small shake" happen while he was there. Sure enough, in a few weeks thereafter, in the dead of night, the whole city and mountains commenced rocking, and the inhabitants, in the greatest consternation, fled to the streets. Among others in the park, which is near the hotel, was Mr. Van Buren, in primitive costume and in a high state of excitement. The ex-President and the citizens passed the balance of the night in the streets, and he was perfectly satisfied with the "small shake."

RUSSIAN LOSSES.—The Marquis of Lansdown stated in the House of Lords, during a recent debate, that he knew from authentic sources, that just previous to the death of the Emperor Nicholas, the official report of the Russian losses, since the war began, showed the loss of one hundred and seventy thousand men; and that since that report was made, the Russians had lost seventy thousand more, making a total of two hundred and forty thousand.

HUSBAND ESCAPED.—Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, informs the *Detroit Advertiser*, that her husband, James Wheeler, left her when at Toronto, in April last, promising to return in a few hours. He has not yet made his appearance. He is a shoemaker by trade, and is probably in Ohio. His wife is anxious to find him. Such a husband is not worth worrying about, and Mrs. W. had better let him stay away, if he pretends to—*Cleve. Her.*

The *Village Record*, West Chester, Pa., says, the Almond tree will grow in this latitude, and though the seasons are short, that the hard shelled nuts will mature, ordinarily. A tree is at this time growing in that town, and it is literally groaning with its burthen of green fruit, and if the season is favorable it will produce bushels. The tree is now several years old, and at least twenty feet high.