

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

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NIGHT, OH, THE NIGHT FOR ME!

BY J. S. DU SOLLE.

I love not the care-footed hours
Of day, though they be beautiful;
For night with its dew-drinking flowers,
Is lovelier far to me.
The earth is then hushed in its gladness,
And nigh, like a wild bird, goes free;
It hath no room in it for sadness—
So night, oh, the night for me!
The sunlight hath too much of brightness;
Its shadows too deeply are thrown;
Damp'ning the heart's timid lightness,
And dimming its musical tone.
The day is for toil and for reason,
For wickedness wide as the sea;
But night is love's own gifted season,
So night, oh, the night for me!

From Hood's Magazine.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE. A SCENE IN MADRID.

In an inner room of his counting-house, which occupied a wing of his splendid mansion in the Calle Alcalá, sat Don José Solano, one of the richest bankers in Madrid, ruminating with much self complacency upon the profitable results of a recent speculation. He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of one of his clerks ushering in a stranger, who brought a letter of introduction from a banker at Mexico, with whom Don José had had occasional transactions. The letter stated that the bearer, the Count de Valleja, was of a highly respected family of Mexican nobility, that he was desirous of visiting Europe, and more especially the country of his ancestors, Spain; and it then went on to recommend him in the strongest terms to the Madrid banker, as one whose intimacy and friendship could not fail to be sought after by all who became acquainted with his many excellent and agreeable qualities.

The appearance of the count seemed to justify, as far as appearance can do, the high terms in which he was spoken of in his letter. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, dark complexioned, with a high, clear forehead, short, curling hair, an intelligent and regular countenance, and a smile of singular beauty and fascination. His eyes were the only feature which could be pronounced otherwise than extremely pleasing; although large, black, and lustrous, they had a certain fixity and hardness of expression that produced an unpleasant impression upon the beholder, and would, perhaps, have been more disagreeable, had not the mellow tones of the count's voice, and his suavity and polish of manner, served in a great measure to counteract the effect of this peculiarity.

Doing due honor to the strong recommendation of his esteemed correspondent, Don José welcomed the young Count with the utmost hospitality; insisted on taking possession of him for the whole of the day, and, without allowing him to return to his hotel, dragged him into the house, presented him to his son and daughter, and charged them to use their utmost exertions to entertain their guest, while he himself returned to his occupations till dinner-time. At one o'clock the old banker retired to the sala, where he found Rafael and Mariquita Solano listening with avidity to the agreeable conversation of the count, who, in his rich and characteristic Mexican Spanish, was giving them the most interesting details concerning the country he had recently left. The magnificence of the Mexican scenery, the peculiarities of the Indian races, the gorgeous vegetation and strange animals of the tropics, formed the subjects of his discourse, not a little interesting to a young man of three-and-twenty, and a girl of eighteen, who had never as yet been fifty leagues away from Madrid. Nor had the stranger's conversation less charms for the old banker. Valleja had been at the Havana; was acquainted with scenes, if not with persons, with which were associated some of Don José's most agreeable reminiscences; scenes that he had visited in the days of his youth, when he laid the foundation of his princely fortune. To be brief: the agreeable manner and conversation of the count so won upon father, son, and daughter, that when at nightfall he rose to take his leave, the banker put his house at his disposal, and followed up what is usually a mere verbal compliment, by insisting upon Valleja's taking up his abode with him during his stay in Madrid. Valleja raised many difficulties on the score of the inconvenience or trouble he might occasion; but they were all overruled, and the contest of politeness terminated in the count's accepting the hospitality thus cordially pressed upon him. The very next day he was installed in a splendid apartment in the house of Don José.

Several days, even weeks elapsed, during which Valleja continued to be the inmate of the Casa Solano. He appeared very well pleased with his quarters, and on the other hand, his hosts found no reason to regret the hospitality shown him. He soon became the spoiled child of the family; Don José could not make a meal without Valleja was there to chat with him about the Havana. Rafael was the inseparable companion of his walks, rides, and out door diversions; while the blooming Mariquita never seemed so happy as when the handsome Mexican was seated beside her embowered frame conversing with her in his low soft tones, or singing, to the accompaniment of her guitar,

some of wild melodies of his native country. Indeed, so marked were the count's attention to the young girl, and so favorably did she receive them, that more than one officious or well-meaning friend hinted to Don José the propriety of instituting some inquiry into the circumstances and antecedents of a man, who it seemed not improbable might eventually aspire to become his son-in-law. But the banker's prepossession in favor of Valleja was so strong that he gave little heed to these hints, contenting himself with writing to his correspondent at Mexico, expressing the pleasure he had had in making the count's acquaintance, and receiving him as an inmate to his house; but without asking for any information concerning him. In fact the letter Valleja had brought was such as to render any further inquiry nearly superfluous. It mentioned the count as of a noble and respected family, and credited him to the amount of ten thousand dollars, a sum of sufficient importance to make it presumable that his means were ample.

Before Valleja had been three days at Madrid he had obtained his *entree* to a house at which a number of idlers and fashionables were in the habit of meeting to play *monte*, the game of all others most fascinating to Spaniards. Thither he used to repair each afternoon accompanied by Rafael Solano, and there he soon made himself remarked by his judgment in play, and by the cool indifference with which he lost and won very considerable sums. For some time he was exceedingly successful. Every stake he put down doubled itself; he seemed to play with charmed money; and the bankers trembled when they saw him approach the table, and after a glance at the state of the game, place a pile of golden ounces on a card, which almost invariably won the very next moment. This lasted several days, and he began to be considered invincible, when suddenly his good fortune departed him, and he lost as fast, or faster, than he had previously won; so that after a fortnight of incessant bad luck, it was estimated by certain old gamblers who had taken an interest in watching his proceedings, that he had lost not only all his winnings, but a very considerable sum in addition. Rafael, who rarely played, and then only for small stakes, urged his friend to discontinue a game which he found so losing; but Valleja laughed at his remonstrances, and treated his losses as trifling ones, which a single day's good fortune might retrieve. Gambling is scarcely looked upon as a vice in Spain, and young Solano saw nothing unusual or blameable in the count's indulging in his afternoon *jeugo*, or his losing his money if it so pleased him, and if he thought an hour or two's excitement worth the large sums which it usually cost him. Indeed, the circumstance of their visits to the gaming room appeared to him so unimportant, that it never occurred to him to mention it to his father or sister; and they, on their part, never dreamed of enquiring in what way the young man passed the few hours of the day during which they absented themselves from their society.

The monte-table which Valleja was in the habit of frequenting was situated on the third floor of a narrow street leading out of the Calle Alcalá, within two or three hundred yards of the Casa Solano. Amongst the persons to be met there were many of the richest and highest in Madrid; generals and ministers, counts and marquises, and even grandees of Spain were in the habit of repairing thither to while away the long winter evenings, or the sultriness of the summer days; and the play was proportionate to the high rank and great opulence of most of the players. The bank was held, as is customary in Spain, by the person who offered to put in the largest sum, the keeper of the room being remunerated by a certain tax upon the cards; a tax which, in this instance, was a heavy one, in order to compensate for the luxury displayed in the decoration and arrangements of the establishment. The three rooms were fitted up in the most costly manner; the walls lined with magnificent pier glasses; the floor covered in winter with rich carpets and in summer with the finest Indian matting; the furniture was of the newest French fashion. Splendid chandeliers hung from the ceiling; musical clocks stood upon the side tables; the ball balconies were filled with the rarest exotics and flowering plants. Two of the rooms were devoted to play; in the third, ices and refreshments awaited the parched throats of the feverish gamblers.

On a scorching June afternoon, about a month after Valleja arrived at Madrid, the Mexican and Rafael left Don José's dwelling, and bent their steps in the usual direction. While ascending the well-worn stairs of the gaming-house, young Solano could not forbear addressing a remonstrance to his friend on the subject of his losses. Although the count's perfect command over himself and his countenance, made it very difficult for so young and inexperienced a man as Rafael to judge of what was passing in his mind, tholatter, nevertheless, fancied that for three or four days past there had been a change in his demeanor denoting uneasiness and anxiety. It was not that he was duller or more silent; on the contrary, his conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant and varied, his laugh louder and more frequent, than usual, but there was a hollowness in the laugh, and a more strained tone in the conversation, as if he were compelling himself to be gay in order to drive away painful thoughts—intoxicating himself with many words and forced merriment. Rafael attributed this to the annoyance caused by his heavy losses, and now urged him to discontinue his visits to the monte-table, at least for a time, or until his luck became better. The count met the suggestion with a smile.

"My dear Rafael," cried he gaily, "you surely do not suppose that the loss of a few hundred miserable ounces would be sufficient to annoy me for a moment. As to abandoning play, we should be puzled to pass the idle hour or two following the siesta. Besides that, it amuses me. But do not make yourself uneasy. I shall do myself no harm; and, moreover, I intend this very day to win back all my losses. I feel in the vein."
"I heartily hope you may do as you intend," said Rafael, laughing, quite reassured by his friend's careless manner; and, as he uttered the words, the

count pushed open the door, and they entered the monte-room.

The game was already in full activity, and the play very high; the tablestrewn with the showy Spanish cards, on which, instead of the spades and diamonds familiar to most European cardplayers, suns and vases, sabres and horses were depicted in various and brilliant colors. An officer of the royal guard, and a dry, snuffy old marquis, held the bank, which had been very successful. Large piles of ounces and of four and eight dollar pieces were on the green cloth before them, as well as a roll of paper nearly treble the value of the specie. Twenty and thirty players were congregated round the table, while a few unfortunates, whose pockets had already been emptied, were solacing themselves with their cigars, and occasionally indulging in snuff or impatient stamp of the foot when they saw a card come up which they would certainly have backed—had they had money so to do. Two or three idlers were sitting on the low sills of the long French windows, reading newspapers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers—protected from the reflected glare of the opposite houses, on which the sun was darting its rays, by awnings of striped linen that fell from above the windows, and hung over the outside of the small semi-circular balconies.

After standing for a few minutes at the table, and staking a doubloon, which he instantly lost, Rafael Solano took up a paper and threw himself into an arm chair, while Valleja remained watching with keen attention the various fluctuations of the card. For some time he did not join the game, rather to the astonishment of the other players, who were accustomed to see him stake his money, as soon as he entered the room, with an unhesitating boldness and confidence. Half an hour passed in this manner, and the presence of Valleja was beginning to be forgotten, when he suddenly threw a heavy rouleau of gold from his pocket and placed it upon a card. The game went on; Valleja lost, and with his usual sang froid saw his stake thrown into the bank. Another followed, and a third, and a fourth. In four coups he had lost three thousand dollars. Still not a sign of excitement or discomposure appeared upon the handsome countenance of the Mexican; only an officer who was standing by him observed, that a pack of the Spanish cards, which he had been holding in his hands, fell to the ground, torn completely in half by a violent wrench.

The four high stakes so boldly played and so rapidly lost, riveted the observation of the gamblers upon Valleja's proceedings. Every body crowded round the table, and even the slight buzz of conversation that had before been heard, totally ceased. His attention attracted by his sudden stillness, Rafael rose from his chair and joined his friend. A glance at the increased wealth of the bank, and the eagerness with which all seemed to be awaiting Valleja's movements, made him conjecture what had occurred.

"You have lost," said he to the count, "and heavily, I fear. Come, that will do for to-day. Let us go."

"Psha!" replied the Mexican, "a mere trifle, which you shall see me win back." And then turning to the banker, who was just commencing a deal,

"Copo," said he, "the king against the ace."
For the uninitiated in the mysteries of monte, it may be necessary to state, that by uttering these words Valleja bound himself, if an ace came up before a king, to pay an equal amount to that in the bank, as well as all the winnings of those who had backed the ace. If, on the other hand, the king won, the whole capital of the bank was his, as well as the stakes of those who bet against him.

There was a general murmur of astonishment. The bank was the largest that had been seen in that room since a certain memorable night, when Ferdinand himself, being out upon one of his nocturnal frolics in which he so much delighted, had come up in disguise with an officer of his household, and had lost a sum that had greatly advantaged the bankers, and sorely diminished the contents of his Catholic Majesty's private purse. There were at least thirty thousand dollars on the table in gold and paper; and besides that, scarcely had the Mexican uttered the name of the card he favored, when, on the strength of his ill luck, some of the players put down nearly as much more against it. The two bankers looked at each other; the guard-man shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. Both movements were so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but they were, nevertheless, excellently well observed and understood by his partner, the high-dried old Marquis, sitting opposite to him, who laid the pack of cards upon the table, their face to the cloth, and after placing a piece of money on them to prevent their being disturbed by any chance puff of wind, opened his gold box, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. Having done this with much deliberation, he let his hands fall upon his knees, and lent back to his chair with a countenance expressive of inexhaustible patience. The players waited for nearly a minute, but then began to grow impatient of delay. At the first question put to the Marquis, as to its motive, he waived his hand towards Valleja.

"I am waiting for the Senor Conde," said he.
"For me?" replied Valleja. "It is unnecessary."

"There were about twenty thousand dollars in the bank," said the Marquis, leaning forward, and affecting to count the rouleaus lying before him, and some eight thousand staked by these gentlemen. Will your Senoria be pleased to place a similar sum upon the table?"
Several of the gamblers exchanged significant glances and half smiles. The rule of the game required the player who endeavored, as Valleja was doing, to annihilate the bank at one fell swoop, to produce a sum equal to that which he had a chance of carrying off. At the same time, in societies like this one, where the players were all more or less, known to each other,—all men of rank, name and fortune,—it was not usual to play this sort of decisive coup upon parole, and if lost, the money was invariably forthcoming the same day.
Valleja smiled bitterly.

"I thought I had been sufficiently known here," said he, "to be admitted to the same privilege as other players. Rafael," he added, turning to his friend and handing him a key, "your father's ten thousand have melted, but I have a packet of notes and considerable securities to considerably more than the needful amount, in the brass bound box in my apartment; will you have the kindness to fetch them for me? I do not wish to interrupt my observations of the game."

"With pleasure," replied Rafael, taking the key, and eager to oblige his friend.

"And, perhaps," continued Valleja, smiling and detaining him as he was about to hasten out of the room—"perhaps you will not object to tell these gentlemen that until you return with the money, they may take Louis Valleja's word for the sum he wishes to play."

"Most assuredly, I will," answered the young man hastily, "and I am only sorry that the Senor Marquis should have thought it advisable to put any thing resembling a slight upon a friend of mine and my father's. Gentlemen," he continued to the bankers, "I offer you my guaranty for the sum Count Valleja is about to play."

The old Marquis bowed his head.
"That is quite sufficient, Don Rafael," said he. "I have the honor of knowing you perfectly well. His Senoria, the Count Valleja, is only known to me as Count Valleja, and I am certain that, on reflection, neither he nor you will blame me for acting as I do, when so heavy a sum is at stake."

Don Rafael left the room. The formal Marquis removed the piece of money from off the pack, and took up the cards with as much dry indifference as if he were no way concerned in the result of the important game that was about to be played. Valleja sauntered to the window, humming a tune between his teeth, and, stepping out, pushed the awning a little aside, and leaned over the balcony.

The banker began to draw the cards, one after the other slowly and deliberately. Nearly half the pack was dealt out without a king or an ace appearing. The players and lookers on were breathless with anxiety; the fall of a pin would have been audible; the tune which the count continued to hum from his station on the balcony, was heard in the stillness that reigned, as distinctly as if it had been thundered out by a whole orchestra. Another card, and another, were drawn, and then—the decisive one appeared.—The silence was immediately changed for a tumult of voices and exclamations.

"Que es eso!" said Valleja, turning half round, and smiling as he spoke at a superb flower, which he had just plucked from the balcony. "What's the matter?"

"The ace—" said the person nearest the window, who then paused and hesitated.

"Well!" said Valleja with a sneer, "the ace—what then? It has won I suppose?"

"It has won."

"My bien! It was to be expected it would, since I went on the king." And turning round again, he resumed his tune and his gaze into the street.

"Ha de ser rico," said the Spaniard to another of the players. "He must be rich. It would be difficult to take the loss of thirty thousand dollars more coolly than that."

Five minutes elapsed, during which the bankers were busy counting out their bank, in order to see the exact sum due to them by the unfortunate loser. When the jingle of money and rustle of paper ceased, Valleja looked round for the second time.

"How much is there, Senores?" cried he.

"Thirty thousand-four hundred and thirty dollars lost, Senor Conde," replied the old Marquis, with a bow of profound respect for one who could bear such a loss with such admirable indifference.

"Very good," was the Count's answer, "and here comes the man who will pay it you."

Accordingly, the next minute a hasty step was heard upon the stairs. All eyes were turned to the door, which opened, and Rafael Solano entered.

"Where is the Count?" exclaimed he, in a hurried voice and with a discomposed countenance.

Again every head was turned towards the window, but the Count had disappeared. At the same moment, from the street below, which was a quiet and unfrequented one, there arose an unusual uproar and noise of voices. The monte players rushed to the windows, and saw several persons collected round a man whom they were raising from the ground. His skull was slightly fractured and the pavement around sprinkled with his blood. Rafael and some others hurried down; but before they reached the street, Count Louis Valleja had expired. The gambler's last stake had been his life.

When young Solano reached his father's house, and, repairing to his father's apartment, opened the desk of which Valleja had given him the key, he found that it contained neither notes nor any thing else of value, but merely a few worthless papers. Astonished at this, and in spite of his prepossession in favor of the Count, feeling his suspicions a little roused by what he could hardly consider an oversight, he hurried back to the monte room, where his arrival served as the signal for the catastrophe that had been related.

The same evening the amount lost was paid by Rafael Solano into the hands of the winners. The following day, the body of the Count was privately interred.

After the lapse of a few weeks there came a letter from Mexico, in reply to the one which Don José Solano had written to announce the arrival of Valleja. His Mexican correspondent wrote in all haste, anxious, if still possible to preserve Don José from becoming the dupe of a swindler. The Conde de Valleja, he said, was the last and unworthy scion of a noble and once respectable family. From his early youth he had made himself remarkable, as well for the vices of his character as for the skill with which he concealed them under a mask of agreeable accomplishments, and fascinating manners. His father, dying shortly after he became of age, had left him the uncontrol-

led master of his fortune, which he speedily squandered; and when it was gone he lived for some time by the exercise of his wits, and by preying on all who were sufficiently credulous to confide in him. At length, having exhausted every resource—when no man of honor would speak to him, and no usurer lend him a maravedi at any rate of interest—he had, by an unworthy artifice, duped the very last person who took any interest in him, out of a few hundred dollars, and taken ship at Vera Cruz for Europe.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter of credit was a forgery.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. PROSPECTIVE GRANDEUR OF AMERICA.

THE future population, strength and resources of this country have been subjects of speculation with statisticians and poets. Calculation and rhapsody have not been wanting to determine or foreshadow its destiny. But neither the one nor the other, as far as we have seen, has adequately compassed the prospective grandeur of America. The calculations have fallen short of what might be anticipated; and the prophetic imaginings have been too vague to convey any definite impressions of absolute results. This, however, is a question which statistics can exemplify, and in such a manner as to render a prospective fact more brilliant and marvelous than the widest range which imagination has taken in regard to it. We shall endeavor to explain our views on this subject, confining ourselves to rigid calculations and fair deductions.

In the increase of population in this country, two things are remarkable: its rapidity, and its uniformity. Nearly a century ago, Franklin stated that population nearly doubled itself once within every twenty-five years. The process of reduplication has been going on ever since; and, according to the last census, it appears that it is now doubled in about every twenty-two years. This is an important fact, and renders the calculation of the population for future exact periods, a thing of clear certainty. Where a population has doubled itself so rapidly for such a length of time, it is evidence of the working of a principle. It ceases to be accidental, and hence uncertain in its nature. The population of France has doubled itself within a hundred and twenty years, and that of England in sixty. Either period is long in itself, and the anterior periods required for the reduplication of the population of each of these countries so uncertain, that a satisfactory statement of their future increase of population may hardly be afforded. But, for the reasons we have stated, no such impediment to reasonable calculation on the subject applies to this country.

The results of continuing the calculation of the increase of population in this country, in geometrical ratio, are so vast, and of so distant a period, that it would seem safe and prudent not to venture stating them exactly. It would appear that Chancellor Kent must have been under the influence of this sober feeling when he spoke of their being three hundred millions of people in it in the course of ages. So far from many ages being required for this, the child is now born in this country who will see in it a population of more than three hundred millions. It may be argued that population here ceases to double itself at its present ratio, when it reaches a high point—suppose one hundred millions. But this consideration is of no avail; for if we look at the means of the increment of population, we shall find that it goes beyond numbers, the Malthusian theory to the contrary notwithstanding. Two things establish the augmentation of population, a liberal form of government and national integrity being always secured. These things are improving agriculture and mechanics. Now it is ascertained that agriculture has just begun to improve. It is a fact not less memorable than disgraceful, that agriculture has remained stationary from the age of Augustus Caesar almost to our own immediate time. Eighteen hundred years had not mended its rules or practice. Any one who will read Virgil's *Georgics* and compare it with ordinary farming practice will satisfy himself of this. Though gunpowder and inquisitorial tortures, heraldry and alchemy, cruelties and follies, occupied men's minds; though printing had been long discovered, and society had taken a civilized character, yet, strange to say, the fundamental art, the great necessity, the support of life, the production of food, was left rude as antiquity had known it. Had agriculture been as glorious as war, it would long since have fructified the four continents. But this great art is now rendered susceptible of indefinite improvement. Chemistry, the creation of a few years, analyzes soils and their productions—their distinct characters and mutual adaptabilities. With a beauty and certainty that exhaust admiration, it places agriculture beyond the evils of ignorance and waste, and displays a sublime economy in its operations. Machinery, with ingenious forms and thundering process, comes to supersede or fortify human hands. These united agencies will give to the science and practice of agriculture a magnificent scope and effect, a perennial power of life sustenance, that surpass alike the bounds of sober consideration, or rhapsodical fervor. The genius of mechanics, which has been started into new proportions by the liberal touch of the age, whose stature literally reaches to the clouds, has, independently, the second great effect on national destiny. Like the whirling spheres, it multiplies forms infinite in numbers and beauties. It begins with necessity and ends with luxury; it embraces every ministrations to bodily comfort, every artifice to extend spiritual cultivation. These two great forces, which have just had their new birth, are in the hands of posterity for development.

From an English Periodical. HORRORS OF WAR.

Nobody sees a battle. The soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officers are too anxious about what they are specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present every where, and see every wood, watercourse or ravine in which his orders are carried into execution. He learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committed—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eyes and tongue holling out, plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, calling upon the brains of his best loving comrade as spattering over him. The battlefield is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the field, garden and homestead of man unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit trees bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scene over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackening ruins of their homes, to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and gardens, and think of famine and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

sary for us to anticipate; and whose difficulties it will be competent for our enlightened successors in the world's business to manage. The great science of the wealth of nations, as discovered by Adam Smith, being developed abroad, will react on the prosperity of this country, accelerating its ratio of production, and consequently of increase of population. Immigration, which, up to this time has merited consideration in these calculations, for the future need not be minded, the doubling process being so vast in its results as to diminish the force of such influence.

If, then, it be allowed that population will go on to double itself for many years, as we have endeavored to show, it will produce much greater results than are anticipated.

The population in the United States was, in 1840, 17,000,000; in 1862 it will be 36,000,000; in 1884, 73,000,000; in 1895, 152,000,000; in 1928, 305,000,000; in 1950, 616,000,000; in 1995, 1,200,000,000.

It is not necessary to extend this calculation.—We have not yet ascertained the limits of this country; we do not know its resources in all the arts which contribute to the support of life. But with such a population, all national and municipal efforts and achievements would be of corresponding extent. Cities, whose grandeur and glory defy parallel, will be spread over it. Design, aided by intellect and wealth, fortified by every conceivable means, and working for the highest ends of communities, will take the place of accident poverty or ignorance, which now rule.—Magnificence and economy of plan, rapidity of creation, immensity of detail and aggregated splendor of multifarious combination, will mark public or municipal works. Millions of men, with hearts bent on some good and great purpose, can at once be concentrated. Aided by incalculable riches, enthusiastic efforts, and the assurance of experience, they may set our precedents at defiance in the same way we set at defiance those of the first settlers. The wonderful silver lamp of the necromancer is but an allegory of the power of riches commanding great agents. The work of a century now can in the future be thrown into a few years. Great capitals and their tributaries can then be reared by force, rapidly and certainly. A greater than ancient Rome, which took seven hundred years to build, can, say, will be built in seven years. All sense and work being devoted to peace, intercourse, and production, society will be like the swelling ocean tide, casting up pearls on the shore. Its riches and beauties will suppress our circle of present infelicities. We must take the principle of extension; and fearless of its results, we shall solve this problem.

The dogma of distance as it affects the mind, is already annihilated in the magnetic telegraph. An agent which circles the world several times each second is now to be made the common carrier of thought. It neither creates nor pants, breaks down nor explodes, but, like an ethereal spirit, it bears far and wide its immortal message. An empire of twelve hundred millions will be bound in such a chain of love and light.

From an English Periodical. HORRORS OF WAR.

Nobody sees a battle. The soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officers are too anxious about what they are specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present every where, and see every wood, watercourse or ravine in which his orders are carried into execution. He learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committed—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eyes and tongue holling out, plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, calling upon the brains of his best loving comrade as spattering over him. The battlefield is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the field, garden and homestead of man unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit trees bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scene over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackening ruins of their homes, to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and gardens, and think of famine and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.