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be executed with accuracy and neatness.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

On the first day, as he harked to the roar
of the storm and struggling billow.
He drew a beautiful form from the sea of his
shore,
With a stem of the weeping willow.
perch
Jupiter struck with the noble plan.
As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
Breathed on the figure and calling it man,
Endowed it with life and with motion.
A creature so lovely in mind and in form,
So stamped with each parent impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.
"He is mine," said Affliction, "I gave
him his birth."
"I alone am the cause of creation,"
"The materials were furnished by me," an-
swered Earth,
"I gave him," said Jove, "animation."
The Gods all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive sentence on man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition.
"Let Affliction possess her own child," till
the wars
Of life cease to harass and goad it,
After death, give his body to Earth, whence
it rose,
And his spirit to him who gave it."—Sher-
idan.

PRACTICAL UTILITY OF PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology will teach you what occupa-
tions in life will be most suitable for your
children. Parents and guardians often en-
counter mistaken views in regard to their
children. They are solicitous to have their
children excel in some department of busi-
ness. For instance, they desire that one
should be a scholar, another a mechanic, an-
other a merchant, another a farmer, etc.—
And they also desire to see them excel in
these various departments of life. As chil-
dren, when young, do not always exhibit to
view their real talents and abilities, it is ut-
terly impossible for a parent to know with
certainty what occupation will be best ad-
apted to his child's happiness. Hence all
parents should be acquainted with the applica-
tion of Phrenology, which obviates this diffi-
culty. It enables the well-meaning parent to
form a just and correct opinion in reference
to the natural developments of his children.
For example, he observes in one of his sons
a large development of the Mental faculties,
in whose head the organs of Causality,
Comparison, Language, Eventuality, Num-
ber, and Concentrativeness, are unusually
large. An organization of this kind, com-
bined with an active Temperament, is just
the proper organization for a profound schol-
lar. Such a person will shine forth as a
bright star in the republic of letters, and
make rapid advances in literary lore. He
would of course excel as a scholar, but not
as a mechanic, being perhaps deficient as to
mechanical ingenuity. Again, the parent
finds that another son has large Construc-
tiveness, Form, Imagination, Size, and Height—
the precise requisites for a good mechanic.
To such an one the inviting halls of science
present no attractions, having little or no
taste for literature. Hence, he would excel
as a mechanic, but not as a scholar.
Knowledge that assists the parent in train-
ing and educating the young, must indeed
be valuable. The acquirement of such
knowledge should elicit the attention of all
interested in the future welfare of the rising
generation. Phrenology, in conjunction
with the Bible, will be an essential aid in
this laudable and praiseworthy under-
taking—the education of children. Aside
from the volume of inspiration, there is no
science in the world, which will prove so
useful, in this point of view, as that of Phre-
nology.
Miss Susan Nipper says that she feels
called upon to give her corset in favor
of the healing properties of the Risher
Salve. She was spreading a plaster on her
other evening, and the knife slipped in such
a manner as to cut her hand. Unfortunately
there was a little salve on the edge of
the knife and it was healed into the flesh
before she could draw it out.
She applied the plaster to a hole in a flannel
sleeve and in the morning she found
the garment as whole as ever—entirely
healed—not a "brack" in it.
She says she has never tried it upon
other goods, but has no doubt that it will
affect a cure if applied in time. She has
been obliged to darn her stockings since she
purchased a box of the famous Risher Salve.
CORRECTING.—An institution made up of
flues and moonlight—a period that brings
discretion to a full stop, and marks with a
star the morning of our hopes. Counting
converts women into angels, mouths into
honey-comb—while lines are the bees that
keep up the supply. Again we ask,
did you ever hold the head of a blue-eyed
girl?
The annual examination of West Point
Military Academy is now in progress.

THE DISMAYED FISHERMAN, AND THE ENGLISH BRIG-OF-WAR. A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During the difficulties between England
and America previous to the declaration of
Independence, there were continually being
captured by the private armed vessels of the
colonies numerous transports and store ships
of the British, and in many instances, these
vessels were kept up by those who had
captured them, so that our history bears
record of but comparatively few of them.
Some of those exploits were as deep in their
consequence, as those brilliant deeds which
illuminate the names of naval heroes of 1812;
but many of them are still allowed to
be the brain of those who have immediately
descended from the principal actors, and oc-
casionally you may get at one of these hid-
den gems, of '76, through the recollection
of some old yarn spinning fisherman, who
will still his nets and cast his lines where
his father and grandfather did before
him.
It was early in the morning of the 24th
of February, 1776. The air was sharp and
piercing, and a good fresh breeze was set-
tling into the harbor of Portsmouth from
the southward and eastward. Off Geriah Point
lay a fishing schooner of about one hundred
tons burthen, which bore upon the stern the
simple name 'Kate'. Upon her deck stood
two men habited in the rough garbs of Yan-
kee fishermen, one of whom, a powerful
built person of some thirty-five years, was
earnestly engaged in looking through a long
glass, while the other seemed to await the
result of his companion's investigation.
"I tell you, Frank Hardy," said the holder
of the glass, as he lowered it to his side,
"that brig will keep her station out there till
she gets a peep at Tom Sawyer's clipper.
Them cursed Brits must 'ave 'em out there
to catch 'em." "The smart thing's out there
to catch 'em," that's certain, replied Hardy,
"as you younger 'uns wouldn't be layin' off
an' on in that fashion. P'raps she's lookin'
out for some of our fishermen, you know
there was two of 'em went down to New-
York last before yesterday." Again Captain
Saw. Pottin'ill, that was his name—took a
look at the British brig-of-war off the har-
bor, and at length when he lowered his glass,
he turned round to his companion with a
sparkling eye and flushed countenance, and
remarked:
"That's a heavy brig, Frank."
"Yes sir."
"She carries twelve guns."
"And must 'ave twenty or eighty men,"
added Frank.
"As many as that," said Captain Pottin'ill.
And then looking at Hardy with a peculiar
wink he continued:
"I would be a joke if the old Kate should
take that fellow wouldn't it?"
"Kate?" said Hardy looking at his cap-
tain with a doubtful expression, what
Kate?"
"Why, this one to be sure. Our old
schooner. She's the only floating Kate that
I know of."
"Ah, yes—ha, ha, ha—he, he," returned
Frank, feeling in duty bound to laugh at
what he considered witicism.
"But I'm in earnest," said the captain, with
a look that his companion knew meant some-
thing.
"In earnest! Take that brig!" exclaimed
Hardy utterly astonished.
"Yes," quietly responded Pottin'ill, "take
that brig—and I'll can give seventy-five good
fighting men, I'll take her before to-morrow
night, and that, too, by broad daylight."
"Why she's below our old schooner to thun-
der in about ten minutes," said Hardy, ut-
terly assounded as the reckless idea of laying
a clumsy, ungracious fisherman along side of
a British brig-of-war.
"I don't think she would," replied the cap-
tain, "I don't think she would smile play-
fully around his mouth and eyes."
"That brig will stay in those waters till
she gets what she's after, or till she gets
taken in herself, you may depend upon it,
and now I tell you, Hardy, she shan't lay
there forty-eight hours longer. Just you
sally on board her and look out while I pull
ashore and go up to town, and if there's sev-
enty-five men to be found who dare to share
my luck I'll have 'em aboard before night."
Captain Saw. Pottin'ill jumped in his
boat, in less than half an hour he was in
the town of Portsmouth. He looked around
among the hardy tars upon the wharves, and
also among the other robust and daring sons
of New Hampshire, and he raised his de-
sired compliment of men much more easily
than he had expected. There was something
so novel and exciting in the proposed
attempt, and at the same time so glorious in
its success, that they joyfully grasped at the
privilege to being one of the party. Each
man procured a brace of boarding pistols
and a heavy cutlass, and as night began
to obscure the surrounding scenery, seventy-
five men armed well and faithfully pulled
along side the fishing schooner, and climbed
upon her deck.
As soon as it was dark the schooner's an-
chor was hove up, and crawling round the
point, she hugged the coast of Maine, and
ran on down beyond the Neddock, where
she hauled upon the wind and stood towards
Boon Island. The wind still held from the
southward, and passing under the lee of the
Island, Capt. Pottin'ill brought his craft
as near to the wind as possible, and stood on
until two o'clock in the morning, when he
tacked and stood to the southward; so that
at five o'clock the 'Kate' was about thirty
miles dead on the windward of the cruising
ground of the English man.
"Now, boys," said the Yankee captain as
he bove the schooner to, "I'm going to lay
this craft alongside of that English brig.
Will you stand by me?"
"Ay, ay," came from every lip.
"There's 'oural!" exclaimed captain Pot-
tin'ill, "this wind will hold for several hours,
yet, I intend to run down till I get the brig
in sight and then commence operations, and if

do not greatly misjudge, the plot will easily
succeed."
Three men were stationed at the bows
with night glasses, and for over an hour the
schooner watch was kept up, while the scho-
ner ran down under easy sail, till she must
have come within a respectable distance of
the Englishman. Just as a faint streak of
grayish light began to glimmer in the east-
ern horizon, Frank Hardy who was station-
ed on the bowsprit, reported:
"I see the brig, sir."
"Where?" exclaimed the captain, as he
sprang forward to the night-head.
"There, sir," replied Hardy, "right against
the light there to the eastward."
"That's the brig, certainly," said the cap-
tain; and turning to the helm, he laid the
vessel broadside to the wind and then order-
ed some of the men to get out the axes.
The weather shrouded and hazy, and
chopped off fore and aft, and then the men
were attacked with the same intent, and
ere long the two heavy sticks went over
to the leeward, and were soon cleared from
the lee-rigging. The cabin was torn from
its lashings and cast overboard, and ev-
ery thing else that could possibly be supposed
to have offered resistance to a gale, was
treated in the same manner.
"There," exclaimed the captain, as he sur-
veyed the sad wreck, "I guess the English-
man'll take a bait. Now go below, every
man of you except Frank and myself, and
be ready for a spring, and when I stamp
grasp your cutlasses, and start. Be cool,
and come up regularly."
The men were securely stowed away in
the hold, and our two fishermen kept a watch
upon the brig. She was not more than four
miles distant, and as good fortune would
have it, she was standing out from the har-
bor on the starboard tack, so that the line
of her horse was close under the schooner's
bows. The sun was now up, and Cap-
tain Pottin'ill rigged a red flannel shirt up
on an old car, stuck into the stump of the
foremast, and he soon had the satisfaction
to see that his signal of distress was notice-
d by the Englishman's weather bulwarks
were crowded with men who seemed to be
taking a look at the wreck, and she also
came up to the wind till her sails shook,
while her lee braces were hauled as tight as
possible.
The schooner was drifting directly upon
the Englishman, as soon as our two ship-
boarded mariners saw the movement on
board the brig, they both sprang to the
pumps and seemed to be working for dear
life.
"Wreck ahoy!" shouted an officer from
the brig, as the schooner drifted down near
enough to speak.
"Hallo," returned Captain Pottin'ill, as
he left the pumps and wiped the big drops
of perspiration from his brow.
"Where do you belong."
"Wal," returned the Yankee captain, as-
suming the peculiar dialect of 'Down East',
"we belong tew Portland when we are tew
hum."
"How did you get wrecked?" asked the
Englishman, as his main top-sail came to
the mast.
"Wal, yew see we left Portland a week
ago with a load of critters, an' night afore
last we got keched in a gale. It snapped
our sticks off jes like pipe stems an' swept
overboard two of my men, an' half 'o' the
sheep."
"Sheep, did you say Jonathan?" asked
the English officer, while a joyful chuckle
sounded in his throat.
"Yes," replied Captain Pottin'ill, "I've got
'bout fifty on 'em' down in the hold now."
Then turning to Frank Hardy, said in a
low tone:
"There's Bill Buttrick can blast like mad.
Just put your head down the hatchway an'
git 'em in the wink."
In a moment more the ears of the Eng-
lishmen were assailed by the loud beating
of a sheep, and the water actually stood
upon their lips in anticipation of the rich
treat they supposed to be in store for them.
"Stand by to catch a line," shouted the
officer of the brig, "and we'll haul you
alongside. Out with the fenders, fore and
aft."
"Bah-a-a, bah-ab-ha aa," went Bill But-
trick.
"Throw your line," said Capt. Pottin'ill,
as he sprang forward to catch it.
The schooner was now within forty feet
of the brig, and as the line came rattling
about the head of our hero, he seized it,
and having hauled the hower on board, he se-
cured it to the stump of the foremast and
then sang out for them to haul in.
"Now look here, capting, 'I'll save my
sheep, darned if I won't give you four on
'em tew cook for yourself."
"Thank you," returned the Englishman,
with a peculiar wink of the eye, and in-
clination of the head, that seemed to indicate
a desire to come some sort of a joke on the
confiding Yankee.
"I guess we'll 'ave 'em for you."
"An' if you could only jest put me an' my
critters ashore somewhere, yew'd be doin'
me the greatest favor you can imagine."
"We'll see about that when we get you
on board," replied the Englishman. "Lay
aft here, men, and stand to jump on board
this sheep-pen. Fend her off, some of you.
Steady—that's it. Relay that hawser."
The moment she touched, Captain Pot-
tin'ill gave three heavy thumps upon the
hatch, and up from the hold, cabin, and
fore-cabin, poured the well-armed Yankees,
and before the officers of the brig could re-
gain their 'resence of mind, her deck was
swarming with our adventurers. An armed
soul on board the Englishman's was armed,
for all hands had been too busy with the
wreck; and though the arm-chests were
handy, and the masts bristled with piles,
yet so sudden had been the attack that be-
fore they could procure the means of de-
fence they were entirely overpowered; and
as they saw that each of the boarders held a
cocked pistol in his hand, they took the
very wise plan of surrendering at discre-
tion, so they were secured in double irons
with very little trouble, and then very care-
fully placed below.
"I say, captain," quietly remarked Pot-
tin'ill, as the brig's head was turned toward

GLANCES AT EUROPE.

BY MORACE GREELY.

SIGHTS IN LONDON.

London, Friday, May 28, 1851.

I have been much occupied, through the
last fortnight, and shall be for some ten
days, north with the Great Exhibition, in ful-
fillment of the duties of a juror therein.—
The number of Americans here (not exhibi-
tors) who can and will devote the time re-
quired for this service is so small that none
can well be excused; and the fairness evin-
ced by the Royal Commissioners in offering
to place as many foreigners (named by the
commissioners of their respective countries),
as Britons on the several juries well deserves
to be met in a corresponding spirit. I did
not, therefore, feel at liberty to decline the
post of juror, to which I had been assigned
before my arrival, though it involves much
labor and care, and will keep me here some-
what longer than I had intended to stay.—
On the other hand, it has opened to me
sources of information and facilities for ob-
servation which I could not, in a brief visit
to a land of strangers, have otherwise hoped
to enjoy. I spend each secular day at the
Exhibition—generally from 10 to 3 o'clock—
and have my evenings for other pursuits and
thoughts. I propose here to jot down a few
of the notes on London I have made since
the sailing of the last steamship.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I attended Divine worship in this celebra-
ted edifice last Sunday morning. Situated
near the Houses of Parliament, the royal
palaces of Buckingham and St. James, and
in the most aristocratic quarter of the city,
its external appearance is less imposing than
I had expected, and what I saw of its interi-
or did not particularly impress me. Lofly
columns, stained windows, and a barbaric
profusion of carving, gilding, and all man-
ner of costly contrivances, for absorbing
money and labor, made me the impres-
sion of waste rather than taste, seeming to
give form and substance to the orator's simile
of the contortions of the sibyl without her
inspiration. A better acquaintance with the
edifice, or with the principles of architect-
ure, might serve to correct this hasty judg-
ment; but surely Westminster Abbey ought
to afford a place of worship equal in capaci-
ty, fitness and convenience to a modern
church edifice costing \$50,000, and surely
it does not. I think there is no one of the
best churches in New York which is not
superior to the Abbey for this purpose.

I thought myself acquainted with all the
approved renderings of the Episcopal morn-
ing service, but when the clergyman who
officiated at the Abbey began to twang out,
"dearly beloved brethren," &c., in a nasal,
drawing-vent-sound, I was taken completely
aback. It sounded as though some grace-
less Friar Tuck had wormed himself into
the desk and was endeavoring, under pre-
text of reading the service, to caricature as
broadly as possible the alleged peculiarity
of Methodist pulpit enunciation superimposed
upon the regular Yankee drawl. As the
service proceeded, I became more accus-
tomed and more reconciled to this mode of in-
terference, but never enough, so to like it nor
even the responses, which were given in
the same way, but much better. After I
came away, I was informed that this semi-
cant is termed intoning, and is said to be
a revival of an ancient method of rendering
the church service. If such be the fact, I
can only say in my poor judgement the re-
vival was an unwise and unfortunate one.

The service was very long—more than
two hours—the music excellent—the con-
gregation large—the sermon, so far as I
could judge, had nothing bad in it. Yet
there was an eleven century air about the
whole which strengthened my conviction
that the Anglican Church will very soon be
summoned to take her stand distinctly on
the side either of Romanism or of Prot-
estantism, and that the summons will shake not
the Church only, but the Realm to its centre.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In the evening I attended the ragged
school situated in Carter's Field Lane, near
the cattle market in Smithfield, [where John
Rogers was burned at the stake by the Cath-
olics, as Catholics had been burned by the Pro-
testants before him. The names, candid
now exhibit her shame. In less than a
week, he says he expects to see her out-
strip even Fanny Ellsler.]
The more intellectual a man is, the more
he loves nature. There is a charm about
green hills and solitude, as attractive to ge-
nius as it is to yellow birds. We care not
how worldly a man's pursuits may be, if he
has a "scout above buttons," the sight of a
clover field will do him as much good as
it does milk-cans. Although Benham spent a
whole life wrangling about tariffs and trade,
poor laws and penitentiaries, there was no
man more alive to the beauties of a flower.
When oppressed with low spirits or bores,
he would not only send his troubles "to
grass," but would bury his himself. In the
midst of bloom, he'd bury his depression;
and would find in the music of a meadow,
not only the contentment of the lark, but
his joyousness and hilarity. To cure the
blues, one bit of sod is worth all the physi-
cians in the world. Try it.
A western editor thus sums up the pecu-
liarities of a contemporary. He is too lazy
to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one.
He was never generous but once, and that
was when he gave the litch to an apprentice
boy. So much for his goodness of heart.—
Of his industry, he says, the public may
judge the better, when he stated that the on-
ly day he ever worked, was the day he mis-
took a case oil for honey. Complimentary
that.
May, with its light blue weather, bloom-
ing hills and vocal forests, is once more
among us. Now bobolinks feel the tender
passion, and inspired cays-dies serenade
their lady-loves from nodding apple trees.
About these days, white trousers and sen-
sitive superceded blue noses and thick boots.
Buds and blossoms begin to swell—while
all creation takes to love, clover and conu-
lity. Great invention that spring. Well
it is.

oppressors and their natural prey. Of this
large class of vagrants amounting in this city
to thousands, theft and (for the females)
Harlotry, whenever the cost of a loaf of
bread or a night's lodging could be procured
by either, were as matter-of-course resorts
for a livelihood as privatering, campaign-
ing, distilling or (all recently) slave-trading
on Christendom. And the outcast
had ten times the excuse for their moral
blindness and their misdeeds that their well-
fed competitors in iniquity ever had. They
have simply regarded the world as their oys-
ter and tried to open its hard shells as they
best could, not indicating thereby a spe-
cial love of oysters, but a ravenous appetite
for food of some kind. It was oyster or
nothing with them. And in the course of
life thus forced upon them, the males who
survived the period of infancy many have
averaged twenty-five years of wretched de-
based, brutal existence, while the females,
of more delicate frame and subjected to ad-
ditional evils, have usually died much
younger. But the galleys, the charity hos-
pitals, the prisons, the work-houses (refuges
for the healthy and the unconvicted), and
the unopened kennels and hiding-places of
the destitute during the inclement weath-
er, generally saw the early end of them
all by the time that men in better circum-
stances have usually attained their prima.—
And all this has been going on unremit-
ted and almost unnoticed for countless genera-
tions, in the very shadows of hundreds of
church steeples, and in the city which pays
millions of dollars annually for the support
of Gospel ministrations.
The chief impression made on me by the
spectacle here presented was one of intense
sadness and self-reproach. I deeply re-
sented that I had hitherto said too little, done
too little, dared too little, sacrificed too lit-
tle, to awaken attention to the infernal
wrong and abuses which are inherent in
the very structure and constitution, the na-
ture and essence, of civilized society as it
now exists throughout Christendom. O!
what avail are alms-giving, and individual
benevolence, and even the offices of reli-
gion, in the presence of evils so gigantic
and so inwoven with the very framework of
society? There have been here in all re-
cent times charitable men, good men enough
to have saved Sodom, but not enough to save
society from the condemnation of driving
this outcast race before it like sheep to the
slaughter, as its members pressed on in pur-
suit of their several schemes of pleasure,
riches or ambition, looked up to God for His
approbation on their benevolence as they
tossed a penny to some miserable beggar al-
ficer, they had stolen the carm from under his
feet. How long shall this endure?
The school was dismissed, and every one
requested to leave who did not choose to at-
tend the prayer-meeting. No effort was
made to induce any to stay—the contrary
rather. I was surprised to see that three-
fourths (I think) staid; though this was par-
tially explained afterward by the fact that they
had hoped of a night's lodging here and none
elsewhere. That prayer-meeting was the
most impressive and salutary religious ser-
vice I have attended for many years. Four
or five prayers were made by different teach-
ers in succession—all classic, appropriate,
excellent, fervent, affecting. A hymn was
sung before and after each, by the congrega-
tion—and well sung. Brief and cogent ad-
dresses were made by the Superintendent (I
believe) and an American visitor. Then the
school was dismissed, and the pupils who
had tickets permitting them to sleep in the
dormitory below, filed off in regular order
to their several berths. The residue left the
premises. We visitors were next permitted
to go down and see those who staid—of
course only the ladies being allowed to look
into the apartment for women. O the sad-
ness of that sight! There in the men's
room were perhaps a hundred men and boys,
sitting up in their rage in little compartments
of naked boards, each about half-way be-
tween a bread-tray and a hog-trough, which,
planted close to each other, were to be their
resting places for the night, as they had been
for several previous nights. And this is a
very recent and very blessed addition to the
school, made by the munificence of some
noble woman, who gave \$500 expressly to
fit up some kind of a sleeping room, so that
those who had attended the school should not
all be turned out (as a part still necessarily
will) to wander or lie all night in the always
cold, damp streets. There are not many
hogs in America who are not better lodged
than these poor human brethren and sisters,
who now united, at the suggestion of the
Superintendent, in a hymn of praise to God
for all His mercies. Doubtless, many did
so with an eye to the shelter and hope of
food (for each one who is permitted to stay
here has a bath and six ounces of bread al-
lotted him in the morning) yet when con-
trasted this with the more formal and stately
worship I had attended at Westminster Ab-
bey in the morning, the preponderance was
decidedly not in favor of the latter.
It seemed to me a profanation—an insult
heaped on injury—an unjustifiable prying
into the saddest secrets of the great prison-
house of human woe—for us visitors to be
standing here; and though I apologized for
it with a sovereign which grain of sand
will, I am sure, be wisely applied to the miti-
gation of this mountain of misery, I was
yet in haste to be gone. Yet I leaned over
the rail and made some inquiry of a ragged
and forlorn youth of some nineteen or twen-
ty, who sat next us in his trough, waiting
for our departure before he lay down to such
rest as that place could afford him. He re-
plied that he had no parents nor friends who
could help him—had never been taught any
trade—always did any work he could get—
sometimes earned sixpence to a shilling per
day by odd jobs, but could get no work lat-
ely—had no money of course—and had eat
nothing that day but the six ounces of
bread given him in the morning—and had
nothing like the six ounces in prospect between
him and starvation. This hundreds so sit-
uated should unite with seeming fervor in
praise to God thames the more polished de-
votion of the favored and comfortable; and
if these famishing, hopeless outcasts were

to plier every day of their lives (as most of
them did, and perhaps some of them still
I should pity even more than I blamed them.)

VAN AMBURG, THE LION TAME- R.

Van Amburg was born in 1812, at Pishi-
kill, New York State, thirty miles from the
city of that name. He is descended, as
may be indicated by his name, from one of
the original Dutch settlers of that State. At
the age of fifteen, with a fine constitution
and great good temper, he left his native
for New York, where he resided, as a clerk
in the house of a relative. Van Amburg
was, however, not calculated for the drudg-
ery of the business pursuits of that city, and
found more congenial employment after set-
tling out on his rambles, in a company which
was engaged taking a caravan of wild beasts
through the principal cities of the United
States. He had now become twenty years
of age, with a fine figure, a fine face, and
herculean strength, which admirably suited
the development of his peculiar faculties.
He is singularly made, and one of the most
athletic of his size in the world. His body
is nearly round, but greater in thickness than
in breadth. His bones large and firmly set,
and his flesh almost all muscle. Neverthe-
less, from his singular conformation, he is
remarkable for the lightness and grace of
his movements.
His first intercourse with lions, &c., was
purely by accident. At Jersey City, oppo-
site New York, a caravan of live animals
was exhibited. The lion was uncommonly
good tempered, and as a part of the exhibi-
tion, one of the keepers was in the habit of
encircling his cage. On one occasion, this
individual was absent, the audience impac-
ient, no one to enter the cage, and a row in
perspective. In this extremity of distress,
Van Amburg had compassion, while he felt
his latent energies roused to action. "I'll
go into the cage," said he to the manager.
He took a cane, entered the cage, walked up
to the lion, talked to him and in a few sec-
onds they became quite intimate. "In ap-
proaching wild animals," says Van Amburg,
"courage is everything."
This was but the commencement of his
course. The lion died, and the company
dispersed. He joined a caravan called the
Zoological Institute, in New York, which
comprehended the rarest specimens and full-
est assortment of wild beasts obtainable at
that date. Here he prosecuted his favorite
pursuit, studied the tempers and habits of
the various animals, and proceeded in their
civilization step by step, until they were all
perfectly subject to his orders.
He first associated in one cage a lion and
a tiger. This presented a remarkable scene.
These two animals would fight for months,
and sometimes he would give over one of
them for dead. On such occasions, Van
Amburg, after they had exhausted each other
or would enter the cage, and begin his course
of discipline to control both. Gradually he
added animal to animal, till he had gathered
as ten animals in one cage. On several
occasions, he had severe conflicts, with the
tiger particularly, but nothing dangerous.—
When he talks of these animals he is high-
ly interesting. "The tiger," says Van Am-
burg, "is like a reckless good-for-nothing,
drunken rascal, who spends his time care-
lessly at taverns, and fights at a moment.
Tigers all have bad, spiteful tempers. The
lion is not so irascible; he is slower and
cooler; but there are not the generous feel-
ings about him which he has cracked up
for. The leopards are like cats—playful,
but easily provoked." There is nothing
hardly more interesting than to hear this
history of his intercourse with these animals
from his own lips.
Van Amburg has a novel and practical
theory to account for his power over them.
From the first moment of his intercourse
with them he talked to them as he would to
a human being. "They believed," says he,
"that I have power to tear every one of
them to pieces, if they do not act as I say.
I tell them so, and have frequently enforced
it with a heavy crowbar." The personal
strength, the peculiar cast of his eye, the
rapidity of his movements, the tone of his
voice, all tend to present to them an idea of
superior power, which in sudden bursts of
passion makes them crouch in one corner of
the cage. Van Amburg's eyes are peculiar;
one of them has a remarkable cast, which
rather heightens the effect of the expressive
face. On one occasion in New York, the
tiger became very ferocious. Van Amburg
very coolly took his crowbar, and gave him
a tremendous blow over the head. He then
said to him in good English, as if he was
a human creature, "You big scoundrel, if you
shock me any more of your pranks, I'll
knock your brains out!" accompanying it
with loud roars and strong gesticulation.
After this the tiger behaved like a gentleman
for a couple of months.
On visiting England, Van Amburg was
separated from the animals for several
weeks. They arrived in London, he in
Liverpool. As soon as he reached London,
he went to see them. On his appearance
outside the cage one of the strangest scenes
was presented that ever was beheld. The
lions, tigers, leopards all recognized him at
once. When he entered among the group,
they crouched, they crawled, they lashed
their tails, with every demonstration of de-
light, in beholding him once more. He
scratched the neck of the great male lion,
and his majesty growled forth his gratifica-
tion in tones which sounded like distant
thunder.
In ancient and modern history, instances
are known of attempts made to tame some
animals; but till the present era there is no
so mighty exhibition of human over a na-
tional power, as Mr. Van Amburg presents.
—Cist's Advertiser.

Miss Hutchinson's great grandmother
was one of a party who partook of the
first pound of tea that ever came into Pen-
sylv. It was sent as a present, and withheld
the whole at once in a kettle, and sat down
to eat the leaves with butter and salt.—
They wondered how any person could
like such a dish.—*Southey's Common places
Book.*