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Labor is Worship.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Laborare est orare.—To Labor is to Pray.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping;
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl gloweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chains that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God?

Discovery of a Remarkable Country in South Africa.

The Cape colony is, in its natural features, not unlike the coast region of Barbary. Natal, though without a Nile, corresponds to Egypt, both in situation and in fertility, yielding, like that country, the corn of the temperate zone, and the cotton and sugar-cane of the tropical regions. Finally, beyond this habitable belt of country there stretches a great desert, like that of Sahara, separating the litoral region from the hitherto unknown interior. This southern desert is known by the native name of Kalihari, or, as it is spelt in some maps, Kaligari. In some parts it has never yet, so far as is known, been traversed by human foot. In others, a few springs or reservoirs of rain water, scattered at wide distances, enable the natives at certain seasons to find their way through it. The Kalihari, however, does not extend across the entire continent. Beginning on the west coast, near Walwich Bay, it stretches eastward nearly a thousand miles; but there the utter sterility gradually ceases at about four hundred miles from the eastern coast. The breadth of this desert, from north to south, varies from two to four hundred miles.

Near the southern border of the desert, in about the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, Dr. Livingston, an intelligent and energetic missionary of the London Society, established a station at a place called Kolobeng, a few years ago, with the hope of making it a starting point for the further progress into the unknown country to the northward. The great obstacle in the way was the desert. A direct passage across it from Kolobeng to the northwest, in which direction the great lake was reported by the natives to lie, was found to be impracticable. A large party of that half-caste and semi-civilized people, the Griquas, with about thirty wagons, twice attempted to penetrate this desert, and were each time compelled by want of water to return. Dr. Livingston, however, believed that it could be possible, by taking a circuitous route, to pass round the eastern edge of the desert, and thus, as it were, to 'turn' the obstruction, which could not be overcome by a direct attack.

In making the attempt he had the good fortune to gain the co-operation of two experienced travelers, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, who furnished the largest part of the requisite outfit. The whole party, with their wagons and native attendants, left Kolobeng on the 1st of June, 1850. Taking a course first to the northeast, then to the north, and finally, when they had passed the desert, to the northwest, they at length came upon a 'magnificent river' which led them westward to the lake. From Kolobeng to the river they had traveled about 300 miles, and they followed the windings of the stream for an equal distance before reaching the lake; the whole journey of 600 miles occupying about two months. The lake was found to be about seventy miles in length, from east to west, by apparently about half that breadth from north to south. The Zonga River, which flowed from the lake toward the east, varied in width from fifty to a hundred yards. It was traced for 300 miles to the eastward, until at length it disappears in a marsh.

The shores of the lake and the banks of the river were found to be inhabited by tribes of fishermen, who called themselves, with true barbarian magniloquence, "Bayeiye," meaning emphatically *men*. "Their complexion," says Dr. Livingston, "is darker than that of the Bechuanas; and of three hundred words I collected of their language, only twenty-one bear any resemblance to Sichuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes, hollowed out of the trunks of single trees, take fish in nets made of a reed which abounds on the banks, and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to the ropes. We greatly admired," he adds, "the frank, manly bearing of these inland sailors."

The explorers were unable to pursue their journey farther to the northward, as they had intended; but, last year, happily, this zealous and indefatigable missionary once more, in company with his former fellow-traveller, Mr. Oswell, set out from Kolobeng, and crossed the Zonga at a point nearly north of that station. From this ford they continued on in the same direction for several days, at first over a parched and desert region, until they reached the more fertile territories of the chief Sebetuane. This chief had heard of their previous unsuccessful attempts, and evinced a great anxiety to open the way for the travelers, whom he supposed to be English traders. He not only sent men in search of them along the Zonga, but made considerable presents of cattle to different chiefs, with the request that they would render the travelers every assistance. Finally, he came himself, 300 miles southward, to meet them on the southern limits of his territories, and seemed overjoyed when they arrived. He remarked that their cattle had been bitten by the *tsetse*, or venomous fly, and would certainly die. "But never mind," he added, "I have plenty, and will give you as many as you need."

Unfortunately, this friendly and intelligent chief, whose favor and assistance would have been of so much advantage to future travelers, was seized with illness, and died a few days after the arrival of the party. His daughter, who succeeded him in the chieftainship, evinced an equally good disposition; but being in child-bed at a distant town, she could do no more than send the chief next to herself in authority to protect the travelers. The latter had now full liberty to proceed wherever they wished to go. Finding that they could not then take the wagons any further on, they pursued their journey on horseback about a hundred miles towards the northeast, until they came, in latitude seventeen degrees twenty-eight minutes south, to a great river, called variously the Sesheke or Barotse, and reputed to be the largest in that part of the country. They learned from the natives that, at "a month's distance" farther down, this river was joined by a large affluent, and that the united stream was then known as the Zambesa or Zambesi. This river, they were informed, had recently been ascended by light-colored and straight-haired traders, who purchased boys and young men for slaves, giving muskets, cloth, and other merchandise in exchange. There can be no doubt that this river is the well-known Zambese, the principal stream of Western Africa, flowing into the sea at Quillimane.

At the point where the travelers reached the Sesheke, which must have been at least 800 miles from the sea, it was from 300 to 500 feet in breadth, and of "considerable depth." The exact depth of this river was apparently not ascertained; but a smaller stream, found in its vicinity, the "Chobe," was sounded, and found to have "a regular depth of fifteen feet on the side to which the water swung, and of twelve feet on the calm side."

The Sesheke had been ascended by some natives of the Makolo tribe (Sebetuano's people) for a distance of at least 400 miles, their course being usually to the northward, or, as they expressed it, "the sun rose upon one cheek, and set upon the other." But some, in drawing "maps" for the travelers, gave it a little westing. It is stated to abound in alligators and hippopotami. Above the town of Sesheke, a series of rapids obliged the boatmen to drag the canoes for some distance along the shore; while, at about eight miles below that town, a large waterfall was reported to exist, the spray and noise of which had gained for it the expressive name of "Mosi-oatunya," or, the "smoke-sounding." The mist ascending from this cataract was said to be visible ten miles off. At these falls, the river is narrowed between rocks and hills, but immediately below the channel broadens again.

The most interesting part of Dr. Livingston's narrative is his description of the singular region which the explorers had now traversed, for the first time, on their journey from the Zonga to the Zambese. According to this description, the vast territory in the interior of South Africa now occupied by the people of the late chief Sebetuane, is one of the most extraordinary countries on the face of the globe. Nothing like it exists, as far as our knowledge extends, in any other part of the world. An immense plateau, elevated far above the sea, stretches for hundreds of miles in "a dead level," not interrupted by the smallest hillock. Through this immense plain, many wide and deep rivers; flowing from the northwest, roll large volumes of water towards the south and the east. The land to a great distance on each side of these rivers is in many places saturated with water, forming extensive swamps or bogs, through which, as the travelers found, oxen could not pass. The higher lands, on which the inhabitants build their towns, plant their crops, and pasture their cattle, are elevated but a few feet above the surrounding level. The rivers overflow their banks annually, and the waters spread over all but these elevated tracks, creating, as in the inundations of Egypt, a vast lake, in the midst of which the inhabited portions of land appear like islands.

"The numerous branches given off by each of the rivers," says Dr. Livingston, "and the annual overflow of the country, explain the reports we had previously heard of "*linokanaka*" (rivers upon rivers) and "large waters" with numerous islands in them. The Chobe must rise at least ten feet in perpendicular height before it can reach the dykes, built for catching fish, situated about a mile from its banks; and the Sesheke must rise fifteen or twenty feet before it overflows its banks; yet Mr. Oswell and I saw unmistakable evidence of that overflow reaching about fifteen miles out.

Yet the soil of this extraordinary region seemed to be fruitful. The inhabitants raised large crops of native corn, sugar canes, sweet potatoes, "earth nuts," and other esculents. In parts not under cultivation, the country was covered with rank, coarse grass; but many large and beautiful trees adorned the landscape, among which the enormous baobab, or adansonia, reared its huge trunk and gigantic arms, making the others appear, by contrast, like bushes below it. The natives were numerous, and seemed to be in no want of food. The Makololo, who are the dominant people, are recent intruders in this part of the country. They formed originally one of those hordes of Mamatees, which about thirty years ago, devastated the country along the northern frontier of the Cape colony. Driven back by the Griquas in 1834, they retreated towards the north, and, after many wanderings, found their way to the banks of the Sesheke, where they at last established themselves, subduing, but not exterminating, the former possessors. These conquerors speak the Sichuana tongue—the same that is spoken by the tribes in the neighborhood of the Cape colony, among whom Dr. Livingston and other English missionaries have been for many years resident. "The providence of God," exclaims the zealous doctor, "has prepared the way for us; for wherever we went, we found the Sichuana—into which the Bible is nearly all translated—in common use." It is "the court language" of the interior.

The indigenous tribes are a race of darker complexion than the Makalolo, and speak dialects which, though radically of the same stock with the Sichuana, differ yet so widely from it as not to be intelligible to those who speak only the latter tongue. These black aborigines seem to be in many respects superior to the conquering race. "The Barotse," we are told, "are very ingenious in basket making and wood work generally.—The Banyeti are excellent smiths, making ox and sheep bells, spears, knives, needles, and hoes of superior workmanship. Iron abounds in this country, and of excellent quality—they extract it from the ore; and they are famed as canoe builders. Abundance of a fine, light, but strong wood, called *molompi*, enables them to excel in this branch of industry. Other tribes are famed for their skill in pottery. Their country yields abundance of native corn, &c.; and though their upper extremities and chests are largely developed, they seem never to have been much addicted to war. They seem always to have trusted to the defences which their deep, reedy rivers afford.—*Tait's Magazine, Edinburg.*

The Fool's Pence.

In the year 183–, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop called 'The Punch Bowl,' sat its mistress, the guadily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

'Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire screens! all so bright and fresh! Then the elegant stone coppings to your windows, and those beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteelest boarding school; your shop is the best filled in all this part of London. Where *can* you find the needful for these grand things. Dear Mrs. Crowder how do you manage?'

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of smiling contempt through the half open door into the shop, filled with droughty customers. 'The fool's pence!—'TIS THE FOOL'S PENCE that does it for us,' she said. And her voice rose, more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her word reached the ear of one customer—George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano, and he thought to himself, how strange it is! how curious that all this wretchedness on my left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right!

'Well, sir—and what's for you?' said a shrill voice which had made the 'fool's pence' ring in his ears.

'A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I've paid the last *fool's pence* that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day.'

Manly hasted home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, and really in want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would be struck with the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprize to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

'Your eyes are weak to-night, wife,' said George, 'or else you have been crying.—I'm afraid you work too much by candle-light.'

His wife smiled and said, 'working does not affect my eyes, and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

'Why, John, what's this I see?' said his father. 'Come and tell me what you have been doing.'

'The Baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone mother cried over her work, and she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hands, and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner.'

'Tell me what your bad words were, John,' said his father; 'not swearing, I hope?'

'No,' said John, coloring; 'I said you were a bad man—I said, bad father!'

'And they were bad words, I am sure,' said his mother; 'but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box.'

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up, and putting money into her hands he said:

'There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours.

George told his wife, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do, he had begun up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seem to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour, never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, on Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder of the *Punch Bowl*, was walking with her daughters to the tea gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable looking house, distinguished by its comforts and tidyness from all others near it. Its good natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to try and wipe away the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk gowns, all draggled and soiled, and to repair as far as possible every mischief done to their dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and as Miss Lucy said, 'they began to look themselves again,' Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a huge arm chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward, and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Bible and whose face had just caught her eye, 'Why my good man, we are old friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still there is some change in you, though I can not say exactly what it is.'

'I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health,' said George Manly, smiling, 'now thank God, I am comfortably clad, and in excellent health.'

'But how is it,' said Mrs. Crowder, 'that we never catch sight of you now?'

'Madam,' said he, 'I'm sure I wish you well; nay, I have reason to thank you; for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet, contented looks and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children.—And now, madam, I'll tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year—'tis FOOL'S PENCE that has done all this for us.—The fool's pence!—I ought rather to say the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessings of God upon the pence.'

Mr. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

Does John Nutt Live Here?

The following amusing story of a celebrated practical joker of Boston—Munho Mackay, is told in the New York Dutchman:

One cold, raw, November night, in the year 18—, the wind blew as though it would blow down old Faneuil Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "all around my hat," and the air was compounded of that delightful mixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements, a tall figure might be seen winding steadily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fisherman's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket, for indeed rubbers and Mackintoshes were unknown in those days, until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family having been sometime in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first, his rude summons was unanswered; but, after repeated thumps, a bed-room window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay, for it was he, "will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt resides in this neighborhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window, "he lives here."

"I am glad of that!" said Mackay, "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but whatever it is, let us hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M., "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would hasten to communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and nightcap, and the wind is whistling through me, nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston—childless and very old—worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question, a long-pointed, white night-cap was thrust out of the window; and in an instant, together with the shirt-collar that followed, it was completely saturated with rain.

"What did you say about an uncle, and ten thousand dollars? There is my uncle Wheeler is very old, and very rich; but what about him?"

"O, nothing as yet, till I am certain of my man. There may be a great many Nutts here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man!" said the voice in the night-cap. "There is no mistake. There is not a man for twenty miles round with the name of Nutt but me; and besides my Christian name is John; and I have an uncle in Boston."

By this time the whole back and sleeve of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white night-cap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and, had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety, and a face, or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder, beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but mind, if there is any mistake, you cannot say, it was my fault."

"No, certainly not!" cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is John Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, then, all I have to say is, *may the devil crack you.*"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain; and, as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse-laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heels to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder-box, to enable her to hunt dry chemises, shirts and night-caps.

This story was many years afterwards done into verse, after the manner of Coleman the Younger, by a clever student of Harvard University, but all that I remember of the poetry, are the two concluding lines:

"And if your name be certainly John Nutt,
Why, then, the devil crack you!"

From the Musical World.

Fanny Fern's Last.

"'Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well!"

False prophet!—Still and statue-like, at yonder window, stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours; yet her face is prest closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eyes, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing—she *hears* nothing—but the beating of her own heart! Now she takes her seat; opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist!—there is an unsteady step in the hall; she *knows it!* Many a time, and oft, it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and, in maudlin tones, pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to honor." Oh! all enduring power of woman's love!—no reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed around that reeling figure, (once erect in "God's own image.") With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist, if he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a *thousand* such vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance *too common* and every-day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"All's well!"

False prophet!—In yonder luxurious room sits one whose *curse* it was, to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own, in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! *where are they now?* Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen—"Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more!" Must the gilded fetters continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than God!

"All's WELL!"

False prophet!—There lies the dead orphan! In all the length and breadth of the great earth there was found no sheltering nest where that lonely dove could fold its wings, when the parent birds had flown.—The brooding wing was gone that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. *Love* was its life; and so—it drooped!

"All's WELL!"

False prophet!—Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers, and shivers, and thirsts, "while the publican stands afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice;" and, *unpunished of Heaven*, the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

"All's WELL!"

Ah yes, all is well!—For He who "seeth the end from the beginning" holds *evenly* the scales of justice. "*Dives*" *shall yet beg of* "*Lazarus.*" Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient, and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pit-falls from which our *hedge of thorns* has fenced us in! and, in the maturity of our full grown faith, we shall *repentingly* say—"Father, not as I will, but as THOU wilt!" FANNY FERN.

The Present System of Farming.

In the editorial columns of the New York Tribune, we find the following practical paragraph which we could wish was read by every farmer. It says:

"One with two hundred acres will say, when pressed to do better, 'O, CAN'T AFFORD to drain and subsoil, and buy manure or phosphates, and to put my land into the best condition; I haven't the means.' 'But my good Sir! don't you understand that you could turn off more produce from FIFTY acres, thoroughly cultivated, than you do from your whole two hundred?' 'Well, perhaps I might.' 'Then why not sell enough of your arable land to pay for putting the residue in the highest condition?—Can't you realize that it is sheer, ruinous WASTE to fence, plow, plant, till and harvest FIVE acres for a hundred bushels of Indian Corn, when that quantity might surely be grown on two acres? O yes, but—, But what?—O I don't believe in whitewashing forest trees, and putting stone walls in mortar. I'm none of your GENTLEMEN farmers—I have to make my farm support me, instead of my business supporting it.' And so the hard pressed cultivator slides off into a fog of his own raising, and perseveres in averaging twenty bushels or less than a ton of grass to arable acre, mainly because he is mentally too sluggish and unenterprising to move out of the jog-trot ways of his grandfather."

Nebraska Territory.

"Westward the star of Empire works its way."

Another territory is about to be added to the United States, by the organization of a local government and the election of a delegate to Congress. The people of the territory of Nebraska, feeling that their interests would be better attended to, if represented in the Congress of the United States, have determined, we understand, to elect a delegate, probably in time to take his seat in the next House of Representatives.

We have, for some time, anticipated that this would be done. The settlers have been anxious that a territorial government should be extended over them. Their population is increasing, and if the Indian title to a portion of the land on our borders was extinguished, or the Indians themselves incorporated into the Union as citizens, there ought to be no difficulty in arranging the boundaries of the new territory. But whether the Indians are embraced or not, there is territory enough, belonging to the United States, to sustain a large population. Much of it is the finest land anywhere to be found, and all that is necessary to secure its early settlement is to have the requisite survey made, and the pre-emption guaranteed.

As to some of the Indian tribes, many of those who compose them are already better prepared to exercise the rights of citizenship than the Mexicans. They are educated, own large farms, are wealthy, and understand the theory of government quite as well as many who attempt to expound it. No one can object to their immediate admission as citizens, if they should desire to give up their primitive forms of government, for one which will embrace protection to the whole population.

Precedents are not wanting for this action of the people of a new territory. The first official notice of the organization of a territory in Minnesota, was the appearance of a delegate to Congress, asking admission to a seat in the House.

New Mexico and Utah elected delegates to Congress, before any action of Congress was had in relation to those territories, and the delegates were received. So we presume it will be with Nebraska territory, if the people should determine upon the election of a delegate. There is no stopping this rush of people to the West, and Congress would be acting a wise part if they should at an early day, provide for the protection of the Indians in Nebraska territory—guarantying to them their rights in the lands owned by them, if they should determine to identify themselves as the citizens of the Union, or make provision for the purchase of so much of the soil as they may desire to alienate.—*St. Louis Republican.*

How to Detect Counterfeits.

1st. Examine the appearance of a bill, the genuine have a general dark neat appearance.

2d. Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or back ground looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.

3d. Examine well the face; see if the expressions are distinct and easy, natural and life-like—particularly the eyes.

4th. See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, shows the folds distinctly.

5th. Examine the medalion, ruling and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regular, smooth, and uniform, not scratchy. This word in the genuine looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.

6th. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or if sloping, of a uniform slope.

7th. Carefully examine the shade or parallaled ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c., see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeits look as if done with a file.

8th. Observe the round hand writing engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope and smooth. This is in genuine notes invariably well done, and looks stiff, as if done with a pen.

The imprint or engraver's name, which is always near the border or end of the note, and always alike, letters small, upright, and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeiters seldom do it well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited, one was dye-word, or portrait medallion heads, vignette, &c., and the other the shading or ruling above the letters.—*Bank Note Reporter.*

A Sharp Transaction.

During the session of Congress just closed, a bill was passed granting double pay to the officers and crew of our Pacific squadron, in consideration of the vastly increased expenses that they were subjected to in that region. A short time since, the United States sloop-of-war, Vincennes, arrived at New York, and all hands were paid off. But a levy was made upon the officers and crew, to the amount of *four thousand dollars*, and that sum was actually retained from them by a Locofoco, for the benefit of a certain Locofoco at Washington, on the ground that it was by his efficient labors that the law was passed by Congress. This is the tallest specimen of plunder that has yet come to light. One Lieutenant said that his assessment was *sixty dollars*, and the amount assessed and collected from the common sailors was about twelve dollars each.

When the knowledge of this infamous transaction was brought home to Mr. Kennedy, the Secretary of the Navy, he was indignant, and immediately sent for the agent who had paid off the hands and transacted this business. He told him what he thought of its character, and ordered him to *repay the entire amount he had retained* to the sailors. As to the *officers* who had submitted to the shave, they must take care of themselves; but the poor sailors should not be thus robbed for the benefit of a political blood-sucker.

Here is a fine exhibition of Locofoco patriotism, and love for the poor sailors! Mr. Kennedy is entitled to the thanks of honest men of all honest men of all parties for his prompt and efficient interference. He will not be forgotten by the men he has thus protected.—*O. S. Jour.*

The Duke of Wellington---His Income Habits, &c.

The late Duke of Wellington held an immense income during life. As Commander-in-Chief, the Duke was entitled to draw something over eighty dollars a day, or about $30,000 annually, and as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, he was entitled to nearly $6,000 a year more. He drew a pension of nearly $20,000 annually, and was in possession of property given him by the British nation, to the amount of £700,000, or nearly $3,500,000. The pension will continue to be paid to the Duke's two next male heirs, who also inherit his large estates and his title; but most of his offices and emoluments are to be scrambled for by the nobility and others; and rich prizes they will be for the disposal of the ministry.

The new Duke, at the time of his father's death was at Frankfort, whence he was immediately summoned. He has hitherto borne the title of Marquis of Douro, and until the last election he enjoyed a seat in the House of Commons as member for Norwich. He is 45 years of age, and bears a considerable, although not a striking resemblance to his father. He has never taken any prominent part in public affairs, nor is he likely to do so. The Duke's second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, was with him at the time of his death. He is 44 years of age, and has a seat in the House of Commons as member for South Hampshire.

The late Duke's personal habits were extremely temperate, if not abstemious. He slept little, whether from old military associations or health's sake, used a hard mattrass and camp bed. He appeared to avoid display in his dress, equipage and attendants, preferring horse exercise to the state and luxury of a carriage, and even when increasing weakness rendered it a task of some difficulty to sit erect upon horseback, day after day he was still to be seen ambling slowly down to the House of Lords, touching his hat to the crowds assembled round the entrance to catch a glimpse of the veteran warrior. His household was said to be a model of good order and good management. He incurred no debts: punctual and precise in all his dealings, he was always just, and frequently, though privately, generous. His Waterloo banquets, which for many years drew around him his surviving companions in arms in his last glorious field, were the only exceptions to his usual indifference to display. On these occasions only the massive services of plate and priceless china, pictures, statutes and all the other favors, honors and presents, which had been conferred upon him by the sovereigns of Europe, were not inappropriately displayed.

Experience of a Diver.

John H. Green, a diver employed in assisting to raise the steamer Atlantic, furnishes the Buffalo Commercial some interesting information concerning the experience of a diver, from which we extract the following:

"The marine armor consists of a perfectly air-tight India-rubber dress, topped by a copper helmet, with a clear, thick plate of glass in front. The pipes which supply and exhaust the air, lead from the top of this helmet. The pumping requires much labor—four and sometimes six men being employed upon it at the same time, and compelled to work hard at that. A great pressure of air is experienced by the diver upon his lungs, equal to 75 lbs. to the inch, and very few individuals could bear it for any length of time. When first going into the dress, the sensation of oppression is very overcoming, but passes off in a great measure after entering the water. When a depth of ten feet is reached in the descent, the dress becomes entirely emptied of air, and collapsed to the body, causing a pressure all over the diver equal to the heft of a ten pound weight, excepting as to the head, which is protected by the copper helmet.—The difficulty in breathing now becomes great; painful sensations are experienced by the diver; the jaws becoming distended, and the head seemingly splitting. This continues until after descending another ten or twelve feet, when the pain is relieved, the diver feels comfortable, and experiences no further inconvenience. When about sixty feet below the surface, hundreds of the legitimate inhabitants of the water surrounded the diver, nibbling at their strange visitor as though he were 'food for the fishes.' After reaching 75 feet, all is perfectly dark—a black, impenetrable darkness—and an electric flame plays around the inside of the helmet, caused by the friction of the pump. At about one hundred and sixty feet, the water is very cold, being in the present season within four or five degrees of freezing."

'This must be a very inconvenient town to live in,' said a Cockney to an inhabitant of Ryde, 'for I understand you have to get all your milk from Cows.' 'Not so bad as London,' replied the Isle of Wight wag, for they tell me you get all your milk from Wells!'

An insane Jew died at the House of Industry, in Boston, last week, at the age of thirty years. This is the first Jew that ever became a public charge in the city of Boston, within the memory of the oldest city officials.