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Washington National Monument.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Washington National Monument Office,
March 25, 1852.

From the great decrease in the receipts of contributions to the National Monument during the last six monts, the Board of managers feel it to be their duty to make another appeal to the patriotism of the American public. They are unwilling to believe that the people of this country, under such deep and lasting obligatians as they are to the founder of their liberties, and feeling, as they must, a profound sense of gratitude for the inestimable services which he rendered to them, will suffer a monument commenced in his honor, and to aid in perpetuating his name to the latest ages of the world, to remain unfinished for the want of the means necessary to complete it. It need scarcely be suggested that a fact like this in the history of our Republic would not fail to reflect lasting discredit on the gratitude and pariotism of its citizens, and prove to the world that Republics are too apt to be fergetful of what is due to themselves, and to the memory of those who, under Providence, have made them great, prosperous, and happy. It is often the fate of the most distinguished and illustrious to be nearly forgotten after they have mouldered in the tomb for half a century. In the busy and over changing scenes of the world the stage of life is continuously occupied by those whose acts excite the interest of the living, and exclude the memory of such as have preceded them, though their reputation may have been more brilliant, and their deeds more glorious. But it was believed that Washington was one to whom the American people owed the greatest and most lasting debt of gratitude, and whose memory every honor should be paid by his countrymen; that to honor him was but to honor themselves; and that they were willing and desirous to pay a just tribute to pre-eminent patriotism, and to unequalled public and private virtue.

Under this impression a society was established, some seventeen years ago, in the city of Washington, for the purpose of erecting a magnificent monument to the "Father of his Country; and the Board of Managers of that Society have, during that long interval, made gratuitously every effort in their power from a pure feeling of patriotism and a desire to honor his memory, to obtain the means necessary to accomplish the object of its organization. By unceasing and untiring exertion they have succeeded in collecting a sum sufficient only to carry up the proposed structure to an elevation of one hundred and five feet above the surface, about one-fifth of its intended elevation; and they now regret to say that unless the contributions are larger, and more frequent than they have been for the past six months, it will be impossible to continue the work any further. The blocks of stone which have been sent from the different States, associations, &c., to be placed in the monument, have done but little to add to its elevation, though they may contribute to its interest. That the public may undetstand how expensive such a structure must necessarily be, it may be proper to state that each course of two feet in height costs upward of two thousand dollars, though executed with the strictest regard to economy. The materials and labor, with a small annual compensation allowed to the superintendent, and a still smaller to the architect, amount to the expenditure which has been mentioned; and the Board of Managers are well satisfied that, had the work been undertaken by the Government it would have cost double the amount of the cost of the obelisk so far.

From two to three courses can be completed in one month, which require from four to six thousand dollars, while the monthly contributions have not averaged for the past half year more than two thousand dollars. It will therefore, be obvious that the work must necessarily be stopped if a more ardent and patriotic feeling does not prevail among the people of this country, and a more extended and liberal contribution be not made.

To show with what ease this great object could be effected, it is only necessary to state, that three cents from each white inhabitatant of the United States, would be sufficient to complete the monument in a few years; and yet such appears to be the apathy and indifference existing in relation to this noble undertaking, that even that smalll sum cannot be obtained for so patriotic and glorious a purpose.

In Norway, thee-fourths of the amount necessary to erect a monument in honor of Charles XII. was raised lately by voluntary contributions in two days; while in the Republic of the United States, brought into existence by the valor, perseverence, energy, and patriotism of Washington—in a nation which now contains a population of nearly twenty-five millions of souls, enjoying a freedom, independence, and prosperity nowhere else to be found—one-fifth only of the amount required to complete a monument worthy of the man whose honor it is now being erected, has after the most unceasing efforts for seventeen years, been contributed. To the people, the army and navy, Masonic, Odd Fellows, and other associations, the colleges, academies, and schools of the United States, banking institutions, city and town corporations, &c., applications urgently requesting pecuniary aid to have been made by circulars addressed to all, and still the contributions received have been insufficient to raise the monument beyond its present elevation. This is a painful and mortifying fact. It will now become the duty of the different States of the Union to show the interest they feel in this noble undertaking, and to evince the estimation and respect in which they hold the character and services of Washington, by contributing to the completion of his monument, that the States as well as the people may have the honor of raising a structure to his memory which will be an imperishable memorial of their veneration and gratitude. By order of the Board:

GEORGE WATTERSON,
Secretary of Washington National Monument Society.

☞ Editors throughout the Union are respectfully requested to publish the above in their journals, and thus advance the cause.

Rather Inquisitive.

A gentleman riding in an eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean slabsided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "Inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœvuring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length "caught her eye." He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twing utterly incapable of imitation.

"In affliction?"

'Yes, sir,' replied the lady.

'Parents?—father or mother?'

'No, sir,' said the lady.

'Child perhaps?—a boy or gal?'

'No, sir, not a child,' was the response, "I have no children.'

'Husband, then, 'expect?'

'Yes,' was the curt answer.

'Hum—cholery?—a tradin' man, mebbe?'—

'My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel—he didn't die of cholera—he was drowned.'

'Oh, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant—"save his chist!' he asked.

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.

"Pious man?" he continued.

"He was a member of the Methodist church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came,

"Don't you think you got gre-a-t cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and save his chist?'

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his "glittering eye" once more, and propounded one more querry, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat.

"Was you ca'latin to get married agin?"

"Sir!" said the widow, indignantly "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little "huffy?" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator, behind him.

"She needn't be mad—I did'nt want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!—[Knickerbocker.

Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored. "Leave them here, it won't rain tonight," was the reply, "But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mahomedan merchant burst in a loud laugh as he replied. *"Don't be alarmed, their ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here!"*

A Doctor as is a Doctor.

A self-sufficient humbug who took up the business of a physician and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

"I think he's a gone feller."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes, I do say say so; there arn't any hope, not the leastest smite; he's got an attak of nihil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where!" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of *pains*. You see his whole planetary system is deranged, fustly, his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorem; secondably, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he must die."

"Education's Riz."—A precocious youth in a country town in Massachusetts, had arrived to the age of nine years when his father sent him to school. He stood beside his teacher to repeat the letters of the alphabet.

"What's that?" asked the master.

"Harrow!" vociferated the urchin.

"No; that's A."

"A."

"Well, what's the next?"

"Ox-yoke!"

"No; it's B."

"'Taint B, nither! it's an ox-yoke! crotch all hemlock! gosh ninety, think I don't know!"

Among all the speaches of Kossuth, we have seen none equal to that at St. Louis.—The extract below has all the oriental, impassioned richness which characterizes the inspired writers, and as a specimen of the highly imaginative, indicates a wealth and purity of intellect rarely found:

"I passed the last night in a sleepless dream.—And my soul wandered on the magnetic wings of the past, home, to my beloved bleeding land, and I saw in the dead of the night, dark veiled shapes with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brow, but terrible in the tearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyards of Hungary, and kneeling down to the head of the *graves*, and depositing the pious tribute of green and cypress upon them, and after a short prayer rising with *clenched* fist and *gnashing* teeth, and then stealing away tearless and silent as they came; stealing away, because the bloodhounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night, and on this day, and led to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance, to the beloved. To-day a smile on the lips of a Magyar is taken for crime of defiance to tyranny, and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen with the eye of my home wandering soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.

"And I have seen more. When the pious offers have stolen away, I saw the honored dead, half risen from their tombs looking to the offerings, whispering gloomily, 'still a cypress, and still no flower of joy! Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom at night over thee, Fatherland! Are we not yet revenged?' And the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west, a lightning flashed like a star-spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the bloody flames of the east, and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice was heard in answer to the question of the dead:—

"Sleep yet a short while—mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west the sun of the east—and when ye next awake, ye will find the flower of joy upon your cold breast.'

"And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands and lay down."

Dreadful Massacre at Sea.—We learn by advices from Valpariso, up to March 20th, that the prisoners of the Gallapagos Islands, the penal settlement Ecuador, had seized an American whale ship lying there, the George Howland, New Bedford, and after killing the Governor of the island, and putting the captain and crew of G. Howland on shore sailed for Tombay. Subsequently, they fell in with a small schooner belonging to Flores' expedition, and, having captured it, cut the throats of those on board, in hopes of thus making their peace with the Ecuadorian Government. They were subsequently captured by a Swedish brig, and taken into Guayaquill.

Henry Clay's Health.—We learn reliably from Washington that Mr. Clay's health is no worse than it has been for two months past. He is very feeble and much subject to the influences of the weather. He passes most of his hours in the day sitting up, or promenading his chamber. It is only occasionally that he is obliged to keep his bed in in daytime. When the weather continues favorable for any length of time, his improvement is very manifest. His friends entertain the hope that, with good weather for a number of days, he may deem it prudent to enjoy the balmy breath of spring in his carriage.

Reminiscence of Robert Hoe.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In September, 1805, the yellow fever prevailed to a fearful extent in the city of New York. As I never left town while it was raging, I was sitting in my tent door in the cool of the day, and lifting up my eyes I beheld a stranger, a rare sight in fever times. He was moving from Cedar street, along Nassau, having his face set toward Maiden Lane. He walked in the middle of the street, and was reading the sign boards on the right and left. He paused in front of my open door, and mine was the only store open in the block. As he stepped in, he said, "Mr. Thorburn."

"Where did you learn my name?" I enquired.

"I saw it over the door,' he said. 'I have come on shore from the ship Draper from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; my name is Robert Hoe; I am now in my eighteenth year.'

Says I, 'Robert, was your indenture fulfilled before you left England?'

Says he, 'I never was bound, I learned my trade with my father; I can't find work, I have no money; can you recommend me to a house in a healthy part of the city, where I may board till I get employment, when I will pay them honestly?'

I knew the heart of a stranger, having been a stranger myself, and there was so much of honest simplicity in his speech and deportment, my heart warmed toward him; I gave him a chair and ran up stairs; says I, 'Gude wife, a stranger standeth at our door; shall we take him in?' 'If thee pleases,' she replied. 'If he takes the fever, will you help me nurse him?' 'I will,' she answered. 'Thank you, dear for this; God will bless you.'—'Now,' says I, come and look on his bonest Enlish face.' The impression was favorable. Says I, 'Robert, this neighborhood is accounted the most healthful in the city; you will lodge here: if you take the fever, my wife and I will nurse you—you shan't go to the stranger's hospital.' His eyes spoke thanks more eloquent than words. As he had no business abroad, I advised him to stay at home.

The fever seized him, however, in less than a week. I procured an eminent physician; my wife and I nursed him—In seventeen summers that I've nursed among the sick, I do not think that I ever saw a case so violent but it terminated in death, his only excepted. On the fourth day, generally the crisis, the burning fever was coursing through the veins, and drinking up his English blood. His skin burning dry and yellow, heart-sick, all bound-sick; and his spirits sunk down to his heels. I sat at his bed-side; he fastened his restless eyes on mine: "O, Mr. T., Mr. T., I shall die, I shall die—I never can stand this;" and he threw his brawny arms across the bed, as if going to grapple with death. "Die," said I, "Robert! to be sure, we must all die' but you are not going to die this week." In this I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, but I thought of Pope Pius and his bull, to wit that the end would sanctify the means. He was under the influence of powerful medicine at the moment. I knew there would be a lull, as the sailor says, soon; and I meant to take advantage of the circumstance to persuade him to live if possible. *Fancy kills and fancy cures.* I left him for fifteen minutes. On returning, I felt his pulse; said I, "Robert, you are fifty per cent. better already; I hope to see you walk from the bed and sit by the window tomorrow. I sat by his bed conversing, to cheer his spirits. I continued, "Death is nigh at hand at all times and in all places; but my impression is that you will not die with this attack. I hope to see you a master builder, married to one of our bonny Yankee lassies, and to hold your grandchild in my arms."

From this hour the fever left him.—Shortly after this, the fever disappeared from the city. He became a master builder, and died in 1843 aged 55. But his name will never die while types are set and printers breathe. Hoe's Printing Press is probably the most useful discovry that has blessed the world, since the first sheet was struck from the press.—Formerly we paid one hundred and fifty cents for a bible; now we buy one as good for twenty-five cents. It may be said of his sons, (a rare occurrence in his country,) that they are better men than their father, inasmuch as they have added many improvements to their father's plans. Mr. Hoe dwelt in New York thirity-eight years. After his recovery from the faver in 1805, we met times without number; his never-failing salutatian, was, "Grant us the instrument under God. I have to thank you for my recovery from that fever." I kave received many tokens of kindness from his worthy family, sons and daughters. And nothing in my past life affords such pleasing reflections as this act of duty and humanity to a stranger. When his aching head lay on my breast, as I held the cold draught to his parched lips, I little throught that in his head lay the germ of a machine destined to revolutionize the world of literature, and shed light on the dark places of the earth, whose habitations are full of horrid cruelty.

About seven years ago I stepped from the cars in a conntry town. Amongst those who were looking on, stood a man of genteel appearance; said I, "Sir, I wish to stop for a week; I don't like to put up at a hotel; can you direct me where I can lodge in a private family?" He said he could. We entered the next street; he stopped in front of a respectable two-story brick tenement; on the front sat a comely matron. She might have seen twenty-eight summers; on her lap sat a babe. Said my friend to the matron, "Gude wife, this is Mr Thorburn from New York; he wishes private board for a week; can you accommodate him?" "Yes," says she, "for a year or for a life time, if it is he. Oft has my father told me, when he was sick and a stranger, that Mr. T. took him, and ministered to his wants." "What was your father's name?" I enquired. "Robert Hoe," she replied, "And this is your child?" "It is." I held the babe in my arms; it smiled on my face. "Now," says I, "madam, this day my prophecy is fulfilled in your eyes; it's just forty years since it was made, at a critical moment in your father's life."

The Fire Fiend.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

At first it was only a stifled cry, as of a person in distress.

The winds of winter were dashing in swift squadrons down the street, twisting off loose blinds, slamming insecure shutters, puffing out sleepy lights in dingy lanterns, and then scurrying away to the deserted mole that stretched far out into the frozen harbor.

The din of rattling wheels and tramping feet had long ago died out. Only the mad screech of the changing winds, or the clatter of the crazy blinds and shutters, broke the dismal silence. The lights in all the houses of the street were out, and the feeble rays from the sleepy lanterns scarce revealed the outward shape of the buildings on which they fell.

The distant clock had clanged the hour of midnight from its lonely watchtower, and the echoes of its iron tongue had scarce been broken and lost in the strange angles and crannies of the grotesque roofs. The cry sounded as if it came from a heart smitten with deep terror, and spent half its strength in its passage over livid lips.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

It was so faint, one could hardly distinguish the fearful syllable; yet was so distinct, that it curdled the swift blood in the veins.

Again it came. This time, louder.—This time, higher. This time, more deep and voluminous.

"*Fire! Fire!* FIRE!

There was no mistaking that cry *then*. A hundred strong men caught it up, and a hundred strong throats poured it out on the midnight air. A single bell rang the alarm to the immediate neighborhood and instantly a score of bells caught the fearful tone. The air above the gables and roofs was peopled with voices of fear, and the close and narrow streets below were alive with echoes of alarm.—Bells and voices both shouted lustily in the midnight—

The street was filled and blocked up with people. A passage through it was, for the time, impossible, for its narrow throat was choked up. Every body was tossing his arms. Every one was screaming, and shouting, and ordering, and entreating, at the top of his voice. The place seemed a pandemonium let loose; every man a mad devil, whose features the lurid fires lit up with a ghastly and unearthly gleam.

The building was of wood, and stained with the beating storms of years. On either side were similar structures, closely united with this. Doom seemed to have settled down in the thick smoke cloud over each one of them.

The fires poured out through the sashes of the windows, while the glass melted as if by magic, and run down upon the walk in a silver flood. They thrust their fearful forms far out into the street, quite over the heads of the swaying crowd, as if they would storm the barrack of wooden buildings on the other side. Then they wrestled themselves like furious Gorgons into entangling knots and spiral forms, and lifted their undulent bodies up into the dark midnight sky. And their hot breaths were poured out upon the street air, almost stifling the terro-stricken mass that fell back before them.

In an upper room a young child was still sleeping. Her window opened upon the adjacent roof, whose dry shingles were already crackling in the hungry jaws of the Fire Spirit. She had not yet waked, but lay on her couch blissfully, yet frightfully ignorant of the demon that was on her track.

A single whiff of the changing wind—and the fire-fiend had mounted to the roof. Running swiftly along the moss-speckled eaves, it crept slowly, but surely, up the declivous roof, laying hold firmly by each row of shingless, and finally pausing at the window of the child's bed chamber. It climbed up at the window sill, and looked in!

The picture of innocence should have made its lurid face pale before it!

But no—but no. The flames glared gleefully in at each pane, growing bolder with the view. They licked their hungry tongues, as if in sweet foretaste of the delicious morsel that was theirs. They looked out at their victim through a hundred jealous and fiery eyes, as if she might by some mishap be stolen from them. They wreathed the sill—the casement—the little gable—like a vine all of bright fire, and luxuriant with flaming foliage. They clapt their hundred red hands above their heads, and screeched and yelled, and hissed, in their great glee.

"*My child! Save my child!*"

It was a wild cry of agony from one of the dense crowd below. The shriek of the woman's voice rose above the din of men and flames. It pierced the thick smoke-clouds, and reached the very room in which the child lay. And the jubilant fire-fiend caught the wild echo, and answered it with hissing hellish laughter.

The cry rose again,—and again. The agonized mother could do no more. She sank lifeless to the ground.

They lifted long ladders to the windows, and brave men mounted to the topmost rounds—but they could advance no farther. A wall of fire kept them out at the door. A sheet of fire threatened to enwrap them from the roof. There was no advance. The room could not be reached.

Meantime the glass in the windows of the child's bed-chamber fell tinkling on the floor, and the hot breath of the flames awakened her. She bounded into the middle of the room, and stared wildly around her. She was as rigid as a statue of bloodless marble.

In another moment, she had opened the door that conducted down the stairs. But she as quickly shut it again. The stairway was a bank of living flames!—Fire was on every side. The legions of the fiend hemmed her completely in.—Neither through the window, nor through the door, could she make her escape.—And she stood like a statue there, gazing in mute agony at the death she knew was inevitable.

A pallor, as of a ghost, spread over her face. Her auburn ringlets rolled down her shoulders of ivory. Her blue eyes were set in her head, and all the time glaring at the fire. Her little frame shook like an aspen leaf. Her hands were tightly clenched, and immovable at her side.

The flames threw out their forked tongues at her through the window, and winked fiercely at her with their hellish eyes. They wreathed themselves into all manner of fanciful figures, and played and wrestled, and danced, and writhed like serpents together, as if to delight her in her greatest terror. They shot up like huge billows, and their crests threw off a row of a million of glittering sparks. Then they sunk down to the window again, and looked in at the casement.—They clapped their palms over and over again. They continually thrust out their horridly sibilant tongues. They screeched; they yelled; they roared; they hissed; they sang. Then they beckoned each to the other, and poured into the room. They formed a circle about the child, joining their fiery hands. They danced around her, and yelled in their excess of joy. They rose to her breast, each moment closing up about her form. They breathed upon her fair shoulders; and she quaked and shivesed with fear.—They breathed upon her cheeks; and she gasped for life. Then they retreated a moment; but it was only to return with freshly whetted appetites. They kissed her neck. They laid their tongues upon her lips. They dallied with her ringlets as if they were braiding them up with bands of fire. They enfoled her at once in their embrace, and fell gluttinously upon her. She sank to the floor,

* * * * * * *

The roof fell to the cellar, and a legion of sparks flew up to the sky.

Morning came. Hundreds of men were searching among the ruins.

Only a handful of white bones laid piled up together.

The mother was a maniac.—*Carpet Bag.*

Horrid Accident.

Mr. Mansfield Hull lost his life at an iron foundry in Birmingham, Ct., last week, in consequence of being caught upon a shaft by his clothes. The Derby Journal says the unfortunute man was whirled around the shaft at the rate of *one hundred and sixty* revolutions per minute, and was whirling at this speed when discovered. The shaft was within a few feet of the windows, and at the first time round, the legs of Mr. Hull dashed out the window and sash, and striking the edge of the shop, were whipped into a myriad number of pieces.—When the mutilated body was taken down, it was discovered that the neck was broken. The deceased was 25 years of age, and leaves an aged and infirm mother, a young wife, and an infant babe.

A tall youth is a *lad*, but an implement used by firemen is a *ladder*.