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Ottawa is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SUMMER.---Leigh Hunt.

The months we used to read of,
Have come to us again,
With sultriness and sunniness,
And rare delights of rain;
The lark is up and says aloud,
East and west I see no cloud.

The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep:
The leafiness and floweriness,
Make one abundant heap;
The balmy, blossom-breathing airs,
Smell of future plums and pears.

The sunshine at our waking,
Is still found smiling by,
With beamingness and earnestness,
Like some beloved eye,
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being wide awake.

The lasses in the gardens,
Show forth their heads of hair,
With rosiness and lightsomeness,
A chasing here and there;
And they'll hear the birds, and stand,
And shade their eyes with lifted hand.

And then again they're off there,
As if their lovers came,
With giddiness and gladsomeness,
Like doves but newly tame:—
Ah! light your cheeks at Nature, do,
And draw the whole world after you.

Mrs. Washington.

The wife of George Washington merits respectful notice, even if she had possessed no personal or moral excellences to entitle her to honorable recollections. But her claims to celibrity rest not solely to her connection with that distinguished patriot.—Those most acquainted with Mrs. Washington readily award to her all the domestic virtues, and represent her as a model of propriety in the interesting relation of a wife. She was in truth, worthy of the man to whom she gave her hand. In public cares and duties, and how great and trying these were we have all heard, she took a deep interest and solicitude, which endeared her to her beloved lord, and to the country. All that belonged to her sphere of duty was faithfully performed; and she was always a helpmate and a solace to him in retirement. In the domestic circle, her deportment may well be linked to his, in a public station. It was distinguished for propriety, prudence, economy and disinterestedness.

George Washington was in public life at an early age. He was Adjutant-General of Virginia and a Major of militia, in active service against the Indians, before he was twenty-one. And when only twenty-six, he had been three seasons in service to the west, on the Ohio, in defence of the frontier settlements of Virginia. His marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, widow of a Mr. Custis, was in 1750, when he was about twenty-seven. Mrs. Custis was a few months younger. The connection was founded wholly in sentiment and affection. The first time they met there was a mutual admiration for each other. He was, even then, the pride of his native state; and in his person and manners uncommonly attractive. It was an honor to any young lady of the best families to be his choice in the ball room: and even in the "place where prayer was wont to be made," the eyes of beauty would sometimes wander from the preacher, to catch a livelier devotion from his "mind-illumined face;" a face at once so dignified with virtue and so sweetened with grace that none could look upon it without emotions very friendly to the heart: and sighs of sentiments too delicate for description, were often seen to heave the snowy bosoms of the most noble dames. The beauty of Mrs. Washington was not the shallow boast of a fair skin nor of those short-lived roses, which sometimes wither almost as soon as blown. But it was a beauty which sprang from the heart, from benevolent and pure affections, which gave to her eyes, her looks, her voice, and manners such angelic charms, that one could not look on her without exclaiming,

She was nearest heaven of all on earth I knew,
And all but adoration was her due.

Mrs. Custis had a fine person, was what the world called handsome, and her character and virtues marked her out for the partner of the first yonng man in the ancient dominion. The union was honorable and happy to both; and she remained to be his comfort in advanced life: at his death, she was an angel administering to his wants and a witness of his peaceful departure.

Justice would not be done to the character of Mrs. Washington if we failed to mention her kindness and liberality to the poor. She was always ready to contribute to the relief of those who needed charity; and like her estimable husband she was ever studious of the unfortunate people of color. And many believe, that in the employment of such kind masters and mistresses, the colored people of the south are more happy than they would be if left to provide for themselves.

Revolutionary Incident.

Royalton, Vt. during the Revolutionary war, was one of the frontier towns of the State, and was subjected at one time to the inroads of the tories and Indians from Canada in a more fearful shape than ever befel any other town in Vermont. In the beginning of October, 1780, an expedition was planned against Newbury on Connecticut river, the principal object of which was to capture a Lieutenant Whitcomb, who the Canadians asserted, had mortally wounded and robbed a British General Gordon, during Montgomery's disastrous campaign several years before. Against this man the British and Indians had conceived a violent aversion, and planned the present expedition in order to get him into their power. The expedition consisted of two hundred and ten men, nearly all of whom were Indians, under the command of a British officer named Horton. In proceeding up Onion river, they fell in with two hunters, who informed them that the people of Newbury were expecting an attack and had prepared themselves for it; and they therefore decided to direct their course toward Royalton. They found the inhabitants wholly unprepared for an attack, and an easy prey to their rapacity. After destroying twenty houses at Royalton and several in the neighboring towns, killing some persons who attempted to escape, and taking many prisoners and much plunder, they commenced a hasty retreat. The news quickly spread, and a party of the resolute inhabitants of neighboring towns soon assembled, chose a leader and commenced a pursuit. So great was their despatch that they soon came up with the trail of the savages, in the night, who, having posted their sentries, and partaking excessively of the intoxicating portion of their spoils, had lain down to rest, not dreaming of an attack. Great was their consternation on finding that their sentries were fired upon; but with savage cunning they sent word to their pursuers that if attacked, they would put all the prisoners to death; and while the subject matter of this threat was debating among their enemies, they picked up their prisoners and camp-equipage, and made a hasty retreat under the cover of the darkness. In the morning it was thought useless to pursue them, and the party returned. Most of the prisoners eventually made their way back from captivity. Several authentic anecdotes are related of this expedition, which go to show the Indian character in a less ferocious light than it has generally been held, under similar circumstances. They did not evince any desire to molest the women or female children. In some of the cases where the women who had left their burning houses, stood motionless and stupified, not knowing what to do, the Indians brought them their clothes, with the assurance that "Indian would'nt hurt 'em." One woman had firmness enough to reproach them for their conduct in burning down houses, and taunted them for not daring to cross the river and attack the men at the fort. They bore her gibes with the utmost patience, and only replied that "sqaw should'nt talk too much." Another woman, whose young son they were carrying off, followed them with another child in her arms, and beseeched them to return her little boy. They complied; and following up her success, she prevailed upon them to give up ten or fifteen of the children of her neighbors. One of the Indians offered to carry her on his back across the stream; she accepted his politeness, and though the water was up to his waist, he conveyed her over in safety, and she returned with her little band of boys, to the surprise and joy of their parents. These, and several other authentic anecdotes of a similar nature, show that the savages did not at this time practise those ferocities which in more recent hostile expeditions have marked their course with the worst possible horrors of blood and carnage.

The American Orator.

The roman orator had the population of a city for his audience, but the American orator has a nation of his countrymen proclaiming the preceptor of morality—yet the Press bears every word which he utters in the Capitol from the Atlantic cities to the Floridas. The merchant of New York reads the speech when reeling on his luxurious couch, after the business of the day; and the hunter of the Rocky Mountains can peruse it by the light of the pine torch. Yes, even in the rude hut of the trapper, when the bleak snows are lying around, and the loud night blast wails above the lonely dwelling, the thoughts of the American orator are felt. Let him remember his responsibility, and weigh all that he utters. He is speaking to sixteen millions of freemen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LOVE'S WITNESS.

"When I was in thy chamber,
Alone, my love with thee,
Night cast it shadows round us,
And none was there to see;
The very breeze was lying
Asleep within the tree;
Then who could tell, or who reveal,
This cruel tale to me!"

"The lady moon was peeping,
And watch'd us through the tree;
A little star shot downwards,
And told it to the sea;
A sailor caught the whisper,
Who bore no love to me,
And sang before a maiden's door,
This wicked tale of thee."

Funeral Ceremonies of the Arabs.

The Arabs, who set little value on the lives of mankind, respect their remains, and take the utmost care of their interment; the want of it they consider one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen, and they die with composure when they are certain of leaving some one behind them to bury them. The severest punishment, therefore, among them is to be cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs. Their funeral ceremonies, as far as I have had an opertunity to observe them, are as follows: — Scarcely has the Arab breathed his last, when his body is carefully washed; after which it is wrapped up in a winding-sheet of white cloth reserved by the Arabs for that purpose. This cloth is manufactured in the towns of Arabia; but they set a much higher value upon that which is brought them by pilgrims from Mecca, and which has been blessed by the principal Imam. This benediction is expensive, it is true, but the singular favors annexed to it make them forget what it costs. As soon as the dead body is purified, it is laid upon a kind of litter, and is carried to the place of interment, either on horseback, or by the friends and relations of the deceased. While the men are employed in digging the grave, the women squat down in a circle around the body, which they feel and uncover, and afterwards converse together with much indifference; but every now and then they break off their discourse to give vent to their lamentations, to ask the body questions, to beseech it, in the most earnest manner, to return again and take up its abode amongst them. "Why," say they, "hast thou quitted us? Did we not prepare thy *courcouson* well? Alas! shall thy children behold thee no more? At present, since thou hast plunged them into sadness and wo, nothing remains for them but to sigh and to weep. Ah! return again with us; nothing shall be wanting to thee. But thou hearest us no more; thou no longer givest us an answer to our words; thou hearest only our sighs," &c., and other expressions of the same kind, which I have often made the Arabs translate to me, whilst I was assisting at these mournful ceremonies. These dismal lamentations, which display a natural and pathetic eloquence, would have a powerful effect in moving the hearts of the spectators, did they not see these very women, a moment after, throw aside that external appearance of the deepest grief, talk and laugh together, and afterwards return to their former wailings. During these tender complaints, they tear their hair, and open the veins of their temples with their nails, while the blood trickles down, mingled with their tears, and exhibits an appearance of the deepest despair. When the grave is finished, the body is deposited in it on its side, and with the face turned towards the east. One of their *papas* puts into his hand a letter of recommendation to Mahomet; after which a kind of arch is formed over it with branches of trees, in order that the earth may not touch it. When the grave is covered with earth, other branches of trees are laid over it, with a quantity of large stones, to prevent savage animals from devouring the body in the night time. In the middle of the stones, an opening is left where they deposit earthen vessels, and other family utensils; but this is only done to Arabs of a certain rank. Before they quit the grave, they erect in the middle of it a kind of funeral flag, which is generally a piece of the clothes of the deceased, fixed to the end of a stick. When the ceremony is finished, each returns home with the greatest tranquillity, and without showing in their exterior appearance, any signs of the melancholy duty they had been discharging. The nearest relations and friends of the deceased go, from time to time, and visit his tomb. They remove some stones from it, and in part uncover the body, to see that the person has not returned to life; and when the smell convinces them of the contrary, they renew their wailings and lamentations as above described. Some scatter a little lime over the stones, to make this rude tomb look somewhat brighter. On every holiday the Arabs go in crowds to visit the tombs of their dead, and to bedew them with their tears.—*Poiret's Travels.*

Democrat.

The name of Democrat must always be, in the nature of things, a proud one. No matter what changes may take place in the features of this government—no matter how changed her institutions, refined, (corrupt) and aristocratic her people—still there will be associated with it something so grand and mighty, as connected with the perfection of human destiny, that it can never be regarded otherwise than with sentiments of reverence and respect. With the expansion and cultivation of the human mind, the name of Democrat must advance in magnitude and importance. Ever since man began, in the mass, to comprehend his rights, and the larger the scope grasped by his understanding, the name has been a progressive one, in power and magnitude. Like the faith in which we all believe, it had a humble and lowly origin; but like that same faith, it has gathered strength from the very elements that were associated to destroy it and were its natural opponents, until it has shaken kings in their thrones, overthrown sceptres, created nations and led them on to tryumph, and diffused the most important of all elements through society—the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Founded as the precepts distinguished by this name are upon the purest principles of philanthrophy, benevolence and true piety, with the single object in view of elevating the human race to the natural standard of liberty and equaliiy established by their Creator, and redeeming the great, interested and useful mass from the servitude in which the designing, the ignorant, and the interested have degraded them—the name must be a progressive one as long as the human race exists. In the art of printing, and in the progression of that art, the name and principles of Democracy possess the stimulus of deathless vitality. Though crushed to earth—though driven back—though, through the misconception and corruption of "unregenerate man," it may be rendered stationary for a time—this time is but for a day; while the name and principles of Democracy will only pass away with the eternity comprehended in the cycle of created existence.—*Wilkesbarre Farmer.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The following sweet and simple expression of early appeal, is from the pen of Isaac Pray, Jr.:

Father! now the day is past!
On thy child thy blessings cast!
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band!
And throughout the darkning night,
Bless me with a cheerful light!
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father! day by day.

Flowers in Winter.

The New York Mirror gives a description of a mode successfully pursued by a distinguished florist, for producing fresh-blown flowers in winter. It is as follows: Let some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve—such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open—be chosen; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. When it is desired to have the flowers to blow, take the buds over night, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors, and breathe their agreeable odor around.

Young Men.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing: the chance is more than ten to one in favor of success of such a young man, over one who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day; how many of these can now boast of wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society and are passed, by their own boon companions, with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

Anecdote.

A jolly set of Irishmen, boon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their minds to leave the "old sod," and wend their may to Ameriky. They were five in number—two Paddies, on Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened, that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed, "Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain." But one of the Paddids swore that it was not jonteel to do that thing. "You know Teague," said he, "that I am an arithmetician, and that I can work it by rule of substraction which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to "bide by the figures." All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded, "Well then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, but take Dennis from Murphy and Teague remains. By my sowl Teague, my jewel, and its you that can't go."

An improved Method of making Coffee.

Put your coffee (after grinding) into a flannel bag, tie it closely, allowing sufficient room to boil freely, put it into the boiler, adding as much water as may be required. After boiling, it will be found to be *perfectly clear*, without the addition of egg, &c., having likewise the advantage of retaining its original flavor and strength in greater perfection than when clarified.

From the Village Record.

Marks of Good Cattle.

Mr. Snyder.—As there is a disposition manifested by many persons to improve their stock of cattle, I have thought that a few remarks upon the subject might be acceptable to some of our readers. In Indiana, the two principal objects in breeding cattle, appeare to be beef and milk. And as certain forms are found to possess particular qualities, I shall proceed to describe what are the particular forms, and in doing this, I shall avail myself of the experience and observations of others.

The head ought to be small and the muzzle fine, the countenance calm, the horns fine; the neck light, particularly where it joins the head; the breast wide and projecting well before the legs; the shoulders moderately broad at top, and the points well in, so as to leave no hollows behind them when the animal is moderately fat; the girth behind the shoulders should be deep, so that if the carcass was cut across here, it would be an oval, blunt at both ends; the back straight, wide and flat; the ribs broad, and the space between them and the hips small; the flank full and heavy; the belly well kept in and not sinking much in the middle, the ribs globular, wide across, and on a level with his back; the twist should be wide, and the seam in the middle of it well filled; the thigh should be straight, tapering well down to the hock; the legs straight, short jointed, clean, fine bowed, and standing far apart, the tail broad towards the top, tapering down, and the smaller towards the bottom the better; the body long, and jointed to the quarters before and behind; not barrel-shaped, for this does not allow sufficient depth; a section of the body should be an oval, blunt at both ends. — Where the body is barrel-shaped, there will be a deficiency both before and behind where it joins the quarters.

I shall now proceed to state the particulars of the above described form. The reason why the head should be small and the muzzle fine, is that it facilitates birth; and as the head is composed mostly of bone, it shows fineness of bone, the advantages of which are that the animal posessing them will fatten upon half the food that coarse, big-boned, long-jointed ones will require. Calmness of countenance, also indicates a disposition to get fat—the restless and vicious never fatten kindly.—The lightness of the neck is advantageous to the butcher, who will get less coarse meat in such. The wideness of the breast and deep girth give greater room for the lungs. A straight back shows strength, a weak animal being generally awry or hump backed. Poor keeping will produce those deficiencies in a calf that was at first well formed. The straight back also denotes an aptitude to fatten kindly.—Much depends upon the room they have: no animal can be good whose lungs occupy a small space, and as the lungs occupy all the space within the ribs, so it is of great importance that the space inside of them should be large—for this reason the limbs should be spread wide, and extend well back towards the hips. The full heavy flank in the cow is a most certain indication of a good milker, and the bull thus formed generally produces cows that milk well. The belly being nearly straight shows strength in the flanks. Globular ribs hold much flesh, and it is much easier put on such than upon those that are sharp. Wide ribs give a broader loin and more capacity to the pelvis. From the hips to the rump long and straight with the back, the hind quarter that is thus formed will weigh very heavy, the wideness of the twist, and the filling up of the seam, gives the greater weight to the upper part of the thigh. Straight legs are stronger than crooked ones. Clean legs and small tail show fine bones. Short joints in the leg is also an excellent mark of an animal fattening easily, for every animal requires food to fatten it in proportion to the length of the leg. A short-legged animal with a large body will fatten upon less food than a long-legged one with a small body. When the brisket and twist are large, the legs be wider apart, and it is important that both these be large.

I have said above that the head should be small; but I did not mean that a bull's head should look like any thing but a bull's head, for if it looks like a steer's or cow's, he will be uncertain in propagating his species. If the neck should be disproportionately long and slender, it denotes a weakly constitution. The body cannot well be too long whilst the legs keep wide apart, as a long body throws much weight in the carcass; but in very long bodies there is a tendency in the legs to get too close together, leaving the breast thin and reducing the twist. This I consider a serious misfortune.

In breeding it is of importance that where there is a deficiency in one the other should be particularly good in that part, and the best should always be selected for breeders; rejecting every thing that is common. By always selecting the best and breeding from them alone, any stock may be very much improved, so that in a few generations they will hardly look as if they had sprung from such a stock.

I have frequently heard it asked, what makes such cattle as I have described worth more than others equally large.—There are many reasons; but I will confine myself to three. — And first, they come earlier to maturity, thus saving in those that are intended for beef two or three years' keeping. They carry more fat and flesh upon the most valuable parts. It is known to persons who are in the habit of buying beef of a butcher, that he makes a difference of four or five cents in a pound of meat taken from the different parts of the same animal. Now it must be plain to every one, that those animals which carry their principal weight in those parts that command the highest price, must be worth the most, and of course he will give more for them. They fatten upon half the food that others require; of course they are worth more to the man who fattens them. Wm. Bichenor.

Mehemet Ali.

"Tis hard for the proud spirit of this extraordinary man to yield to the dictation of the allied powers of Europe. But he will have to succumb at last. He will not be able to contend successfully with all the forces brought against him. In a late conversation with Col. Hodges, the English Consul, he expressed himself as follows:—

"The powers of Europe wish th drive me to the last extremity. Well, I accept the challenge. Alone, I am ready to face the danger, no matter from what quarter it may come. I am conscious of the vastness and inequality of the struggle, but I prefer a thousand times to succumb under the efforts of Europe leagued against me, than submit to her humiliating conditions. I shall break, if it be so decreed, but I will not bend like a weak reed. I will not belie myself at the close of my career. I have risen and maintained myself by war. War may still save me. I shall make war since I am forced to it, and fight it out to the last. If I fall, it will be with glory, and the shame of my reverse will overwhelm those who drew them on me, in return for my moderation after a brilliant victory, and for my condescension to obey their dictates."

Then turning to M. Cochelet, the French Consul who had spoke of territorial concessions, the spirited old man continued with emphasis, "I will not yield a hair's breadth!"