New-York Tribune.

BY HORACE GREELEY. "I desire you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out---I ask nothing more."—HARRISON. OFFICE NO. 30 ANN-ST.

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THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

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Spirit of the Press.

From the Philadelphia American Sentinel.

THE LATE NATIONAL CALAMITY, deplored by saddened and weeping millions of the people, has nevertheless dropped some blessed and merciful influences in its path, and developed some beatings of the national heart, which will long be remembered with mild joy and reverence as significant of the superior force of American patriotism and Christian sensibility to the feuds and forms of partizan partiality. Who remembered at the grave of HARRISON that he was the chief and chosen of a party? Who regarded the pale, breathless, death-stricken patriot as other than an American President, a great people's head and leader, and the Lord's anointed? All creeds and parties were in spirit at his death chamber and grave, shrouding and lowering their banners, and mingling their tears; and many a political opponent may have exclaimed, "Would to God I had died for thee." Honorable to human nature and to those deep, but oft-times suppressed and oblique affections of the public bosom for her sons and benefactors, have been the general and spontaneous griefs of the present week. We bless God, amid our weeds and widowhood, for its developments, and we move on into the future with invigorated step, and with corroborated faith in the American character.

We note one thing more, the tribute to Christianity and its saving power to the struggler with death. No paragraphs have been read with livelier interest than those which assure us that Gen. HARRISON died a CHRISTIAN: that his late years were years of serious thoughtfulness: that in his latest and most laborious days, he was a devout reader of the Bible, a believer in the Christian faith, a communicant in heart with the Christian church: and that his sentiments were avowed not amid the terrors of death only, but on that calmest and proudest day of his history, when in obedience to the voice of a grateful country, and in the presence of fifty thousand people, he took upon his conscience the inaugural oath.

From the National Intelligencer.

"The solemn event, although the public will have been in some degree prepared for it, will be to the whole country an astounding blow. The uninterrupted health of the deceased patriot, his robust constitution and active strength, up to the last week of his life, had left his countrymen nothing to wish, and nothing to fear in regard either to his bodily or mental capacity for the able discharge of the high trust to which he was called. The tens of thousands of his fellow citizens who assembled to witness the ceremony of his inauguration, felt, in the clear tones of his trumpet voice, an assurance that he possessed health and strength equal to the arduous duties which lay before him. But this promise and this confidence were soon to suffer a sad reverse. The week before last, pursuing the practice of his active life, and his habit of early rising and exercise, the President, in the course of a long walk before breakfast, was overtaken by a slight shower, and got wet. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia, or bilious pleurisy, which ultimately baffled all medical skill, and terminated his virtuous, useful and illustrious life on Sunday morning, after an illness of eight days.

The last time the President spoke was at 9 o'clock—a little more than three hours before he expired—and the words which he then uttered were so remarkable that they deserve to be recorded and remembered. While Dr. Worthington and one or two other attendants were standing over him, having just administered to his comfort, he cleared his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and, as though he fancied himself addressing his successor or some official associate in the Government, said: "SIR, I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE."

These, his last words, were uttered in a distinct voice, and, as they were well calculated to do, impressed the gentlemen present so solemnly, that Dr. Worthington immediately wrote them down for preservation. They present a brief but impressive record of the thoughts which occupied the last moments of the departed patriot, and are characteristic of the Roman devotion to his country which animated him throughout his life, and shone forth even in the hour of death. Thus passed from life, and from the station on earth most worthy of a noble ambition, this good and wise and illustrious citizen. It is not for us to attempt to do justice to the solemnity of the occasion, or to the deep grief which pervades all hearts. As more fitting and adequate than any thing which we could say, we quote the impressive language uttered from one of our pulpits yesterday, by an eloquent Divine:

"The intelligence of this morning, my Christian friends, has filled thousands of hearts, and will fill thousands more, with sadness and anxiety. The Chief Magistrate of our Union is no more! One short month since, amidst the breathless attention of an immense multitude, with clear and solemn voice he called God to witness that he would faithfully discharge the duties of his high office. He has now gone to appear in the presence of that God. The praises of his friends, the denunciations of his enemies are alike awed into silence before this dispensation of mysterious Providence. Amid the busy schemings of man, the Supreme Ruler has manifested his power; and we read with trembling sadness his awful lesson, of the uncertainty of human life, the emptiness of earthly glory."

"You have seen—how recently and sadly seen—that the summit of human power affords no security from the shafts of death. The illustrious man, lately almost a nation's idol, now lies in the calm deep slumber which knows no waking till the final day. Those deeds of service to his country which were so familiar to the lips of thousands, and that fidelity to his country's good, lately so fervently expressed, and as we trust so sincerely felt—these, and all else that graced his character, have followed him to the bar of the just and merciful Judge. Before that bar, my friends, we also are to appear. We know not how soon. May we so use the present time as to prepare ourselves for that awful hour."

From the Commercial Advertiser.

To ourselves, the scenes of the past month have been as a protracted dream—opening in a bright and glorious vision of the 4th of March, and ending in gloom at the close of one short month. Just a month ago yesterday we saw the good old man moving in triumph through the streets of the capital, attended by a throng of countless thousands, making the arches of heaven open with their shouts of gladness. We marked his own deportment—grave and solemn, as though deeply impressed with the high duties devolving upon him by the new relation in which he was to stand to the people. He was neither lifted up by his exaltation nor depressed as though the charge was too great for man, but his carriage was altogether that of an unostentatious and plain republican statesman, carrying upon his countenance the impress of patriotism, integrity, and benevolence.

We saw him dismount from his steed, and stand forth upon the portico of the national capital, there to proclaim the principles which should govern him in the administration of the concerns of this vast republic. Calmly stood the good old man, surrounded by the wisdom of the Senate, the Representatives of the people, the chivalry of the army and navy, and much of the beauty of the land—to say nothing of the ministers of foreign powers gazing intently upon such a popular pageant as the world cannot exhibit. Having read his declaration in a full, clear voice, the noble and patriotic sentiments of which met the ardent response of thousands, he then with deep solemnity received the oath from the lips of the Chief Justice of the United States, and reverently kissed the sacred Book of God, in whose name he swore to be true to the constitution and the people.

Then went up the last long shout of the mighty throng—proclaiming that the work of the people in a great civil and bloodless revolution was accomplished—it remaining only for their servants to execute their high behests. The moment was one of awful solemnity and grandeur. But how true the line of Cowper:

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

One short month, and the nation then so joyful, is whelmed in woe.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE RULER IS FALLEN!—A nation has been smitten, a republic has been saddened by the fiat of a Power to which none can give resistance, and the swaying of a sceptre which none can disown. *Death*, who in the beautiful and expressive language of the Latin Poet, knocks with equal pace at the doors of cottages or palaces of Kings, has received the late President into his icy arms—his freezing kiss has emancipated a noble and benignant spirit—and that which but yesterday was the shrine of pure and patriotic aspirations—of warm love of country, and hopes for its happiness and honor, is now but pallid and deserted dust, from which the light of life has fled forever. It is a picture of solemnity, of awe and admonition: it teaches us the evanescence of human hopes, the futility of sublunary wishes—and tells us, loudly and with awful emphasis, how worse than vain are the calculations on the length of years and honors, with which the eminent are so often as it were prospectively invested. The King of Shadows loves a shining mark—and against such objects how often do his quickest and most fatal arrows rattle! What we love, what we venerate, what we press to our bosoms and wear in our hearts—how they bow to the mandate of 'pass ye away!' Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?

No language can describe the sorrowful consternation, the profound regret, which will pervade the Union, as the intelligence of the death of its late President spreads far and wide. It will pass through the vast West, like the sound of a mighty oak, falling in the stillness of the forest: the steamers, as they plough along our mighty rivers, will bear with them the emblems of mourning—and an universal sadness, like the cloud that heralds forth the imminent tempest, will spread itself over the whole mass of the nation, from the dark streams of Maine to the waters of Mexico. Death has sought out and smitten a lofty victim; there is sackcloth in the high places, and wailing throughout the land.

——'No glittering line
Of guards in pompous mail arrayed,
Bastion, or mouted wall, or mound,
Or palisade;
Or covered trench, secure and deep—
All these cannot one victim keep,
Oh death! from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path,
Unerringly!'

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH:—The most painful apprehensions of yesterday are realized. President Harrison is no more. The shadow of death has passed over the glory and gladness of the Nation. The hopes of an exulting people are crushed by the inexorable decree of an overruling Providence. The hand of the Almighty chastener has been made visible to all eyes. Human pride stands rebuked in the presence of His dark messenger—Death. We shall attempt no eulogy upon the departed. The virtues and services of his life praise him. The sympathies of a grateful people that joyously thronged around his Inauguration, attend him to the tomb. Ambition may envy such a death. Without a stain upon the purity of his public or private fame, he passes to an immortality where temptation, sin and error cannot reach him. Our regrets at this national bereavement are all for the living. To them we dedicate our sympathy—with them we mourn this irreparable loss.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF GENERAL HARRISON.—Every thing connected with the last illness of General Harrison will be read with interest by the public, and among the most pleasant of our reflection is the happy and willing exit the good man made to another world. We find in the correspondence of the Philadelphia North American an anecdote recorded, which we have seen authenticated in other quarters. The porter of the White House was sent early to his bedside on Thursday morning of last week, two days prior to his illness, and found the General up, with his spectacles on, and reading the Bible. "He reads his Bible," said a visitor to the porter immediately after. "Oh, yes, indeed he does, good man, and I believe he prays too," was the reply.

The remark of Dr. Hawley was, that of the six Presidents he had known, and preached to, Gen. Harrison was the only one whom he saw worshipping God upon his knees. As further proof of the Christian faith of the President, and as an illustration of his nobleness of character, we have evidence that nearly a year since, he manifested a disposition to become a member of the Episcopal Church of Cincinnati. He was pressed by his Clergyman to do so. The answer was that he would but for the fact that he knew his motives would be impeached, and he would be accused of connecting himself with a Church of God for political purposes. He intended to have become a member of a Christian Church while President of the United States, and thus add to a Christian duty which he owed himself, the Christian virtues of a good example. For the loss of such a man well may the nation grieve. We are told that upon the night of his death, tears fell from eyes that seldom weep. Dying as he did like a Statesman and a Christian, with his last thoughts for his country and his last hopes in God, we find our griefs lessened in the hope that a blessed immortality awaits him.

BEAUTIES OF THE SUB-TREASURY.—We gave our readers a day or two since a specimen of the beauties of the Sub-Treasury system as illustrated in Michigan. The Madisonian tells of an example of its practical operations at St. Louis, Missouri.

Three hundred thousand dollars in specie have been accumulated and locked up in the vaults of the Receiver-General at St. Louis, at an expense of 2½ per cent, while it is wanted elsewhere.

If the Government desires it here, it must be transported under insurance of military protection at a heavy additional expense. In the ordinary course of mercantile or banking business, the transfer could take place by draft, or bill of exchange, without trouble, delay or expense. This Cuban financial system, embarrassing, expensive, and impracticable, we trust will be at an early period repealed by the coming Congress.

In connection with this, we give a picture of the nucleus around which the little Sub-Treasuries revolve. A correspondent of the United States Gazette is the painter.

"The question has been sometimes asked—What, and where is the Sub-Treasury? For the information of the curious, I will answer. *The* sub-Treasury is a dungeon-fashioned room, in the right hand passage after you enter the Treasury, at the main front. It is a section of a circle, with iron bars and gratings to the windows, completely proof against fire, and made equally so against that more dangerous enemy, man—first, by the impenetrability of its walls and doors; and secondly, by the guard of two watchmen. In this vault I saw, a day or two ago, a pile of some twenty or thirty bags of gold, and suspected the proximity of Treasury Notes enough to impart wealth to thousands. Respectable citizens, I believe, are all permitted to take a peep at this mysterious chamber."

From the last Knickerbocker.

APRIL.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JUNIOR.

'Now young willows begin to put forth their tender leaves; the capricious rains, and coquetting skies chary of their smiles, make the earth radiant with a fresher verdure; the country frog, ensconced in his veil of green spawn, sends a pleasant music abroad, through the reeds that tremble about his pool; the maple boughs redden in the sunbeam, and saccharine gouts are distilled from the tree. The husbandman wends through the woodland, with well-poised neck-yoke and brimming pails: the smoke rises above the forest tops—the axe rings from the 'sap-works.' Snows melt from the fields, and only in the valleys, under umbrageous pines and cedars, do they remain. The herds frisk in the pasture; sleep-inviting sounds sail over the landscape, and the haze that betokens brighter days lingers in the distance.'—*Ollapod.*

ALL smiles and tears
The fresh young April day appears;
Above the twisted old tree-root,
Above the verdurous springing grass,
Above the soft turf's new-born shoot,
Her dancing footsteps pass.

Her clear eye swims in light,
Her golden tresses loosely flow;
Her gay voice singeth in delight,
Her cheeks with healthful beauty glow:
In her green hollow way
The wild-flowers spring in myriads up;
The crocus nods its blossoms gay,
The violet lifts its azure cup;
The lily swings its snowy bell,
The honey-suckle opes its shell.

Down the moist meadow land,
Where thro' the flow'ring greensward flows the brook,
Sweet-smelling blooms their odorous leaves expand
In every woody nook.
The golden-berried wax-work weaves its wreath
Of verdure; and the clematis
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath;
And oft the south wind stoops to kiss
The modest snow-drop in the grass:
O'er the clear stream the gaudy mosses lean,
To see reflected in that lucid glass
Their velvet fringes and their festoons green.

Sweet April! with thy cloudless forehead bound
With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses crowned,
I love thee well!
Deep in the heart of man, as o'er the earth,
Thy presence casts a cheerful tone of mirth,
A soft, sweet spell;
The newly-budding groves repeat thy call
With joy through all their lone arcades;
And the hoarse sounding waterfall
Rejoices in the dim, primeval shades.

I love thy changeful skies,
With all their cloudy glooms and brightening smiles;
I love to see thy glowing morn arise
O'er the blue hills and the soft-sleeping isles;
I love the mild and temperate flush of morn,
With all the young leaves dancing with delight;
I love thy golden eve, and silver moon
Sailing in streaming glory o'er the night;
I love to hear thy healthful breezes raise
O'er the wood-tops their sounding psalms of praise.
I love to hear thy sounds of rustic toil,
Where glides the furrowing share along the fertile soil.

From the Christian Observer.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A clergyman, who went over the field of battle after the defeat of the Russians by the King of Prussia at Soldin, wrote and published the following account of it:—At one o'clock the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Soldin, in order to learn to whose advantage the battle turned out. Toward evening 700 of the Russian fugitives came to Soldin, a pitiful sight indeed: some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing, others praying and praising the King of Prussia, without hats, without clothes, some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the horses' tails. When the battle was decided, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed toward me. I mounted him, and on my way for seven miles and a half on this side the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded, lying on the ground, sadly cut in pieces. The farther I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another. This scene I shall never forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Dear sir, water, water, water.' Righteous God! what a sight. Men, women, children, Russians and Prussians, carriages and horses, oxen, chests, baggage, all lying one upon another, to the hight of a man: seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire.

The poor wounded were still firing at one another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle was a plain two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded. There was not even room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that I affirm it, they lay heaped up one upon another, as high as two men, and appeared like hills to the common ground: I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me: "Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; pray show me some compassion, and despatch me at once."

Night before the battle of Prussian Eylau, from Sir Robert Wilson's Memoirs:—Perhaps no night was ever more awful, no occasion ever excited a higher interest. The contact of the adverse armies—the importance of their character and objects—the fates that awaited their achievements—the events that depended on them—the presence of 150,000 men impatient for mutual slaughter—the wintry wildness of the scene, faintly cheered by the partial fires, on whose blaze the darkness of the storm rested, and whose flames exposed to view the shivering groups extended around—knowledge of the Russian sufferance—commiseration of their helpless distress—anxiety for their fate—all these kept unclosed the wearied eye, and oppressed the mind with variety and weight of thought.

Scene after the battle, from the same:—During the suspension of movements, a few moments were afforded to contemplate the field of battle, and never did a more terrible spectacle present itself. Fifty thousand brave men since sunrise killed and wounded, and a great part, being struck by cannon shot, exposed still on the ground, without the means, without the hope of succor. Near fifty thousand more, worn out with fatigue and exhausted with hunger, were unable to keep the field, and about to abandon their mangled comrades, who were imploring their assistance and protection.

The Prussians had provisions; but the Russians had no other sustenance than the frozen snow. Their wants had induced numbers during the battle to search for food in the adjoining villages, and the plain was covered by foraging parties passing and repassing.

The French left 650 of their own wounded, and 150 Russians, under the care of two surgeons, but without instruments or means of dressing, without provisions, and with dead bodies intermingled in almost every room. The burgomaster of Landsberg declared that 10,000 wounded had passed through his town. Although the soldiery and peasantry had, since the battle, been continually employed in burying the dead, the ground was still covered with human carcasses; and parts of the road towards Landsberg were literally paved with frozen and encrusted bodies, which the returning cannon wheels had rather splintered than lacerated.

Scene at Heilsberg, from the same:—The cannon thundered, and the musketry rolled, illuminating the atmosphere with continued flame, till gradually the combat relaxed, and the Russian lines re-ascended to their position. A little before ten at night, a deserter came over to the Russians, and informed the general that another assault was preparing from the wood. Suitable arrangements had scarcely been made, when the dark bodies of the columns were seen sweeping forward. Again the batteries were opened, and the fury of the battle again raged; but the assailants, unable to force the progress, fled back wrecked and almost annihilated.—The action became then feeble, and about eleven o'clock the enemy, along their line of tirailleurs, shouted '*arrêtez le combat*,' (cease the action) when this scene closed, and the massacre terminated: but the cessation of the tumultuous uproar of war was followed by a more melancholy din—the groans of the wounded, who, anticipating the morrow's renewal of the fight, or tortured by pain, in vain implored removal, relief, and even death.

Heavy rain fell in the early part of the night, which rendered the ground exceedingly slippery, and the troops experienced much distress. When light broke, the French were arrayed in order of battle; but a spectacle, indescribably disgusting, engaged attention more than the hostile dispositions.

The ground between the wood and the Russian batteries, about a quarter of a mile, was a sheet of naked human bodies which friends and foes had during the night mutually stripped, not leaving the worst rag upon them, although numbers of these bodies still retained consciousness of their situation. It was a sight that the eye loathed, but from which it could not remove.

Scene at Cadiz after the sea-fight off Trafalgar, from Semple's Travels:—As the wind was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discerned two dead bodies which the sea had thrown up.—Presently a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patroled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down, and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead.

All this possessed something of the terrible. But in Cadiz the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a very different nature. Ten days after the battle, they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded; and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs and through the streets sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and of human suffering. When by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet as they were finely dressed, it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound.

On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, while crowds of Spaniards either assisted, or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, while women sat on heaps of arms, broken furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and the convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder.

On leaving the harbor, I passed through the town to the point, and still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a top-mast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered; the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral and half their fleet.

While surrounded by these wrecks I mounted the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld, at a great distance, several masts and portions of the wreck still floating about. As the sea was almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. Though portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts, yet not a boat dared venture out to examine or endeavor to tow them in; such was the apprehension which still filled the minds of the enemy.

Description of a Military life, from Rocca's Memoirs of the War in Spain:—When we came to plenty, we made haste to enjoy it: we lived as fast as we could, because we knew that nothing could last long. When the cannon roared at a distance, announcing an approaching attack on any part of an enemy's line; when the different corps were hurrying into action, brothers and friends serving in several divisions, recognised each other, and stopped to embrace, and had a hasty farewell; their arms clashed, their plumes crossed each other, and they returned instantly to their ranks.

The habit of danger made us look upon death as one of the most ordinary circumstances of life: we pitied our comrades when wounded, but when once they had ceased to live, the indifference which was shown them amounted almost to irony.

When, as the soldiers passed by, they recognised one of their companions stretched among the dead, they just said, "He is in want of nothing, he will not have his horse to abuse again, he has got drunk for the last time," or something similar, which only worked, in the speaker, a stoical contempt of existence: such were the only funeral orations pronounced in honor of those who fell in our battles.

From the Journal of a March from Lisbon to Coimbra in 1811:—Before sunrise we departed for Leira. On reaching it, we went to the commissary. He gave us out of a tub some salt beef, so extremely putrid that we could not touch it. The bread too was so offensive, that I could not even bear it in the room. Having rested, I went into the town.—What a sight! almost every house a heap of ruins: the convents destroyed: the streets green with grass; in some streets not an inhabitant; such a mournful silence in these deserted places; and where there were any inhabitants, such pale, wretched figures!

A friar led me round an immense convent. It was a mass of ashes and ruin. Every picture, every statue, every ornament, every monument, and even every tomb, broken and destroyed. Human bones, that had lain at rest for ages had been disturbed, and were scattered over the ground. The walls were black with fire; the staircases pulled down; the windows torn out of their frames: the very fountains ruined! Oh, such a scene of desolation! the actors in this scene had, in some instances, scrawled their names with firebrands on the walls of the churches and convents. The most finished specimen of Gothic architecture I ever saw, is a chapel situated among the rocks on which the castle stands. This has suffered worse than any other building. Every tomb is broken open in search of treasure. The beautiful foliage of the stone capitals is knocked to pieces out of pure mischief, the altars leveled, the fine carved doors completely demolished. Really, my tears were ready to flow, when I stood on the high brow of the castle, and looked down upon the ruins of one of the fairest cities of this kingdom at my feet. Oh war, war, what a scourge to the nations art thou! and oh happy, thrice happy, blessed peaceful England, whom alone, of all the nations of Europe, the Lord has in mercy preserved from its ravages.

LOSS OF LIFE IN NAVAL ACTIONS.—The naval actions of the English have been always remarkable for the comparative small loss of life with which they have been gained; and in the estimation of the country this has always formed a principal feature of the public triumph. The loss of Acre was the smallest ever known in an affair of such magnitude; and decisive as the victory was, we should regard it with increased congratulation, from its offering a hope that war (if such must come) may yet be carried on with diminished sacrifices to humanity. On this important subject we shall give a glance at the losses in the great principal actions since the beginning of the great war of the French Revolution. In Lord Howe's action of the first of June, 1793, there were twenty-six sail of the line engaged, with 17,000 men. The total of the killed and wounded amounted to 1078. In Lord Bridgport's action of the twenty-third of June, 1795, there were fourteen sail of the line with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 144. In Lord St. Vincent's action there were fifteen sail of the line, with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 300. In Lord Duncan's action, October 1779, there were sixteen sail (including two 50's) with 8,000 men. The killed and wounded were 751. In Lord Nelson's battle of the Nile, first of August, 1798, there were fourteen sail, with 8,000 men. The killed and wounded were 895. In Lord Nelson's attack on Copenhagen, 2d April, 1801, there were eleven sail of the line and five frigates, with 17,000 men. The killed and wounded were 1524. In Lord Nelson's battle of Trafalgar, 21st of October, 1805, there were twenty-seven sail, with 17,000 men. The killed and wounded were 1524. In Lord Exmouth's attack on Algiers there were five sail of the line and five frigates, with 5,000 men. The killed were 813. The difference of losses in those engagements is to be accounted for in general by the circumstances of the conflicts. But the attack on the Algerine batteries inflicted the severest loss of the whole, in proportion to the number of men engaged—it was little less than a fifth. Blackwood's Mag.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE DYAKS IN THE ISLAND OF BORNEO.

BORNEO is the third largest island in the world—it is embosomed in a great cluster of islands, surrounded by seas, so shut in by land that their waters are as smooth as those of a lake. Its western coast is scarcely two days' sail from Singapore, which is becoming the great mart for trade between India, the Western World and China. The Dutch have several small establishments upon the coast.

The population of the island, which is estimated at 3,500,000, is composed of various tribes. Some are Malays, others Bugis—both of these are Mahomedans—in a partially civilized state, and engaged in trade, although the Malays especially seem greatly to prefer piracy. A people called Dyaks, whose numbers are supposed to be about 2,000,000, occupy the whole interior of the island, which is chiefly mountainous, and are its original inhabitants. They are still savages. Some of their tribes are, however, more barbarous than others. These rove about like wild beasts: at night they sleep under some large tree, the branches of which hang low; they are looked upon and treated by the other Dyaks as wild beasts. They go out and hunt them for amusement. The men taken in these incursions are invariably killed; but the women, if young, are commonly spared. The children of these wild Dyaks, it is said, cannot be tamed. In consequence, when taken, they have one of their feet cut off by their captors, that they may not run away to their native forests; their services being still available for paddling in their canoes, &c.

Many of the Dyaks are engaged in agriculture, and collecting the produce of their country, such as camphor, bees-wax, gold-dust, etc. for sale. But the occupation for which they are most notorious is that of '*head-hunting*.' The men must procure at least one head before they can marry; they preserve also the heads and skulls of persons they have slain, as trophies and ornaments. They seek for heads as we would seek wealth or honor, and these constitute their wealth and honor. The Dyak head-hunter cherishes no enmity toward the person he kills, either private or national. It is neither more nor less than a wretched custom, one of the many of a similar kind that exists in countries where Satan—the destroyer—reigns supreme. This custom, and the feelings of the heart necessarily connected with it, form the most odious trait in this people's character. They have, however, many good qualities. They are generally inclined to cultivate the soil, are a fine race of people, and very honest. Their vices are those of barbarians who know no better. Some of the leading natives have already expressed their readiness to relinquish the practice of head-hunting, if Europeans would only come and settle among them. They seem generally to have no religious belief. At all events they have no religion to which they are strongly attached, which, of course, is a favorable circumstance toward their reception of the true religion.

Scarcely any efforts have yet been made to introduce Christianity among these people. The Americans are, as we have said, now turning their attention to the island. From the journal of the two missionaries who have recently returned from a tour in the country we make the following extracts:

At one village, they observe, "The Dyaks, here still continue the practice of cutting off heads, and boast of bringing in two or three fresh ones every year. In the verandah where we have our lodgings, there are fifteen or twenty, and some suspended immediately over the place assigned us to sleep in. How many heads are now in their possession we cannot learn, but we are told they are numerous, or to use their own language, 'many tens.' Here we may remark that the Dyaks, in general, appear to know nothing of numbers above ten; hence they give us their reckonings in this way. The warriors of this village sally forth every year on a beheading expedition. They seem not to have the least compunction of conscience on this subject. They laugh at us when we express our astonishment at the practice, and ridicule us when we attempt to teach them its cruelty and wickedness. It does appear that the Dyak character is made up of extremes. As we see them, they are mild, and gentle, and 'gives hospitality.' But when they exchange their domestic habit for those of the warrior, their greatest delight seems to be to revel in human blood, and their greatest honor to ornament their dwellings with human heads, which are the trophies of their inhuman barbarity. Shocking as it may appear, they carry about with them tokens of the number of persons they have killed. This they effect by inserting locks of human hair corresponding to the number of persons decapitated, in the sheath of their war-knife, which they always carry with them when from home. We fell in with a man this evening, just returning from his labor, with a basket in which he had carried out the necessaries for the day, and to which was attached a lock of human hair. The hair was ten inches or a foot long. He informed us that it was a token of his having cut off a head during the past year. How true it is that these dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Upon another occasion, a recent writer remarks:

"Here we discovered the first indication of religion among the Dyaks. Upon our arrival the first thing which attracted our attention was several small wooden images placed under a shelter. Upon inquiry, we were informed that these images are mementoes of their old men who had distinguished themselves by daring exploits, the number of heads they had cut off, etc. Whenever such persons die, they make a wooden image, rude indeed, yet in the form of a man, varying in length from twenty inches to three feet. Around this they all gather, and hold a feast of consecration, after which it is placed among the others. These are all considered patron gods whose peculiar province it is to watch over and prosper the cultivation of rice. At the time of planting the rice they are removed to or near the field, with their faces in that direction. Here they are left till the crop is gathered, when they are again brought into their dwellings. As far as we could learn, the only act of worship paid to these images is that of offering them food once a month, such as rice, pork, fowls etc.

"Human heads hang all around us, and some are suspended over our sleeping-place. We tried hard to obtain one of the heads; but the bare expression of the wish was met by a prompt and decisive 'No; we cannot part with them.' The same was the case with the wooden images. On no condition whatever would they consent to part with either. The only reason assigned was that sickness would be the inevitable consequence. The heads are considered charms to ward off evils and procure blessings, and believing this, it is no matter of surprise that they are loth to part with them."

The writers of the above journal spent about four weeks on the island, during which time they traveled one hundred and seventy miles on foot, going about sixty miles into the interior. The general impression produced on their minds by what they observed during their visit, was of so favorable a character, that it has been determined to commence a mission in Borneo at once, and to establish two or three stations. Six American missionaries and their wives were expected to proceed from Singapore to the island during last summer.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Men are like horse-beans, the outside is good for nothing, but, with good boiling, they make a nourishing dish; women are like the more delicate shell bean, in which bean and pod, inside and outside, are [illegible] excellent.