

LE PATRIOTE.

L'Erreur d'un Homme d'Esprit.

Elle avait dix-huit ans. Le jeune homme en avait vingt-deux. Ils étaient tous les deux causant à voix basse sur le balcon d'une maison élégante du boulevard Montmartre.

Or, comme notre jeune homme était tout à la fois un poète et un amoureux, il s'inspirait de tout ce qu'il y avait d'harmonie entre son âme et la nature pour parler à sa jeune compagne, qui paraissait l'écouter avec intérêt.

—Oui, disait-il, ma chère Eugénie, depuis que j'ai parlé à votre père, je suis assuré qu'il y a du bonheur pour moi dans l'avenir.

—Cependant, monsieur, mon père a mis une condition à ce bonheur-là.

—Qu'importe! en lui faisant l'aveu de mon amour, je n'aurais pas même à espérer; mais il m'a répondu que vos desirs étaient sa première loi, et qu'il ne forcerait jamais votre inclination.

—C'est donc déjà plus que de l'espérance puisque vous m'avez dit que vous m'aimiez.

—La jeune fille répondit par un serrement de main.

Le jeune homme continua :

—Mais votre père a ajouté ensuite : La même raison qui me fait déférer à un choix de ma fille, c'est-à-dire, la sollicitude que je lui porte, m'est une obligation de lui assurer son avenir.

—Destinée d'abord au commerce, sa position, sans être ni riche ni brillante, m'aurait du moins exempté de crainte à cet égard. Mais pour vous, qui vous destinez à la littérature, la carrière, permettez-moi de vous le dire, est quelque peu chancelante, et par les raisons que je vous ai déclinées, je ne puis vous accorder mon entier consentement que lorsque vous aurez obtenu un succès littéraire qui vous soit un titre dans le monde ou vous vantez entre.

—Vous m'avez dit cela Alfred. Vous m'avez dit aussi que ce titre vous l'apporteriez sous peu.

—Oui, je viens de terminer un ouvrage en trois actes, destiné à l'un de nos principaux théâtres, mais les abords de ce théâtre sont difficiles, et n'est pas admis qui veut dans l'écrite consacrée. J'ai donc dû faire ce que font tous les débutants. Je me suis adressé à un homme de lettres fort connu. Je lui ai soumis mon œuvre en le priant de m'aider de ses conseils et de son pouvoir pour en obtenir la représentation.

—Et ce monsieur vous a bien accueilli? Pensez-vous qu'il agisse sincèrement en vous le refusant?

—Bien certainement; il doit être si doux d'obliger ceux qui mettent leur confiance en nous. Pour moi, il me semble que si, comme je l'espère, je parviens un jour, je me rappellerai les difficultés que j'ai éprouvées, et je tendrai la main avec plaisir aux jeunes gens qui viendront à moi. Car, d'un moment de présomption, Eugénie, c'est sur la jeunesse qu'en tout temps il faut jeter les yeux pour nous ouvrir l'avenir. Les jeunes écrivains, cœurs passionnés, âmes brûlantes, apportent dans la littérature et de la dans l'esprit du siècle la chaleur et la noblesse de leurs sentiments. Ils comprennent davantage les besoins de cette société nouvelle qui s'élève sur les débris de la vieille société.

—Le siècle n'est pas à la poésie, dit-on. En effet, elle est morte, cette poésie restreinte des Jean-Baptiste Rousseau et des Delille; mais une autre poésie l'a remplacée, celle de l'âme et de la passion; et si celle-ci n'est, c'est à nous autres jeunes écrivains de comprendre que la poésie veut désormais un plus vaste horizon, et si elle a été un moment l'écho de la nature, si elle est aujourd'hui la voix du cœur, encore quelques jours et elle sera l'harmonie des peuples.

Eugénie avait écouté religieusement cette petite improvisation ardente du jeune peintre; et elle se sentait fièvre de l'amour d'un homme qu'elle enveloppait déjà d'une aureole de gloire.

—Mais, hélas! dit-elle cependant, si votre ouvrage ne réussit pas?

—S'il ne réussit pas? Eugénie... Mais n'admettez pas cette supposition, il doit réussir, car je n'ai pas écrit cet ouvrage de gaieté de cœur, entre un déjeuner et un dîner, sous l'inspiration d'un verre de Champagne; mais pendant un an j'ai travaillé avec ferveur, avec conscience; j'ai élaboré mon travail dans le silence de la nuit. Je ne me suis point fait à plaisir des personnages imaginaires. En créant une action dramatique, j'ai cherché mes portraits à l'entour de moi; j'ai voulu que la jeune fille fut un théâtre où elle est à la ville et non pas guidée et maniée comme les héroïnes de mélodrames, sans parole et risquée comme les grisettes de vaudeville. J'ai voulu... Mais c'est assez nous occuper de cela. Parlons d'autres choses. Parlons de nos projets, ma chère Eugénie. Faire des projets est le bonheur de ceux qui n'ont pas d'ouvrage.

—Quels projets pouvons-nous faire que nous n'ayons déjà faits cent fois? Pour ce soir nous nous en tiendrons là, bon ami. La nuit est venue et c'est l'heure de partir.

—Déjà vous quittez, Eugénie... Et quand vous reverra-t-je.

—Demain, après demain, tous les jours, monsieur; je le veux, j'y compte bien, afin de vous distraire de vos trop graves pensées.

—Vous êtes un ange, Eugénie. Vous me faites entrevoir tant de bonheur que s'il doit m'échapper, j'en mourrai.

—Du tout. Vous ne mourrez pas, monsieur. Il serait fort inutile que je fusse un ange si je ne vous gardais de tout malheur. Adieu, à demain! adieu! elle en lui tendant la main.

Alfred porta cette main à sa bouche, et son front se trouvant alors légèrement incliné l'ange au cœur de femme, aux lèvres de rose, et son doigt nection un baiser, puis tout à coup de cette union, la jeune fille s'enfuit rapidement.

Le jeune homme emu regarda un moment son bonheur s'éloigner, et la main sur son cœur, revint et se pencha sur elle.

—Il y a quelque chose de plus doux que l'a-

mour d'une femme, c'est la gloire qui peut éterniser cet amour!

Le jour suivant, Alfred se rendit chez l'homme de lettres en question, que nous désignerons ici sous le pseudonyme de Blarville, mais celui-ci n'avait pas eu le temps de songer à lui. Il y retourna donc le lendemain, le surlendemain, plusieurs fois de suite, toujours inutilement. Ce ne fut qu'au bout de quinze jours qu'il put obtenir une réponse.

Alors commença entre le débutant et l'auteur consommé une petite guerre de discussion qui devait durer jusqu'à l'époque de la représentation.

—Oui, disait Blarville, l'ouvrage est généralement bien. Il y a de l'étoffe, plus d'étoffe qu'il n'en faut; mais mon cher ami, vous n'avez pas l'habileté du théâtre. Tout cela a besoin d'être retouché par un homme initié à tous ces mystères, en un mot, il vous faut ma collaboration.

—Et le jeune répondait: —J'accepterai avec plaisir votre collaboration, monsieur, car je tiendrai à l'honneur de voir mon nom écrit à côté du vôtre, et si vous voulez me faire part de vos observations.

Alors Blarville lui déclina la série de notes qu'il avait prises; L'idée première était excellente, quoi qu'on peu philosophique; Le plan était bon, mais il avait besoin d'être un peu modifié; Les caractères bien choisis, mais pas assez dessinés; Le style était correct, mais c'était d'une minime importance.

Le jeune homme pâlisait à l'énumération de ses défauts.

—Mais cependant, monsieur, dit-il, je ne puis pas être de votre avis; si mon ouvrage pêche sous tant de rapports, il est tout entier à refaire.

—Non pas. C'est inutile. En deux traits de plume nous arrangerons cela. Le rôle du jeune-premier n'est pas assez triste; le comique n'est pas assez gai.

—Mais, hasardait le jeune homme; si nous agissons ainsi, nous tombons dans le mélodrame d'un côté, et dans la charge de l'autre.

—Qu'importe! mon cher. On n'aime le public, soit en rires, soit en pleurs, que par l'excentricité des contrastes.

—Et le rôle de la jeune fille? —Ah! le rôle de la jeune fille! c'est différent.

—N'est-ce pas? dit le jeune homme satisfait.

—Il est tout entier à refaire.

—Comment cela? Est-ce qu'il n'est pas naturel? —Excessivement naturel. Voilà le malheur. Il y a une foule de choses très-naturelles, qu'on ne peut pas dire au public.

—Cependant. —Il n'y a pas de cependant. Parler au public est une science à part. Nous autres auteurs en titre, nous avons une espèce de grammaire à cet effet. On y trouve une trentaine de phrases un peu remplies, qu'on arrange suivant l'occasion, avec quelques grands mots comme homme, patrie, etc.

—Monsieur, j'avais cru jusqu'ici que le théâtre était un art et je m'aperçois que ce n'est qu'un métier.

—Appelez-le comme il vous plaira. L'important est et de le considérer sous son véritable aspect.

—Je ne sais si je dois. —A votre aise, jeune homme. N'en parlons plus.

—Si fait, monsieur, parlons-en s'écria celui-ci, qui songe alors à Eugénie et à la condition de son mariage avec elle.

L'homme de lettres se mit à tailler sa plume et à raturer le manuscrit. A chaque trait de plume Alfred potassait un soupir.

—Ah! se disait-il; rien de tout cela ne me paraît valoir mieux; mais si je n'accepte pas ces changements, il me devient impossible de faire jouer ma pièce, et mon bonheur est là tout entier. Après tout, ajoutait-il comme pour se consoler; Blarville est un homme d'esprit; il a obtenu de grands succès au théâtre, et je crois pouvoir m'en rapporter à lui.

Bientôt l'ouvrage fut terminé. Blarville avait substitué à la verte toute neuve d'Alfred, des phrases qui roulaient depuis trente ans sur tous les théâtres. La partie comique était devenue triste. Cependant Alfred accepta l'ouvrage qu'il était. Présenté par Blarville il fut reçu tel à l'humanité et mis de suite en répétition.

Alfred croyait enfin être quitte de ses tribulations, lorsqu'à son tour quelques phrases un peu trop risquées, dernier débris de l'imagination du jeune homme. Celui-ci en pleura de désespoir.

—Où diable! Eugénie qui ne cessait de l'exhorter; c'est à déconcerter un homme et le rendre fou; et si je ne mettais tout mon bonheur en vous, j'aurais déjà vingt fois déchiré le manuscrit.

Eugénie lui disait de ces paroles consolatrices qui, parties de l'âme vont à l'âme, et Alfred, plus calme, lui souriait en lui disant: J'ai tort, attendez.

Cependant l'époque de la représentation approchait, et c'était tous les jours des changements à faire. L'auteur ne voulait pas risquer tout mot. L'actrice voulait une phrase plus roufloute. Enfin l'ouvrage avait reçu sa dernière mutilation: on allait le jouer.

Ce jour-là, Alfred oublia de manger. Il avait tant à faire. Il dit courir chez tous les artistes qui jamaïs le soir, distribuer ses billets, veiller, à ce qu'Eugénie eût la meilleure loge et fut placée de manière que son regard put rencontrer le sien. Pour lui-même, caché dans une loge voisine, il put entendre ce flux et ce reflux des sentiments du parterre; soit que la pièce éveillât ses sympathies ou ses murmures.

A chaque phase de situation, Alfred, essayant son front chargé de sueur, cherchait dans le regard ou le sourire d'Eugénie, le courage qu'il lui manquait. Bientôt cette consolation lui fit défaut, car les murmures devenant plus violents, Eugénie, qui commençait elle-même à douter de son amant, ne tournait plus les yeux de ce côté.

Tout à coup le public se lassa de ces trivialités qu'il entendait tous les soirs. Pour la représen-

tion fois peut-être il se demanda si les auteurs le priaient réellement pour un badaud arrêté devant un tréteau de place publique pour entendre un mauvais calembour ou applaudir un salimbanque. Et ce jour-là, usant du droit commun, sans s'embarrasser sur qui tombait sa justice, il siffla, mais il siffla bien.

Alfred, au milieu de cette tempête qui grondait autour de lui, tourna encore une fois les yeux vers son étoile polaire; mais Eugénie avait disparu.

Et quand un milieu des sifflets le public demanda l'auteur, le directeur croyant conjurer l'orage, ne fit annoncer que le nom de Blarville. Et le jeune homme?

Le jeune homme? On n'en dit pas un mot; mais lui-même, s'il en eût eu l'envie, ne songea pas à réclamer. Hâletant, éperdu, la tête brûlante, il était sorti du théâtre, ne voyant, n'entendant plus rien. Il comprit seulement que son rêve était fini. Il dit mentalement un adieu à Eugénie et passa la main sur son front comme pour effacer le baiser qu'elle y avait posé, et il marcha.

Il marcha longtemps, une partie de la nuit sans savoir où il allait. Il arriva près des halles et ne reconnut pas où il était; mais il entendit du bruit et il s'enfuit. Il continua sa route à travers les rues boueuses de ce quartier, marcha encore longtemps, jusqu'à ce qu'il sentit quelque chose de froid et d'humide qui lui mouillait les pieds. Il regarda et vit la Seine devant lui. Alors il lui passa dans l'esprit une idée affreuse, une idée criminelle... Criminelle! non pas. Peut-être était-il déjà fou! Mais montrant du regard l'entée de l'eau qui coulait à ses pieds, il mit la main sur ses yeux, murmura le nom d'Eugénie et continua de marcher.

Le surlendemain, on lisait dans les journaux à la colonne des faits. Paris: Le corps d'un jeune homme de vingt-deux ans a été retrouvé hier matin sur les bords de la Seine. Des papiers qu'on a trouvés sur lui font attribuer cet événement à un suicide, et ce suicide à un désespoir amoureux.

Et plus bas, aux nouvelles des théâtres et des arts.

La pièce représentée avant-hier sur le théâtre de... a obtenu du public un accueil peu favorable; elle est cependant d'un auteur connu par de nombreux succès. C'est l'Erreur d'un homme d'esprit qui prendra sa revanche.

Quand à Eugénie, nous ignorons si elle a eu connaissance du sort d'Alfred; mais il y a un an que ce fait se soit passé, et elle est aujourd'hui quatrième dans un des plus beaux quartiers de Paris, où elle fait l'admiration des dans qui assistent contentement à sa boutique.

A Slight Mistake.

I saw him bare his throat and set the blue, cold, gleaming steel, And grimly try the tempered edge He was so soon to feel.

He raised on high the glittering blade; Then first I found a tongue— "Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprang.

He heard me, but he heeded not; One glance around he gave, And, ere I could arrest his hand, He had begun to slay.

A NIGHT WITH A TIGRO-POLANO.—There have been more extraordinary stories told by travelers of adventures with snakes, probably than with any other beast, bird or reptile. The last one we have met with is subjoined. It seems that an officer journeying in India stepped for the night at what is termed a "rest house," and, on retiring to bed, felt a singular motion under his pillow. It was an uneasy, oscillating motion, and continually became still more perceptible. But let him tell his own story: "Strange, thought I, as I sat up and tossed the pillow over on the bed beside me, to discover the cause. The cause was apparent in a moment. Feels as the light given by the old man staring in the corner of the room was, I could plainly discern a dark, long, eel object, curled up for the most part, but just beginning to uncoil itself and raise its head—altogether as disgusting, slimy looking and detestable a reptile as one could well see anywhere, and, if out of place anywhere, certainly out of place when under one's pillow. It was a snake with a small, deadly looking head, two cold glassy eyes, shining in vivid contrast to its dim-brown body—a snake gradually increasing in thickness from the head towards the center of its body, and tapering off again towards its tail. The forked tongue played incessantly, like the feelers of an insect, over the nose and upper jaw—the head was being elevated rapidly—and not a moment was to be lost, for the first glance assured me it was a tigro-polano, one of the deadliest of serpents. To leap from the bed with one bound into the middle of the room was the work of an instant. The stiffness I had felt on jumping from my horse had marvelously disappeared: I felt it no longer. The disturbed reptile, annoyed first at the unexpected pressure of the removal of its warm and convenient covering, stood erect at the bed's head, half its length perpendicular elevated, while the rest remained coiled upon the mattress, the forked tongue playing more rapidly than ever—the diminutive, sharp-pointed head oscillating gently backwards and forwards, as if undecided as to what should be attacked—the cold glassy eyes peering after me as I grasped a bar of wood with which the door was usually fastened within, calling loudly for my servant the while I did so. But Nogo was busily engaged at the moment discussing a delicious meal of rice and curry, and found it inconvenient to hear me. I brought the bar down with all my force, upon the venomous reptile still standing in the attitude of attack as it had been. I brought the bar down, and left it there to see the effect of the blow, for to have elevated it again, without due caution, might have been dangerous, inasmuch as the snake might possibly have been raised with it, and have dropped upon my head—anyhow that a comfortable position for either of us. The blow had followed much injury on the enemy, but he was not dead. His head now made its appearance between the wooden bars of the bed, which served as a rail to support the pillows—the body, bruised and injured, was rapidly following. I seized the wooden bar again, and elevated it aloft ready to strike another blow, but found no opportunity. Twisting and twisting his body about between the rails, the reptile, bent on retreat, not on attack, made its way in a moment under the mattress." As may be naturally supposed, our traveler, "Nogo," left that apartment, and the following morning the "rest house," up to the time of reaching his journey, no one had been found bold enough to attempt driving the poisonous reptile from his comfortable quarters in the mattress.

THE PATRIOT.

The Revellie.

Rouse thee! Life is daily dying; By the pulses in thy heart Thou canst feel the seconds flying— Thou mayst count them as they part.

Over Time's deep, solemn ocean Currents flow that bear our fate; Launch thee on the favoring motion; Thou art lost if then too late.

When thine angel, ever waking, Stirs the hidden springs for thee, Hail and seize the brightly breaking Tide and opportunity!

God in mercy gave his blessing To his judgment, as its seal— Raise the curse on Labor pressing; Labor changed from woe to weal.

Wert thou born to wealth and station? From a proud ancestral train? Keep thy place—the rising nation! Measure minds, and gauge the brain.

Let them say who hear thy dirge, "This man hath been all his might, Like the hewn oak of the surges, Highly placed, a guide and light."

Hast thou genius?—O'er thy treasure, Cheer or help thy fellow man; Lapse not in a life of leisure— Take thy place in God's great plan!

Free thy gift! it passes glowing From the light of Heaven to thee! Not through human parents flowing Down a genealogy.

Then, within thy chamber writing, Muds unknown may move and bend, Beatings thought, and leave inditing, Making all mankind thy friend.

Feelings raised by thee and hidden, Mingle with thy readers' thrill; Waste that music sweet and hidden, Let the living key-note thrill!

Bless'd if thou shalt strike one felter From the sons that lead to rise; If to higher things and better, Thou mayst lift another's eyes.

Work while it is day, my brother! God commendous such as ye— Lighten—clear the way for others; Human faith must feed and cheer.

Naked goes the soul and lonely Where our thoughts and labors cease, Talking with her—talking only Deeds of grandeur—hopes of glory!

Monumental Grandeur of Mississippi Valley.

BY MONTROVILLÉ W. DICKEYSON, M. D.

By invitation of Dr. Coleman, of Jefferson county, Mississippi, Doctors Taylor, Fox and myself mounted our horses and repaired to his residence. We arrived at the Doctor's in the evening, and after partaking of his kind hospitality, we (accompanied by the Doctor) repaired to the stores of Mr. Paon, where, in most country towns, all important gossip is to be collected. Here we met with several of the planters, whose plantations join the one containing this interesting group of mounds. A number of gentlemen volunteered their services, and also that of their force, to join us at the group on the following morning. After chatting till 9 o'clock, and ascertaining the localities of many mounds in this country, and receiving a number of fine unique relics found at sundry times at the base and summits of the mounds, we bade adieu, and retired to the Doctor's mansion. The Doctor had been collecting these relics of that unhistoric nation for a number of years, and had accumulated some hundred and fifty fine specimens, all of which are now in my aboriginal cabinet, through the Doctor's politeness.

After enjoying an intellectual treat of the history of these relics, and some of the superstitions of the negroes, accompanied with their peculiar phraseology, which the Doctor indignantly gave, we retired, with the understanding of an early start.

At the appointed hour, while the dappled gray of early morning still lingered on the eastern sky, a knock was given at our door, with the information that breakfast was waiting, and our horses saddled in the courtyard.

One half hour was seated in our saddles and wending our way toward the contemplated group. As we descended the hill sides, we were presented with the finest landscape view that we had in all our excursions seen. All was verdant and beautiful in the fields, and wild and majestic on the hills.

They (the hills) frequently appear in such wild and extraordinary shapes that they might easily be mistaken for castles with giants striding on their ramparts and battlements.

The sun was just beginning to show his lustre beams over hill and vale, which forms a grand and imposing spectacle. We arrived at the group about 10 o'clock, and as we pushed our weary way up the steep sides of the mounds the sun poured down upon us its rays with an intensity of an August heat, and bathed our faces and limbs in profuse perspiration before we reached the summit.

After no little toil, the high summit of the signal mound was gained, and now, what a prospect was before us! I looked around with astonishment, while my mind was impressed with unutterable ideas of vastness and sublimity. It was my first visit, and being on a bright sunny morning, the whole scene was very impressive, and the view from the top of this gigantic structure was exceedingly grand. While traversing the circling corridors of this immense structure to gain the highest part, I was enabled to catch through the opening arches of the tower, now and then, glimpses of the ruins that lay strewn around us, and also the dark magnolia and cypress of the distant country.

The clear, blue sky, in a calm repose above our heads, beamed its serenity into our minds, and the glorious sun shed its beams of brightness on all the surrounding effects with undiminished splendor.

The mounds are situated on the summit of the ridge of bluffs bordering the Mississippi about eighteen miles above Natchez. The system is composed of seven conical mounds, five of them forming a flattened circle, and the other two a short distance above. In the immediate front stand two basins of large dimensions, whose ramparts are well designed and finished

regularly. In the center of these, quantities of skeletons are dug up, around which are found many curious relics.

The one fronting the large mound extends far on to the second flat, and forms a beautiful promenade for those who visit them. The four largest stand equidistant from each other, upon the bluff's summit; the largest is fifty feet high, and overlooks a series of small bluffs, between the Mississippi and the bluffs, whose surface is filled with one of the finest cypress-brakes in Mississippi, whose gigantic stems tower to a height, in some instances, of a hundred and twenty feet, without a limb, with a circumference at top often exceeding sixteen feet, and at the butt more than twenty feet. These cypress-brakes present an array of stately columns, supporting a dome-like ceiling, which excludes half the light of day.

These fine cypress columns terminate abruptly, under a cap, consisting of a few disproportionate and inconsiderable limbs, altogether constituting a kind of vaulted ceiling; and there is so perfect a reflection of sound from it that falling timber often causes a reverberation throughout these silent and somber shades to a distance of ten miles. But while the tops of the cypresses are so disproportionate, it is not so with their roots; for they ramify through the soil in every direction, extending from fifty to seventy-five feet from the parent stems, some remaining parallel with the surface of the ground, while others penetrate deep into the more consolidated subsoil, or under strata of clay; and they are thus so fortified that a cypress is rarely uprooted.

The knees which they throw up are from three to thirty inches circumference at the base, and rise to a height varying from two to ten feet. These knees, growing from the innumerable interlacing roots, in a dense forest of cypress timber, are closely crowded together, and resemble (in all but their color) the stalagmites on the pavement of some enormous cavern; to which a cypress basin, take it all in all, is not unlike. The base of these knees is usually very much enlarged beyond the size of the roots; thence they proceed and terminate upward in an obtuse point, from which protrude neither leaf nor limb.

From the largest mound you may command a perfect view of the Mississippi River, for miles each way, and front, from eight to ten miles into Louisiana.

We were shortly joined by our force, which was allotted to us by the gentlemanly son-in-law of the proprietor, Mrs. Backer.

We divided them under directors, and set them in from the summits and sides. A short distance brought them to the skeletons, which were all Flatheads, and buried with considerable care, and a number of relics, of fine workmanship. We paid but little attention to the dissecting of the mounds, as our time would not admit of so doing. Our object was to get as many of their relics as possible.

In the large mound, in which we sunk a shaft eight feet wide and fifteen deep, we found quite a number of skeletons, accompanied with their relics, and a very curious arrangement of the strata. This we carefully filled up, for another, and a much more minute examination, at some future time.

The first three feet was a dark, rich, alluvial soil, similar to the surface of the surrounding fields, but below this it varied much from the ordinary arrangement. It was filled with bones of inferior animals and pottery. On the side of one of the small mounds, our party found a skeleton of gigantic size, and at its head lay three finely finished vessels, filled with ornaments.

Among the relics obtained from the Doctor was a small vase, found in one of the former diggings—about two feet deep.

It was formed of clay and human burnt bones, in the proportions of one bone to clay, burnt very hard and elaborately carved around its sides. The figure resembles the letter S linking its extremities and thus continuing around the vase. It is surprising what a degree of heat these ancient vessels withstand; they will resist the greatest degree of heat you can get in the ordinary atmosphere fire, and answer well for fluxing metals in for which purpose I have often used them.

This vase was wrought from much finer material than is usually found, and from the care exercised in the depositing of this relic in the Holy Sepulcher, would indicate that a considerable pomp and ceremony had been performed at its burial. It contained a number of relics, among which were two finely-polished axe-grooves, formed from a beautiful green stone, ring stone beads wrought from Chalcedony, Navarille and Cornelian, and a curious nondescript animal, four inches long, in a dark, hard Jasper.

This curious relic of that unhistoric people, goes far to show the great analogy between them and the Chaldeans. Dr. Curtright says in his paper upon those people: "The Chaldeans wore around the neck, or suspended from some part of the body, a charm, out of a hard stone; on one side it resembled a hideous looking animal, whose charm would protect you from all monsters on the land, and on the opposite side was cut a small canoe which would protect you on the water." Now what seems to me so surprising, is that in the mounds of our Aborigines we should find a relic answering in every respect, the description given by that distinguished writer. This I conceive to be one of the most important relics ever discovered among the tombs of the Aborigines, in tracing their origin and identity.

We examined one of the small mounds, and found a quantity of bones, but so much decomposed, that it was impossible to remove them whole. I made drawings of a number of the heads as they lay in the ground; they were compressed from before and back.

The specimens of pottery differed both in regard to shape and ornaments, from any heretofore found, and curious to say, the dirt found about these mounds, are entirely different from those found in any part of the state. Portions of brick handomely finished, with an extended hand upon one face, have been found in one of the larger mounds, plainly showing that had

been a structure upon it at some remote period. Extensive roads diverge from this system, all over the country; and one may be traced for sixty miles in length, passing by most of the large mounds in the State; the first it touches is the Great Seltzer-town mound. After a severe shower, a number of small earthen heads of both human and inferior animals, may be picked up from its sides and summit. In 1843, was dug from the large mound, a stone figure of a flat head Indian, in a sitting position, similar to that in which our tailors sit. This is a masterpiece of workmanship, and explains very well the manner in which the barages were kept on during the time of compression. It was found by one of Mrs. Ferguson's negroes, and purchased by Dr. Coleman, and sent to my cabinet. It holds a huge pipe bowl in its arms, and no doubt was used as a national pipe of peace, and much valued by its possessors.

A short time after, I received another, ten inches high and in a standing attitude, with flattened head, and formed from iron of turncoats; it represented an aged male, fantastically painted in standing colors on both head and body. The head and chest were hollow, and in the former they found two beautiful pearl beads, one fourth of an inch in diameter, and four composition balls of the same size; the latter cavity contained two heads, each weighing upwards of half an ounce, one of copper, the other galena, both in their native state. I made drawings of several finely carved pipes, which were found at these mounds; their possessors would not part with them on any consideration. East of the mounds, a few miles, and under the shell of a barn, lies the bust of an Indian, as large as life, carved in soft sand stone; it was found on the river shore in front of this system. It was much disfigured by the attrition of the water and sand, but enough of its form remained to show that it had been well proportioned and finely finished. Coins formed from lignite, bearing rude impressions, similar to those figures in a former paper, are frequently picked up about the large mounds. Throughout the contiguous field a great number of fine axes of all sizes are almost daily picked up, but none as yet have been found in the mounds themselves.

The day beginning to decline, we closed our excavations and dismissed the force, and took the pleasure of clambering up the hills and ravines surrounding the group. At our right, a few hundred yards from the mounds, we seated ourselves upon the ruins of an old Spanish settlement, called Gioza. It was in honor of the first Governor of Natchez, under the Spanish rule, who was massacred with all his people by the Natchez, for his cruelty to the Indians. It flourished for a number of years, and it was at one time thought that it would prove a formidable rival to Natchez, but on account of the malignant disease that annually visited it, was finally deserted, and the buildings allowed to decay down.

The old church, however, was kept up by the planters, till late years; and in this old dilapidated Spanish relic our much lamented President, Andrew Jackson, was buried in holy matrimony, to the wife of a brutal man in Kentucky, with whom Jackson eloped, after changing shots with the husband. (At the front of the hill, and at the public show, in the evening you will see a little group and their heat it was here where Andrew Jackson landed with that much injured lady, who with all his usual firmness he swore to protect through life, which he religiously adhered to.)

It is but a few years since the old African negro who accompanied him and witnessed the marriage, died; and his narration of this adventure is fresh in the minds of many persons, now residing in Jefferson county, Mississippi.

We returned to the mounds where our horses were waiting, and our relics properly packed, and placed in our carriage, just as the sun was going down; we saw the gigantic forest from the picturesque hills, and the bold scenery that surrounded us, fading away in the obscurity of the distance. We mounted our horses, seized our reins and bid adieu to our kind friends, and the strongholds in which dwell the Kings of a gigantic race.

A western "poet" gets off the following explanatory of a steamboat explosion: "The engine grained, The wheels did crack, The steam did whist, And the boiler did break, The boiler was examined, They found it was rusted, And all on a sudden, The old thing busted."

JOE MILLER.—It is a fact not generally known, that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnal man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well known public house in Portugal street, (Clerkenwell, London, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighborhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible subject was recounted, ascribed it derivatively to him, and for advantage was taken of his bullance. A Mr. Motley, a well known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this the man who never uttered a jest has been and is so called.

MODERN BOSS.—On the last night of the Legislative session, when the School bill was under discussion, a member complained that school boys had lost their politeness and respect. Mr. Bartlett, of Lyndon, said: I acknowledge the truth of the gentleman's remark. I was once forced to take off my cap in honor of every passer-by. Now, no boy uncovers his head. A few years since, I was riding through Orleans county in a sleigh, and overtook a boy who had attained the age of nine years. He stepped out of the road to let me pass. There he stood upon the crust, erect, bold and aspiring. He did not propose to doff his hat, not to do, said I, "My lad, you should always take off your hat to a gentleman." Said he, "I always do, sir." [Massachusetts paper.]

A departed from St. Louis to a home in New Orleans states that the steamers James Robb, Broken and H. D. Brown have been sunk.