

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

(From the National Era, December 23.)
MAUD MULLER.
Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay,
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health,
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from every tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-side looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane,
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-tree, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And blushed for him her small tin cup,
And finished as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Think!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a lily hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,
Then talked of the hay, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west was drifting foul weather,
And Maud forgot her lily-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, with a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "As true
That I Judge's bride might be!"
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine."
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat."
"I'd dress my mother's gown and gait,
And the lady should have a new hat each day."
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A farm more fair, a face more sweet,
Never hath it been my lot to meet,
Nor had I better answer and graceful air
Show her who and good as she is fair."
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;
No doubtful balances of rights and wrongs,
Nor wavy lawyers with endless tongue."
"But law of cattle and end of herds,
And health and quiet and loving words,"
But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in start an old law tune:
And the young girl mused beside the wall,
Till the rain on the unruddered clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his midnight hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oh, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!
"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door,
But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain,
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And, gazing down with a timid gaze,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls,
The waxy wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an eternal burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling 'o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love and law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"
Also, for maiden, alas for Judges,
For rich neighbor and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was an idea of Doctor Franklin's, if not a settled opinion, that a mother might, by a kind of instinct of natural affection, recognize her children, even though she had lost the recollection of their features. And on a visit to his native town of Boston, he determined to ascertain by experiment whether his theory was correct or not.
On a bleak and chilly day in the month of January, the Doctor, late in the afternoon knocked at the door of his mother's house and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire. He introduced himself, and observing that he understood she entertained travelers, requested lodgings for the night.
She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real occupation in life. She assured him he had been mistaken—she did not keep a tavern, nor did she keep a house to entertain strangers. It was true, she added, that she obliged some members of the Legislature, that she took a small number of them into her family during the session; that she had four members of the Council and six of the House of Representatives, who then boarded with her and that all her beds were full.
Having said this she resumed her knitting with that intense application which she used as forcibly as action could, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better. But on the Doctor's wrapping his coat about him, and affecting to shiver, and observing that the weather was very cold, she pointed to a chair, and gave him leave to warm himself.
The entrance of boarders prevented all further conversation. Coffee was soon served, and he partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pears, and a paper of tobacco, when the whole company formed a cheerful smoking semi-circle before the fire.
"Perhaps no man ever possessed colloquial powers to a more fascinating degree than Doctor Franklin, and never was there an occasion on which he displayed them to better advantage than the present one. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, in stating them by the varied, new and striking lights in which he placed his subjects, and delighted them with apt illustrations and amusing anecdotes."
Thus employed the hours passed merrily along until supper was announced. Mrs. Franklin, busied with her household affairs, supposed the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.
Immediately after supper, she called an orderly gentleman, a member of the Council in whom she was accustomed to confide, into another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction to her house, observed that he seemed like an outlandish sort of a man. She thought he had something very suspicious in his appearance, and she concluded by soliciting her friend's advice as to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was surely a young man of good education, and, to all appearance, a gentleman—that, perhaps, being in agreement, he paid no attention to the lateness of the hour. He advised her to call the stranger aside and repeat her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and with as much complacency as she could command, she recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated he would do well to seek for lodgings elsewhere.
The Doctor replied that he would by no means inconvenience the family, but with her leave he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders, and then retire.
He returned to the company, filled his pipe and with the first whiff his conversational powers returned with double force. He recounted the hardships endured by their ancestors; he extolled their piety, virtue and devotion to religious freedom. The subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives was mentioned by one of the members. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogatives of the royal governor. The Doctor immediately joined in the discussion, supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House when Dudley was governor; recited their speeches, and applauded their noble defence of the charter of rights.
During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the delighted company, no wonder the clock struck eleven unperceived by them. Mrs. Franklin became entirely exhausted—she now entered the room and addressed the Doctor before the whole company, with warmth of manner and glowing with determination to be her own protectress. She told him plainly that she thought herself imposed on but that she had friends who would defend her, and insisted that he should immediately leave the house.
The Doctor made a slight apology and deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, attended by the mistress and lighted by the maid.

being enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous storm of wind and snow had occurred without, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch that a roaring north-easter forced open the door, extinguishing the light and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was lighted, the Doctor cast a woful look toward the door and thus addressed his mother.
"My dear madam, can you turn me out in this storm! I am a stranger in this town & perish in the street. You look like a charitable lady—I should not think that you could turn a dog from your house this cold and stormy night."
"Don't talk of charity," replied his mother; "charity begins at home. It is your own fault not mine, that you have tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like either your looks or your conduct, and fear you have some design in thus intruding yourself into my family."

"The warmth of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and so no bed could be had, he consented to rest in the easy chair before the parlor fire.
Though the boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper-box and porringer from her closet, and after securing her parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the valuables to her chamber, charging the negro maid to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to waken and seize the vagrant at the first noise he should make in attempting to plunder.
Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused the domestics, and was quite agreeably surprised to find her terms quite quietly sleeping in his chair. She awoke him with a cheerful good morning; inquired how he had rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of other boarders.
"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as you appear to be a stranger in Boston, to what distant country do you belong?"
"I belong, madam, to the colony of Pennsylvania, and reside in Philadelphia."
At the mention of Philadelphia, the Doctor declared he for the first time perceived something like emotion in her.
"Philadelphia!" said she, "while the earnest anxiety of a mother sufficed her eyes; why if you live in Philadelphia perhaps you know my Ben!"
"Who, madam!"
"Ben Franklin, my dear Ben. Oh, how I would give the world to see him! He is the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."
"What is Ben Franklin the printer, your son! Why he is my most intimate friend. He and I work together and lodge in the same room."
"Oh Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the lady, raising her tearful eyes, and have I suffered a friend of my son Ben to sleep on this hard chair, while I myself rested on a soft bed!"
Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown guest that though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces; for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her, without the possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.
Franklin doubted, and took leave to dispute his mother's proposition on the power of natural feeling. He said he had tried this "natural feeling" in his own mother, & found it deficient in the power she ascribed to it.
"And did your mother," inquired she, "not know you! or if she did not seem to know you, was there not in her kindness to you an evidence that she saw something in your appearance which was dear to her, so that she could not resist treating you with particular tenderness and affection!"
"No, indeed," replied Franklin, "at neither know me, nor did she treat me with the least symptom of kindness. She would have turned me out of doors but for the interposition of strangers. She could hardly be persuaded to allow me to sit at her table. I knew I was in my mother's house, and therefore, you may suppose, when she preemptorily commanded me to leave the house I was in no hurry to obey."
"Surely," interrupted his mother, she could not have treated you so unmotherly without some cause."
"I gave her none," replied the Doctor. "She would tell you herself! I had always been a dutiful son—that she owed to me, and that when I came to her house as a stranger, my behaviour was scrupulously correct and respectful. It was a stormy night, and I had been absent so long that I had become a stranger in the place. I told my mother this, and yet, so little was she influenced by that natural feeling of which you speak that she absolutely refused me a bed, and would hardly suffer that she called my presumption in taking a seat at the table. But this was not the worst; for no sooner was the supper ended than my good mother told me with an air of solemn earnestness, that I must leave her house."
Franklin then proceeded to describe the scene at the front door—the snow drift that came so opportunely into the entry—his appeal to her 'natural feeling' as a mother—her unnatural, and unfeeling rejection of his prayer—and, finally, her very reluctant compliance with the solicitations of other persons in his behalf—that he be permitted to sleep on a chair.
Every word in this touching recital went home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who could not fail to perceive that it was a true narrative of the events of the preceding night in her own house; and while she endeavored to escape from the self-reproach that she had acted the part of an unfeeling mother, she could not easily resist the conviction that the stranger, who became more and more interesting to her as he proceeded in his discourse, was indeed her own son.

When she observed the tender expressiveness of his eyes as he feelingly recapitulated the circumstances under which she attempted to turn him shelterless into the street, her maternal conviction overcame all remaining doubts, and she threw herself into his arms exclaiming—"It must be—I must be my dear Ben!"

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

A question of great importance with divines and men of science at the present day, is that of the age of our planet, and the different changes which have taken place upon it, as related in Genesis. One class contend that the different acts of creation took place exactly as described in the first chapter of Genesis, in six solar days, and that all things were made out of nothing in that time. Another class believe that our planet was in existence for thousands of years prior to the first act recorded in Genesis, that it had undergone vast changes, and that it had been in confusion, and was bereft of life, when the command went forth, "Let there be light." This class also believe that the successive acts described in Genesis took place in six common days, furnishing the world with the exact orders of creation as there described. Another class also believe that the successive acts of creation as mentioned in Genesis, took place in the exact order there described, but that instead of the days there mentioned being six days, they were infinite periods of time—some of them of great length—perhaps sixty thousand years. This latter class embrace the greatest number of learned geologists and divines. In the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the Rev. John O. Means, of East-Malbury, Mass., presents his views at great length on this subject, and takes the latter view of the question, namely: that the days mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, if interpreted to mean *trabular periods of time*, would reconcile both science and the Scriptures in every particular. He employs some strong arguments in favor of this view of the question. Thus, the sun, moon, and stars, are said to be created on the third day, therefore, the two previous days could not be one of our solar days, embracing one revolution of the earth on its axis in twenty-four hours, with the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. This argument is incontrovertible. But what was the cause of light before the sun was created. He sees no difficulty in this. He says, "the material universe is full of light, ready to be worked at a word. Chemical action on a vaster scale than man can follow, is taking place every moment, and floods of light are poured forth. Combustion is attended with light as well as heat." "It may sound strange," he again says, "to say that the most intense light is to be found, not on the earth, but in it. The whole of the sun's rays which reach the earth, gathered to a focus, would not be so intensely light as the centre of the globe. It seems pretty certain that within the crust of the earth, is a globe of fire, at least two thousand miles in diameter." This opinion comes neither from any man of science, anything whether it be true or false, but he deports from reason and logic, by endeavoring to establish his hypothesis by setting up another. There are no positive proofs of the earth being a crustal ball of fire. We are not dependent on the sun for light, as he has clearly stated, but he does not seem to understand its true theory. It is produced by the vibrations of a subtle medium diffused throughout space. Our planet is self-luminous, but in a degree less so than the sun, for there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the earth. Man's eyes are constructed to see objects only by a great quantity of intense light; but some beasts and fowls have their eyes constructed to range the forest and field by night as freely as man does during the day, while during sunlight they can scarcely see at all. A tribe of Africans also—the Bojesmen—remain in their caves during day, and search for their food during night. From habit, we presume, they have become nocturnal roamers—men-owls—thus showing that natural light belongs to our planet; the incessant throbbings of its particles produce continual light; this was the way, no doubt, that light was produced in the early days of the earth. Hugh Miller brings forward some strong arguments in favor of the great age of our planet, and mentions a number of geological changes requiring tens of thousands of years to accomplish, which could not have taken place in the short period of six thousand years, as is believed by those who adhere to the solar six days interpretation of the Genesis narrative of the creation. Sir Charles Lyell believes that it must have taken 67,000 years to form the delta of the Mississippi, and 35,000 years for the Niagara river, to form its present channel from Falls to Queenstown. Nearly all the eminent geologists believe this, and they consider they have facts to prove it, so strong, that they cannot be gainsaid. Mr. Means reasons strongly to prove that the meaning of the word day in the first chapter of Genesis is an indefinite period of time, and makes out a very strong case in favor of the world being perhaps a million years of age, according to the Mosiac account of creation.—*Scientific American.*

A RICH GEM.
A desolate Peri stood one morn at the gate of Eden suing for admission. It was told the entrance could only be obtained in one way, and that was to traverse the earth and procure a gem the richest it contained, and present it to the keeper of the celestial gate, which if approved, would be a passport to the world of spirits. The Peri accepted the proposal, and went in search of that most valuable of all earth's riches. It explored land and sea from pole to pole, and finally found a lump of pure and solid gold. This it dug out, and struck its pinion for the celestial world. The gold was refined, and the Peri despatched to seek another gem more precious still. It raked through groves and flowers, by the deep ocean's shore, the wild mountain's brow and the silver stream went to the battle field and caught the last drop of blood which streamed from the young warrior's breast, as he sunk in death in the cause of liberty. With that and other gems it struck its pinion once more for the abode of happiness, but was refused at the gate, its offering being unworthy. A third time the Peri sought to find the richest gem. It, after many days of weary search, while passing through a deep dark glen, raked in autumnal hue espied a sleeping infant. It stopped and gazed upon the babe, absorbed in admiring the sweetness and innocence of its faultless face—was about to bear off as the first prize, (for such is the kingdom of heaven,) when a dark and haggard robber came from the thickened forest through the rustling leaves and stood crouching on the sleeping child; the robber gazed with silent awe and admiration—he thought of his own infantile days, when he was pure as the simpering child before him—contrasted his present life, his degraded virtues and his adamant heart, with the sleeping innocent at his murderous feet—his breast moved with compassion, his eyes melted, he dropped a tear, the angel snatched it, plumed his pinions for paradise—offered the boon—it was the tax of penance and found admission.

EXERCITION AT GALENA, ILLINOIS.

On Friday, January 19, John I. Taylor was out at the County Hospital, near Galena, for the murder of his wife. At 1 p. m., in charge of a rined posse, he was conducted to the place of execution, followed by a large crowd of all classes and ages, maintaining a sad composure during the funeral march. He was an old man of sixty years of age.
John Ira Taylor was led out of his cell in the county jail about 12 o'clock, and in the custody of the sheriff, surrounded by other officers of executive justice, by a band of citizen soldiers, and by a dense mass of unarmed citizens; the carriage which contained him was driven to the place selected for his execution, about two miles without the limits of the city. He was dressed in a white shroud, with a white cap upon his head. His countenance was vacant and ghastly; his eyes were set and staring, and a dark ring seemed to encircle them. Once or twice he seemed to smile, but it was a mere animal contraction of the muscles of the face; spirit did not smile. He had evidently suffered intensely within, but the outward man strove hard to cover up all external traces of his writhings. As he passed along main street, guarded as above, the wretched man was the personification of the weakness of guilt, surrounded by the strength, dignity, and majesty of justice.
Upon reaching the ground, ten thousand persons there stood in a sea of solid mass. Taylor ascended the scaffold perfectly self-possessed, and with a firm and steady tread. Clad in a white gown and cap, he addressed the crowd with a firm voice, more than thirty minutes. He reiterated his innocence of the crime of willful murder—declared that he knew not how his wife was killed—expressed the hope that as Christ was crucified for all, he was crucified for him, and the belief that he was forgiven by his God.
After the cap was drawn over his eyes, and he knew not what instant he would be ushered into eternity he again, for ten minutes, addressed the crowd in a firm and distinct voice, and admonished them to beware of intoxication, the cause of his misfortune and the cause of his life. Weighing some one hundred and sixty pounds; and having been given a tall of six feet, upon the removal of the trap door, he died almost without a struggle—his neck seeming to have been stretched near four inches. Thus died John I. Taylor, who had rendered the State some service in the Samalio war—performed in this city last summer, during the cholera season, offices of kindness and humanity, from which others shrank from as dangerous, but which, unfortunately, was addicted to drunkenness, and slew his wife in a fit of inebriation.

A Meeting of the Working Men of New York.
The workmen of New York have had a large meeting to talk over their own affairs without the help of demagogues. This we call good sense—a move in the right direction. We have heard enough about "buying where you can buy cheapest;" it is time for workmen to pay some attention to the other side of the question, and look out for a market where they can "sell dearest," especially when labor is the thing to be disposed of. There is nothing like the "home market" for labor, let free-traders say what they please about it. The following resolutions passed by the meeting have an odor of good sense about them quite refreshing: RESOLUTION AND DECLARATION OF THE NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

The following resolution and declaration was passed at a meeting of the Presidents and Secretaries of the Trade and Benevolent Societies of New York, held at the Union Shades, Fourth avenue, Jan. 12.

Resolved, That this meeting is of opinion, that in order to secure to the people of this country plenty of employment, at remunerative wages, it is essential that an Association be instituted for the protection of HOME LABOR.
Declaration.—We hereby declare our fixed determination to support the labor of the people of this country, instead of cheap imported labor of foreign countries.
We further declare that we will resist to the utmost of our power, (by all legal means) all attempts that may be made to subvert the objects of the Association.
The following questions were announced for consideration:
First—What causes the drain of specie from this country?
Second—How is it that foreign products are brought into the American market, and sold at a less price than home products?
Third—How can plenty of employment be found for the people of this country at remunerative wages?

FROM THE CITIZEN.

The True Remedy for Distress.
A letter has been sent us for publication, under "A Working Man," on the cause and remedy of the present distress. It has hit the nail on the head. It is couched in homely phrase, but it has the path of the whole matter in a nutshell. The writer has evidently got hold of the true philosophy of the question. He has the right idea—a better idea for Americans than all the ideas ever promulgated by McCulloch or Adam Smith. The matter is so simple, that it seems extraordinary that men of intelligence can allow their intellects to be so obscured by party prejudices and false theories, as not to see it at once in the same light. The letter is as follows:
TO THE WORKINGMEN OF AMERICA.
New York, Jan. 16, 1855.
WORKINGMEN: You make one mistake in your labor meetings. The true cause of our want of work is the habit which induces the American people to buy the products of foreign labor.
If you will pass resolutions and stick to them, not to purchase anything foreign made work will be plenty, money plenty, and the welfare of labor secured.
Ask of those who are able to expend more money than a laborer by the day, to join in the cultivation of the habit of buying home things.

This is the charity you want. This is a power entirely in the hands of American labor, and they will never be worthy of themselves, and the confidence of any one, till they can write out and sign a pledge never to use any other than the products of American, that is, home labor. For instance— "We pledge ourselves that we will, henceforth, use the products of home labor and skill, and we call upon all workmen, who wish for good wages and constant employ, to take this course as the only one calculated to make us, workmen, independent of Whigs and Democrats, in as far as tariff and free trade theories are concerned. We also pledge ourselves to be unceasing in our exertions to induce our fellow countrymen of every class to aid us, by performing a duty incumbent upon every patriotic citizen, viz: to buy the products of American labor, in every department, in preference to foreign. That we will petition Congress to increase the duties on manufactured silk, and permit the material of every description entering into the manufacture of silk to be duty free—to the end, that the non-producers in our families may have home employment—that our comforts may be increased—education advanced and a chance afforded to lay up something for a wet day."
WORKINGMEN.

GUNPOWDER.

The Liverpool (England) Standard says— "Some of the effects of ignited gunpowder are wonderful. When gunpowder is heaped up in the open air and inflamed, there is no report, and but little effect is produced. A small quantity open and ignited in a room, forces the air upwards, so as to blow out the windows; but the same quantity confined within a room, and ignited in a room, with a bomb, or in pieces and sets on fire the whole house." Count Kumpf loaded a mortar with one-twentieth of an ounce of powder, and placed upon it a twenty-four pound cannon; he then closed up every opening as completely as possible, and fired the charge, which burst the mortar with a tremendous explosion, and lifted up its enormous weight. In another experiment, Count Kumpf confined twenty-eight grains of powder in a cylindrical space which it just filled, and upon being fired, it tore asunder a piece of iron which would have resisted a strain of four hundred thousand pounds.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

- Mas Miford, the celebrated English writer of stories, &c., died a short time since in a ripe old age.
- On yesterday (Monday) the thermometer was 22 degrees below zero, at Oswego, N. Y., and 95 degrees below at Ogdensburg. The St. Lawrence was frozen over, and good crossing on the ice to Prescott.
- One dollar bank notes on the Seneca Falls New-York Bank, have been altered to fives. Look out for them.
- The Cincinnati Gazette says that Nash L. Wilson, Esq., of Marietta, has secured funds enough, in Europe, to complete the Marietta and Cincinnati road from Chillicothe to Athens, a distance of about sixty miles west of the ancient metropolis; it will penetrate the coal and iron region. This will be of the first importance to Cincinnati, as experience has demonstrated that the river is a very uncertain source upon which to depend for a supply of coal.
- The Illinois House of Representatives has passed a resolution, by a vote of 37 to 27, denouncing the course of Douglas and Shields in voting for the Nebraska bill.
- The Washington letter writers say that Gen. Cass and Gen. Lane decline the mission in defence of the Administration to New-Hampshire. Mr. Latham will probably undertake the job.
- It is said that the election of a legislature in Kansas will take place on the 23d of March. As this is before the emigrants from the free States will arrive, the movement is considered favorable to the interests of the Missouri pro-slavery party.
- The House of Representatives, of Michigan, has passed a stringent liquor law, by a vote of 51 to 21.
- Ralph Metcalf, the new Know Nothing candidate for Governor in New-Hampshire, is an old Democratic politician, and for several years Secretary of State, and is now understood to belong to the "Old Guard" of which Burke is the leader. This party is in violent and open war with the Administration.
- A new Congress of Nations, at Vienna, is now the talk in Europe. It is said this Government will be invited to send a Representative, but we hope and trust it will not be done.
- Father Mathew the Irish apostle of Temperance is said to be at the Island of Madeira, in distress, and in want of means to pay his board. His right hand is paralyzed.
- It is said that Hon. Charles Durkee, late member of Congress, is likely to be elected United States Senator, by the Legislature of Wisconsin. He is Free soil Democratic.
- Snow is said to be six feet deep in some of the northern towns of New-Hampshire. The Railroad are much obstructed by snow in that State.
- The New-York Mirror says that St. Nicholas Hotel has not had less than 400 guests at any one time this winter, and that the annual profits of the concern are \$100,000.
- The Treasurer of Hamilton county sold several lots of personal property for delinquent taxes, on Monday. They were generally bid in by their owners. We do not see how these gentlemen have helped their case by this operation.
- "Sir, you shall hear from me!" said a fellow with a thundering voice and chimney-bark front, to an editor who had published something he construed as too hard upon his party; "you shall hear from me!"—and he shook his finger significantly.
- "That's right," said Jonathan, bowing politely; "write occasion a'ny, and let us know how you're getting along."
- A bill to change the mode of voting in Arkansas, from the ticket to the ballot-box system, has passed the House of Representatives.
- The number of men, who up to this time, have sailed from France and Algeria for the seat of war in the East, amounts to 115,000.
- Sherman M. Booth, of Milwaukee, has gone to prison under sentence for aiding the escape of an alleged fugitive slave; but does not seem much disconcerted by his position. He says: "Well! We are in jail for the second time on the charge of aiding a human being to escape from bondage! And now, that we can say it without having our motives impugned, we pledge ourselves to aid openly every fugitive to escape that we have an opportunity to aid! And this Fugitive Act, which has developed the iniquity of Federal Judges and officers, we pledge ourselves to oppose while we live, till it is repealed."
No man, not a slave himself, but will honor the humanity and bravery of this man convicted for obeying the higher law.
"Forewarned, as ye have done it unto the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto Me."
- The Washington Union states that Mr. Seale was recalled at his own request. It is said, moreover, to be well understood that he comes home to make war upon the Pierce Administration. But we doubt this. Would Seale attack a thing that is so un-speakably dead?—Richmond Whig.
- A western editor thus delivers himself: "We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole, while we were lying in bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope that thy collar may cut thy throat."