

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

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## THE BOWL.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

Oh! shun the bowl—the draught beware  
Whose smile but mocks the lips of man;  
When foaming high with waters rare—  
Oh! never touch the goblet then.  
With friends we love, tho' sweet to sip  
The nectar'd juice at close of day,  
Yet trust ye not the siren lip  
That wins to cheat, and lures to slay.

Oh! shun the bowl, and thou shalt know  
A deeper spell than swins in wine;  
Tho' bright its hours of sunset glow,  
Their crimson clouds as briefly shine,  
A few short days in madness past,  
And thou wilt sink unknown to years;  
Without a hope beyond the blast,  
Which means above thy grave of tears.

Oh! leave the bowl—if thou art wise  
To shun the path of guilty fate;  
The burning road where anguish lies,  
And perjured honor weeps for shame,  
In after years some cheering ray  
From Virtue's smile will o'er thee spread,  
And thou wilt bless the better way  
Thy erring steps were loth to tread.

Oh! shun the bowl—as thou wouldst leave  
The poisoned spot where reptiles tread,  
Ere widow'd hearts for thee should grieve—  
For thee, untimely tears are shed.  
Yes! thine may be the fearful lot  
To prove, ere Time hath dimm'd thy brow,  
A sire—and get the citizens not  
Of them who weep his broken vow.

Just thou a bride whose every sight  
Deep trembles with the joy it gives;  
Just thou a child whose meek mild eye  
Lives in the light its Father lives;  
Then, shun the bowl—the draught beware,  
Whose smile but mocks the lips of men;  
When foaming high with waters rare—  
Oh! never touch the goblet then.

For the Burlington Free Press.

MR. STACY:—The following letter, taken from a recent number of the Concord (Mass.) Gazette, has struck me as being worthy to increased circulation which a republication in your columns would give it, both on the ground of its own merits, and of the gravity of its subject. The decision of his Cherokee question must implicate the moral character of our Government more directly and more deeply than perhaps any other which has arisen in its history. This decision is yet pending. If on such a subject, at such a juncture, there be any virtue in the manly expression of manly sentiments, a publication like this can hardly fail of interest and value.—Moral considerations pressed home with such earnestness and plainness of speech may reasonably be supposed to have had some part in bringing matters to their present issue.

To anticipate a very natural inquiry, it may be appropriately added, that the author, Mr. Emerson, is a man of letters, who, of late years, has gained an enviable name in the region of Boston by his devotedness to all humane studies, and the peculiar eloquence of his public discourses. It is to him that the public are indebted for the republication, in this country, of Sartor Resartus and other works of his friend Carlyle the English philosopher.

M. VAN BUREN,  
President of the United States.

Concord, Mass., April 23, 1838.  
Sir—The seat you fill, places you in a relation of credit and dearth to every citizen. By right, and natural position, every citizen is your friend. Before any act contrary to his own judgment or interest have repelled the affections of any man, and may look with trust and loving anticipations to your government. Each has the highest right to call your attention to such matters as are of a public nature and properly belong to the chief magistrate; and the good magistrate will feel a joy in peering such confidence. In this belief, and at the instance of a few of my friends and neighbors, I crave of your patience short hearing for their sentiments and views; and the circumstance that my name will be utterly unknown to you will give the fairer chance to your equitable construction of what I have to say.

Sir, my communication respects the sentiments which fill this part of the country concerning the Cherokee people. The intent always felt in the Aboriginal population—an interest naturally growing as the decay—has been heightened in regard to this tribe. Even in our distant parts some good rumor of their worth and civility has arrived. We have learned with joy their improvement in social arts. We have read their newspapers. We have seen some of them in our schools and colleges. In common with the great body of American people we have witnessed with sympathy the painful labors of these men to redeem their own race from the den of eternal inferiority, and to borrow and domesticate in the tribe, the arts and customs of the Caucasian race. And notwithstanding the unaccountable apathy with which of late years the Indians have sometimes abandoned to their enemies, it is not to be doubted that it is the good pleasure and the understanding of

all humane persons in the republic—of the men and the matrons sitting in the thriving independent families all over the land, that they shall be duly cared for, that they shall taste justice and love from all to whom we have delegated the office of dealing with them.

The newspapers now inform us, that, in December 1835, a treaty contracting for the exchange of all the Cherokee territory, was pretended to be made by an agent on the part of the United States, with some persons appearing on the part of the Cherokees; that the fact afterwards transpired that these deputies did by no means represent the will of the nation, and that out of eight thousand souls composing the nation, fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty eight have protested against the so called Treaty. It now appears that the Government of the United States choose to hold the Cherokees to this sham treaty, and are proceeding to execute the same. Almost the entire Cherokee nation stand up and say, "This is not our act. Behold us there are we: Do not mistake that handful of deserters for us;" and the American President and his Cabinet, the Senate and the House of Representatives neither hear these men nor see them, and are contracting to put this nation into casts and boats and to drag them over mountains and rivers to a wilderness at a vast distance beyond the Mississippi. And a paper purporting to be an army order, fixes a month from this day, as the hour for this doleful removal.

In the name of God, Sir, we ask you if this is so? Do the newspapers rightly inform us? Men and women with pale and perplexed faces meet one another in streets and churches here, and ask if this be so? We have inquired if this be a gross misrepresentation from the party opposed to the Government and anxious to blacken it with the people. We have looked in newspapers of different parties, and find a horrid confirmation of the tale. We are slow to believe it. We hoped the Indians were misinformed, and their remonstrance was premature, and will turn out to be a needless act of terror. The piety, the principle that is left in these United States,—if only its coarsest form, a regard to the speech of men, forbid us to entertain it as a fact.—Such a dereliction of all faith and virtue, such a denial of justice, and such deafness to screams for mercy, were never heard of in times of peace, and in the dealing of a nation with its own allies and wards, since the earth was made. Sir, does this Government think that the people of the United States are become savage and mad? From their mind are the sentiments of love and of a good nature wiped clean out?—The soul of man, the justice, the mercy, that is the heart's heart in all men from Maine to Georgia, does abhor this business.

In speaking thus the sentiments of my neighbors and my own, perhaps I overstep the bounds of decorum. But would it not be a higher indecorum, coldly to argue a matter like this? We only state the fact that a crime is projected that confounds our understandings by its magnitude,—a crime that really deprives us as well as the Cherokees of a country, for how could we call the conspiracy that should crush these poor Indians, our Government, or the land that was cursed by their parting and dying imprecations, our country, any more? You, sir, will bring down that renowned chair in which you sit into infamy, if your zeal is set to this instrument of perfidy; and the name of this nation, hitherto the sweet omen of religion and liberty, will stink to the world.

You will not do us the injustice of connecting this remonstrance with any sectional or party feeling. It is in our hearts the simplest commandment of brotherly love. We will not have this great and solemn claim upon national and human justice huddled aside under the flimsy plea of its being a party act. Sir, to us the questions upon which the government and the people have been agitated during the past year touching the prostration of the currency and of trade, seem notes in the comparison. The hard times, it is true, have brought this discussion home to every farmhouse and poor man's table in this town; but it is the chirping of grasshoppers beside the immortal question whether justice shall be done by the race of civilized, to the race of savage man; whether all the attributes of reason, of civility, of justice, and even of mercy, shall be put off by the American people, and so vast an outrage upon the Cherokee nation, and upon human nature, shall be consummated.

One circumstance lessens the reluctance with which I intrude at this time on your attention, my conviction that the government ought to be admonished of a new historical fact which the discussion of this question has disclosed, namely that there exists in a great part of the northern people a gloomy diffidence in the moral character of the government. On the broaching of this question, a general expression of despondency,—of disbelief that any good will accrue from a remonstrance on an act of fraud and robbery,—appeared in those men to whom we naturally turn for aid and counsel. Will the American Government steal? Will it lie? Will it kill?—we ask it triumphantly. Our wise men shake their heads dubiously. Our counsellors and old statesmen here, say, that, ten years ago, they would have staked their life on the affirmation that the proposed Indian measures could not be executed. And now the unanimous country would put them down. And now the steps of this crime follow each other so fast,—at such fatally quick time,—that the millions of virtuous citizens, whose agents the Government are, have no place to interpose, and must shut their eyes until the last howl and wailing of these poor tormented villages and tribes shall afflict the ear of the world.

I will not hide from you as an indication

of this alarming distrust that a letter addressed as mine is, and suggesting to the mind of the Executive the plain obligations of man, has a burlesque character in the apprehension of some of my friends. I, sir, will not beforehand treat you with the contumely of this distrust. I will at least state to you this fact and show you how plain and humane people whose love would be honor, regard the policy of the Government, and what injurious inferences they draw as to the mind of the Governors. A man with your experience in affairs must have seen cause to appreciate the utility of opposition to the moral sentiment. However feeble the sufferer, and however great the oppressor, it is in the nature of things that the blow should recoil on the aggressor. For God is in the sentiment, and it cannot be withstood. The potentate and the people perish before it; but with it, and as its executors, they are omnipotent.

I write thus, sir, to inform you of the state of mind these Indian tidings have awakened here, and to pray with one voice more that you whose hands are strong with the delegated power of fifteen millions of men will avert with that might the terrific injury which threatens the Cherokee tribe.

With great respect, Sir,

I am your fellow-citizen,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

INDIAN COMMENTARY.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. xi.

Some years ago one of the preachers of the Mohican tribe of Indians, which tribe is situated on the Thames, between Norwich and New London, was preaching on the above text. To illustrate his subject and enforce the doctrine of Charity, he brought forward a circumstance that transpired in his early days. To use his language, he observed—"A certain man was going from Norwich to London with a loaded team; on attempting to ascend the hill where Indian lives, he found his team could not draw his load, he came to Indian and got him to help him up with his oxen. After he had got up he asked Indian what was to pay. Indian told him to do as much for somebody else. Sometime afterward, Indian wanted a canoe—he went up Shetucket river, found a tree and made him one. When he got it done he could not get it into the river. Accordingly he went to a man and offered him all the money he had if he would go and draw it into the river for him. The man observed, he would go. After getting it to the river, Indian offer to pay him. No, said the man; Don't you recollect so long ago helping a man up the hill by your house. Yes, Well, I am the man—there take your canoe and go home." So I find it after many days.—Rel. Messenger.

ELOQUENCE OF LORD BROUGHAM.

The eloquence of Lord Brougham is very peculiar. It does not appear to possess the close, compact, systematic reasoning of the eloquence of Pitt, its elevated style, and lofty position; nor has it the abundant current and impetuous flow which distinguish the eloquence of Fox; nor the metaphorical and splendid imagery of Burke, his apothegmatic conclusions and his instructive dogmatism drawn from life and books; nor the classic art of Canning, his skillful application of ancient history to modern politics, and his specious reasoning. It is distinct from all these. The eloquence of Brougham is abrupt and sudden. He appears to need little preparation, and to come directly upon his subject. He brings all his forces to bear, like Napoleon, upon a weak point, and overwhelms by the mighty vigor of his attack. He has a manner of iterating successive blows on a particular point, which fall, like balls propelled from a breaching battery, with irresistible effect. He has a most extraordinary knack of loading his adversary with contempt and ridicule; of placing him in a ridiculous position, and convincing the world that he is a fool. His scorn is wonderfully scornful; his sarcasm more than sarcastic; he can be cruel in language, cutting in reproach, ironical in praise, but to appear to be in the possibility of his character. Lord Brougham has learning, and great knowledge of men and books; but his principal reliance is on nature. Art has done but little in making him an orator, industry much, and nature a vast deal.—His character may be compared to the hide of the rhinoceros, impenetrable; and his sarcasm to its horn, terrific.—Weekly True Sun.

PASSAGE THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—The journal of an exploring tour through the Rocky Mountains, by Samuel Parker, gives the following curious account of a broad defile through these mountains, which affords a commodious and easy passage from the country lying east of this great range to the territory on the coast of the Pacific. The existence of such a passage increases the importance of the steps in contemplation by our Government to occupy the territory on the Oregon.

"The passage through these mountains is in a valley, so gradual in the ascent and descent, that I should not have known that we were passing them, had it not been that as we advanced the atmosphere became cooler, and at length we found the perpetual snows upon our right hand and upon our left, elevated many thousand feet above us—in some places ten thousand. The highest parts of these mountains are found by measurement to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This valley was not discovered until some years since. "Mr. Hunt and his party, more than twenty years ago, went near it, but did not find it, though in search of some favorable passage. It varies in width from five to twelve miles; and, following its course, the distance through the Mountains is

about eighty miles, or four days' journey. Though there are some elevations and depressions in this valley, yet, comparatively speaking, it is level. There would be no difficulty in the way of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and probably the time may not be far distant when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to Niagara falls, to see Nature's wonders."

SAMMY DARBY'S COURTSHIP.

"Good afternoon, Squire Jones!" "Good afternoon, friend Darby; come walk in." "Well, Squire, how is your lovely darter, Sal, to-day, and the rest of the family?" "Why they are all up and about, particularly Sal, she is very hearty, has a good appetite and eats a right smart chance, and the way she smokes her old pipe is the right way, and sings—lord man, she sings like a martingale, she is a buster!" "Well, Squire, I'm glad to hear so much in praise of Sal, for I love her mightily, and mean to court her too." "Why, that's plain, honest and clever. I'll go and call Sal." "Sure enough he did, and she soon made her appearance. "How are you, Sal?" says I. "Oh, sorter middling, how do you feel, Mr. Darby?" "Why, Sal, I ain't well, I'm love sick." "O hush; you don't say so—well do tell me who she is?" "With that I sorter sidled up to Sal, and Sal she kinder sidled off. Says I, "Sal, don't be so darnation 'kittish, for you are the very gal I'm arter." "Get out to Sal, don't say." "Yes, I do, and I'm in as hard earnest as ever my old dog Lion was at a Coon." That pleased Sal mightily, and she kinder tossed her head and looked as proud as some of our town gals do when they get into a ball room. Says I, "Sal, will you have me?" "I reckon as how I will, you don't catch this child refusing to do that thing when she has so good a chance." So off we went to the parson's, and Sal and I got married; and now we live as kinder happy together as can be, only sometimes she bawls out to me, "Mr. Darby don't be a spitting your tobacco juice on the fire dogs, and sticking your feet on the fender; may I be burnt if I can keep any thing decent for you, plague on all tobacco chawers, I say, that are as nasty about it as you are." And the way she raps my toes with the tongs when she sees my feet on the fender, is no ways common, I tell you; however, I live as happy as I can expect with a woman—that's a fact.—Post.

THE SPIDER.

ASTONISHING CURIOSITY.—On the evening of 13th ult. a gentleman in this village found in his wine cellar, a live striped snake, 9 inches long, suspended between two shelves, by the tail by a spider's web. The snake hung so that he could not reach the shelf below him by about an inch; and several large spiders were then upon him sucking his juice. The shelves were about two feet apart; the lower one was just below the bottom of the cellar window, through which the snake probably passed through into it. From the shelf above in the shape of an inverted cone, 5 or 10 inches in diameter at the top and concentrated to a focus about 6 or 8 inches from the under side of this shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied thread of spider's web, apparently as large as common sewing silk, and by this cord the snake was suspended.

Upon a critical examination through a magnifying glass, the following curious facts appeared. The mouth of the snake was fast tied up, by a great number of cords wound around it, so tight that he could not run out his tongue. His tail was tied in a knot, so as to leave a small loop or ring, through which the cord was fastened; and the end of the tail above the loop to the length of something like over half an inch was lashed fast to the cord, to keep it from slipping. As the snake hung, the length of the cord, from the tail to the focus to which it was fastened, was about six inches; a little above the tail there was observed a round ball about the size of a pea.—Upon inspection, this appeared to be a green fly around which a cord had been fastened to the cords above, and from the rolling tide of the ball to keep it from unwinding and letting the snake down. The cord therefore, must have extended from the focus of the web to the shelf below, where the snake was lying when first captured; and being made fast to the loop in his tail, the fly was carried and fastened about midway to the side of the cord. And then by bowling this fly over and over, it wound around it, both from above and below, until the snake was raised to the proper height, and then it was fastened as before mentioned.

In this situation the poor snake hung, alive, and furnishing a continued feast for several large spiders, until Saturday afternoon the 18th, when some person, by playing with him, broke the web above the focus, so as to let part of his body rest on the shelf below. In this situation he lingered, the spiders taking no notice of him, until Thursday last, eight days after he was discovered, when some large ants were found devouring his dead body.—Batavia (N. Y.) Times.

SOAP MAKING.

When a solution of potash—or lye—is deprived of carbonic acid, or rendered caustic, it readily combines with animal fat, and forms the compound, called soft soap. When both the ingredients are in a proper condition, and in due quantity, there is no difficulty in making soap. The strength of the lye, to combine readily with the grease, should be such as to float a new laid hen's egg. In order to have soap as mild as possible, there should be as much grease as the lye will dissolve, in which case the soap will be smooth or salve-like, and more convenient for washing than when it is hard, or liver-like. Soap is made thus hard, like

liver, by adding to well made soap, about an equal quantity of water: this is what soap makers call sophisticating it.

Those who wish to make hard or bar soap for family use, can easily do it. They have only to take a quantity of clean, well made, soft soap, boil it, and by degrees add common salt till it curdles, after which they should allow it to cool, when the hard soap will be upon the top; this may now be taken off, and the bottom cleared from those impurities which are apt to adhere to it; and then cut into bars for drying. Or it will be a little more uniform in its composition, if you put it into the kettle again with a very little water, and heat it again; afterward allowing it to cool as before.

Soap for use in the families of most farmers is commonly prepared by leaching ashes made by the family during the winter. As this is a point in which housekeepers sometimes fail, it may be worth while to give, in this place, a few general directions.

A barrel with one head is usually made use of as a leach. Into this should be put one peck of fresh burnt slacked lime, and the barrel filled with ashes. Water should be put upon the top, and allowed to filter through till most of the potash contained in them has been separated. The object in putting the lime at the bottom of the cask is that the lye may pass through it, and that thus it may deprive it of any carbonic acid it may contain, and which would prevent it from combining with the grease and forming soap. Limes has a stronger affinity (to use the language of the chemist, and making soap is a chemical process) for carbonic acid than potash has, therefore it will retain it when leached through it and allow the potash or lye to run off in its pure caustic state.

There is one thing more, besides carbonic acid, which is in the way of making good soap. It is the salt which is often mixed with the grease. This should be carefully separated by boiling it in a kettle with a quantity of water, by which means the salt will unite with the water, and leave the grease in a proper condition for mixing with the lye.—With proper care to free the lye from carbonic acid, and the grease from salt, a barrel of fine soap may be made to every fifteen or twenty pounds of grease.

If those who make soap would study chemistry thoroughly, and attend to the foregoing plain rules, we should probably hear little more about "bad luck," "the wrong time of the moon," "witchcraft," and half a dozen other supposed causes of bad soap.—People's Magazine.

SCRAPS FOR THE ECONOMICAL.

If you would avoid a waste in your family, attend to the following rules; and do not despise them because they appear so unimportant, "many a little makes a mickle."

When ivory handled knives turn yellow, rub them with nice sand paper or emery; it will take off spots, and restore the whiteness.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell, if you dip the wick yarn in strong hot vinegar and let it dry.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds the thread.

Linens rags should be carefully saved; they are useful in sickness; if dirty or worn, wash them and scrape them into lint. Vials which have been used for medicine should be put into cool ashes and water, boiled and suffered to cool before rinsed.

Cotton, wet with sweet oil and paragonic, relieves the ear ache very soon.—Mrs. Child.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BORAX LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.

The Borax lagoons of Tuscany are entitled to a detailed description. They are unique in Europe, if not in the world; and their produce has become an article of equal importance to Great Britain, as an import, and to Tuscany, as an export. They are spread over a surface of about thirty miles, and exhibit, from the distance, columns of vapor, more or less according to the season of the year and state of the weather, which rise in large volumes amongst the recesses of the mountains. As you approach the lagoons, the earth appears to pour out boiling water as from volcanoes of various sizes, in a variety of soil, but principally of chalk and sand. The heat in the immediate adjacency is intolerable, and you are drenched by the vapour which impregnates the atmosphere with a strong and somewhat sulphurous smell. The whole scene is one of terrible violence and confusion—the noisy outbreak of the boiling element—the rugged and agitated surface—the volumes of vapour—the impregnated atmosphere—the rush of waters among the bleak and solitary mountains. The ground, which burns and shakes beneath your feet, is covered with beautiful crystallizations of sulphur and other minerals. The character beneath the surface at Monte Cerbole is that of the black marl streaked with chalk, giving it at a short distance the appearance of variegated marble. Formerly the place was regarded by the peasants as the entrance to hell, a superstition, derived, no doubt from very ancient times; for the principal lagoons and the neighboring volcano still bear the name of Monte Cerbole, (Monte Cerberus). The peasantry never pass by the spot without turning their heads and praying for the protection of the virgin. The borax lagoons have been

brought into their present profitable condition within a very few years; situated in an immense district, they have become the property of an active individual, who, more valuable, perhaps, and more scrupulous than any mine proprietor that Mexico or Peru possessed, the process of manufacture is simple, and is effected by those instruments which the neighborhood itself presents. In those spots artificial lagoons are formed by the introduction of the mountain streams. The hot vapour keeps the water continually in boiling ebullition, and after it has received its impregnation during twenty-four hours at the most elevated lagoon, the contents are allowed to descend to the second lagoon, where a second impregnation takes place, and then to the third, &c., till it reaches the lowest receptacle, and having thus passed through from six to eight lagoons, it has reached one half per cent. of the boracic acid.

It is then transferred to the reservoirs, from whence, after a few hours rest it is conveyed to the evaporating pans, where the hot vapor concentrates the strength of the acid, by passing under shallow leaden vessels, from the boiling fountains above, which it quits at a heat of eighty degrees of Reaumur, and is discharged at a heat of sixty degrees. There are from ten to twenty pans, in each of which the concentration becomes greater at every descent, till it passes to the crystallizing vessels, from whence it is carried to the drying-rooms, when after two or three hours, it becomes ready to pack for exportation. The number of establishments is nine. The whole amount produced varies from 7000 lbs. to 8000 lbs. (of twelve oz.) per day. The produce does not appear susceptible of much extension, as the whole of the water is turned to account. The atmosphere has, however, some influence on the result. In bright and clear weather, whether in winter or summer, the vapours are less dense than the depositions of boracic acid in the lagoons are greater. Increased vapours indicate unfavorable change of weather, and the lagoons are infallible barometers to the neighborhood, even at a great distance, serving to regulate the proceedings of the peasantry in their agricultural pursuits. It had been long supposed that the boracic acid was not to be found in the vapours of the lagoons; and when it is seen how small the proportion of acid must originally be, it will not be wondered at that its existence should have escaped attention. In the lowest of the lagoons, after five, six, and in some cases a greater number of impregnations, the quantity of boracic acid given out does not exceed one half per cent. thus, if the produce be estimated at 75,000 lbs. per day, the quantity of saturated water daily discharged is 1,500,000 lbs. Tuscan, or 500 tons of English.

The lagoons are ordinarily excavated by the mountaineers of Lombardy, who emigrate into Tuscany during the winter season, when their native Apennines are covered with snow. They gain about one Tuscan lira per day. But the works are conducted, when in operation, by natives, all married, and who occupy houses attached to the evaporating pans. They wear a common uniform, and their health is generally good. A great improvement in the cultivation, and a great increase in the value of the neighboring soil, has naturally followed the introduction of the manufacture of the boracic acid. A rise of wages has accompanied the new demand for labor; much land has been brought into cultivation by new directions given to the streams of smaller rivers. Before the boracic lakes were turned to profitable account, their fetid smell, their frightful appearance, agitating the earth around them by ceaseless explosions of boiling water, and not less the terrors with which superstition invested them, made the lagoons to be regarded as public nuisances, and gave to the surrounding country a character which alienated all attempts at improvement. Nor were the lagoons without real and positive dangers, for the loss of life was certain where man or beast had the misfortune to fall into any of those boiling baths. Cases frequently occurred in which cattle perished; and one chemist, of considerable eminence, met a horrible death by being precipitated into one of the lagoons. Lugs were not unfrequently lost by a false step into the smaller pit (patizze) where before the fact could be withdrawn, the flesh would be separated from the bone.—Dr. Bowring's Report on the Statistics of Tuscany, Lucca, &c.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a good matron to her son, then an eminent Judge in a neighboring State—"Ah, Jemmy, you needn't despise the wheel, for I spun many a day to send you to College."

INK SPOTS.—It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears, and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

A TRANSLATION.—The song of the thrush has been rendered in good English by the N. E. Farmer, as follows: Cheryly O, cheryly O—twiddle, twiddle, twiddles; Pretty Prudy, pretty Prudy, pretty Prudy; See, see, see! little Jo, little Jo, Kissing Judy, kissing Judy, kissing Judy!

A GOOD 'UN.—The latest we have heard is of a man who is so fat that he can't reach his knee, and when a mosquito bites it he has to hire a boy to scratch it for him.

INDIA RUBBER NEWSPAPERS.—The Boston Courier has commenced publishing some of its copies on the material? What next! They are to be sent to the Courts of Europe.