From the New York Star.

THE AGE OF STEAM,

Or the Present and Future compared.

WHIZZ! WHIZZ!! WHIZZ!!!

Looking towards sundown on a fair evening, through a newly invented telescope, I saw four hundred years into the future, and neither poet nor philosopher can imagine the result of my visionary speculation: the ration of improvement inherent on the generations who are to succeed us, is truly wonderful. Man's ingenuity continually improves upon itself, and is no more likely to attain perfection than sunrise will overtake sunset. I was, at first, terrified at my vision, the future being opuque and being filled up with clouds, waterspouts, mist and fogs, air bubbles and boilers, all mingled together in *perfect harmony*, forming a heterogeneous mass of substances. The thermometer was salamander high, blood heat being zero, and the motion of man kept him cool. Hot water appeared to be flying about in every direction like spray from the heaving billows, which, upon a close sight, was high-pressed; individuals letting off steam, whizzing about like streaks of lightning in all their movements, appearing to be rather a nation of kindred flies than human beings. Nobody thought of stopping to shake hands as now-a-days, or even to nod; but all the noise was like a thousand cotton-spindles, serpentine rockets or fiery pigeons. Tracks of railroad were in every direction leading all over the world from every door, lain so, "all over like," that the best geometrician could not devise at what angles; everybody seemed to be running over everybody, though nobody upset anybody—each one was, to my eyesight, in hot water, trying, by steam inventions, to get out of it. The two great oceans were filled up by digging down the mountains, so that the earth was smooth as tennis ball; railroads crossing it in latitudinal and longitudinal lines. Man of 2300 is a renovated being, having dropped his old-fashioned way of expressing himself and invented anew his articulation, has become worse than dumbness; and charitable nature has an asylum for those who talk. Nothing is thought of but steam-eating and drinking, sleeping, waking, talking, laughing, writing and printing. Steam, now, is a mere swaddler, a babe, a nursling—four hundred years hence, it will assume the wisdom of a grey-headed sage. Now, in improvements in the art of propelling machinery by steam, we have only begun to see day-light—then the sun of ingenuity will be gradually rising to its full meridian. The time is soon to come that a drop of steam will be a fortune, a talisman to the possessor while it lasts; but the virtues of it vanish with the evaporation. It is true that, in this age of wonder, we have *steam*-boats, *steam*-ships, *steam*-presses and *steam*-mills, and, united with these, the republican privilege of being blowed to atoms; then the art of blowing up *may* be lost; the power of gunpowder forgotten, and murder and war carried on altogether by steam. Is it a matter of wonder that, in order to please candy consumers, great mills have been erected to refine the sweet sugar by steam? then the human mind will be refined by the same vapoury process. Rich men of the present day have their coaches and swift horses—then all sorts of animals will be out of use, race horses, grey hounds and antelopes, will be two hundred years behind the age, being completely run out—every man will have his family locomotive; in truth, he need but swallow a drop of hot water, set his machinery going, and he will distance, all hollow, any planet in its revolution round the sun. Children will be little peelers, round of earth by the equator before breakfast, or between schools, by way of pastime; and if the little roarer can't beat a streak of lightning, he will be called a cripple. A tavern of smokers, now, and all mankind in the "Age of Steam," may be compared—a hearty laugh at a good joke, may be illustrated by the increasing palpitation of high pressure valve, and a burst of indignation by a trmendous explosion. If my vision may be relied on as a future certainty, we shall be all screws, valves, pistons, and boilers; and the most selfish will endeavor to get the greatest quantiy, of steam to overrun and upset his more quiet neighbours. The genius and the productions of mankind will not be able to pace more than a short-legged stripling with his roburst grandfather. The race now is composed of an extraordinary set of individuals—then each man will be obliged to look up to himself as a dwarf does to a giant; or, like those planets that overrate their motion and shoot from their spere, so man must run after himself, dragging the slowest part of him along like the draggle-tail of an old-fashioned lady.

In the present day, there are many humbugs among men who profess much while they accomplish nothing; but our race will be steamed into common honesty, and we may be able to effect every thing without endeavoring to accomplish anything. The steam doctoring system will have exploded, and each inhabitant of earth will be his own *steam*-boat and his own *steam*-doctor. Poverty and wealth, all aristocratic notions of birth, together with talent, merit and honour, will be measured barometrically, the then compounds of man being atmospheric, and the poor in steam will be generously fed by the alms-house commissioners, who are to administer hot water pap. Ice will not be known. Nature will be so astonished at the increasing rapidity of her own children's greatness, that she will have forgotten the process of congelation. *Steam may* convert the fluid to the solid; *steam* will play the devil with every thing. Steam, to a certain uncertain sort of chance litigation, ought now to be applied in its highest pressure, then the law's delay will be swift justice, administered by steam engines, and poor criminals steamed to death for all their various tricks and mischief. Great men will have country seats in Herschell. You and I, my friend, (if we live so long,) can go there with greatest ease as a morning call. Morus multicaulus, pumpkins and onions will will be forgotten; nothing but farms and flower gardens of the most exquisite kind of steam will be seen on the face of nature. In spring, we must look for the buddings of this invaluable treasure; in fall, for the sere and yellow leaf of evaperation. Man, instead of leaving the world as now, will then only evaporate; he will be no better than a tea-kettle full of water, over a slow fire, that gradually sings itself empty, and then is heard no more. No panegyrics can be written—no marble slabs, proving that the *living* or the dead lie, will be lain over the departed, for not a remnant of the creature is left to inter; a tea-kettle requeim may be sung after the departure of some great steamer; the generality of the locomotives will have enough to do to keep their own *steam* up. If any man is avaricious, and expects to see the dawn of the twenty-third century, let him begin now to bottle up hot water.—for my part, I am severed with the very idea of the raging element, and having sent a fool ahead to pioneer the way, I learn wisdom from his experience—being a little more rationally inclined.—*New York Star.*

From 'The British Miscellany' for April.

The Automaton Chess-Player.

The art of constructing figures, which by means of internal machinery, would imitate the mechanical action of animals, appears to have been carried to great perfection by the ancients. Artificial puppets, called Neurospaasti, which could run round a table, moving their heads, and hands and eyes, were common both among the Greeks and Romans. Aristotle speaks of some which imitated natural movements with singular faithfulness. Galen also and Xenophon allude to them. Plato mentions that Dædalus made statues that could walk, and which it was necessary to tie that they might not move. And Archimedes has the fame of having constructed automata of surprising excellence. The flying pigeon of Archytal, the fly of Regiomontanus, Roger Beacon's speaking head, and the famous Androides, made by Albertus Magnus, which could speak and walk, are familliar to our readers; but by far the most marvellous automaton of which we have any authentic account, is the flute-player, constructed by M. Vaucansan, and exhibited at Paris in 1738. According to M. D'Alembert, this figure actually *played upon the flute*, that, is, projected the air with its lips against the embouchure, producing the different octaves by expanding and contracting their opening, forcing more or less air, in the manner of living performers, and regulating the tones by its fingers.

It commanded three octaves, the fullest scale of the instrument, containing several notes of great difficulty to most performers. It articulated the notes with the lips. Its height was nearly six feet, with a pedestial, in which some f the machinery was contained.

Stimulated, it is said, by the praises lavished upon this remarkable machine, by the Empress Mariah Theresa, M. de Kempelin, Aulic Councillor to the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary, a gentleman who had previously distinguished, himself in the paths of science, being at Vienna at the representation of some experiments before the Imperial Court, was induced to promise his Royal Mistress that he would speedily construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had ever witnessed; and accordingly, within a few months, the AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER was presented at court, where its extraordinary powers excited the liveliest astonishment. In a short time all Europe rang with the praises of this wondrous figure. The foreign journals vied with each other in the exagerated reports of its prodigious performances, and the reception salon of the inventor was crowded daily by mathematicians, mechanist and chess players. Upon entering the apartment where it was exhibited, the Automation, attired in gorgeous Oriental costume, was seen seated behind a chess-board, which stood upon a chest about three feet in height, two feet wide, and four feet long. The Automaton, the chair upon which it sat, and the chest, were fixed together, and being fixed upon castors, could be moved with facility to any part of the chamber. The exhibitor began by opeuing certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, pulling out, at the same time, a long swallow drawer, at the bottom of the chest, containing a set of chess men, a cushion, and some counters. Two lesser doors and a green cloth screene in the body of the figure, and its lower parts were also opened, and the Turkish drapery which covered them was raised, so that the construction, both of the Automaton and the chess, internally, was fully displayed. In this state the whole apparatus was moved round for the examination of the spectators, and to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind that any living object was concealed within, a lighted taper was introduced into that body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each was rendered, in a great measure, transparent, and the most secret corner apparently made vissible.

The same precaution to remove suspicion was used at the determination, as before the commencement, of the game of Chess with the Automaton.

The chest upon which the figure appeared to lean while playing, was divided into two unequal compartments, which were filled with springs, wheels, cylinders and other machinery.

The interior of the body and lower parts of the figure were also occupied by levers, wheels &c.

After a sufficient time, during which the spectator might satisfy his scruples and curiosity, the exhibitor reclosed the doors, wound up the machine with studied gravity, placed a cushion under the arm of the Automaton, and invited any individual present to a game of Chess.—As soon as a champion entered the lists, the eyes of the figure were immediately directed to the board, and after some moments of seeming meditation, it slowly raised its arm, moved it toward the piece to be played, suspend his hand over it for an instant, then grasped it firmly between the fingers, and placed it on the destined square. If a piece was captured, the same process was gone through, and at every move, a noise, as of wheels and clockwork, was heard. The Automaton always claimed the first move. Any attempt to disconcert it by a false move was futilo; at the least infringement of the customary rules of Chess, it shook its head, seized the offending piece, and proceeded with the game.

Upon checking the adversary's king, the lips of the figure opened, and a feebly articulated sound of she' or che' escaped, and it courteously warned the Queen of danger by twice bowing.—Nothing necessary to complete the illusion had been neglected, the triumph of M. de Kempelin appeared only commensurate with his deserts, and for years the mystery remained impenetrable. During this period, the Automaton visited the capitals of Germany, of England, and of France; it was every where received with curiosity, drew crowds of visitors, and excited the liveliest feelings of surprise and admiration. Returning to Berlin, the Automaton threw down the glove to all the nobles of the Court, and was permitted the honor of playing with the Frederick himself. The Prince, as is well knewn was much attached to Chess, and had evinced his love of it by playing a match by correspondence with Voltaire. In a moment of enthusiasm, Frederick acquired, at great cost, possession of the machine and its mysteries. The explanation of its exhibitor unfolded all its secrets, and the illusion was dissipated—despised thenceforth by the Prince, the Automaton was stored away amidst the lumber of the palace, dusty and forgotten.

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

FORT RUSSEL, May 15, 1841.

Gentlemen:—We have a great dearth of Indian news. Nothing of importance has transpired since I last wrote you, and heaven knows when any thing will transpire. For the present all is stagnation. I reget to inform you that the sickness at several posts, is daily increasing—at Fort King when I last wrote, there were over sixty on the sick list, now we learn that number has been considerably augmented.

Yours, &c.

FATAL DUEL.

Samuel Wright was shot through the heart at New Orleans on Wednesday last, by S. W. Oakey, in a duel with rifles at 40 paces. They were both merchants of that city; and the affair grew out of same publications in the Vicksburg Sentinel, which Mr. Wright was said to have had some hand in.—*Southron.*

[From the Highland Messenger.]

Take Aim!--Fire!--Pop! Pop!--Bang!!

A writer in the Charleston Mercury calls upon the Governor of South Carolina to convene an extra session of the Legislature to avert the dangers which overhang them from the extra session of Congress! He suggests that the State be put under "complete military organization," and the Governor instructed, in the event that Congress shall establish a National Bank or Protective Tariff, to call a convention of the people to deliberate on measures necessary to be taken for the defence of their liberties!

Reader! do you remember Daniel Defoe's game-cock, which being in a stable among a parcel of horses cried out, "take care, gentlemen, don't let us tread upon one another!"

If we may venture a joke on the heels of the above capital 'un, we will tell of two sailor boys who undertook to out-do each other in feats of agility. The one (an English boy) was really very expert—the other (an Irish lad) was not quite up to his competitor, but attempted every thing which he saw him perform. At length the English boy ran to the extreme top of the highest mast and stood on his head there, with his feet uppermost. The Irish boy attempted to do likewise, but he soon *lost grips* and came booming down from one rope to another until just as he reached the deck, as good luck would have it, a rope turned him feet downwards and so he alighted, *unhurt.*

"I lay you can't do that again," said a waggish sailor standing by.

"I lay I don't try," replied the other.

Comment.—I lay South Carolina don't try that game again.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

A man hanged recently in a neighboring State for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows, that his career of crime began by stopping a newspaper without paying for it. No wonder that he came to an ignominious death.

The Floridian states that Levy, (L.) has been elected to the Legislative Council—beating Ward and Downing, (W.)

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FIRST CONSUL,

A Justice of the Peace.

From Notes and Anecdotes, from the Portfolio of an Officer of the French Empire.

Napoleon, while first consul and emperor, consecrated almost every day, when at Paris, an hour or two after dinner to familiar conversations, to which but few were admitted. The second consul, or the arch-chancellor, the minister, secretary of state, generals of the first rank, two or three aids-de-camp, and those of the council of state, who enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the favor of the supreme chief, were of the number.

These conversations were prolonged or shortened as the first consul had slept more or less the preceding night, or in proportion to the fatigue he had undergone in the course of the day: they were sad or gay as the news of the morning was bad or good. Sometimes the conversation naturally terminated when Napoleon, stretched on a sofa, fell asleep.

One evening the first consul (he was still so at this period) showed himself more than usually communicative. He spoke alone—he spoke eloquently. He was listened to with as much pleasure as interest. Almost every subject had been reviewed; at last the word *ambition* was pronounced.

"I am supposed to be ambitious," said he. "Ambitious! and of what? I ambitious! Listen, gentlemen, attentively to what I am going to say; I authorize you to repeat it. In three years I will retire from public affairs. I will then have an annual income of fifty thousand livres; with my tastes that will be more than enough. I will have a country seat, because Madame Bonaparte loves the country. I mean to ask only one thing; I shall have well merited it, and I must absolutely have it. I desire to be justice of the peace in my canton. Am I ambitious?"

The first consul spoke thus in the commencement of 1802.

M. ARMAND D'AILLY.

M. Armand d'Ailly, who is, I believe, still on the French stage, had made a successful *dsbut* in his dramatic career in 1800. At the period of the attempted assassination of the third Nivose, he was employed as a comedian at the theatre *des Troubadours.*

M. Armand d'Ailly happened to be finishing a part, when the explosion in the rue St. Nicaise was heard. As soon as he had got behind the scenes, he took the manager aside and said: "There has just been a discharge of cannon. Doubtless the government has this moment received the news of some victory, which it is celebrating by salutes of artillery. It must be announced to the public; it will produce a good effect." The manager threw some difficulties in the way, which M. Armand d'Ailly victoriously combatted. At length the curtain is drawn up, the actor advances, makes the three customary bows, and says: "Gentlemen, we hasten to make known to the public, that the government has this instant received the news of a victory of the French army. This victory, the consequences of which are incalculable, is announced at this moment to the population of the capital by the cannon of the Invalides."

Three days afterwards M. Armand d'Ailly was arrested. Closely confined in the prison of the *Force*, he had the greatest difficulty in proving that he was not connected with the conspiracy of the infernal machine.

The National Intelligencer states that the "National Institution for the Promotion of Science" is rapidly 'going ahead.' At the last meeting, letters were read from vatious parts of the world, promising collections, books, and communications, and announcing such as were already on the way.

It is well known that Mr. Secretary Webster, upon his accession to the Department of State, allowed the Institution to use the spacious unoccupied apartment and rooms in the basement story of the new Patent Office, where the collection already in the possession of the Institution is now being arranged; and Mr. Secretary Badger has entrusted to the care of the Institution the extensive and interesting collection of specimens in all branches of Natural History, lately received from the Exploring Squadron, in the preparing and arranging of which accomplished naturalists are now engaged. Animated by an equal zeal for whatever will advance the history and science of his country, Mr. Bell, Secretary at War, has entrusted to the Institution the whole interesting collection of Indian Portraits, which has heretofore hung on the walls of the War Office passage. We understand, also, that with the Portraits will be sent a fine collection of Indian curiosities.

A PICTURE.

A fair young lady is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow, upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tints her soft cheek; the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered about her round full lips; the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace; the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her own most favored child.—What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence herself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so: but list! she starts—her lips part—she speaks—listen—"*Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell mar.*"—*Richmond Enquirer.*

OLD IRONSIDES.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Ay! pull her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many a heart has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannons roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall weep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes blood
When knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the conqueror's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The Eagle of the sea.

Oh! better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave,
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave,
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail—
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning, and the gale.

[From the Philadelphia Courier.]

I would not have thy young Heart.

I would not have thy young heart,
Its treasures keep for me;
For I am like the wild bird
That circles o'er the sea.

Who finds his home where waves roll,
Where storm-clouds gather round;
And by the lightning's quick flash
His dreary path is found.

Alone, life's storms I fear not;
Fate's thunder I defy;
But often should I tremble,
If thy dear form were nigh.

Tho' woman's smile, like sun rays
That steal through summer's rain,
May make one love-lit moment
Illume an age of pain.

Yet dare I ask that warm smile,
O'er my dark path to play?
And, like the rain flower,
Gild even my decay?

No, no;—seek one whose hopes, love,
Are far more fair than mine;
Nor longer keep thy young heart
Around my fate to twine. T. H. L.

NEW ORLEANS MONEY MARKET.

Premium.	
Specie,	4 a 5
Exchange on England,	10 a 10½
do Paris,	5f 10 a 5f 12
do New York, sight,	3 a 4
U. S. Treasury Notes,	6 a 7
Sovereigns,	$5 06 a 5 12
Spanish Doubloons,	$17 00 a 17 06
Patriot do	$16 25 a 16 37
American Gold,	7 a 8
Alabama specie paying banks,	par.
Discount.	
Exchange on N. York, 60 days,	3½ a 4
United States Bank Notes,	10 a 15
Mississippi Union Bank,	70 a 72
Agricultural Bank, Natchez,	25 a 28
Planter's, do do	15 a 16
Commercial, do do	5 a 6
Bank of Port Gibson,	20 a 25
Bank at Grand Gulf,	40 a 50
Citizens' Bank of Madison co.	75 a
Commercial Bank, Manchester,	5 a 6
West Feliciana,	5 a 10
Alabama State Bank,	34 a 44
Tennessee,	4 a 5
Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri,	1½ a 2
Arkansas State Bank,	30 a 35
Arkansas Real Estate Bank,	32 a 36
Texas Treasury Notes,	73 a 75
Clinton and Port Hudson,	40 a 50
Bank of Pensacola,	65 a 70
Union Bank of Florida,	50 a 60
Georgia,	5 a 25
South Carolina,	3

John G. Ott, Esq. is a candidate to represent the county of Madison, in the lower House of the State Legislature at the election in November next.

WE are authorised to announce **John H. Rollins, Esq.,** as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Madison, Hinds and Rankin, at the November election.

WE are authorised to announce **Wm. McBride,** as a candidate for District Attorney of the 7th Judicial District, at the next November election.

WE are authorised to announce **Col. Joseph H. Vannoy,** as a candidate for Sheriff of Madison county, at the election in November next.

WE are authorised to announce **Samuel Hamblin,** as a candidate for Sheriff of Madison county, at the next election.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Madison county, at the next November election.

JOHN T. CAMERON, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Clerk of Madison county, at the next November election.

WE are authorised to announce **Jesse Brown,** as a candidate for Collector of Taxes of Madison county, at the election in November next.

WE are authorised to announce **Jefferson E. Gayden,** as a candidate for Collector of Taxes of Madison county, at the next November election.

WE are authorised to announce **Ramsey M. Cox,** as a candidate for Assessor of Taxes of Madison county, at the next November election.

GEORGE W. KING, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer of Madison county, at the election in November next.

A RUNAWAY.

WAS committed to the Jail of Madison county on the 2d inst, a Negro man who says his name is JOHN, and that he belongs to the Vicksburg Rail Road Company.

John is about forty or forty-five years old, of dark complexion, and stutters, he had on when committed to Jail, a coasse ragged pair of linsey pantaloons, cotton shirt, and an old pair of brogan shoes.

The owner is hereby notified to come forward and release him, or he will be disposed of as the law directs.

SAMUEL HAMBLIN,
Sheriff.

Canton, Mi. June 10, 1841. 3-tf
