RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

The nobility of Podolia have summoned courage to supplicate mercy from their barbarous oppressor, though they only venture to do it in the humblest tone and on their bended knees. The following is an extract from their address to the Emperor Nicholas. Permission to use their own language, in courts of justice, protection in their national religion, and an exemption from the horrors of perpetual imprisonment and exile, is all that they venture to ask, and far more than they will obtain. They say—

"Your nobility, O Sire, sees with fearful apprehension the difficulties and losses to which the prohibition of our native language in the judicial courts will expose us; and we Poles, like other Sclavonian nations, have our own distinct language, for so many centuries become natural, rich in remembrances, common to millions of your subjects, preserved to us by our ancestors, indispensable in our social occurrences; in that language we had all our deeds, contracts, conventions. It explained our wants, it became indispensable, and incorporated with us. Gracious Lord, leave that language to us, that in it we may pray to God for you and your blessed family.

"With our persons we carried our Roman Catholic religion under your sceptre. Religion, watching on human frailties, wants the guidance of ministers of God; the neglect, the fall of religion, are forerunners of general corruption. The religion of our ancestors has left to the sovereigns its protection. In your high wisdom, your Majesty has found it necessary to abolish the convents and confiscate their estates; but, Sire, those convents fulfilled likewise parochial duties. Great scarcity of curates and priests is felt already; the conscience and morality of your people in such general subversion, wanting the assistance of religion, will prove most detrimental. As our common father, we beseech thee humbly, O Lord! have mercy upon us; advise as to those impending evils.

"In all countries the nobility is aware that its duty is to support the throne. The difference in fortunes—poverty even, did not deprive them of their privileges. We humbly beg your Majesty to stop orders by which beings without any guilt are carried away from their homes into most remote countries. In every corner of the world they will prove faithful subjects to your Majesty; but, Sire, the poorest man loves the country where he was born. That universal instinct, witnessed by tears of thousands of families, emboldens us to entreat, sire, your humanity for them.

"Our brothers have offended you, seeking relief from their sufferings, not by prayers addressed to you. But, Sire, as an image of the Almighty on earth, you shall not always remain provoked, you shall not always punish us. Parents with a ghastly, bewildered eye look for their children carried away from them, sent forever to impervious regions; others seek an asylum in foreign countries, remote from their relations, in want and poverty. Few of them you have pardoned: jointly with us, they beg you to extend your clemency to others.

"We lay, Sire, these most humble prayers at the footsteps of your throne."

(Here follow the signatures of all the marshals of the different districts.)

"*Kaminiec, the 29th of September*, 1832."

This, alas! is the language used by a people who were once the freest in Europe!

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

How little do we know of the Indian character and customs? Societies are formed for fitting out expeditions to the Northern and Southern seas and for sending out travellers to make discoveries in Africa and the Indies; but it is left to individual enterprise and exertion to prosecute enquiries and examinations into the habits, manners and characters of the Aborigines of our country. We rest content with having dispossessed the Indians of their lands; and we see them wandering forth a broken and dispersed people, without troubling ourselves to enquire what was or is to be their fate.

The very names of many tribes who once roamed, the primeval lords of the soil we now inhabit, are either entirely forgotten, or are remembered only in the imperfect legends of those that still exist. We search almost in vain for facts in relation to these strange people. The historian as yet has given us no clue by which to unravel the mystery that enshrouds them, and the researches of the philosopher, have only resulted in wild and chimerical speculations.

Each succeeding year beholds them wending farther, and still farther to the westward, leaving the graves of their ancestors to be turned up by the ploughshares of the conquerors, and carrying with them nothing but the vices that they have learned from their oppressors. We look with a freezing apathy upon them as they gradually sink into degradation and misery, and soon they will entirely have passed away and our only knowledge of their history will be, that they were—and are not.

Those that remain on our borders are corrupted and debased by contact with the whites, and it is only among the tribes that inhabit the "Far West" that the Indian character can be seen in the original nobility of its savage grandeur. There, in the full enjoyment of native freedom and unshackled by the conventional regulations of civilization, they preserve unaltered their aboriginal customs. But civilization is making rapid encroachments upon them, and the time is fast approaching when the vast territories of the West may be traversed over and there will be found no trace or vestige of the persecuted red man—and the white man may course over the prairie—scale the high mountain and hunt through the valley, and to his cry, "where are they?"—echo alone will answer,—"where are they?"

We were led to make the foregoing remarks from having witnessed the exhibition of paintings by Mr. *Catlin*, the indefatigable traveller and artist; who has enthusiastically devoted himself to the study of the character, manners and habits of the aboriginal tribes. He is now exhibiting his collection of pictures in this city. It consists of portraits of distinguished chieftains and females, taken in their native costume, and scenes of the religious ceremonies of the Indians and their method of hunting the Buffaloe; and pictures and landscapes of their country. Mr. C. is on his way back to the "Far West," where he will remain from one to three years in the prosecution of his arduous and hazardous enterprize. His return and farther account of his travels will be looked for with excited interest.—*Cincinnati Western Shield.*

From the Winchester Virginian, May 29.

LATER FROM LIBERIA.

The accounts of prosperity attending the colony of Liberia have been so imposing through the letters that have been received from that place, that doubts of their authenticity have existed in the minds of some of our coloured population. An emigrant from Loudoun county agreed before he left on a plan by which no false epistle could be palmed off as his; this was to mention certain facts selected by himself and his brother, and to place them in the postscript of his letter. The letter itself has been handed us, and is published below. It speaks for itself—indeed the colonization society now meets with little opposition. The annual appropriations by the State will give a new impulse to its operations. Under these appropriations this town will be entitled annually, for five years, to the sum of $100 33, and the county to the farther sum of $427 48—making an annual dividend of $527 81. If to this sum the colonization society of the county shall add any considerable amount, and the whole fund be judiciously managed, it will have a sensible effect, and will produce more real good than if devoted to any other possible purpose. Will not our society renew her exertions in this patriotic and philanthropic work?

MONROVIA, Liberia, March 1, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER BENJAMIN:—We have arrived safely at Liberia—myself and all my family. On the passage, we had no seasickness, and as yet the fever of the country has not attacked us. It usually comes on in from two to six weeks after arrival—some die, others have it slightly—the event, as to me and mine, I leave with God. Hitherto I am much pleased, and am perfectly satisfied with the present circumstance of things. I believe an industrious man can live here easier than in the United States, and as yet I am so agreeably disappointed with the country, that I have no desire to return to the United States *to live there*. I wish very much that you were here with me. I feel that I am in a land of great privileges and freedom. Last Sabbath I preached three times in Baptist churches. There are here Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists—all zealous and active in the good cause.

The productions of the country are numerous—oranges, limes, indigo, plantain, &c., are all plenty. I have sat at tables where fowls, and fish, and hams, and beef, were all served up as good as we have in the United States. I have drawn a *town lot*, and am living in a hired house until I get one built on it.

There is a great demand here for stonemasons. I am now, though I have been here only one week, engaged on a house at $3 50 per perch, to be paid in cash; the price sometimes is $4 50. Tell my old friend, Joseph Sanford, if he were here he could find ready employment. I have found large store-houses and others built of stone, as we heard in the United States, and some rich people living in style, as in any other country.

I find a great many natives here. Their dress is nothing but a handkerchief around the loins—all the rest of the body naked, both men and women; though the latter do not frequent the town, being ashamed to be seen. I saw one of the women in one of their towns, her breast all naked, and a little child on her back, holding on to the mother's side with its little hands. This state of half-nakedness becomes so familiar, that I do not now notice it at all, and it has no bad appearance to me as it did at first.

Capt. Hatch treated us on the passage in the kindest manner, so much so, that I think he deserves my highest gratitude. I wish you might come out with him. My love to yourself and mother, and sister Hannah, and all the family, especially to George Moss and William Moss. Benjamin and the children send their love to Jesse and the rest of the children. I must not omit my particular love to sister Harriet.

Your most affectionate brother,

REUBEN MOSS.

N. B.—I will give the sign which I was to give you that you may know this letter is from me. It was to mention the accidents. The first was your getting your leg caught under a tree; the second was my falling off the horse and having my hand split open by an axe. R. MOSS.

A LIVING OIL CASK.

There now lives, in Montgomery county, Ky. a Mr. Benjamin Pritchard, at this time forty-two years old—who has lived temperately, and labored hard in his youth—was in the last war, and taken prisoner during the unfortunate campaign of Gen. Winchester, in 1812. At that time he only weighed two hundred pounds—but hardships seem to have agreed with him. He kept gradually increasing his fat, so that about a month ago he weighed *four hundred and eighty-three pounds*. At the last accounts, he was enjoying excellent health, and had the satisfaction of assuring his friends that he "was daily gaining flesh." He ought to strike a partnership with Calvin Edson, the living skeleton. Such an association would be as novel as amusing—and might be called the firm of *"Bones and Blubber."*—*Cincinnati Rep.*

We saw the other day in New York, at Peale's Museum, a girl named Deborah Trip, who, although only seven years old, weighs 270 pounds. This is more than a parallel to any case of the kind on record. Bartholini mentions a girl, aged 11, who weighed over 200. A Roman writer speaks of a boy aged 5, who weighed 150. Bright, the Englishman, weighed 609; Maillet, the Canadian, exhibited in this city, four years since, ten pounds more. Lambert, doubtless, was the heaviest man on record. His maximum was a little over 750.—*Boston Journal.*

From the New York American.

An incident occurred in Hellgate on Saturday, which in the hands of him who has in the Sketchbook so admirably described that singular strait, might be worked up into a scene of no little interest. A party of gentlemen, belonging to one of the numerous aquatic clubs that have sprung up in our noble harbor within the last summer or two, were refreshing themselves after a long row, with their boat drawn up on Mill rock, which those acquainted with Hellgate may recollect commands a complete view of all the infernal machinery of waters, which he who deals in fire has oddly enough conglomerated about the very door of his domicil; when in watching the scattered sails that occasionally floated past them, dropping through the strait with the tide, the attention of the whole party was attracted to a small sail boat with a single man at the stern. The hesitating way in which he managed his craft, indicated at once that he was ignorant of a passage that requires the nicest pilotage—while his vacillating helm at one moment carried his little vessel bows on to the bristling rapids on his western side, and at another left her to sag midships into the sucking whirlpool on the east. His perilous situation was evident to the whole party on the rock; but they were too far off to warn him of his danger, or to reach him in time to avert the catastrophe. Every second made that more inevitable, and their only hope was, that by some providential turn one of the thousand eddies which cafed and roared around the doomed boatman, might whirl his craft so near to the shore, that even in the event of a capsize he might yet be saved. The expectation, however, was hardly formed before the accelerated motion of the boat in a contrary direction, defeated it most frightfully. She had struck the edge of *the Pot*—and, with the velocity of lightning, was sucked in by the greedy whirlpool. Her bow heaved upwards as she reached the foaming vortex, like the crest of a living animal in the agonies of a death struggle, and then plunging beneath the surges, the little vessel and her solitary voyager disappeared entirely.

The party on the rock were breathless with horror, when far beyond the place of his disappearance they saw the body of the boatman shoot above the surface as if dismissed from below by a force full as active as that which had carried him there. The barge was manned in a moment, and a skilful coxswain, with a steady crew, winding harmlessly through the accumulated perils encountered by the inconsiderate boatman, he was soon overtaken.

"I wonder where my hat is?" was the first exclamation of this amphibious worthy upon finding himself perfectly safe. The gentlemen amused at the fellow's coolness pulled after his hat, and recovered it to his very great satisfaction, afterwards righted his boat for him, upon discovering her floating at some distance, collected his oars, and set sail leaving him grumbling as he went again upon his way, "that he had lost *both his shoes* in that *tarnal Pot.*"

The miraculous escape of this man should be a warning to those ignorant of the navigation of Hellgate, venturing through at half tide, the only time, we believe, when the passage is dangerous—there being much truth in that humorous illustration of its character by Washington Irving, where he describes Hellgate to be "pacific at low water as any other stream; as the tide rises it begins to fret; at half tide it rages and roars as if bellowing for more water, but when the tide is full it relapses again into quiet, and for a time seems to sleep as soundly as an Alderman after dinner. It may be compared to an inveterate hard drinker, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has his skin full—but when half seas over, plays the very devil."

From the New York Commercial, May 30.

ÆRONAUTIC EXPEDITION.

Yesterday afternoon, the ascension of Mr. Durant took place from Castle Garden, which with the adjacent grounds of the Battery, was thronged with spectators: their numbers are variously estimated. The process of inflation commenced at two o'clock and was completed at five, at which time the æronaut took his seat in the car, with anchors, flags, ballast, &c.

After being carried around the garden, a signal was given, the rope cut, the balloon ascended into the air with incredible velocity, and in about twelve seconds was completely out of sight. A dense fog hung over the city, which entirely hid the ærial traveller from the gaze of the disappointed multitude. The balloon is the largest ever constructed in this country, being forty-seven feet in its diameter, and averaging about twenty-eight feet through. Mr. D. as he entered the car seemed to have as much self possession and unconcern, as any individual present. This is his fifth ascension.

To guard against accidents to the balloon in its first ascent, it had been necessary to charge it with an extra quantity of gas, but when he was free from any danger from the walls of the Garden, and had risen to a sufficient elevation, Mr. D. opened the valve, and found the pressure to be from 60 to 70 pounds.

The precise time of his leaving Castle Garden was four minutes past five o'clock, and, in two minutes after, he had entirely lost sight of this nether world. In four minutes more, he found himself floating above the clouds—the sun, which to us has been for a long time invisible, shining upon him in clear, unclouded beams. The wind, when he started from the Garden was from the east, but he soon fell into a current blowing west, which wafted him towards the ocean.

In thirty-nine minutes from his departure he attained his greatest altitude, being then *sixteen thousand feet*, or about three miles above the earth. When he had been six minutes upon his journey he found himself in a cold region, so much so that the flagstaff which he held became intensely cold to the touch. Whilst veering from the line of his first course and moving westwardly he found himself nearing a beach. This, although not visible, was evident from the roaring of the surf which he could distinctly hear.

It was now deemed necessary to prepare for a return to the earth, and taking a rapid course over New-Jersey, he crossed the North River, and made for the county of Westchester.

At thirty nine minutes after 6 o'clock, Mr. Durant heard the singing of birds, and in one minute more he again saw the earth.—The scene was more beautiful, he says, than he ever witnessed, and beyond his powers to describe. He now threw out one bag of ballast, and in one minute more, viz: at 41 minutes after 6 o'clock, landed on the farm of Robert Morris, Esq., in the manor of Fordham, in the county of West Chester, eleven miles from the city of New York, three from Hudson River, and eight from Long Island Sound.

At the fashionable balls this season, says a London paper, the floors are *waxed* instead of being *chalked*, as heretofore. At one of these assemblies a young lady, to the great dismay of herself and her partner, found she had lost her shoe, which, after a search, was found sticking to the floor.

The President and the Indians.—The following is said to be a copy of the parting address of the President of the United States, to Black Hawk and his party, as well as of the reply of the Prophet, made in Baltimore on the morning of the 7th instant:—

Black Hawk and his party were introduced to the President, who addressed them as follows:

My Children,—When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly, in raising the tomahawk against the white people, and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct last year compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated, with great loss, and your men surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied, that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I would inquire whether your people wished you should return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. Gen. Clark, and Gen. Atkinson whom you know, have informed me that Sheckak, your principal Chief, and the rest of your people are anxious you should return, and Keokah has asked me to send you back. Your Chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given directions, that you should be taken to your own country.

Maj. Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force would be soon sent against you, as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families; but I hope they will not again raise their hands against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you: we desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you for all your cruelties.

When you go back, listen to the councils of Ke-o-kuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the frontiers. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and fair sky to return.

To this the prophet and the other answered,

My Father,—My ears are open to your words. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk. But my people have suffered a great deal. When I get back, I will remember your words. I won't go to war again. I will live in peace. I shall hold you by the hand.

From the National Intelligencer.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

It appears from a statement of the Exchange Transactions of the Bank of the United States and its offices of Discount and Deposite for the year 1832, which we find remarked upon in Niles' Register, that values to the extraordinary amount of $241,714,912, were *exchanged* by this institution in the course of last year, at the very low average rate of one-eleventh of one per cent. or *ninety cents* on every thousand dollars of the whole sum. Indeed, $120,000,000 of this vast amount were exchanged without any charge at all, and the average premium of exchange on the remaining $120,000,000, was less than one-fifth of one per cent. And for this *eleventh of one per cent.* the goodness of the money was rendered certain, the safety of the mails insured, and a large amount in postage saved. For it is the practice of the Bank to give drafts payable at one day's sight, which are always paid on presentation, when offered by persons to whom they belong, and which can scarcely be received by any person wrongfully without detection.

State Banks, however correctly managed, cannot carry on these exchanges but at a much higher rate of premium, for reasons that will appear manifest to every person who is at all acquainted with the nature of exchanges. Would it not, then, be more than unwise—would it not be reckless folly, to throw away the great advantages thus derived from the Bank of the United States, by suffering its charter to expire?

Public Stores.—We learn that the Secretary of the Treasury has purchased the property fronting on South Gay, from Water street to the alley, now occupied by Messrs. Fernandis, Kraft, Hoogewerff and others, on which are to be erected suitable public warehouses for the deposit of merchandise. The location being near the custom house and having a clear avenue all around, it is considered as judicious a selection as could have been made. It was bought for $30,000, and was the property of General J. S. Smith.—*Balt. Pat.*

An old woman was lately rescued from the police at Canterbury by a man with a wooden leg. This fellow was met at Harbledown last Saturday by two of the city police, when he unbuckled his leg, and ran with it under his arm, showing as nimble a pair of heels as ever helped a rogue to turn his back upon the gallows. Finding his pursuers gaining upon him, he threw away his leg. The constables stopped to pick up the leg, and while they stood wondering, he continued running till he was fairly out of sight, and he has never been heard of since. The leg, having been examined, was found to be hollow, and filled with all sorts of combustibles, detonating balls, etc., and in consequence of information received by the magistrates, a *depot* of copper legs (resembling in every respect the one described) has been seized at Copperhaus Sole, in this county, and it is said that the confederacy of the Copper Legs are trained, organized, and bound by illegal oaths, in the same manner as the Whitefeet.—*Kentish Observer.*

Important Trial.—A gentleman just arrived from Bangor (Me.) has given us the particulars of a case of recent occurrence there, which is said to have excited considerable sensation. An unlicensed grog dealer, named Treadwell, keeping a shop at what is called the Point, with the assistance of an understrapper, named Woodward, undertook, on Tuesday last, to furnish an Irishman with *as much wine as he could drink for twenty-five cents.* The Irishman drank a pint of stuff which was drawn for him as 'port wine,' and walked off. In about half an hour he returned and drank two pints more. The result was death. Woodward was apprehended, on complaint of the Coroner, who held an inquest over the body. On Friday last he was examined, and required to recognise in the sum of $550, for his appearance at the next (June) term of the S. J. Court for trial on the charge of *manslaughter.*—*Boston Journal.*

WONDERFUL FLEAS

Exhibiting in London.

However we may be astonished at such exhibitions as that we are about to describe, we cannot but be gratified when we recollect that these unnatural tricks must have been the result of some cruel species of discipline. The exhibition of what are termed the "Industrious Fleas," in Regent-st., London, is certainly one of the most extraordinary that ever was witnessed. It is thus described in one of the London papers:—"There is in the first instance, the siege of Antwerp, in which fleas enact the parts of besiegers and besieged. Gold cannons, mortars, &c. about the size of pins, are discharged at and from the citadel by fleas, on the one side led by Marshal Gerard and the other by Baron Chasse, who are both mounted on gigantic fleas, or, to use the more appropriate phrase, upon regular troopers. In a ball room, of proportionate dimensions, four fleas go through the mazes of the dance like any four well bred ladies and gentlemen, while twelve fleas are distributed at the orchestra, employed, as it were, in playing different instruments. A mail coach drawn by four fleas in complete harness, with coachman and guard, also fleas, is exceedingly well managed; and a single flea (a 'whopper,' certainly, in its generation) performs the Herculean task of drawing an elephant with a tower on his back filled with warriors. This exhibition is, in truth, well worthy of a visit, affording, as it does, what surprising ingenuity can effect, and an extraordinary proof of the tractability of one of the apparently most intractable classes of the insect tribe."

The Signal Gun.—It is very mournful any where and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow creatures; it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound of a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of a midnight tempest. I cannot tell you what a shuddering it creates in your whole frame, as it comes booming through the darkness. I can have no conception of any thing to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first clod thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and the notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior, and the tolling of a distant bell at midnight, (for instance, a convent bell among the mountains of Spain and Italy) have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the deep-throated cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner.

New mode of extracting Teeth.—If your tooth is troublesome and defective, fill the cavity with a few grains of the finest glazed gunpowder—then cover it with a percussion cap, made to fit closely—gnash your teeth furiously together, and it will explode, leaving not a wreck behind. If the operation is properly performed, it is easy, and produces but trifling inconvenience; and what is remarkable, if the patient sneezes at the right time, the fragments will all fly out of the mouth.—*Lowell Journal.*

Sutton, the Ventriloquist is said to have won a bet made on one of the river steamboats, that he would induce the engineer to oil some part of the machinery by his ventriloquial powers. First a screaking sound came from the shaft of the water-wheel, the oil-can was immediately in use, but ere that was accomplished the sound came from the piston at every downward stroke. As the oil was about being carried to that part of the engine the trick was explained—a hearty laugh was joined in by the engineer and spectators.—*Albany Advertiser.*

A number of laborers, believers in Kidd's money, at work in a field, accidentally discovered upon the top of a large stone, an inscription in ancient characters, which, on deciphering, read as follows:—

"Take me up and I'll tell you more."

Eager for the money, and entertaining no doubt of their being close upon it, they immediately set about raising the stone. After tugging and toiling several hours, they finally succeeded, and with some difficulty read on the bottom:—

"Lay me down as I was before."

[*Hartford Review.*

A country pedagogue once having the misfortune to have his school-house burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one; here he reprimanded one of his boys, who mispelt a number of words, by telling him he did not spell as well as when he was in the former school-house. "Well, thomehow or nother," said the urchin, with a scowl, "I can't ethactly git the hang of this ere new school-house."

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Could this ill world hae been contrived,
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peaceful bodies might hae lived
Released fra a' the ills sae common;
But since it is the waefu' case
That we maun hae this teazing crony,
Wy sic a sweet bewitching face,
O had she nae been made sae bonny!

I might hae roam'd wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me;
I might hae screw'd my tunefu' pegs,
And caroll'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Megs,
Wi' glossly een sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking;
My harp waves on the willow green,
Of wild witch notes it has nae ony
Sin e'er I saw that pawky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!