EASTON GAZETTE.

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A JACK DOWNING LETTER.

From the Rover.

To my old friend, Seba Smith, editor of the ROVER,

162 Nassau street, New York.

Downingville, away down east, in the State of Maine, January 1, 1844

My Dear old Friend: Where have you been this half a dozen years, and what have you been a doing all this time that you didn't let me hear from you?—I didn't think you would serve me so, after our long and intimate acquaintance, and warm friend-ship, if I may be allowed to say it; at any rate, it was warm on my part, for next to Gineral Jackson, I must say that I never met with no person, in public life, that I formed so strong a liking for as I did for you. Therefore you may well suppose I felt uneasy, and a little wambie cropt, when year after year come and went and I didn't hear nothing from you. The last I heard of you was upon the woods near Moosehead lake, looking after timber lots and I've had my fears ever since that you had got swamped somehow or other, or else was lost in the woods, or drowned, or the bears had eat you up.

Well, after I've wished you a happy new year, and the like of that I'll tell you how I happened to get track of you again.—We see I went over to Uncle Joshua's this afternoon to have a chat with em a little while, being it was new year's day, for I always make it a pint to beg it the year well and then I get through with it the best way I can. Well, I sot there talking with aunt Keziah cousin Nabby, and once in a while, feeling a little humorsome, I tried to give Nabby a sly kiss being it was new year's day, you know. But my gosh! I might as well try to kiss a streak of lightning she was off so quick. That gal is quick as a steel trap yet, or as she is, and you know she might almost be called a middle aged woman to the Gineral's time. By the time I got within a foot of her, and began to get the right sort of pucker to my lips, she was off like a shot to the other side of the room, and says she, 'come, Jack, none of your skylarking; leave that to young folks: you and I are getting too old for children's play.' Aunt Keziah sot looking right into the fire, minding her knitting, and looking as sober as if she was listening to one of parson Jones's longest sarmons.

All at once, in comes uncle Joshua from the post office, with his hands full of reading stuff of one kind and another, papers, pamphlets, magazines, and what not—for the old gentleman is as great a reader as ever, and you know, years ago he always would be reading everything he could lay his hands on, especially if it had any republican doctrine in it. Well, the old gentleman put on his spectacles and sot down to go to reading. The first thing he took up was a little magazine

'Hello' says uncle Joshua, 'what have we got here? This is a new consarn; I hant seen this afore.'

And then he began to read 'THE ROVER, a weekly magazine of tales, poetry and engravings, original and selected; edited by Seba Smith.' When he got so far he jumpted up out of his chair like a boy, and looking over his spectacles at me, says he, 'There, Jack, your old friend of the Portland Courier, is alive after all, and here he is turned editor again.'

You may depend we all flocked round him quick enough. Aunt Keziah dropt her knitting work, and run and looked over uncle Joshua's sholder, and cousin Nabby run and clenched right hold of the magazine, but uncle Joshua held on to it and declared he'd have first reading of it. So at last we begun to get a little pacified he begun to read and we soon found out all about it, that it was really a weekly magazine, and that you had got to be an editor in the thundering great big city of New York. I dont think I ever felt happier but twice in my life; once when uncle Joshua received his appintment as postmaster of Downingville, and the other was when the news come in, that the Gineral was elected a second time. It seemed to put the fire right into me. My thumb and finger itched to get hold of a quill, and says I to uncle Joshua, 'If I live I'll write to my old friend Saba Smith before I sleep.'

When uncle Joshua opened the ROVER he looked at the engraving, 'Hullo!' says he, 'here's the exact picter of Nabby, with a pail on her head; how upon airth could they get her away there to New York?' And then he looked a little further, and said, 'Oh no, they call it Effie Deans.' And then he read your poetry about Effie Deans, and before he got through, the tears were dropping down over Nabby's cheeks like a shower of rain; and aunt Keziah turned her head away, and put her apron up to her eyes three or four times.

Finally after we got through with reading and examining, and talking the matter over, I started for home, determined to write you a good long letter before I slept. As I was going out, cousin Nabby followed me to the door, and asked me to give her best love to you. And then she kind of hesitated, and said she didn't know as it was hardly proper'—At last she brightened up all at once, and says she, 'Yes, Jack, he used to be so kind to you, and did so much to help you get an office, and to raise the credit of our family; yes, Jack hit or miss, give him my best love.' So here I am, sitting down by my little fire, and writing to you as fast as I can scratch, jest as I used to when I was at Washington along with the Gineral, and you was editor of the Portland Courier. You can't think how natural it seems, to be writing to you again. But how things is changed since them times. The world don't hardly seem to be the same side up that it used to be then. It makes me almost cry sometimes to see how things is goin backward ever since the Gineral left 'em. He used to keep everything straight and patriotic-like. The good old Gineral used to cut matters right down square, and keep every thing ship shape. Do you believe if he held the reins now, that any of the states would dare to refuse to pay their debts? No! he'd make 'em shell out over the last dollar about the quickest.—Don't you remember how he worked South Carolina's old iron up, when she kicked in the traces! I mean that nullification business. The Gineral always said I give him a good hit in that matter both by my pen and sword; but I never took any pride to myself about it. But I have ten thousand things to talk to you about, and can't get a hundredth part into this letter.

I write to the Gineral once in awhile and the Gineral writes to me once in awhile, but I've got my letter so near filled up, that I can't give you much idea of our correspondence tho I write to you again. One thing I'll jest mention, that he said in his last letter to me. He says Congress better be in better business than to be disputing and wasting so much time about paying that fine back to him.—He says the Judge that put the fine on him was a spunky fellow, and did jest right; and if he hadn't a done it, he would have cut his ears off. He says moreover, if they vote to pay it back to him, he never will touch a cent of it.

Speaking about cutting off ears reminds me of what the Gineral used to say to me when I lived with him at Washington, and when a man in New York I believe they said his name was Davis used to be writing letters and putting my name to em. The Gineral used to get so mad about them counterfeit letters, that every time he got one he would rare right up, & then says he to me, 'Now, Major, I you don't go to New York and cut that fellers ears off by the eternal I'll take away your commission.'

Then I used to talk round the Gineral and get him cooled down again. 'Why,' says I, 'Gineral, them letters never 'll hurt me. The counterfiet is too plain, they hain't got the silver ring; people wont take em for mine.' But though I didn't trouble myself much about this Mr. Davis putting my name to his letters in them days, being so much occupied as I was in helping the Gineral carry on the government, yet I've hearn things about him since, which if they are true, shows he can do meaner things than that. I've hearn that he goes round among folks, and tries to get into notice; and into good society, by calling himself me: that he goes to Saratoga and other places where the bigbugs get together, and calls himself me; that he goes to great dinners such as they had in New York when the great Mr. Boz was over here from England, and gets the whole company to look at him by calling himself me. Now I wonder if all this is true. I've hearn so, and I've seen it in some of the papers.—Whether it is all true or not, somehow or other all these things have had such an effect upon my mind that I can never hear of this Mr. Davis without thinking of ears.

How does my old friend Major North do? He always used to be on our side in the Gineral's time. Clever soul, that Major. I'd give as much for one of his smiles any time as I would for a good piece of pie arter dinner. Tell him to stick to the republican ground, and he'll always come out right.

Give my respects to Col. Webb. Tell him I am sorry he got into that scrape last year, & met with that accident; though the Gineral says in his letter to me that he thinks all the better of him, for it.—He says it shows the grit was in him, notwithstanding Duff Green always said it was'n.

Likewise remember me to Jonathan Slick. According to my notion he writes near about as well as his cousin Sam, the clock maker of Slickville. But Sam's first work was his best.

How is cheap literature in New York now? I've a notion of diving into it a little; for I've got kind of tired farming again, and think it would be a sort of business that might suit me. I like a business that is brisk and goes quick.—I wish you would jest ask the Harpers or some of them great book chaps, what they would give me for a good four by six-er, or a first rate seven by nine-er:—I've got two or three dozen of works that I've been cooking up, at odd jobs, evenings and so on, and I should like now to bring em out while the tide sarves. But I spose in order to make money on em, I ought to look after my literary reputation a little more than I have done heretofore. For, you know, my literary reputation has hung at rather loose ends in consequence of that Mr. Davis calling himself me, and some other folks, too, writing once in a while letters in my name. So that the papers have made a great many mistakes about it, sometimes saying Davis was me, but they wasn't so much to blame for that as I know on, for I spose they thought Mr. Davis ought to know who he was. And then sometimes they've said John Neal was me; but John like an honest Yankee always denied it point blank. And sometimes they've said you was me; but I've always been greatly obleged to you for putting the matter right, and telling folks that I was myself and no body else. And if any body undertakes to call me in question hereafter, I wish you would tell em to their face and stand it out.

But it's time for me to wind up, for uncle Joshua has sent over to know if I've got my letter ready, and says he's going to close the mail. I dont see but uncle Joshua is as smart as he was ten years ago. His hair has turned pretty gray, but otherwise he hasn't altered scarcely a bit. He steps as spry as a boy, never allows any body to open the mail but himself, and sorts all the letters. He has had that office for a great while you know, it was one of the General's first appointments. And I guess he'll keep it as long as he is able to walk about for he's always on the right side, and you never can catch him a hair off the true republican track any more than you can catch a weazel asleep. He walked by the side of the General on that track, and kept shoulder to shoulder with him. And then he walked with Mr. V. Buren on the same track and never flagged a hair. And then you know he always kept up with old Tip, and Tyler, too, without turning to the right or left. And let who will come in next time, you needn't have no fears of uncle Joshua; he'll stick to the true republican ground, and be right side up.

Cousin Nabby has jest come in, and says aunt Keziah and uncle Joshua and all of em sends their best respects to you. So I must old you good night, & remain

Your old and faithful friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

To the Editor of the Pennsylvania Inq-

Dear Sir—As the emigration to, and the settlement of Oregon are exciting some interest among the people of our country, and as their protection after their arrival there, forms a fruitful subject of conversation among the honorables now assembled at Washington, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers who take an interest in the wilds of the West and Northwest, to give a partial description of a portion of our territory, the *title* to which there can be no doubt, and the advantages to the emigrant are fully equal in my humble opinion, to any that can be held out, west of the Rocky Mountains I refer to the country bordering Lake Superior on the South. By the Treaty of 1842 there was ceded to the United States by the Chippewa Indians about fifteen millions acres of land, bordering on the Southern shores of Lake Superior, west of Chocolate River, to the extreme termination of the Lake on the West, together with all the islands in the Lake, (the country east of Chocolate river was ceded by a previous treaty,) giving us now the entire control of this large inland sea and affording us an additional lake navigation of nearly six hundred miles, with the slight navigation in the St. Marie River, (an outlet of Superior, connecting it with Huron) shall be overcome by means of a canal now contemplated. The special object of this treaty was for our Government to become possessed of the rich mineral country, embraced in this cession; and as lands are valuable only to the Indian for hunting grounds; and animals of the fur species not being as numerous in these lands as formerly, our Government were enabled to purchase them at a relatively trifling price, when compared with their actual value. It may, possibly, with some, add something to the popularity of the agent who drove the bargain with these poor and uneducated savages, but it is hardly the policy of our government, to whom they look for advice and protection as a child does to its parent.

There are many objectionable features in this treaty, which, although ratified by Congress will be at some future time criticised by abler hands, and under more favorable circumstances. Consequently I will pass it, in order to give you, as I promised, a description of the country, and its advantages to emigrants. The treaty being made in October, 1842 and ratified by Congress in March, 1843, rendered it impossible for persons desirous of exploring this country to go into it until during the past summer; when several parties from different parts of the country, principally from the mineral regions, of Illinois and Winconsin went for the purpose of exploring it, and more particularly the mineral region, which extends along the Southern shore, from Keewenna Bay west nearly to the River St. Louis, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles.

These parties were accompanied by agents of the government, who were empowered to approve of locations made in the mineral region by the miners for mining purposes.

Along this whole extent of coast, veins of Copper Ore were found of extraordinary richness, some of which were found to yield as high as eighty per cent. of pure copper. Masses of the native copper were also found in abundance, and one mass of the pure (or native) copper, weighing several thousand pounds, from this region, is now in possession of our government at Washington. Silver, Zinc, and Iron Ores are found to some extent in this region; and about fifty miles further down the lake shore from Kennewa Bay, in the vicinity of Presque Isle Bay, lead is also found.

Locations have been made by miners during the past season of several thousand acres of these mineral lands, with a view to commence operations the coming spring, and they all bear the almost certain prospect of success, from the surest indications. Several tons of the ore have been shipped to Cornwall, England to test their process of smelting, and many of the varieties of the ore have been analyzed by the most celebrated chemists in our country, all of which prove its superiority in point of richness over any other copper ores ever found in the world.—The persons who went into this country the past season, were mostly strangers to it, and to the manner of travelling which greatly retarded them in making their discoveries, and besides, the country is heavily timbered and particularly near the Lake shore, has a thick under growth which was also an obstacle. Yet in view of all these difficulties (as I understand) upwards of three hundred veins of copper ore & native copper have been discovered along the southern shores, and on Isle Royale, an Island near the Northern boundary.

It is expected that nearly one thousand persons will be engaged in the mineral region during the coming season in mining & exploring the country. About forty miners with an agent of government are now in the country, and will remain during the winter. A road is being cut this winter by the Menominee Indians from Little Bay de Noquet, (the extreme northern point of Green bay, to Grand Island (an island about one hundred and twenty miles up Lake Superior;)—this road will be a distance of forty two miles, and will afford miners wishing to go into the country early, an opportunity of going to the mineral region a month earlier than by the usual route, viz: the St Marie River. The last mentioned route however, is preferable for persons transporting provisions and materials for the operations of a large party; as there are now two vessels on Lake Superior, which can be engaged in the transportation of merchandize and passengers, to any part of the Lake.

The general appearance of the country in the mineral region is broken and mountainous; and in many places the scenery is unsurpassed for wildness and beauty. Nearly the whole country is heavily timbered with the most valuable kinds of timber, viz: Pines of several species, Hemlock Beech, Birch, Aspen, Sugar Maple, Spruce, and Ash; on the low grounds are found Cedar, Tamarack Balsam, and White Maple; nearly all of good sizes and valuable timber for building purposes, or for export. Water power & mill-sites are also abundant, as nearly all the streams emptying into the Lake, west of Keewenna Bay, in the Mineral region, are but a succession of rapids from their mouth to their sources. Black River one of these has a fall of upwards of five hundred feet, in a distance of four miles from its mouth, with an abundance of water, and running through a heavily timbered country, affording vast advantages for water power. Fish of the Trout family, are abundant in all these streams; and the fisheries of the Lake have always been celebrated, as there is an inexhaustible supply of the best fresh water fish in the world, viz: White fish, Trout, Mullet Sturgeon, and 'Siskouit,' all of which are readily taken and are of large size and excellent quality. This branch of business (the fisheries) always one of profit when judiciously managed, can be engaged in to any extent.

Lake Superior also posseses advantages over all the other lakes, in point of harbors. Along the whole Southern Shore numerous natural harbors are found, affording perfect security to vessels, and easy of ingress and egress in almost any wind, or in any weather. These natural harbors will never require a dollar from government for their improvement, as they are already perfect, and situated at convenient distances from each other along the whole coast. There are also scattered through this mineral region large tracts of land unsurpassed for fertility in Iowa or Wisconsin, and in immediate proximity to the mineral lands, where a market can be readily had for all the surplus products gives it advantages to the Agriculturist, which the above mentioned Territories have not; for while their products are transported thousands of miles to a market, we have here a market at home—Some may think the latitude an objection to the cultivation of the soil to advantage, but such is not the fact—Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, and all kinds of grain and grasses grow readily and luxuriantly and mature; all kinds of Roots and Bulbs are raised in the greatest perfection; and in short, every thing that grows and matures in northern New York or Pennsylvania, will grow and mature in this country.

This country, with its rich minerals, extensive fisheries, valuable timber, vast water power natural harbors; the fertility of its agricultural, lands the purity of the water, the salubriousness of its climate, all point to it as being one of the most desirable portions of our public domain, to the emigrant who desires for himself and family health and a speedy competency.

To the Geologist and Mineralogist, this country presents a new, vast, and interesting field. The lover of the picturesque, or the gentleman of leisure will find a gratification in the contemplation of its wild and beautiful scenery. 'The Pictured Rocks,' spoken of by the Jesuit 'Hennepin,' two hundred years ago, excite awe and terror still in the mind of the untutored savage, and must be viewed by civilized man as one of the natural wonders of our country; exciting a feeling in the beholder scarcely less, than when viewing that boast'd wonder of the world, Niagra.

The purity of its air and water, and the abundance of its fish and game, must restore to the invalid his strength and vigor.

There are numerous other points that might be touched upon, but enough has been already said to give a general idea; and when it is considered, that on the completion of the Canal contemplated at the Falls in the St. Marie river, that the head waters of Lake Superior will be only from seven to ten days travel (through the most beautiful country in the world) from New York city, I think it will be conceeded, that with the advantages this country possesses, while thousands are flocking to Oregon) that it is not unworthy of notice or enquiry to the emigrant who seeks a home in the vast and unbounded wilds of our Western country.

B.

A WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.—Willis's last letter to the Intelligencer has this passage:

We are indebted for many beautiful things for so much by accident, as to the quickness of genius to appreciate and appropriate accident. I was pleased with an instance that came to my knowledge last night. Wallace (the ourang-outang) was playing the piano in my room, and among others of his immortal waltzes he played one called the Midnight Waltz in which twelve strokes of the clock recur constantly with the air. In answer to an inquiry of mine, he told me he was playing one night to some ladies in Lenox, when a loud silvery-toned clock in the room struck twelve. He instantly stopped, and beat the twelve strokes on an accordant note in the piano, and in repeating the passage stopped at the same time and beat twelve again. The effect was particularly impressive and sweet, and he afterwards composed a waltz expressly to introduce it—one of the most charming compositions I ever heard.

Wallace is the most prodigal of genius I ever saw, and most prodigally endowed. He has lived a life of adventure in the East Indies, South America, New South Wales and Europe, that would fill satisfactorily the life cups of a dozen men, and how he has found time to be what he probably is, as great a violinist and as great a pianist as the greatest masters on those instruments is certainly a wonder. But this is not all. He was rehearsing for a concert not long since in New York, when the clarionet player, in reply to some correction, said that 'if Mr. Wallace wished it played better, he might play it himself.' Wallace took the clarionet from the hand of the refractory musician, and played the passage so exquisitely as quite to eclipse the orchestra. He is the most modest of men and how many more instruments he is master of [besides the human voice, which he plays on in conversation very attractively] it would be wild to guess.* By the way it would be worth the while of a music publisher to send for the music he has literally sown the world with—for he has written over three hundred waltzes of most of which he has no copy though they have been published and left in the cities he has visited. He composes many hours of every day. I think Wallace one of the most remarkable men I ever saw.

* A friend has since told me that Wallace plays all the instruments of the orchestra, and most of them like a master.

Grand Olympic Sleigh Ride on the "Green" at New Haven.—A sleigh ride of a novel and beautiful character came off on the lower Green, on Saturday afternoon. Fourteen splendid four-horse sleighs, and many private equipages, all filled with ladies, entered the line. As early as 2 o'clock the streets were crowded with Ladies, and the steps and windows of the Tontine and other hotels as well as the houses around the Square, were thronged.

The sleighs were equally splendid with the horses—with names painted on them such as 'Fanny Elsler' &c. and covered most profusely with splendid Buffalo Robes.

At first there was some bashfulness, among the Ladies about taking seats in the sleighs; but, as soon as the first was full, there was no hesitation afterwards. It was laughable to see how the young ladies jostled each other, contending for the first turn. As to the poor gentlemen there was no chance for them.

The sleighs at first passed round the outer circle of the Green, then broke up and formed a second circle, one within the other, the Band occupying the inner post near the flag staff. They afterward made many changes & evolutions, determined upon by the Marshal, after the manner of the horses in the Olympic circle. The profusion of bells, gorgeously trimmed Buffalo robes, superb sleighs, exciting music from the Band, drawn by gay and beautiful horses over the spotless enclosure was one of the most novel and exciting spectacles ever witnessed in this country.—New Haven Herald.

From the N. Y. Express.

EXHIBITION OF THE SPEAKING FIGURE.

This astonishing piece of mechanism was exhibited to the public for the first time, last night at the Stuyvesant Institute, and from its novelty attracted a numerous audience. This is said to be & probably is the first successful attempt of the kind on record. Others have been invented to imitate the voice, as was the case with Maelzel's, which could utter the word 'Check' or rather an imitation of it, there was not the articulation, however which this one gives. There is some obscure account, we believe of an instrument having similar powers to this having been invented in the 17th or 18th century but which was destroyed either from superstition or religious feelings,—indeed so little of it is known that no conjecture can now be formed of its capabilities or powers. The present one is certainly a wonderful invention, and the accuracy with which it speaks the words is perfectly startling. It is a misfortune to the inventor, however, Mr. Faber that he does not speak the English language, since comparatively few of a general audience are acquainted with his native tongue—the German. It is not a little strange too, that the figure should speak that language with comparative fluency, while its pronunciation of the English is the exact counterpart or echo of Mr. Faber's, except as regards the tone, which is similar to that of a young child, and it therefore struck us that a child's face would have been more suited to the figure than that of a bearded Turk.

Mr. Faber was attended last night, by Drs. Mott Patton, Delmore, and others to superintend the performance, Dr. Mott informed the audience of the difficulty under which Mr Faber labored, in being unable to speak our language; he also spoke of the machine in the highest terms, and stated that the inventor had been 17 years engaged in it, and that he was seven years in forming the pronunciation of the letter E. The Faculty of the College, he said, had been so pleased with it, that they offered him the use of the lecture room for the exhibition, and they hoped that he would receive the patronage he deserves.

Mr. Delmore also made some remarks, and among the rest that the inventor had here imitated, as closely as possible, the human organization—he had formed the wind pipe, the palate, the tongue and the gums, and by playing on the keys, the figure would pronounce in any language.

Mr. Faber then commenced with the alphabet which was uttered with great distinctness, particularly some of the letters. The pronunciation of W elicited a great deal of merriment. It then repeated from 1 to 40 and spoke the following sentences, which though in broken English, were distinctly understood by the audience. 'Professor Mott,' (which it pronounced Mote,) 'how do you do?'—'Pretty well I thank you.' Please excuse my slow enunciation but I will remain with you and improve.' It then mentioned the days of the week, and the different months of the year. Also some German and Latin sentences. 'Merit will always meet with its due reward.' 'Mr. Speaker I call the gentleman to order.'—This was unanimously allowed to be worthy of a Congressman.

A German verse was then handed up and spoken with great accuracy, so the German said. Dr Delmore declined translating it, as it was something against the Pope, he said. The figure then pronounced 'New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Mississippi,' &c., and concluded that part of its performance, by singing 'Hail Columbia,' which was irresistibly droll though to tell the truth we have heard much worse singing by automatons having far more pretensions.

Dr. Pattison then made a few remarks. He said it was impossible for those whose attention had not been turned to articulation, to comprehend the difficulties the inventor had overcome. Here was a pair of bellows performing the function that the lungs perform to man, by forcing with it a current of air which was carried through the wind pipe—but unless the vocal chords were placed in a certain position no voice could be produced, and here were they so placed as to produce

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