EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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Advertisements

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CANST THOU FORGET ME?

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

Canst thou forget me?
Speak, unforgotten one! Speak! was it a deceit?
Is all that's past a dream—a cheating dream?
* * * * *
Oh, unforgotten one! stretch out to me
The old right hand of friendship! stretch it here! RUSSIAN POETRY.

Canst thou forget me, unforgotten one?
Canst thou forget
The beauty of the earth—the brightness of the sun,
The flowers, whose summer lives were just begun,
When we two met?
Was it our own rejoicing souls which threw
O'er land and sky that strangely glorious hue?
For ne'er have I, since that remembered hour,
Seen the *same* beauty on earth, sky, or flower!

Canst thou forget how dear that hour was deemed
By thee and me?
How strangely fateful, yet how brief, it seemed—
How sweet—how passing sweet the dream we dreamed,
If dreams they be
Which have so strong a pow'r o'er heart and brain,
To make life lovely, or a path of pain!
Dreams are unreal—therefore call these not
Dreams which thus beautify, or cloud our lot!

Canst thou forget me—thou whose fervent heart
To mine addressed
Words far too pure to be the words of art,
Too fond, too trustful to be coined to smart
A loving breast!
No lot hath woman, unforgotten one!
So dark, o desolate, so deeply lone,
As when a heart that vowed a faith like thine
Learns to forget. Oh, can that lot be mine?

Canst thou forget the prayers I've prayed for thee,
The thoughts I've poured
Forth from my trusting breast, all fearlessly,
To cheer thee in thy home beyond the sea,
When dark fate lowered?
Is this forgotten as a bygone tale?
Is man's deep heart so fickle, and so frail?
Is memory given to *my* true breast *alone*?
Canst thou forget me—unforgotten one?

[From the New York Spirit of the Times.]

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the underpining to a long, slab-sided body, of otherwise generous proportions, the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a gray "five year old" (at least) seal skin cap.—This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body, and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. ZENAS HUMSPUN.

ZENAS had been on "a bat" during the night previous, and had squandered full half a dollar on himself, in white-eye and sweetning. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical and on the morning we speak of him, he stood, at an early hour, in ——Street gazing mechanically at the telegraphic wires—soliloquizing, thus wise:

"——'ic!—That's the *telergruff*—W——'c—well, I don't poorseive nuthin' per—'ic—culier 'bout *them* strings, on'y one's bigger 'en t'other—'ic"

"That's the lightnin' line, big 'un," said an urchin in the doorway near by.

"When does she—'ic start?"

"You'd better ax in thar."

"*Whar?*"

"In the office, up thar."

The loafer was shown to the door of the building, and "by hook or crook" found his way up three flights of stairs, into the Telegraphic office. The attendants enquired "what the gentleman had to forward?"

"For'ud?—'ic—who's *she?*"

"What will you send?"

"Send whar?"

"This is the Telegraph office, Sir."

"Well—'ic—who'n thunder said it wusn't?"

"I supposed you had business, Sir."

"Nuthin'o' the sort—'ic, quite the re—'ic—verse o'the con*trairy*."

"What will you have?"

"I want to make some 'ic—quiries."

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably determined upon some fun with the fellow, with a view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however—for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to *benefit* the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened, fortunately, to be but lightly charged, and, concluding that the noise were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls; the next moment Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He arose as best he could, and turning to the clerk, with

"Look yere, Mister—'ic—wot's yure name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks as you, as could be druv into a forty aixer lot! Wot in——did yer—'ic—nock an innersent man down that way fer?—Eh?"

"Nobody touched you" said the clerk.

"The——they—'ic—didn't!"

"No, Sir. You took the"——

"Took wot? Yere's yure corntemtible copper"—and, proceeding to dash a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went again, heels over head, across the floor!

"Look yere," continued the sufferer, who, by this time, was well nigh sobered —"od blast yer infernal picture, wot in thunder are you 'baout?"

"You mustn't handle the tools"—observed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.

"Look you! Mr. Wot's-your-name—ain't to be fooled this yer way, fer nuthin' —I arn't. By thunder I am a inderpendant individooal, I am—and this yere nockin' people down, without notice of no kind, arn't the thing, by——Ef you'll open that yere door, I'll go out of this, and no questions axed——"

"*That's* the door, sir"—

"That brass handle?"

"Yes."

"I'm blowed of you do, though! This child don't meddle with no more hard ware in this trap, no how!"

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow sidled out. A surpressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant, as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed, vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

"You're a smart young gentleman—you are!" bawled the loafer, through the keyhole, as he held the door fast with both hands—"you're a very smart young man may be! You'd like to git out o' that, and go to yur breakfast, bimeby, may be! An' ef ver *do* git any grub aforenoon, jest let a feller 'bout my size know it—will yer?—I'll teach yer to knock people down; simultaneously for nothin'—I will"—and, from the preparations making on the outside, the prospect was that the "insiders" were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the nob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery!

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger, with the seal skin cap, was discovered in the act of an antiangular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs, mean time, performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master!

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before, which had been deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down, the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the first flight he had partially recovered from his *first* effects of "the shock"—but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was not "set forward" in his imagination any, by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and presuming it was part and parcel of the "cussid invention" he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles—he "put" for the street door at full gallop!

"Fire! Fire! Help! *yere! Ow!!!* murd—fire! help!" shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the "lightnin' line" itself might have been proud of. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him—*a posteriori*—he begged him, at the top of his voice, "for God's sake" to "put him out!"

Perhaps his sable friend's eye didn't glisten, and may be his "ivory" didn't shine, as he charitably turned "the current of that stream" upon the unmentionable portion of the poor devil's netherments. The fire was extinguished without serious damage," as the papers say—the loafer was thoroughly saturated—and having exchanged his "heavy inside wet" for a skin-drenching, he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the *finale*—most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles! G. P. B.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1846.

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage:

"The damps of Autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows."

GEN. AMPUDIA AND TAYLOR.—The interview between Gen. Taylor and Ampudia, in relation to the capitulation of Monterey, has been described to the New Orleans Delta, by a gentlemen who was present, as a very rich scene, in which the two chief actors were in fine contrast. The Delta says:

Ampudia was all courtesy and fine words, big speeches, great volubility, with an abundance of gesticulations, shrugs, nods, alternate smiles and frowns, and that whole catalogue of silent language, with which persons of French origin are wont to help the expression of their ideas. Gen. Ampudia is of a French family, and was born in the West Indies.

Gen. Taylor, on the other hand, was as dry as a chip, as plain as a pipe stem and as short as a pie-crust. Dressed in his best coat, (which, by-the-by, looks as if it had served some half a dozen campaigns,) with his glazed oil-cloth cap, strapless pants, and old fashioned white vest, he looked more like an old farmer, lately elected militia colonel, who had put on his every day suit, with the slightest imaginable sign of military toggery, to distinguish him from a crowd of mere civilians. In his reply to Ampudia's long harangues, he used such direct, blunt, and emphatic language, that the valorous Mexican was thrown all aback and "had nothing to say."

Ampudia opened the interview by stating that his forces were too large to be conquered by Gen. Taylor's army—that he had an abundance of ammunition, 7000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, with 40 cannon, and the best artillerists in the world—that his loss was very small; and he felt confident that he could defend the city against a much stronger force than that under Gen. Taylor's command; but that, from motives of humanity—to spare the effusion of blood—to save the lives of helpless women and children—he was willing so far to compromise the glory of the great Mexican nation as to surrender the city, provided he was allowed to retire with his whole force, and carry the public property with him, and all the armament of war. When he had finished his celebrated proclamation, was garnished with numerous allusions to the stupendous power and unfading glory and renown of magnanimous Mexico, old Zack quickly stuck his hands deep into his breeches pockets, cocked his head a little on one side, and gently raized his grizly eyebrows, that the bob of little black eye lurking beneath might have full play upon the grandiloquent Mexican, replied in these few but expressive words:

"Gen. Ampudia we came here to take Monterey, and we are going to do it on such terms as pleases us. I wish you good morning." And the old General hobbled off on his two short little legs, leaving the Mexican general and Staff in the profoundest bewilderment.

ALGER'S RIFLE-CANNON.—*Conclusive Experiments.*—The experiments with the new 12 inch cannon, recently cast at Alger's foundery, were resumed at South Boston Point, on Wednesday, and continued until Friday, 6th inst. In all, it has been fired 93 times, at different elevations, with various charges, and fuses calculated to burn different lengths of time. The main experiment was tried on Friday with perfect success, with the regular service charge. Before the cannon was cast, C. L. Bomford, relying upon his calculations, based upon the proportions of the piece, predicted that it would carry a quarter of a mile further than any shot on record. It was loaded and elevated as follows—35 lbs. of powder, and a shell of 182 lbs., containing 7 lbs. of powder, and fitted with a 36 seconds fuse, and elevated to 35 degrees, being four less than the elevation at which it may be fired. The shell fell at a distance of 3 1-2 miles, at Squantum, buried itself five feet in a rocky bed, where it exploded, tearing out a pit about 12 feet in diameter at the top, and throwing out rocks as large as a hogshead. Such a shot taking effect upon a ship must destroy her.

The gun is fixed on a wooden carriage, with iron fastenings, and eccentric wheels, invented by Major Webber. The recoil on the firing described was 28 inches.—The greatest distance of any shot on record is three miles and a quarter. The length of the gun is but 10 feet, the usual length of a long thirty-two pounder. In the course of the afternoon several discharges were made with 8 and 10 seconds fuses, and several shells were exploded at the height of about a mile, spreading their fragments over a great surface in the water below, and leaving suspended in the air a dense body of smoke, resembling a balloon, and "nothing else." Several gentlemen were present from the city to witness the firing, which was under the direction of Col. Bomford, assisted by Lieut. Rodman, of the ordnance service.

During the intervals of firing the "Columbian," Lieut. Harwood, of the navy, repeatedly fired a new short 32 pounder, charged with shell, several of which were made to explode in the air, at heights and distances previously calculated. Several ricochet shots were also fired with both guns. One object of these experiments is to prove that medium length cannon can be so constructed as to discharge shot or shell with equal precision and safety; and hereafter our U. S. ships will be fitted out with the kind Lieut. Harwood is now experimenting with. The "Columbian" remains unafflicted in every respect by the several tests to which it has been subjected. —*Boston Post.*

INTERESTING DOCUMENT.—The following eloquent prayer was delivered by Rev. Jacob Trout, on the evening before the battle of Brandywine, that is, on the 11th of September, 1777. It was pronounced before the main body of Americans, General Wayne, and other distinguished officers of the army.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father! we bow before thee, we invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath, we return thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future; for we are in time of trouble, Lord, sore and beset by foes, merciless and unpitying. The sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thee to bless the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength our hope and thy instrument, even George Washington—shower thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thee our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord spare the vanquished, though they never spared us in the hour of bloodshed and butchery.

And in the hour of death, do thou guide us to the abode prepared for the blest, so shall we return thanks, unto thee thro' Christ, our Redeemer. God prosper the cause.—Amen.

GEN. ARISTA'S PALACE.—The palace of Gen. Arista, at Monterey, is now converted into a hospital for the wounded American soldiers. A correspondent of the N. O. Times thus describes it:

"I have been enjoying myself of late roaming about the city; the principal street, of which is that of *Calle de Monterey*, leading from the *Obis Pado*, or Bishop's Palace, into the heart of the city, forming a side of two of the public plazas. On this street is situated the magnificent *hacienda*, or country seat of General Arista. The house is a very beautiful white building, adorned with red about the columns and corners. The halls and rooms are very large and spacious, with high ceilings.—The garden is adorned with groves of orange trees, now loaded with this delicious fruit, and laid off in pebbled paths around the flower beds; while on each side are baths of running crystal water, with various little ornaments placed here and there, making the whole a most delightful spot to spend a summer in."

ADVERTISING.—If there is any business man who doubts the utility of advertising, as a means of getting rich, let him read the following from the New York Tribune:

"The increased attention and unusual facilities for advertising abroad, have strikingly changed the aspect of business.—The days for sitting quietly in well filled stores, waiting for trade, have gone by—the old landmarks of business are removed, and new channels opened. He who clings to the customs of a by-gone age may sit solitary and alone, while the dust shall accumulate upon his profitless wares. Now-a-days, if a man wishes to increase his business, or in fact to do business at all, he advertises. Shrewd men, of small capital, long ago discovered the sure road to wealth; and those who have been doing nearly all the business in certain departments, after the rules followed by their fathers, now see themselves suddenly distanced—their new competitors taking the business into their own hands through the mighty influence and tremendous power of the Press of the country."

AMERICAN INGENUITY STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.—There seems to be no end to the triumphs of Yankee ingenuity. An article of great economy and utility for family use has just been shown us, which is to be known by the name of *Drummond's Patent Candle Maker*. It is simply a candle-tick which wicks and makes the candle as it burns, and by turning the cylinder or reservoir containing the tallow, (which is poured in while in a melted state,) a short or a long length may be produced as is desired. One of the greatest features of this new notion, is, that it requires to be filled but once a week, and we recommend all neat and economical housekeepers to look at them, inasmuch as any or all waste grease that can be hardened may be used in them. We know from experience that candles made in the Patent Candle Maker, will burn at least one-third longer than those made in the ordinary way.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

PRONUNCIATION OF MEXICAN NAMES.—Chihuahua is pronounced *Che-wa-wa*, equal accent on the two last syllables.—Monterey, *Mon-te-ray*, accent on the last syllable. Saltillo, *Saul-teel-yo*, accent on the second syllable. San Luis Potosi, *Sana Luis Po-to-see*, accent on the second syllable of Potosi. Guanaxuato, *Gwan-a wat-o*, half accent on the first, and full accent on the third syllable.

RAILROADS IN EUROPE.—The German correspondent of the Washington Union writes—

Railroads are multiplying rapidly in Germany. By the end of October, 1847, there will be open to the public use lines, extending in the aggregate, to the length of 2,500 miles. There is now a continuous line from this place, via Strasburg to Basle in Switzerland, which is to extend to Bremen and Hamburg, through Cassel and Hanover. The west end, as far as from the two German ports to Hanover, will be completed next year. The railway from Berlin to Hamburg is in use; and a journey between these cities may be performed in twelve hours. The fare on German railroads is cheaper than in any part of Europe—less than one-half to those who travel without much baggage, to what is exacted in England; and accidents rarely if ever occur. The locomotive engines in use are a little upwards of 600; 39 of which are of American construction, 260 of English, 45 of Belgian, 16 of French, and the remainder German. The speed is at an average of 18 miles per hour.

During this and next year several important railways will be completed in France. The lines from Paris to Havre, from Paris to Bologne, from Paris to Bordeaux, and part of the line from Paris to Strasburgh, will be travelled within that period. In order to accelerate the putting of them into operation, it is in contemplation by the government, to remove the duties on what is termed *iron d'iron*, intended for railroad purposes, such as at present is utterly prohibited. It is believed that this measure will so awaken France to her true interests as to eventuate in the abolition of the detestable monopoly enjoyed by the iron interests in that realm—an interest of all others the most heartless and most clamorous for "protection."—Since the dreadful occurrence near Lille, in July, *rail* travelling in France is less expensive than formerly, and although less expensive by about a third, it is less comfortable than in England.

In 1845, the British Parliament sanctioned twenty-eight hundred and forty-one miles of railway, to complete which for public use it is estimated that *three millions of tons* of iron will be necessary; and this year that body sanctioned forty-seven hundred miles, which will require a supply of *five millions of tons!* Is not this a terrific fear for the iron manufacturers of America? Verily, they have much more to apprehend from the temptations to capitalists to engage in this industrial pursuit at home, than from foreign competition. In the midst of the distress in Ireland, it is gratifying to know that 40,000 hands are employed upon railroads, to whom $130,000—$26,000 wages are paid weekly.—In England, railroad travelling, although exceedingly expensive—for first places $5 per hundred miles—is vastly more comfortable and speedy than anywhere else.—From London to Exeter, via Bristol, 220 miles, the distance, including stoppages, is regularly run over in *four hours and a half!* Between Liverpool and London the line is about the same length, and the express cars go through in about six hours.

HOW TO WEIGH A POUND OF BUTTER.—A Pedlar in the Highlands of Scotland, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. 'How much do you want?' said the woman. 'One pun' will do,' said the pedlar. 'I cannot make you a pun,' replied the woman, 'I have na a pun' weight.' 'Well, what hae you?' said the pedlar. 'Twa pun',' said the woman. 'And which is the weight?' said the man. 'O! it's jist the tangs,' (the tongs.) 'Well,' said he, 'put ane leg in the scale and tither oot, and that'll be a pun'.' The woman did as requested, but, when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said, 'it looks a pun'.' 'O! its all right, woman,' said the pedlar, 'how much is it?' 'A saxpence,' was the reply, which the pedlar paid and departed rather hastily, lest the woman should discover that 'ane leg in and ane leg oot' was not the exact way of weighing a pound of butter.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGES IN SPAIN.—As the recent marriage of the Queen of Spain and that of her sister, have attracted considerable interest, not only in Europe, but in this country also, the ages of the respective couples may be worthy of record, a correspondent gives them as follows:

Queen Maria Isabella I. born 10th October, 1830, daughter of King Ferdinand VII, married 10th October, 1846, to Francisco d'Asis Maria, Duke of Cadiz, born 13th May, 1822, son of Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII. Maria Louisa Ferdinand, sister of Queen Isabella, born 30th January, 1832, married 10th October, 1846, to the Duke de Montpensier, youngest son of Louis Phillippe, King of France, born 31st July, 1824.

A Proof that a Man can be his own Grandfather.—There was a widow and her daughter in law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son and the daughter the old gentleman. The widow was therefore mother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was grandmother; now, as the son of a grandfather must be either a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather!—This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.—*Hood's Magazine.*

ARREST OF RICHARD J. TURNER. This individual, whom we noticed recently as a defaulting and absconding clerk of the Mechanics' bank of this city, was arrested on Saturday last, in Kingston, Upper Canada, by Mr. Jacob Cook, of the energetic firm of Zell, Ridgely & Cook, assisted by Mr. Jeremie, of the Montreal police. Mr. Cook left the city early last week upon a clue the firm had succeeded in obtaining, and pushed on directly for Montreal. On arriving he intimated his business to Captain Wiley, the chief of police, who, with his officers, rendered polite attention to Mr. Cook, and recommended Mr. Jeremie as an efficient officer to act as an assistant in the matter; and with him as an aid, Cook ransacked Montreal but found that his man had left on the preceding day, and was travelling under the name of James Wilson, of Philadelphia; that he was in company with a party of young Englishmen, and bound for the Upper Lakes, where they intended to pass the winter in shooting. They then pushed on to Kingston, and immediately on their arrival entered a hotel, and examining the books, found the name of James Wilson; on inquiring for him; Cook was shown to a party up stairs, but found that the Wilson among them was not his man; he, however, ascertained from their conversation that they were of the party, but that there were two Wilsons, and that James was on board the boat in which the whole party was about to leave. The officers then pushed for the boat, and on examining the passenger list found the name of James Wilson; their search directly became pretty active on board and in a few minutes Cook met his man coming down the cabin stairs with a bandbox in his hand. Turner quietly committed himself, begged that he might not be exposed, adroitly excused himself to his friends & with his baggage, was transferred to the boat in which the officers arrived only a quarter of an hour before. They directed their way to Baltimore with all speed and arrived here yesterday morning, by the 5 o'clock train of cars from Philadelphia. Justice Duvall was immediately called up, and a messenger sent for J. B. Morris, Esq., the President of the bank. Turner kept up his spirits pretty well, and related some of the events of his trip and the purpose of his mind. He said he had intended to go round by the lakes and come that way homewards as far as Philadelphia, when he resigned, to send for a friend and return in company with him to Baltimore and surrender himself. He stated that as soon as he saw Mr. Cook, his mind was relieved; as he knew what he was after, and he determined at once to return with him without trouble. He spoke in the highest terms of the uniform courtesy and kindness he had experienced from that officer during the time he had been in his custody, throughout the whole of the route. A formal examination being had, Justice Duvall made out a commitment, and just as Turner was about to be taken to jail, Mr. Morris came in, and his manner was immediately changed and his bearing depressed. Mr. Morris, after some remarks relative to his conduct, asked him if he was able to make any restitution to the bank, and Turner replied by saying that he declined to answer any questions, but should make a full statement of particulars to his counsel. He was then conveyed to jail, and on his way requested that the Hon. John N Ison should be waited upon as his counsel to call and see him. Turner, when arrested we are informed by Mr. Cook, was traveling as a Mr. Wilson, of Philadelphia, and under this name the officer followed him from place to place, until he overtook him at two hundred miles, and finally met him on board a steamboat at Kingston.

We understand that the reward of $1,000 offered by the bank for the apprehension of Turner, was promptly paid to Mr. Cook yesterday morning, by the president of the institution.

A CLOCK ON A NEW PLAN.—Galignani mentions that a watchmaker of Paris has constructed a clock of a curious and most ingenious nature. It is made with eleven dials. The dial shows the hours alone; a transparent one, immediately below the former shows the progression and retrogression of the sun; two others, also transparent, and through which the mechanism of this immense machine can be seen, mark, the one the days of the month, the other the seconds. Eight square enamelled dials are arranged round the pendulum, and show the hour in each of the following cities: London, Algiers, Alexandria, St. Helena, Otaheite, Canton, New York and St. Petersburg. Each of these dials is marked with 24 hours, instead of twelve, so as to show the hours of the day and those of the night. Lastly, the pendulum carries a large metrical scale, indicating the degree of expansion and contraction of metal.—This clock costs 14,000 francs, or about $3000.

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.—The editor of the Bure Gazette, who was a candidate for Representative in Congress from the Worcester District, says:

"We are so situated that it would be impossible for us to enter into any sort of discussion as to the claims of the respective candidates for Congress in this district. A lecturer on phrenology was once similarly placed. 'The three best heads,' said he, 'phrenologically considered, in the United States, are, first, that of the Hon. Daniel Webster, second that of Hon. Henry Clay, and third and *best of the three—modesty forbids me to mention!*"

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