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THE PEARL-WEARER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless, pearl,
(All filmy-eyed,) forever sleeps
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet—what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honors of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian Ocean
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthly dwelling—dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil, by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle Bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem?—
Thou, within whose eastern eyes
Thought (a starry genius) lies?
Thou, whom Beauty has arrayed?
Thou, whom Love and Truth hath made
Beautiful—in whom we trace
Woman's softness, angel's grace;
All we hope for, all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams?

O sweet lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be THOU for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

ANTHONY MARTEL;
OR, THE DEATH WARRANT.

BY WM. R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was as brave a young soldier as ever bore arms on the battle field. He was an almost universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline, turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment but would have been proud to have shed his last drop of blood to resent an insult to the bright star of Viselle. Many were they who worshiped at her shrine, but only one received any return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she resented with scorn, but still he became more importunate, until, finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which she readily granted, presuming that he would trouble her no further; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit, he would load her with presents and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and that your position would be higher than the proudest lady in your village; besides, you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that wealth can furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Lavilier, what would these splended gifts be without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me."

"No, colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," returned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colonel ironically; may I be permitted to ask the name of the cherished gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival? By heaven!" he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime; he has never injured you."

"He has not dared to supplant a Colonel of the French army, and he only a common soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel Lavilier—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat."

"Oh, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in angush.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a slight shadow in the doorway, but it was not observed by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping a little aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"N[illegible] give me you to let me speak to Antho- or you sign [illegible] a final answer."

"Inhuman m[illegible] instantly a thousand deaths than [illegible]

[illegible] knew [illegible] ROUGH.

were you the proud Emperor of France.—Anthony fears not death, and would rather give his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl, you are in my power, and I will use you as I please since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Never!"

"Do you dare to defy me to my face?—Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline, Col. Lavilier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy! help!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol, in the hands of the stranger whom we before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but from whence the shot came, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door.—Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divised the whole, and with a powerful blow laid the base insulter at his feet. By this time the report of fire-arms had brought a detachment of soldiers to the spot, who on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence; they dragged him away and confined him under a strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers, told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not an unusual affair, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened, and were ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a large number of officers in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was General Levack, acting as judge. Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge.

"With an attempt to destroy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavilier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," replied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up with a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?"

"I know not," said Lavilier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl, with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner and thus addressed him—

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French army, the punishment for which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who stood as though unconscious until now, raised his manly form; standing erect, he bent his searching eyes upon the Colonel, and said in a firm voice—

"Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I may make would be of no avail, but being thus permitted, I will speak the truth, that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavilier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank, but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor. This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself, in his own palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to die, but my death will not go unavenged, for the grass will not have covered my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," replied Anthony.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the sentence of the court is, that you die tomorrow morning at sunrise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guards into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer exclaimed—

"He is innocent! spare him; he is not guilty, and did not shoot Colonel Lavilier. As the tears flowed down her beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications.—The judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her was with Col. Lavilier, who was the injured party, and who alone had power to ask for his pardon or to recommend him to mercy. In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished, than a muffled drum and the band playing a dead march was heard. A company of soldiers now drew near accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of *Death*. Anthony Martel walking with a firm step to meet his doom; arriving on the ground he took his place on the spot designated for him to die; he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow soldiers were brought up into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and taking him by the hand, shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started in his eye; but quickly regaining his composure, he brushed it away and addressed those who were to lay him low in death. "Comrades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier. I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonored my country or regiment; I have fought by your sides in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the whirl-wind.—But you can all affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monster stared me in the face, and should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my loved comrades? No, I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will ever greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm, steady aim, level your piece at my breast, when I give the word, *fire*, for I would have the mark of every man if you love me. Comrades, farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders, but stopped suddenly as frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony, Anthony, you must not die. Colonel Lavilier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene; but calm yourself, and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders, for my regiment will protect you, and it will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult to Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said Col. Lavilier, in an impatient tone, "it is past the time ordered for the execution; have them parted and perform your duty."

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

The word "READY" was given, and quickly followed by the second command "present."

"AIM," and the fourth, and last fatal word "FIRE," was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, and closely muffled up, gave the command to

"RECOVER ARMS."

So sudden and abrupt was this order, that every eye was turned on the person who had dared thus unceremoniously to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Col. Lavilier, as the person approached rapidly to where he stood, throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officers beheld in him Field Marshal Macdonald.

"Will Colonel Lavilier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure that he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him."

"It has been decided by the court martial that he shall die."

"Still you have the power to pardon him."

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," replied the Colonel.

"I do not," said Macdonald, "and therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty."

"May I then ask your excellency who is?" inquired Lavilier, with an easy air.

"I am, said Macdonald.

"Will you please explain this mystery."

"Yes; having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I called at your quarters, but found you not. On inquiry, I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be the unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the fair girl it should have reached your heart. Col. Martel, I greet you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer this honor and title upon you. Colonel Lavilier, your sword, henceforth you are no longer an officer in the grand army, and now take Martel's place, and receive the fire of those guns which a few minutes since were aimed at the breast of an innocent man."

Every heart beats with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavilier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag; again were the fearful orders given, but the heart of the culprit sunk within him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused to an innocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.

"Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he shall think proper," said Macdonald.

"Colonel Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy?"

"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy, that you may receive the same."

By this time Cadeline had heard the glad some tidings, which spread with rapidity throughout the camp, and hastily returning, she was clasped in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious one to the regiment, and a grand celebration was given in honor of Field Marshal Macdonald and Colonel Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the old church at Viselle was overflowed by those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Col. Martel and his lovely bride, Cadaline Dupey, and many were the little presents and keep-sakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their generous and brave commander.

HORSES—ARE THEY DEGENERATING.

It is said that horses in England are rapidly deteriorating. We are told that they grow less muscular with every generation; that their coats have become so thin as to be galled with the greatest ease and that they fail to travel long distances without more or less injury to their wind. Much of this, we suspect, is an exaggeration. But there is, no doubt, more or less truth in it.

Intelligent Englishmen, conversant with the subject, frequently remark on the superiority of American horses generally over British ones. Except in thorough bred racers, and in the brewers' horses in London, there is no comparison, we are assured, between the horses of the two countries. In New York or Philadelphia there are thousands of fine horses owned by gentlemen, and driven in one-horse or two-horse carriages while in London, even with an immense population, the number of fine horses may be computed by hundreds. The ordinary London horse, in other words, is a very inferior animal to the ordinary Philadelphia horse. As for fast trotters, there are none in England. Horses that can go fourteen miles an hour are the crack trotters of Great Britain. Animals that can make "two forty" are unknown there.

Even the running stock, in England, is thought to be degenerating. One reason for this is the habit of breeding-in-and-in, which has resulted in making the horse too light, or in jockey phrase, too fine. The pedigrees of the great racing stables have been preserved in such purity, that the horses, like the grandees of Spain, are in danger of dwindling down to nothing. A thorough bred, in English parlance, means an animal, whose descent can be traced, on both sides, to Flying Childers, or at least to Eclipse.—The consequence of this strict adherence to one line of blood has been to make the bones and muscles smaller, and generally to promote delicacy of appearance instead of endurance and strength. It is probably to the degeneracy of the stock that the almost total abandonment of four mile heats in England is to be attributed. The Derby is, after all, but a brush, not a hearty, prolonged struggle. The style of hunting has changed in a similar manner. At Melton only the best bred horses are employed, and the hunt, instead of extending over forty or fifty miles of country, as it did in former times, is finished usually in twelve or sixteen. The pace, it is true, is faster.—But nevertheless, when, both in the field and on the turf, endurance has been sacrificed to swiftness for short distances, may we not fairly conclude that the horses are degenerating? Tried by the Arab horse—the original model—they unquestionably are.

But the degradation is exhibited in another way also. No racer of this century, however high his repute, has ever made the time of either Flying Childers or Eclipse. In nearly one hundred and fifty years, the time of the former has only been exceeded once, and that was, when the Eclipse, about seventy years ago, beat it, making allowance for difference of weight. If the breed of horses had been improving, surely this time would have been outstripped before now. Nay! if the breed had not actually retrograded, the time of Eclipse would at least have been equalled. In justice to modern horses, however, it must be stated, that there is good reason to believe that some of the best of them have not been allowed, by their jockeys and grooms, to make as good time as they could. Gentlemen who keep racing studs, are completely in the power of their servants. So convinced have some of them become of foul play, practiced, not once, but systematically, that they have given up their stables.—In short, swindling has become so common on the turf that the names are almost synonymous. Few races are fair. Knavery regulates most of them. The time officially declared, is often less than the time that might have been made. The winning horse is often only the second best in reality, collusion having made the one actually the swiftest lose.

How about horses in this country? What is true of England is true, in more or less degree, of the United States. We have still horses here, who unite great endurance with great swiftness: witness Boston, Fashion, and other celebrated winners of four mile heats. But the generality of our running stock has deteriorated very perceptibly. In former days, Virginia and Kentucky were celebrated, and justly, for their breed of horses. But, in consequence of long continued breeding-in-and-in horses, they have declined in quality. They are become altogether too delicate, quite incapable of serious work indeed. The Kentuckians have become sensible of this, and are making efforts to improve their horses; but, as saddle horses are less used now than formerly, it is a trotting stock they seek to obtain. For this purpose, they have, among other things, established trotting races at Louisville. In June, 1852, there was a meeting, which lasted a week, and which was designed to inaugurate the new era.—Whether Kentucky has hit upon the best method to improve her horses, or not, we can scarcely venture to say. Jockying is as common on race courses here as in England. Where that flourishes there is but little chance of a fairtrial, and, perhaps, small hope of improving the breed of horses.—However, time will show.

The best trotting horses in the United States are raised, at present, in the North. Vermont is celebrated for horses that unite speed with endurance. The State of New York produces, in some parts, fine horses also. Many excellent horses came from New Jersey. The West sends immense droves of horses to market, but they are generally of an inferior class, few of them, if any, being able to rival the Vermont horses in either speed or bottom. It is doubtful whether the horse will not degenerate in the South, even with the greatest effort to keep up his quality; the climate, perhaps, is too warm. Certainly, the Southern horses, as a general rule, have less endurance than northern ones. Peytona, who beat Fashion at Long Island, was really but a three mile horse, and was broken down completely by the severity of the struggle: it is doubtful, indeed, whether she would not have lost the race, if Fashion had run her from the jump, and succeeded in driving her into a third heat. The vast plains of Mesopotamia, where only the true Arab horse is found, are quite bleak in winter, so that the climate is much more hardy than in the South. It would be impossible, we fancy, to find, in the whole region below the Potomac, a mare that could carry two men, in armor, all day, from their pursuers, like the famous one of the Shammer tribe, whom Layard mentions. It would be hard to find such a mare, however, anywhere in either England or America. On the whole, we may safely conclude that the horse is degenerating, unless we consider swiftness, for a short distance better than endurance and speed combined.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A FIVE YEAR'S SLEEP.

—It was with some incredulity we read the notice of the protracted sleep of Cornelius Vroman, of Western New York, but all doubts of the reality of the slumber have been dispelled by a sight of Mr. Vroman, who is now in this village.

Vroman was born in Schoharie county, New York, in 1816. He was a farm laborer, remarkable for strength, steadiness, and endurance, always commanding higher wages than the ordinary workman. There was nothing particular about his general habits, other than his preference for light food in small quantities to the hearty fare of the farmer. In 1848, in Genesee county, a deep sleep fell upon him without premonition, and he has slumbered ever since, with very brief and rare waking moments, not amounting in all to three days. The longest waking period he has had was sixteen hours, and this was brought about by medical treatment; but stimulants, and forced exercise in the open air, and all other resorts, failed in this, as at other awakenings, in preventing the speedy return to stupor.

Vromon is now a mere skeleton, though his face is not much emaciated. He breathes deeply and freely, perspires copiously, and seems in a natural and ordinary slumber.—He lies invariably on his left side, his limbs bent, this being plainly the easiest posture. His muscles are rigid; and so much so that he maintains any attitude in which he is put, and he has stood 72 hours in one fixed position. His jaws are set, and his teeth are pried open daily to feed him on milk, a quart of which a day with a little bread crumbled in it, is his principal food. He has not eaten meat or vegetables since his seizure, unless it be in his few waking hours, when his first call always is for "something to eat." His natural evacuations are at intervals of about 20 days only, the skin apparently doing much more than its healthful office.

Of the antecedents of this case, we are informed that Vroman is of healthful parentage; that his life has been laborious and free from excesses of any kind.

Most of the medical skill of Western N. York has been called into action in this case, but with hardly preceptible effect.—It is pronounced a partial pressure on the brain, with a general rigidity of muscle—the teeth being fixed as in a lock-jaw.

The person having him in charge proposes exhibiting the sleeper in New York, and there trying once more if medical science can break the spell.—*Ulster (N. Y.) Republican, Aug.* 17.

REMARKABLE FEAT.—A Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, noticing the recent festival in honor of Napoleon, says that among other performances "a Madame Sechi, 75 years old, walked up a rope 600 feet long, and elevated at its middle by a wooden trussel 100 feet high. The ascent, as well as the descent on the other side of the trussel were equal, and seemed to be at about an angle of 35 degrees. She not only ascended and descended with ease and even with agility, but performed various feats on the rope which frightened all the beholders. She would fall down on the rope suddenly, stretch out on her back, and then, with the arms extended, raise to her feet again. This was done several times, at a distance of 75 feet above the ground.—She continued to shout with her shrill old voice, "Vive L'Empereur!" the whole time, and seemed to mock the fears of the spectators. The Emperor was sitting in his carriage in the midst of the crowd, waiting to compliment her when she descended. This is the same woman who walked a small rope suspended between the high towers of Notre Dame in the presence of the first Emperor and Josephine nearly fifty years ago."

Some exchange paper illustrates the advantages of a "division of labor" by the following anecdote:

A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he "lifted up his eyes" to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts. Domine was about to administer, *ex Cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice:

"You mind your preaching, daddy, and *I'll* keep 'em awake!"

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The Steamer Bay State from Boston for New York, burst her boiler on the 8th inst., severely scalding some dozen persons, among whom were Mrs. DeWolf, of Chicago, and Mr. Warren, of Dartmouth, Mass. No one was killed. The accident was caused by the cap of the cylinder flying off, driving the steam into the ladies cabin.

The steamer Connecticut took the Bay State in tow till daylight and brought her passengers to this city. A steam tug has been sent to the Bay State's assistance.—The scalded have been sent to the City Hospital, among whom are Mr. DeWolfe and family, formerly of Bristol, Rhode Island. Among the slightly scalded are Jno. G. Abbott of Boston, Mrs. Geo. M. Wheeler of Boston, Charlotte Seward of Dartmouth, Edwin Wilson of New York, and Almira Haven of Fall River.

Four of the Wounded Dead.—Three daughters of Mr. DeWolf, of Chicago, who were scalded by the disaster on board the steamer Bay State, have died at the New York Hospital. Mr. Warren, of Dartmouth, Mass., has also died. Mr. DeWolf and his wife and four daughters, at the time of the accident, were on their return home, after a pleasant visit to their relatives at Bristol, R. I. Mrs. DeW. and her other daughter were also slightly scalded. There were 300 or 400 passengers on board, and nearly all asleep when the explosion occurred.

RENTS IN NEW YORK.—The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

"I am perfectly astonished at the rate of rents in this city. In some locations they are truly enormous, and everywhere are really exorbitant compared with most other cities. I know a single *basement room* on Wall street, to reach which you must descend five or six steps from the footway, with a low ten-foot ceiling, and the room not more than thirty by twenty feet, which rents for $6,000 per annum! A lot twenty-five feet by seventy-five, as high up on Broadway as the corner of Fulton street, was recently leased for twenty-one years at $14,500 per annum, at the end of which time the ground landlord is besides to have the building, which is now being erected on it, and which will cost $20,000. A building on Broadway, immediately adjoining Trinity church-yard, forty feet front and two hundred deep, opening on a side alley, and cut up into corridors and offices, brings an aggregate rent of $60,000 per annum; and a gentleman who has built himself a splendid dwelling as high up in Broadway as the neighborhood of Union Square, at least two miles above the City Hall, says he plainly sees that he must be driven away in the course of a few years by the encroachments of hotels, stores, and shops, and told me he had already been offered a rent of $10,000 per annum for his house."

WHERE ARE THE MARYLANDERS?—The census of 1850 shows that there were then in the United States 528,393 natives of Maryland, of whom 127,799 were residents of other States, leaving 400,594 in Maryland. The largest number in the other States was in Ohio, where there were 35,698; and next 21,073 in Pennsylvania; 10,328 in Virginia; 10,177 in Indiana; 9,245 in the District of Columbia; 6,898 in Illinois; 6,470 in Kentucky; 4,360 in Delaware; 4,253 in Missouri; 3,953 in New York; 1,888 in Iowa; 1,554 in Tennessee; 1,440 in Louisiana; 1,400 in New Jersey; 1,164 in California; 791 in Mississippi; 757 in Alabama; 744 in Massachusetts; 703 in Georgia; 635 in North Carolina; 537 in Michigan; 521 in Texas; 462 in Wisconsin; 365 in Rhode Island; 326 in Arkansas; 320 in South Carolina; 265 in Connecticut; 194 in Florida; 113 in Maine; 34 in New Hampshire, and 23 in Vermont. In the territories, there were 73 in Oregon; 37 in New Mexico; 31 in Minnesota, and 27 in Utah.

SENATOR DAVIS'S STEAMBOAT LAW.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says:

"If you will look at the facts in the case, taking for example the Mississippi river and all its tributaries, I believe you will find from the 1st of January, when the law took effect, to this time, there has not been the loss of the life of a single passenger, or even an injury to one, upon all these waters, whilst in the seven months of 1852, corresponding to these, there were over 500 persons killed. Taking the explosions and accidents elsewhere in the United States for the same period, they scarcely amount to anything in comparison with the loss before."

THE GERMANS OUTDONE.—Some of the German prose writers are said to have constructed sentences which began on the top of one page and closed about the middle of the next, but, if the following paragraph from the Boston Transcript be true, Mr. Choate leaves the longest winded German behind.

"The longest sentence we have ever met in our reading occurs in Mr. Choate's Eulogy on Mr. Webster. From the 41st to the middle of the 45th page of the pamphlet edition, there is not a full stop. This passage, or single sentence, contains about *thirteen hundred* words, and occupies four pages and a half."

NEGLECT OF THE GREAT MEN.—The Washington Union, in the face of the rejection of Cass and Buchanan for Pierce, has the impudence to warn young men just coming into political life that the Whig party overlook their great men as they did Clay and Webster, while with the Democrats, every one is sure of the place to which his merits entitle him. The Democrats have not indeed overlooked their Clays and Websters, because they have never had them, but they have overlooked the best they had, and on the other extreme, in the way of going down for candidates, they are unequalled.—*Prov. Journal.*

Men who make money, rarely saunter; men who save money, rarely swagger.

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