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THE TERMS

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[From the Boston Palladium.]

O tell me not that wine will sooth
A heart beset with woe;
O tell me not that wine will smooth
Grim penury's haggard brow;
For though its wave may beam as bright
As evening's brilliant star,
It cannot gild misfortune's night,
Or calm the sinner's fear.

O tell me not that beauty's smile
(That sun of cloudless morn)
Can black despair of woe beguile,
Or blunt affliction's thorn;
For though awhile its beams may play
Where health and pleasure bloom,
Disease will shroud its pleasing ray—
It shines not in the tomb.

O tell me not that fame can give
The canker'd conscience peace--
O tell me not that fame can live
When hope and life shall cease:
For though it points where honour bloods,
And bids the bosom burn,
But as the lightning, swift recedes,
When time hath grasp'd his urn.

But tell me that religion's ray
Can light the soul to heaven—
O tell me this can point the way
To him on quicksands driven,
And I'll believe, for well I know,
That this alone can save,
That this can chase the clouds of woe,
And gild the peasant's grave.

From the Columbian Star and Christian Index.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

When, with a calm, observant eye,
We gaze on all that earth can give,
And mark its sweetest blossoms die,
And feel its raptures fugitive:—
Oh! who can long desire to stay
Where all is change from joy to grief—
Where love, and wealth, and power, decay
Like Autumn's melancholy leaf?

Who, when the gorgeous spell is gone,
That made his young existence dear—
When Hope's beguiling wing hath flown,
And darkness blots the atmosphere—
Who then would journey dimly on,
Amidst a dull and plodding throng,
Which like a stream, from tempests grown,
Rolls thick and turbidly along?

What recks it, upon vanish'd years
That swept like eagle's pinions by,
With changeful round of smiles and tears,
To cast pale Memory's mournful eye?
Oh, can it bring again the bloom
To youth's resplendant coronal,
Or can it rend the clouded tomb,
And wake the slumberer 'neath its pall?

It is in vain!—it is in vain,
For Earth's ephemeral joys to live:—
Its transports darken into pain—
Its flowers, once dead, can ne'er revive!
And from the sad and varied past
One only lesson may we glean—
That joy is far too dear to last—
That sorrow clouds its brightest scene!

Life! 'tis a waste, where storm and gloom
Are gathering up from memory's cell,—
Where gapes the wide insatiate Tomb,
And fierce diseases darkly dwell:--
Oh then, why should the spirit cling
Unto this cold and dull domain,
Since life hath but one golden spring—
One morn--that ne'er returns again!

Why should we love to linger here
Where baseless dreams are only known--
When faith with vision calm and clear,
Can glance to God's eternal throne?
Far rather let the fetters break
Which keep us from that brighter shore
Where saints their endless anthems wake,
And cankering cares are felt no more

W. G. C.

RHINE SONG,

Of the German Soldiers after Victory.

By Mrs. Hemans.

But I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight which had been witnessed by a friend of his!--the crossing of the Rhine at Ehrenbreit-stein by the German army of Liberators, on their victorious return from France.—"At the first gleam of the river," he said, "they all burst forth into the national chaunt—"Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" —They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time:--for each band renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus! "Am Rhein! "Am Rhein!"—[Manuscript Letter.

Single Voice.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march with every banner waving—
Sing brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

Chorus.

The Rhine, the Rhine, our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee Freedom back!

Single Voice.

Hail! hail, my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Ev'n as my mother's song!
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong.

Chorus.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

Single Voice.

Home! Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours 'till meeting,
O ransomed ones! I come!

Chorus.

Go, tell the seas, that chains shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills, that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!--

THE MISERIES OF BEING AN AGREEABLE FELLOW.

"I'd rather be an umbrellO
Than an 'agreeable pleasant fellow.'
Old Song.

"In all my wand'ring thro' this world of care,
Of all my griefs—and heaven has given my share,"

I have ever found my 'agreeable' qualities the greatest curse nature could have put upon me—From my earliest hours

I could smile and smile and smile and be agreeable."

Nature seemed to have formed me just as she was taking her wine, for I was, and am still

"An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."

I can dance, sing, scrap-bookise, play the guitar, speak Italian and French, scandalize my best friend, choose a hunter, agree that "charity covereth a multitude of sins" with Miss N—e; and take a hand at *ecarte* with her Grace of—; but, like the hero of the "Happy Valley," I am still miserable—not a second elapses between the "never ending still beginning" raps at my door—my purse is drained by the unpaid invitations of my acquaintances—night after night I am compelled to be the Apollo of the scene—my cheek has become bronzed by the "tropic flame of beauty's eyes," and a constant exposure to the noon-tide sun in gipseying parties, water excursions, park driving and ciceroncing—nay so enormous is the demand for my company, that my tailor has set up his carriage, and my bootmaker has taken his casino at Kew by my patronage alone. In vain I learn Zimmerman by heart, in hopes of becoming a "bore;" in vain I speak to my law friends of the game laws or the catholic bill;—their "Oh las," disarm me at once, and I must be at my "*pleasant* work again."

And now for my tale of woe, I have before said that even in the spring tide of childhood I was agreeable:—from which, with "still sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," good reader, Good Lord deliver thee?" lest like me, thou live to see the miseries of it and become unthankful.

It would little pose the readers (gentle or ungentle) to know how often I was "Daldy'd, Daffy'd and Goodlin'd"—or carried down from the nursery to pa, to be dear'd in the boudior, or caressed in the servant's hall;—pass we over all that to my schools days when

"Ushers flogg'd and boys gave forth their Oh's' "

"Never believe a great broad-faced, beetle browed spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are those he spends at school," says the editor of the Scoth Magazine. I beg to be an exemption from this rule, and trust the reader will not doubt my veracity, when I affirm that mine were the most delightful of my existence. Far different from the rough unchristian usages of pedagogues, birches, and unfeeling ushers were my hours. Of an evening, when all "my co-mates and brothers in exile" were boring their brains over Homer, Xenophen, and those "ancient monsters;" or "sweetly sleeping, sweetly snoring," on their stone-like beds, I was seated comfortable by the drawing room fire, or promenading the shrubberies of my tutor, making the "agreeable" to his lady, or regaling her guests with *solos a la Velati;* instead of the infamous 'sky blue' wherewith my schoolfellows dosed themselves, my breakfast consisted of buttered toast, anchovy paste, cream, coffee, and various meats, and when the little unfortunates were turned out mid ice and cold, to warm their limbs with exercise in the open air, I was permitted to draw near the blazing hearth, or the "Doctor's tea-table: and all because I was "agreeable."

I spent the time in this manner for 4 years, at the termination of which, being eighteen, I was sent to Oxford, and then I found the misery of being "companionable." Instead of making my way with credit and distinction to the highest classes, I found myself lamentably deficient; my former master's "fair leader" had completely ruined me (with toast and kindness) and I stood *below* many 'men' (anglice, boys of nineteen and twenty) whose heads scarce reached my waistcoat. I was not long at "Queen's" before it was known I could sing a good song, empty a bottle, gave the most elegant dinner of all the collegers, and had the most indecent Venuses money could buy to stock my "rooms" with.—Then again commenced my ruin—my wine parties were frequent, my vehicle constantly rolling, my companions agreeable, and my studies neglected. At length the examination approached, and I endeavoured to make up by hard study and perseverance what I had lost by over kindness and visiting, but it was useless —the day came—the questioning, and I was 'spooned.' Mad with vexation and disgust at the publicity of my disgrace, I was seeking my rooms when my path was impeded by the foul fiend himself, in the shape of Henry Agustus Demander,—before my arrival reckoned the most delightful fellow of the Halls. That he hated me I was well aware, for I had many proofs of malignity. "Good morning, squire," said the torturer, advancing toward me with a laugh that savoured strongly of the fiend, "how are ye this morning?—nay, man, do not look so ferocious, for I will not rob you of your well-earned honours." I have no ambition of 'spoonbillism,' believe me." Heated to the utmost by passion

I hastly seiz'd him full dressed as he was
For I very well knew what the knave meant,
And swinging him rudely, too rudely, alas,
He stumbled and fell on the pavement,

But like another Antæus, instantly rose with redoubled strength, and would no doubt have made my face any thing but beautiful, had not my gaurdian angel descended in the shape of Dr. Study, the head dignitary of my college.—Afraid of being detected in such a situation, Mr. Demander took to flight, leaving me in the possession of half-a-yard of his gown and a lewd copy of Ovid. I had not been at home more than half-an-hour when my late antagonist favoured me with an invitation to meet him next mrrning, as "become a man of honour and a gentleman, at a short distance from the town." Although no coward, I must confess an antipathy to that false idea of courage which frequently leads men to murder each other to support their "honour," and to prove to the world how willing they are to be made "butts" of on the slightest occasion. Such lives are scarce worth preserving. If they be at the disposal of every knave that can draw a trigger. Such were my contemplations as I sat perusing my enemy's note: but when I remembered that all eyes were upon my conduct, I gave up my philosophy, and calling for my desk,

"I penn'd an answer—sent it—fought,"

and wounded Mr. Henry Agustus Demander in the right arm, which, as it enabled him to wear a black silk sling, and look "interesting," he no doubt freely forgave me. Fearing expulsion; like many great men, I prudently resolved to retire, (vulgariter, avoid kicking out) and accordingly left the university, wishing my agreeable qualities at the *bottom of the bottomless* pit.

Having lost all chance of succeeding in obtaining a living by this "untoward event," I next turned my thoughts to the army, wisely resolving as the "church militant here on earth' had refused to enlist me, to seek it beneath the banners of his Most Gracious Majesty: and as the war in Spain was then going on tolerably successfully, that is to say, there being not more than five hundred men killed per diem, I purchased a commission in the —th regiment of Hussars, of the Right Hon. George ———, who liked the sound of the band better than the booming of

Great ordnance in the field;

or

The shot, the shout, the groan of war,

and joined the great Arthur, at Badajos; every one knows (or *may* know if they will read Lieutenant-Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War) the hardships we warriors underwent in that part of the world: my sufferings, like every other officer's, were very severe: at Salamanca I was forced to pistol a charger, that three months previous to my departure from England, had cost me 350 guineas. At Burgos I saw my baggage, containing three full dress jackets, valued at £50 each, and a dozen pair of "Hobby's best," carried off by a fellow with mustachios that might have served to sweep the roads; and at Talavera was forced to feed upon beef stakes and onions dressed in the breast plate of a guardsman! I know not how, but so it was, whether the Frenchmen thought it a pity to slay such a handsome set of fellows as composed our regiment, or had compassion on our "innocence," but on our return to England we found only twenty-four men, and those chiefly of the file, had perished, while in most other corps the loss was immense. Perceiving in the Gazette a Lieutenancy in the—th Dragoons was vacant, I wrote to my Colonel, begging his interest to procure it—he promised, and I had every hope of obtaining the promotion, for the commanding officer was a man of high family: but my hopes were vain—the secretary wrote me that it had been already obtained by the son an Earl.

Seeing little hope of advancement at the conclusion of ten years I sold out, contrary to the desire of my brother officers and my colonel, who I afterwards found, on applying at the Horse Guards for my pay, had sent a request to the highest quarter that my petition might *not* be granted as I was a "d——d pleasant fellow and he did not wish to lose me from the mess:" and thus was the "service" deprived of a faithful soldier, because he was too "agreeable' to be promoted. Disgusted with the world and worldings, I drove down to an estate of my father's in Suffolk, determined to "misanthropise" and be romantic; but all my plans were disconcerted by the

"Large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands"

of Miss Emily Hathenden, whose estate bordered on my own. As scenes of passion, like law cases, are far more agreeable to those interested in them than to those who do not participate in the glorious uncertainty of either, be it sufficient to say, that after the usual quantity of nonsensical love epistles, vows breathed by moonlight, presents, eye discoursings, I obtained a promise from my lady love that she would be mine; but "vanity of vanities!" just as I was about to select the usual quantity of lace & jewelry for the first appearance of my 'lady' as a bride; down came Mr. Courtem in a chaise and four, told me he was going with his family to Switzerland for the summer months, and as I was such a 'devilish pleasant fellow,' the ladies had 'sworn they would not go without me.' I could not possibly refuse, as this gentleman was very likely to be prime minister on the downfall of the opposite party, and had promised me the first borough that became vacant; besides, his son had been my second at Oxford, and Mrs. Courtem used to send me such presents at my first academy; but yet I could not readily tear myself from her whom I loved so tenderly. We wept, promised eternal faithfulness to each other, broke a sovereign (sixpence is a vulgar coin) and parted. Months flew by, and I returned with my friends to England, picturing the happiness in store for me, and forming plans to increase it, but

"Alas, for human happiness!
Alas, for human sorrow!
Our schemes all came to nothingness!

They were but schemes—airy castles—baby houses, which a fillip of Fate throws down in an instant. Anxious again to behold my heart's idol, I ordered post horses and went down immediately to her father's seat and learned with aching brain and heated heart she was married. Thus did I lose the best wife in the world, because, forsooth, I was "an agreeable fellow!"

These, gentle reader, are a *few* of the miseries my "agreeableness" has brought me into; were I to write them *all*, six octavo volumes would scarce contain them: if therefore like me you have the misfortune to be a pleasant companion, for your own sake "check the inclination;"—quote Greek—call Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, the Sorrows of Rosalie, namby pamby—run down Rogue et Noir or Ecarte—dress vulgarly—sing without a voice; abuse Ascot with the Hon. James—or drink port with the Guards—do any thing that is nonsensical; but if you wish to be at rest,

"Eschew the agreeable vein,"

lest it bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Albany, July, 1830. Charles A—t.

Luxury of the Ancient Romans.—The luxury in odoriferous drugs among the ancient Romans was excessive, and the most costly perfumes of the East found their way to Rome. The expense in apparel and personal ornaments was not less extravagant; hence purple, pearls, and precious stones, became known. During a certain period a real mania prevailed in regard to opals, and on one occasion a man chose rather to be proscribed than to surrender to Sylla, the Dictator, a very beautiful opal, which he wished to possess. In regard to household furniture also, fashion reigned with despotic sway, and many species of wood thus acquired an immoderate value. For a time the wood of the citron trees, was used in preference; the tree so called was not the one to which Theophretus, and we give that name, but, as will appear, a species of thuya from Cyrenaica. It was not the trunk that was used, but certain excrescences near the root. Large pieces of this kind when they could be procured, fetched most exorbitant prices. Cethegus paid 1,500,000 sesterces for a table; and Seneca himself, who launches out so vehemently against luxury, had tables which cost immense sums. These pieces of furniture were distinguished by the color, the veins, and other peculiarities; each kind had its particular name. Ebony, first brought to Italy by Pompey, after his victory over the pirates, was also employed.—*Family Magazine.*

The following is a remarkable instance of the suspension of vitality in an insect: A common bumblebee was inclosed in a bottle of water, closely caulked up, and kept for three weeks, at the end of which time it was decanted once more into its native element, and had not lain long in the reviving sunbeams ere its limbs began to quiver, and, rubbing its eyes and cleaning its wings with its soft leg brushes, it rose from its lethargy, buzzing away to the field apparently unhurt from the effects of the bottle.

One day last week as two sawyers were cutting an oak tree in the saw pit of R. H. Bradshaw, Esq. at Worsley, they found an obstruction which spoiled two saws. On examining the cause, they found a stone in the middle of the trunk of the tree, firmly imbedded, which weighed 18 lbs. Those who have examined the tree and the stone, say, that the latter originally could have been but a diminutive pebble, and had grown proportionably with the tree itself.

The bedsted of the lovely and unfortunate Queen Mary having excited much curiosity, we give the following as its tragical history: When Mary Queen Scots was at Tutbury Castle, in custody of George Earl of Shrewsbury, Drousilla Rabason, or Robson, a tenant's daughter, was introduced to serve her in the capacity of a chambermaid. This Drousilla remained till the Queen was executed; she had the Queen's bed-room furniture given her. Among other articles, there was a gold candlestick, a carved bedstead, with crimson velvet hangings, trimmed with broad lace, and a chest upon a stand, with places under to lay out the robes. Drousilla died four months after the Queen's execution, leaving the furniture to her family. Her brother sold the gold candlestick; and one Margaret Rabson sold the gold lace to a Jew for 30s. On the 2d of April, 1772, Samuel Rabason gave the carved bedstead to his daughter Margaret, wife of George Northwood. After her death he brought the bedstead, chest and other articles, with his own furniture, to Choulton Bridge, near Bishop's Castle, in this county. He died, leaving them to his niece, Eliza Jackson, who says, "I think it was in 1783 when I first saw the bedstead—a gold cross hung at the head, I remember seeing four chains, which I was told were used to fasten up the bed, I remember a cambric cap, trimmed with broad lace, which my uncle said was the Queen's; it was given to a woman who waited on him. After his death I brought the curtains out of the chest, and finding them in tatters and moth-eaten, parted with them to a travelling pedler."—*Shrewsbury Chron.*

Indian Mode of Divination from proper Names.—Hoomayon, being one day on a hunting party, told some of his nobles that he was very uneasy in his mind, regarding Hindostan. One of those who were in favour of a renewal of the invasion of that country, observed, that there was an old method of divination, by sending a person foward, who should ask the names of the three individuals whom he first met, by which a conclusion, good or bad might be drawn. The King, being naturally superstitious, humored the fancy, and sent three horseman in front, with directions to come back and communicate to him the answers they should receive. The first horseman who returned said that he met a traveller named Dowlut (Empire;) the second met a man who called himself Moorad (good fortune;) and the third was saluted by a villager, who bore the no less encouraging and patronymic of Saanut (the object of desire.) Thus cheered by fate, Hoomayon assembled his forces, which amounted to no more than fifteen thousand horses; and being immediately joined by large numbers of the inhabitants of Punjaub, he carried every thing before him. Sekunder was defeated in a great battle, and left his vacant throne to be re-occupied by the son of Barber.—*Family Library, No. XV.*

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. The Family Library, No. XII.

The form assumed for the work is that of Ten Letters, addressed to the author's able and accomplished friend and son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart; and the first letter says:—

"As my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in consideration of the subject, or to erect any new one of my own, my purpose is after a general account of Demonology and Witchcraft, to confine myself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observation which naturally and easily arise out of them; in the confidence that such a plan is, at the present time of day more likely to suit the pages of a popular miscellany, than an attempt to reduce the contents of many hundred tomes, from the largest to the smallest size, into an abridgement, which however compressed, must remain, greatly too large for the reader's powers of patience. A few general remarks on the nature of demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the subject. The general, or, it may be termed, the universal, belief of the inhabitants of the earth in the existence of spirts separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the Divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which when the body is no longer fit for its abode; shall seek its own place as a sentinel dismissed from his post--Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reasons should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructable essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar, must* infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals, who still see, hear, and preceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishment; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb find that their pupils, even when cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and the body; a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do arise, being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions. *These spirits in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them.* It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of a direct miracle; to which being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws for some express purpose, no bounds of restraint can possibly be assigned. But under the necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, nor any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their minds the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point."

On these broad data (including the remarkable opinion pointed out by italics) the author proceeds with the task thus sketched out; we quote another curious passage, at the close of the same letter (1):—

"I have now (says Sir Walter) arrived, by a devious path, at the conclusion of this letter, the object of which is to show, from what attributes of our nature, whether mental or corporeal, arises that predisposition to believe in supernatural occurrences. It is, I think, conclusive, that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world, inferring in the general proposition the undeniable truth, that each man, from the monarch to the beggar, who has once acted his part on the stage, continues to exist, and may again, even in a disembodied state, if such is the pleasure of Heaven, for aught that we know to the contrary, be permitted or ordained to mingle amongst those who yet remain in the body. The abstract possibility of apparitions must be admitted by every one who believes in a Deity, and his superintending omnipotence. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passions, orginating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion—these, or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of night, or the rapt ecstacy of the day, pursuade us, that we witness, with our eyes and ears, an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times, the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye, and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time; and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer, and more readily granted, that the physical impression corresponded with the mental excitement."

From the St. Johnsbury, (Vt.) Herald.

AWFUL CASUALTY.—Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a public Journalist to place upon record the details of an event, at once so solemn and awful as that which is given below.

On the evening of Wednesday last, after the news of the re-election of Governor Crafts had been received at Panville, a number of citizens collected upon the Green in front of Kelsey's inn, with the design of manifesting their joy on the event, by discharging a swivel thirty four times, (corresponding with the number of ballotings.) After having discharged it twenty three times, it was loaded the twenty-fourth time with a heavy charge, and fired; when the swivel burst in pieces flying in all directions and killing instantly Mr. Chamberlin of Derby, who was in town on business, and Mr. Benjamin West, of Danville, who walked a few paces and fell, uttering only the exclamation, "I am dead?" He was borne into a store, and expired in fifteen minutes after the fatal fire. In addition to these most melancholy events, Mr. James Harran was so severely wounded in one leg as to render amputation necessary, and Mr. Jesse Howland slightly wounded. Mr. West was in the 41st year of his age, and has left a bereaved wife and child to mourn his untimely death.—No appearance of violence was found on his body. Mr Chamberlin, we understand, was about 30 years of age, and had a family, consisting of a wife and three children, to whom the remains of the deceased have been conveyed for interment. A large piece of the swivel came in contact with his neck, and almost entirely severed his head from his body, —his blood at the same moment gushing out upon the ground. The whole scene is represented by those who witnessed it, as being awful beyond description. Surely it is calculated most forcibly to remind us of the uncertainty of the tenure by which we hold our earthly existence, and to impress deeply upon the mind the truth, "in midst of life, we are in death."

THE PEACH TREE.

From a desire to encourage the culture of the Peach Tree we offer the following as the result of experiment and observation.

It is generally known that worms, near the surface of the earth, destroy them by eating the bark; the object is therefore to find a preventive, in order that the trees may become aged in a healthy state.

It is evident that these worms pass through the common change, and assume the form of millers early in the summer and deposite their eggs in the bark as low as they can find access to it, and that the worms proceeding from them begin to operate in the latter part of the summer; when they have been found the size of a common pin. If suffered to remain they grow to the thickness of a straw; each of them girdless the wood from the tree about an inch, and the wound to the heart dies. Hence it is, that a single wound impairs the vigor of the tree, and a number of them kill it. The point to be gained, is to protect the tree from the millers, and by a simple method, we have succeeded for several years, which is recomended with full confidence.

About the first of May remove the earth from the body of the tree, and shirt it to the height of 15 or 16 inches, in such manner as to exclude the millers, burrying the other part of it in the earth. We have used straw cut to the length and about half an inch in thickness, bound on with twine. This should be removed about the first of September, as we have sometimes found the young worms in the upper part of the straw, being then readily discovered on the surface of the bark, covered by a little gum. The process should be commenced when the tree is young—they have been found in a rapid growth the first fall after it sprouted. Thus a few minutes in a year devoted to a tree, will protect it against this cause of decay—a very trifling expense compared with the value of this healthy and delicious fruit.

JONATHAN BRACE.
JOHN L. WELLS.
WM. H. IMLAY.

In the report of the proceedings of the Superior Court of Connecticut at Danbury, we perceived the following:

Elihu Mawwes, an Indian, indicted for manslaughter, was convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison 3 years.

We recommend this case to the attention of Mr. Wirt, when he appears as the advocate of the Sovereign Nation of Cherokees in the Supreme Court. In the opinion with which he has favored the world, upon an *exparte* case submitted by the half, three-eighths and quarter breeds of the Cherokee Oligarchy, he seemed rather dubious, as to the jurisdiction exercised by the states over the "poor Indians." This may enlighten him as to Connecticut; and the law of the Legislature of New York of 1822, offering jurisdiction over the same class as "a necessary attribute of sovereignty," might be studied to advantage. If he will refer back to the statue books of the states of New England, and to their history, he will also find much instruction as to the mode, in which the great mass of the same class with his clients have been disposed of by dog and gun, fire and sword, as well as to the manner in which the miserable remnant are now maintained in their "sovereign rights," under the guardianship of a keeper appointed by state authority, and subject to the penalties of laws, in the enactment of which, they have no voice.—*Sav. Georgian.*

Singular Discovery.—Mr. Horton, a gentleman who has been engaged in boring for water in Providence R. I. has presented to the public some remarkable results.—In his second experiment in boring, he selected the extreme point of a wharf, many yards from the original land. He bored through a stratum of mud, then through a bog meadow, containing good peat, then through sand and quartz gravel. At this point water, impregnated with copperas and arsenic broke forth; but determining to proceed farther, Mr. Horton next struck a vineyard, and drew up vines, grapes, grape seeds, leaves acorns, hazel nuts, pine nuts, and the seeds of unknown fruits, together with pure water. This was 35 feet below the bed of the river.

Dreadful Occurrence.—The Norristown Herald of Wednesday states, that on Saturday morning last, a little daughter of Mr. Benjamin Sherred, of Upper Merion township, aged about five years, was burnt to death in a most shocking manner. It appears the little girl had been left with a younger child by their parents, sitting by the fire—the father had been absent about half an hour, when he heard the screams of his children, and when he entered his house he found his daughter roasted almost to death—the fat from her body running on the floor—the flesh from some of the bones burnt off, and the sinews twisted out of their places. The child died in a very short time after, in the most distressing agony.

Some weeks since, we placed in the columns of our paper, without comment, an account from the western part of New York state, of an outrage said to have been committed in the house of Elder Witherill, a seceding mason. The statement, our readers will probably recollect, was, that in the night, while the Rev. gentleman was absent, some ruffian entered his house, and proceded to his bed, and with a long butcher knife, attempted to stab Mrs. W. on the supposition that the husband was in bed. The murder was prevented by the knife hitting the head board, the wretch at the same time exclaiming, that he would punish the purjured wretch, meaning Elder W. *Mr. David Browne* was taken up on suspicion, and the testimony of Mr. Witherill's family was near convicting him, when on a cross examination of the Elder, it appeared, that on the day previous to the outrage, he (the Elder) had contrived the plot in a lawyer's office, and that a Mr. Hale, a violent anti-mason, consented to act the part of the assassin, and frighten Mrs. Witherill with threats of vengeance on her husband, so that her testimony might be used to affect the election.—*U. S. Gaz.*

The New Castle and Frenchtown Rail-road Company, have closed their subscription books, the amount of stock subscribed being sufficient to make the Road.

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