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Easton Star.

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THE MUSE.

"The world is full of poetry—the air
Is breathing with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies, and
In its brightness sparkle—earth is veiled
And mantled in its beauty."

A PARODY.

The following appropriate impromptu verses, read at the Wheeling Banquet, in celebration of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad triumph, are attributed to a distinguished lawyer of Baltimore, and we present them as worthy the occasion.

American.

AIR—"*Young Lochenvar.*"

Oh! proud was the day when out of the North,
On his swift *iron* steed came Young Lochenvar forth;
He crossed the Cheat river, tho' ford it had none,
With no watchword but *Union*—no herald but *Swann*.

So faithful in love for his far *Western* bride,
There never was Knight who could ride by her side;
He staid not for mountain, or torrent, or glen,
But onward and *Westward* he cheered on his men.

And brightly the Star Spangled Banner did fly,*
And the breath of his proud steed now brightens the sky;
'Mid the darkness of night, his trumpet blast shrill,
Re-echoes his triumph o'er valley and hill.

So boldly he entered his bride's stately hall
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all,
That none could his title or valor dispute,
But rejoicing in wonder, stood startled and mute.

Till proclaiming his triumph of love, not of war,
They all hailed and welcomed the Young Lochenvar.
Love swells like the Ohio and ebbs like its tide,
But ne'er shall his *change* towards his bright bride.

To lead but one measure, drink one glass of wine,
Then around her *forever* his strong arms entwine,
So daring in love, so dauntless in war,
When heard ye of one like this young Lochenvar.

Now sweetly with garlands of peace on her brow,
Forth stepp'd the far *West*, looking lovelier now,
Gave her heart and her hand with a kiss of delight
In token of love to this gallant Young Knight.

*The cars were decorated with innumerable flags and the engines blazed with fire.

The Slavery Question.

Important Letter.

The Richmond Enquirer of Jan. 28, contains a letter from the pen of Mrs. Tyler, wife of Ex-President Tyler, in answer to the letter addressed to "Women of America," by the Duchess of Southerland, and other *Noble Ladies* of England. The letter fills two close columns of the Enquirer; we make room for the following extracts:

To the Duchess of Southerland and Ladies of England.

Your address to your sisters, the women of the United States, on the subject of domestic slavery, as it exists among us, which has appeared in our public journals, should be acknowledged by some one of the vast number of those to whom it is addressed, without awaiting the publication of the more formal communication. They are some of the concerns of life in which conventionalities are properly to be disregarded, and this is one of them. A reply to your address must necessarily be the work of some one individual among us, or must go altogether unperformed. Woman, in the United States, with but few exceptions, confines herself within that sphere for which the God and created her seems to have designed her. Her circle is, literally and emphatically, that of her family, and such she is content that it shall be. Within that circle her influence is felt over the relations of life, as wife, mother, mistress—and as she discharges the duty of one or all of these relations, so is she respected or otherwise. To cast a doubt upon her fidelity in any one of them, is to excite against her the odium of the community, and, in a great measure to dethrone her from her high position. She knows nothing of political conventions, or conventions of any other sort than such as are held under suitable pastors of the Church, and are wholly directed to the advancement of the Christian religion. Such is emphatically the case with the women of the Southern States. Do you wish to see them, you must visit their homes. Do you desire to ascertain the nature of their employments, you must enter the family circles, and believe me, good sisters of England, you would find in their Christian deportment, and perfect amiability of manners, enough at once, to inspire you with the most exalted respect and esteem. You might find no splendid vestments of dress, no glittering diamonds, no aristocratic displays. No, the vestments they wear are those of meekness and charity, their diamonds are gems of the heart, and their splendor the neatness and order and contentment which every where greets the eye; and that neatness, that order, and that contentment is in nothing more observable than in the well-clothed and happy domestics who welcome your arrival, and heap upon you every comfort during your sojourn under the roofs of their masters. You will see then how utterly impossible it would be to expect the women of the United States to assemble in convention, either in person or by proxy, in order to frame an answer to your address. Nay, I must, moreover, in all frankness, declare to you, that the women of the South, especially, have not received your address in the kindest spirit. They regard it as entirely incompatible with all confidence in, or consideration for them, to invoke the interposition of the women of what are called the free States, in a matter with which they have no more to do than have yourselves, and whose interference in the question can produce no other effect than to excite disturbance and agitation and ill-will, and possibly in the end, a total annihilation of kind feeling between geographical sections. It is the province of the women of the Southern States to preside over the domestic economy of the estates and plantations of their husbands—it is emphatically their province to visit the sick, and attend to the comfort of all the laborers upon such estates; and it is felt to be but a poor compliment to the women of the South, to suppose it necessary to introduce other superintendence than their own over the condition of their dependants and servants.

* * * * * *

In morals we beleive ourselves quite your equals, and, therefore, it sounds harshly in our ears to be admonished by you of our sins, real or imaginary. There is a proud heart in the American breast, which rebels against all assumption on the part of others, although they may wear ducal coronets, or be considered the stars of fashion in foreign courts. Manage your own affairs as best you may, and leave us to manage ours as we may think proper.—Each of us will find abundant employment in the performance of our respective duties. If you wish a suggestion as to the suitable occupation of your idle hours, I will point you to the true field for your philanthropy; the unsupplied wants of your own people of England. In view of your palaces, there is misery and suffering enough, to excite your most active sympathies. I remember to have seen lately, that there were in the city of London alone 100,000 persons who rose in the morning without knowing where or how they were to obtain their 'daily bread,' and I remember, also, somewhere to have seen, that the Eleemosynary establishment of England, costs annually £10,000,000 sterling—a sum greater than that expended by this frugal and economical government of ours, with its army and navy, and civil and diplomatic list. Surely, here is a field large enough for the exercise of the most generous sympathy, the most unbounded charity. Go, my good Duchess of Sutherland, on an embassy of mercy to the poor, the stricken, the hungry and the naked, of your own land—cast in their laps the superflux of your enormous wealth; a single jewel from your hair, a single gem from your dress would relieve many a poor female of England, who is now cold and shivering and destitute.—Enter the abode of desolation and want, and cause squalid wretchedness to put on one smile of comfort, perhaps the first one which has lighted up its face for a lifetime. Leave it to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependants, while you take care of your own. The negro of the South lives sumptuously in comparison with the 100.000 of the white population of London. He is clothed warmly in winter and has his meat twice daily, without stint of bread. * * *

There is no reason, then, why you should leave your fellow subjects in misery at home, in order to take your seat by the side of the black man on the plantations of America. Even if you are horror stricken at the highly colored picture of human distress, incident to the separation of husband and wife, and parents and children, under our system of negro slavery—a thing, by the way, of rare occurrences among us, and then extended by peculiar circumstances—you have no occasion to leave your land for a similar, and still harsher, and more unjust exercise of authority. Go, and arrest the proceedings of your admiralty! Throw your charities between poor Jack and the press gang!—He has fought the battles of England all over the seas. He was at the Nile. He bled and conquered at Trafalgar. He caught your gallant Nelson in his arms as he was falling on the bloody deck; received his last breath, and consigned his remains to the bosom of St. Paul's Cathedral. He has made England what she is, great and powerful. Shall he not, after all this, be permitted to enjoy the sunshine of home, with his wife and littles ones, for a single day? He has perilled his life for England—he has returned from five years' absence in distant seas—his wife and children look with rapture upon his weather-beaten countenance—he holds the loved ones in his embrace—but the press-gang comes, and the fitful dream of happiness is over. If he resists, there are fetters for his limbs! If he talks of England's proudly boasted common law, there is no law for him. Magna Charta is a farce, and the Petition of Right a mockery, as far as he is concerned. Go, sisters of England, to your Queen, your prime Minister, your Parliament, and your Courts, and ask their interference to arrest this moral and political iniquity, and you will be told, "Woman should have no concern with politics—back to your drawing rooms and nurseries."

For another subject quite as fruitful of sympathy, I need only refer you to the condition of Ireland, with its population but recently starving for food, which was freely supplied from our graneries, and at this moment craving mercy from avaricious landlords, who, to extend the area of grazing lands, are levelling their humble cottages to the ground, and sending them forth to die upon the public highways.—Women of England! go thither with your tender charities. There, on the roadside, sinks an attenuated and exhaused mother, still straining her perishing child to her breast, while the unhappy husband and father, himself foodless and raimentless, sheds drops of agony over the heart-rending scene. Spare from the well-fed negroes of these States, one drop of your superabounding sympathy, to pour into that bitter cup which is overrunning with sorrow and tears. Poor, suffering, down trodden Ireland! land of poetry and song; of noble feeling and generous emotions—birth place of the warrior, the statesman, the orator—there is no room for you in the sympathising hearts of the women of England. Let the Celtic race be driven, by starvation from the land of their fathers, and its exodus would be regarded not with sorrow, but with joy and gladness by the secret heart of England. "Religious toleration" is but an unmeaning phrase with the people of Great Britain—it extends not beyond the lips. A difference in creed has been the death-blow to Ireland. * * * * *

I must also say to you frankly, that we regard England as an indifferent adviser on the subject of negro slavery. Her statesmanship, if it be judged by her course of policy in regard to the West India Islands, would give her no exalted position; unless, indeed fanaticism be a good adviser, and ruin and desolation, evidences of a wise and sound policy. No, we prefer to follow our own conception of what it is proper for us to do. Our eyes are turned across the ocean; not in the direction of England, but to Africa. The foot-prints of our policy are seen in the colonies there established, already become independent States—in the voluntary emancipation of slaves by our citizens as preparatory to emigration to Africa—a course of emancipation which from 1790 to 1850, has increased our table in Virginia, of free negroes, in the ratio of 301 per ct., while the white population has only increased 102½ per ct., and the slaves but 64¾ per ct. These interesting statistics. I extract from a memorial presented to the Legislature of Virginia, asking additional aid to further the colonization of freed negroes in Liberia. Thus we seek to retribute the wrongs done by England to Africa, by returning civilization for barbarism—Christianity for idolatry. We desire no such boon as England bestowed on her Islands—no blight so abiding, no mildew so destructive—no ultimate war between the races, bloody, desolating and finally annihilating. Steam is conquering distance, and Africa will be brought nearer and nearer to our shores with each revolving year—and the results of a policy, at once wise and discreet, commencing with slaveholding Virginia, and extensively adopted by the people of the United States, will claim sooner or later, the admiration of mankind.

* * * * * *

America might love England if England would permit her. A common descent, a common language, mutual interests, and to a great extent a common heritage of freedom, should draw the two nations together. The disposition of the Southern mind (I speak what I do know) is to cultivate the closest friendship with England. Nearly all of the Southern people are the descendants of the first settlers. They have kindred blood, almost unmixed by emigration, flowing in their veins. Their interests lead them to cherish the principles of free trade. Their cotton, their rice, and other productions of the soil, find extensive markets in Great Britain. They would have them still more free—still more widely open. For myself, when I have visited England it has been with emotions of reverence growing out of the recollections of the historic page. Westminister Abbey, with its undying memorials—the noble monuments of the past scattered over the face of the country—the very ruins spoke of an ancestry alike dear to the American and Englishman. My intermixture of Scotch blood, derived from a leader of two Scottish clans, who lost life, castle, and estate in the wars of King Charlie, with the pure Anglo-Saxon, in no degree abated my ardor and enthusiasm, when I looked upon these mementoes of the mighty past, in which so many of us here claim a common interest with you. But, if England will sever these ties; if, instead of cultivating good feeling with us, she chooses rather to subject us to taunt, to ridicule, to insult in its grossest form; and, above all, improperly to interfere in our domestic affairs;—if she scatters her nobility among us;—if, what is still worse, she sends her emissaries, in the persons of members of parliament, to stir up our people to mutiny and revolt;—if, which is quite as objectionable, her public press shall incite her women, and the more illustrious for birth the worse it makes the matter, to address us homilies on justice, humanity, and philanthrophy, as if we had not, like themselves, the advantages of civilization, and the lights of Christianity; with all the desire to cultivate relations of undying amity, the men of the U. States, deriving their spirit from their mothers and wives, may be forced into the adoption of a very different feeling with regard to Great Britain.

JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

Sherwood Forest, Va., Jan'y. 21, 1853.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—Our friend GARBER, of the Madison [Indiana] *Courier* askes us if we remember a Mr. *Daniel Mitchell*, a one-armed man, who died some years since in this place.—The "Courier" says that the spirtual rappers have been communing with Mitchell who has informed them that "he is in h—l but prefers that to oblivion."

Some of our citizens recollect Mitchell, and will be surprised at this notice, but more so at his horror of "oblivion." If ever there was a delusion calculated to do injury to our kind, "spiritual rapping" is one. We respond to the query of friend GARBER, because he asked us if we remember the person alluded to. We do remember him.—*Staunton Va. Vindicator.*

Pretty Good.—'John,' said a clergyman to his man, 'you should become a teetotaller, you have been drinking again to-day.'

'Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?'

'But John, you must look at my circumstances and yours.'

'Very true sir,' said John, 'but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?'

'No John, I cannot tell that.'

'Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean.'

Select Miscellany.

A BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

On the banks of a beautiful river,
How sweet 'tis in summer to stray,
While the willows in melody quiver,
And, in gladness, the stream glides away;
Where the breeze sing a song in the rushes,
That the waves echo still as they flow,
While the tide rocks the stem as it gushes,
Of the lilly that's sleeping below.

On the banks of a beautiful river,
How sweet 'tis to gaze on the tide,
Like Life, flowing onward forever,
Or Man, in the noon of his pride;
To feel, as the sunshine smile's o'er us,
How gloomy life's current would be,
Had we not a haven before us,
Beyond dark Futurity's sea.

A SUCKER.—One day last week a pair hailing from Augusta county, made their appearance at Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of being "jined" together in the holy bands of wedlock. The masculine was a youth of about 18, whilst the feminine was bordering on 40 summers. Arriving at Harper's Ferry at an early period, his curiosity led him to visit the armory.—Whilst there, he stated that he had travelled a "considerable distance," and had "stolen a gal" from her obstinate Parents. The persons to whom he made the disclosure, observing his 'verdancy,' informed him that "stealing a gal" was contrary to law, and that he had heard that an officer was in search of some one guilty of such an offence. Whilst thus in conversation, a wag approached the green one, and informed him that he had in his possession a "State's warrant," and proceeded to arrest him for abducting a flower *tender* of Augusta. The youth remonstrated, by saying that he intended making a wife of her so soon as the license could be procured from Maryland. A few waggish friends interposed, and whilst the pretended officer's attention was diverted, the intended bridegroom was snugly ensconced within a large box, where he was securely preserved for more than half an hour.—When released he made a "clean coat tail" with race-horse speed down to the hotel, where he and his intended locked themselves up until the arrival of the "papers"—after which they were made one. In the night train he made tracks for home where doubtless *she* is enjoying the sweets of "suckerdom," and he "a pardise below."

Va., Free Press.

THOUGHTS WHILE SEWING.

BY AN OLD MAID.

Men love to button coats, and women buttons. The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat.

Man's heart is like the moon—if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow smaller.

A man may 'do good by stealth,' but as for his blushing 'to find fame,' that's all nonsense.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always ruling the roast?

Man takes woman with a dowry in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out by one blow.

In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand.

Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

How many men are there who think they are making themselves exceedingly popular when they are only making themselves extremely ridiculous.

Men have been pointed out to me who were said to be great thinkers. I have watched them, and found them very great thinkers—men who have evidently thought a great deal—but then it was entirely about themselves.

An old maid's only confidant is her pillow. All her cares, wrongs, and thoughts, both sleeping and waking, are confided to its soft embrace. It is the only depository and witness of the tears that she sometimes sheds over broken hopes. More than this, it is a confidant that never mocks—never betrays her.

The Spirit Rapping Exploded.—A person inquired of a medium if he could be informed where the spirit of a late friend was. He was answered in the affirmative.

'Where is the spirit of Timothy Slocum?' he then inquired.

'In Heaven,' was the response.

'That's a lie,' quickly replied the interrogater; 'your stuff is all a humbug, for Slocum was a lawyer.'

'Sambo!'

'Sar?'

'Do you know the difference between a Mason and an Anti-Mason?'

'Yes, sah, I belieb I does.'

'Well, what is it?'

'If my brains tell de truf, and it never fails, Mason is de man what lays de morter and de Anti-Mason de man what carries de hod.'

Skating Financier.—There is a genius on Lake Champlain who takes a pair of skates and writes a four month's note on the ice with such perfection, that in less than hour the sun liquidates it.

☞Why do misers particulary object to dying? Because they must soon "down with their dust."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—The editor of the "*Sandy Hill Herald*," a northern paper, has the following just and sensible criticism upon the *religious* feature of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the truth of which must forcibly impress the mind of every reader of that dangerous and seductive work.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

It is somewhat singular with what greediness people swallow this delectable dish served up by Mrs. Stowe. Generally it is the custom to masticate food before swallowing it; but in this case the whole animal is introduced into the stomach without breaking a bone, or rumpling a hair; and the consumer licks his mouth, and wonders when it will be his pleasure to again partake of such a repast!

We are not disposed to quarrel with the author's views of slavery, nor dictate to her the mode best calculated to depict its evils so long as a respectable degree of propriety characterizes her efforts; but when she finds it necessary, in order to accomplish her object, to attack and hold up to ridicule the christian religion, and those who minister at her altars; it becomes all who revere the former, and respect the latter, to place the seal of disapprobation upon her labors.

We are aware that such an insinuation will awaken a holy horror in the breasts of many who have read the work, and suffered their sympathy to get the better of their judgement—who have so blotted the page with tears shed over the fancied miseries of the hero, that they failed to discover the lurking poison which insinuates itself thro' the entire work.

To such we would say, read Uncle Tom's Cabin again. Note where a professor of religion is introduced, and tell us, if in every instance, except the character be a negro, the christian religion does not suffer from the company into which it has been introduced? Take the character of Mrs. St. Clare for one example.—You turn away in disgust. Well you may.—But this must not deter you from an investigation. Mrs. St. Clare is the representative of one branch of the christian church and by some believed to be the only true church; and she must be heard. Well, how does the christian religion fare at her hands? Is it the religion taught by the Saviour and his disciples? Certainly not. We ask then does not Mrs. Stowe falsify and hold up to ridicule the christian religion, by the introduction of such a character? She is acknowledged follower of Christ, and sole representative of one branch of His church; and so far as this book is concerned, we have no other criterion by which to judge religion as practiced by at least one branch of its followers. On what page of the Age of Reason can the reader point out a more deadly thrust at christianity?

But we may be told by Mrs. Stowe's disciples that we have cited an extreme and isolated case. This we deny; and repeat, that in every instance (negroes excepted) the christian religion is represented, to a greater or less extent, by the introduction of personages who seem to appear only to besmear its holy altars with the impure oblations cast upon them.

Even the representative of the Pilgrims, Miss Ophelia, whom Mrs. Stowe is at so much expense to introduce from Vermont gives in but a shabby testimony in favor of the religion of that once respected, but now rather questionable band who left their own beloved land to sow, as they professed, the seeds of pure christianity in our soil. See how *her* christianity quails before the satire of St. Clare, and sinks into insignificance when placed in juxtaposition with his pure morality. Even in the hands of this, her best representative (always excepting the negroes) religion is but a cloak to hide a few of the greater defects of humanity.

The manner in which many of the hymns are introduced, and metamorphosis into negro ditties, and sung at huskings and other scenes perfectly inharmonious with their solemnity, is little, if anything, short of blasphemy.

We have not the space to point out all the *beauties* of this renowned volume in a single article, and must conclude with a bare reference to a case, or rather two cases of "sudden conversion," in which Mrs. Stowe introduces a kind of theology perfectly in character with the fanatical tone which pervades the entire volume.

It will be recollected that Uncle Tom's master orders two of his slaves to whip Tom to death. These two slaves are represented as cruel, vindictive, and delighting in every species of crime and wickedness. In short, so bad that hell itself would be troubled to produce a counterpart. They, of course, were ready for the work assigned them, and eagerly entered upon the pleasing task of whipping their fellow slave to death! Their work is done—the martyr is breathing his last—with the instruments of torture in their hands, the two demons are gloating over the dying agonies of the victim, who, with his last expiring breath, prayed—"Oh! Lord! give me these two." When suddenly these two wretches are transformed into saints! Was there ever a scene so perfectly ridiculous?

Just a word more, to give the reader an insight into Mrs. Stowe's legal knowledge.

The son of a former master comes to Lagree's plantation for the purpose of buying Tom and taking him back to his family—arrives there just in time to be "in at the death"—looks at Tom's mangled remains—knocks down Legree, who does not resent the assault in the least, but rather seems to enjoy that kind of sport.—The stripling then threatens Legree (who had acknowledged his participation in the murder) with prosecution. At this Legree snaps his fingers in the face of the young man, and tells him to go ahead—he did not fear him, as there were no witnesses but slaves, and they were not permitted to testify against white men. If Mrs. Stowe had omitted the confession and corroborating circumstances, she would have evinced more legal lore, and relieved Lagree of any apprehension of subsequent arrest and punishment.

We can't close this article without charging the reader to remember that Lagree's plantation was surrounded with dead trees which had been killed by *roasting live niggers at their roots!*

The Alleged Mohamedan Negro Slave. A correspondent of the Philapelphia Bulletin, writing from Wilmington, N. Carolina, gives the following account of this singular old man:

I know the old man well, and beg leave to correct a few errors which have crept into the papers concerning him. 'Uncle Monreau (not Moore) or 'the Prince,' as he is called about the town from a vague rumor that he is the son of an African King is the servant of General James Owen who purchased him out of benevolent feeling, from a harsh negro trader many years ago. He is now 86 years of age. He is not a Mohamedan now, but a very sincere and devout Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church. He has no copy of the Koran at present, but a few friends procured for him, after he became a Christian, a copy of the Bible in Arabic, in which he daily reads many chapters, and which he translate with great aptness and force for his visitors. He writes the language yet with much clearness and beauty. He is very reserved upon the subject of his early history, and is singularly averse to the thought of returning to Africa. His manners are quite courtly and graceful, and no one is more respected here than the 'old Mohameden slave.'

A CALIFORNIA FEMALE GAMBLER.—On the evening of the 20th December, a prostitute named Fanny Seymour, alias Smith, on very slight provocation, deliberately shot a stage driver named Albert Putnam through the side, inflicting a dangerous wound. The wounded man is still lying in a very precarious situation.

As a gambler, Fanny was notoriously reckless—sitting whole nights at a faro table, imbibing copious draughts of strong liquor, and betting hundreds of dollars upon the game. This she was abundantly able to do, as her fortune is pronounced by those who have some knowledge of the matter, to have been little, if any, less than a hundred thousand dollars previous to the fire. At the present time, it cannot be less than half that amount. On such occasions, in the earlier history of the State, her belt was garnished with a revolver and bowie-knife, whose threatening aspect was believed to be of no idle or merely braggadocia import; and the result has proven that she knew how to use, as well as to display such weapons.

She is the mother of several children, for whom she has always manifested the liveliest solicitude; and on the night of the tragedy for which she was arrested, enquired eagerly, while in the hands of the police officers, for their safety.—*Sacramento Union, Jan.* 1.

GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., the liberal American Banker in London, more than a year ago offered to subscribe $10,000 towards fitting out a second expedition from the United States, in search of Sir John Frankiln. The project however did not then go into effect and it was only last month that Mr. Peabody was informed of the new expedition fitting out in charge of Dr. Kane, under the auspices of Mr. Grinnell. Replying to a friend who had giving him the information he writes:

"When I made the offer in January last a desire to gratify feelings of international good will and friendship made me anxious that an American expedition should accompany that of Sir Edward Belcher, to assist in the pursuit of an object worthy of the two countries, and honorable to the adventurous men who would volunteer their services, * * * But as Mr. Grinnell says that the prospect of success is as great as it was last year, I shall be happy to be an humble follower of that gentleman in his praiseworthy course; and if it should be thought advisable to send out one or more vessels in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, I fully authorize you to give in my behalf for that object ten thousand dollars."

Old Soldiers.—In the *Hotel des Invalides*, in Paris, there are three thousand two hundred old soldiers, and three hundred officers, the blind, withered, and lame of the grand armies of France. Many of these old braves are fond of reading, and an interesting spectacle is often witnessed in the library-room connected with the institution. There is one old soldier who can read very well, but having lost both his arms, he is unable to hold a book.—There is another who has both his hands, but has lost his eyes. They are often seen together, the blind man holding a book, while the other reads aloud for the benefit of both.

☞"Speaking of speed," said a wag, the other day, "I reckon they travel some on the Hudson River Raildroad. I stepped into the car at Albany, got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at Peekskill, and hit a man at Sing Sing. The telegraph poles looked like a close picket fence, and on going to the end of the train, I found we had a rope-walk and a ten-pin ally in tow, each filled with brick both stuck straight out like the tail of a kite, without touching the track, and were used merely to steady the cars."