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MISCELLANEOUS.

Three Sundays in a Week.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"You hard-hearted, dunder-headed, obstinate, rusty, crusty, fusty, old savage!" said I in fancy one afternoon, to my grand uncle Rumgudgeon—shaking my fist at him in imagination.

Only in imagination. The fact is, some trivial discrepancy, *did* exist, just then, between what I said and what I did and what I had not the courage to say—between what I did and what I had half a mind to do.

The old porpoise, as I opened the drawing room door, was sitting with his feet upon the mantel-piece, making strenuous efforts to accomplish a ditty.

"My *dear* uncle," said I, closing the door gently, and approaching him with the blandest of smiles, "you are always so *very* kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many—so *very* many ways—that—that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure of your full acquiescence.

"Hem!" said he, "good boy! go on!"

"I am sure, my dearest uncle [you confounded old rascal!] that you have no design really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know—ha! ha! ha! how *very* pleasant you are at times."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he, ["curse you!] yes! jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice as—regards the *time—you* know, uncle—in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself, that the wedding shall—shall—come off, you know?"

"Come off, you scoundrel!—what do you mean by that! Better wait till it goes on."

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! hu! hu!—oh, that's good!—oh, that's capital—*such* a wit? But all we want, just *now*, you know uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely."

"Ah? precisely?"

"Yes, uncle—that is, if it would be quite agreeable to yourself."

"Would'nt it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random—some time within a year or so, for example?—*must* I say precisely?"

"*If* you please, uncle—precisely."

"Well, then, Bobby, my boy—you're a fine fellow, are'nt you?—since you *will* have the exact time, I'll—why, I'll oblige you for once."

"Dear uncle!"

"Hush sir!" [drowning my voice]—"I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—and the *plum*, we mus'nt forget the plum—let me see! when shall it be! Well then, you shall be married precisely—*precisely*, now mind—*when three Sunday's come together in a week!* Do you hear me, sir!—*What* are you gaping at! I say, you shall have Kate and her plum when three Sundays come together in a week—but not till then—you young scape grace; not *till* then, if I die for it. You know me—*I'm a man of my word;* now be off!" I rushed from the room in despair. A very 'fine old English gentleman,' was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but unlike him of the song, he had his weak points. He was a little, pursy, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a red nose, a thick scull, a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence. With the best heart in the world, he contrived, through a predominant whim of *contradiction*, to earn for himself, among those who only knew him superficially the character of a curmudgeon. Like many of *tantalization* which might easily, at a casual glance, have been mistaken for malevolence.—To every request, a positive 'No!' was his immediate answer; but in the end; in the long, long end—there were exceedingly few requests which he refused. Against all attacks upon his purse he made the most sturdy defence; but the amount extorted from him, at last, generally, was in direct ratio with the length of the siege and the stubbornness of the resistance. In charity no one gave more liberally or with a worse grace.

For the fine arts, and especially for the belles letters he entertained a profound contempt. With this he had been inspired by Casimir Perier, whose pert little query '*A quoi un poeta est il bon?*' he was in the habit of quoting, with a very droll pronunciation, as the *ne plus ultra* of logical wit. Thus my own inkling for the Muses had excited his entire displeasure. He assured me one day, when I asked him for a new copy of Horace, that the translation of "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" was a nasty poet for nothing fit, a remark which I took in high dudgeon. His repugnance to 'the humanities' had, also, much increased of late, by an accidental bias in favor of what he supposed to be natural science. Somebody had accosted him in the street, mistaking him for no less a personage than Doctor Double L. Dee, the lecturer upon quack physics. This set him off at a tangent; and just at the epoch of this story; for story it is getting to be after all—my grand uncle Rumgudgeon was accessible and pacific only upon points which happened to chime in with the caprioles of the hobby he was riding. For the rest, he laughed with his arms and legs, and his politics were stubborn and easily understood. He thought, with Horsley, that "the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

I have lived with the old gentleman all my life. My parents, in dying, had bequeathed me to him as a rich legacy. I believe the old villian loved me, as his own child; nearly if not quite as well as he loved Kate; but it was a dog's existence that he led me, after all. From my first year until my fifth, he obliged me with very regular floggings. From five to fifteen, he threatened me, hourly, with the House of Correction.—From fifteen to twenty, not a day passed in which he did not promise to cut me off with a shilling. I was a sad dog, it is true; but then it was part of my nature; a point of my faith. In Kate, however, I had a firm friend, and I knew it. She was a good girl, and told me very sweetly that I might have her (plum and all) whenever I could badger my grand uncle Rumgudgeon, into the necessary consent. Poor girl!—she was barely fifteen, and without this consent, her little amount in the funds was not come-at-able until five immeasurable summers had "dragged their slow length along." What then, to do? At fifteen, or even at twenty-one [for I had now passed my fifty olmypiad] five years in prospect are very much the same as five hundred. In vain we besieged the old gentleman with importunities. Here was a *piece de resistance* (as Messieures Ude and Careme would say) which suited his perverse fancy to a T. It would have stirred the indignation of Job himself, to see how much like an old mouser he behaved to us two poor wretched little mice. In his heart he wished for nothing more ardently than our union. He had made up his mind to this all along. In fact he would have given ten thousand pounds from his own pocket (Kate's plum was her own) if he could have invented anything like an excuse for complying with our very natural wishes. But then we had been so imprudent as to broach the subject *ourselves*. Not to oppose it under such circumstances, I sincerely believe was not in his power.

I have said already that he had his weak points: but in speaking of these, I must not be understood as referring to his obstinacy: that was one of his strong points—'*assurement cen' etait pas sa foible.*' When I mention his weakness I have allusion to a *bizzarre* old-womanish superstitution which beset him. He was great in dreams, portents, *it ed genus omne* of rigmarole. He was excessively punctilious, too, upon small points of honor, and, after his own fashion, was a man of his word, beyond doubt. This was, in fact, one of his hobbies. The *spirit* of his vows be made no scruple of settling at naught, but the *latter* was a bond inviolable. How it was this latter peculiarity in his disposition, of which Kate's ingenuity enabled us, one fine day, not long after our interview in the dining room, to take a very unexpected advantage; and having thus, in the fashion of all modern bards and orators, exhausted, in *prole gomena*, all the time at my commands, and nearly all the room at my disposal, I will sum up in a few words what constitutes the whole pith of the story.

It happened then—so the Fates ordered it—that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed, were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence, each in foreign travel. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I, preconcerted, paid uncle Rumgudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the 10th—just three weeks after the memorable decision which had so cruelly defeated our hopes. For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but, at last, we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn:

Capt. Pratt. "Well, I have been absent just one year. Just one year to-day, as I live; let me see! yes!—this is October the 10th. You remember Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called, this day year, to bid you good-bye. And, by the way, it *does* seem something like a coincidence, does it not, that our friend Captain Smitherton, here, has been absent exactly a year also—a year to-day?"

Smitherton. "Yes, just one year to a fraction. You will remember Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Capt. Pratt on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects."

Uncle. "Yes, yes, yes, yes—I remember it very well; very queer, indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed! Just what Doctor Dubble L. Dee would denominate an extraordinary concurrence of events. Doctor Dub—"

Kate. (Interrupting.) "To be sure, papa, it *is* something strange; but Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know."

Uncle. "I don't know any such a thing, you huzzy! How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Dubble L. Dee."

Kate. "Why, papa, Capt. Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Capt. Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope."

Uncle. "Precisely!—the one went east and the other went west, you jade, and they both have gone quite round the world. Bye the bye, Doctor Dubble L. Dee."

Myself. (hurriedly.) "Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us to-morrow, you and Smitherton; you can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist, and—"

Pratt. "Whist, my dear fellow; you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday.—Some other evening—"

Kate. "Oh no, fie!—Robert's not *quite* so bad as that. *To-day's* Sunday."

Uncle. "To be sure; to be sure!"

Pratt. "I beg both your pardons—but I con't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday, because—"

Smitherton, (much surprised.) "What *are* you you all thinking about? War'nt *yesterday* Sunday, I should like to know?

All. "Yesterday, indeed! you are out."

Uncle. "To day's Sunday, I say—don't *I* know?"

Pratt. "Oh, no!—to-morrow's Sunday."

Smitherton. "You are *all* mad; every one of you. I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit upon this chair."

Kate, (jumping up eagerly.) "I see it; I see it all. Papa, this is a judgment upon you, about—about you know what. Let me alone, and I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday: so it was; he is right. Cousin Bobby, and uncle and I, say that to-day is Sunday: so it is; we are right. Captain Pratt maintains that to-morrow will be Sunday: so it will: he is right too. The fact is, we are all right, and thus *three Sundays have come together in a week.*"

Smitherton, (after a pause.) "Bye the bye, Pratt, Kate has us completely.—What fools we are! Mr. Rumgudgeon the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis; revolves; spins round: these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon?"

Uncle. "To be sure; to be sure; Docto Dub—"

Smitherton, (drowning his voice.)—"Well, sir; that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course, I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London, by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding, in the same direction, yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours; another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours; and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day *in advance* of your time. Understand, eh?"

Uncle. "But Dubble L. Dee—"

Smitherton, (speaking very loud.)—"Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west, was twenty-four hours, or one day, *behind* the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday; thus, with you, to-day is Sunday; and thus, with Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are *all right;* for there can be no philosophical reason assigned why the idea of one of us should have preference over that of the other."

Uncle. "My eyes!—well, Kate; well, Bobby!—this *is* a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word; *mark that!* you shall have her, boy (plum and all) when you please. Done up! Three Sundays all in a row! I'll go and take Double L. Dee's opinion upon that."

A STRONG MOVEMENT.—We find a letter from Galveston, under date of the 2d ultimo, in the New Orleans Republican, from which we make the following extract:

"The important event of the day is the arrival of Com. STOCKTON, with his fleet. Two days after he anchored here, Col. LOVE received information from a reliable source from the West, that the Mexican force on the Rio Grande would attempt to occupy and maintain the line of the Nueces at the moment of the completion of annexation. This news he communicated to the Commodore, who advised an immediate occupation of the line by the Texan troops, *offering his co-operation by sea.* The Commodore, accompanied by Col. Love, Col. McKinney, Samuel Williams, and C. A. Wickliffe, late Postmaster General of the United States, will sail to-morrow to obtain intelligence, and will return in a week. In the mean time, Major General Sherman is to visit the Executive and ask his approval and co-operation. Should he refuse, Sherman contends that he is empowered by the general terms of an existing law to act independently of the President, *and he will do so.* He will call three thousand men into immediate service to rendezvous at Corpus Christi, *and the call will be promptly obeyed.* Things here are in a great ferment.

The damage done to the growing crops of wheat and corn, and to various kinds of vegetables and fruits, by the severe frosts on the 28th and 29th ult., proves to be very serious and extensive. In Pennsylvania and Ohio the reports made through the papers are very unfavorable. In Pennsylvania the wheat has suffered but little, while the injury to other branches of vegetation has been great. The Columbus (Ohio) Journal says:

"There is a good deal of consternation in this section of the State, on account of the continued cold weather and drought. There was a hard freeze last night and the night previous. Ice was formed and stood an hour after sunrise, nearly the eighth of an inch in thickness. The corn that had escaped previous frosts was generally blackened to the ground, and vegetables generally are in the same plight. The wheat fields, with here and there an exception, look bad enough. With a majority of our farmers, the prospect of a wheat crop is hopeless. The drouth does not, however, extend over a wide section of country, and the amount of wheat in the country is so great that the price cannot be very high."

THE MAMMOTH OF REPTILES.—In the county of Washington, Alabama, not far from Mobile, the fossil remains of a monster in the animal creation have been discovered by Dr. ALBERT C. KOCH. We find an account of it in Dr. K's words in the Mobile Daily Advertiser; it has been called by him *Zeulodon Sillimanii*, in honor of Professor SILLIMAN of Yale College. Here follows a description of the monster:

"I have succeeded in bringing to light the very nearly complete skeleton of a most colossal and terrible reptile, that may be justly termed the king of the kings of reptiles. Its length is *one hundred and four feet*—the solid portions of the vertebra are from 14 to 18 inches in length, and from 8 to 12 inches in diameter, averaging 75 pounds in weight. Its greatly elongated jaws are armed with not less than forty incisor or cutting teeth, four canine teeth or fangs, and eight molars or grinders. These teeth all fit into each other when the jaws are closed, and it is clear that the animal was of the carnivorous nature. The eyes were evidently large, and were prominently situated in the forehead, giving the animal the power of keeping a constant and vigorous watch for its prey. The body had members attached resembling paddles or fins, which in proportion to the size of the animal were small, and were doubtless intended to propel the body of this enormous creature through the waters of those rivers or seas, which it inhabited or frequented. Each of these paddles or fins is composed of 21 bones, which form in union, seven freely articulating joints. The ribs are of a very peculiar shape, and exceedingly numerous. They are three times the thickness at the lower that they are at the superior extremity."

LOCOFOCO RULE AND GOVERNMENT. The State of Missouri, in her financial affairs, presents a correct and forcible illustration of the effect of Locofoco rule and government. Missouri, for years past, in fact ever since she has been a State, has been entirely under the control and government of Locofoco politicians. Her Governor, a majority of both Houses of the Legislature, and all her ministerial officers have been strict partisans, always working truly and most harmoniously in the party traces.

She came into the Union free from debt, and from that time up to the present day she has not engaged in a single work of internal improvement, or any measure of expense for the development of the resources of her people, or to improve the intercommunication of her citizens. So far as the development of her resources, the improvement of her highways, the opening of facilities for carrying the produce of the country to market or the receiving of supplies are concerned, the people of the State, except where individual enterprise may have accomplished something, are now not one whit better off than they were the day they came into the Union.

During the twenty-five years that Missouri has been a State there has not been, properly, a demand upon the Treasury for any other purpose than for the ordinary administration of the government, the pay of officers, and ordinary expenses. Unlike other States, she has not contracted a debt having for its object the advancement of the interest and welfare of her citizens. All her expenses have been the *pay of Locofoco officers*, or the expenses which Locofoco officers have created. These are facts, and we submit to the people of the State if it is not so. During all this period the people of Missouri have been paying a *high tax*, nearly as high as is paid by the people of any other State, and higher than is paid by the people of many other States. Is not this the fact?—We ask the tax payers.

Well, notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding the Locofocos have had the absolute control of the State Government all the time, the State is now involved in a large State debt, upon which she is bound to pay about seventy-five thousand dollars interest annually. This, of itself, we should say, is paying liberally for the glorious benefits of a Locofoco government. Truly, we must be getting along admirably under this administration, which annually brings us in debt several thousands of dollars; and this merely to pay Locofoco officers and the expense they choose to put the State to.—*Missouri Republican.*

THE CINCINNATI EXPERIMENT.—It will be remembered that some short time ago we chronicled the sailing from Cincinnati of the barque MUSKINGUM, direct for Liverpool, with a cargo of Western produce. We learn by the last steamer that her safe arrival at the latter port has created no little surprise, and is a subject of much remark in the English newspapers. We copy the subjoined brief paragraph from the Liverpool Times of the 20th May:—*Nat. Int.*

"*Arrival Direct from Cincinnati.*—We have received a file of Cincinnati papers brought by the first vessel that ever cleared out at that city for Europe. Her voyage is quite an event in the history of the Western States, and will, we trust, be only the commencement of a long-continued and valuable trade between that part of the American Union and the old country. The building of a vessel of 350 tons on a river seventeen hundred miles from the sea, is itself a very remarkable circumstance, both as a proof of the magnificence of the American rivers and the spirit of the American people. The navigating of such a vessel down the Ohio and Mississippi, and then across the Atlantic, would a few years ago have been thought impossible. She brings a cargo of provisions; and we trust that the success of this first adventure will be such as to encourage its frequent repetition. The name of this vessel is the Muskingum."

The late European steamer brings news of the death of THOMAS HOOD, the well-known and gifted author. He had been ill for many months, and suffered much. He was the son of a bookseller, and was brought up a clerk in a counting-house, until his health forced him to leave. He afterwards learned the business of engraving, but his tendencies towards literature were so strong that he soon left his profession and entered upon a literary life.—*Nat. Int.*

LOCOFOCO CONSISTENCY.—The New York Legislature, have resolved to accept that State's quota of the Land Fund, viz: $84,000. The bill for its acceptance now only needs the approving signature of Gov. Wright.

What will the Governor do, Temporary.—*Cumberland Civilian.*

FROM SOUTH AMERICA—*Rio Grande.*—An arrival at New York brings date from this place to the 10th April, at which time it is stated that accounts were momently expected of the blockade of Buenos Ayres by the combined fleets of England, France, and Brazil—the British Minister having left Rio on the 8th of April by a new steamer, and decisive measures were expected on his arrival. The Montevidean army under Rivera, were pursued into the province of Rio Grande by the Buenos Ayrean forces early in April, and, after a desperate engagement, were completely routed, with severe loss on both sides. The border difficulties were daily increasing. The opinion at Rio Grande was, that war would be inevitable between Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

Rio Janeiro.—A vessel which left Rio Janeiro on the 24th of April reports that President Rivera was routed by General Arquisa on the 27th of March, at India Morte, in a general action. Gen. Rivera was routed by General Arquisa on the 27th of March, at India Morte, in a general action. Gen Rivera escaped with only eight men; the remainder, about fifteen hundred, were driven into Rio Grande, where they laid down their arms before Colonel Vargas, the Brazilian commandant. Among them were some of the most distinguished officers—Silvia, Baez, and others.

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBECK.—The total loss by the great conflagration at Quebec, on Wednesday last, is variously estimated at from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. One account says that between 1500 and 2000 houses were consumed, and about 12,000 persons,—one-third of the population of the city,—rendered houseless and in want of the common necessaries of life. The hospital, to which a number of sick persons were carried, caught from the flakes of fire wafted from the burning district, and was entirely consumed, with some of its inmates. Twelve bodies had been recovered, and it was feared that many more were buried beneath the ruins—perhaps sixty or eighty. Every exertion was making in Montreal to alleviate the distress of the unfortunate sufferers. The Provincial Government sent down £2000 for their immediate necessities; the Catholic Bishop Seminary and Hotel Dieu each forwarded £500, and Lord Metcalfe also sent a donation of $500.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock, as the tow steamer Paul Jones, Captain Thomas Moffitt, on her way from Port Deposite and Havre de Grace to this city (Baltimore) was off North Point, from some cause, yet unknown, the boiler burst, the shock forcing the forward part of the boat from the after part so far as to sink her immediately. We regret to say that four lives were lost, being those of Mr. Parsons, the Engineer, John Gill and Iram Sank, the latter colored, firemen; and a boy, name unknown, who was one of the drivers on the line of the canal, but was on his way to Baltimore in the steamer.

Capt. MOFFIT was badly scalded.—Another colored man, who was in the wheelhouse, was blown several feet into the river, but managed to save his life by swimming. The extent of injury done to the boat has not yet been ascertained.

THE MEXICAN INDEMNITY.—A Washington letter writer states that reliable information has been received at last from Vera Cruz, that the two first instalments of the Mexican indemnity have been paid to agents of the United States, authorized to receive them, and by them embezzled! Six instalments are now due, and yet not a copper has been paid to the claimants. No explanation of the matter has been made by Mr. Shannon, and the information is finally, says the writer, obtained by a gentleman who left New York, in the Anahuac, for Mexico in April last.

The German papers give currency to the statement that M. Liebig, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, has discovered a mineral substance, which, when combined with guano, will produce one of the most fertilizing manures known. It is added that a joint stock company, with a capital of £120,000 sterling, composed for the most part of leading English capitalists, was, immediately on the discovery being made, formed for the purpose of carrying on upon a large scale the manufacture of the new compound. Among the subscribers are, however, several eminent professors of agriculture, who, according to the *Impartial du Rhin*, give out that the application of this substance to the culture of lands will produce an entire revolution in the agricultural system.

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