Geo Catrupp

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There is much beauty in the following stanzas. They are addressed to the memory of a good young man, and they are the breathings of a sympathising heart. It is good for the living thus to mourn the dead—the living see it, and have a hope in their death that they shall not be forgotten. The terrors of the grave are not that 'the worm shall feed sweetly on us'—it is not that we shall 'lie in cold obstruction'—There is in the mind a tenacity of connexion, a powerful attraction of cohesion, that leads it to hope, that death does not seperate it from those its body leaves—it thinks to look up to flowers strown upon the grave, and be solaced by the praises with which wounded affection sweetens grief. We envy not the feelings of the man that hath no desire that when he is dead, the living should praise him, for we regard it as an evidence of moral depravity when the good die, 'and no man layeth it to heart.'

U. S. Gaz.

From the New Eng. and Weekly Review.

TO

THE MEMORY OF J. O. ROCKWELL

The turf is mooth above him; and this rain
Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back
The perishing life of its green-bladed grass
And the crushed flower will lift its head again
Smilingly unto Heaven, as if it kept
No vigil with the dead.

Well---it is meet
That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers
Blow wild about his resting-place.—His mind
Was in itself a flower, but half disclosed--
A bud of blessed promise, which the storm
Visited rudely, and the passer by
Smote down in wantonness.---But we may trust
That it hath found a dwelling, where the sun
Of a more holy clime will visit it,
And the pure dews of mercy will descend,
Through Heaven's own atmosphere upon its head.

His form is now before me, with no trace
Of death in its fine lineaments, and there
Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,
And his free lip is softening with the smile
Which in his eye is kindling, and the veins
Upon his ample forehead, wear the sign
Of healthful energy. And I can feel
The parting pressure of his hand, and hear
His last 'God bless you!'---Strange---that he is there,
Distinct before me like a breathing thing,
Even when I know that he is with the [illegible],
And that the damp earth hides him. I would not
Think of him otherwise---his image lives,
Within my memory as he seemed, before
The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil
And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left
Their traces on his aspect.

Peace to him---
He wrestled nobly with the weariness
And trials of our being---smiling on,
While poison mingled with his springs of life,
And wearing a calm brow, while on his heart
Anguish was resting like a hand of fire---
Until at last the agony of thought
Grew insupportable, and madness came,
Darkly upon him---and the sufferer died.

Nor died he unlamented! To his grave
The beautiful and the gifted shall go up,
Shall murmur in the broken tones of grief---
His own sweet melodies---and if the ear
Of the freed spirit hee leth aught beneath
And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips
It may be joyful to the parted one,
To feel that Earth remembers him in love.

Thoughts beside the corps of a beautiful Child.

Image of rest! how beautiful art thou,
In the fixed quiet of thy marble brow
The brightness of its new inheritance,
All passionless and calm like wintry skies
In their cold vesture of etherial dyes,
When stars look downward from their quiet spheres
Serenely silent, on a world of tears.

This, this is rest. The troubled earth had nought
To vex thy bosom with an anxious thought;
No more the pulses of that tranquil heart,
At passion's thrilling voice shall wildly start—
Its rudest breath awakes no passing fear,
Nor stirs one blossom on thine early bier.

This, this is peace! Earth holds not in its sway,
One charm the heart's deep sorrows to allay;
It binds no fetter on the wayward mind,
When swayed by passions reckless as the wind;
In all its varied wealth of fruit or flower,
It bears no balm to sooth affliction's hour,
No branch to heal the bitter stream that flows
From life's bright morning to its gloomy close,
But what are earth's dark sorrows unto thee?
Thy bonds are riven, and thy soul is free!

Yet would mistaken love have kept thee still
To drain the bitter cup of mortal ill,
This heart stillbleeding from the stroke of Heaven,
Against that awful stroke has vainly striven.
Hands have been clasped in energetic prayer;
Sighs have been mingled with the viewless air,
Tears have been poured before the throne of God,
Yet bows the soul beneath his chastening rod!
His will is done! thou art forever blest!
Oh that this soul could share thy sacred rest!

Still let me gaze upon that placid face,
Where earthly care has left no sullen trace,
Repose so perfect, soothes the bursting heart,
And stills the anguish of affection's smart.
Ay! let me gaze—how strange that death should wear
So bright an aspect: such a holy air;
And shall we dread such blessedness as this?
Such full perfection of ecstatic bliss?
Stay, seraph! for around thy brow
Methinks I view a halo gathering now.
Stay till this rebel heart submissive bends;
And frames an anthem as thy soul ascends,
'Tis done! the cord is loosed that held thee down,
Go, to thy blissful home and thornless crown.

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

From the United Service Journal for April.

SKIRMISHES IN THE BALKAN.

By Captain James E. Alexander, (late 16th Lancers.)

A clear harvest moon rose in silvery radiance over the rugged cliffs which skirted one of the passes of the far famed Balkan, and the scene, though in repose, was one of stern wildness. Gradually as the Queen of Night mounted in the zenith, the gloom which had previously obscured the various features of the hills was dissipated; the broad shadows which were flung across the ravines became narrower, and disclosed the broken ground to where the rills of water were glistening and gurgling over the enamelled stones.

The vegetation was stunted, and it was evident from the forms of the low oak trees and brushwood, that the soil was scanty, and that the biting blasts of a Scythian winter prevailed here with relentness severity: besides, in the end of summer, the cold and damp night air renders these regions peculiarly insalubrious, and causes fevers, which too frequently terminate fatally. No flocks were seen lying in the sheltered nooks, or fires from the shepherd's cottage, and the distant barking of the watchful guardian of the fold, which used continually to be heard on the approach of strange feet, was now silent.

The Turks had long before swept away every living thing that could be of the slightest use to the invaders, and even the dry grass had been set fire to, in order to impede as much as possible their advance, but the Russian horses, like their riders, were accustomed to scanty fare, and chopped furze, with (occasionally) barley, supported a sufficient number for outpost duty. But the patient bullocks, conveying the provisions and warlike stores, continually fell under their loads, and great numbers of them perished miserably. It was painful to witness on the line of march the tortures to which they were subjected, when, worn out with fatigue and hunger, they sunk down on the flinty road. First a shower of blows fell on their projecting bones from stick or thick Tartar whip, accompanied with loud shouts, and a volley of oaths, from their unfeeling drivers; then the tail was twisted nearly off; this torture might produce a slight exertion on the part of the helpless animal, but again with a groan it sunk before its persecutors, and in the end fire would be applied, if it could be conveniently obtained. Many of the carcasses of the over driven bullocks, conspicuous from their white hair, were observed among the rocks near the mountain paths, and the ominous croak of the ravens also indicated where they lay.

The nature of the district we traverse has always a great influence in raising or depressing our spirits. When we first find ourselves on a widely extended plain, we feel animated [illegible] like the Arab, exulting in the desert, we "devour the ground with the glad hoofs of our steed." But, when we see but a short way before us, as among entangled forests and the winding paths among the silent hills, we are awe-struck and melancholy, and though our attention may be continually arrested by the diversified forms under which nature may present herself, yet we pursue our journey watchful and anxious, particularly when we expect to see a lurking enemy in every thicket, the gleam of arms behind every rock, or to hear the sharp music of the whistling bullet. Thus it was, whilst traversing the fastnesses of that mighty chain which extends from the shores of the stormy Euxine to the waters of the Adriatic.

Swiftly walk over the Western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of thy misty Eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which makes the terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

In a hallow way, several dark masses are seen moving with regulated step, and the moon's rays presently strike on the spear heads of a few Cossacks, who, in advance of the others, begin to ascend an acclivity; they move forward cautiously, wrapped in their long grey cloaks; are earnestly praying for daylight, and continually looking to the right and left, "with the beard on the shoulder," to detect the ambuscade. From the infantry, flankers have been sent out to scour the brushwood on the left, and silence reigns over the march, until the increasing chilliness of the air, and the waning light of the Cynthian goddess announce the approach of dawn.

The mountain path became more rugged, and huge masses of rock, which had fallen from the impending heights, seemed to bar further progress. When two of the Cossacks in advance had neared a group of these, they descended below them in order to round them at a safe distance, but they had only time to get a short way down the steep descent, and their horses were slipping under them amongst the loose stones, when several white turbans were seen amongst the rocks, tophaiks were levelled, and half a dozen shots took effect on one of the troopers, and sent him and his steed rolling to the bottom of the precipice; the survivor wheeled round and scrambled back to his companions, who also went to the right about, and shouting, galloped in a confused mass to the head of the column of infantry.

A halt was now ordered, and all the flankers and stragglers fell in. The men spoke in low anxious whispers to one another, crossed themselves, repeating, at the same time, the *Gospodeen Pameel*, "The Lord have mercy on us;" then fixed the skirts of their greatcoats round their waists, and drawing their ramrods, ascertained that the cartridge was "home." The commandant dismounted, and went along the column to observe that every one was in his place, and giving a few directions to the officers, which were answered by the *Sloushaiou*, "I hear you," he returned to the head of the column.

From the chambers of the East, the light was now sufficiently strong to enable the commandant to see the nature of the obstacles in front; and accordingly, a party was sent up the face of the hill to take the enemy in flank, whilst the main body resumed its march to attack in front. When the party on the hill got above the rocks from which the shots had proceeded, they immediately opened their fire upon them, which was answered by a volley and shouts of "Ullah." Several of the Russians fell, and rolled down groaning to the road, and a few Turks dashed out and finished them with their atagans; whilst the rest stoutly maintained themselves behind their natural breastwork, until the head of the Russian column also attacked them in front, when they hastily quitted their post, and holding up their petticoat trowsers with one hand, and their arms in the other they ran up the hill, whilst a body of Delhis, or cavalry, retreated along the road.

A Kaia or leader of the Turkish infantry, followed in rear of his men, distinguished by his imposing turban and richly embroidered scarlet jacket: one of the under officers of the Russians took deliberate aim at him, and brought him down with a ball through his thigh, and then ran at him with his bayonet; the unfortunate Osmahlee was lying on the ground on his back, and, grasping the weapon aimed at his breast, he pushed it from him; the under officer tried in vain to accomplish his purpose, and they were in this situation when a subaltern came up, who knowing that if the Turk was not bayoneted by the under officer, he would be thrust at by the others who were rapidly coming up, (for they were unable to make prisoners, having no means of securing them,) he turned to a soldier, and to put the Kaia out of pain he ordered him to be shot. A musket was accordingly put to his side, and the soul of the true believer winged its way to the abode of the Houris.

The Turks had now altogether disappeared, and the march was continued uninterruptedly till the country became more open, and a scattered Bulgarian village was seen in the midst of a small plain. It was necessary to reconnoitre this, to ascertain if any of the enemy had taken post in it, and the Cossacks were again ordered to the front:—they accordingly pricked on their long tailed and shaggy galloways, and approached the village; the infantry followed, on whose right there was still a good deal of broken ground. Suddenly, amongst the ravines, appeared the high cylindrical black caps of the Delhis, and before the Russians had time to complete their square, a cloud of horsemen was upon them. With reckless and headlong impetuosity, the Turks dashed over the rugged surface, clearing with ease what seemed impracticable obstacles. It was a gallant sight, and one of high excitement. The Russians were in confusion, while on came the Delhis, in their loose and warlike costume; seated high in their peak saddles, and goading on their willing steeds with the angle of their shovel stirrups, & brandishing aloft their scimetars. Their Aga was mounted on a milk-white charger, and loudly encouraged his followers to exterminate the Giaours, and send them to Eblis: they drove at full speed close to the Russians, then suddenly pulled up, and the most forward of them curvetting and lunging their horses, discharged their pistols; then wheeled round to attack the rear of infantry, and succeeding in sabring a few; but by this time the Russian files had closed up, and a volley from the third rank caused some of the Delhis to bite the dust, and the rest took themselves off as rapidly as they had advanced.

At the commencement of the attack of the Delhis, the Cossacks had galloped back to the left flank of the infantry, and after the Turks had disappeared, set to work as usual to plunder the killed and wounded. The girdles were unrolled, and the piastres greedily clutched, whilst a blow from the butt-end of a pistol would silence all resistance, till the spoils were safely deposited in one of the wallets which depended from the Cossack saddle; and though the infantry had borne the brunt of the skirmish, their mounted brethern carried off all the booty.

The column now hastily advanced upon the village, near which by the way-side, a clear fountain gushed from double pipes into a stone trough: The Cossacks with their usual cunning stopped here to water, whilst the infantry attained a long gate way, behind which a few trees rose: Scarcely had the head of the column got within the gate, when a sharp fire was opened upon it, from the verandahs of two or three houses, which staggered the Russians, but the fire was returned, and through the trees several wounded Turks were observed leaning on their tophaiks, and extended on the ground under a low stone wall; presently, the discharge of the Turks slackened, and a few dropping shots only were given, and then entirely ceased; the village was evacuated and the Russians established themselves in it.

The Cossacks again had the best of it; for unrivalled as marauders, they were not long in ferreting out concealed grain and even fowls, by imitating the crowing of cocks. They regaled themselves sumptuously, whilst the infantry were necessitated to content themselves with their black bread and salt. In attempting to draw water from the well in the centre of the village, the bucket, after striking on a soft substance on the bottom, came up empty, and on lowering a lighted stick to ascertain the cause of this, a dead body was seen floating in the water, which had been dropped in by the retreating enemy, and caused the Russians to look elsewhere for the means of alleviating their thirst.

Until the detachment was joined by a division of the army, it occupied the village, the cottages of which were constructed of wattles, the basket-work plastered with mud and the roof thatched with straw; each house was surrounded with a wicker enclosure, so that by cutting down trees and placing them with the branches pointed outward to form abbatis between the intervals of the houses, and barricading the approaches with overturned arubas or wagons, the Turks were prevented from attempting to dislodge their opponents.

During the late contest in the Turkish territory, there were many affairs similiar to the above, and until the Balkin had been fairly passed by the road skirting the Black Sea, the Turks valiantly disputed their ground with the invaders. Though the Tacticoes or disciplined troops labord under great disadvantages, having neither a staff to direct them—a commisariat to maintain them—no field hospitals, yet they frequently made a gallant stand and fired with considerable precision of aim. The greater number of Tacticoes were mere boys, from Asia Minor, and if the Sultan had only given them a smarter uniform, the service would have been more popular than it was. The Turks are vain of their persons, and certainly display great taste in their dress, which consisting of embroidered jacket and vests, ample trousers and silken turban surrounding a red fez or scull cap makes a handsome picture. It is not to be supposed then, that they would relish being stripped of their embroidery and picturesque head gear, and reduced to a plain blue or brown jacket and simple fez, which last caused the Tacticoes to look as if they had just been roused out of sleep, and were walking about in their night caps. The irregulars were allowed to dress as they liked best, and were in a better humor in consequence. For all old soldiers know the importance that aspirants attach to uniform, and a wise leader will be careful to select one which is generally relished.

INTERESTING GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

The account taken from a Rio Janeiro paper, of the course of the Niger (that long vexed question of Geography,) having been finally discovered, will be perused with much interest by a portion of our readers. It will be seen, however, that the information extends only to one branch of that great stream. At what distance, and in what numbers, the other branches disembogue into the Atlantic, remains to be learned. It had been previously conjectured that the Niger, after flowing a great distance east, changed its direction to south, and that the Congo or Zaire, ten degrees south of the Gulf of Benin, was probably the vent of this great collection of African waters. This was the opinion adopted by the late General Harper, in a speech, we believe, on African Colonization. The conjecture, so far as it relates to the change of course in the Niger, is confirmed by the subjoined account.—*Balt. Amer.*

From the Diario of Rio de Janeiro, April 7.

DISCOVERY OF THE COURSE OF THE NIGER.

The English ship Carnarvon which arrived here (Rio de Janeiro,) some days ago, from *Fernando Po*, (an island in the Gulf of Guinea, at the mouth of the river Camerones,) brought us very interesting geographical information respecting that part of Africa. Our readers may remember that in 1825 the English government sent out an expedition under the command pf Captain Clapperton, who was charged with the exploration of the interior of that part of Africa which lies to the north of the Bay of Benin. Scarcely had the expedition left Badagory, when every individual connected with it died, excepting Captain Clapperton, who had the fortune to reach Soccatou, where being attacked by fever accompanied with a violent dysentary and inflamation in the bowels, he met the fate of his companions. Richard Landers, his servant, after having buried him near Soccatou, on the 13th of August, 1827, and having possessed himself of the Journal of Captain Clapperton, besides many other articles, was so fortunate after a fatiguing journey of nine months, to arrive on the coast of Guinea. From thence, by the first opportunity, he returned to England, where he published an account of his travels as an appendix to those of Captain Clapperton. While in England having gained the confidence of the English government he obtained permission to return to Africa; and with his younger brother was intrusted with the prosecution of the discoveries of his late master, and especially, to explore the course of the Niger, which, according to the opinion of Captain Clapperton does not discharge itself into the Lake Barnou, and the deserts of the interior, as was supposed; but which, probably discharges its waters by various branches into the Atlantic Ocean.

The intrepid young men, after having passed seventeen months in their expedition, happily arrived at Fernando Po, from whence they embarked in the above mentioned vessel for this port, (Rio de Janeiro) in order to obtain a passage to England—which they procured from the Admiral of H. B. M. in the Transport William Harris, which sailed from this harbour a few days ago for Portsmouth. According to the information received from these young men, they, with several guides and some slaves, could not penetrate into the interior on the side of the Bay of Bralæ, which is three days journey beyond the city of Boussa, situated on an island in the great River (Quorra Niger,) whose geographical position, according to the former observations of Captain Clapperton, is 10° 14′ north latitude, 3° 50′ east of Paris.

In passing up the River, they had the good fortune to find various articles, in the possession of some African chiefs, that formerly belonged to the celebrated English traveller Mungo Park, namely, books, letters, and a double barrel gun, which things the chiefs had preserved as belonging to magic. The two brothers, by means of considerable presents, obtained some of those articles, which they brought with them. From information which these travellers obtained in the country, it appears that Mungo Park, and his companion Martin, attempted to sail up the Niger, in a canoe, but soon after their embarkation were unfortunately wrecked near Boussa. The negro inhabitants of the bank of this river, who are savage and independent, attacked the unfortunate travellers with arrows and clubs, in order to rob them of their effects and make them prisoners. They defended themselves with great intrepidity during the whole day, but their ammunition failing, and seeing the number of savages increase in proprortion as they were killed, Park and his companion having embraced each other, plunged into the Niger, and immediately disappeared. The Sultan Bello, in Soccato, affirmed to Captain Clapperton, and afterwards to the two Landers, that the inhabitants of Boussa were punished for having attacked M Park because that Heaven had sent amongst them a violent and desolating plague, which destroyed a great population; and also, that from that time forward the whites were better treated by the tribes on the borders of the Quorra.

Richard and John Landers, being obliged to abandon their design of proceeding to Timbuctoo, from which they were scarcely fifteen days journey, for want of presents to bestow, without which there is neither found protection nor assistance from the authorities of the country, they in consequence re-embarked at the place where Mungo Park lost his life, and allowing the current of the river, which runs at the rate of 4 miles an hour, they ascertained that the Niger, before it divides itself into various branches, is ten miles wide.

They then resolved to proceed by one of the most considerable of the branches which flowed rapidly to the west. As they approached the cost they were taken prisoners by the negroes who inhabit the banks of the river, and were again obliged to embark to be conducted to the presence of their king, who lived at a great distance. They were plundered and treated as slaves and were threatened to be sold and sent into the interior. They succeeded, however, after great difficulty, in persuading the chiefs by promises of a great reward, as well for their persons as for the property they still possessed, to send them to the coast of Guinea. Thus, having again embarked, they at length arrived at the Bay of Benin; where the Europeans gave them every assistance they required, and in this manner were redeemed some relics of Mungo Park, together with his interesting journal.

These travellers assured us that the River Nonn, which discharges itself into the Bay of Benin, is the most considerable branch of the Niger; and that the others, like the Calabar, also flows to the ocean.—They also stated that their guides told them that the city of Timbuctoo is not situated on the Niger, but distant from it 11 leagues to the north. They admired the beauty and fertility of the country through which they passed, the extent of which is calculated to be 1800 square miles. The inhabitants of the interior are Mahometans, and are much more tractable and civilized than the negroes who inhabit the coast.

We admire the courage and fortitude of these two young men, and regret that they had not the advantage of a more liberal education. Richard Landers passed his early years at the Cape of Good Hope, and had travelled amongst the Cafres and tribes of the north before he entered into the service of Captain Clapperton, who engaged him on account of his knowledge of some of the African languages.—John Landers his brother, was a compositor in a provincial printing office in England.

We may reasonably conclude, that the British government will send out another expedition to explore and ascertain the truth of those facts which are not sufficiently confirmed, and then new light shall be thrown on the geographical knowlede of that part of the Globe.—Till the present, it has been supposed that the waters of the Niger are discharged into large lakes in the interior of Africa, but, by the present narrative, it appears that they flow into the Atlantic; at least, the streams of its most considerable branches.

Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.—The President and Directors of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company presented their Twelfth General Report on the 16th instant. This document states that nothing has occurred during the past year to alter the favorable expectations entertained of the profit of the canal.—Since it was opened in October, 1829, it has never been impeded for a day, except by ice, and then only when the rivers it communicates with, were closed by the same cause. During the drought of August, September and October last, when operations on many other canals were suspended, the navigation was not interrupted, and vessels of the ordinary draught met with no obstructions. During that season, experience evinced the good effect of the reservoirs provided on the summit level. It is intended, by an alteration in one of the locks, to increase the supply of water in one of the reservoirs on this level. Some improvements have already been made. The gates of the locks have been so altered as to save much water, and expedite lockage. The towing path on the summit-level has been enlarged and strengthened, and the banks of the canal have been sown with grasses, as yet, however, with partial success. By the stoppage of a culvert on the lower level, much marsh land was overflowed; this evil will be effectually prevented in future.

Frauds, it seems, have been attempted on the Company in the tools, by masters and agents of [illegible] a great measure stopped by a strict supervision. Difficulties are still experienced from the bad navigation of Back Creek, and it is hoped that Congress will make some appropriation for improving it.

The advantages to the community, and to Philadelphia in particular, from this canal are said to be very great.

Between Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, and Philadelphia there have been employed during the past year, in the transportation of passengers and merchandise by way of this canal, two lines of steamboats and seven lines of packets. There were made during that time the following number of passages through the canal:—

1239 packets with merchandise
600 vessels with wood, carrying 13,332 cords.
272 do. rafts, and arks, with lumber, carrying 7,118,734 feet
272 do. flour, do. 101,462 barrels.
316 do. flour, do. corn &c. 289,173 bushels.
2738 do. cotton, iron, oysters, fish, whiskey,

and various other articles, making a total of 5280 passages of vessels of different, descriptions through the canal between 1st June 1830, and 1st June 1831.

The increase of this trade is visible in Philadelphia, chiefly on the Delaware.

Notwithstanding the severity of last winter, the tolls are increased 50 per cent. this year amounting to $62,223,15; in the ensuing year they will amount probably to 60,000. The completion of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road, will, it is supposed, materially increase the receipts.

An accident occured on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road this morning, which we mention to prevent the circulation of alarming reports.—The Editor was one of seven persons in a Car propelled by two horses travelling on a wagon with a moving floor—constructed by Mr. Stimpson, which conveyed, besides the two vechicles, ten persons at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles per hour.

On the return home between the Cerrollton Viaduct and the Depot a Cow crossed the Rail Way so near the car which was in front, that it was impracticable to stop it in time to prevent it from running against her—the car was of course overset, and the passengers, were all thrown out; but none, as we believe seriously injured.—The editor received two or three bruises, which he feels happy to say are but slight—two others were more severely hurt, but as already stated, we believe not seriously.

The accident is not imputable to any want of care on the part of Mr. Stimpson, of to any defect in the car—it is such an accident as might have happened to any other moving power and could not have been forseen or guarded against. The unfortunate cow was killed.

The experiment was entirely unconnected with any of the operations of the company.—*Balt. Gaz*

We observe active preparations making in various places, for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence.

Just as our paper was goingto press, we learned that the body of a man supposed to be between 30 and 40 years of age, was found on the beach of lake Eri, about 7 miles up the lake from this place, on Thursday last, which was discovered by a traveller. He had on his feet 2 pair of socks but no shoes—flannel underclothes—blue pantaloons—dark mixed coat and black silk vest. About $200 in foreign gold, and $400 in bills of the U. States Bank were found upon him; also, a small book in the Hebrew language, but nothing by which his name or place of residence could be ascertained.

A corner's inquest was held, and a verdict given that he came to his death by accidental drowning.—*Buffalo Bulletin, June 4.*

In addition to the above, we learn that a pocket pistol, and a few articles of jewelry wre found in the pockets of the deceased; and also, that it is supposed to be the same person who jumped overboard from the steamboat Wm. Penn, on the 2d day of last April, nearly opposite Erie, Pa. on her passage from Detroit to Dunkirk. The description of the coat, vest and pantaloons, on each correspond. His name is entered on the way bill of the Penn, as Davids, and spoke broken English. He left on board of the boat a loaded short fowling piece, a knapsack or wallet, containing a book in the Hebrew language, some articles of course jewelry, and 2 letters adressed to gentleman in Philadelphia, which the captain immediately forwarded.

The property found with the deceased is now in the possession of Wm. A. Carpenter, Esq. coroner, and will be delivered up to any person producing proper authority.

Editors of newspapers, (particularly in Philadelphia) are requested to notice this article as it may possibly be the means of giving important information to the friends of the unfortunate man.

Starving Juries.—We have always considered this requisition of the common law as a barbarious relic of antiquity, which should be scouted from our jurisprudence. What is the value of an opinion extorted from the fainting and exhausted energies of nature. It is a mean, contemptible appeal to a man, to address his mind and conscience through the medium of his stomach, to say nothing of the inhumanity of compelling him, through fear of starvation, to stifle the operations of conscience and act in opposition to his settled convictions of propriety. If a Juror should die from the effects of hunger, what cognizance should be taken of the judicial murder? If a jailor should starve a fellon under sentence of death, he would be hung for it, but it seems there is no harm in starving a Juror.—Judges frequently hesitate in the formation of their opinion for weeks; but whoever heard of a proposal to imprision or starve a Judge until he decided a cause. Judges too, where the Courts are so constituted, are allowed to differ, and the majority governs—but jurymen are not permitted to differ or hesitate. It is high time a regulation, so absurd in principle and cruel in practice, should be done away.—*Raleigh Register.*

The Perthshire Courier speaks of expensive preparations for emigrations from the Western islands to America, and adds:—"It is but justice to say that some of the proprietors are assisting their tenantry to take themselves and their families across the Atlantic.—From the reduction of duty on barilla, and other causes, kelp manufacture, which enabled the small tenants in those districts to pay their rents and support their families, must now, in a great measure, be discontinued, and the only way to get rid of the redundant population is by the safety valve of emigration. The difficulty and trouble with which these poor people effect their own transportation may not be unworthy of noticing. The circulation of money is very limited among them, and their whole property may be said to consist of a few black cattle and small horses, all of which are made over to the emigrant's agent at his own price, and which he sends to the south markets at his own risk—the roofs of their own huts, their boats, in short, every thing they have, must be converted into money by him, before the necessary sum for defraying the freight can be realized. The last summer being very cold and wet rendered the crop less productive, particularly the potato crop, which is the principal support of the lower classes, not only in the islands, but throughout the western Highlands. The low price of black cattle last harvest induced many of the small tenants to keep an overstock anticipating better times. The winter being unusually severe in those districts, their provender ran short, and in order to save their property they shared their own provisions with their Kyloes, which rendered in many instances families quite destitute; and by the time the seed is in the ground it is feared that scarcity may be general. It is hoped the proprietors, as usual, will send sufficient supplies to their tenantry. We understand that, particularly in the island of Bana, they are in a most distressing state. Hundreds of the people with their horses and creels may be seen upon the sands, at low water, every spring tide, collecting cockles and other shell fish, some of which are carried on horseback nearly ten miles, and which along with a scanty supply of milk, sometimes from a starving ewe, constitutes the main support of many families."

An active business is commencing in Fayetteville, N. C. repairing as far as practicable the loss sustained by the recent destructive fire. Some framed houses have been removed in, ready built. Mechanics generally are wanted. The papers acknowledge the the benevolent acts of neighboring communities, which are beginning to be felt already.

Parisian Society.—The tone of society in Paris is very far from John Bullish. They do not ask what a man is worth, or whether his father is the owner of a tin mine or a borough—but what has he to say, whether is he amiable or *spirituel*. In that case (unless a marriage is on the *tapis*) no one inquires whether his account at his banker's is high or low; or whether he has come in his carriage or on foot. An English soldier of fortune, or a great traveller, is listened to with some attention as a marked character; while a booby Lord is no more regarded than his own footman in livery. The blank after a man's name is expected to be filled up with talent or adventures, or he passes for what he really is—a cypher.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Yesterday evening the sail boat General Jackson, with ten young men and boys on board, was struck with a flaw of wind, about two miles below Fort Mc Henry and capsized—two boys were drowned.—*Balt. Republican.*

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