D. W. Walker

59

Farmers' Gazette.

"Our object is, to admonish, not to sting; to improve, not to wound; to correct the errors of men, not to obstruct them in their career."

WHOLE NUMBER—117. CHERAW, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JANUARY 28, 1845. NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. NO. 47.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

To-whit! To-whit! To-whee?
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the little nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did'nt take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

To-whit, To-whit, To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb tree to day?

Not I, said the dog, Bow wow,
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, Bow wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb-tree to day?

Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too,
Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow breast?

Not I, said the sheep; oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa baa! said the sheep, oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb-tree to-day?

Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow breast?

Caw! Caw! cried the crow,
I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did'nt like to tell his name.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but as the traveller passes by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the Empire of the West. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel, in the cool shadow of this palm tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many a Briton has forgotten them; and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylæ, or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon; nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone: she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—the Turk!

* * * * *

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line, besides frigates and gunboats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood, in the Zealous, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph hurst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie along-side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisible to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast head. The delay thus caused to the Zealous, gave the Foloy the lead, who [illegible] the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern, along side the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a seabird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a dedile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The Bellerophon, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic Orient, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During the dreao pause that followed the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft, to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds, and the far off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for an eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and at the same moment his crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery.

* * Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay, the tricolor was flying on board the Tonnant alone. As the Theseus approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked, and the navy of France was annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

ABOUT CASHMERE SHAWLS.

We find in the Boston Transcript, a very lady like article from the editress upon this important and interesting topic. She says that, "these magnificent and graceful articles of oriental manufacture, in the exquisite perfection of their costly fabric, are not much worn in our country, owing to their heavy price, though we occasionally see the figure of a wealthy woman enveloped in a soft and delicate shawl that may possibly have been a whole year in a loom in Cashmere, and bought with a price that might pay the total annual expenses of a small family."

The work of Mr. Elphinstone, upon Cabul and Cashmere, Miss Walter goes on to say, "gives a curious account of the manufacture of the Indian shawls, in which he states that a shop may be occupied with one shawl, provided it be a remarkably fine one, above a year; while other shops make six or eight during that period.

Of the best and most worked kinds not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in one day by three people, which is the number employed in most of the shops. Shawls containing much work are made in separate pieces, in different shops, and it may be observed that it rarely happens that the pieces when completed correspond in size. Main shawls are woven with a heavy wooden shuttle; the figured ones are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each color, and no shuttle is required. The wages of the head workmen are from about nine pence to a shilling per day; that of the common workmen from two pence to sixpence. The number of shawls made annually, in Cashmere, is estimated at eighty thousand. The trade, however, was formerly much more extensive.

The exquisite wool from which these shawls are woven is procured from a sheep or goat which abounds in the interior of the Himmaleyan mountains, and which another writer of India (Mr. [illegible]) relates as having seen in a very cold region in Thibet, where he skated, and where the ice formed on his whiskers, notwithstanding large fires were kept up in the tent all night. "They were feeding (he says) in large flocks on the dry herbage that covers these naked, looking hills. This is the most beautiful species among the whole tribe of goats; more so than the Angola kinds. Their colors are various; black, white, of a faint bluish tinge, and of a shade something lighter than fawn. They have straight horns, and are of a lower stature than the lowest sheep in England."

MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.—Prof. Morse has transmitted to Congress a very interesting report on extension of his Telegraph throughout the Union so as to embrace Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston and Richmond. The expense would be $461 a mile, that is about $1,400,000 for the whole system.—He calculates that the income would be at least $600,000 per annum, to the government, and that the system will support itself.

In transmitting intelligence, the great advantage of the magnetic telegraph over steamboats or locomotives, or in fact of any kind of telegraph ever before used, is that "it is at all times available, at every hour of the day or night, *irrespective of weather.*"

Of late there have been some improvements in the telegraph itself, which commend it to still higher favor. Now its power is so far increased as to transmit thirty signs; and even thirty-five have been transmitted. Instead of the wires, the water is now made the conductor in crossing rivers or bays, with one condition that the wires which dip into the river or bay, must be as far apart as three times the width of the river.

The rates of Postage that Prfessor Morse proposes to che[illegible] It is one cent per sign for the first 100 miles and one half cent for every additional 100 miles—so as to transmit an order from New York to New Orleans, for cotton, &c.—acknowledging the receipt of a previous letter—the postage to be paid to the telegraph would be $2 80. The information can be transmitted in *three minutes*, which by the mail takes *three weeks* to accomplish. Prof. Morse thinks that the merchants would find it cheapest to pay liberally for such lightning-like rapidity. The saving of time in extended mercantile transactions has become a special desideratum.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

There is but little doubt that the United States are destined ultimately to command all the trade in the Indian and China seas. The supply of cotton in the United States, including Texas, is far beyond what the wants of Europe require.—The wants of China are, however, such as will absorb almost a limitless quantity. The cotton goods manufactured in the United States already supercede those of all other countries in those markets, and American lead has entirely supplanted the English. The English government hope, by commanding the exclusive route to China over Egypt, by way of the Nile and the Isthmus of Suez, (to effect which, a negotiation is now pending between that power and the Pacha,) to obtain news several weeks earlier that it can be had in in the United States; an advantage which will give her merchants control of the markets. The diplomacy may succeed temporarily in this, but the march of events will ultimately give the United States the mastery. Her population is pushing, with a vigorous, rapid, and unceasing march, along a line 1,200 miles in extent, westward, towards the shores of the Pacific. The occupation of the vast territory known as the Oregon, is already going forward; and twenty years will not have elapsed, before a powerful state will have sprung up on the shores of the Pacific. The great tract of the Oregon is drained by the Columbia river and the San Francisco, which debouch upon the ocean at a point six days, by steam, distant from the Sandwich Islands—a group the independence of which is guarantied; whose population is 100,000, mostly American; the surface, 8,000 square miles; of a soil the most fruitful, and a climate unsurpassed in salubrity. These islands are situated in the middle of the Pacific, on the great highway from Oregon to China. The great whale fishery of these regions is conducted mostly by Americans, numbering 200 vessels, whose annual product is about $5,000,000. This fleet, in the summer months, cruise between the islands and the coast of Japan, for sperm whale, and carry on a large trade in furs, &c., which are now sold in China, and the proceeds, in tea, sent home to the United States. The whole of this vast trade, and that of China, via the Sandwich islands, will be commanded by the State of Oregon. Those persons are now living who will see a rail road connecting New York with the Pacific, and a steam communication from Oregon to China. For the last three centuries, the civilized world has been rolling westward; and Americans of the present age will complete the circle, and open a *western* steam route with the *east*.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—There is in existence somewhere in France, a certain Chateau de C——, which is as full of traps, secret doors, metamorphoses, &c., as the machinery of a Christmas pantomine. The chief and most excellent things of all, however, are two chambers situate apparently at the extremity of two different corridors, but really contiguous. Into these two separate chambers are shown a lady and a gentleman, who forthwith comfortably ensconce themselves in bed, and go to sleep. Then commences the fun. The beds in each chamber are attached to the wall, which wall, on the movement of a spring, turns itself gradually round, so that at length the bed containing the lady is placed in the gentleman's chamber, and the gentleman's bed in the lady's chamber. On waking up in the morning, the extreme horror of the lady on seeing near her bed a pair of boots—real Wellington's—a coat, a waiscoat; in fact all the articles of a man's toilette! A man in her chamber—oh, heave! she is ruined, undone, lost forever! And not a single thing that she can put on—not one; all that she sees is the costume of a man.—Embarrassing and horrible situation! As to the gentleman, he rubs his eyes. "Ah! a lady's dress! a cap! Mon Dieu! A *corse!* Oh! what a happy dog am I to be visited thus by some fascinating angel in the guise of a woman! But *who* is the fair one—who is the charmer—who is the adorable creature?" And so ruminating, Monsieur turns out of bed; but alack! he has nothing with which he can dress himself—every thing has vanished. What is to be done? He can't quit his chamber in the scanty costume in which he passed the night—he can't ring for the domestics for fear he should compromise the lovely creature who has forgotten her robe, he slippers, her *corset*, her entire *toilette*. And so Monsieur in one chamber, and Madame in the other, are left to torment themselves in the utmost perplexity until those in the secret are tired of laughing, and then the poor devils are released, and all is set right.

DEAN SWIFT.—Mr. Grattan's abode is celebrated as having been the residence of the political writer, Swift, author of Gulliver, the Boileau of Great Britain. I was lodged in the "ghost's chamber." On my appearing surprised at the name, the following story was related to me:

"A young and pretty Irishwoman, called Vanessa, became passionately enamored of Swift: the Abbey of Celbridge was her property. Swift frequently visited her there, and every time that he entered her beautiful gardens, which were watered by a delightful stream, Vanessa planted a laurel there; the laurels have now grown into an immense wood. Vanessa thought herself beloved. One day, Swift arrived at Celbridge; he was as joyous, amiable and tender as usual; nevertheless, on quitting his mistress at the close of the day, he bade her adieu in an accustomed tone. Love is easily alarmed; the gentle Irishwoman had presentiment of some approaching calamity. She perceived a letter addressed to her lying on a table; Swift had left it there as he departed. She seized it eagerly, and read these words:—"I have forsaken you—I have bidden you a last farewell; we shall see each other no more." Vanessa sank in a swoon, and a few days afterwards her mortal remains were laid beneath the cold turf of the grave.

Swift purchased the Abbey of Celbridge. It is not said whether he did this with the intention of there lamenting his victim; nor is his cruelty towards her explained; all we know is that a new love took possession of him, and that Stella was its object. Swift held marriage in abhorrence; but as Stella, far from sharing his ideas on this point, resisted his guilty passion, he found himself obliged, in order to attain the happiness he coveted, to conduct her to the altar; the only condition he imposed was that their union should remain a secret. Stella took up her abode at Celbridge: but, as she passed only for Swift's mistress, and was consequently stigmatized by public opinion, her life was far from happy. One night, it is said, Vanessa appeared to her in the very chamber where she had received Swift's fatal adieu. What the object of her visit was, is not known. From that time, a change came over Stella's lovely features; a gloomy despair took possession of her, her brow grew pale, her cheeks hollow; her grace, her spirits, her youth, all vanished by degrees.

"What is the matter with you?" Swift asked her anxiously.

"I shall die soon," she answered, in a trembling voice, "if you do not openly declare our marriage."

Swift left her without a reply.

The disease made rapid progress. Stella felt with joy that the close of her sufferings was at hand. Returning after a short absence, Swift found her on her knees in her chamber; she resembled a spectre.

"Oh!" cried he, seized with alarm, "I will avow the marriage!"

"It is too late," answered Stella, with a melancholy smile.

She expired on the following day.

Heaven avenged the two victims. Swift had built a hospital for lunatics in Dublin; he himself went mad, and was confined there. His name is not the less immortal: the man has disappeared in the writer.—*Viscomte d'Arlincourt.*

INTERVIEW WITH O'CONNELL.—O'Connell welcomed me with gracious courtesy, and made me sit on the sofa beside him. I had th us an opportunity of regarding him at my leisure.

O'Connell is tall* and strongly built; one would suppose him to be a wrestler of the olden time. His eye is animated and intelligent, his voice is keen and sonorous. He expresses himself elegantly and quietly, and with convincing sincerity and earnestness. His measures are often dignified, and though there is a certain vulgarity in his physiognomy, yet his deportment is majestic. He possesses, moreover, all the good qualities and all the defects necessary for a popular orator, being by turns rough and smooth, energetic and yielding, courteous and abrupt.

Our conversation was extremely animated; he spoke of the Queen with profound respect, and of her government with bitter scorn.

"Wellington," said he to me, "was born six miles from Tara, and this Irishman thinks only how he can most injure Ireland; he will not succeed, I hope. Besides, he has solved a problem for me; he has proved that without actions and real merit, without superior talent, one may become a great man entirely by accident and chance. It was at the very moment when he was about to fly from Waterloo, that he found himself suddenly victorious; and he was the last who expected it."

I was anxious to speak to O'Connell of the dangers of rebellion, and of the risks they themselves ran who opened to others the career of revolt.

"I, like you, hate sedition," he answered; "but oppression is also odious to me. I do not labor to overthrow, but to be free. I shall triumph by the force of principle, by the irresistible progress of human thought; by the breath of civilization which confers a new existence on mankind, and by the support of a God of justice."

"You may be attacked—persecuted."

"Persecutions! let them come. They will increase my power."

"But if the sword quit the sheath? If the axe menace your heads?"

"Oh, then, I have but to say one word, and on the following day I shall have under my banner an army of five hundred thousand men, nay, a million if necessary."

"How would you arm your troops?"

"Nothing easier! They would take the enemy's muskets and cannon from him. The enemy himself would pass over to their colours with their arms and baggage. I should still conquer without fighting."

O'Connell spoke with persuasive eloquence. This old man, who is said to be near his 75th year, retains in his features and thoughts all the energy of a more vigorous age.

"You are a poet?" he resumed. Here are some lines I composed yesterday, before the meeting of Tara."

He read me the following stanzas:

Oh Erin! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That gleam of bliss is all I crave
Between my labours and my grave.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.
for the County of Cork.

Tara Hall, County Meath,
14th of August, 1843: the Repeal Year.

"I should much like to have those lines," said I to the orator poet.

"I will give you them in my own handwriting," he replied, with a smile.

And he copied them for me immediately, heading them with these words:

"*Written for the Viscomte d'Arlincourt.*"

* It has been affirmed in writing, that O'Connell's head, next to that of Napoleon, is the b[illegible] [illegible] and largest that h[illegible]

From the Winyah Observer.

NAVAL STORES—TIMBER, &c. &c.—For several weeks past we have been receiving letters making inquiry as to the quantity and quality of timber that can be disposed of in this market with certainty. The same inquiry has been made as to tar and turpentine, the quantity that can be sold, the size of barrels—also as to Staves, suitable for shipping.

In reply to the first inquiry as to timber. The logs should be square and as large and long as they can be procured. None should be shorter than 20 feet, and from that length to 50 feet. If the timber is ranging, that is, if it be hewed to square as the tree lessens in size from the stump, it will be measured in the centre of the stick, and be calculated at what it will square. The best timber and that which commands the highest price, is of the same size the entire length of the stick. This is used generally for shipping, or for sawing. There is but one saw mill going up in this place, and the demand here is nothing to compare with the supply which the country can supply by the various tributary streams. The company are making engagements freely at 5 cents per cubic foot of 144 inches—$5 per 100—but we are of opinion that this price cannot continue except for the best logs. The Waccamaw mills purchase freely at these rates—and the demand here will always be good for shipping of the better description.

Turpentine barrels should weigh 328 lbs. and a stave 29 inches long and a head 19 to 20 inches will give this weight. *Tar* barrel staves should be 27 inches long and a head 19 to 20 inches.

Red Oak Hd'd. Staves should be 42 inches long—3 quarters of an inch thick and 4 inches wide—such are now worth $8 to $9 per M. and *white oak* a fourth more—and if dressed from $14 to $20 per M.

Tar barrels should hold 32 gallons and turpentine 33 gallons.

F. H. ELMORE.—The probabilities that our distinguished fellow-citizen, F. H. Elmore, will be called to preside over the Treasury Department, gain fresh strength from rumor. The President elect is certainly indebted to Mr. Elmore for an unwavering attachment and consistent support.—When Mr. Polk was speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, Mr. E. sustained him under the most trying circumstances,—risking his own popularity in his behalf. It was he who moved a vote of thanks, at the close of the session, for Mr. Polk; and although it failed in receiving the unanimous support of the members, as had been customary, yet the temporary unpopularity of the Speaker did not diminish the devotion and zeal of his friend, as is evidenced in the fact that Mr. Polk was afterwards principally indebted to Mr. E. for his nomination to the Presidency. Mr. Elmore, we think, would fill the situation spoken of, with honor to himself, and advantage to the Government. He has had several year's experience in the management of the finances of South Carolina, as President of the Bank of the State, and we are confident that the appointment of Treasurer of the U. States, while it would enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, would not exceed his capacity. He is a gentleman of unblemished integrity, excellent acquirements, great political knowledge, untiring industry and most amiable disposition. Indeed, in regard to the latter quality, we do not know a person in public life possessing his amenity of temper and freedom from political animosities. Although there are, no doubt many who do not approve of his political principles, (and we ourselves are among the number,) yet we have never heard the first expression exhibiting any asperity of feeling connected with that disapprobation; and he enjoys in a high decree the confidence and esteem of all parties and classes in his native State.—*Columbia Chronicle.*

THE TROUBLE AT THE EPISCOPAL SEMINARY.—We announced, some days ago, that an investigation was proceeding at the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, in this city, into certain alleged heretical opinions existing to some extent, not among the faculty, but among the pupils of that institution. It was at first proposed that the enquiry should be conducted by the Board of Bishops, lately in session here. But, inasmuch as the charges did not effect the Professors in the least, (they having been cleared of a similar suspicion by an investigation which took place in October last,) the enquiry was committed to the faculty, as their peculiar province.

Accordingly, on the 7th instant, there was an examination of this kind commenced, in the chapel of the College, Professor Ogilby presenting the charges, and offering witnesses to sustain them. These were, in brief, that the students named held views of a decidedly Romish character; and Henry McVickar, (son of the distinguished Professor of Columbia College,) and a Mr. W[illegible] were arraigned on this accusation. But other being named, in the same way, it was resolved to dispense with a formal trial of either, but to subject every student to a rigid personal examination on these points. This was done.

Four persons belonging to the Seminary students, were found guilty of holding heretical opinions. Of these, Mr. McVickar was [illegible] with a reprimand from the faculty, he being least reprehensible. Mr. Watson [illegible] Mr. Donally, of this diocess, [illegible] the Seminary, and the s[illegible] the fourth found guilty, is temporarily [illegible] And there, for the present, the m[illegible] Y. *Express.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. RUSH.—[illegible] young man he had been [illegible] Robert Morris, Esq., a[illegible] part he took in the American [illegible] happened that the company had w[illegible] for Mr. Morris, who on his app[illegible] for detaining them, by saying [illegible] engaged in reading a sermon [illegible] had just gone to England to [illegible]

"Well, Mr. [illegible] you like the sermon [illegible] extolled."

"Why, Doctor [illegible] all. It's too [illegible]

"Mr. Morris [illegible] a sermon do [illegible]

"I like, s[illegible] preaching which [illegible] a pew, and make [illegible] him."

RAILWAY [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] the capital [illegible] the close of [illegible] 000; and [illegible] increased, [illegible] placed in s[illegible] of £52,267 [illegible]

A Lond[illegible] been placed [illegible] Regent street, [illegible] square feet, its [illegible] by 7 feet 7 inches [illegible] as to be generally u[illegible] in the world.

But four of the ten [illegible] States had sons. Pres[illegible] President Burnet, Lamar, a[illegible] Anson Jones—none of them [illegible] singular circumstance.

The London Times says tha[illegible] life has neither "been useful [illegible] The Columbian Register thinks, [illegible] Times will admit it is "illustrated with [illegible] at New Orleans.

THE TARIFF IN PENNSYLVANIA [illegible] resolutions instructing the Senators [illegible] the Representatives of this State to [illegible] oppose any reduction of the present [illegible] passed the House of Representatives by [illegible] mous vote—yeas 99, nays none.—[illegible]

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—During [illegible] McClain, at the last term of the [illegible] the driver of the prison van accidentally [illegible] five dollar gold piece in the Court [illegible] charged a man with picking it up, and [illegible] individual denying any knowledge of it, [illegible] him arrested and bound over before the R[illegible] for larceny. Yesterday the accused [illegible] man of property, in Southwark—stood his tri[illegible] and was acquitted. Immediately after the rendition of the verdict, an officer of the City P[illegible] came into Court, and stated, that on the day [illegible] money was lost, he went into the Court room [illegible] give a prisoner in the dock an apple, saw the [illegible] lying on the floor, and picked it up. The [illegible] of the van was not near him at the time, and [illegible] nothing to him. Yet the owner of the m[illegible] on the trial, swore positively that he saw the accused pick it up.—*Phila. American.*

The population of the State of Miss[illegible] in 1844, was 510,455, being an increase of n[illegible]ly 33 per cent on the census of 1840, which [illegible] 383,702. The population of the city and county of St. Louis has increased 11,689, since 18[illegible] the inhabitants numbering 47,688 in 1844.

Since the 1st of January, [illegible]4, no less than 159 married women in Fran[illegible] have been legally charged with assassinating [illegible] sinate their husbands. W[illegible] crime, and what a sad co[illegible] of France. If this statement [illegible] official document, we sho[illegible] [illegible] of the morals [illegible] an [illegible]

A very valuable gold mine has re[illegible] discovered in Franklin [illegible]nty, Virginia.