

# THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME 14

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1853.

NUMBER 37

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Five Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. **ADVERTISEMENTS** will be inserted at the following rates: For one Square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square; semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

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## Miscellaneous.

### WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

BY ELIHU DEWITT.

I see you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transported from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Do not smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, sullen automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye into a vast whirlpool of whizzing shreds, and laid at my feet in folds of snow white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I came away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the machinery going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the array of human beings gliding with the velocity of wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle in their stables travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour, towards the city slaughter house. It was wonderful. The little busy be-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggravation of horse power. And I went back to the forge with an unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado I stepped in, and there in a corner of a room, I saw the chef d'oeuvre of the machinery that ever has been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese-press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer, stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to uplift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a careless turban of brown paper on his head.

"A printing press? what do you print?" I asked.

"Print!" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, "why we print thoughts."

"Print thoughts?" I slowly repeated after him, and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration; he in the absence of an idea, and I in the pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead, from a pathetic motion of his hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning.

"Why yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if wasting an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeited, for all he could stow on the spot, "we print thoughts to be sure."

"But, my boy," I asked in honest sobriety, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?"

"Thoughts are what come out of people's minds," he replied.

"Get hold of them, indeed?" Why minds ain't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh any thing. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind is gone out of him, as he did before. No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce Troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I then asked. "If minds are thin air, and thoughts are thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and move like the winds, any where in a moment; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth, and in the water under the earth; how can you get hold of them; how can you see them when they are caught, and show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, "Thoughts work and talk in things that make tracks; and we make them tracks, and stamp them on paper or iron, wood or stone, or what not. That is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatingly at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eyes to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued, impressively, as if involving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to his proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type case, with his eye fixed admiringly on us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his hand a score or two of metal slips, "and by the aid of these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever did go out of the heart of a human man, and print it too," giving the inked form a stroke of triumph with his fist—"and print it too, if you give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around as by a coverlet of thoughts, as much like the pattern as a couple of peas."

Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every syllable, and the stout pressman looked first at him and then at the press, in evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind lay there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "indeed the earth is brimfull of live-bright, industrious thoughts, that might have been as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me, that have run the ink-rollers. Immortality indeed! The people's minds," he continued, his imagination climbing into the profane sublime—"people's minds wouldn't be immortal if it wasn't for the printers; at any rate in this planetary burying ground. We are the claps that manufacture immortality for dead men," he submitted, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apostrophe.

"Give us one good, healthy mind," returned Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will keep him alive forever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pepper. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of the greatest reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind."

"Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

**STANDING AT CHURCH DOORS.**—It is a common practice, when a congregation is dismissed, to see a line of young gentlemen, ranged along the curb stone, staring impudently at every female that comes out, and often indulging in impertinent remarks that cannot be heard by those who are the subject of them. Very rarely there may be found among the mob of dandies and dunces, a husband, a father, or brother, whom unavoidable circumstances had prevented attending church, and who is waiting to accompany a wife, daughter, or sister home.

Such, of course, we do not censure. But as scarcely one in ten belong to this class; as they form, in fact, the exception to the rule, we shall speak of those who indulge in this custom without reference to such. It is the apple-headed lads, with high shirt collars and canes, averaging about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who form the great mass of these impudent spectators, that we would hold up to public reprobation. Where are the fathers of these young dandies? Where is the wholesome rod which Solomon recommended?—Where is the police!

Only a refined female knows how annoying it is to run the gauntlet of these immature boys. Nor do they spare anybody. The matron is just as much at their mercy as the maiden; the plain face as subject to remark as the beautiful one; the poorly-dressed as open to impertinence as the most richly attired. One female meets a sneer as she passes, because she does not happen to please the fancy of some young fool, while the cheeks of another are made to tingle by his loud and insolent admiration. Even where the lady escapes without verbal insult, she is stared out of countenance, and has no resource, except to drop her veil, hurry on, and escape into a more respectful atmosphere as fast as possible.

**BENEVOLENCE AND HAPPINESS.**—A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature, that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of doing good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless in the world. Give a man what you please, surround him with all the means of gratification, and yet let the conviction come home to him clear and irresistible, that there is not a being in God's universe a whit the better or happier for his existence; let him feel that he is thus a blot upon, because a blank in, the universe, and a universe will not furnish a more unhappy being.—Herein lies the solution of that to many, inexplicable fact, that the schemes of mere selfishness, however wisely laid, however energetically and successfully prosecuted, never add to the joys, but always to the pains of those who originate and engage in them. It is not so with a man of opposite characteristics. Take from him what you please, and you do not take from him the elements of his joy; if you leave him the conviction that in any way he is useful. If you contract the circle, and diminish the sphere of his influence, you detract from his joy only as you detract from his means of doing good. And as we cannot conceive of a more wretched being than one who feels himself to be the slave of an uncontrolled selfishness, so we cannot conceive of a happier being than a man of truly benevolent heart, whose wishes describe the circle and bound the sphere of his influence, and whose means are ample to give those wishes a full expression.—*Mason.*

Remember, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and stigmatize him as "small," that by-and-by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give.

Avareice is the fallen angel that waits upon the soul of man, existing upon his misery, and dying in the presence of charity.

## A RIDE WITH A MADMAN. A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

In the month of August, 18—, it was incumbent upon me to take a journey to a town at some distance from my own residence. The time being no object with me, and the country through which my route lay very beautiful, I was resolved to take it in what was to me the most enjoyable way; but after diligent inquiry for any thing in the shape of a stage, I found that the mail coach had ceased running the week before; so that "the rail" was my only chance of getting to the place of my destination. Whereupon I made a virtue of necessity—submitting, though with the worst grace in the world; for my habitually dislike to this mode of travelling was increased by one of those unaccountable fits of reluctance to taking a journey which sometimes seizes one, and which is usually set down to the score of nervousness. So I tried to explain mine; which, as the time drew near, rose to a complete dread of it, to my no small annoyance, for I had a contempt for omnibus and presentiments; and zealously, but vainly, I tried to pooh! pooh! myself out of it.

The morning broke, dull, wet, oppressive, with apparently half a score of thunder storms in reserve for my especial use; at six o'clock I jumped up from an uneasy dream, in which I was struggling with some nondescript wild beast, to find I had only half an hour left to make my toilet and get to the station. Of course, everything went wrong; strings slipped into knots—buttons flew. Never was there such confusion. I could not be quick, I was in such a hurry. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea, (part of which, to crown my mischaps, went the wrong way.) I ran to the station. I reached it; found the time had been altered; got my ticket; and sprang into a carriage, which tempted me as containing only one occupant; and the huge mass slowly took its toilsome way from under, across a sloping, of glazed roof, and speedily left it behind.

The rain ceased as we got into the open country; a fine breeze sprang up, which blew away my fidgets, and I began internally to laugh at myself for having been such a fool—not forgetting to congratulate my better self on its having triumphed over the nervous fears that had bet me. It really became almost pleasant. It was a mail-train, so that I was secure from the plague of frequent stoppages, and their consequent fresh starts. There was an exhilarating atmosphere—the dark clouds that had spoken of thunder when I rose, now betraying no such ostentatious intentions, but quietly taking themselves off as fast as they could. The weight on my spirits was removed—yes, I began to be susceptible of a modified sort of enjoyment, and in the quietude of my heart I told my fellow-traveller that it was a fine day—a remark to which he vouchsafed me no answer, save such as might be called the turning on a pair of eyes that looked vaguely like five o'clocks. They almost made me start; but I considered it was no business of mine.—The gentleman's eyes were his own, and I doubted not that mine, owing to a short, sleepless night, were as much too dull as his were too bright; so I wiped my pocket-handkerchief across them, by way of polishing them a little, took out a newspaper, sank into a cosy corner, and prepared to read, or sleep, as the case may be. In the very drowsiest part of a long speech, I was just going off into the most luxurious slumber imaginable, when I was roused by the restlessness of my companion, who, as I waked up thoroughly, seemed laboring under some strong and inexplicable excitement. He looked agitated, changed his seat frequently, moved his limbs impatiently, borrowed my paper, and in a trice returned it with some unintelligible observation; then peered anxiously out of the window, through which he thrust himself so far as to induce me to volunteer a caution, which he received pleasantly; stared at the wheels, as though he was calculating their revolutions, and then resumed his seat.

His perturbation was manifest. I could not imagine what possessed the man; but at length, noticing the agitated manner with which he often glanced through the window, as though to see whether we were followed, I determined that he must be some gentlemanly rogue, to whom speedy flight was indispensable, and that his anxiety and excessive disturbance arose from fear of pursuit—a fear that to me seemed one of those vain ones peculiar to the wicked, for we were then nearly at the ultimatum of railway speed, and did not expect to stop before reaching our destination, still at a considerable distance. His whole manner and appearance confirmed this view of the case. I presumed his evil conscience had conjured up a "special engine" at our heels, and after indulging in a few appropriate moral reflections, (to myself, of course.) I resumed my paper.

The next minute he was opposite to me. I heard a light movement and raised my head—a strong kiff, such as is used in pruning trees, was open in his hand; and, with eyes verily scintillating, his startling address, in a tone, the coolness of which strangely contrasted with its import, was—"I'm going to kill you!" The horrible truth flashed upon me at once; he was insane, and I alone with him, shut out from all possibility of human help! Terror gave me calmness. Fixing my eye upon him, so as to command his movements, and perhaps control him, I answered, quietly and firmly, "No, you are not." It was well I was prepared. That moment he sprang on me, and the death-struggle began. I grappled with him, and attempted to secure his right arm; while again and again, as I strained every nerve to accomplish this purpose, did that accursed blade glitter before my eyes, for my antagonist was my superior in muscle and weight, and armed in addition with the demoniac strength of madness, now expressed in every lineament of his inflamed and distorted countenance.—What a sight was that not *super* human face!

Loudly and hoarsely I called for help, but we were rushing along thirty miles in the hour, and my cries were drowned amid the roar of wheels and steam. How horrible were my sensations! Cooped up thus, to be mangled

and murdered by a madman, with means of rescue within a few feet of me, and yet that help, that communication with my fellows that would have saved me, as unattainable as though we were in a desert. I quivered, as turning aside thrust after thrust, dealt with exhaustless and frenzied violence, I doubted not that the next must find his way to my heart. My strength was rapidly failing; not so that of my antagonist. I struggled desperately, as alone the fear of such a death could enable a man to do, and, my hands, gashed and bleeding, at last wrenched the knife from his hold, and flung it through the window. Then I first seemed to breathe; but not yet was I safe. With redoubled rage he threw himself at my throat, crushing it as with iron fingers; and as I felt his whole frame heave and labor with the violence of the attack, for one dreadful moment I gave up all for lost. But, surely then some untried power strengthened me. Half-strangled, I flung the whole weight of my body upon him, got him down, and planting my knee on his breast, by main strength held him, spite of his frantic efforts to writhe himself from under. My hands were bitten and torn in his convulsive rage, but I felt not—heeded it not. Life was at stake, and hardly I fought for it.

The bitterness of death was upon me, and awfully clear and distinct, in that mortal struggle, were the past and the future—the human, sinful past, and the dread, unknown, avenging eternal future. How were the joys and sorrows of years compressed into that one backward glance, and how utterly insignificant did they appear as the light of life seemed fading from them. Fearfully calm and collected was my mind, while my body felt as though dissolving with the terrible strain to which all its powers were subjected. And yet consumed as I was with mental and physical agony, I well remember my sensation of bliss, for such it was when the cool breeze for a moment blew upon my flushed and streaming brow, which felt as though at the mouth of a furnace.

But this could not last long. My limbs shook, and were fast relaxing their gripe—a mist swam before my eyes—my recollection wavered, when, thank heaven, I became sensible of a diminution of our speed. Fresh strength inspired me. I dashed my prisoner down as soon as he attempted again to free himself. Then the welcome sound of letting off the steam—the engine stopped, the door opened, and I was saved!

My companion was quickly secured, and presently identified as a lunatic who escaped from confinement. To it he was again consigned; and I, from that day to this, have never entered a railway carriage with only one passenger in it!

"They tell a good story" of Lorenzo Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his "school," to the effect that riding once in a stage-coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and railings. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. "Oh," said he, "that's my way: I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolishly!"

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The PERT YOUNG MAN.—There is a period in the life of a young man, which may appropriately be called the age of puppyism. It is at that period when he is a little more than a boy, a good deal less than a man; when the hand, stroked across the chin detects a sort of downy inequality, and visions of barbers and razors rise up constantly before him; when the tailor suddenly becomes a person of vast importance, and he begins to talk of the "men of our college, and the ladies of our acquaintance." Very tight pantaloons, displaying immense moral and physical courage in venturing into the world with such slender supports; a knowing, half-jockey, half-gentleman hat; fancy vest, gold chain, and a quizzing-glass, make up the external qualifications of the pert young man.—He sets his legs apart in addressing men old enough to be his grandfather, twirls his cigar, and calls him "my dear fellow," or "my boy." His parental parent he always calls "the governor," and never thinks of him, or refers to him, except when he wants the "governor to come down hand-some," who as he maintains has no right to "expect a man" to be unable to pay his billiard expenses. He walks the streets as though he owned them; salutes the ladies with a fascinating smile, and takes off his hat to them when he has passed them as though he did not wish the courtesy to be observed; but, then, he had observed older men do this, and he thinks it "gentlemanly" to do so likewise.

His conversational powers are very limited never having fathomed anything deeper than a brandy smash, or extended his inquiry beyond the bill of fare of his favorite restaurant. In his manner to ladies he is rather patronising, and at the same time very humane; for, in the first instance, he acts upon the conviction of the inferiority of the sex, and in the next, with consideration with regard to the killing effects of his own beauty and many accomplishments. He cannot marry them all, and to show partiality would be unfair. His head is the only place where nature acknowledges a perfect vacuum.

GETTING FORTUNES BY LOTTERY.—A Pennsylvania paper has taken some pains for the purpose of showing how near a man may come to drawing a prize by buying a lottery ticket. First, (he says) there are upwards of seventy numbers used in making out the ticket, and there are three numbers on each ticket; now the question is, how many different tickets can be made? If but ten figures were used, instead of seventy, there could be issued 3,628,800 tickets, each different from the others; and if twelve figures were used, instead of seventy, there could be issued 479,000,000 tickets; so a man, in the first instance, were there are ten numbers, would stand one chance out of 3,628,800 chances, and in the last instance, where there are twelve numbers to change by, he would stand but one chance out of 479,000,000, and if the whole

seventy figures be used; and if as many different tickets were issued as could be formed by the permutation of these numbers, it is probable that there would be enough to carpet the whole territory of the United States.

Of course very few are printed, compared to what might be printed, yet there is just as good a chance for the prize to fall to an unprinted ticket as to a printed one. If it does so, as no one can claim the money, it remains with those making the lottery. There are, in such a case, thousands of chances in favor of the lottery maker. Again, if lotteries were fairly conducted, there would be hundreds or thousands each month receiving a fortune by the high prizes alone; and each year (there could be named from one thousand to ten thousand persons thus favored by fortune. In this we have only been speaking of one single prize in each lottery, and as there are many important ones in each, the fortunate persons ought to greatly exceed ten thousand annually. Yet, how seldom do you hear that even a \$10000 prize is drawn? Still all the prizes of every lottery should fall on some one at each drawing. Who gets them?—where do the favored ones live?—and how does it happen that their names are not paraded before the public each week, and thus used to induce others to buy? It is simply because no one holds a ticket entitled to the prize, and, of course, the money remains with the maker of the lottery. The whole system would be a perfect scheme of gambling, even if honestly conducted; but managed as it is, it loses the character of even honorable gambling, and should rank with the lowest species of fraud.

It is a remark of Dr. Stone, that the old French never die in New Orleans—they only go out. For years and years, going back as far as memory runneth; you may note, sitting on the balconies of the old square of the city, the same venerable, white-headed, portly, old French and creole ladies, dressed clean and neat, looking contented and happy, with their bright-eyed daughters and grand daughters around them—perfect models of green old age. These venerable dames have lived in New Orleans ever since it has been a city. They have lived under three governments.

**Mexico.** In the work lately published in the city of Mexico by General Almonite, the best road between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is stated to be that traversing the republic from Vera Cruz to San Blas, whether as regards personal convenience, economy in time and money, or the picturesque character of the district through which it runs. Add to this, that these districts are the most populated. In three and a half days from Vera Cruz we reach the capital by diligence, and thence continue on the route to San Blas, which can be gained in ten days. Of the capital of the Mexican republic—the seat of the supreme power of the confederation—the General thus writes:

"More than five centuries since it was founded by the aborigines, who, adopting the name of Tenocchtlan, chose a site on a lake in the midst of a valley fourteen leagues long, seven broad and forty in circumference, elevated seven hundred Spanish feet above the level of the sea, and girded by a crown of mountains sixty seven leagues in extent. The city, in the highest state of Indian supremacy, consisted of 140,000 houses, divided into four quarters, each quarter adorned with numerous temples, dedicated to idols, the chief of which was Huizilopochtli, god of war, whose temple had for its base a pyramid forty feet high, and was reached by 140 steps; the whole forming an appearance so imposing as to astonish Cortez and his companions when, on the 13th of August, 1519, they entered and took possession of the city. Previous to this event, the grand plaza of Tlateloco was the public market place, of which designation there now remains no indication. The plan of the city is a square, with the streets at right angles. The extension within the gates is 4,340 vares of Castle from north to south, and 3,640 from east to west. The water which supplies it, guided in channels from the neighboring lakes, passes around the walls, and formerly intersected the streets with canals, which were entered daily by fleets of canoes that would sometimes ascend as far as the National Palace in the grand plaza. The city is still entered by the different causeways of stone constructed by the Indians; of these are those of Guadalupe, Tacuba, San Antonio, Ahal. It is adorned by edifices which command much admiration by their style and character of architecture, by fine public walks and beautiful fountains; the water that supplies one of these being conducted more than two leagues by an aqueduct of nine hundred arches. The population of the city exceeds two hundred thousand, and in the different plazas a vast traffic is being continually carried on. The climate may be characterized as benign, and though a continual springs reigns, the seasons of the year are sufficiently distinguished by the flowers and fruits successively produced. Without the walls, except in the direction of the east, where the country is sterile, from the vicinity of the great lake, Texcoco, the scenery is enlivened by the richest vegetation, by farms of large extent, and by gardens yielding abundance of flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

The fields abound in grasses, which at once beautifully and serve for the support of herds of cattle. Watered as this region is by rivers and by lakes, the capital is readily supplied with the most delicate and seasonable fruits throughout the year, as well as other luxuries. Within this range of country are also found cedar, and other rare trees, gums and drugs, numerous metallic productions, marble and precious stones. And in both valleys and mountains may be described villages and country seats. As to the spirit of the Mexican people, Gen. Almonite affirms, and in this I presume, will differ, that they have great aptitude for the arts, and that in character, generally speaking, they are liberal, courteous, affable, and charitable."

Physicians has handed us the following extract from a letter written to him, by a professional brother in the up-country, describing a somewhat singular case, we believe of rare occurrence in Medical practice:

"I must put in a slip to give you a singular instance of death from the rapid accumulation of fat. We had a young man residing eighteen miles from this place, who was one of the miracles of nature; at the age of 23 years, he weighed 565 lbs. he continued gradually to increase in flesh until he reached a little over 800 lbs; he was able to get about with tolerable ease and comfort to himself, and attended to his planting interest; he had a fine estate and looked after it with care and interest—some four weeks ago he commenced increasing in flesh very rapidly, he gained at first 1-2 lbs. per day, then a pound he died suddenly in his chair; I think from an accumulation of fat around the heart; three days prior to his death he weighed 645 lbs. and had he been weighed the day of his death no doubt he would have gone over 600 lbs. I have often seen him and visited his family a few months ago professionally."

CURE FOR BONE-PAIN.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper says, that a thimble full of soft soap and quack-silver, mixed and bound tightly over the felon, will draw it to a head in the course of ten or twelve hours. The cure can then be removed, and by the application of the usual poultices the sore will be soon healed. The remedy is said to be a very severe one, but altogether preferable to the disease. Bone-felons of late years are quite common, and the remedy, if effectual, will prove a great blessing to the sufferers.

HOE CROPS OF NORTH MISSISSIPPI.—The Aberdeen Democrat, of Tuesday last, says: From all that we can learn, there is a super-abundant hog crop this year, and every prospect that pork will be quite reasonable in price during the coming season, in comparison with the last two years. The farmers of North Mississippi seem to have opened their eyes, at last, to a sense of their true interest in this matter, and from what we see and hear, will have but little need of Kentucky and Ohio meat the coming season. This is as it should be. A man who can raise corn to sell at 20 cents per bushel, and who does not endeavor to raise his own meat, ought to pay 20 cents for every pound of bacon he buys.

An American, writing from Paris, says: Politeness and refinement are characteristic of the French; but it is odd, this being the case, that the street sweepers of Paris should be men. But it is true. In this gay, fashionable capital, women are the scavengers!—The fact is not much to the honor of the nation, and a man is astonished that the politest people on earth should have so little regard for the weaker sex. No wonder that the women of the lower classes in Paris become fiends in time of anarchy.

The treasonable correspondence found concealed in Major Andre's boots when he was searched by Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, has recently been discovered at Albany. The papers consist of an enumeration of the number and disposition of the American forces at West Point, and a description of the fortifications, with suggestions in regard to the weak and exposed points. There is also a pass from Arnold under which Andre, as "Mr. John Smith," was returning to the British Camp.

They have been having a great excitement in California concerning a monster tree. The latest story in relation to its size is gravely told by the Sacramento Union. It says: that a party of ladies and gentlemen recently visited it, and the bark being off and again fitted together, was put on a platform, and the company, with the necessary music, and a number of spectators, entered the equity and enjoyed themselves in dancing three quadrilles.

The private letters received at New York by the steamers from the leading bankers in London and Paris, express the conviction that the danger of war from the complications of the eastern question has passed away. Especially at Paris is this view of the question held. Some of the letters speak more favorably of the Money market—the demand being still active but the supply abundant; and one of the leading bankers of London expresses the opinion that the bank will not raise the rate of interest at present, and probably not at all. Money in Scotland is stated to be very abundant. In regard to American Securities we hear of only a retail business doing. The large negotiations of new enterprises are all suspended for the present, and the parties are coning home by the next steamer. One of the letters remarks that the time is rapidly approaching when second class Bonds cannot be negotiated either in London or New-York.

The Pickens Keenest Courier of the 3d instant says: We have to chronicle the following sad occurrence, which took place in this District on Monday evening last. It appears that two brothers, Wm. F. Atkins and Jas. M. Atkins, of Spartanburg, were on a visit to their relatives, near Pickensville, and had for the past fortnight been engaged in a drunken spree. While in a highly intoxicated state, they, with their cousin Elijah Davis, were returning from a neighbor's house, when James struck William, whereupon he tumbled and pushed him over. Davis discovered that James was seriously injured by the fall and gave the alarm. He lingered for two hours and died. A jury of inquest was forthwith empanelled, and from the testimony and medical examination, returned a verdict that James M. Atkinson came to his death from the fall, which caused a rupture of the right ventricle of his heart and consequent hemorrhage.

Wm. F. Atkins, gave himself up to an officer and is now in jail. He expresses great sorrow at the occurrence. Davis has also been committed and lodged with him.

A young stock broker having married a fat old widow with \$100,000, said it wasn't the face that attracted him so much as the figure:

It is perhaps proper to remark that in England, where the occurrence here described took place, the railway carriages are very differently constructed from our own. They closely resemble a coach, and are intended to accommodate but six passengers each.