

Miscellaneous.

Whiskers.—A young lady in Vermont having, by accident, spilt a few drops of patent hair oil on her cheek before going to bed, awoke in the morning with whiskers several inches long! At least, so the story runs. Some of our would-be-whiskered bucks had better resort to the same expedient.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH has divided—in other words, the 'Old School' has turned the 'New School' out of doors. The Synods of Western Reserve, Geneva, Genesee, and Utica, are among the most heinous offenders, and have been honored with a Special ejection. The Presbytery of Wilmington, Del. and the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia have been dissolved. The only serious trouble is concerning the funds and property of the Church, which the 'Old School' seem disposed to monopolize. The Home Missionary and other Societies under the control of the 'New School' have been included in the excision.

WAKING HIMSELF.—A Dutchman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock and gave as a reason, "Dat he loff'd to rise early, he had nothing to do but bul the string, and he could wake himself."

A QUESTION.—If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

EARLY RISING.—Dean Swift says, that "he never knew any man to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, says that "he who rises late may rot all day, but never overtake his business."

Some of the office holders are doing a snug business just now. The Government collects its dues in specie, and pays the office holders in specie. The office holders sell their specie at the current premium, and pay their own debts in paper.—*Balt. Pat.*

LITERARY PROPERTY.—Mr. Hood, in an article of singular humor, states that the phrase "REPUBLIC of letters," was hit upon "to estimate that taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a sovereign among them."

The Boston papers complain of the size of the bread sold in that city. Where is this not a subject of complaint in these times? The best bread-men now give cause for murmurs. The Transcript archly inquires: "What is the reason that loaves of bread look so dwarfish?—do the bakers put all the yeast into the price?"

THE TURF.—It is stated in an exchange paper that a piece of fresh turf in the croth of a tree, will cause all the caterpillars forthwith to descend. Well, there is a plenty of fresh turf a little below the croth, is there no attraction in that?

A lady was recently turned out of church in Vermont, for kissing a gentleman.—PRENTICE says it was certainly a pressure which no honest woman ought to regret.

CURIOS.—A late Paris paper mentions that two poor fishermen found, while drawing the nets in the Seine, near the Isle of Swan, a little wooden box very neatly made and surrounded by plates of iron, which were nearly destroyed by rust. The box was in an excellent state of preservation, and hermetically sealed. On the outside were still to be seen some feeble traces of Fieurs de Lys, and the letters "M. de V." surrounded by a double royal coronet. The fishermen were delighted with their prize, and lost no time in breaking it open, expecting to find within treasures of no ordinary value. But their surprise and horror may be conceived, when their eyes rested on a human head embalmed and perfectly preserved! In the bottom of the box was a silken scarf, some withered flowers and a little poiniard, whose point was stained with blood. The box with its contents was purchased by one of the Savans of Paris—who is confident that it belonged to Marguerite de Valois, the Queen of Henry IV, and the head is that of Coconas, which is well known she caused to be embalmed after the tragical death of that individual.

PORTABLE MILL FOR MILITARY SERVICE. M. Sage's newly invented machine rests upon a carriage which is drawn by a single horse, driven by a man, whose seat is on the carriage. It has some resemblance to a mounted water-but; and, when in motion, grinds the grain and sifts the flour, at one and the same moment. The moving power is derived from the revolution of the wheels, and the driver readily stops the machine from working without being compelled to stop the progress of the carriage. The construction of the mill is so adjusted, that when at rest, it may be employed as a water-mill, or hand-mill, which a child may drive; and it will produce either fine or coarse meal accordingly, as occasion may require.

It was inspected at a sitting of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Bordeaux, when a report was drawn up, from which the following is an extract:—"M. get's machine is so contrived that it will act under any circumstances of season or locality; it is not obnoxious to the impediments arising from atmospherical calms in those climates where wind mills are used, or from droughts in those where water-mills are employed; the products which it yields may be increased or diminished at will, with regard both to quantity or quality; and the process of

grinding may be carried on uninterruptedly." The following is the average product of this mill; when worked by a single person, 66 gallons per day; when worked by two men, 132 gallons per day; and when worked by a horse, about 227 gallons.—*United Service Journal.*

WASHINGTON, June 19.—A very mysterious robbery of the mail was fortunately detected at the Post Office in this city. As far back as last January, a remittance was made from a house in Chambersburg to one in Baltimore, of the amount of 2,000 dollars, which package was traced to Baltimore, but how abstracted from that office, or lost, no tidings could be obtained. About a week ago, however, the merchant to whom the original was sent, received a letter from Washington, containing eighteen hundred dollars of the money. The envelope, containing the direction, was sent to the office of this city, with a view to identify, if possible, the hand-writing, which was most fortunately done this morning, and the whole affair traced step by step. In a day or two we shall have a history of the transaction, which, while it will be found amusing, shows the almost utter impossibility of robbing the mail without detection.

THE WANDERING PIPER is about to take his final departure from Baltimore, where he is only known as a mysterious stranger who for several years has devoted himself most assiduously to the laborious and certainly innocent occupation of obtaining money, by the exertion of his musical abilities, with the singular view to apply it to benevolent purposes—scarcely reserving from his philanthropic object, so much as was necessary for his personal expenses. During his several visits he has paid altogether to benevolent and charitable uses in our city above \$1000. We have had the gratification during his present visit, of dining in his company with a select few to whom he is most intimately known here; and were pleased to find him a gentleman of intelligence and agreeable conversational talents—ready to speak freely on all subjects except the mystery which surrounds himself.

After several hours conversation on various subjects, and among others the course of his travels and the receptions he met with—one of the company proposed the following toast.

"The Minstrel's mystery—we know only its benevolent results and therefore respect it."

He joined in silence to drink to the toast, but immediately began to converse on another subject—and we learn from his most intimate acquaintances that he has never yet explained here the nature of his four years peripatation in the character of a Wandering Piper. His acquaintances address him by the name of Capt. Stuart—but they think it probable that this is merely a travelling name.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF INFECTED AIR IN A SLEEPING ROOM.—Mr. P., an architect of Vienna, went on business to the country seat of Baron de—. One of the most beautiful chambers of the chateau, was assigned him for his lodging apartment. Scarcely had he laid himself down, before he seemed to feel as if he was taken up from his bed and carried about the chamber hither and thither; at one time he found himself upon the bed; at another beneath it; now he was near the door or the windows; now in the midst of an enormous fire chimney; at the same time there was not light enough to enable Mr. P. to distinguish clearly every object in the room. It was not an illusion; he felt the movement, he recognized every place in the chamber. The next morning he appeared at the breakfast table, pale and wan as after a night without sleep; but from a natural delicacy he gave only evasive answers to the questions of his host.

The second night brought the same apparitions, and the next day he was more pale, and cast down than before, but still came to no explanation.

The third night was like the first; and his livid cheeks and sunken eyes excited the next morning, uneasiness in the family. The Baron took M. P. aside, and urged him to tell him frankly if he had not experienced something disagreeable in his sleeping chamber. Then the latter related all that had occurred, and the Baron confessed that for a long time this chamber had been closed, that no one would occupy it; and that the domestics dared not to go there.

After the explanation, M. P. requested permission to examine the house. He found that the chimney of the room was closed up from within, so that all air was excluded; the windows beside, were always kept shut, and the doors were scarcely ever open; he remarked also that the chamber was situated in a wing of the building, and surmounted by a roof through which there was no perceptible opening. He concluded that the mephitic gas inclosed within the garret had penetrated into the room through some old wainscotting; there the air became corrupted, and, with nothing to reovate it, the brain was affected by it in such a way as to excite a momentary delirium which presented to the imagination these nocturnal views.

Mr. P. made a report upon his observations and set himself to work to remedy the evil. The windows were opened; a current of air was established between the room and the chimney way; an opening made through the roof. The air which came through this aperture was of a quality so mephitic, that one of the

workmen was taken sick, and would have fallen had it not been for the aid of his companion.

The same night, Mr. P. slept in the chamber. As he had been without rest for three days, he slept better than ever, and nothing more was heard about apparitions.

Communications.

FOR THE COURIER. AZURE DEMONS.

BY A LADY.

So full of shape is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

SHAKESPEARE.

Winter had made a sepulchre of her dead leaves, and sang her last requiem to her dying reign. Spring usurped her throne and nature began to smile beneath her genial influence. The inhabitants of the city of P. observed her advancement with apprehensions of terror. The stately trees that bordered the streets remained unpruned, the gardens that beautified the habitation, shared the common neglect; in vain, the early flowers looked up from their bed of beauty, imploring aid from the gardener to extricate them from noxious weeds. They were left to bud and blossom in unsought solitude; the mildew of neglect had visited them, and they were abandoned.

And why was this beauty neglected without one glance of admiration? One pious thought to the Giver who formed them. Why was the desolate places about to be made glad, the wilderness made populous? The Cholera—that scourge to human existence, had reached New York, and the approximation of the two cities were such as to render escape impossible to those who remained. Day and night I could hear the hurried departure of carriages from the city. Many merchants were compelled to give up business, their customers had abandoned them, and they could not meet payments. The farmer who ventured to enter the city to sell produce, met with poor sale; vegetables were denounced as food for cholera. Fear superseded all affection, all interest. Life was the selfish boon. The streets soon proclaimed one eternal Sabbath. Rumor was busy with us, it was reported the cholera had made the expected appearance—my husband became alarmed, and conveyed myself and babe to a place of safety, and returned to brave the danger.

My retreat, was on a beautiful farm in Falmouth, Mass. Health reigned here triumphant. Here the contemplative mind could roam amid nature's wildest scenery; the full crowned forest; the majestic hills; the moss-covered rocks that were interspersed among fields, and formed the durable fence; combined with the beautiful bay, rendered my retreat a most desirable residence. In exploring the beautiful mysteries of nature, we could drink a lethean dose of worldly cares, and worldly affections, it would prove a most delicious draught to the troubled mind. Anxiety and fear are too closely blended to allow oblivion from the love of nature's works. In vain I explored the hills, the fields, the forest, with the beautiful flowering underwood, these beauties only served to enlarge the trouble of my mind. The troubled waters of the ocean were more in sympathy with my feelings than all the glowing landscape scenery I could survey. It was not the loss of gay society that I mourned, I never was dependent on the crowd for happiness; I was certain to anticipate sorrow, whenever I gleaned a glad hour in mingling with the gay throng—it was a sentiment of sorrow, but was often realized.

Books, ease, retirement, were resources that never failed to secure a quiet happiness, a Sabbath for the mind. If I did not exercise the faculties of hope and joy in reciprocated feelings of intercourse; I at least escaped the pangs of sorrow and disappointment.

The charms of nature had not lost their attractions. I still made companions of the birds and flowers, but she could not allay the devouring suspense, that was preying upon me. Every paper and letter I received, appeared to bear the insignie of the death of my husband, and a confirmation of my excited fears. Fear, who can analyze the passion? Imagination is her mirror to enlarge her danger, and multiply her horrors.

One evening, as the light of day departed, I wandered to the sea-shore; the murmuring waves soothed my distracted imagination; I seated myself on a moss-covered rock, and reclined beside a wide reading oak, that grew contiguous; and yielded to meditation. I gazed on the starry vault above me; all was quiet there, it breathed of omnipotence! How ardently I desired to unravel the mysteries of that character of God's alphabet! poor human curiosity! Science with all her reflected rays will never penetrate immortality. Infinite power, displayed the firmament as a comforter to the bowed heart, and to elevate the thoughts to enjoy the knowledge of created works hereafter! The knowledge of the motion, distance, or magnitude of heavenly bodies, will avail but little when we are judged beyond! The view of the heavens and earth revealed by the softened light of a full moon; her trees, her green grass, her flowering shrubs, ought to elevate rather than depress, and yet where is the heart that will not court the dark spell of sadness, which a sun-set scene often inspires? There is something so fraught with simple yet sublime associations, that it seems to partake rather of heaven than earth; the day with all its selfish common-place interests, are at an end, and the season

of intelligence, imagination, of spirituality is dawning.

"Mad with the signature and stamp of heaven." My reveries were interrupted by the approach of a stranger, who came toward me, and presented a letter, I eagerly grasped the treasure, after thanking him for his politeness—commenced opening the seal; and to my utter consternation, discovered it was written in a strange hand, but evidently dictated by my husband. It was alarmingly concise. My presence was requested to see the last of him on earth: the fell disease had prostrated him and he might not be alive when this intelligence reached me.

"Ye who have lost, or who fear to lose," can alone sympathize with my lacerated feelings. I obeyed the mandate; how I reached the city I know not, but there I arrived in all the magnitude of grief. I saw the cold lifeless remains, the dark pall that covered him, his narrow resting place: heard the sepulchral rattle on his coffin, and then I lost all time! grief had reached her acme, and the listlessness of passing things came over with chaotic darkness. I am unable to communicate how long I gave up to this lethargic existence. Misery had not absolved me, there was another tie to earth, another victim to the insatiate foe—it was my babe: this beautiful bud was called to blossom in a region more congenial to her purity.

I had no comforter now, save the Invisible, and He whispered peace and union hereafter. This assurance soothed me in my utter loneliness.

Years passed on; I became changed! I had drunk deeply of lethean waters, and was revived back to youth, to love, to hope, to joy. Sorrow makes decay, it is not the number of years that roll over us, that have half the effect of blighted beauty. Years before I had entered the pale of matrimony, I was a monogamist, I imbibed the idea, until it became a pure principle with me. If the heart becomes interested in an object of affection, there are various excuses formed to shield it from error and instability of opinion. Woman's heart will 'kindly leap to kindness' Let man endeavor to cheer her drooping heart, devoid of selfish feelings; encourage her returning elasticity of spirits; cement the broken bowl of hope, and give to life a radiance yet worth living for: independent of a selfish speculation, and woman's heart is seldom proof against such rare combination of genuine disinterestedness. Gratitude will find a passport to her heart if not affection. I had received such attention from one who was gifted with every manly grace and beauty, and I was not insensible to their value.

The evening arrived for my second marriage; the guests were assembled, the minister arose to pronounce those indissoluble bonds till death separated—when I heard a voice exclaim, "Your husband has returned, come and see him." I did not faint, for with all my love of romance I never personated a heroine so far as to lose my senses by the admission of joy or grief; but I awoke, and found my wanderings were indebted to the suspension of all senses, save imagination, guided by the indulgence of azure-demons, or in the vulgar definition, blue-devils.

Where is the heart, that has not indulged in moments of despondency? When life itself loses her attractions, and hope the reserved gift in Pandora's box has flown, and left her altar shrouded in darkness and despair. The superstitious would solve such feelings as a sure precursor of coming evil, and every dark dream they can memorise, serves to increase their self-imposed unhappiness. Suffice it to say my dream was never realized.

ELOISE.

FOR THE COURIER.

WHERE IS THE SPECIE?

The annexed paragraph is taken from the "St. Louis Republican," of 22d April last.

"The people of the west, it seems, are expected to endure any thing. We have now been for some months paying our portion of the public revenue, derivable from the sale of lands, in gold and silver. It costs the poor farmer from five to twenty-five per cent to procure it. It is taken to the deposite banks, sealed, and shortly afterwards shipped to Cincinnati and the seaboard—just as \$100,000 was sent away at the beginning of this week. It does not return, nor can it, as things now are, be expected to return."

Specie is at this moment, scarcer than it has been for the last 15 years, notwithstanding there have been such heavy importations of it from abroad. On the other hand, the people of the Atlantic States pay to the Government the paper of all banks which are of good standing in the neighborhood. Specie is not exclusively required. They have not to pay a heavy premium, such as is paid by us for gold and silver. They invariably pay in bank notes. Such is the difference between the people of the West and North—the one portion is ground to the dust, to obtain specie for the land office; the other is petted, and in every thing having the resemblance to bank, is paid to the Revenue officers."

Now, this is the language of the Whig papers of the West, and if they are to be believed, what cause have we of the East and North to complain? It seems there is no money in the Treasury of the United States, and it is only drawn for on the deposite banks, and disbursed as the demands of the government require, under the laws by which it is appropriated. If the "poor farmers of the West" pay the

heavy premium above mentioned, they find it their interest to do so, but not a dollar of it goes into the United States Treasury. The Whigs of the East and North are even more clamorous in their inquiries for the Specie, and denouncing the specie circular for sending it all to the West! Now you growling party, what do you want? Do you want a bank of the United States? And for what? "Oh! to be a check on the States banks to procure an over issue of their notes." Is not the Treasury circular demanding specie in payment for our public land, doing that business for you? It appears that the circular is doing your business even more effectually than your Midas, the bank of the United States; as that institution is now unable to redeem its own bills with specie, and has gone by the board as well as the States banks in that respect. "Will you answer," "it certainly has had that effect." Then what more do you want? "Oh! the removal of the deposites, the removal of the Government deposites has deranged the currency, and created a mania for banks among the States, and thereby ruined the country;" yet, still you wish the States banks to continue their issues and discontinue, when many of them are not able to redeem with specie, one third of their issues!! Is there not something rotten in Denmark? The removal of the Treasury deposites may have induced a spirit for speculation, as evil often results from intended good; but we may with the same propriety, infer, that St. Paul intended to induce drunkenness, when he recommended a little wine to Timothy for the benefit of his stomach. Again, you say "the country must be relieved, and money must be had; Congress must be convened." For what? Not to create another unconstitutional Bank of the United States, as the removal of the deposites and specie Treasury circular has already demolished that mass of monopoly and corruption: not to recind that check upon fraud, the specie circular: not to compel the revenue officers to take the rag money, which, according to the St. Louis Republican, is already sold, at a loss, from from five to twenty-five per cent, and thereby, bankrupt the government and country: Heaven forbid. The government money is exclusively the property of our whole United Republic, and if you want it, you must come forward with your "quid pro quo," or earn it honestly—rag money out of the question.

The removal of the Government deposites, was an act that regarded the rights of the States, who paid the money, and who ought to be allowed to use their quota for the benefit of the people, and every real States right man will applaud it. The Treasury specie circular is having the desired and designed effect, checking the over issues by the Banks, and will bring the currency to a sound and wholesome condition; and any interference by Congress in our monetary matters, may bring a heavy curse on our beloved country.

That there is pecuniary distress in the country cannot be denied, but the measures of our government have had no more agency in producing it, than it had in reducing the prices of cotton in Europe; the mania for Banking, and borrowing of the Banks to speculate, is the true cause of all this distress that now exists in our money market; to restrain which, our General Government has been endeavoring for the last six or eight years. The exclusive privileges, granted to companies to establish Banks, allowing them to issue from three to five times the amount of their capital, is unconstitutional and dangerous to interests and morals of our people; inducing a spirit for reckless speculations, overtrading, and extravagance, seemingly afforded by Bank facilities; which will always produce distress and pecuniary ruin, when there is a sudden depression in the prices of the agricultural productions of our country in foreign markets. I do not wish to be understood, that I desire all the banks demolished "at one fell swoop;" far from it; I know and appreciate the portable convenience of paper money, and never wish to see twenty dollars in specie together, (unless in a bank) again as long as I live—but that the Treasury circular demanding specie in payment for our public lands, &c., should have had the effect to compel them to close their doors against paying specie for their own notes, demonstrate that they are literally broke, or a mass of fraud and corruption, calculated to deceive the people, and at war with their best interests.

AN OLD FARMER.

NO GAMBLING.—What right has any of our banks, from the United States down to the nearest institution in our land, to enter into any speculation whatever? What right have any of our banks—whether it be those entrusted with the business of the old United States Banks, the "pays" or the local institutions which do business on their own accounts—what business, we say, had any of these concerns to use their money for speculative purposes? for the purchase of cotton with the intention of selling it again? None whatever.

We have it from the best authority that some of our banking institutions have made heavy purchases of cotton within the last few days, which has been paid for, as a matter of course, in paper of the most depreciated and valueless nature, and this cotton is already shipped and on its way to Europe. Shame on such proceedings!

The banks cannot redeem the paper they already have in circulation. Is it honest,