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at 2 o'clock P. M., the following articles:
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1 lot of Plank.
1 lot of Flooring.
2 Lime Houses. 2 Tool Houses.
Lot of Scaffold Poles.
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FRESH and SALT MEATS,
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Sold at the Lowest Cash Prices.
Oct 28, 1871—tf

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The Knights of the Yard Stick and Pint Measure to their Calico and Molasses; the Tailor to his Goose, &c.
Sewing Machines of any kind, as to NAME, STYLE or PRICE, supplied by the undersigned, and no advice given unless asked for. **B. E. Lodore.**
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T. POOLE.
Oct 21, 1871—6m*

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Apply to HOWARD TITUS,
Nov 18, 1871—2w Elkton.

BOARDING.
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Nov 18, 1871—2w Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

[These exquisite verses are from one of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters" in SCRIBNER'S for December.]

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place:
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other;
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

Letter from the West.

CHARLES CITY, Floyd County, Iowa, November 15th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—The West has been so often "done," that it seems impossible to write anything new, but I make you a few notes, and you may "prent 'em" if they are of sufficient interest.

I passed over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by daylight, stopping the first night at Grafton. Some idea may be formed of the business of this Road, when I tell you that at one point we met and passed ten heavy trains of coal, and all day long there was a constant succession of coal, coal, coal. The passenger business is light.—We had not more than two cars at any time between Baltimore and Cincinnati, and these not half full of people. This is not a fast route, hence, I suppose the few passengers; but for grand scenery it is unsurpassed, and this was made still grander in the neighborhood of Cumberland, by the fires in the mountains; at a dozen places we saw a zigzag line of fire, miles in length, running like a great devouring snake from base to summit. About fifty miles east of the Ohio River, we enter the oil region of West Virginia, and near Petroleum we saw the celebrated burning spring. Six years ago, some prospectors started to sink a shaft, but the gas soon put a stop to their work, and a match being applied, a jet of flame shot out, and has been burning ever since. The flame, as we saw it, was about six feet high and, say, twice the size of an ordinary stovepipe.—Here, of course, the land is barren, but near Grafton we saw patches of winter wheat, and in the valleys the cattle and sheep graze nearly all winter. The land, I should judge, is much like our section in quality; the steepest hill-sides never wash, but *you* can have a *slight* idea of the labor of farming such land. Some years ago, passing through the northern part of Ohio, I wondered where her fertile land was, and so I wondered as this time I passed through the south, until I came to the Sciota Valley. There I saw a big Sassafras Neck—rich, level, well watered,—in short, a farmer's paradise. The crops, however, have been shortened by the dry summer. Cincinnati we saw under a cloud. The damp, heavy atmosphere beat down the filthy smoke from the bituminous coal, and although the blocks are smaller even than New York, you could scarcely see from street to street. The Ohio is low, and only a few light draft boats were at the Levee,—indeed, the days of boating on the western rivers are among the things of the past. Muscatine, on the Mississippi, was the objective point, of our journey, so far as my wife was concerned. It is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and although a busy, driving place, lacks many of the features of a western city. It is settled mainly by Connecticut Yankees and Pennsylvania Dutch. To these have been added, from time to time, a few of the very best class of Germans from Fatherland, and there is an air of refinement and culture about the people and their houses, which is in striking contrast to the coarseness and flash of western cities. On Sunday I walked around and about the whole city. There was not a beer saloon open; there was not a drunken man on the street; there was a Sabbath stillness, as pleasant as it was astonishing to me. There are in the city seventeen churches, and fully half of these are German. The Methodists have two houses of worship—one a German church. I went into the Sunday-school. The singing was very fine, and they have everything needed for successful teaching, but good brother Torbert would have been shocked at the want of order. I thought if he had this school for a month or so, there would be better order, or the good old man would be so shocked he would leave them. Muscatine has four large saw mills; one of them turns out six hundred thousand feet of lumber, fifty thousand shingles per week, with lath, pickets, posts, &c., in proportion. At the grain elevator, they told me they had handled, since June, about two hundred thousand bushels of potatoes, with corn, wheat and oats in proportion. One hog-packing establishment butchers and packs a thousand hogs a day in the season. This, Mr. Editor, is a little town of ten thousand people. Only about five times larger than Elkton, with not the advantages of railroad possessed by many other towns in the West. One begins to get an idea of the greatness of this country, when he gets West. I was surprised to find potatoes as high here as at home,—indeed, they sell, in small quantities, at about sixty cts.; they go mostly South. Corn, at Muscatine, is thirty-five cents, and hogs three and a half per hundred, live weight.

Yesterday I started to go to St. Paul, but found I could not make it in the time I have alloted to my trip, and have turned aside to go over to Chickasaw county, where the sisters of Major Ben Ricketts own some land. This part of Iowa is filling up very rapidly. Comparatively little unbroken prairie is left; it sells from three to fifteen dollars per acre. Here corn is fifteen cts. per bushel. Many of the farmers feed their corn to hogs, which sell now, at this point, for two fifty per hundred. Winter wheat is not sown here. The average crop of Spring wheat is about twelve or fifteen bushels per acre. Railroads run everywhere. I saw men building one. They plow the land as deep as possible on either side of the track, and with a machine something like our road scrapers, push the loose earth up a foot or two high, and the road is ready for the ties and rails. Speaking of railroads, I saw an item in a Dubuque paper, this morning, about the blasting of rock "at Safe Harbor, on the *Cincinnati* & Port Deposit Railraad." Of course it was our Columbia & Port Deposit Road, but western people never admit that there is anything east of Cincinnati.

I passed through the burned district of Chicago. Don't ask me to describe it.—All descriptions fail. The half has never been told. The pictures of ancient ruins that were printed in the geographies when we were boys, give slight ideas of this most terrible calamity. The people of the city are at work like beavers, clearing up and building, but it will be many years before Chicago is Chicago again, and of the people who owned these buildings, comparatively few will rebuild. I heard an appeal for aid to one of the churches, read in Muscatine on Sunday. It stated that not a single member of the church had a roof for shelter. I must close this letter.—Everything here is frozen up. J.

CONOWINGO.

11th Mo., 14th, 1871.

CECIL WHIG:—After a lapse of years, business called me by the way of the ancient village of Conowingo, which I had formerly known when it contained A. Finn and A. Brown, who kept the two taverns then located there. The former was a droll and antic genius, and sharp upon a horse and ox trade. The latter kept a store and tavern down South Avenue, where the railroad passes by the door. And in the space of thirty years, I look again and see a town shorn of its former grandeur and nearly a wreck. In Brown's once splendid hotel, I see colored people as the occupants, and on a quiet Firstday eve, heard them hold forth in prayer and praise unto Him our God, who doeth all things well. My mind was drawn to the past, and to the present, in these untutored people—formerly slaves—known now as Freedmen, who work on the road. And there stood the old sign-post, a relic of the past, all tattered and torn by the hand of time, and shorn of its once gilded letters and emblems of our time-honored Lafayette. These things are passing away, and we tread once more on Freedom's land; have the steam whistle for the drunkard's brawl, and prayer where formerly were curses and the gambler's dice. After looking up and down the railroad track at its great improvement, I wended my way to what was formerly Finn's hotel, and was kindly entertained with supper by a corteous landlady, who has made improvements there. As I ascended the hill, East, I looked over what was in time past called "Tague's Delight," now owned by James Bell, a New Yorker, settled there, who is building, and improving his land in this part of the county. Would there were more like him to improve and beautify the land, and to give employment to those wanting it.

I saw good wheat and corn upon the farms formerly owned by the Prestons and Smiths, and Mount pleasant and surroundings improved with mechanics and buildings and a church. Yet there is need of a new road, for 'tis up hill and down to this village, where will soon be a large depot and much trade to and from this railroad, eastward.

I once, many years ago, was with a surveying party up the waters of the Conowingo Creek, from its mouth to a little south of the new Methodist Church, near Mount Pleasant, and found a good track, with easy grade, out this way, and not with much cost to the county. So said our surveyor at that time, and my own judgment concurred with him; and all landholders could be as well accommodated as they are now, and the traveling public much more so. N. A. I. O.

Indifference to the Ballot.

BY H. WARD BEECHER.

Can the ballot survive when there is such power brought against it? Here is where I declare that indifference is the greatest crime against the ballot, because this indifference is practiced by the educated and refined. These are the men who give tone to society. The highest class teaches the second class, and so on down; and if the highest class teaches the rest that the ballot is of no account, then the lower classes will think that they can do whatever with the ballot they please. If these educated men had honored and revered the ballot, and borne witness to the intense value of the ballot, there would not have been such a mournful perversion of it. The excuses which men make are not worthy of the men who make them. They are not willing to go out and mix with the great unwashed. They are willing to go out and mix with the great unwashed. They are willing to go work for money, but not for good laws and good morals. It is so much easier to hear Nilsson sing than to go to the primaries. But they say that the bad men get the lead. Then why didn't you go out sooner? You have no right to let crafty men get the advantage. It is as easy for good men to combine as for bad men. It is a shame that bad men will do for the nastiest passions what patriotism will not incite you to do. If things are not arranged right, then change them.—But men say that they have no time. If you were on a ship that had sprung a leak, wouldn't you have time to attend to the ship? The ship will founder. The house is on fire, and you have not time to put the fire out; the fire will put you out.

Origin of Plants.

Peas are of Egyptian origin.
Celery originated in Germany.
The Chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
The nettle comes from Europe.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Rye originally came from Siberia.
The Poppy originated in the East.
The Mulberry originated in Persia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The walnut and peach from Persia.
The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from East Indies.
The radish originated in China and Japan.

FANNY BURNEY AND HER FIRST NOVEL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The reader is invited to an after-breakfast scene, at the house of Dr. Charles Burney, in London, about midsummer in the year 1778.

Dr. Burney, the King's organist, the favorite teacher of music, composer of music, and of musical literature, was a man of great note in the best circles of London society at that period. He was one of the busiest of men; for, beside the duties of his vocation, he had a great work in progress—the History of Music—which occupied his thoughts for thirty years, and his hands for ten. It was owing to his numerous avocations, and his profound absorption in the great work of his life, that he had paid no attention hitherto to the chief literary event of the year, 1778—the appearance of a novel called, "*Evelina, or A Young Lady's Entrance into the World,*" which, for six months past, had been growing into favor, until it had become a leading topic ot conversation in all polite circles.

On this particular morning, he asked his daughter Charlotte to bring him the last number of the Monthly Review, one of the leading periodicals of the day. He opened it, by chance, at the page where the new novel was reviewed and highly commended. Some extracts were given to show the quality of the work, and the tone of the article was such as to denote the novel was one of particular interest to the public. He read this review with close attention, and then laid the magazine aside. A few minutes after he snatched it up again with strange eagerness, and read the review over again. Turning to his dughter, he told her to come close to him, and, putting his finger on the word *Evalina*, said to her: "*You* know what that is."

He sent for the book; and when it arrived, he read upon the first page a poetical address by the anonymous author to her father, which, as he read it, produced in his mind an unwonted emotion:

"Oh, author of my being! far more dear
To me than light, than nourishment or rest,
Hygeia's blessings, Rapture's burning tear,
Or the life-blood that mantles in my breast.

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,
'Twas planted there by an unerring rule;
From thy example the pure flame arose,
Thy life, my precept; thy good works, my school.

* * * * * * * *

Oh! of my life at once the source and joy!
If e'er thy eyes these feeble lines survey,
Let not their folly their intent destroy:—
Accept the tribute, but forget the lay!"

The tears gushed from his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. He could doubt no longer.

He remembered that two or three years before this, his daughter, Fanny, had said something to him about writing a novel for her amusement, and getting it published if she could. He had laughed in his usual gay, indulgent manner, at the notion of his shy and timorous daughter conceiving so audacious a scheme. But the circumstance had passed from his mind completely London had been ringing with the fame of the new book for several months, without his suspecting that the author could be his own child.

Who, indeed, that knew little fanny Burney, as she lived at home among her elders, could have suspected, could have believed, that a girl so quiet, retiring, bashful and uninformed, was the author of the most successful novels of that generation? From early childhood she had been noted for her backwardness in learning, her extreme diffidence, and a certain awkwardness which arose from her being short-sighted. She had even passed among the friends of the family, by the name of "the Little Dunce." At eight years of age, she did not know her letters. At ten she could not write.—Ashamed of her ignorance, dreading the censure of others, unable to see clearly at a little distance, her countenance presented a strange, blank aspect, and there was such an absence of the usual vivacity of childhood, that friends who were too good natured to call her the "Little Dunce," spoke of her as the "Old Lady."

It was only her parents and sisters who knew that, under this unpromising exterior she concealed a fund of good sense, and a habit of closely observing the life that went on around her. When alone with her sisters, she showed some talent in mimicing the actors whom she was accustomed to see at Garrick's theatre. This was a pleasure she often enjoyed, since Garrick was one of her father's most intimate friends.

The loss of her mother, when she was nine years of age, threw her into grief so acute that the mistress of the school which she was attending, declared that she had never met with a child capable of such intense affection Indeed, she loved both her parents, but especially her father, with a kind of romantic passion, which, one would think, ought to have saved her from the strange neglect was her portion during childhood. It seems she was only put to school during her mother's last illness, to get her out of the way, and she was removed from school after her mother's death. At ten years of age she had taught herself to read, but was still so unsklilful with the pen, that her scribbling was illegible to every one but herself.

But here is the wonder of her childhood. Before she could read with ease and pleasure, before she had formed the habit of reading at all, before she could write a legible hand, she fell into the habit of scribbling little poems and tales, which she read only to one of her sisters, and then hid them from all eyes, in her private store.—No one urged her to this, or encouraged her, or, indeed, knew anything of it but her sister; nor does it appear that she ever had regular instruction of any kind.

For such a girl, however—so morbidly bashful, so sensitive, and so observant—the best school in the world, perhaps the best that could have been contrived or imagined, was the conversation of her father's drawing-room and dinner table; where gathered the *elite* of the authors, artists, musicians and actors of the metropolis. Few men of London had a wider circle of agreeable friends than Dr. Burney, whose travels in France and Germany had added to his acquaintances many accomplished foreigners.

Her mind thrived under this pleasant regimen. At twelve, she was a devouring reader. At fourteen, she was a dilligent student in her father's excellent library, where she wrote books of extracts, and recorded critical observations upon the many books she read. At sixteen, she was learning French from a sister who had acquired the language in France, and she remained thenceforth a studious thoughtful girl.

Dr. Burney, while she was a child, gave her a step-mother—an intelligent, gifted woman, who was not long in suspecting why Fanney Burney secluded herself so frequently in a little play-room at the top of the house. Scraps of writing lying about, the inky finger and other trifling indications betrayed the secret. Mrs. Burney was alarmed for the future of the girl: for at that time the tales and poetry written by women were so generally inferior or silly, that it was a kind of a disgrace for a woman to be suspected of authorship. It was even a reproach to woman to show any taste for science, and love of knowledge, or to manifest any interest whatever in intellectual things. That, indeed, was the period when the expression *blue stocking*, was applied to the ladies who gathered about one of the literary lights of the day. It was a term of reproach. Nothing supposed to be becoming to a woman's mind, but an interest in the toilet, and in the routine of houskeeping.

Mrs. Burney, feeling the delicacy of her position, refrained from interfering with the secret pursuits of her step-daughter, but she took frequent opportunities of descanting upon the folly of ladies scribbling, upon the loss of time involved, and in the waste of intellect in crude and tasteless inventions, and the disgrace it was to a woman to be known as a romantic-writer. Such remarks produced their effect upon the mind of this sensitive child. One day, in her fifteenth year, seizing an opportunity when the elders of the family were from home, she brought down her whole stock of manuscripts into the yard, and made a bonfire of them; the only witness of the conflagration besides herself being her sister, Susanna, who shed tears at the loss of her favorite tales. Among the manuscripts then consumed, was a long story entitled the History of Caroline Evelyn, which she afterwards expanded into "Evelina." The young authoress vowed to write no more.

Perhaps, for some weeks, she was true to her vow; but nature was too strong for her and she soon began to employ her leisure hours in the old pursuit. During the next few years, she was much engaged in copying for her father, and otherwise assisting him in preparing for publication his Musical Tours, and his History of Music. This employment, with the proof-reading that followed, was excellent training for her, and familiarized her mind with the process by which works are brought before the public. In the meantime, she had completed her work of Evelina, an extensive work, divided into the customary three volumes. It was in the year 1776, when the eyes of the great world were fixed upon America that the desire seized this bashful and timid girl to see her story printed. As she afterwards told King George the Third, she thought "it would look very well in print." She entered upon the execution of her scheme with the secresy of a conspirator. Communicating her plans to her sisters only, who regarded the affair as a delightful frolic she began to copy her novel in a feigned hand, fearing lest her ordinary writing, being familiar to printers, should betray her.

But it was weary work copying such a mass of matter. When she had finished two volumes, being thoroughly tired of the monotonous labor, she tied them up in a bundle, and wrote an anonymous letter to a publishrr, offering the manuscript for publication, and promising to send the rest of the work next year. One of her brothers, who also regarded the business merely as a piece of fun, conducted the negotiation. The first bookseller to whom it was offered, got off by saying, that he never looked at anything anonymous; but the second said, he liked the work, and would be willing to purchase it when it was complete.

Some weeks later she forwarded the rest of the manuscript; and upon receiving it, the publisher send to the author unknown, an offer to purchase it for twenty pounds. Both she and the whole circle of conspirators, were overwhelmed at the munificence of the offer, of which they hastened to signify their acceptance. The money was received, and nothing more was heard of the work for some months. One morning in January, 1778, while the family were seated at the breakfast table, Mrs Burney, who had the morning paper in her hand, chanced to read aloud the advertisement:

"This day is published, Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the world.—In three volumes," etc.

We can easily imagine the scene in that breakfast room—the blush and tremor of the authoress, the awkward silence of the other conspirators, the furtive glances exchanged, and the speedy escape to where the mighty event could be spoken of. Not a word was uttered that could betray the secret; although the work was soon brought into the house, where it was read by Mrs. Burney, and talked-of week after week, by almost every one that came in. Six months passed, as related above, before Dr. Burney himself discovered the secret. His joy, his pride, his warm applause, removed all occasion for further mystery, and the name of Fanny Burney was soon familiar to every household. Dr. Johnston said her novel was better than any of Fielding's, and Edmund Burke was one of her warmest admirers.

Four years later, when she published her second and greatest fiction, Cecilia, she received for it, not twenty pounds merely, but three thousand pounds, a sum equal in purchasing power, to about forty thousand dollars in our present currency.

The street in which the publisher of this work had his shop, was choked with the carriages of people who came to buy it, and Burke told the authoress that he had sat up all night reading it. Since that period, the art of novel writing hss been so improved, that the novel reader of the present time will not find the stories of Miss Burney very entertaining, and perhaps not even readable. But in their day they were as popular as the novels of Charlotte Bronte and George Elliot now are.

The authoress received the absurd appointment of Mistress of the Robes to the Queen of England, which obliged her to sacrifice five of the best years of her life in the tedious round of Court attendance. Escaping from this before it had quite destroyed her, she married an exile officer, General D'Arbloy, with whom she lived happily for many years, and became the mother of gifted sons. She lived to the great age of eighty-eight, surviving until 1840.

Her distinction is to have been the *first* woman who ever made an eminent literary career by writing fiction. But the only work of hers that continues to be read, is her Diary in seven volumes, which has more than the fascination of an ordinary romance.

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ROMISH AVARICE.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

M. Coquerel—no incompetent authority—thinks the Romish Church the source of the grave troubles of his country, of the misfortunes of Italy and Spain. He repeats only the lesson of history; yet he could scarcely have been prepared to find in America the same fatal influence blighting the hopes of freemen. Of all the vices of the papal see not the least constant and dangerous has been avarice. Its passion for accumulating lands and endowments has disturbed and oppressed society in every European nation, impoverished England until, under Henry VIII., it confiscated all the possessions of its priests, hastened the French revolution by enormous peculations, weighed down Italy and Spain until their suffering people have seized upon the wide domains of the papacy, exasperated Germany, and covered Mexico and South America with apparently endless misfortunes.

The same career of priestly rapacity has began in our own city, and has advanced with more than European vigor. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Romish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith.

How numerous these sectarian charities have become, how many Romish asylums, protectories, and private almshouses line the streets of our city, not many know; but every one is familiar with the large sums required for their support. An orphan house occupies a block of the most costly land of the city. The property on which it stands was granted on a perpetual lease, for a nominal rent, in 1846 or '47; it is maintained, in part, by a large yearly appropriation. Its annual cost to the city can not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, including the interest upon the value of the land; yet it is safe to say that all its inmates might be maintained in the public institutions, or lodged, at a moderate cost, in some country home. A cathedral of unusual size has sprung up next to the orpahan asylum. It occupies a block of ground of enormous value. Grave suspicions rest upon the manner in which this land was obtained, and it would be well for its owners to satisfy the public mind by exhibiting their title. Fortunately for the city, one of the leases of the orphan asylum contains a clause of revocation, and was, no doubt, intended to enable the people to recall the grant whenever they should think proper to do so. Of the "Protectory," whose large endowment and excessive yearly cost every citizen is conscious of it, can only be said that all its beneficiaries might be cheaply provided for in the city institutions. The foundling asylum received half a million in land and money from the unstinted liberality of our present rulers. Its death rate is extraordinary: the public charities are prepared to supply its place, perhaps with more encouraging results.

We have noticed these institutions as the chief examples of their class; they are surrounded by a throng of similar charities, controlled by the Romish priesthood. For the honest laborers in the cause of humanity we have a lasting sympathy. We should rejoice to see the Romish Church pour forth its wealth in saving its poor people. But when it extracts such extravagant sums from an overburdened community, controls the city by a political party, and endows itself from the liberality of an unscrupulous faction, its charity is converted into selfish avarice, and it enters once more upon that course of ambitious greed which has forced every European nation to recall its gifts to priesthood. Charity, we must remember, was the pretext under which Rome engrossed the fairest lands of Germany, and spoiled Italy and Spain.

If the Romish priesthood has possessed discretion, they would have carefully avoided any recurrence, in the New World to that dishonest policy which has enraged against them the people of the Old. They would have come among us as one of many sects. They would have claimed no superiority except in humility and good deeds. They would have laid aside ambition; would have joined in no political movements; would have proved by an open reform that they had repented of their evil deeds in past history; were prepared to win a new reputation in all future ages. Unhappily they have entered boldly upon the opposite course. All that is bad in their past policy they would revive: the gentle teachings of Fenelon, the ominous remonstrances of Dollinger and Hyacinthe they neglect. "The Catholic press of the United States," says, in effect, a foreign review, "is more bigoted and more hostile to freedom than the European: it teaches rebellion, persecution, and the final fall of the republic." The Romish Church has become once more an active political party. Its adherents vote on that side which promises them the largest share of power. It aims to rule in our wealthy cities. It has already become a source of discord and moral decay. It has suffered its officials to plunder the public without stint so long as it is allowed to share in the spoil. It has no word of reproof for its dishonest adherents. It must prepare in future to be treated as a political faction rather than a Christian sect; to be studied with keen accuracy by the patriot; reviewed by the swift insight of letters; pointed at by a Hyacinthe or a Coquerel as a ceaseless cause of human woe; must deserve the rebukes of modern civilization, and sink beneath the scorn of the community it has rifled and betrayed.

As a political faction it can scarcely hope for any lasting success. It may hold New York in its grasp a few years longer. It may disturb the peace of quiet towns with riots and disorder. It may place in office men shameless and corrupt. But the same unpopularity that has followed the priestly rulers of Europe must attend them here, and any party that trusts for its victories to the support of a foreign Church will dwindle to a small minority. In Europe the firmest opponents of the Romish rule are Catholics who prefer the interests of their country to the advancement of the Church. The people of Italy, while still professing the faith of Rome, maintain their free schools, their liberal institutions, and have destroyed the temporal power in defiance of the anathemas of an infallible pope. It is a promising trait in our own politics that many intelligent and honest Catholics have denounced that dangerous policy upon which their Church has entered, would accept no bribes from dishonest rulers, and inculcate obedience to the laws.

Still, however, there must be a vigorous struggle, and it will demand all the watchful zeal of the patriotic to expel from our midst the corrupting influence of Romish politics. Only a year ago the nation was in signal danger. Possessed of New York, controlling its revenues, guiding the policy of the whole Democratic party, the papal faction seemed secure of its aims; its leaders aspired to the Presidency; its lavish corruption controlled the Legislature of New York; the Democracy of the West had been purchased with bribes; and, radiating from the metropolis, as if from a centre of moral and mental decay, the Romish influence was spreading from city to city. Few dared then to denounce the priests, who, like so many of their predecessors, connived at immorality for their own ends, ruled over the public schools, and extorted great sums from the officials they had placed in power; few would see the cause of the total decay of public virtue, or the shameless vices of our rulers. It seemed as if New York had already sunk into the moral degradation of a Romish city. The spirit of independence was gone, the Romish press suggested that a republic was never lasting. A sudden shock aroused us; it was discovered that fraud, perjury, forgery, were common practices with our city officials; a general cry for honesty and reform has arisen among us; and if the vast sums of which we have been plundered, and the unequaled crimes that have been committed by our public officials, prove sufficient to teach vigilance, economy, and a pure republicanism in the future, they will not have been suffered or lost in vain. We have been snatched from fatal ills.

Yet our danger still hovers around us; the priestly faction is still unbroken, and still remorseless and revengeful; the Jesuit stands behind the guilty men, his benefactors, teaching them defiance; the Romish party seeks to retain them in office; the Romish press suggests the fall of the republic. To save all that we have inherited of freedom, education, political purity, and republican vigor from the malarious influence of the foreign priests, may require a united movement of the people no less decided and rapid than that which has saved Italy and Spain.

Toys as Teachers.

The primary use of toys to children is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which it can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do; and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing-up of children is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is essential for them; they must be doing something, and, as has been well marked, even mischief is but misapplied energy. Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoemaker with shoes.

Children are essentially active in every sense, and toys cannot properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course the glitter of a new thing whatever it may be, lasts for some time; but it will be remarked how they generally return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can do something with it. A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas a new picture-book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared for much after it has been exhibited a few times, and has ceased to be a novelty.

While carefully avoiding the mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, many impart a vast amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would, of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principles of the bridge and the use of the keystone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge with the centring, and show him how to put it together; he will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and practically acquainted with some important mechanical laws. Again, a little model of a steam-engine made to work by gas or spirit, which may be bought for a few shilling, is a most attractive toy. Children will watch it for hours. They see the water poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts.—When they come to study the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half the difficulty of their first lessons vanishes. Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are little better than a dry spelling-book, whereas with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learning to read and spell in the best possible manner, and in a way he is least likely to forget. The first four rules of arithmetic, again, may be taught almost entirely be means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table, before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which perhaps requires more direct lesson-work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and guilding a pencil imparted, before the copy-book, pot-hook and hanger has made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.

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The Hassler Expedition.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION UNDER PROFESSOR AGAZZIS—NEW UNDERTAKING OF THE COAST SURVEY.

In about ten days the Hassler Scientific Expedition, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey, and the immediate direction of Prof. Agazzis, starts from the Navy Yard at Charlestown on a voyage of exploration more elaborate and important in its extent and aim than any every before undertaken in the United States in behalf of navigation and a more definite knowledge of the character and action of the sea. Its object is, in brief, to investigate the bottom of the ocean in its deepest part, to trace the sources of the currents, and to compare the Atlantic, with the Pacific in order to ascertain, among other things, whether the one is higher than the other, as some contend, whether the temperature is the same, and what are the currents that come into conflict. In connection with this will be the study of the transparency of the ocean; the specific saltness of sea water, its specific gravity and its chemical constitution, and of the animals inhabiting the sea bottom, and the fishes of the deep sea, which, it is thought may give the means of ascertaining whether the great oceans in some past time communicated one with the other. The expedition is the thought of Prof. Pierce, the recent Superintendent of the Coast Survey, who desires to materially enlarge the scope of the survey while under his management following the example of his predecessors, Prof. Bache, who extended the plan of Professor Hassler, the first Superintendent—who operated during Jefferson's administration—which was to make a thorough trigonometrical survey of our coast by introducing extensive and systematic scientific investigations.

The plan to be carried out is this: First to explore the South Atlantic, then to go straight to the West Indies and begin the first great work, the investigation of the origin of the Gulf Stream. Then to go eastward into the broad ocean to seek for the greatest depth of the Atlantic, and when found, thoroughly investigate its bottom. From thence to Rio, where a stoppage for supplies will be made. From Rio the party will explore the east of Patagonia and the Faulkland Islands, ascertaining and tracing the course of the South Pole currents, as they enter either the Atlantic or Pacific, which are now to a great extent unknown, and, therefore, the causes of much trouble and danger. They will next proceed through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific, investigate that ocean in the same way as in the Atlantic, especially the shore currents and open currents, the depth of the water and sea bottom, studying the animals and the fishes, visit and explore the islands opposite the continent, and the continent itself, and finally bring up at San Francisco, where the scientific corps will lease the vessel, and the latter, after a short stop, proceed with the officers of the Coast Survey to survey the route from San Diego to Panama; then go north as far as Puget Sound, and probably proceed as far as Alaska.

The importance of the of the Hassler expedition, and the investigations as are proposed, must be clearly apparent. So long as the bottom of the sea as unknown, the problems connected with navigation, such as tides and currents, can never be satisfactorily understood. All former expeditions and investigations were for the purpose of learning the approaches to the coast for vessels. To determine how tides act in and currents flow, and to command a complete knowledge of our shore phenonenon, we must go beyond this, to the sea bottom. The result of the comparison of the two oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, will be of exceeding importance. Whatever is determined, whether the one is higher than the other, or the one is warmer than the other, the canal question will be affected, and the investigations in behalf of a canal, if further pursued, can be carried on with better understanding and with clearer light than now. The work has been divided so as to be as thorough as possible, and satisfactory results may be expected.

Captain Fitz, the Refugee.

In the time of the Revolution there was a "British Refugee" in Chester county, called "Captain Fitz," whose real name was James Fitz Patrick. His exploits as a robber and depredator on the chattels and persons of the Whigs gave him great renown in his day. He kept, while he was unhung, the whole county in peril. Many parties of armed men were frequently in pursuit of him, and often he would encounter some of them in a most daring manner; some he would subdue, then tie them to a tree and flog them. On one occasion he appeared in disguise at a public meeting where measures were to be concerted for his capture. A young malitia captain volunteered to take him and vapored much.—This vexed Fitz, who whispered to his accomplice that he would be sure to rob him of his watch before the company should separate, and that he would do it with an iron candlestick then seen on the shelf. He took it down and then invited the militia captain aside, saying if he would come out a little from the house, he would show him how he might secure Fitz.—There (it being night) he demanded of him his watch—and telling him he was Fitz, he snapped the spring of the candlestick at him as if it was a pistol, then tied his hands behind him and sent him back to the company. A more fearless spirit never lived, and he was generous and humane on several occasions. He had been an American soldier, but having received some lashes, he deserted under excited feelings of lasting hatred, which ended only with his death.

A public journal of Philadelphia, of August, 1778, thus describes the circumstances of the conduct and capture of the aforesaid Captain Fitz: "The celebrated bandit of Chester county was taken and brought to Philadelphia in August. He had been made prisoner by Robert McPhee (McAfee) and a girl. Fitz entered the house of McAfee's family while they were at tea, armed with a rifle, a sword and a case of pistols, saluting them as friends; upon their saying they did not recognize him, he swore he would soon be better known as 'Captain Fitz, come *to levy his dues* on the cussed rebels.' He soon demanded his watch and buckles, and soon after ordered them all up stairs; he thinking he was safe, began to arrange his shoe-buckles on the edge of the bed, when McPhee, signing to the girl, Rachel Walker, a young woman, they sprang upon him, and so held him that he could not escape." The reward was $1,000, which was divided between them, and Captain Fitz was hung. While in Philadelphia he broke his handcuffs twice in one night. At Chester, afterwards, he filed off his irons and got out of his dungeon, and would have escaped but for the extraordinary vigilance of his jailor. His real name was James Fitzpatrick, a blacksmith by trade, and was hung at Chester. This is the true character of the Robber in Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett," from Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.