PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. H. Councell—Printer.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription.—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857. No. 9.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

From Peterson's Magazine.

THE WINDS.

Moan on and wail, wild winds,
There's music in your tone,
Swaying the leafless maples,
Making the tall trees groan;
Whirling the snow in eddies,
Dark'ning the Heav'n's frown,
Tossing the shining icicles
Over old Winter's crown.

Kissing the cheek of the maiden,
Saucily tangling her hair,
Driving away spleen's shadows,
Routing the wrinkles of care!
Moaning, and sighing, and trembling,
Echoing through the vale,
Dancing along the hillock,
Singing a saddened wail!

Chilling the limbs of the aged—
Frosting the temples with white;
Dimming the splendor of morning,
Dark'ning the shadows of night!
Playing in glee o'er the mountains—
Mountains so brown and bare—
Making a shrilly whistling—
Whistling so wild and rare!

Moan on, and sing, ye wild winds,
Ride along the stream,
Singing and playing weird harmonies—
Harmonies heard in a dream!
Roar on, and sing ye strong winds,
Whistle and trille and moan!
Music is in ye and round ye—
Music wild, thrilling and lone!

[From the New York Dispatch.]

THE DUELLIST.

A THRILLING SOUTH-WESTERN SKETCH.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

At mid-night about twenty-five years ago, a solitary youth steered his slender canoe across the Arkansas river from the left towards the right bank, whence at least one pair of eyes, from a cluster of flowing shrubs watched intently all his movements. For notwithstanding the hour, everything was visible in the clear light of a cloudless May moon, which turned the wide water into a plane of the richest silver, smooth as a mirror save where the quick ripples sparkled at the touch of the rower's flashing paddle.

I have called him a youth, but he was more properly a boy of sixteen, with a blooming, beardless face, and a countenance radiant with child-like innocence, although his form seemed manly, and his large blue eyes had that luminous, piercing look which always reveals a soul unaccustomed to both guile and fear. Indeed, his entire appearance would have delighted the gaze of a true artist. That spacious white brow environed with a wreath of glossy brown curls, that strong yet stately neck, with its aristocratic carriage, that form so massive for its age, but still so statuesque in its symmetry, the beaming eyes, the blooming visage, and withal the buckskin dress so fine in its Indian ornaments—composed together as fair a human shape as ever the enamored moon embraced since she stooped from Heaven to kiss the sleeping Endymion. But no words can re-produce the masculine graces of that beardless boy, then the pride of central Arkansas, Wade Thomson.

What! Wade Thompson! That name so terrible from the snows of Iowa to the fiery sands of the Mexican gulf—from the levee at New Orleans to the harbor of San Francisco? The same—not as he is now—not as he has been for years, the wandering Jew of Wild, unrest and pitiless passions—but as he was in the golden days of the morning of life, the light of that old clerical father's eyes, the elective magnet of a saintly mother's heart, the admiration of all that knew him. And I am about to tell what changed him, what made him the merciless man he is.

As the canoe glided through the middle of the stream the youth paused, raised his paddle, dripping with liquid pearls, and scanning the shore eagerly, murmured with a sigh:

"I must be too early—there is no one there."

He glanced up with a half reproachful expression at the calm, unsympathizing moon, and sighing again, "It is the hour!" dashed his paddle into the water, and shot to the shore like an arrow.

Then drawing his canoe partly on the sand, he ascended the bank, peered among the clustering vines, separated the wild flowers, and called out in a soft voice trembling with an infinite tenderness of desire:

"Thalia, dearest Thalia!"

"My own beautiful Wade," replied a musical, laughing voice, as tall, dark-eyed woman emerged from a natural bower of rose-bushes, and cast herself into his arms.

Then followed the tender embrace, the kiss with lips of fire, the brief question and blended tongues and all the nameless beatitude of love that has never known sin. The joy of the woman revealed itself in smiles sweet as starlight, and blushes burning like the tints of an evening cloud, while by a singular contrast, the passion of the youth found vent in a rain of delicious tears.

The first ecstatic transport of the re-union being allayed, the young man murmured:

"Come, dearest Thalia, let us go yonder and sit down. I want to talk to you a long while."

He took her electric hand, and led her a few steps up the river to a large heap of wood where the boats occasionally landed to take in fuel. There he arranged as comfortable a position for the charmer as possible, and throwing himself on his knees at her feet so as to look fully into that bewitching face, he gazed up into those dark eyes as if worshipping some ineffable divinity. It was too, a divinity we have all worshipped at some time or other in our cold skeptical lives, perhaps the first one ever adored, at the sacrifice of the soul's virgin purity—but, ah me! for how many in vain.

A concealed spectator would have remarked a striking, if not a painful contrast between the lovers. As I have already said, in all but form, he was a mere boy; while she appeared the proud, showy, handsome woman of more than twenty summers. Her love seemed that of the half passionate coquette; but his was flame-homage as pure as ever glowed in the depths of any human bosom. She was evidently fond of him, and against the wishes of her parents, as this stolen interview sufficiently proved; but she was his all in all in fancy as in feeling; the very life-breath of his being, as evinced by his every glance, tone and gesture. She looked down upon him, while he looked up to her, and this simple fact implies a difference wide as two distant worlds. And hence, the mightiest mastery of tyrannical passion ever developed in the yearning heart, is that of the boy for the full-blown woman. For there can be no love without the madness of adoration.

"Sweet Thalia, let us fly at once, and never be parted more," entreated the youth, in accents earnest as the voice of prayer, while the moonlight streaming on his face gave him the aspect of a devotee kneeling before the Statue of a saint.

A troubled, indefinable expression passed over the fine features of the woman, as she sighed:

"It cannot be yet; we must still wait for the consent of my parents."

"And that will never be given," he answered, with a countenance of measureless despair.

"We must hope for the best," she returned, in tones as gloomy as those of the other.

"I cannot endure it," cried the boy, with a strange convulsive shudder of the lips; "your rich father spurns me like a dog, and your brother insults me on every public occasion. People point at me as a coward, and so I am—but it is for you!"

"You talk wildly to-night," murmured the woman, almost alarmed at the singular gleaming light beginning to dart, as in fitful pulses, from the large blue eyes of her lover.

"I shall go mad if I lose you!" he exclaimed, passionately, springing to his feet and kissing the bright ringlets of her raven hair, which his tears soon sprinkled with crystal dew.

Then falling as suddenly on his knees and clasping her throbbing bosom, he implored:

"Oh! my angel, I know that I am poor—that I cannot support you in the style to which you were born; it would break my heart to see those divine hands soiled with labor, to look on that dear form thin with want, or clad like mine. Therefore, I will never more press you to fly with me. But why can you not love me as I love you?—more than all on earth, more than all in heaven?"

The intense passion, the fiery poetry of love, touched also the soul of the woman, as she glued her lips to his, murmuring: "Dear Wade, I do—I do."

"Then there is another way for us to enjoy an eternal union;" he said in a voice milder than his words.

"What mean you?" she faltered, recoiling with a gesture.

"Loving hearts that are barred from beating together in life, may still sleep together in a common grave," was the startling reply, and the brow of the speaker turned pale as the moonlight that hovered like some wearied unhealthy thing around his head.

"What! would you commit the fearful sin of suicide, and peril your immortal soul?" she cried with shivering horror.

"Who can tell me if it be a sin to dispose of my own life when it ceases to be worth the keeping?" He asked it in a dream.

"The good book, the preachers, your own father;" she rejoined with a look of indescribable amazement.

"My father preaches and prays, and is ground into the earth by poverty; yours curses and grows rich. How do I know then which pleases God best, prayers or curses?"

"Are you deranged Wade? Do you doubt the Creator?" she inquired in greater consternation.

He cast a gloomy glance at the sky, and muttered: "all is dark yonder! if Heaven would have us believe, why does it not disclose its secrets? We have seen many die, but none return to tell us how they fare. We guess not where they go. What, if those bright stars, and this dark earth, were all eternal, could they have a maker then? Has the space in which they move a maker also? Is not eternity old as the Eternal! All is dark here and yonder!"

Alas! unhappy youth, the icy arrow of all the ages has thrilled thy inexperienced heart. Thou hast tasted the forbidden fruit that brings no knowledge, but undying doubt. Thou hast plucked the Sodom that grows even in the wild woods of Arkansas, as it grows in the gardens of London and Paris, as it grew in Greece, Rome and Hindostan—as it will grow so long as the earth grows men. Alas! alas! for there shall never more be starry dreams, or thoughts with wings like angels!

"Let us die," he continued, gazing earnestly on the river; "let us two go bravely to sleep beneath the shining water, as lovers have so often done, in each other's arms; and if the Almighty Spirit should chide us, we will plead the priceless value of so much love and truth." And he seized her with a strong clasp to his bosom, as if about to bear her into the stream.

"No, no, for God's sake no;" she ejaculated in accents frozen into gasping whispers by excess of terror.

He started as one awaking from some dreadful dream. The wild lustre left his eyes, and the tears came back again, as he cried:

"Forgive me, adorable creature; I forgot that you are too beautiful for death. Live and be forever blest; as for me, I will face the grim destiny alone!"

He imprinted on her white lips a brief kiss, and descended rapidly the bank of the river. His feet were already in the shallow water, when she shrieked—

"Stay, Wade, I will be yours—I will fly as you wish!"

He bounded back to her exclaiming:

"Now I, too, will believe there is a God of mercy. I know there is a Heaven, for I find it here!"

And the lovers melted together in tears and caresses of ineffable fondness.

After a few moments, such as crush ages of rapture into instants, the youth said:

"Come, my heart's own bride, let us awake; we must be miles down the river before sunrise, unless we may chance to fall in with a boat."

As he spoke, the familiar hoarse snorting of a high pressure steamer became audible. The young man uttered a cry of joy, while the woman, already relenting, faltered:

"We must defer our flight until some other time; how can I leave without my clothing?"

At the moment, an angry curse, mingled with a peal of infernal laughter, sounded immediately behind them. The woman fairly screamed, for she knew the fearful imprecation as the voice of an unrelenting father. They turned, and the fierce-eyed old man stood before them, not alone, but accompanied by a proud, sneering brother, and a former suiter of the daughter—one abhorred, rejected, yet still persevering in spite of her aversion.

The picture was extraordinary, even for the backwoods. The impetuous father, a giant of strength and fury in his youth, and still more powerful than any man in Arkansas—his face writhing, his tongue inarticulate with rage, his cane uplifted, yet forbearing to strike; for old Colonel Jack Thorn though a Satan in wrath and revenge, had a keen sense of the Western principle of honor, and therefore scrupled to assault an unarmed or unresisting foe. His son John, a tall, dark-visaged person, with cruel thin lips, flourishing a cowhide, but hesitated to anticipate the purpose of his father, who could ill-brook any interference with the course of his own quarrels. Captain Davis, the rejected suitor, a huge red-haired monster, the most murderous duellist of the frontier, with one hand smoothed an immense beard, and with the other fondled the silver-mounted butt of his pistol, while a diabolical grin curled his coarse, lurid lips, and his small yellowish eyes flashed ruddy jets of flame.

"Do not strike me," said young Thomson, folding his arms on his breast, and looking steadily but mournfully in the face of Thalia's father. "Do not strike me, for I cannot strike back."

"And why not, coward, wretch, son of the devil?" roared the Colonel.

The youth glanced at his beloved, and was silent.

"Do you think a daughter of mine shall ever wed a beggaly poltroon? Sooner would I cut her up with my bowie knife, as meat for the hounds."

"I am not a coward," replied the boy in a thrilling whisper, a large blue vein swelled up like a cord in his left temple as if about to burst.

"Then fight me!" thundered the Colonel; "fight me and you shall have her;" he added with an oath frightful enough, one might have imagined to appal the demons that inspired him.

A quick arrow of lightning darted from the blue eyes of the youth, to be succeeded by streams of tears, as he gasped: "Oh! God, it is possible!" But whether he alluded to the proposed combat, or the exhaustion of his own powers of endurance, the hearers could not well conjecture.

The duellist, Captain Davis, interposed: "The lily-livered boy who is afraid of lead and cold steel, is not fit to marry!"

"You lie!" retorted young Thmson in accents hissing like the death-warning of a serpent.

"Poor child, it needs the switch!" said the desperado, with a mocking burst of hellish merriment; and he snatched the cowhide from the hand of John Thorn, and sprung, at his boyish rival.

A terrible struggle ensued, and the youth might perhaps have achieved an actual victory, when John Thorn interfered by knocking him down with the butt of his pistol.—Davis instantly seized him by his long flowing hair, and completed the chastisement without pity or shame.

At length, Colonel Thorn ordered: "Let him go, Captain; that is more than enough, and the thing has not been done very fairly, any way."

Released, the boy fixed his eyes piercing as daggers on the visage of his enemy, and said in a horse whisper: "I demand, and I will have satisfaction!"

"Does the baby want more of the same sort?" sneered the duellist.

The steamboat, previously alluded to had rung her bell as the signal for landing, and was now rapidly nearing the shore. Young Thomson cast one glance at the crowded deck, a sudden thought flashed through his brain, he smiled as a fiend smiles, and flew again upon his rival, grappled his throat, and dragged him to the ground; at the same instant biting off one of his ears as they fell.

"Father, let me shoot the wretch!" exclaimed John Thorn, drawing his revolver.

"Not so," answered the Colonel; "no more foul play; the boy has better grit than I thought,—but let us part them; the boat is touching the bank."

They attempted to pull Thompson away from his hold. His arm felt hard as iron, and the clasp of his fingers seemed terribly tenacious as the paws of a blacksmith's vice.

"Halloo!" shouted a rough voice from the steamer; "there, boys, are three men upon one." And the crew and passengers rushed to the scene. As they crowded around, the youth relinquished his grasp. His antagonist, purple from suffocation, arose with difficulty, but recovering in a moment, he drew his pistol and fired at the heart of the heroic boy.

"Assassin!" cried Captain Turner, striking up the deadly weapon, as the bullet whizzing on high through the air; "assassin, what is the cause of this murderous quarrel?"

The duellist spoke not, but clutched his mutilated ear, with a countenance distorted like that of a devil.

"This is a bad business," remarked the steamboat captain, turning to Thomson for explanation.

The latter pointed in the direction where his Thalia stood, as she had stood from the commencement of the affray,—pale and apparently as insensible as a statue, a queenly Niobe frozen by grief and fear into marble. "We love each other," he avowed; "and for that alone, her father, brother, and my discarded rival, have assailed me; this brutal bully has disgraced me forever by the touch of the whip, and now refuses satisfaction."

"You shall have it, you shall have it in your own blood and brains!" yelled Davis in a voice like the howl of some wounded wild beast.

"Then, let me have it now," replied the dauntless boy.

"Now, now," shouted the boat's crew; and hasty preparations were made for the duel, John Thorn officiating as second for Davis, and Captain Turner acting for young Thomson.

The principals took their places ten steps apart, armed with duelling pistols furnished from the steamer. It was a scene for the genius of a Salvator Rosa: a terrific contrast between the devilish passions of man and the divine peace of his sweet sister—Nature. Yonder the eternal stars sparkled as ever, brightening the vivid blue above with rays of unfading fire; there the magical moon smiled on the waveless water, smiled with looks of tenderest love, as the young mother upon the sleeping face of the first blossom from her yearning heart; beyond the river soared a lofty precipice, tinged with the rust of iron till it seemed to blush all over with blood—the blood of unknown and unimaginable ages—more poetic blood—the fairy hues which the atmosphere paints on the old rocks for pastime. But here, with erring humanity, all is sin and sorrow.—One instant more, and brethren of the same race, joint heirs of the universal and everlasting splendors, will tear open each other's veins with cruel leaden balls. Already, they foretaste the infernal joy of murder.—The coarse features of Davis are wreathed with the horrible smile of assassination, while his youthful antagonist sheds tears of bravity, mingled with revenge—dew-drops distilled by the brain to scorch the eye-balls from which they flow. Motionless as a thing of marble, pallid as the mystic moonlight now bathing her pulseless temples, Thalia gazes on with that strange, stony look, as if unconscious of both life and love. The sullen puffing of the steam escaping through its pipes—the red glare of the furnace fires—the wild visages of the boat's crew, crowded like pirates in battle array along the bank—the thickly-starred heavens above—the gleaming river beneath—and the midnight stillness of the ancient forest dreaming in the moonlight—all formed a combination which no stretch of art might re-create.

Finally the signal was given. Fearless of his boyish foe, Davis seemed resolved to have a deliberate aim, as he raised his weapon slowly on the deadly line; but the muzzle never reached the intended level, to be sure as usual of the victim's heart. For with the last echo of the word, "fire," the pistol of young Thomson pealed the death-knell of his hated rival. The report roared like thunder on the still night air, making up ten thousand slumbering echoes in the tall rocks beyond the river, as if the viewless spectres of the mountain had also caught the rage of combat.

The victor bounded to his promised bride, and grasping her icy hand said earnestly: "Come dearest, let us go; no one will hinder us now."

"Yes," she answered, as if murmuring in a dream.

He led her to Captain Turner, and asked will you give us a passage to New Orleans?"

"Certainly with the greatest pleasure," was the generous response.

"Who will pay the fare?" ejaculated Colonel Thorn, in tones of burning irony; "the boy is a beggar, as his father was before him!"

Thalia started as if stung by a scorpion; all her natural and habitual pride come to the rescue, overpowering even the strong resistence of pleading love; and she faltered: "I will not go; I must wait until you have a home."

The boy staggered as if stunned by an unseen blow, and than standing upright as if changed into a metallic form, he cried sadly; regardless of the throng: "I shall be absent two years; I shall come back wealthy if my bones are above the sod. But woe to you, if you should prove false or fickle; and a darker woe for him who shall dare to pass between you and me!"

He kissed her hand, and walked slowly away. Once only he turned, perhaps expecting her to recall him, but she had already hurried off with her stern-eyed old father. He cast one look towards the stars, so full of despair, gloomy yet fierce, pregnant with unutterable defiance, and altogether indescribable, that those who beheld it never will forget the fearful meaning stamping as with letters of hellish light on that boyish day. Then, in an instant, he bounded down the bank, leaped into his canoe, and sped across the river. He was seen no more in central Arkansas for years.

In the meantime, he was fulfilling a portion of his awful promise. Where could you find a steamboat on the Western waters unfamiliar with the name of the all-dreaded gambler and duellist, Wade Thomson? What city journal did not occasionally recount some of his desperate deeds?—He played, too, with the most astonishing success; every card he touched seemed to turn to gold; so that by the day he had specified in his last farewell to Thalia, he was actualy rich. But the changeful coquette had then been married to another for a dozen months; and she shortly afterwards died, which perhaps, saved her husband from the former lover's wrath.

That mercile a man can boast a score of victims, all shot or cut down, either in fair duel, or in sudden combat with an armed foe, and all on equal terms; if indeed, any terms of battle could be equal with that eye and the hand, both quick as lightning. But the most singular phenomenon in the character of the desperado remains to be recorded. With the exception of the piercing blue eyes, his countenance seemed mild as that of a woman; and always, when the diabolical fit of anger came over his brain and heart, his feature never failed to assume an aspect of speechless woe, and he would burst into a paroxysm of burning tears, every drop of which was soon made to count for one of blood.

He has been arraigned for homicide in half the states of Mississippi Valley, but always with the good fortune of a favorite verdict. He is now in California, the same restless, wandering Jew, doomed to the torture of eternal doubt and death: hated, yet feared: alone in crowds, suffering the old heart's blight, never soothed by a tone of pity; though of all things, perchance, he deserves pity the most. For the everlasting laws have already punished him.

For the Easton Gazette.

Letter to Minnie:—

Bless us! Father Winter, why not at once transmit us to Kamschatka! There, our habitations, at least, would shield us from the weather, and doing in Rome as Romans do, we should give up all attempt at civilized occupations.

Yesterday, after having been entombed in the snow for two days or more, and shrunken into considerably less than our usual dimensions, by the cold, we indulged hopes that the weather was beginning to moderate; but this morning the thermometer is in the neighborhood of zero, and the water of our chambers bound up, that we can scarcely get enough to wash our benumbed hands and faces. And this is no trifling consideration, when you reflect that spring from which alone our water is brought, at the foot of yonder hill, was hidden entire for a day or two, and is now reached only through various snow mountains, some six feet high. And all this, Minnie you will say, in Southern Virginia! Even so. You were congratulating me upon the prospect of escaping the cold New England winter; but when I think of your sunny, well-warmed apartments, your swift horses, and jingling sleigh bells, your sleighs of rich fairy lightness, and yourselves wrapped in furs and buffalo-robes, gliding along so merrily, in contrast with these shackling casements and shrunken doors, these vast rooms, warmed only by tiny grates, ourselves shivering about from one to another in shawls and overcoats, the impassable roads, the state of the coal-yard and the wood-piles, a N. E. winter seems far preferable. God pity the suffering poor! They make no provision for such a winter as this, and their more favored neighbors are apt to forget them, in their own comparatively slight discomfort. We shall hear of their suffering, when things have resumed their old routine, but then, doubtless, many will be past relief. Two or three cases of terrible suffering and death have already come to our knowledge. Yet they were not of the destitute class.—It was the result of rashness, imprudence, and indulgence in intoxicating drink. Intemperance is the curse of this community.

One of the oldest, and most respectable physicians of P. left his home sometime during last Sunday, in company with a younger acquaintance, for the plantation of his son-in-law, about twenty miles distant.—Though the storm had not reached its height at that time, the roads were almost impassable, and the horse in some manner becoming disengaged from the buggy, though at the very plantation gates, and within a few rods of the buildings, they were found next morning frozen! Dr. —— had left the buggy to call assistance, and was found in the snow not far distant, where he had probably sunk down overpowered. His companion had remained in the buggy at the gate and was found first, not dead, but speechless. He retained sufficient consciousness to be able by signs to make them understand, that some one else was without, and thus the unfortunate man was found frozen to death, within a few rods of his own daughter's door. There was a feeble hope, at the last accounts of the preservation of the other's life, but only with the loss of all his limbs! That would be worse than death itself. Another case is that of a young man, who died from cold and intoxication in his own chamber, after making his way home from the hotel.

You should have been here Minnie, on Monday morning after that night of wind and snow. I told Mr. D. we were accustomed in Conn. to even worse storms than that, *out*-of-doors, but *in*-doors, I would admit, Oak Hill bore off the palm. Upon rising, after noticing, without much surprise, the little snow-wreaths, here and there, with which the emissaries of Old Boreas had been decorating our apartments, I approached the long heavy curtains, which we had dropped the night before, to let in some light, and take a peep at the prospect without.—As I drew them aside, what think you?—Down came a perfect avalanch of snow!—The space between the windows and curtains was completely packed, and for an hour thereafter you may imagine we had plenty to do. In the dining-room things were no better. Chairs, carpet, tables, secretary, side-board and even the spoons in an open drawer were wreathed and cushioned with snow. The school-room was a perfect waste. To make matters even worse, a whole window frame had been blown out, and the broken glass made all sorts of odd little angles, in the piled up drifts. Along the passages, in which this airy house abounds, the snow was two or three inches deep on a level, and against the doors, it had been beaten half way to the top. The very beds, even, in the chambers, had additional blankets of snowy white. Delightful winter residence this: is it not? But I hope to tell you a genial tale when summer comes. There surely ought to be some compensation.

P—— presents quite a new aspect in its winter robe. The volumes of smoke curling up in the keen air, indicate many a comfortable fireside—and an occasional rush and whistle, tell us that *locomotion* is not entirely suspended, as we had begun to fear, from the non-arrival of mail master.—We are quite anxiously expecting the city papers, to be informed what is the state of affairs there. The good people might almost, for all we know to the contrary, be utterly conjealed, and present to a hardy wanderer through their streets and dwellings, such an appearance as was in the days of enchantment presented to one of the heroes of the "Arabian Nights"—with the difference of ice, instead of stone.

Pardon me, Winnie, and one surely may be pardoned some exaggeration under such mutual circumstances. The supposition is a little more probable than the truth of the tale alluded to, all would admit. But adieu! The cold has grown more intense, and yonder pitcher goes "*chick*" to tell us Jack Frost is drinking. *Please* Father Winter, if thou hast any colder weather in store for us, transform us at once into Kamschatdales.

ADELE G.

Oak Hill, Va., Jan., 1857.

THE TRIUMPH OF PHILOLOGY—A MULTIFORM AND MANY-COLORED MULTITUDE.—Philology, or the acquisition of languages is in itself a very harmless and amusing pursuit for those who have time to spare, and not enough of brains to devote themselves with any prospect of success to the creation of original ideas. But the importance laid upon a knowledge of the dead languages by all the Europe colleges, and by too many of our own, is supremely ridiculous. It is very true that an acquaintance with the work of Homer, Plato, Sophocles, and Cicero may be desirable; but have we not translations of these in the English tongue, and might it not profit us somewhat more to have carefully rehearsed and studied the noble teachings of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton Locke, and Webster? If a man has but one idea, though he may have half a dozen different tongues to express it in, he has but one idea after all. Elihu Burritt, for example, "the learned blacksmith" of Worcester, can converse and write in over half a hundred different languages and dialects; but he has never been suspected of any inordinate supply of brains—and up to the present moment—we are unacquainted with any river that has been set on fire by his genius.

Philology pursued for its own sake is a rank humbug and nothing else: but when a mastery of tongues is used, as Professor Holloway has used it, for the dissemination of new ideas and truly valuable discoveries among all tribes and nationalities of men we recognise in it one of the noblest instruments of civilization and are grateful for the assistance it imparts.

Whether the long and laborious scientific researches and experiments which Holloway had to undergo before he succeeded in perfecting his universal remedies left him time for the personal acquisition of all the languages now spoken upon earth, we do not know, and, were we speaking of an ordinary man, should think they could not possibly: but in our estimate of such a character as his, the common standard of intellectual measurement is at fault; and it seems not improbable that the mind which obtained dominion over all forms of human malady, could easily obtain the key to every tongue.

Whether this be so, or not, certain it is that Holloway has established printed journals in all the known languages of the world—journals specially devoted to the furtherance of medical truth and a proclamation of the saving principles embodied in the use of his Universal Remedies. The philologist could desire no richer treat than a perusal of the many thousand files of papers, all of them in different tongues, which can be seen in his establishment; and the British Museum, endowed as it has been both by the munificence of individuals and bodies corporate, is indebted to no single individual more than it is to Professor Holloway.

If we needed a grand interpreter of humanity, an interpreter whose former deeds and general character would everywhere secure a favorable audience for whatever new ideas he might choose to lay before the assembled congregation of mankind, it is to Holloway that we should of necessity apply. He, indeed, has turned philology to good account; and his reward is this,—that it enables him to understand the manifold and ceaseless songs of benediction and gratitude which arise to him from the full hearts of the millions his Universal Remedies have rescued from the very jaws of the grave.

This indeed is the most pregnant triumph of philology, and by far the most useful purpose that the possession of many tongues has hitherto been applied to. All honor to Professor Holloway, and may he long continue to dispense his Universal Remedies to the multiform and many-colored multitude who have been taught by experience to look up to him as their medical redeemer.

—*N. Y. Nat. Police Gazette.*

RATHER TOUGH.—A co-respondent of "Porter's Spirit," writing from Cleveland, Ohio, declares that a large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in that city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on and requested the proprietors of the ruined store to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration, and the answer received was as follows: "Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of the clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat during the space of thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was boiled out, red hot. As soon as possible it was opened, and you may judge of our surprise when we found within it the Shanghai rooster, leaning against the ledger, frozen to death."