THE STATE SENTINEL
--Weekly--

Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

☞The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to *in all cases*.

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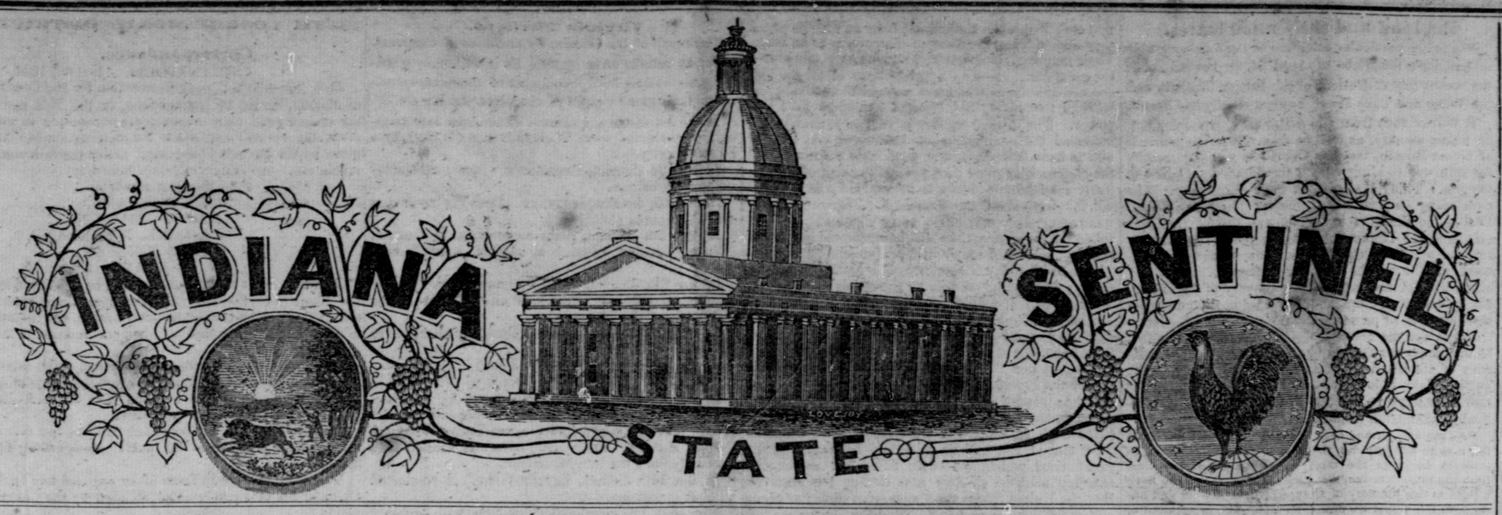

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN. INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 8, 1845. Volume IV::::::Number 46.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES
and Measures.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.

No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connection between the government and banks.

A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from a paper credit system.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

From a late Foreign paper.

Major Cheglovsky,

THE AGED SIBERIAN EXILE.

Our readers may remember that some time ago, accounts from St. Petersburgh mentioned the return from Siberia of an exile, whose advanced age, together with the romantic incidents of his life, excited deep interest and sympathy. The exile was Major Cheglovsky, who, in the reign of Catherine II. was banished to Siberia for having incurred the displeasure of the redoubtable Potemkin, whose rival he was in the affections of a Polish lady of high rank. On his return to St. Petersburgh about a year and a half ago, Major Cheglovsky was presented to the Emperor and the Imperial family. He was then about ninety-five years of age, and had passed nearly seventy years of his life in exile. The romantic circumstances which led to his banishment are thus related.

While in the full enjoyment of the favor of his Imperial mistress, Potemkin, who never really loved Catharine, became deeply enamored of the Polish Princess Zumovsky. The Princess then was what the Countess Woronzoff Asrhkoff now is, the sovereign arbiter of fashion, and the star of the saloons of St. Petersburgh. She inspired Potemkin with a violent passion, to which it was believed she herself was not wholly indifferent.

Potemkin, at all events, whether with or without reason, flattered himself that he had made some advance in the good graces of the lady, when, to his dismay, he was struck by a marked change in her manner towards him. She suddenly became cold, reserved and serious. It was remarked that this lady's altered manner was dated from the time of the fire in the theatre of St. Petersburgh, on which occasion she had been exposed to great danger; and had indeed, been indebted for her life to the heroism of a young officer, who, when the flames were rapidly spreading through every part of the building, rushed into her box and bore her out in safety.

Potemkin was deeply mortified at the lady's coldness, and being determined to ascertain the cause, he surrounded the Princess by an imperceptible but vigilant *espionnage*. However, no circumstance of any importance was brought to light, and Potemkin was beginning to console himself with the belief that the Princess's altered manner was the mere result of caprice and coquetry, when an incident occurred which banished from his mind all doubt of the fact that he was supplanted by a rival.

On the 7th of March, 1774, the Empress Catharine was seated at one of the windows of the Hermitage Palace looking at some military evolutions performed by the Imperial Guards and the four regiments of Preobajuiski. Beside the Empress sat the Princess Zumovsky, and behind stood Count Potemkin. The second battalion of the Preobajuiski had just reached the middle of the bridge of Troist, when the Princess leaned over the rail of the balcony, as if anxiously watching for some one; and either voluntarily or by accident dropped one of her gloves. A young officer, who saw the glove drop, received it on the point of his sword, and after pressing it to his lips, thrust it into his bosom.

The Princess colored deeply, and Potemkin fixing his eyes upon her, said, sternly—

"That officer, Madam, has enriched himself with one of the gloves, for whom is the other designed?"

"For you, Count," replied the lady, recovering her self possession, "if you are so gallant as to attach any value to such a trifle."

"Give it me," said Potemkin, and putting the glove into his pocket, he withdrew.

On the evening of that day a feldjagger and two cossacks proceeded to the abode of Major Cheglovsky. At sight of them the officer turned pale, for he well knew what such a visit portended.

"You must accompany me," said the feldjagger.

"Whither?"

"That is a secret."

"Where are your orders?"

"Here, read them."

"Will the journey be long?"

"Perhaps."

"May I be permitted to take a bag of roubles and some papers with me?"

"Neither money nor papers. You must take nothing."

"Well," said the Major, "I obey. But at least I may take a last farewell of my mother. She has just retired to rest. Pray let me bid her adieu. I will not detain you more than a few moments."

"Impossible! Our orders are peremptory. You must depart this instant."

Any resistance would have been in vain, and even the slightest attempt to resist would have been visited with severe punishment. The Major descended to the street-door, where a teleque was waiting. A teleque was a vehicle then used in Russia—it was high, with two wheels, and had a single seat or bench of wood. Cheglovsky mounted the teleque, which being drawn by two swift Urkanian horses, soon passed beyond the Va-ik Ostroff, leaving in the far distance the blue domes and gilded spires of the cathedral and citadel. The snow fell thickly, and soon covered the mute travellers. One of the Cossacks drove the teleque, and the other sat on the wooden seat, he being on one side of the Major and the feldjagger on the other. The Cossack who sat on the wooden seat soon fell asleep, and for the moment, the Major conceived the idea of strangling him and attempting his escape; but the bronze eye-lid of the feldjagger never closed throughout the whole of the night. They reached Pochezirskoe; and then Cheglovsky ventured to inquire whether they had reached their destination. "Not yet," replied the feldjagger. They changed horses and again galloped off; Vystark and Puneskoe were successively passed; and at each delay the Major, with anxiety increasing in proportion to the distance, laconically interrogated his escort. Every inquiry was answered with the terrible "Not yet."

While passing through the forest of Vologsa, the teleque was followed by a pack of hungry wolves, who continued in sight for the distance of several wersts. The feldjagger took no notice of them, it being an incident of common occurrence on such journeys. To be devoured by wild beasts, frozen to death, or buried in a tomb of snow, are a few of the many horrors that await travellers in those desert wilds. Imagination can picture nothing so desolate as the interminable succession of white plains, whose weary uniformity is broken only at distant intervals by a monastery constructed in the Asiatic style, a hut of twisted bamboo, or a gigantic barren mountain. The miserable journey lasted ten days, and Cheglovsky was almost worn out by fatigue, when the teleque halted at the boundary of a dreary steppe, and drew up before some huts, which appeared more like the dens of bears than human habitations.

"We are now at our journey's end," said the feldjagger.

The Major turned deadly pale.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, convulsively pressing the hand of his sinister companion. "You do not intend to abandon me alone in this horrid wilderness! What have I done? What is my crime? Why am I thus mysteriously dragged from my home! It must be that I am the victim of some unaccountable error! For mercy's sake conduct me back to St. Petersburgh, and all that I possess in the world shall be yours!"

"I dare not!" replied the feldjagger; "I must obey my orders."

He then drew from the pocket of his cloak a packet, and presenting it to the Major he added—"Here is something which General Potemkin commanded me to give you on parting."

The packet contained the other glove of the Princess Zumovsky. Cheglovsky trembled under the influence of violent emotion; but summoning from the recollection of his love the courage which had nearly forsaken him—"Well sir," said he, "tell General Potemkin that I fear Siberia less than I esteem his present. This gift will render me happy during my exile."

The feldjagger bowed, and mounted the teleque, which rapidly drove off. Cheglovsky watched its departure with the despair that would take possession of a lonely explorer of the catacombs, should he see the lamp die out which was to guide him back to life and daylight. Sixty-eight years elapsed—sixty-eight long years, spent amidst privations, dangers, miseries of every kind!

In 1842, a Russian officer, sent to Tobolsk on a government mission, accidentally discovered the once gay and handsome Major Cheglovsky, then nearly a centenarian. Having been made acquainted with his extraordinary story, he communicated it to General Cherenichev, who himself related it to the Emperor. The injustice had been secret; the reparation was public. The exile was conveyed from Siberia to St. Petersburgh, and the Emperor Nicholas, in the presence of twelve regiments, mustered on the Admiralty Square, addressed to him the following gracious words:—

"Be assured, Major Cheglovsky, that had I earlier known your misfortunes, they should long ago have terminated. Remain for the rest of your life in St. Petersburgh, and a pension of 4000 roubles shall be settled upon you. The Emperor will pay it."

Cheglovsky has carefully preserved the uniform which he wore in the middle of the eighteenth century. Though ninety-seven years of age, he is occasionally seen walking on the Newsky Perspective. He holds himself erect, his countenance is placid and serene, and he appears to gaze with astonishment on the population of St. Petersburgh, who have, of course changed not a little in the space of nearly seventy years. He speaks with an enthusiasm unsubdued by age and suffering, of the Empress Catharine, the Prince de Linge, the Count de Seugar, and Alexis Orloff; and he seems almost to fancy that those personages still live and move in the saloons of the Hermitage and the gardens of the Taurida Palace.

On his arrival in the Lussian capital, Cheglovsky's first task was to make his will. It contained only two lines, which are to the following effect—"I request as the last favor that can be rendered to me, that I may be buried with the gloves which will be found fastened round my neck by a black ribbon."

A WOMAN WORTH HAVING.—Mrs. Seba Smith is now known to the public as one of our best female writers. She is a native of Portland. Of her early history, JOHN NEAL has given the following sketch:

"When Miss Elizabeth Prince — a mere child — married Mr. Seba Smith, who had been writing for the newspapers of the day nobody knows how long, had she been asked if she ever hoped to equal her husband, or to contribute in any way to his reputation as a literary man, she would have laughed you in the face—and long after that, years after she had begun to hazard little scraps of prose and poetry for her husband's newspaper, which he carefully corrected for her, if she had been questioned, she would have acknowledged that so far from dreaming of what has since occurred, she would as soon think of enlisting for a drummer boy, or of digging clams at the halves, either at Cape Elizabeth or Booth Bay, as of earning a dollar by the pen. Yet such has been her willingness and her energy, such her steadfast determination to do all that might become a woman for the help of her husband, who has had every thing to struggle with since he removed to New York, and for the support of her little family that she is now a regular, and we hope well paid contributor to some of our cleverest and most popular journals, and has won for herself a most desirable reputation. She was a child but the other day, with no sense of her own strength; and after she became a woman, her countenance you could not see for her veil, and her wings were hidden by her shawl. But the rains beat upon her husband, upon her little ones; and the winds blew and the floods came, and lo! the veil and the shawl disappeared like the mist of summer; and the highest nature of woman broke forth like sunshine, and her wings were molted, and her feet planted upon a rock sure and steadfast. She no longer trembles when you look into her heart or try to read her eyes; neither shawl nor veil is wanted now. The woman is no longer ashamed or anxious to hide herself when called to by her heavenly Father. She feels her own worth, and looks out, unswerving and self-dependent, upon the storms about her. What the girl and the bride were unequal to, the wife and the mother delight to grapple with."

The *N. Y. Evening Mirror* translates from the French a capital bit of Parisian gossip, and the editor pronounces it the "Frenchiest" thing he has seen in some time:

A couple very well known in Paris are at present arranging terms of a separation, to avoid the scandal of a judicial divorce. A friend has been employed by the husband to negotiate the matter. The latest mission was in reference to a valuable ring, given to the husband by one of the sovereigns of Europe, and which he wished to retain. For this he would make a much desired concession. The friend made the demand. "What!" said the indignant wife, do you venture to charge yourself with such a mission to me? Can you believe that I could tear myself from a gift which alone recalls to me the days when my husband loved me! No! this ring is my only souvenir of happiness forever departed. 'Tis all (and here she wept) that I now possess of a once fond husband."

The friend insisted. The lady supplicated—grew desperate—threatened to submit to a public divorce as a lesser evil than parting with this cherished ring—and at last confessed that—*she had sold it six months before!*

CHERRIES WITHOUT STONES.—The Parisian scientific correspondent of the New York "Courier des Eats Unis" mentions a new discovery of a way to produce cherries without stones. Early in the spring, before the sap is in full flow, a young bearing tree is divided in two down to the branching off of the roots, the pith carefully removed with a wooden spatula, the parts again united, the air being excluded by an application of potter's clay the whole length of the opening, and bound together by woollen cord. The sap soon re-unites the severed parts, and in two years the tree will produce cherries of the best kind, and having in their centre, instead of the usual kernel, a thin soft pellicle.

STATISTICS OF PRINTING IN BOSTON.—In Boston there are about five hundred journeymen printers, (mostly compositors,) about two hundred apprentices and two-thirders to the printing business, seventy-five girls engaged in type-sticking, and about two hundred journeymen and boys on presswork and other labors in a printing office, making nearly one thousand persons actually engaged in the printing business in the city of Boston.

For the Indiana State Sentinel.

The Belisarius of Girard.

(WRITTEN UNDER AN ANCIENT PAINTING.)

"Date obolum Belisario, quem virtus extulit, quem invidia prodidit."

Hark! who is that who loudly at my door
Knocks for admittance, old and poor he seems;
The snows of sixty winters flour his head,
His cheeks are pale and thin, and dim his eyes
As if the light of life had long since fled;
Whilst on his shoulder hangs like frozen icicle
A lovely girl just springing into youth;
Speak old man; speak, where is thy house or home.
Date obolum Belisario, quem virtus extulit, quem invidia prodidit—I am poor and blind.

Date obolum Belisario, for no home,
Nor house, nor hearth has he to whom you speak;
Cold is the night, and I am old and blind,
My voice is feeble and my limbs are weak;
The lion of the forest owns his lair,
The prowling jackall has his lone abode;
But me—ah me! no house nor home have I,
Save the drear forest, and its frozen sod.

My child hangs drooping on my lonely breast,
The young, the loved, the beautiful, the good,
Unable longer my frail steps to guide,
And feebly asks me for a little food.
Then date obolum Belisario!
To one 'fore whom the haughty Persian bow'd,
Before whose sword the Goth and Vandal fled,
When red the Tiber roll'd with purple blood.

Date obolum, cold the night-wind blows,
My shivering limbs and frozen feet are sore;
And soon my trembling soul must seek that bourne,
Where death's dark mantle shrouds the lonely shore.
Yet for my child, one little pittance give,
Recall the bloom unto her faded cheek,
And in the *daughter* let the *father* live;
Date obolum, I am poor and weak.

NOTE.—After forty years of service, during which period he made the Roman arms triumph in Persia, in Africa over the Vandals, and in Italy over the Goths, this old General was ruined by his enemies, and an ungrateful Emperor caused his eyes to be extracted and sequestrated his property, leaving him old, blind and poor—a beggar; and as such he was led by his daughter through the streets of Rome.

UNION COUNTY, 24th April, 1845. J. S. R.

We copy the following poem from the American Review, on account of its unusual beauty. Mr. Willis remarks:—"In our opinion *it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift.* It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book,' which we *feed* on. It will stick to the memory of every body who reads it."

The Raven.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, early napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radient maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken and uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream, before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Mere'y this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon the bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore"—of "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radient maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

The deepest stain which sullies the honor of the country has been caused by the Native American faction, by its destruction of churches, and its effusion of blood. The weak and inoffensive have been sacrificed, the helpless and innocent have been slaughtered. Guilty of no crime but a foreign birth, of no offence but the worship of God, the bigotry which has glutted itself in homicide, seeks to establish itself as the representative of the virtue and intelligence of the people. Will American citizens permit it? No! Indignantly and a thousand times, No!

A late *New York Herald* contains a letter from Mrs. Mary A. Gove, giving a description of a social society situated on the Muskingum, in the State of Ohio, from which we gather that in some things the socialists are as pharisaical as many of their more refined friends in other society. Mrs. Gove, however, takes occasion to show off one or two of their inconsistencies. For instance, railing out against the healthful and graceful amusement of dancing, while they are debauching themselves with quids of tobacco as large as fiddle heads, and the other, the practice that prevails in the most fashionable societies of marrying from motives of a pecuniary or worldly character without any regard to the affections of the parties most deeply interested in the matter. These two classes of persons Mrs. G. handles without gloves—hear her:

Some friends of Association went with me from Zanesville, and gave me a favorable introduction. I walked over a large part of the Domain. One good man said to me, "I wish you would tell the New England people to come out here and join us—we should certainly succeed if they would." I said, "would you allow them to dance in the evening, after they had done a good day's work?" "No," said he, "we go in for praising the Lord, and we don't go in for carnal amusements." I turned and looked the man full in the face—I had seen him eat his dinner of pork and potatoes, and I now saw him with his mouthful of tobacco, not a Yankee quid occupying half the mouth, but a full grown western one—I said, "The curse is upon you—you will put your law upon innocent amusements and healthful exercise, whilst you debauch yourselves with pork and tobacco, and talk about praising the Lord."

Those of us who have seen the misery, the impurity of marriage without love, and who feel that it is legal licentiousness must say so. The bottomless pit of hate must be uncovered, and men must see that children born in a marriage where there is law, not love, to say the least, must have a sad inheritance. That there are plenty of practical difficulties in the way of the good and true is no argument against it. Though I may see no way for people to get out of an evil marriage, no way for women, no way for children, but to continue in a false and wicked relation, yet these difficulties do not make the relation any better. I affirm that marriage without love is sin, is prostitution, and I place my reputation at the mercy of all legalists by my assertion. I am willing to do so. Truth is worth any sacrifice.

A DOCTOR AND HIS LIZARDS.—Mr. Thurlow Weed's last letter from Vera Cruz to the Albany Evening Journal, relates the following marvellous incidents in a notice of a visit to the estate of Doct. Stephens:

While enjoying our cigars under a broad-spreading Tamarind tree, the Lizards came down as usual to keep the mosquitoes away from their protector. The Doctor's kindness for animals has developed instincts and awakened affections that would not discredit a race intellectually endowed. His beautiful fan-tailed pigeons, when he returns from town, come with their greetings to his carriage, and perch upon his shoulders. His lizards jump from the trees into his hands. A year or two since, when several of the officers of the U. S. ship Potomac, with two gentlemen residing here, were at breakfast with the Doctor, a huge lizard that had the misfortune to lose its tail by some casualty, marched into the rooms, and up to the Doctor, with its dismembered limb in its mouth! This looks, I confess, too much like a 'Remarkable Snake Story,' but it is nevertheless, a well authenticated fact. The maimed reptile, under the influence of instinct highly excited, sought relief from the hand by which it had been fed and cherished. The Doctor himself regards the circumstance as a tribute to his skill in surgery.

The unreasoning species are not alone, however, in their appreciation of Doct. Stephen's medical services. He performed, at an early day, with entire success, some of the most difficult surgical operations. His writings on yellow fever, scurvy, &c., won for him the highest medical honors that Europe confers. The was one of three eminent physicians upon whom degrees were conferred upon the occasion of Lord Wellington's installation as chancellor of Oxford University. He is now devoting himself to investigations of the highest interest touching the phenomena of Life, which in his judgment, prove, 1st. That the action of the body is regulated by some power or agency other than the brain; 2d. That there is a living, vital agent, independent of, and so far as muscular action is concerned, superior to the mind; and 3d. That in Man, and in the higher order of Animals, the principle of Life is seated in the solar ganglion, from which the nervous system or machinery draws its power of motion, and by which it is propelled and governed.

SINGULAR AND VORACIOUS FISH IN THE ORANOKA.—Returning to the water's edge, the captain related to us an incident which gave us warning against bathing in those parts. He had been on a stone, watching at the river's edge, when a caribe fish fastened on him sharply, and was with difficulty shaken off. The caribe fish is six inches long and generally remains at the bottom; but if blood be dropped into the river, immediately thousands of these fish will rise at it; and if man or beast enter the river bleeding, so numerous are they, and so sharp their triangular mouths, that it is considered far easier to escape from a crocodile or boa; in fact, they make short work of their victim. A bleeding man attempting to swim a river where these little cannibals abound, has very little chance of holding together more than a few strokes—he is literally torn to mince meat. It is, however, a consolatory piece of retribution that the caribe is himself esteemed a peculiar delicacy.—*Colburn's Magazine.*

GLASS.—It is difficult to foresee to what perfection the manufacture of glass may be brought, and to what purposes the article may yet be applied. The balance spring of a chronometer is now made of glass, as a substitute for steel, and possesses a greater degree of elasticity and a greater power of resisting the alternations of heat and cold. A chronometer with a glass balance spring was sent to the North Sea, and exposed to a competition with nine other chronometers, and the result of the experiment was a report in favor of the chronometer with a glass spring. In a manufactory in France, they are now making glass pipes for the conveyance of water, which cost nearly 30 per cent less than the iron pipes now used, and will bear a far greater external pressure.

A VENERABLE WOMAN.—We learn from the *West Chester Record*, that there died at Springon Forge, in West Marlborough township, Chester county, on the 24th ult., Mrs. Esther Townsey, at the remarkable age of 103 years and 11 months. She was born in 1741—more than a century ago. At the time of her death, her daughter's family, in which she resided, was composed of the old lady, her daughter, her grand-daughter, her great-grand-daughter, and her great-great-grand-daughter—a regular descent of five generations. These were the only persons constituting the household—five persons—each representing a generation! The age of her daughter is 70 years, and of her great-great-grand-daughter about 3 years. Mrs. Townsey was born in Ireland.

From the New York News.

Mr. Blair and the Globe.

Whatever compensation may be found in the acquisition of such a new editorship for the government organ as that of Mr. Ritchie and Major Donaldson, nevertheless it is impossible to part with Mr. Blair, in that capacity—it is impossible to see the Globe pass out of existence—without an emotion of more than ordinary regret; an emotion which will be shared by thousands of the best and truest democratic hearts in the land,—and by none more deeply than that which still, at the Hermitage, beats warm and high with love to its country, in a frame day by day faster and faster sinking into a grave long since divested of every terror.

This change of "organship" at Washington is indeed a matter of the most amicable arrangement, upon which all parties agree with a ready and cheerful acquiescence. The expediency which, for the sake of the general concord of all sections of the democratic party in support of the administration, made it, in the view of some, desirable that this change should be carried into effect, is perfectly appreciated, as we are informed, on the part of Mr. Blair and his most confidential friends, with whose advice he acted, in withdrawing cheerfully, and we may say voluntarily, from his position at the head of the Globe, and, indeed, in sacrificing the existence of that paper, to the harmony of the democracy and the interests of the administration.

On the other hand, Mr. Ritchie is unbounded in his expressions of respect and confidence in regard to Mr. Blair, whose withdrawal from the press of Washington he views with a regret equal to that of any of his friends; and in his gratitude for the manly and friendly liberality which has marked the conduct of Messrs. Blair and Rives through the whole affair.

If in preference to any other gratification of personal ambition, Mr. Blair's choice is to retire to the quiet retreat of his farm in the neighborhood of the capital, he may be assured that he is attended there with the most cordial respect, confidence and regard of the great mass of the party whose principles he has so long and so gallantly maintained. We are happy to learn that early in May, so soon as he is relieved at his present post, it is Mr. Blair's intention to make a tour of travel, by way of relaxation, which will commence with our portion of country, and include the Hermitage, where resides the most attached of his friends. The true hearted democracy of the country will everywhere be glad to see "Blair of the Globe;" and if his *fidus Achates*, the stalwart "financial editor," should be of the company, the more the merrier.

We had intended to say something of Mr. Blair's editorial character, but find it successfully sketched in the following article from yesterday's *Pennsylvanian* that we willingly content ourselves with copying it:

"Though it had been generally known for some weeks, that the transfer of the official gazette at Washington to new hands, would probably take place, yet the formal announcement of that occurrence in the Globe on Monday evening was not received among the democrats of this city, and especially those who have been actively engaged in the political struggles of the last fifteen years, without giving rise to many interesting reflections, and vividly recalling, not merely the recollection of stirring events, but a strong sense of the obligations which the American democracy recognizes as due the faithful and fearless press, which has sustained their principles and true measures, through the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler, equally while they were in the ascendent, as when they ceased to be for a time the guiding motives of the executive government.

"Of Francis P. Blair it may be truly said, that as the editor of the leading party paper, at the seat of government, (and if as such he had faults, they were certainly not numerous,) he has achieved in the midst of its excitements and difficulties, a high and permanent reputation. He brought to his labors an active, discriminating and practical mind; great exactness and extent of political information; a rapidity and promptness in the discussion of public questions as they arose, which more than compensated for occasional and unavoidable roughness of composition; a wide knowledge of men; sound conceptions of democratic truth; and the warmest sentiments of patriotism, and of constant and honorable friendship. That he attacked fiercely, perhaps sometimes too fiercely, was often evident; that he defended firmly was always confessed; he vindicated at all hazards, ardently but conscientiously, the cause of truth and honesty; he tore the mask from political profligacy, heedless of the person by whom it was worn; the equanimity of his adversaries could not be maintained when touched by the pungency of his pen, but his associates felt safe the moment his shield was set before them. His courage knew no limits, his fidelity no shadow of turning, his integrity no taint of suspicion, his perseverance no pause. It is not our purpose to elaborate a picture; but these hints of his editorial character, drawn from observations made through a contemporary career, may not be regarded by our readers as inappropriate to the occasion.

"Mr. Blair has retired from the eminent position he held, in a manner at once dignified and frank. He admits his obligations to the democracy, the desire which actuates him to aid in preserving its union by the course he had taken, and his sense of the fitness of his successor for the post he has assumed. There is a manliness in his conduct that must secure to him the respect and good will of all, the consciousness of which we sincerely hope he may long live in health and prosperity to enjoy."

THE INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY.—In a free country every man thinks he has a concern in all public matters—that he has a right to form and a right to deliver an opinion upon them. They sift, examine and discuss them. They are curious, eager, attentive and jealous; and by making such matter the daily subject of their thoughts and discoveries, vast numbers contract a very tolerable knowledge of them, and some a very considerable one. And this it is that fills free countries with men of ability in all stations—whereas, in other countries, none but men whose office calls them to it having much care or thought about public affairs, and not daring to try the force of their opinions with one another, abilities of this sort is extremely rare in any station of life. In free countries there is often found more real public wisdom and sagacity in shops and manufactories than in the cabinets of princess in countries where no one dares to have an opinion till he comes into them.—*Burke's Correspondence.*

☞Two hundred years ago Rhode Island was called the "Island of Errors." Seventy-seven years ago, the sons of Liberty advertised it as "a plague spot," because its majority favored British toryism, rather than American whigism. In 1789 Washington refused to pass through it, on his visit to New England, because it stiffly refused to come into the Union, and was as much a foreign State as Canada. And to-day a portion of its citizens are as alien in principle as a majority was in 1789. It is too bad that Thomas W. Dorr lies in a dungeon for maintaining the great principles that made us a nation.—*Boston Post.*

President Polk continues at his hard work, and his health improves by the exercise. The Madisonian calls him the *working man*, and says he performs an incredible amount of labor.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN NEWS.

DISSENT FROM THE ROMAN CHURCH IN GERMANY.—The Roman Catholic priest, John Ronge, in Upper Silesia, excommunicated for having written his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Treves, in which he denounces the late exhibition of the holy garment, has addressed a pamphlet to the lower orders of the Roman clergy calling upon them to unite their exertions with him in the pulpit and in the confessional chair, against the Ultramontanists and the Bishop of Rome, in order to found, by council and synod, a national German Catholic church, independent of Roman darkness. He wants to abolish auricular confession, the celebration of the mass in Latin, the making of proselytes by money, the stultification of the lower clergy by the commands of the higher hierarchy; and, at the same time, he asks for liberty to think and to investigate for every clergyman, and permission to marry for all priests. The police have seized the pamphlet. The priest CZERSKI, who stands at the head of a small German Catholic community in Schneidmuhl, in Prussia, distributes the holy supper in both forms, without auricular confession, and reads the mass according to the recognized Roman rule, but in German, and omitting what refers to the saints and their intercession. In Bremberg, the excitement in favor of the New German Catholic Church is very great, and from Konigsberg an address has been sent to Czerski, signed by forty-three of the most influential men in East and West Prussia, including several professors of the University, the chaplain of the garrison, teachers and directors of schools, and several members of the upper law courts.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

FLOOD AND DREADFUL INUNDATION.—A letter from Macao, published in the foreign papers, gives an account of the overflowing of rivers in the north of China, before which the European inundations that have been recorded during the last few years shrink into relative insignificance. On the shores of the Yellow Sea the phenomena took the character of a second deluge. Whole provinces, with populations respectively larger than some of the second class kingdoms of Europe, were almost entirely submerged. The retreat of the waters left corpses in thousands. Touching episodes are given as pictures of this awful calamity. On the river Yange Tse were found large floating casks, which, when examined, were discovered to contain the bodies of young children, whose mothers, when all hope for themselves was gone, had committed them to these floating arks, as a last slender chance of salvation. Upwards of seventeen millions of human beings, escaped from the inundation, have poured themselves over the adjacent provinces, beggared of all things and crying for bread.

A German journal states that during a late celebration of an anniversary at Kœnigsberg, a young lawyer, when under the influence of wine, spoke disrespectfully of the King of Prussia, for which one of his Majesty's officers called him out. At three exchanges of shots the lawyer fired in the air, every time retracting his expressions; but his adversary, unmoved by the noble conduct of his opponent, fired a fourth time; and mortally wounded him. When down, the lawyer dragged himself to the foot of the officer, and said, 'Sir, I congratulate you; you have won your captaincy.' This dying stroke of wit, however, brought severe vengeance on the assassin, for the King, on being made acquainted with the whole of the circumstances, so far from promoting his officer, broke him, and dismissed him with disgrace from the service.

POPULATION OF IRELAND.—The population of Ireland for the last two centuries and a half, stands as follows, according to the most approved estimate which we have been able to discover:—At the close of the last war, in the reign of Elizabeth, the total of souls did not exceed 700,000. They were estimated previous to 1641 at 1,466,000; 1672 at 1,100,000; in 1695 at 1134,122; in 1712 at 2,099,094; in 1726 at 2,309,126; in 1731 at 2,010,221; in 1754 at 2,372,634; 1777 at 2,690,550; in 1788 at 4,040,000; in 1792 at 4,088,226; in 1805 at 5,395,456; in 1814 at 5,937,856; in 1821 at 6,801,827; in 1831 at 7,767,401. They are said to be now over 8,000,000.

THE UNICORN DISCOVERED.—A recent number of the "Journal Asiatique" (published in Paris,) states that Mr. Fresnel, the profound Orientalist, now French Consul at Jedda, in Arabia, has published a notice of the existence of the real Unicorn in the wilds of Hadramant. This strange beast has a single horn attached to its head by a joint, through which it can elevate or depress its horn at pleasure; remarkably confirming Psalms 92, 10, where it speaks of the "horn being *exalted* like the horn of the *Unicorn.*"

A new Arctic expedition is to be undertaken, the command of which will devolve upon Sir John Franklin, with Capt. Crozier as second. The Erebus and Terror have been towed up to Woolwich, and are fitting with a propeller to force their way through the ice in Baffin's Bay. They will still be able to take two years' provisions. The intended route is through Barrow Straits, between Cape Walker and Bankes's Land, and thence to the Continent of America to the Westward of Woollason Land.

The influx of the Jews to the Holy Land has been very great of late. There is no more room in Jer