

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, April 18, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2, if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Advertisements call upon and examine our list of
SUBSCRIBERS.

All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.
Every advertisement handed in for publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes inserted. If not so stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood that we have now the best and the largest assortment of NEW AND FANCY JOB TYPE ever brought to this place. We list on these wishing work done to call upon, and we will show them our assortment of types, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.
E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. PARRIS, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our agent to procure advertisements.

V. B. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

THE UNION TO BE DISSOLVED.

Ever since the decision of the Dred Scott case, the Black Republican papers have set up a universal howl. We are glad to see that one of their leading organs the *New Albany Tribune* has become heartily ashamed and disgusted with the silly antics cut by its cotemporaries, one of whom in this place denounces the decisions of Chief Justice Taney "as windy and infamous." Read the following remarks from the *Tribune*:

A writer in the *Indiana State Journal*, who is in favor of holding a mass Republican Convention at Indianapolis on the 17th of June, (the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill), is in favor of kicking overboard all the old fogies who undertake to calculate the value of this Union in dollars and cents. He says:

"Away with all arithmetics, and politics, and all other ties that won't bring out freedom for an answer, Union or no Union."

And here is another sentiment uttered by him:

"If the decision of the Supreme Court, lately made, is regarded as sound, what will the Union be worth to freedom?"

And here is still another:

"If we can't have freedom and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever, let us have freedom without the Union, here and elsewhere, now and forever."

The plain English of this is—if we cannot have the freedom of the negro, here and elsewhere—the freedom of the negro, as well in Kentucky as Indiana, and still maintain the Union—why then, let us have the freedom of the negro, WITH-OUT THE UNION!

If such is the spirit which is to animate the proposed convention of the 17th of June may our tongue be palsied, and our right hand forget its cunning, before we participate in an enterprise so treasonable a purpose. If the next anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill is to be thus desecrated, by subordinating the value of this glorious Union to the freedom of a few slaves of the South, it were better that the record of that memorable conflict of our fathers should be blotted from the page of history and remembered no more by their degenerate sons.

DR. PRATHER'S NEW STORE.

This gentleman is taking everything by storm in the way of selling goods. He has not only one of the best assorted stock of goods, but is selling at astonishingly low prices. His terms are cash. He believes in small profits and quick sales. We think the Dr. is about to win by this judicious system of doing business.

CRAWFORD & MULLIKIN.

This well known firm have a splendid assortment of spring and summer goods which they are selling at very low figures.

Wherever public confidence is reposed we have a proof of the existence of merit; that such confidence is extended to our friends CHRISTMAN & GREGG, is evident from the fact that their trade is daily increasing and are constantly adding large supplies to their already extensive and well selected stock of Hardware in all its various branches. Give them a call.

Mr. Gray, editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, has been reappointed Postmaster of that city.

DINKELSPIEL & WILE.

These gentlemen are now in receipt of their spring and summer stock, which comprises every variety of plain and fancy dry goods. In an examination of the stock we notice some very beautiful silk dress patterns, worked collars and embroideries; in fact they have a splendid assortment of fancy dress goods.

CAMPBELL, GALEY & HARTER.—This firm have received their spring and summer goods. They intend selling at the very lowest figures. Their new advertisement will appear next week.

NEW MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.—We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement in another column of this establishment.

In New Orleans on the 20th ult., the editors of the *Picayune* partook of strawberries grown in the open air.

Moquitoes have appeared in Wilmington, N. C., in good condition.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA IN AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

There is much scope for reflection, in the minds of intelligent American citizens, in an extract which we copy below from a speech of an English member of Parliament, from East Sussex, a Mr. J. G. Dodson, who has recently spent some time on the island of Cuba. This speech was delivered in the city of Brighton, and is reported in the *Herald* of that place. There are many facts in it worthy of attention, which are yet hardly appreciated as they should be in the United States. The immense importance of the acquisition of the island of Cuba to the Union, and the advantages and benefits to be derived from it, only need to be set forth and explained to make it the most popular political measure that ever came before the people for their decision. The English member of Parliament, Mr. Dodson, said:

"The garrison of Cuba is superior in number to the regular army of the United States. Its coasts are protected by a considerable naval squadron. These material forces would, however, avail little in a contest with America, if the Americans as a nation were determined to obtain possession of the island. But Spain has other securities for her right than her own single-handed might. Havana is the Constantinople of the West—its unrivaled harbor, the Golden Horn of the New World. Cuba, like Turkey, in the hands of a third Power, is equally open to the commerce of all nations, and affords a cause of jealousy to none. In the hands of a first-rate Power it would be a formidable stronghold, from which the liberties and rights of nations might at any time be threatened. As America grows in consequence, as increased facilities of communication bring her into closer contact with the nations of the Old World, the balance of power may become as important a question on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. The maritime and commercial States of Europe will object to the monopoly, by a monster republic, of the command of the West Indian seas and the key of the Gulf Stream as justly as to the seizure of the Sardinian islands and the appropriation of the Euxine by a giant empire."

"There are, however, differences in the two cases, which, it is to be hoped, this country will not hastily lose sight of. With Russia the primary object in acquiring territory is to strengthen her military power; the increase of her wealth is only the secondary consideration. The reverse is the case with the United States. If Cuba were annexed, its productivity and its trade would be more developed in five or six years, under the influence of American activity, than in ten times as many years of Spanish torpor and misrule. In a politico-economic point of view, the world, and England especially, would be gainers. But, however much England (and the name applies, though in a less degree, to France and other great Powers) might gain in wealth, she would lose far more in respect of position and prestige. The possession of Cuba would add enormously to the influence and strength of the United States, and would hasten the day, which already seems fast approaching, when they will become the first Power in the world. Yet it scarcely, under any circumstances, will be worth England's while to plunge into a war with the American republic, solely to endeavor to prevent it from adding Cuba to its dominions. Even if successful in the immediate object of the war, she would inflict as great injury on herself as on her rival."

"In the natural course of things, America must become, sooner or later, a far greater empire than the mother country. The Americans have all the qualities that have made us what we are, with one hundred and fifty times our national resources, and their spirit of enterprise is accordingly quickened and stimulated. The most desirable event for England would be such a peaceable dissolution of the Union as should leave two or more prosperous and independent powers, capable of holding the balance to each other."

"Mr. Dodson adverted to the various ways in which Cuba might fall into the hands of America, and concluded in these words: 'There is yet another mode—one neither of conquest nor of voluntary annexation—by which Cuba may pass into the hands of the citizens of the Union.' The great American business firm may find it profitable to invest capital in the purchase of a sugar and tobacco estate, and haughty Spain may give up for gold what it will not yield to bullying. It is true that she has hitherto rejected the offer with scorn, yet such a course is not without modern precedents. Spain herself has already parted with Florida to be released from a debt, and Napoleon ceded Louisiana, and sold his reluctant countrymen at the rate of about £60 a head."

"Spain may also give the United States such provocation as to afford a substantial ground for a war. If not, the folly and perversity of Spanish officials will continue the succession of vexatious offenses they are perpetually giving the American citizens, till the accumulation is sufficient to justify either the Republic to demand a proportionate indemnity. When Castilian stubbornness shall have refused that, then the object of her enemy will be attained, and Cuba, seized as 'a material guarantee,' will pass away forever from the dominion of the mother country." [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

MEXICAN ANNEXATION.—The *New Orleans Picayune* prints a rumor from Mexico to the effect that Vidauri, the insurgent chief, had despatched an agent to Washington city, with proposals of annexation. Circulars were issued throughout the country, commending the policy of annexation, and everywhere received with shouts of enthusiasm. Men, women, and children panted to repose under the broad shadow of the American eagle.

"Don't care about the bugs," said Mr. Wormley to the head of the genteel private family in which he resides, "but the fact is, marm, I hain't got the blood to spare; you see that yourself."

JURY TRIALS.—THE CASE OF THE REV. MR. KALLOCH.

It is stated (says the Cincinnati Enquirer) that the jury in the case of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, the Boston Republican clergyman, lately tried in that city for adultery, have disagreed, eight being for acquittal, and four for conviction. It is doubtful whether any body but the eight jurymen, who read or heard the testimony, have any doubts whatever of his guilt, the evidence being positive on that score, which was not at all rebutted or weakened by the testimony for the defense. In the estimation of the public he has been tried and convicted, and his character blasted, so that the non-action of the jury and their failure to convict will have no moral effect in the premises. The failure to agree upon a verdict, however, is to be regretted because of its tendency to still further impair public confidence in that long-considered admirable judicial institution—the trial by jury in those cases where the criminal can make any pretensions to wealth or previous respectability. This distrust of the institution, and its liability to be perverted to bad uses, has been growing since the acquittal of Ward, the Kentucky murderer, of Herbert, the assassin of Keating, of Lee, who shot Hume lately in Washington City, of Magee in Boston, and in a number of other cases equally flagrant, where the most notorious villains have escaped all punishment or got off with punishment ridiculously disproportionate to their crimes, through the action of kind and lenient jurors. To this black record the case of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch will be another notable illustration of the glorious uncertainty of the law, when it is invoked to subserve the ends of public justice. When the criminals are poor and without influential friends and social prestige, their convictions are generally summary and their punishment speedy, if anything of a case can be made out against them.

In this case of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch powerful interests and motives were evidently desirous of procuring his acquittal. The Free-soil-shrinkers and Pharisees of Massachusetts, with their extraordinary pretensions to virtue and godliness, from the first sought to discharge and lull up the prosecution against the clerical apostate; because of the scandal it was likely to throw upon their cause to have one of their greatest apostles convicted of a heinous and disgraceful offense against decency and morality. They acted precisely upon the same motives which induced their friends in Congress to oppose investigation into the conduct of the corrupt politicians and robbers in the House of Representatives. No sooner was the Kalloch villainy brought to light, than a committee of his church was forthwith raised, which entered into a whitewashing investigation of the matter, and sought to screen it from the public gaze. Remembering the facts and knowing that this influence was used against public justice, we had little hope of a righteous verdict being given, and are not much disappointed in the result. We fully concur in the following, which we take from the Boston correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Argus:

"Whatever may be the result of the trial, conducted as it is by a Free-soil Judge, a Free-soil Prosecuting Attorney, and a jury largely Free-soil, Kalloch stands before the community a guilty man. We can very easily conceive what will be his position in society hereafter; but who will be able to estimate the cruel wrong he has done the cause of Christianity? who can calculate the amount of skepticism his conduct will engender? This shocking and disgusting affair is but the natural result of the recent wholesale prostitution of the sacred pulpit. When men, professing to be ministers of the Gospel, lower themselves to a level with the dirtiest and most unscrupulous demagogues, and spend their Sabbaths dealing out the vilest slanders, they not only demoralize their congregations, but they fit themselves for just the career which this man Kalloch has chosen. Every day develops some new villainy, some fresh piece of licentiousness, as the legitimate fruit of the late Free-soil movement. The whole movement was initiated and conducted by a set of the most unscrupulous politicians that ever this or any other country has produced, who all depended on the glare of success to blind the eyes of the people to their enormous rascalties."—*New Albany Ledger*.

A NEW WORK.

Johnson's New Illustrated and Embellished county Map of the Republics of North America, is the title of a new work which we have had the pleasure of examining and from the many testimonials from competent authority with which it comes recommended we have no doubt the citizens of Crawfordville will give the work that attention its merit demands. We may point out some of the features of this work which to us makes it superior to any other extant:

It is much larger than any we have seen, hence, the scale admits a more minute delineation of our country, this we conceive to be a prominent merit over other works. It has a fine and accurate view of the country. The territorial delineations are the most satisfactory of any map that has yet been introduced, showing all the exploring routes, of those whom we are indebted to for the geographical information of our territory between the Mississippi and Pacific ocean. The several proposed Pacific R. routes are defined. The work extends nearly to the Equator—giving a splendid view of Central America in its proper position—and the intervening Mexican Republic is beautifully laid down. In short the work is one of fine merit and will speak for itself, to those who will examine it.

The agent will exhibit a sample of the work to all who are interested in the great Republic of Modern times.

Boswell once asked Johnson "if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of a fraud that he was certain would be found out?"

"Why, then," said Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

Cucumbers and green peas were abundant at Savannah, last week.

DEATH OF ALICE.

Upon the tier they laid her,
In a spread, ancestral hall;
Where the stately wax-lights flickered,
And was draped the pictured wall;
There were kindred forms around her,
But there hangings brows were hid;
And the wreathe that late had crowned her,
Lay upon the coffin lid.

Ah! those snowy buds and blossoms,
How they kissed the gorgeous pall!
Ah! those proud and guilty bosoms,
Draped in darkness, like the wall!
They had borne her to a bridal,
With unwilling heart, and hand;
But the solemn face was idle,
For she sought the "Better Land."

How the censer waved above her,
When the anthem dirge was sung!
There were many hearts to love her—
There was one, Despair had wrung—
Then they laid her in the marble,
Where no sighing leaf may wave;
Where no tender blossom weeps,
O'er the maiden's early grave.

Where the seagull never warbles,
In the drooping willow's screen,
Lies the bride of stately Avon,
Sleeps the sunny-haired Alice;
And her name hath never been spoken,
In her father's castle hall.
Since the day her heart was broken,
And they draped the pictured wall.

THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.
Smooth the hair and close the eyelids,
The little one is dead;
With a smile upon her features,
She has answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed—
God hath called her to his bosom,
And the little one is dead.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company.

"Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

"Bridget, where's the teakettle?" "Please, marm, Mr. O'Neil, the new boarder, is washing his feet in it." The last seen of Mr. O'Neil, he was going down the front step, about six inches in advance of an empty coal-scuttle.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for its time honest folks were at home."

"Well, yes," was the answer; "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

"Solomon, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day.

"Yes, Sue," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you these two years."

A most interesting sight to see is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," with "teeth of pearly whiteness," with cheeks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," and with her mouth full of gingerbread!

"Boy," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step across the way and see how old Mrs. Brown is."

The boy did the errand, and on his return reported that Mrs. Brown did not know how old she was.

An editor having heard that to persons in a drowning condition all the events of their past life suddenly rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

"Great men," says Aristotle, "are always of a melancholy nature." If this be true, the tax on greatness is more than the property is worth. For our own part, we would rather be merry with Sam Weller than dismal with Plato. We had, indeed.

An Irishman meeting a countryman, inquired his name.

"Walsh," said the gentleman.

"Walsh," responded Paddy, "are ye from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name; was either of 'em your mother?"

A country cotemporary puffs Ross, the soap-man, and his soap, concluding as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have tried it, therefore we know."

"Ah," said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets."

"And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map; I grow so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

A young man who was desirous of marrying a daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner, said:

"Mr. O—, are you-yo-willing to let-let me have your daughter Jane?"

"Of course I am," gruffly and quickly replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."

A Western lawyer thus delivers himself: "We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole, while we were lying in bed waiting for it to dry, that he sincerely hope the collar may cut his throat!"

A GALLANT PERSIAN.—The Persian Ambassador at Paris is the leonine novelty of the season. He is said to have eyes like a gazelle, but cannot speak French, and does not drink wine except on very extraordinary occasions. One of those occasions is thus recorded by the Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald*:

Feruk Khan dined at the Foreign Minister's, and according to his custom resisted all inducements to taste the wine. But suddenly a young English lady—a niece of Sir George Dallas—who happened to be of the party, and who had learnt a little Persian, addressed him with a quotation from Hafiz, the favorite Persian poet, in which he says that a banquet without wine is like spring without flowers. The Persian's eyes flashed fire at the sound of his mother tongue from lips so fair, and at words so familiar to every literate Persian, smiling he acknowledged to the fair speaker, he for the first time filled up a glass of champagne, and dashed it off with a heroism which seemed to desire no other paradise than the present.

HUGGED BY A SNAKE!

I was brought up near the Canada line in Vermont where my father owned a large farm. Not far from his farm was quite a lake, where we used to enjoy ourselves at fishing and sailing. One afternoon I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house, and I was sure they lighted on the lake; so I seized my double-barrelled gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing, I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green boughs with my knife, and having rigged up the bows of a small fast-bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in, and started off. I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun, when the ducks started up. As quickly as possible I drew one hammer and laid drive. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They fluttered along until they fell among the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low, and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and walked up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large a one it was; or, if I had, probably I should have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing—so I just ran up and snatched the bird away. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck I just put my foot upon the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I'd run back to my boat and get my gun and try to kill this fellow, and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg, as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down, and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot on him and thus draw my left leg away; but I might as well have tried to put my foot on a streak of lightning!

I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long; but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a half! Still I hadn't any great fear for I supposed when I came to him, my hands on him, I could easily take him off; for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head on a level with mine. I made a grab for him, but missed him; and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head around under my arm, clear around my body, and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I made another grab at him, and another, as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was changed to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach began to tighten. About this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near his head as possible, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part, you know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high, and stretched himself so, that he whipped another turn about me. His tail was now around my left thigh, and the rest of him turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach, and the other one above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got the turn around my leg.

His head was now right around in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth! What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed that he knew he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably; and after that I got him by the neck, and I meant to hold him—at least, so he should not strike me again. The moment I grasped the snake by the neck, he commenced to tighten his coils about my body. I soon discovered that he'd soon squeeze the breath out of me in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way—the turn around the thigh was from left to right—then up between the legs to my right side, and around the back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to put his head around my back until I could reach it with my right, and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get in around so as to reach it with my right hand, I could not. I tried to put my power into that one arm, but it did not do it.

Until this moment I had not really been frightened. I had believed I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed what power he had. I tried it until I knew I could not do it, and then I gave it up. My next thought was of my jack-knife; but the lower coil of the snake was directly over my pocket, and I could not get it. I now for the first time called out for help. I yelled with all my might, and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled; I tried to break his neck. This plan presented a gleam of promise, but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending forward or backward.

A full minute had now passed from the time when I tried to pass the snake's head around my back. His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free and symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him, I found that he was weaker than before! I could not hold him! The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now. For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I leaped up and down—tried out as loud as I could—and grasped the snake with all my might. But it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand, and made a blow at my face, striking me fairly upon the closed lips. This made me

mad and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The result was, that I got another blow on the mouth.

But the moment of heed was at hand—I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tight by that the centre of his body was no bigger than his head! The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales upon the belly that he was drawing himself tighter still!

Stricken with absolute terror, I gasped, "What shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first held so little thought was killing me—killing me slowly, surely—and I had no help! I, a stout, strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My breath was now short, faint, and quick, and I knew I was growing purple in the face! My hands and arms were swollen, and my fingers were numb! I had let go of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness and fascination.

At length I staggered! I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become excruciating. The snake's skin where it was coiled about me was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and his muscular force unimpaired. A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was in my head, a faintness in my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body. The snake had now three feet of his body free. He had drawn himself certainly three feet longer than before. He darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my shoulder, and pressing his under jaw firmly down, there he gave a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Each moment was an age of agony—each second a step nearer to death.

My knife! O, if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free. Mercy! why had I not thought of this before, when my hands had strength in them? Yet I would try it. I collected all my remaining power for the effort, and made the attempt. My trousers were of blue cotton stuff, and very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches. They might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth near the inside of my thigh, and gave my last atom of strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power. Another pull—with both hands—and the pocket was laid bare! With all the remaining force I could command—with hope of life—of home—of everything I loved on earth, in the effort—I caught the pocket upon the inside and bore down upon it. There was a crackling of threads—a sound of tearing cloth—and—my knife was in my hands!

I had yet sense enough to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin and drew it across my thigh, dill, tearing snap, the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces! I staggered to the beat—I reached it, and there sank down. I knew nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes, and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted in his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake—the other one he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry about it, and at once started off in the large boat after me, though it was a long while ere he saw my boat. I had lain there over half-an-hour when he found me.

When we reached home, the snake was found to be eight feet four inches in length! It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hugging; and to this day there is something in the very name of snake that sends a thrill of horror to my heart!

COLUMBUS AND DR. KANE.—The Rev. Dr. F. H. Chapin, of New York, lately delivered a lecture at Albany, in which he made the following allusion to Columbus, his burial-place, and the death of the late Dr. Kane. We copy from the Albany Evening Transcript's report:

"Columbus possessed a restless spirit, ever seeking new objects on which it might fasten itself. Even in death, his bones have not been permitted to rest. They were interred first in Spain, then in San Domingo, then in Cuba, and as he now lies, the steamer which cleaves the water of the bay may shake the roof-covering of his long last home. How fitting that the bones of the first great discoverer should be buried in the island from which have gone out the remains of another great navigator, one who, measured by his accomplishments, was proved not to young to die. Rise up, eternal barriers of Greenland! and the architecture of six thousand years, to bar the entrance to the pole! Shut in the huge secrets of ages, and lock them fast in your icy embraces!"

Ye are the undying monuments which tower to the memory of brave men and a philanthropist, gone to his reward. Ye are the monuments of a great and mighty spirit, crushed in its early bursts, and withered when it had begun to bloom. Hang over them, bright curtains of the northern light, for he who traced the path of discovery among their icy fastnesses has ceased to be on earth. Fit place for thy transit, loved Dr. Kane, was the island which he mouldering the bones of the great navigator who first gave America to the world."

Mr. Buchanan has distinctly announced that he will remove no Democrat until his commission expires unless for want of capacity, fidelity or character. At the expiration of the commission he will consider the office constructively vacant, and will give the incumbent up to that time an equal chance with other applicants for the same place. He will then appoint that man from the whole having the largest claims upon his Administration, and best calculated to subserve the public interest.

VERY USEFUL.—In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with the inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

FROM THE CUMBERLAND TELEGRAPH.

A FEARFUL RIDE IN A RAILROAD TRAIN ON AN INCLINED PLANE, AND HORRIBLE SITUATION OF AN ENGINEER.

On Wednesday morning, about 4 o'clock, as the early coal train from the mines of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company was coming down the grade, the train ran over a large boulder which had rolled down from the embankment immediately upon the centre of the track. The locomotive passed over it with slight damage, but the balance of the train, including the tender, had every brake ripped out. The brakemen becoming aware of the fact, and seeing in a moment that the cars could not be controlled, going down a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile, at once left the train. On it went, and at each revolution of the wheel the momentum increased until the velocity became frightful. The whistle sounded to put down the brakes, but the only answer was a wild, unearthly whistle reverberating among the bleak hills, scarcely heard before it died away, or was drowned by the rattling wheels upon the track. At length the engineer became convinced that something must be the matter.

Adjusting the valves, he began cautiously to pick his way to the rear of the train. As he advanced through the thick darkness he tried to put down the brakes of first one and then another of the cars. All were broken off or damaged. He at length felt his way to the two cars at the rear of the train. Pulling out the coupling pin, he felt sure that he could control them when detached. But they were in the same condition. The train was now running at a frightful speed. The jump seemed like certain death, while a promise of exemption from the same fate. A moment's thought determined the course of the engineer. Clinging to the rails, he commenced climbing down upon the ground with his feet, falling a ground with much violence, but with a few painful bruises.

On went the train at a furious pace. The two detached cars were three or four hundred yards in front of the rest of the train before going a great distance. One of the other iron hoppers had the tracks knocked from under it, and was dragged some distance, completely ripping out the bottom, but finally checking the train some three miles above town. When it stopped, it was a frightful scene, and seen in the darkness of the night, with the sparks issuing from the locomotive in a vast column, with a solitary man clinging for life to the rear car, or cautiously climbing down to escape from almost certain death, it must have presented a scene of fearful import. The name of the engineer was Geo. Myers.

EUGENIE A FAILURE.

A Paris letter-writer says: The Empress, by an unexpected weakness of mind, has gradually lost the hold