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POETRY.

(From *Tonic's Magazine*.)

REWARD OF GOOD DEEDS.

When roses deck the cheek of youth,

And laughter lights the eye,

We oft forget the solemn truth,

That all those charms must die.

And when through every bounding vein

The tide of pleasure flows,

We think not of the bed of pain,

The mourner's secret woes.

"Tis therefore good to leave the seat

(The Book of Wisdom tells)

Of mirth and joy, for that retreat,

Where age or anguish dwells.

"Tis thence the child of folly learns,

The wound which sin has given;

And then the eye of faith discerns

The balm which flows from heaven.

Ah! never does the youthful smile

Such angel sweetneses borrow

As when it would the heart beguile

Of one dark hour of sorrow!

And never is the yeart's tear

In shower more grateful shed,

Than when it drops upon the bier

Where rests the hoary head.

Then if from Him who cannot lie

We would the future know.

There is a record kept on high

Of what is done below;

And on that page a serpent's pen

Inscribes each act of love,

By which with other sons of men

We kindred feeling prove.

Each gentle look, each accent kind,

Each proof of tender care,

Which now we cannot call to mind,

Have long been written there.

And they who weep with them that weep,

Or age's slumber guard,

May lose the friends whose couch they keep,

But not their own reward.

For, in that day, when yonder sun

And every star is dim,

The cup of joy which they have won

Shall sparkle to the brim.

And if the bright, the happy souls,

The draught of rapture drain,

A stream of endless pleasure rolls,

To fill the cup again!

STANZAS.

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase

Its fellow on the strand,

Then fall away, never leave a trace

Upon the printless sand;

Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock,

The waves have worn the solid rock!

I've sat and heard the Autumn wind

Amid the branches play,

So softly mild, so blandly kind,

It scarcely stirred the spray;

Yet soon it bore the verdant birth,

To wither on its native earth.

I've sat and seen the evening sun

Sink from the golden sky,

His long, bright rays of glory run,

And close his golden eye;

So slow was passed, scarce changed the light,

And yet he left the world's bright.

And like you sea is Human Life—

Events, like billows, roll;

Moment on moment, strife on strife,

That change us, to the soul;

And joys, like Autumn leaves, fall fast—

Hope sets—And Being's light is past.

I've stood on Earth's most daring height,

And seen Day's ruler rise

In his magnificence of light;

To triumph through the skies;

And all the darkness of the world

Far from his shining presence hurled.

All, too, that fads upon the earth,

Weak to linger here,

Re-blossoms with a second birth,

To deck the coming year;

Shall Hope, then, Man's eternal dower,

Be frailer than a fading flower?

Ah, no! like Autumn leaves that die,

That bloom again in Spring,

Fresh joys shall rise from those gone by,

And purer incense bring;

And when, like suns, Hope sets in night,

Shall she not bear from worlds more bright?

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTERS FROM MR. WEED.

Correspondence of the Albany Journal.

DUBLIN, (Ireland,) July 13, 1843.

There are no bells to awaken or to summon you to breakfast here, as at our Hotel. You are surrounded by the sharp, piercing din of an execrable Gong. Bells are well enough, but I abhor Gongs. Guess begin to repair to the "Coffee Room" about 9 o'clock for Breakfast, which consists generally of a dish of black Tea, dry Toast, sometimes a boiled egg, and a slice of ham, papered over to make it look like an omelet. As I was up and walking or writing early, a piece of a boiled Salmon or a Porter-House steak was placed upon my table, much to the surprise if not to the horror of the proficiency made, though I am not a master in these accomplishments. I am the only one who has not been beaten, or has not been beaten by me. And then it is to be seen that even after the half is finished, we have but attained to a state of semi-refinement, for until the fork is thrown aside, the supremacy of fashion's law will be half vindicated. The good Father De Smet, of whom I have spoken in a former letter, says that the barbarous custom of knives and forks is a tease, not requiring a prime race-day to subdue the Romish Moors. On one occasion he says, when he was invited by a powerful Chief, to a stow of Dogs, the master of the Feast so far tolerated his infamy as to direct a Squaw to hand him the wooden spoon with which the banquet had been stirred, and the Lady condescended to taste it, with a member which her sex are accused of more than once.

But I am wandering too far from Dublin. At eleven o'clock this morning I repaired to the Catholic Cathedral, a magnificent structure near Sackville street, and in the central part of the city, with a large organ, and the apse of the High Mass, and to hear a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Lafan. The immense aisles were thronged with devout worshippers, and without entering into controverted questions of faith, the solemnities and associations of the sanctuary could not fail to impress all Christians with a deep sense of religious devotion. The Mass, however, in its solemnities and a Saviour and a Saviour of whatever faith or creed, did not hesitate to bend in gratitude and adoration before the Altar. During the several masses an incense was burned which diffused a sweet odour throughout the immense chapel, while the melody of a powerful organ and a rich choir soothed, tranquillized and subdued all hearts.

# Wabash Courier

"PRINCIPLES OBSTA."

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NO. 5.

From the *New York Observer*.

ON PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

BY PROFESSOR OLMEADE OF YALE COLLEGE.

It is not in the order of Providence to work miracles for our safety. It has ordained the energies of nature for our benefit, but left it to the reason and ingenuity of man to turn those energies to his use, and to defend himself against the inherent or occasional violence that endangers humanity. In the present case, man has learned to disarm the lightning of its terrors by directing it from his own person or his dwelling, and conveying it harmlessly to the earth; and that the means devised are fully adequate to this purpose, has been shown by reference to the control which man has acquired over electricity itself, by studying its law—to the almost unanimous opinion of men of science—to the experience of a hundred years, during all which period the lightning rod has afforded complete protection whenever used; or if in any case it seemed to fail, the failure has been proved to be owing to most palpable defects of construction or application. In this view of the case, it is respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of every householder, whether it is consistent with a due regard to the preservation of his own life, or the lives of those committed to his charge, to neglect the means of safety which Providence has thus placed in his power.

We were not shown into the Beauchamp tower, so long as we were not anxious to see the dungeon-home of the Earl of Warwick, Earl of Leicester, Lady Jane Gray and others, who suffered such a painful death. The fire of 1812 destroyed with it the residence of the "Old Store House" and the "Small Armory," in which most of the heavy canon were deposited.

These valued memorials of English victories, are now pieces to be reckoned from the same metals in their

original forms.

JULY 18.

We availed ourselves this morning of the permission obtained by Mr. Wiggin, to visit the Bank of England.

An official (mace or usher) with laced dress coat and three-cornered hat, escorted us to another servant of the bank, who took us leisurely round the institution.

It is so potent in controlling and regulating money that it is the central bank of the country.

The bank is situated in Threadneedle-street, but fronts upon half a dozen others, and occupies an irregular area of eight acres. There are no windows down through the exterior of the building, being supplied by sky-lights and open courts within. There is a clock by which bank time is kept, with dial indicating the hour in six minutes.

The bank is open from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

The bank has its printing-office, book-binders, engraving-office, &c. &c. Checks, blank-books, &c. are all printed within the bank, as are the bank notes.

In the room where the circulating notes are printed, there are eight thousand persons employed, and through them there pass about 500,000 transactions a day.

There are two persons rolling off five pound notes, and others upon the various denominations up to a thousand,

which is the largest note the bank issues. The dates and numbers of the notes are supplied by smaller presses in another room. The paper is delivered to the presses compacted (analogous to letters) and when delivered to the bank, is sorted and another hand sheet is given.

From one work five hours and earn from two to three thousand different notes are frequently sent to this office, but are allowed to pass.

Forty thousand different notes are frequently sent to this office, but are allowed to pass.

When returned to its counter for payment, a note is cancelled, filed away, to be burnt at the expiration of ten years. The army of clerks, who are employed in this office, are all well educated.

One of these old clerks, whom I met in the "Old Store House," took his keys and unlocked the depositories of personal wealth.

"The 'pounds' of each denomination were in separate parcels. When we came to the 'high number,' he placed four packages in my hand, and remarked,

"You now hold \$4,000,000 sterling and gold."

"You actually have possession of the sum mentioned."

"It is a sum much larger than the whole estate of John Jacob Astor!" But it all returned to its depository, and left me a far happier man than those who are encumbered with such overgrown fortunes.

Another of the old clerks opened the golden depositories, where repose an endless number of bags, each containing eight hundred pounds of gold.

These are counted into parcels tied with twine and placed in pigeon holes.

We found five staves of silver, and when these were counted, another hand sheet was given.

These were in dollars, and were piled in barrows of seventy thousand pounds sterling each. Much of this bullion was recently received from China, as an instalment upon the sum John Bull makes the Celestials pay for their obstinate refusal to "take opium."

The Bank of England has now, in paper and specie, eight hundred millions of pounds sterling. There are eight hundred persons, in its various departments, constantly employed within its walls for nearly a hundred years.

But the administration which this massive pile of building excites, and the charms which it has for the beholder, are easily forgotten when you are contemplating the living chronicles of maritime glory. Painting and sculpture can but reflect and personify deeds of renown. But here are men, the bold and daring, the theives and rascals, the swindlers and scoundrels, who are readily distinguished by the neat and comely appearance of the cabin on his deck, and by the tidy and cheerful looks and manners of his tenants.

The Queen is personally very popular in Ireland. In the hospital infirmary are 105 nurses to take care of the sick, infirm and disabled. The naval uniform worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, is now enriched with the name of Nelson.

Mr. O'Connell not only speaks but thinks highly of the Queen. I have heard, from a source which is entitled to credence, a fact which speaks well for the Queen.

There are others who were with Admiral Duncan when he gained his victory over the Dutch fleet of Camperdown. There are survivors of Nelson's fleet over the French, in 1798, of the Nile, and several who were with Lord Nelson in his last battle at Trafalgar, in 1805. In short, there are men who have helped to carry the British flag through every ocean and sea, and who have fought in every battle and skirmish, and are forgotten while you are contemplating the living monuments of her glory. The men who are seen with but one leg, or with a single eye, and in the infirmary are those who have but one arm and a leg, and others who have lost both legs. With their three-cocked hats, long-waisted blue coats, their weather-beaten and time-worn countenances, and their grave deportment, they are a credit to the nation. Their wives and mothers are the mothers of the nation, and I have seen two, I am sure, who were the pride of their families instead of pensioners.

There are 2,700 pensioners now at Greenwich. In the hospital infirmary are 105 nurses to take care of the sick, infirm and disabled. The naval uniform worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, is now enriched with the name of Nelson.