

A Submarine Volcano.

We received a few days since, says the San Francisco Herald of November 12th, from Captain C. H. Newell, of the whaling bark Alice Frazier, the following description of the action of a submarine volcano, which sprung into existence in the Straits of Onnimah, in latitude 54 36, longitude 165, on the 25th of July last. There were five or six vessels in company at the time when the volcano burst and threw an immense body of water to a tremendous height; after which it emitted lava and pumice stone on to the decks of the vessels. This singular oceanic phenomenon is corroborated by the masters of the whaling ships William Thompson, Scotland, and Enterprise:

BARK ALICE FRAZIER, at Sea,
October 30th, 1856.

EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HERALD:—About the 25th of July, while passing, in company with some others, through the Straits of Onnimah, I observed many of the mountain peaks upon the adjacent islands undergoing strong volcanic action, ejecting vast clouds of dense black smoke, reminding me of so many mammoth coal-pits undergoing a thrust of the poker from Vulcan, or some other combustible gentleman, contrived, no doubt, by old Neptune, who was intriguing to have a little after-dinner fun with a small fleet of us poor spouters. To enter upon the very climax of the thing at once, a few other whalers, in company with myself, had just rounded the west point of the island, close to the base of the volcano, upon that end of it, having been enjoying the close view of its tremendous eruption and listening to the long rumbling roar as we underwent several successive shocks of partial earthquake, when the wind suddenly died away from a strong breeze to a calm, and left us entirely at the mercy of the eruptions close in with the land. After several hours of various grades of action, everything seemed to grow for the worse. The throes of the elements and groans of the sphere became rapidly more and more ominous. It became perfectly calm; so calm that the dense, black, unearthly smoke from the crater rushed headlong into the heavens, without deviating to any point, an indication that there was a faint hope of a coming breeze for us; then gradually dissipated into cold gray clouds, from which fell showers of ashes, looking in the distance like rain, though falling rather like snowflakes. At this stage of things, after about twelve hours calm, there sprang up a light breeze from the south, seemingly about to rid us of our dangerous companion, and you may make no doubt but we endeavored to profit by it—even to the smallest sail we could set. But then came the worst of all. The winds, acting upon so dense a body of smoke, blew it flat down upon the surface of the water, making it, for more than a hundred miles, (as I ascertained from others,) an almost total eclipse—shutting the land under it entirely from sight. The ashes rained down upon us like a snow storm, covering everything from deck to truck under one gray mantle of cinders, almost blinding the people most exposed, and growing dense and more dense, nearly to suffocation, until we began to conjure up another scene of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and think we should come off rather worse than Pliny's little fleet in the bay of Naples.

As the breeze increased, we worked our way to the westward, leaving the scathing, suffocating mass rolling away to the north upon the eastern board. Once clear, we had a long job to get clear of the ashes—washing and scrubbing in abundance.

I have visited several volcanoes in their active stages, but that was undergoing a little more of the coal-pit business than agreed with the nicety of my taste in these matters, as (in confidence between you and me) I should certainly decline passing that way again under like circumstances.

But the grand sublimity of the thing was all to come. As the breeze built up into a dashing wind, along came four other ships. When, just as they got fairly in with the north base of the mountain, gazing upon the great ebullition above them, there followed a long low rumbling directly beneath them, and there sprang into instant existence, simultaneous with the sound, a vast, terrific volcano among the very fleet. First the waters boiled and rose tumultuously into chaotic waves; then sprang, as by an effort of some vast fountain, into a splendid column of rolling waters to a great height. This gradually dissipated. Then, from earth to heaven, with a thundering sound which rocked the very welkin, there sprang a burst of smoke and flame, as if earth's whole internal fires were seeking a vent therefrom.

Following this, it commenced casting up lava and pumice stone, from the size of a pebble to that of a boulder, covering the vessels with lesser fragments of each, and keeping the ship's companies in the most intense anxiety from fear of either being blown into the air or crushed beneath the sea. These grades of action continued only for a time.

The eruption, sinking almost as sudden as it came, when the waters rolled into the vacated chasm with the rush of a whirlwind, meeting in the center from every direction, and whirling into a vortex only equalled by the maelstrom, uttering a voice little short of the British Niagara heard from Table Rock.

The whole scene, to those most near, was truly awful. Nothing equals the crushing awe maintained over the human mind by the near approach to violent volcanic action. A spouter, for instance, may risk his head within half compass of a fair blow from a whale in his fury—as disagreeable a death as I know of—just for the moment's pleasure of thrusting his long lance down over the whale's shoulder, and cause his spout to spring out in two pretty blood-colored jets over his back—or may face down the curling lip and grating fangs of a polar bear, on Gove's Island, or elsewhere, just to plant a ball between

his gleaming eyes and make a foot mat of his hide for the next quondam friend he meets; but it is my humble opinion that no man should suppose he knows the quality and extent of his own nerves, until he gets within close proximity to an angry volcano. For, let him be assured, he will then drop his crest, until his plumage droops like a fowl in a storm.

The ships escaped, leaving the submarine volcano undergoing a succession of changes of comparative quietude and violent action. Its throes assuming about the same character as the first, with unequal intervals limiting the various stages it passed through.

C. H. NEWELL.

Checked Perspiration

Is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease, and death to multitudes every year. Heat is constantly generated within the human body, by the chemical disorganization, the combustion, of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system, by what is called insensible perspiration, this internal heat, which having answered its purpose, is passed off like the jets of steam, which are thrown from the escape pipes in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the system, to the extent of a pound or two, or more, every twenty-four hours.

It must be apparent, then, that if the pores of the skin are closed, if the multitude of valves, which are placed over the whole surface of the human body are shut down, two things take place. First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off; it accumulates every moment; the person expresses himself as burning up, and then large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire—this we call 'Fever.' When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feeling and warmth about it. But when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, and hot, and dry.

But another result follows the closing of the pores of the skin, and more immediately dangerous; a main outlet for the waste of the body is closed; it re-mingles with the blood, which in a few hours becomes impure, and begins to generate disease in every fibre of the system—the whole machinery of the man becomes at once disordered, and he expresses himself as 'feeling miserable.'

The terrible effects of checked perspiration of a dog, who sweats only by his tongue, is evinced only by his becoming 'mad.' The water runs in streams from a dog's mouth in summer, if exercising freely. If it ceases to run, that is hydrophobia. It has been asserted by a French physician, that if a person suffering under hydrophobia can be only made to perspire freely he is cured at once. It is familiar to the commonest observer, that in all ordinary forms of disease, the patient begins to get better the moment he begins to perspire, simply because the internal heat is passing off, and there is an outlet for the waste of the system.

Thus it is that one of the most important means for curing all sickness, is bodily cleanliness, which is simply relieving the mouths of these little pores, of that gum, and dust, and oil, which clogs them up. Thus it is also, personal cleanliness is one of the main elements of health; thus it is that filth and disease habituate together, the world over.

There are two kinds of perspiration, sensible and insensible. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is sensible perspiration, perspiration recognised by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water drops, when no moisture can be felt when it is known only by a certain softness of the skin, that is insensible perspiration, and is so gentle, that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury.

But to use popular language, which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result. What then checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting our clothing wet, and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed, and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, hoisted the window, the cold wind chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to an open window in her night-clothes, to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this:—When you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

THE GRAVE OF STEUBEN.—About five miles from the village of Steuben N. Y., and in the town of that name, is the grave of the Baron de Steuben. In a five acre wood-land, on a hill fenced in, so that the cattle could not enter, quietly rest the remains of the Prussian patriot and hero. The grave is in the middle of the wood, and was once covered by a monument, a plain slab, with the following inscription: "Major-General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben."

We visited the grave recently, and found the monument tumbled down, and things going to ruin and decay. It was an unpleasant sight to stand by the grave of that great man and think how negligent our country had been of her heroes.

There in the wild woods, far from the city's crowd, and by the "fair forest stream," repose the remains of a gallant patriot, with nothing but a ruined mass of mortar and stones to mark his resting place.

Baron Steuben was aid-de-camp to the King of Prussia—he was receiving a salary of \$5,000 a year at the time of the Revolutionary struggle—his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the infant colonies, and he left his home and his situation to serve in the American cause, and take the lead of our armies. He was an able general and an experienced tactician, and rendered invaluable service to our country. Soon after the close of the war, Steuben retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length he received a salary of \$2,500 a year, only half of that which he relinquished thirteen years before to risk all in her service. He located himself on the farm and in the township where he died, given him by the State of New York.

He cleared off sixty acres of land, erected a log house, and sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants and few friends, who still clung to him with more than filial affection, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the splendors of royalty he had left behind in the old world.

A tree near the spot where his dwelling stood was a favorite of his, and under that tree, in summer, he used to pass many of his hours. He expressed a wish to be buried when he died under the tree where he had so often rested while living. On the 25th day of November, 1797, he was struck with a paralysis, and lived three days afterwards. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants and few rustic neighbors formed the procession to his solitary place of burial, and there, in the still woods, "with his martial cloak around him," and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down to rest. He sleeps well beneath the soil he helped to free.

His stormy career was over, and he who had passed his life on the battle-field, had not a flag to droop over his hearse, or a soldier to discharge a farewell shot over his grave. A nation seemed to have blotted him out from its memory, and left him to die alone, forgotten, unhonored.

"A Republic may prove ungrateful," and refuse to erect a monument to the memory of the departed patriot and warrior, but the people of the land which he helped to free will cherish his many virtues with filial tenderness and affection.—[Exchange.]

'You Know.'—To all those who are in the habit of making liberal use of the words 'you know' in ordinary conversation, we commend the following comments of the New Orleans True Delta:—

Every country on the face of the globe has its patois or provincialisms, but these are not supposed to be used by educated gentlemen or ladies, in their writings or conversations. They are used, however, we regret to say, in this enlightened nineteenth century, and in this Southern emporium of fashion, to such a degree that it becomes difficult, in an ordinary conversation with the most fashionable members of society, to get the hang of the speaker's meaning, every expression being so interpolated with words (they should rather be termed vulgarisms) that have no reference to the question at issue.

Among those vulgarisms the words 'you know' occupy a prominent and unenviable notoriety.—We can tolerate almost anything in the rougher sex, for we don't expect much from them, but when a young lady—an angel in face and form, all but the wings—rising from the piano, harp or guitar, and, after throwing her auditory into ecstasies, will begin a conversation with a circle of admirers, every other word being 'you know,' we feel as if a wet sack were thrown over our shoulders with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero.

Just think of a pretty Miss, after graduating in the High School with all the honors, undertaking thus to describe to one of her admirers what occurred at the last fashionable soiree. 'I went there, you know, with Mrs. Jenkins, you know, and you know she is a widow, you know, and her sister, Miss Pumpkins, you know, is going to be married, you know, to Mr. Lumpkins, you know, who is a millionaire, you know, and she introduced me, you know, to Wilkins, you know, but you know he made no impression on me, you know, for you always occupy the first place in my affections, you know.'

Now, Mr. John Smith, to whom his adored addressed all this interesting conversation, did not know that she went to the soiree, did not know that she went there with Mrs. Jenkins, did not know Mrs. Jenkins was a widow, did not know that her sister, Miss Pumpkins, was going to be married to Mr. Lumpkins, the millionaire, did not know that she was introduced to Mr. Wilkins.

In fact, her admirer, Mr. John Smith, was a perfect Know Nothing in everything that his adored said or did at the soiree, though by her conversation, it would seem to an unsophisticated outsider that the said John Smith must have known everything that had transpired. Let us hear no more of this 'you know,' above all, let us not hear it pass from the lips of a lady who has any pretension to education or refinement.

SPICY DIALOGUE.—Emma—My dear friend that woman has been talking about you so again!—She has been telling the awfulest stories you ever heard; why, she railed away at you a whole hour!

Julia—And you heard it all, did you?

Emma—Yes.

Julia—Well after this you bear in mind that it takes two to make a slander—one to tell it, and one to listen to it.

Political Meetings.

The N. Y. Picayune has a capital hit on the subject. Here it is:—

[From the Daily Porcupine.]

HOW WE REPORT POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The Republican mass meeting at Bellwether-ville, N.J., yesterday was the largest of the campaign, as several of the speakers said, who have been participants in the contest from the beginning. Far as the eye could reach from the stand, there was one solid sea of heads, whose waves roared with one united tone of approval when some happy allusion was made to the great principles involved, and rose on their feet at every glowing period as if those waves were about to be torn up by the very roots. No less than 120,000 people could have been on the ground—the air was one mass of banners and flags, through which the sun with difficulty penetrated.

Thousands of those present had come hundreds of miles to be present on the occasion. The enthusiasm was boundless. The men cheered, and the ladies darkened the air with white waving handkerchiefs at every happy hit. A drove of oxen was roasted, beside two hundred head of sheep, but they were demolished in about ten minutes.

After the dinner the speaking was resumed, and the enthusiasm again reached a high point. It was cheering to the Republican heart to see this. New Jersey is safe for Fremont.

[From the Evening Distress.]

ANOTHER REPORT OF THE SAME MEETING.

The Republican mass meeting at Bellwether-ville, N.J., yesterday, was a ludicrous fizzle. There were about five hundred individuals present counting the geese on the common. About an hour after the meeting commenced, an infant school was let out in the vicinity, which joining the meeting materially swelled the crowd. A sick calf was killed, and an attempt made to roast it for the "grand barbecue," but unluckily it fell off the spit into the fire and was burnt to a cinder. However, this made no difference, as before it was done, the people wearied of the monotonous twaddle with its everlasting free speech, free Kansas, etc., ad nauseam, had gone home to their dinners.

After dinner a few idlers loafed back to the place of meeting, and another attempt was made by the speakers to get up an excitement—but it was a miserable failure.

The only enthusiasm we saw exhibited was by an old colored lady, who waved what was supposed to be a handkerchief at the close of Senator Wilson's remarks. On investigation, however, it was found, she was only flapping out her husband's shirt previous to hanging it on the wash line.

At about half-past three the meeting adjourned. The friends of Fillmore need have no fear about New Jersey.

HINTS, TO WORKMEN, ON HEALTH.—1. Abstain from all spirits and dram-drinking. Spirits relax the muscles, diminish the strength of the body, and render men susceptible to disease.

2. When mild brewed beer agrees, keep to it as a beverage (at your meals only.)

3. Where water does not disagree, value the privilege and continue it. Pure water is a far better beverage for the sedentary, and those who take but little exercise, and for those whose labor or exhausted strength do not require stimulants.

4. The quantity (of most things) is always more hurtful than the quality.

5. Take your meals at regular hours always. The human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health, by a well regulated system of diet.

6. Avoid every thing—however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you.

7. Make daily ablution the first thing on rising: you will feel stronger and more refreshed for it during the day. I fancy I hear you say that you have not the time to do so. My answer to you is, rise ten minutes earlier, dip a coarse towel in cold water, wring it out, and rub the whole-body over. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness!'

8. Never quack or tamper with your constitution by taking patent medicines; they are offered for every kind of disease, for many of which they are decidedly prejudicial, producing very often fatal results. If slightly indisposed (and if it is possible to do so) remain quiet, avoiding all excitement, and abstaining from all meats and fermented liquors for the day. In headache and slight fever, this plan mostly effects a cure. Never use strong purgatives.

9. Take exercise, if you value your health, but proportion it according to your strength.

10. Never learn to smoke; shun tobacco in all its forms. It stunts the growth when taken at too early an age; it is a great promoter of indolence and laziness, it causes nervous trembling of the hands, and nervous debility; it has nothing nourishing or stimulating in it, but is merely a narcotic, of which the moral and physical effects upon those who use it are of a very dubious character.—[Correspondent of the Builder (London).]

EVERY MAN USEFUL.—God has distributed his gifts. It takes a score of them to make one man. One supplies the swift sagacity; another the cautious logic; another the impelling force; another the hope; another the practical tact; one supplies general principles, another the working plan.