

instructions as the spirit directed. We first visited the churches south of Preston, and after spending sometime in that direction, we journeyed to the north, accompanied by Br. Richards who had returned from the city of Bedford; his health being poor, he was not able to preach.

The Dew.

"Mamma," said little Isabel,
"While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep;

For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.

I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad.

Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

Mamma, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God's watchful love and care
Through the dark midnight hours,

I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And perhaps they'd bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our Heavenly father sendeth down,
Each morn and evening new.

The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love hath made;
O'er all his watchfulness and care
Are night and day displayed."

True Greatness.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains—
Like good Aurelius let him reign or bleed
Like Socrates—that man is great indeed.

A SINGULAR STORY OF THE SEAL.—The seal is endowed with a remarkably powerful brain development, and is gifted with an amount of sagacity which entitles him to take high rank even among domestic animals. He is easily tamed, and evinces a degree of attachment in domestication, second only to man's most faithful friend, the dog. This is noticed by Pliny, and Cuvier describes one displaying much intelligence, and performing many tricks. Thus, when desired to raise himself on his extremity, and to take a staff between his flippers, like a sentinel, he obeyed the word of command; he would also lie down on his right side, or his left, as directed, or tumble head over heels. He gave a flipper as a dog gives a paw, and protruded his lips for a kiss. This attachment to their master, and particularly to those who are in the habit of feeding them, may have been observed by the pleasing instance of the late seal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, which evinced a remarkable degree of activity and sense when the keeper was in sight. But probably the most convincing, as it is certainly the most affecting story of the domestic nature and attachment of the *Phoca vitulina*, or common seal, is the following story, which is well authenticated:

A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer near the sea shore in Ireland. It grew apace; its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, was familiar with the servants and attached to the house and family. In summer its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter, to lie before the fire; or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven—the common appendage to an Irish kitchen.

A particular disease attacked the black cattle, many of which died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality among his cattle was owing to his retaining about his house an unclean beast—the harmless seal—and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven. He had crept through an open window and taken possession of his favorite retreat.

The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the kitchen fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight, at finding itself once more at home; and, stretching itself on the hearth, fell asleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of its sight; and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In pauses of the storm, a walling noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the banshee—the harbinger of death in a family. The next morning when the door was opened, the seal was found lying dead upon the threshold. —[Weld's *Vocations in Ireland*.]

Walled Lake in Iowa.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives an account of a walled lake in Wright county, Iowa. He says:

"To me it was one of the greatest curiosities I had ever seen—enveloped as its history is with a mantle that will probably never be withdrawn. This lake lies in the midst of a vast plain—the rich, gently undulating prairie extending for many miles in every direction. The lake covers an area of about 1,900 acres. The water is clear and cold, with a hard, sandy bottom, from two to twenty-five feet deep. There is a strip of timber about half way round it, probably ten rods wide, being the only timber in many miles. There is a wall of heavy stone all round it.

"It is no accidental matter. It has been built by human hands. In some places the land is higher than the lake, in which case the wall only amounts to something like a rip-rap protection. This, I believe, is what engineers call it. But in other places the water is higher in the lake than the prairie outside of the wall. The wall in some places is ten feet high; it is thirteen feet wide at the base, sloping up both sides to five feet wide on the top.

"The wall is built entirely of boulders, from three tons in size down to fifty pounds. They are all what are called 'lost rock.' I am no geologist, and consequently can give no description of them. They are not, however, natives, 'to the manor born.' Nor has the wall been made by the washing away of the earth, and leaving the rocks. There is no native rock in this region. Besides, this is a continuous wall, two miles of which, at least, is higher than the land. The top of the wall is level, while the land is undulating—so the wall is in some places two feet, and in others ten feet high. These rocks, many of them at least, must have been brought a long distance—probably five or ten miles. In Wright county the lost rocks are scattered pretty freely, but as you approach this lake they disappear, showing that they have been gathered by some human agency—when or by whom history will never unfold. Some of the largest oaks are growing up through the wall, pushing the rocks in, in some cases, outside in others, accommodating their shape to the rocks. The lake abounds with excellent fish. The land in that township yet belongs to the government.

"When I was there in the spring of '56, the wind had blown a large piece of ice against the south west part of the wall, and had knocked it down, so that the water was running out, and flooding the farms of some of the settlers, and they were about to repair the wall to protect their crops. It is beautiful farm land nearly all around this lovely lake.

"The readers of the Gazette should not imagine that the wall around this lake is as regular and as nice as the wall around the fountain in front of the City Hall in New York, nor need any entertain the theory that it is a natural wall; but it has been built hundreds, and probably thousands of years. The antiquary may speculate by whom this mighty, as well as ornamental, work was done, but it will only be speculation.

"Notwithstanding the water in the lake is pure and cool, there is no visible feeder or outlet. This lake is about twelve miles north of the located line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of the former place. The time is coming when the lake will be a great place of public resort."

THE TARANTULA—NOVEL VENDETTA.—Some of our readers may have heard of the tenacity with which the venomous tarantula is pursued by an inveterate enemy, in the form of a huge wasp—invariably resulting in the defeat and death of the former. We were an eye-witness to one of these conflicts, last week, while on a ramble among the adjacent hills. This is the season when the poisonous tarantula leaves his well-furnished abode to perambulate the dusty roads and the smooth paths so often trod by the industrious miners, and about their haunts a dozen or so may be seen any day, of this hideous enlargement of the spider race, within a circuit of a few yards, leisurely wending their way along the roads and bye-ways. Often have we marked, with attentive curiosity, his awkward gait while lifting his long and unwieldy legs above the short blades of grass, and wondered for what uses and purposes this ugly little monster was placed upon this beautiful globe.

While attentively watching the motions of one of these insects during our walk, we were much surprised to see the object of our attraction suddenly stop short in his wanderings and raise itself up to its full height, as though watching the coming of some unwelcome visitor. We at first supposed that it had just espied us, and was escaping danger from our hands; but upon our retreating a few steps, he quickly crouched behind a tuft of dried grass, and remaining very quiet, seemed to make himself as small as possible. A slight buzzing was heard in the air, and in a moment a wasp passed quickly near, hovering on the wing, over his trembling victim, the much dreaded tarantula. Like some bird of prey, the wasp remained thus poised a moment, and then, quick as thought, darted down upon his enemy, and stung him many times with great rapidity. The tarantula, smarting under the pain, began a retreat, with all the speed of which he was capable, but the wasp hung over him with revengeful tenacity, and again and again struck him, with its venomous sting. Gradually the flight of the tarantula became slower and more irregular, and at length, under the repeated thrusts of his conqueror, he died, biting the grass with his terrible fangs. The wasp now seized his enemy, and commenced dragging him away; with what intent, we could not, as business called us thence, at that time discover. The wasp, whose attacks upon the tarantula are so fatal, has a long, slim, glossy, black body, yellow wings, and is armed with a very sharp, long, thorn-like sting, which

may be seen protruding as it flies. It fears not the presence of man or beast when in pursuit of his enemy. After witnessing the victory, we turned homewards, wondering why this feud began, which is followed up with such exterminating hate—so like the practices of the higher animal man.—[Mariposa Gazette.]

KAFFIR FEELING TOWARDS ENGLISHMEN.—The Kaffirs about Natal are a fine honest set of men; they will outstrip you in a bargain like Englishmen, if they can; but this all seems to be fair, and in the way of trade. If I went to a kraal for some milk or anything, they would at once ask me what I would give them for it, and if I offered a certain amount of snuff or money, they would wrangle for more; but if I explained to them that I came as a guest, they nearly always gave freely what I wanted. The less they had been accustomed to white traders, the more generously disposed they seemed. I never felt that I incurred the slightest risk in going singly anywhere amongst these people. They seem to have a very wholesome dread of an Englishman's power and so consider it policy to make him a friend. They were peaceably disposed, in spite of our bad government, and seemed willing to listen to the missionaries, many of whom were located in the district. The labours of these teachers were, however great, unsatisfactory; for whilst they taught by word, what was right, many other white men taught by deeds, what was wrong; the simple minded savage was therefore, sadly puzzled, and was often, I thought, inclined to look upon us as a set of humbugs, from this difficulty of separating the bad from the good. 'Are your laws and your God so good, that you send teachers to benefit us, and yet you cannot get your own men to obey them?' was the question of a young Kaffir to me, after he had seen drunken Englishmen in the streets of Pietermaritzburg during the day.—[Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa. By Captain A. W. Drayson, R.A.]

NOTES FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF THE TIMES.—But on another leaf it is set forth that a loathsome odor is rising and traveling with cunning celerity through every portal and crevice of the wide chambers of our political fabric. It comes from the vile substance of party, which the people have thrown in there to have healthful growth, and germinate those admirable means, and guiding influences, and exalted principle that would insure the perpetuity of our liberties, and advance all national interests to the end that the Republic shall flourish as the oak, and endure as granite. Yet, while the people would be fulfilling every duty as virtuous citizens, and are anxious for continued harmony and eternal union, the unprincipled have crawled with vicious intent into the channels of power, and made office a resort, a rendezvous of vice. The entire nation is afflicted with office-hunting duplicity. Gross peculation, infidelity to the true spirit and letter of the constitution and laws, a forgetfulness of the example of the republican and patriotic eagles of other days, a want of legislative and administrative capacity, indecorum of personal conduct, absence of official dignity, and an habitual indulgence in vulgar political quibbling in no wise relating to the general welfare, characterize the high stations of the Government—National, State and Municipal. Our liberalism has bred a species of men who feed on party organization, and fatten on the dishonest results. This is a numerous tribe, multiplying like flies, and they are proficient in nothing but importuning parties to nominate them to the trust of places where none but retiring, quiet men of integrity should dare to enter.—[Sacramento Age.]

KAFFIR WARRIORS.—There is a great mistake prevalent in the minds of most English people, and that is, their habit of underrating the Kaffir as a foe. He is looked upon as a naked savage, armed only with a spear, and hardly worth powder and shot. But in reality the Kaffirs are a formidable race, and from their skill in many arts in which we are deficient, are much to be dreaded. Nearly every frontier Kaffir is now provided with a gun, thanks to the English traders, and very many horses. The Kaffirs, being also particularly active and always in excellent training, make splendid light infantry. I believe it was Napoleon who remarked that legs won as many battles as arms; should this be true, the Kaffirs certainly have a great advantage over us, as they can go three miles at least to our two. Although indifferent marksmen, they are not inferior to the average of our private soldiers, and they are fast improving. Their training from childhood consists in a course of assagay-throwing and a cunning way of approaching and surprising an enemy. As they are in such cases destitute of clothes, they move through the thorny bush with great ease, and are in such light marching order that their impediments are nothing in comparison with those of our soldiers, heavily burdened and tightly strapped. A Kaffir is also seasoned by hardship from childhood, and keeps fat and sleek on the roots and berries which he picks up, and occasionally eked out with scraps of meat; while Englishmen rapidly lose their form and flesh by living on the tough old ox that is killed and immediately served out to them as rations.—[Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa. By Captain A. W. Drayson, R.A.]

BOSTON EXPEDITION TO SEVASTOPOL.—Official advices were received by the last steamer from Mr. Lee, commander of said expedition, dated Dec. 3, by which it appears that the submarine work at Sevastopol was progressing energetically and profitably under his supervision, and that no thought of abandonment had been entertained. These false reports may have arisen from the fact that one of the vessels of the expedition (the Silver Key) had been dispatched to Constantinople for coals and provisions; but she had just

returned to Sevastopol, laden with supplies—making the passage back in four days, beating the whole way against head winds and a very rough sea. An imperial firman or license had been promised by the Turkish Government, and would be forwarded by the next mail to Mr. Lee, through the American Legation, authorizing the Boston Company to recover sunken property anywhere in Turkish waters—which is to be undertaken after its work at Sevastopol shall have been concluded. This contract is considered of great value, as eight of the finest ships in the Turkish navy were deliberately sunk at Sinope, in the early part of the Russian war, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Russians.

There is also a line-of-battle ship sunk at Eupatoria in only five fathoms of water, and other valuable wrecks at various points on the Turkish coast.

The Gwynne pumping engine had been thoroughly tested at Sevastopol, and found to work perfectly in deep water, and an 84 gun ship had been got nearly ready for raising, but owing to the sudden setting in of cold and stormy weather it was found necessary to postpone further operations upon her and other ships until spring, but no doubt exists of final success.

In the meantime an immense amount of chains, anchors, rigging, copper and munitions of war was being obtained by the divers, which it is believed will give the expedition ample and profitable occupation during the winter. The officers and men were in fine health and spirits, and had generally performed their arduous duties in an energetic, faithful and satisfactory manner.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, Jan. 29.]

The Pressure and the Remedy.

SPEECH OF MR. GRANGER, OF N. Y., IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MONDAY, JAN. 25.

The Administration is alarmed at its financial condition. It has reason to be alarmed. By extravagance and folly our expenses have run up to eighty or ninety millions a year, while our revenue has run down to twenty-five or thirty. The President has one part of the army in the Rocky Mountains, blockaded by snow and the Mormons, another playing second fiddle to slavery in Kansas; and the remainder fighting for glory with Billy Bowlegs. And now, sir, four regiments more are called for. When I vote any more men to such a commander, I reckon my constituents will find it out.

Sir, the Government is in trouble, and so are the people. The President, in his message, says:

"We find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want, and our financial condition deplorable."

Sir, the country is suffering with great pecuniary distress. Bankruptcy every where prevails, and the people are struggling with hard times. At the commencement of the session many an anxious eye sought the President's Message for some tokens of relief. The Message came and went, and not a ray of hope from that quarter. Pointing to the State banks as though they were the source of all the trouble, the President advises "that no State banks should be chartered unless restricted in their issues of paper to the amount of specie in their vaults," saying:

"All other restrictions are comparatively vain, and nothing else could effectually regulate the currency."

And before he leaves the subject, cautions the sovereign States to compel their banks to keep on hand at least one third of the amount of their issues and deposits in coin—just having told them that "that amount would be vain and entirely inadequate to regulate the currency."

Now, the country looks to us for aid; and shall it look in vain?

There is a cause for all this trouble, and there is a remedy, and that remedy is with the majority of this House.

I ask, then, is there any measure of relief to be proposed? If there is, I trust the minority will fling no obstacles in the way, no factious opposition, but will cheerfully co-operate in any measure of relief. The Democratic party, by its mistaken policy, has made the mischief—has caused this financial revulsion and wide-spread misery. It was the repeal of the protective tariff of 1842 and the substitution of the revenue or free trade tariff of 1846 that did it. It was done without reason, against the light of experience, and in disregard of the voice of the nation as clearly expressed in the election of 1840.

If there was any other cause for the repeal of the tariff of 1842 than that it was a Whig measure, I have it yet to learn. The principle of protection was discarded. Yes, sir, the principle and policy of fostering the industry and labor of the country were denounced and rejected.

With this change of tariff we began to purchase more abroad and manufacture less at home.

The balance scale settled down against us, and the debt to England began to pile up, till it has reached the enormous amount of \$500,000,000, and we are all but vassals to the Bank of England.

It holds the rod over us, and can apply it when it pleases, and will do it as interest or pleasure shall dictate.

Whoever thinks that we can have prosperous times, without a good, safe, mixed paper and specie currency, or can have strong, useful banks with such a foreign debt overhanging us, is mistaken.

A foreign debt that calls for half the gold we dig to pay the interest, mightily dilutes our independence.

The debt must be canceled, and nothing but a return to a steady, unwavering system of home protection can do it.

Void of that policy we import \$20,000,000 worth of woolen a year, every yard of which should be made here, and the money kept at home