

fect from its surface there was a compact layer of fine, red, and apparently burned clay, about an inch thick; underneath which, near the middle of the mound, was another layer of fine, cream-coloured clay, differing from any in the neighbourhood. Under this latter, the charcoal, cloth and bones were found. The bones were few and small. Little earth was mixed with the coal and cloth, which evidently remained as they had been placed when burned and covered up. The charcoal appeared to be on the outside of the cloth, which was frequently in folds of half a dozen thicknesses. The layers of burned and cream-coloured clay did not occur but about five or six square feet of the mound. As to the period when the charcoal and cloth were deposited in the mound, the only question occurring to Mr. Woods was, whether the mound erected by a former race may not have been made a burial place by the Indians living here when America was discovered. Thinking of this question while at the mound, he was careful to examine the condition of the earth around and above the relics, and came to the conclusion that it could not have been disturbed after it was placed in the mound. On this question Mr. Foster further remarks, that there is no evidence that the North American Indians possessed the art of spinning and weaving when first known to the whites; consequently, they never possessed it; for an art so useful, when once acquired, would not be lost. That the cloth was obtained from Europeans by the Indians and then placed in the mound, at a comparatively recent period, is improbable for the following reasons: The layers of earth surrounding it were undisturbed;—its material, being less adapted for clothing and more costly than wool, is not such as a civilized race would manufacture for a barbarous one; and, moreover, the texture of some of the samples could not have been formed in an ordinary loom, but, was undoubtedly woven by hand. From these facts, Mr. Foster infers that the mound-builders who have left memorials of their existence from the shores of Lake Superior to those of the Mexican Gulf, were a laborious, intelligent people, far more civilized and advanced in the arts than the present race of Indians, with whom they appear to have no connection. The fabric in these samples of cloth, seem to be of some material allied to hemp; and the separation of the fibre from the wood is as complete as if done by the modern processes of rotting and heckling. The thread, though coarse, is regularly spun. The texture of the samples from Jackson county, is formed by the alternate intersection of the warp and woof; but in others from Butler county, the woof is wound once round the warp—a process only to be accomplished by hand. There is no reason to doubt that these woven fabrics are the work of the mound-builders. The art of spinning and weaving was practiced by the ancient Peruvians. At Pachacamac, thirty or forty miles from Lima, where stands the temple of the sun, there are numerous remains of walls built by sun-dried bricks indicating the site of a once large and compact town. In the burial-place here, are found numerous mummies in a sitting posture crapped in many folds of a woven cloth, with an exterior covering of coarse matting. The fabric consists of the wool of lama or alpaca, and a cotton, which here grows spontaneously.

#### MADAME LORENZO, THE SECOND SIGHTED LADY.

The "second sight" was heard of in Scotland long before phrenology and mesmerism advanced their claims to the faith or the doubts of a discerning public. Our poets and novelists drew largely upon this faculty which was understood to be possessed in the highest degree by our Highland neighbours. But Highlandmen have no longer a monopoly of this gift, if one might credit his senses, which he is sometimes at a loss whether to do or no. For the last two evenings, there was presented in the Guild Hall here, a spectacle which, to say the least of it, was fitted to make one pause before laughing at the Highlanders for believing in the second sight in the dark ages. Madame Lorenzo, a tall, delicate lady, is introduced to the audience, and to guard against collusion between her and Mr. Lorenzo, her eyes are bandaged, and then, for further security, she is seated in a chair, with her back to the Assembly. She is then mesmerized by Mr. Lorenzo, which he does in less than a minute. The audience was then told that her spirit is in such close communion with his, that she not only sees with his eyes, but can read the thoughts suggested to his mind by any person who whispers them to him at the outside of

the room. We had an opportunity of seeing this bold assertion put to the test on Tuesday evening last.—After the process which we have described, Mr. Lorenzo, taking a watch from a gentleman, asked what o'clock it was by it? Madame Lorenzo answered without hesitation and to a minute. Another watch was handed to him and again the answer was prompt and correct, though there was the difference of about an hour between this and the former one. Gentlemen were told that they might set their watches to any hour; and now at half-past nine o'clock, Madame Lorenzo, read off, in rapid succession, twenty-five minutes to one, a quarter past eight, seven minutes past two," as the case might be, and in every instance with perfect accuracy. One article after another was handed to Mr. Lorenzo, and the second sighted lady told what they were, and minutely described them. For instance, "What coin has this gentleman just handed to me?" "A half-crown." "When was it coined?" To which the answer was ready and correct. "What is this I hold in my hand?" "A bit of paper." "What is it worth?" "Twenty shillings." "Where was it issued?" "At Perth;" and then to further questions, the date of the month and the year, and the number of the note, were given." A gentleman took Mr. Lorenzo, to the door, and coming in, the gentleman asked Madame Lorenzo, what number he had mentioned? The answer was 1851. We give these facts as a specimen of the exhibition; we leave it to the philosopher to explain them. Madame Lorenzo is then easily awaked from her mesmeric sleep, and bows gracefully to the audience. We see that this strange spectacle is to be repeated in the Guild Hall for a few more evenings; after which Madame Lorenzo departs, by command, for Balmoral, to appear before Her Majesty.—*Peithshire Advertiser.*

#### A PREDICAMENT—MONKEYS.

Major Rogers once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a different part of the Island, to try a few days hostility against the elephants of that neighborhood; and had arrived after a few days' sport, to within a mile or two of the bungalow, where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when, passing by a delightful cool-looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, sending on his servants with his guns, and an intimation that in ten minutes he would be home to dinner. So stripping and placing his things very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys overhauling his entire wardrobe. One was putting his leg through the sleeves of his shirt; another was cramming his head into his trowsers; a third trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot; whilst the hat formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavouring to unravel its mystery by ripping the linings and taking half a dozen bits out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium, (for the thing was so ridiculous that it made him laugh heartily,) he made with all haste towards the shore; but judge of his horror when he saw these precious rascals catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off full speed into the jungle, not leaving poor Rogers even the vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself. All he heard was a glorious chattering as they, one by one, disappeared. The last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tipping it up by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty pickle for a Christian, under a broiling sun! And here he stayed till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which we may conclude to be more easily imagined than described.—*Reminiscences of Major Rogers.*

#### THE BOOK TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.

According to an estimate in *The Book Trade*, an excellent literary journal published monthly in this city, by H. Wilson, the number of volumes issued in the United States, from the first of July, 1850, to the same date in 1851, was 1,293. The number of pages in these volumes, amounts to 213,049. The distinct works composing the volumes are 1,176. Of these volumes,

817 were published in New York, 223 in Philadelphia, and 203 in Boston. The department of fiction, including every class of novels and tales in prose comprises 249 distinct works. Of juvenile publications, there are 52; of gift books 32; and of poetical works, including hymn-books for the use of churches, 80. The number of religious and theological histories; travels and works descriptive of countries 170; not strictly geographical, we may put their number at 121. Of biographies there are 96, of scientific works 50, and of metaphysical treatises, strictly so called, 8. Of mathematical works there are 17; classical books, 7; dictionaries and treatises (not grammars) on language 13; school 50; agricultural 20; practical mechanics, 18; artistic, 6; architectural, 8; political, 16; commercial, 12; orations, 3; works entitled essays in general, 11; manners and morals, strictly so called, 18; social economy, comprising cook-books, and works for house-keepers, 15; natural history, 8; miscellaneous, embracing works not within the scope of either of the above divisions, and often possessing considerable literary merit, 48.

This list is valuable as showing in part the character of the mental ailment most in request with the people of this country. Its interest would have been enhanced by a comparative statement of the number of reprints and original works, as an evidence of the degree of native literary productiveness. Another important item would have been the proportion of female writers, which we imagine, in the case of original American works, is larger than can be found in the literature of any other country.—*Tribune.*

VISIT OF INDIANS TO THE EXHIBITION.—Mr. Catlin, the Indian traveller, conducted a party of Iroquois Indians, now in London, to the Crystal Palace, showing and explaining to them the many wonderful works it contains, which excited their highest admiration and surprise, and repeatedly elicited the war-whoop, attracting impassable crowds around them. In the midst of their excitement and pleasure, they were conducted to the statue of the "Dying Indian," in the American Division, which seemed to produce an evident dejection leading their minds back, most probably, to the painful legends of their forefathers. They then were led by Mr. Catlin to view the statues of two of their own countrymen, which he had constructed with great labor, the size of life, and elevated upon the end of the bridge standing in the American department. On approaching the spot, he found them missing, and the crumbled fragments of the chief and his wife, gathered and shrouded in a curtain, and lying on the floor, under the bridge on which they had stood, and from which they had been hurled down by a drunken woman the day before, as was soon explained, and dashed completely to pieces. Nothing could exceed the sudden dejection of the spirits of those poor superstitious people, on seeing the only two representations of their own race in the World's Fair, lying thus demolished. In a conversation which ensued amongst them, the words *rum* and *whiskey* were repeatedly pronounced; and the old chief, addressing Mr. Catlin, said—"This thing my friend makes us very sad. We have been long used to see rum and whiskey throwing down our red brethren, and our hearts have been grieved at it; but we never before knew that the images of the red men were to be destroyed also by fire-water."

#### DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A Greek servant, M. Simonidis, pretends to have discovered in the different convents in his country the archives of which he has been collecting, the place where the original of the Acts of the Apostles is hid. It is, according to his account, in the small island of Antigonon, situated at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora. M. Simonidis has demanded from the Porte through the Sardinian Minister, an authorization to make research on that spot, in the presence of the learned men of Constantinople; he particularly wishes to have some geologists with him, in order to be better able to prove that the earth has not been moved for ages in the spot which he points out. It is said that the Greek patriarch, fearing that such an important discovery might lead to fresh schisms in the church has besought the Porte to refuse the authorization asked for. It is, however, thought it will be granted, and that the search will commence immediately.—*Galignani's Messenger.*