Huron Signal.

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Poetry.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BRAD.

I know a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home—
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of Bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long, I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze,
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused, and listened to the boy—
He never raised his head;
But still went on and said—"Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had sayed.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to day.

She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead,
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"Our Father," sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that he,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.

And then, you know, the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left the wretched room,
And went with fleeing feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy,
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of the child's *faith in God.*

AGRICULTURE.

A Deputation of Farmers, headed by the Duke of Richmond, recently waited upon Lord Derby, to urge upon the Government the adoption of measures to secure the free access of British Traders to the Lobos Islands. These Islands, it is well known, are invaluable, as containing almost inexhaustable supplies of guano—a commodity becoming every year more valuable to agriculturists. Lord Derby, in reply to the address of the Deputation, said he fully estimated the importance of the deputation and the subject upon which they had come.—The importance of obtaining an abundant supply of vegetable manure for the farmers of this country was a thing that could hardly be overrated.—But, to begin with the question last raised, viz., the legal right of the Peruvian Government over those newly discovered Lobos Islands, he was afraid that that had been finally settled by the opinions of former Law officers of the Crown, fully confirmed by the present. So far back as 1834, the question was raised with respect to the seal fishing, and was referred to the late Sir Robert Jenner, who gave his strongest opinion that these islands properly belonged to Peru, which, for an unlimited period of time, had exercised sovereignty and jurisdiction over them. The opinion further stated, that the Peruvian Government had full right to prevent any seal fishing close to those islands. That opinion, of course, applied to the guano question, and, therefore, he was afraid that he must deal with the question on the assumption that the Peruvian Government had absolute sovereignty,—an act which they had performed in 1847, by having not only the Lobos Islands, but several others, regularly mapped and surveyed, and the probable amount of guano estimated as a source of future revenue. He believed he must treat the question as strictly one of monopoly; for, although negociations had been opened a few years since, with a view of seeing whether any check could be found in the introduction of Bolivian guano, it was found to be so insufficient in quantity and so inferior in quality, that the notion had to be abandoned. The question then remained, whether there was any means by which the Peruvians could be induced to lower their prices. That was no new question, as frequent negociations had been opened between the Government of this country and that of Peru in 1847 9, and one last year. He had a letter, received on the 23rd of June last, from our agent, Mr Adams, at Lima, detailing his attempts to induce the Peruvian Government to lower their prices. It appeared, that that Government had made their calculations in this way:—They estimated in the first instance, the fertilizing qualities of guano, and then asked the price of artificial manures of a similarly fertilizing quality in this country, and then they arranged their price so as to keep it just below the price of the manufactured article. They found that £9 or £9 10s. was the price they could thus obtain from the British farmers as compared with the price of other manures, and at that price they determined to keep it.

The Duke of Richmond.—What we contend is, that the high price of guano keeps up the price of manures.

The Earl of Derby had an estimate of the way in which the £9 was made up, and what amount went to the Peruvian Government, which would show the difficulty of making so large a reduction. £9. less 2½ per cent. was £8. 15s. 6. This made up of shipping charges, 7s. 6d.; freight, £3. 17s. 6d.; other expenses, £4. 17s. 0d.—The result was that the next price to the Peruvian Government was £3. 7s. 5. The attention of the government would be devoted to impressing on the Government of Peru the advantages that must result from a largely increased demand; but, he feared that it would be a difficult piece of diplomacy to convince them. He was fully impressed, more especially under existing circumstances, with the necessity of diminishing the cost of agricultural production, and the deputation might depend upon it, that the best attention of the Government would be given to this important subject.

As the results of the interview, it is stated, that the Deputation withdrew with a good deal of disappointment; and we do not wonder, for his Lordship's statement was clearly a defence of the dubious claims of the Peruvian Government and of Peruvian bond-holders in this country.

A Good Word for Turnips.—Our friend J. Y. Burgin, of Red Beach, Washington County, in a business letter received not long since, thus alludes to the "turnip controversy," last summer. He is right in his good opinion of the turnip. We wish there were a thousand bushels raised in Maine where there is but one now. "We continue to say to the farmers of Maine, *don't give up the turnips.*" Mr. Burgin speaking incidently of this root, says:—"Really without a joke, there is nothing like that same crop of turnips. At least it is so here. Now when I put in my extravagant story, on turnips last summer, I was by no means convinced of the whole truth of what I said. I knew it was true of my own single crop. But that was a one-sided statement, viewed as such and meant for that by me. I wished to be so understood then. I now wish to be understood most candidly as stating that it is my firm belief that you cannot do a better thing for any of them then to coax them, or in some way persuade them to plant (or sowe more turnips.) They did me yeoman's service this year—and I had only a failure crop. The crop was set in August at 2500 to 3000bussels, but instead of this quantity I had only 1200 bushels of large roots; and yet the 1200 that cost me all that 2500 would have cost, (save the expense of gathering,) have proved to me the most profitable crop of the year. I have made beef and pork, and kept my working teams, (four or five years, this winter,) in fine condition, with but little provender; and the young stock in like good condition without anything else. I am confident that the turnip crop has claims on me beyond any other, whatever.

Cut-Worm.—The cut worm is one of the few insects which infest the corn crop, and for which evil, no remedy that can be entirely relied on, has as yet been discovered. It has been asserted by some farmers, that the cut-worm would never injure corn were it not planted on sward land, as they are the progeny of a beetle or insect which could never propagate without the assistance of dung, which is always found in fields and pasture ground, and in proper condition to afford a lodgement for the eggs. But the fact is, the insect is by no means nice in the matter of securing a deposit for its eggs, and drops them on the dung heap, or compost pile, and even in the manure of the yards, and when these are conveyed to the field and sowed broad cast, or deposited in hills or furrows, no matter whether on sward land, or those that have been cultivated for a number of years, the fatal progeny is developed as readily as when the eggs are deposited in animal excrement dropped promiscuously in the fields.

The worm which so frequently proves destruction to the cabbage, is the same as the brown "cut" or corn worm. To suppose its depredations are confined exclusively to crops growing on sward land, is to controvert the whole tenor of practical experience, though I do not doubt that, from various reasons, their ravages may be more fatal on lands of the latter class, than they ordinarily are on those of the former. The eggs of this beetle are not capable of enduring exposure to severe degrees of cold, unless protected by a covering of soil or manure, and hence the practice of autumnal ploughing, which brings many of them to the surface, is thought to have a beneficial effect, while the spreading of compost heaps and piles of old manure, so as to expose every part to the effects of frost during the long winter, has been recommended as tending to their destruction.

But the best method doubtless, would be to encourage the increase of birds and toads, instead of destroying them, and driving them from our fields as is now the case.—Toads will accomplish more towards the preservation of a crop of corn, than all the philosophers and theorising schoolmen have done since corn was cultivated. They are an industrious set of beings, and furnish a night patrol, which fully meets the necessities of the case, as the cut-worm is a night-walker, and generally performs his peregrinations from hill to hill, by ascending to the surface.

Literature.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY THE SURGEON.

In the month of August, 1828, when the war raged between Buenos Ayrs and Brazil, in South America, I found myself, with many others from the northern division of our continent, engaged on the part of the former.

Not only was there the hope of laurels to be won, our chivalry excited, and our wild oats to sow, but we had heard of or personally witnessed the gross conduct of Pedro towards the American Minister and Consul carried to such an extent as obliged the former to demand his passports and return home. It was, therefore, a war of Americanism against despotism. I was made surgeon of the brig-of-war Sampson, mounting eight guns, though a larger vessel under a different commander had been offered me.

We were ordered to run down the coast and land a spy at Bahia, who was to create an insurrection of the blacks, and thus oblige the enemy to call in her fleet from the blockade of the river of Plata, together with injunctions to do as much mischief as possible going and returning to anything under the green flag of Brazil. We had proceeded thus far upon our errand, and had so well executed and obeyed our commands, that thirteen pennants from vessels of war, and a countless number of merchants flags, were displayed as proofs of our success beside the prizes manned and sent in. The consequence of the latter trophy, however, was annoying. The manning of so many prize-vessels from our own crew left us so reduced in strength and numbers, as to compel us to dismiss with prisoners, a valuable vessel, the St. John, for absolute want of an officer to take charge of her. The lieutenants had taken command, one after another, of the captured vessels of war; and the master-purser, midshipmen and masters' mates had been sent in with the merchant prizes. Our commander now stood alone, without a single sea officer; the crew, too, had necessarily become much reduced; thirty-eight men and three boys, were all that remained of the gallant hundred who had left port but a few months before.

On board of one of the lately captured vessels an Englishman, acting as supercargo, gave the intelligence of an enemy's brig-of-war lying in port, ready to sail at a moment's warning. She was stationed here to protect the commerce—a vessel mounting eighteen guns—twenty-four pounders—and a hundred and thirty-two men. Dispite this great disparity of force, our commander concluded that she might be taken by surprise—and that very hour—nay, that very moment, his design was put in execution.

The evening before that batle I remember as yesterday. Our Commodore came on deck, with the gunner, saying to him:

'You will lie to until daylight, with your head off shore, when I will join you with the other brig. Quarter-master, where is the prize?'

'Under the lee bow, sir: she seems to have filled away.'

'Man, the weather main-brace; square away main-yard; board main-back; aft sheet' were the quick commands; and in a few minutes the vessels were again within speaking distance.

'Brig ahoy!' No answer. 'Brig ahoy!' sternly. 'Answer, or I will sink you.' A pause. Still no answer.

'Forecastle there, clear away your number 2, and send your shot into their cabin to 'drive them up from their grog.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

In a moment the loud report of a gun was heared, and the grating crash of the shot was followed by the echo reverberating along the coast of Olinda and Pernambuco.

'There's work for you, Doctor,' said our Captain.

'Oh! pray don't kill us,' cried a weak voice from the prize; the men are all drunk and what can I do?'

This came from a boy who had been left by mistake when the Brazilians were brought away.

'Put the helm down,' and, as if urged by one impulse, both vessels swung gracefully up into the wind. The brig of-war kept under steerage way until the maintopsail of the prize caught aback when she hauled up her main-sail and hove to.

The gunner went on board with his prize crew, and sent back the fellows who had, as the boatswain's mate said, 'subjected him to extra duty with his cat.'

It appeared that the prize-crew temporarily left in charge had discovered a case of gin, and placing it on the cabin table, had taken out one or more of its flasks, and emptied them with such diligence as to render themselves, in common parlance, 'drunk as fools;' that the man from the helm had joined them, and the vessel, left at her own sweet will,' fell off before the wind—her main-braces, having been carelessly belayed—her maintopsail had filled away, and she was fairly running into port of her own accord. From the blissful state of somnolency produced by the too ardent use of the ardent, one shot awoke the quarto seated around the gin case; not that an ordinary shot thrown at random across the bow or stern, or a dozen broad sides thrown over them, could have induced a single man to stir, but this shot having been well directed, went through the side, struck a bed which it forced through a state room door upon the table and its snoozing guests struck the gin-case, which it knocked to shivers, and went out at the opposite side through a well-rounded hole, with a little splintering on the outside. The men were all more or less hurt; the bed and door had bruised all on the weather side of the table, and broken pieces of glass had severely cut and lacerated those who were so unfortunate as to have taken leeward seats. It seemed a miricle that no one was killed; but they were well sobered, and put under my hands instead of the boatswain's mate; their further punishment deferred until their wounds healed, or they had redeemed their character by good conduct in action.

Before this little prelude was concluded, symptoms of approaching day had made their appearance—the heavens for a moment had brightened up—and then a deeper darkness covered the waters.'

'Doctor,' said my Commodore, handing me the night-glass with which he had been watching ten miles to leeward of us—'Doctor, pray keep the deck half an hour for me: you are non-combattant, and may sleep while we are at work.

The brig has been told of our strength and will probably come out and give us a chance to take her in open fight. It is to late to cut her out now, and to engage under the guns of the battery might be called rash by our rulers.' After the men have had breakfast I will take her if she comes outside. Quartermaster, keep the prize on our lee quarter, and shorten sail if you find we are getting away from her.' And so say he threw off his hat and laid down in a hammock hung for him between two of the quarter-deck guns.

'Quartermaster Hunter,' said a quarter gunner, 'what do you thind of the old man? He's gone to sleep, like a trooper's horse, all standing, and means to wake up and fight that heavy craft the sailors of the last prize told us of. Aint he mad?'

'Na, na,' said the big whiskered Scott who from being the most athletic and faithful fellow on board, was the Captain's fancy man. 'Na, na, if we had to fight a wee bit it will na hurt us, we ha been playin' and scrimmagin long enow.'

'Scrimmage, is it,' said Brown, the first speaker; do you call it scrimmage to take those two letter O marks—both twice as big as us. Powder and shot! what do you call a fight then?'

'I ca Trafalgar a fighte, and Aboukir a fighte when we had our eighty's matched will eighty's, each choosin' a bird an' peckin at it—an pickin it by the hour.

'Well, but that's no sign,' said Brown; you fought man agin man, gun agin gun, and now look at that are fellow, sheetin' home his topsails, and say if he aint more nor a match for the likes of us?'

They were now joined by several of the petty officers and men, who, mustering upon the forecastle, watched closely the enemy's movements, and gave their opinions as to the probable result of an engagement.

All except Hunter were evidently alarmed at the prospect before them, and tried hard to persuade him to join them in carrying a request to the Commander, that he would not engage an enemy of such an overwhelming force.

'What for should I gang wi' yet' said Hunter; 'hay as many lives as the Captain, and I'll warrant we've as many friends in hell as he has.'

This profound reasoning did not suit the unintellectual minds of the group, and it determined that a boatswain's mate, captain of the forecastle, and a marine should compose the deputation.

It was delayed until after breakfast, in the hope that it might prove unnecessary.

Meanwhile the captain slept soundly as if pillowed on down, receiving the reports of the enemy's manœuvers with a simple 'Very well,' and sleeping again.

Eight bells were reported to be struck, the cutries were relieved—the hammocks had been stowed—the decks made clean and spotless—the sails sheeted home—and everything done with as much regularity as if no enemy were in sight.

The men were hardly seated round their mess-kids when the Captain stepped from under the sail which had been spread over his hammock as an awning, and, casting a quick glance aloft and along the decks, touched his hat and bade me 'good morning' at the same time thanking me for the first refreshing sleep he had for several nights and playfully complimenting me on my skill as a sailor.

'But Doctor, said he, 'how is it you have run away from the prize? See where she is, hull down, astern.'

The fact was we had been so busy with the thoughts of the 'morning's danger,' and the enemy's movements, that we had forgotton the prize altogether.

It was now, however, apparent that the brig of war had given up the idea of overtaking us, which at first seemed his object as we sailed too fast for him, and was making for our prize to console himself with it.

When the men had finished their breakfast the word was passed 'all hands make sail clear away lower topmast and topgallant studding sails of both sides.'

And away we flew down towards the enemy, who, by this time, was lying to in company with our prize, about ten miles too leeward. The hands were now ordered to clear ship for action.

Yards were slung, and the clues stoppered with chain grapples carried to the yard arms; shot passed up and everything with a rapidity only gained by constant practice.

As my duty has heretofore continued me to the cock pit when we were in action, I felt a great curiosity to see how things were on deck for once, and accordingly asked leave to remain on deck until my services were required below.

Our Commodore reluctantly consented, but recommended me to go into the maintop where I should be out of the reach of splinters.

We were nearing the enemy fast.—The deputation to wait on captain stood abreast the mainmast, and were backed by the greater part of the crew, some grumbling threats, some swearing, some wanting grog others talking of taking the vessel—all loud and boisterous; in short, in open mutiny.

The captain walked stately and composedly into their midst, struck to blow or two with the flat of his cutlass over the heads and ears of the ringleaders, who were stunned and fell as if dead.—He then ordered the men to their stations to shorten sail, and, beckoning to me said, 'Doctor, take these fellows down and bandage their heads quickly, and send them up to me; I shall want their services in about 5 minutes.

Do you hear, you sirs? if you are not at your guns in five minutes you'll hear from me again.'

The wounds were dressed and the men at their posts in due time. I heard, as I bound up their wounds, our commander's battle speech. It came to my ears in superhuman tones, being shouted thro' a speaking trumpet, made of very thin silver, or bell metal, never used except in actions:

'Lads! I am going to take that brig. Now, mark! if you sulk—if you hang back—when I call for boarders, if you let the rascal Brazillian get a foothold on this deck I put a match to the magazine. Remember, I never yet told you a falsehood, and, as I hope for God's mercy, I never will.'

This was followed by three hearty cheers from the crew, which had hardly ceased, before the command was given to take in sail, and never was the order more promptly obeyed.

It seemed less than a minute before I reached the deck, when I found all done—the sails, booms and geer all down, the forehatch and the gratings laid on.

As I reached the top, the enemy gave a broad-side, which should have annihilated our vessel and it been lower as it was, it came through the topsails, litterally tearing them clear from their bolt ropes. We continued our course again, having yawned to receive the salute when he wore, and gave us his larboard battery, which like the former, went over without material damage except to the leg of the captain of the foretop, which it took away. Of course I left my exalted station, and that with right good will, while the wounded man coolly made a bowline of the top gallant billiards, and lowered himself to the deck: I applied the tourniquet on deck, for he would not consent to go below.—The enemy was wearing slap to give us the third broadside, when, as he fell off stern to, we opened, raking with grape and canister, and as he came to the wind he had fore-reached, so that his shot went ahead, and our bow came abreast his main mast. Our grapples secured him. The marines on the forecastle soon drove his men from the after division, while ours gave it, we told, under his quarter. This was but for a moment. He rallied and prepared to board over our bows; we called and repelled the boarders; but his numbers were yet too great to admit of one following him. Again he rallied and boarded—got possession of the bowsprit rigging and forecastle. Our commander—in a white hat, to distinguished him—was left alone to keep back the enemy, for the men had fled aft. At sight of this, he ran aft took a gun match as he passed along and shouted—'Go forward, for your lives, or this goes to the magazine.'

The men cheered, and, with a rush, drove the enemy from the decks—some back to their vessel, some into the sea. Ours followed the former, and a brisk rattling of small arms and clashining of cutlasses ensued. The cannon were left unmanned, excepting that of Quartermaster Hunter, which every now and then would heave in a coolly directed shot into her rudder, one sticking between the rudder and sternpost, rendered her helm useless.

An officer of the enemy threw a boarding pike at our captain, which whized close to him and fixed itself into the bowsprit bitts.

It was drawn from thence, and returned with awful interest, taking the officer in the back of the neck and literally pinning him to the deck.

The battle continued in this way ten or fifteen minutes, when after a third unsuccessful attempt to board us, the quarter-deck appeared to be thinned, and our captain, followed only by the carpenter, climbing over her bullworks, leaped down upon her deck. The former looked like anything but a commander: a grape shot had travelled across his shoulders, taking skin and flesh with the suspenders, shirt and coat; he had put his hand to the bleeding wound, and afterwards in loading his pistol had got them covered with powder; wiping the perspiration from his face at intervals, he had covered himself with blood and powder without knowing it. The small arms had taken off his hat, cut his sabre from the becket which hung to his waist, and ripped up and tore his pantaloons. But all unaccoutred as he was, he found himself in the presence of the full-dressed captain of the enemy, towards whom he rushed for a death grapple. But the latter had enough of fighting; one of Hunter's splinters had knocked away his right hand, his officers were all either dead or wounded and he could not get his marines to come from under cover of the berth-deck, whence they were firing as fast as they could load.

With his left hand the Brazillian captain presented his cutlass, and said, as he surrendered, 'Order your men cease firing.'

'Away, there!' shouted our captain; 'away there! Boarders, away! Gray beards and idlers, stock and fluke, board from the brig.'

At this summons, some fifteen of our men went over the side in double quick time, despite the rattle of musketry.—Again I heard our captain's trumpet: 'Cease firing below, there! Your Captain has struck!' The only answer I heard was a volley of musketry. Once more, and for the last time, I heard that trumpet—it pealed, so as to make my hair stand on end: 'Show no quarter there.'

From that moment not a shot was fired, not a sabre-clash sounded—every man seemed spell-bound; even the wounded, who were lying about in every direction, held their breath for fear of disturbing the stillness, and wakening the tigar in our crew, who seemed like that animal, crouching ready for a spring at the least noise. Our men went steadily round, placed centries at each scuttle while some went below to secure the prisoners. Our captain, now all was safe, and the excitement abating, fainted from the loss of blood, and wrapped in the flag of our last prize, he was carried into the cabin.

THE DOLLAR.

Did you ever think of the power of a dollar? that poor' inanimate silver item in your fingers—did you ever scan its influence? Do you know it to be the lever of nations, the test of power, the admission ticket to the graces of a fawning society? The dollar is almost an omnipotent thing—how men love it! What noble self-denial is practiced by humanity upon itself for that silver dollar! How men court its presence and kneel in submission at the feet of its possessor! Many preach, pray, work, live, and die for the dollar. Let us look at a few of its charms. It establishes your foundation in society, gives you influence, draws around you hosts of friends—With it you can buy honor, power, labour; all this can be bought for dollars. Do you want to attain to high position in the community, the State, the nation? Do you wish for glory and applause from the multitude who stand in awe and worship? You can buy it for dollars. Do you want influence? Would you wish hosts to move at your nod, and obey your mandate? Dollars will buy it. Do you want labour upon which to fatten? to live upon the toil of others—owning their very hours and their very souls! Dollars by them and society thinks it right. Yes, so it is. Speak of it, and the dollar turns upon you to crush and overpower. Here, is the pattern nation of the earth, the star of Gods lower realm, the hope of all, and the loved of all, thousands are found who sell their influence, their franchise, their God given birthright as citizens of such a nation, aye, their very souls, if need be, for dollars. Tell the rich of reforms, of progress, of the rights of labour, and they call you a frantic and a fool. Tell the working men of his rights—beg of him to awake to his true position, speak to him of labour reforms and his place in society, and he oftentimes is found among the first to spit upon you. And all this is under the influence of dollars. Who shall not call it next to omnipotent? If you want to be cursed by society, pointed out as a frantic, trampled upon as an idiot, read off of everything good on earth or heaven—just turn and face the influence of dollars. Speak of right to your masters, to your rulers, to your gods of society, and a hellour hiss is heard from all—even those to whom you would give redemption. The world bears a righteous witness against you fully, and your fanaticism is brought forward to impeach your doctrine. All this is, even in this republican nation, where the people rule! Sell your vote, your influence, yourself, if money can buy you—but cursed be the man who would thus traffic in the opinions and minds of freemen, and palsied the hand that places such a blistering record against itself.

A Fatal Necklace.—The Independence Beldge, published at Brussels, has the following:

The Duchess of Montpensier on arriving at London, having been invited to the concert of Queen Victoria, and not having sufficiently provided for himself in view of the extraordinary *fete*, was under the necessity of borrowing of the Queen Maria Amelia a necklace of sapphires of a very great value. The following is its remarkable history.

The necklace belonged first to Marie Antoinette. It was subsequently purchased by the Emperor Napoleon, who made a present of it to his sister-inlaw, the Queen Hortense, and from her hands it passed into possession of the Queen Maria Amelia.

Thus within a short space of sixty years this necklace has been worn by a Queen who was beheaded by the revolutionary axe and by two queens who have been dethroned.

Who knows if with the destiny that seems to accompany the actual possession of the jewel, this is not fated yet to decorate the necks of other sovereigns! and in conferring upon its owner the prestigue and seduction of luxury, it will not at the same time carry with it the fatality of all these royal unfortunates of which it possesses the secrets.

American Travellers.—A letter to the Newark Advertiser, from Genoa, mention that a party of four Americans had just passed through that place on their return from the Interior of India, having just passed through Persia, and other intermediate countries. The hair-breath adventures and escapes have all been carefully chronicled for publication, and the report of their travels will make the freshest and most exciting book of the season. They mention that they encountered no less than sixty Americans voyagers on the Nile