Weekly Chronicle

"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

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The Chronicle,

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From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

THE GAMBLER.

[CONTINUED.]

I open the packet—The Gambler's History.—His uncle.—Put to school.—Begins to pilfer.—Leaves school, and becomes a sharper.—Commits forgery.—Obliged to go to sea.—His severe treatment.—Kills his companion.—Quits the ship.—his distress.

On the evening after the body of the unfortunate man was committed to the grave, I broke the seal of the packet which he had consigned to my trust, and read as follows :—

"From my very infancy, mine has been a life of trouble. At the tender age of two years, I was left an orphan, under the guardianship of an uncle, the most unfeeling and unamiable of men. He was one of these selfish beings who live but for themselves ; and, as the charge of an infant soon became troublesome to him, he consigned me to the trust of a woman who had once been his housekeeper.—This person reared me until I became of an age to go to school, when I was sent to a c' ap seminary, where they received little money for teaching nothing ; but my uncle was satisfied, so long as I was not in the way to molest him. Being naturally quick, I soon acquired all that was taught at this preliminary academy ; and it was here that I began to practise those arts which have been the very bane of my after existence.

"It was customary to allow each boy a small sum every week, for pocket-money ; but this indulgence my uncle denied to me ; nor did he ever give me a single sixpence when I returned to school after the several vacations. This privation first tempted me into the path of error. Finding that I was the only boy in the school debarred from a gratification to which I thought myself as much entitled as my young companions, I determined, if possible, to be upon an equality with them. Twice in the week a person was allowed to come within the walls that enclosed our play-ground, with fruits and pastry ; and from this man, when opportunity offered, I occasionally filched a tart, apples, pears, or plums, as it might happen ; and being fortunate, or rather unfortunate enough, as it proved in the issue, to escape detection, I commenced pilfering from the boys their weekly allowance, and thus, very shortly, became the richest of the juvenile community.

The habits of early life generally decide the aspect of our future years. My success in these juvenile peculations emboldened me to attempt greater things ; and I soon robbed the master of several pounds, for which I was severely flogged, and dismissed from the school. My uncle was so exasperated at my baseness, that he would not receive me within his doors, but placed me in the house of the same woman who had nursed me, where I quickly threw off all restraint, and young as I was, soon became a confirmed swindler. I confined myself at first to such petty pilfers in this way, that where detection followed I usually escaped punishment.

"I was now fifteen, when I became acquainted with the marker of a billiard-table, who initiated me into the mysteries of that noble game, and before I was seventeen, I was second only to himself in skill. None of the players who frequented the table were at all a match for me ; and I contrived occasionally to win considerable sums, which were no sooner obtained, than dissipated in licentious and vulgar pleasures. The more I gained, the more I squandered. I knew my father had left me a comfortable income, which I expected to enjoy as soon as I should attain my one-and-twentieth year ; but it was so entirely under the control of my guardian, for the present, that I could not obtain a sixpence of it.—He had altogether abandoned me ; and, as I had not received a farthing from him, neither had any sums been disbursed since my fifteenth year, the accumulating interest of five years, as I calculated, would, of course, be added to the principal.

About this time I forged my uncle's signature to a draught, and being detected, he stipulated that if I would immediately go to sea, he would forbear to prosecute ; to which alternative, though anything but agreeable to a youth of my restless turn of mind, I readily assented, glad to get out of a serious scrape upon such easy terms. I afterwards discovered that this leniency on his part was no act of mercy, for he would have been glad to have got me hanged—but was apprehensive, that if he gave too great publicity to my knavery, it would bring before the eye of the world his own neglect of me, and other more weighty matters, which he was anxious to conceal. Heartily as I despised him, I never suspected him to be the villain he subsequently proved.

The vessel on board which I was put, was a merchantman ; the crew consisting of four men and a stout lad, about my own age. I did not at all like the novelty of my situation. Though I had long been in the habit of associating with knaves and sharpers, I had chosen my companions from such as were not positively low. The habits of my present companions were, beyond expression, odious to me. Being the youngest, I was at the beck and call of each of them ; and if I failed to do their bidding with prompt alacrity, a kick or a cuff was the invariable reminder of my tardiness. The work moreover, which I was obliged to perform, was menial in the extreme. My soul sickened at being obliged to scrub the cabin-floor, wash foul linen, clean pots and kettles, with sundry other occupations equally unintellectual, and some positively disgusting.

"The skipper of the vessel was a surly brute, who, knowing I had been sent to sea to save me from hanging, took it into his stupid head, that a rope's end was the most salutary discipline he could employ to 'bring me about,' as he said ; and in accordance with this sage conclusion, he generally visited my shoulders once a day, until they exhibited the most striking hues of the rainbow. Instead of taming me, this only served to make me more dogged and troublesome. Having more wit than the whole of the ship's crew put together, which I might fairly say, without calling my modesty into question, I continually thwarted, and so perplexed them, that they thought it, at length, the wiser policy to use me kindly. The skipper found my advice useful, and the other men eventually followed his example, in treating me civilly ; but the boy and I were continually quarelling. He was a dull, stupid tyrant, everlastingly trying to impose upon me some labor, which, at his bidding, I always refused to perform ; and he, at length, fixed my hatred so unalienably, that I could not look at him without loathing.

"One morning having ordered me to do some drudgery, which I refused, he immediately struck me. This was too much for endurance, and I returned the blow with my whole force, striking him between the eyes, and cast him on his back upon the deck. He rose with the fury of a gored bull, and we had a contest for some minutes ; but his superior strength and hardihood soon prevailed, and I was dreadfully beaten. This increased my detestation, and I felt a fiendish spirit of revenge, which I could not controul, over-mastering every better sentiment of humanity. His easy victory only made my enemy the more insolent, and thenceforward I never received a command from him unaccompanied either by a blow or a malediction, which kept up the perpetual rankling within me ; and I determined, at whatever cost to release myself from the tyranny of this odious bully. To do so, however, required all the caution with which I was furnished, and knew well how to employ. As his insolence increased with my submission, for I now ceased to resist his will, the skipper interfered in my behalf, which produced some relaxation in the oppression of my tormentor.

"In order to produce a reaction in my favour, I applied myself to gain the good-will of the skipper and his companions, and to turn their former ill-will from myself to the youth whom I so cordially hated. As he was of a stubborn, unaccommodating temper, I soon succeeded in doing this : the consequence was, that he frequently obtained a portion of the stripes with which he was in the habit of visiting me. This rendered his dislike of me the more inveterate, and whenever he found me alone, he always took the opportunity of trying the hardness of his knuckles upon my head. Though I often saw him severely punished, my revenge was not satisfied, and my resolution to accomplish it was never for a moment from my mind. It formed the subject of my dreams by night, and of my thoughts by day ; and so entirely did it absorb me, that I grew absent, and occasionally provoked the application of the rope's end from the skipper, for what he considered my inattention. This I now bore without grieving, because upon the whole, his conduct towards me had greatly improved, and his severity towards the object of my aversion had as greatly increased. Moreover, the hopes of accomplishing my vengeance, which I had persuaded myself was perfectly justifiable, so engrossed my soul, that I had no room for repining, and the quiescent manner in which I bore the punishment occasionally inflicted upon me, was interpreted in my favour, as arising from a feeling of laudable submission.

"It was the habit of my tormentor, whenever he went aloft, to slide down upon deck on one of the ropes. I had observed this, and at length resolved to make it the means of accomplishing my long-cherished purpose of retribution. One morning, having occasion to do something at the mast-head, I took care to loosen the rope before I descended, thus giving myself a chance of effecting my object, without the possibility of detection. In the course of that morning the youth ascended the rigging. I trembled with anxiety. As I had anticipated, in prominent celebrity, not only as an actor, but likewise as a dramatic writer. My society was soon courted. I became a sort of lion ; and scarcely a day passed in which I did not receive an invitation to the house of some opulent family.

"Although the tide of success continued to flow onward, my early habits had been too indelibly fixed to be readily eradicated. I obtained a respectable income,—nevertheless, I was seldom possessed of a shilling. I could not resist the temptation of gambling ; and, though my extraordinary skill, combined with my lax notions of honour, rendered me almost invariably successful, yet the habit of spending was so inveterate, that I never kept a guinea in my pocket for two hours together. Upon the whole, however, my life was a happy one, if there is really any happiness in mere animal enjoyment. I was flattered and caressed, and, being under age, I had the prospect of rising to still greater distinction.

"For the first time, I was allowed to take a benefit : it was a bumper, and the next morning I found myself in possession of a clear fifty pounds sterling. I gave a brilliant dinner to the company, by way of signalizing my success, and by the time I went to bed was as pennyless as before I took my benefit. It was the means, however, of advancing my fortune unexpectedly. The wealthy merchant, before whose door I used to sweep, and who had kindly sent me half-a-crown every Saturday night, took two boxes on the evening of my professional speculation, for which he liberally gave me a check on his banker for twelve guineas. On the following day he called upon me, to express the delight he had received at my acting. He was accompanied by a niece, the daughter of an only brother, who had left her an orphan at the tender age of eleven years. She was a pretty innocent looking creature, with that unsophisticated simplicity of character which is so much more attractive than the mere passive beauty of form and feature.

"To my surprise, the old man asked me to make his house my home. He had taken an unaccountable liking to me, and, as it afterwards appeared, I had made a signal impression upon the heart of his niece. He had watched my rising reputation, he said, and could not but feel respect for a man who had elevated himself, by the force of intellect, from one of the lowest stations in society, to a state of high dignity ; for, according to his idea, nothing could be higher than being in possession of public approbation. The old man had always been a great lover and supporter of the drama ; and my talent, both as a writer and performer, had secured his warmest esteem.

"I was not more agreeably surprised than flattered by the good old gentleman's proposal, to which I readily assented, and shortly became an inmate of his country-house, a splendid mansion about six miles out of the town. I now found it necessary to eschew the evil company with whom I had been accustomed to associate, thinking that it would at least be prudent to wear the mask of morality for a time, in order to produce a favourable impression upon the mind of my patron, as to the habitual quiet and sober integrity of my moral behaviour.

[*To be continued.*]

Low People.—I have said this much, because the early, very early part of my life was passed among what are reproachfully termed "low people." If I describe them faithfully, they must still appear low to those who arrogate to themselves the epithet of "high." For myself, I hold that there is nothing low under the sun, except meanness. Where there is utility, there ought to be honour. The utility of the humble artisan has never been denied, though too often despised, and too rarely honoured ; but I have found among the "vulgar" a horror of meanness, a self-devotion, an unshrinking patience under privation, and the moral courage that constitute the hero of high life. I can also tell the admirers of the great, that the evil passions of the vulgar are as gigantic, their wickedness upon as grand a scale, and their notions of vice as refined and as extensive as those of any fashionable *ton* that is courted among the first circles, or even as those of the crowned despot. Then, as to the strength of vulgar intellect.—True, that intellect is rarely cultivated by the learning which consists of words. The view it takes of science is but a partial glance—that intellect is contracted, but it is strong. It is a dwarf, with the muscle and sinews of a giant ; and its grasp, whenever it can lay hold of any thing within its circumscribed reach, is tremendous. The general who has conquered armies and subjugated countries—the minister who has ruined them, and the jurist who has justified both, never at the crisis of their labours have displayed a tithe of the ingenuity, and the resources of mind, that many an artisan is forced to exert to provide daily bread for himself and family ; or many a shopkeeper, to keep connexion together, and himself out of the workhouse. Why should the exertions of intellect be termed low, in the case of the mechanic, and vast, profound, and glorious, in that of the minister? It is the same precious gift of a beneficient Power to all his creatures. As well may the sun be voted as excessively vulgar, because it, like intellect, assists all equally to peform their functions. I repeat, that nothing that has mind is, of necessity, low ; and nothing is vulgar but meanness.—*Marryat's Rattlin, the Reefer.*

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE SHIP EDINBURGH.

(From the Sydney Com. Journal, of April 20.)

The Edinburgh was a fast sailing barque of 270 tons register, manned with a crew of twelve persons, including the captain, and had a full cargo of wool, oil, and cedar, and two male passengers for Liverpool. She left Sydney Roads on the morning of the 18th of March, and stood on her course, with light westerly winds. During the day of the 20th, Captain Lyall and the chief Officer remarked to each other, that there seemed in the cabin a closeness in the feeling, and a smell as of something burnt. It was not, however, sufficient to create any suspicion of the cause. The remarks were reiterated in the evening, and the conversation turned to the subject of wool igniting, and to an instance that occurred some eleven years ago in a ship on her homeward passage, with a similar cargo to themselves. Still, however, Captain Lyall retired without the least apprehension. About three o'clock next morning, (the 30th,) the chief officer came to the bed-side of the captain, saying he was certain the ship was on fire. Captain L. sprung up, and seeing there was a great deal of smoke in the cabin, ordered the chief officer immediately to wear ship, and make all sail to the N. He then opened the largest scuttle, when the smoke rushed out with a force which almost overpowered him. He, however, got the scuttle closed down again, and called out for all hands immediately to clear away the long-boat, and went on deck, taking up his chronometer, sextant, chart, and writing-desk. The crew soon lowered the boat, and got into her two casks of water, a quantity of biscuit, and sixteen or eighten pieces of pork, with the captain's things before mentioned, and a compass, and also the foretop mast stay-sail which they had cut down to rig the boat, and a studding-sail boom, to serve for the mast. In the mean time the smoke had so increased, that the chief officer in vain attempted to enter the cabin to save the log-book, and bring out his watch, and some of his clothes. The heat also became great, and the smoke burst out volumes up the companion and through the cabin windows, and began to issue from the aft hatch. Before four o'clock the heat had become so intense aft, that the man at the helm cryed out, that he could stand it no longer. On which Captain L. sent him forward, and lashing down the tiller, remained there himself. The flames now began to appear above deck, and to burst from the aft hatches, and to spread with astonishing rapidity over the ship. The men, were, by this time, all in the boat, and calling on the captain for God's sake to come away ; but he, with an indescribable feeling, kept lingering behind, loath to leave the ship. The sea was getting up, and the Captain seeing the danger of the boat beating against the ship, took his place in her about five o'clock, when they shoved off. About this moment their latitude was 44.29 S, and their longitude 153 E.—the wind S. S. E. blowing fresh and the sea running high, the ship with foresail and foretopsail set, standing to the north about two knots an hour. They allowed the boat to drop astern, and employed themselves in fitting the mast and rigging the sail. At seven o'clock, when three miles astern of the ship, they saw her main and mizen masts go overboard about the same time. Having got sailors in the boat, at eight o'clock they were again up with the ship, and found that the poop and quarter-deck were burned down to the water-edge, the blaze going rapidly forward, and issuing with tremendous violence from the main hatches. The wind being S. S. E., Captain L. thought it better to steer N. N. W. in the hope of fetching some port of New South Wales, and at two o'clock, when about six or eight miles a-head of the ship, they could see that her topsail was still set, and that she was surmounted by a deep cloud of smoke ; after this they saw no more of her, and they now stood on their own course, intent only on saving themselves. Captain L. had hitherto found every one on board attend with the utmost alacrity to every command he issued, and he now found them calmly and implicitly resigned to his every wish. He now arranged that there should be two meals a day, at half-past eight in the morning and half-past four in the afternoon, when they made the relief at the helm, and that the chief officer should lay out the allowance at each meal of one half pint of water, a biscuit, and a small slice of pork, and ordered that he should be first served, and out of fourteen persons he should have the smallest. Throughout that night and the next two days the weather was moderate, and they were able to keep their course at about three knots an hour.

On the 3d day (Friday,) it rained and blew fresh, and the sea got up ; still every thing went on regularly with them, and without a murmur,—some talking confidently of falling in with a vessel, and eagerly bending their eyes on the horizon, in the hope of seeing a sail—a hope which the captain however discouraged, as he knew they were out of the track of vessels, and wished them to place their hopes in their own exertions and speed. On Sunday 3d April, a heavy gale with rain came on from the S. E. at 5 a. m. a tremendous sea broke over and filled the boat, and she rolled and was on the point of settling, but that Captain L's exclamation that the next two minutes would decide their fate, urged the men to a fury of exertion, that soon lightened the boat of the water : and enabled them to congratulate themselves they were again buoyant ; but the pleasure of this escape was sadly lessened when they found that the sea had washed away every ounce of their bread. They had, however, little time for reflection on this subject, for twice on the same morning their boat was again half filled by the heavy sea breaking in upon them. About noon the gale abated, and for some days they pursued their course N. W. without any accident running with moderate breezes about 70 to 80 miles in the 24 hours. On Saturday the 9th, they again had very heavy squalls and rain, and the sun sank with the most dark and threatening aspect, and every wave towered above them, menacing instant destruction. Still however their gallant barque rose buoyant o'er the rushy seas, and her crew sat still and resolute within her feeble frame. The next day the weather was changed, and they had light airs and calms. About nine o'clock a. m., a shark came alongside and some of the sailors who have a natural antipathy to sharks, struck it repeatedly with an oar, in order to frighten it away, but in this they could not succeed, for it clung to the boat with the most invincible obstinancy ; on seeing this the captain directed them to endeavour to catch it by throwing a running noose over it, which they immediately did and captured him with an ease that surprised them. They dared not, however, take him into the boat, but cut him up as he hung outside, and took him in peacemeal. It then afforded a luxurious feast ; for, after being ten days on salt pork, it was a most salutary and refreshing kind of diet. They all declared they had seen many sharks killed, but never saw one of half the size caught half so unresistingly, and in it they recognized the intervention of the invisible hand of Providence, and felt that, tho' far and seemingly left to destruction on a dreary ocean, they were not deserted by a Divine Providence. At midday they were favoured by a good observation, and found Sydney Head bearing W. S. W., distant 150 miles, with light airs from the N. E., and boat going W. S. W. three and a half knots the hour. At noon next day the welcome cry was made of a sail in sight, and all hands were fixed on a sail to windward, which appeared to be a schooner, laying a course as if bound to N. Zealand. All now was hope, anxiety, and bustle, and a red shirt was tied to the top of the mast, and the schooner's movements were watched with painful trepidation. But alas! the schooner saw them not ; kept her course onward course, and left them to their weary way. At nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th, they descried the land about Botany, and with the wind at N. they stood for it. Next day at dawn they attempted to pull, but the captain ordered them to desist, as he saw they had not strength, and it created in the men a thirst for water, which could not be afforded them. However, about seven in the morning they saw a cutter to the northwest, and instantly bore away for her, and about 8 came alongside the Venus, of Sydney, from Woolongong to Sydney, who readily supplied them with a bucket of bread, and advised them to run for Woolongong, which they immediately did, and about half-past ten o'clock of Wednesday, the 13th instant, they happily landed at that place, having been fourteen days and ten hours in the open boat. Mr. Gray, the police magistrate of the district, received them in the most benevolent manner. He conducted Captain L. and the chief mate to his own residence, and put the crew and passengers into comfortable lodgings, and supplied them with clothes and anything they wanted. The inhabitants imitated this good example—opend their houses to them, and pressed their hospitality on them. We cannot refrain from particularising that of Mr. Geo. Brown, who evinced much anxious kindness to them. This gentleman at once nominated the chief officer to the command of a small vessel of his, with the firm promise of speedy promotion to a better. On Saturday the 15th, Captain L., and most of the crew embarked in the Thomas, and reached Sydney on Sunday. Captain Towns, of the Brothers, who happened to be an old friend of Captain Lyall, and was on the point of sailing for London, immediately saw Captain Lyall, and with a gentlemanly frankness and brotherly kindness, that reflects the highest honor on him, insisting on his partaking of his company to England, in a manner that denied refusal, and although not in want of hands, offered to take all those of the Edinburgh at wages. Such acts are rare, and well merit record. We cannot close our narrative without expressing our admiration of the cool and sterling intrepidity, and the calm and imperturbed judgment exhibited by Captain L. throughout the awful moment of conflagration, and the days and nights of protracted privation ; neither can we withhold our praise of manly patience, seamanlike perseverance, and quiet obedience of the gallant crew.

On investigation we find there can be no doubt that the calamity arose from the ignition of the wool. The oil was all stowed in the fore part of the ship, there being only one tier aft the foremast and in contact with it, and nowhere was there wool within a foot of an oil cask. Aft the oil there was cedar in the bottom of the ship, and wool on the top of it. The fire must have originated between the main and mizen masts, for the smoke was first thrown back upon the cabin, and the main and mizen masts both went overboard at the same time. We hear that it is thought to have arisen from some bales of wool that had not been repacked at Sydney, and had been stowed in that very part which all things corroborate to prove must be the very part whence the fire came. If this be the case it must be an awful warning of the necessity that every bale of wool should be re-packed in Sydney, in order to prevent the impossibility of its being shipped moist.

The Mother of the Rothschilds. The mother of the Rothschilds is still living. She is, we may say, the genius that watches over them. She continues to inhabit the Jews' quarter, in Frankfort ; she loves her miserable people, and besides her benevolence, the only thing which distinguishes her is the privilege, which she reserves to herself, to put clean curtains every month to her windows. She only leaves her garden to visit Anselme, her eldest son. She is proud of her children—proud of their wisdom—and we may say of their glory. Why should we not call it so ? it can shock no one at the present epoch. Was not the mother of the Rothschilds compared to the mother of Napoleon ?—*Journal du Commerce.*

Fossil Remains.—The perfect impression of a fish, 27 inches long and 13 broad, has been found 29 feet down in the freestone quarry of Claghennie, near Edinburgh. It appears to be regularly nailed over like the crocodile, and is a remarkably fine specimen of a species yet to be ascertained.

Ingenious Method of "Doing" the Post-office.—Many are the devices made use of by friends at a distance from one another to communicate interesting scraps of intelligence without incurring postage.—Newspapers marked or written upon the covers with "invisible ink" is the general way in which it is done ; but they are almost always detected, and charged accordingly. A very ingenious way was devised the other day by some persons writing to a friend in Dublin ; he directed the newspaper to "William *Shawl-safe Got-letter* Humby, Esq.," which, as it might or might not be a name, could not be charged.

Health : Bread : Useful Observations.—No persons are more offended with crudities, worms, fluxes, and defluxions than those who eat too little bread.—All flesh, fish, and fruits putrify and convert to slime or water, if eaten without bread. Most people agree that fluxes, surfeits, fever &c. are common in *fruit time ;* but that, if bread were eaten with it, the crudities would be tempered : few people in England have wit enough to observe this rule. Children should not be allowed even ripe fruit without bread with it.

London Police.—London, under the police system of Sir Roberd Peel, is the best governed city in the world, and yet the police man has not a weapon in his hands. Politeness—Address is the weapon with which he acts. If two persons are quarrelling, and a crowd is gathering, he steps up as an uninterested party, and calmly asks if he cannot settle the difference, with a "let me be the judge, gentlemen, or sir." Knowing all the regulations of the city, a word from him is law with the coachman, and a sign from him, a motion of his finger, will keep in order a line of carringes a mile long. If a stranger seeks to find out a place, or a citizen an obscure part of the town, he accompanies him, or directs him with pleasure. Thus the police being made polite and useful, becomes popular too. Their moral strength is double that of their physical power.

From the New York Express!

OUR OWN CITY.

Looking abroad over our own city, pondering upon her vast resources, thinking of her present power, and future greatness, we have become almost bewildered with our own reflections. Amid the dim and bustle of business, the unceasing life and motion of every street, lane and avenue, the midnight noise, second only to the noonday activity around us, we are compelled to pause and wonder at all we see. Every thing indeed is in motion, not your slow, small pace motion of olden times, when spinning wheels and hand labour took the place of steam power and water power, but your quick, night and day, perpetual motion which never winks, sleeps or slumbers. Indeed in New York there is no check to business, no check to enterprise, nothing can, if it would, clog the wheels of prosperity. We roll on with the velocity of steam, aye, and faster too, for here there is no time when power and motion are exhausted, but with us there is no human power either to weaken or destroy. We roll forward with all the force of a tornado, going, always advancing in our journey, but our journey never finished. The great system is business, *business*, business. We eat faster and less often, rise earlier and retire later, because one eternal cry of work stares us every where in the face, beckoning us onward like the spell of witchery, and with a power wholly irresistible. Hence in New York, no man, who is a man, is ever idle. Our merchants live, upon the land and the sea at the same time, with their bodie upon *terra firma* to be sure, but with their minds, nevertheless more frequently wandering on Change than, in India, along the Mediterranean, than in their own counting rooms, warehouses or private dwellings. Quid factum est factum sit, is practically written on the brows of every man. The nil admirari of Horace is gone in every thing. "Nothing is impossible," says the man who contracts to build you a hundred houses in a year. "Nothing is impossible," echoes another who makes a journey from Petersburgh through the capital of the nation, and to New York in two days, and from hence proceeds on to Boston between sun and sun. All things are possible cries the man who comes among us a beggar to day with the assurance that twelve months hence he will be as rich and independant as the richest of his neighbours.

This is no fancy of the brain, no picture painted for effect that we are now drawing. It is a true, every day occurrence, one that astonishes the stranger when he comes among us, and one that excites our own wonder and amazement when we steal time for reflection. If pertinent to no one class of persons, but to all—to the mechanic no less than the merchant and to the honest and industrious laborer no less than the mechanic. Our hotels, workshops and tradesmen, prove all we say to a demonstration. Upon the one side it is give, *give*, give, and in return take, *take*, take.

There are no moments for recreation, no days for rest, no time for pauses, and but a few hours for reflection. If, reader, you doubt what I say, go with us through Nassau street, or Wall street, at midnight. The very ground under you shall shake and tremble like an earthquake with the artillery of the press, and upon every side you can see nothing but the sky above you, which gives even the appearance of night. Go, too, through Broadway, along the Park, and by the Bowery, and nothing but the illuminations that surround you will whisper that night has succeeded day. Thus it is with us—day and night, night and day. Men here walk faster, talk faster, think faster, eat faster, drink faster, sleep faster than any where else. *Speed* is written upon every thing, from the pulpit to the press, and from the press to the workshop. The age of poetry, of music, of fancy, of beauty, and of books, is all ideal with us, or with the male portion of us at least—and instead of it we have the age of business, of velocity, and of enterprise and excitement. Nothing frightens us or impedes our progress. Fire and accidents are expected as a matter of course. The destruction of millions of dollars upon land or sea excite no alarm, and create no surprise.

Eight months since the western part of our city was in flames and in ruins. The alarm was but momentary : fear soon subsided, and the danger was over. Like practical common sense men, instead of mourning over their losses, the losers immediately commenced gathering up the remnants of their fortunes, and by diligence and industry, were again upon the road to wealth and prosperity. Not a failure followed ; no distrust was created in the minds of any one ; and now it would seem from the beauty (present and promising) and magnificence where once all was different, that our greatest calamity would prove our greatest blessing. Such is the enterprise of our great and magnificent city, which is known, and well known over almost the entire world—such too, is the city which is destined in time to outstrip in wealth, in commerce, in influence and in population, the greatest cities in the Eastern world.

We might, were it necessary, continue this subject ; we could remind our readers not so much of our present greatness, as what we are destined to be, of our vast and yet unpopulated tract of land—of our internal resources, our wealth, our favorable position, which invites the trade of every commercial country in the world. We could speak of our vast capital, of our banks, of our insurance offices, our imports and exports, and having spoken of all these, the half would then be untold.

Floating Wood.—The prodigious quantity of wood brought by sea to Iceland is thought, by Mr. Eugene Robert, to come from two continents at least. Trees are thrown ashore there sometimes without roots and bark, the latter being frequently found by the side, folded like a sheet of parchment. Mr. Robert has not been able to procure any floating fruits, but he has ascertained that mahogany is often landed in Iceland in the above manner.