The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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Poetry.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest 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 labor she would leave her home—
For children must be fed—
And glad was she when he 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,
And never tasted meat.

One day the 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 oldest 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 said?

"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 now 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 now 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 that wretched room,
And went with fleeting 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
On that child's faith in God

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Let us in idea go back two centuries and half, and step into the presence chamber of Queen Elizabeth. The walls are hung with rich tapestry, while the floor is strewed with fresh hay. At the door leading to the Queen's apartments stands an usher dressed in velvet, with a gold chain around his neck, the badge of his office. In the chamber may be seen, besides a great number of councillors, officers of the crown, and clergymen of high rank—for the queen, after giving passing audience to those present, proceeds to chapel, the day being a holiday of the church.

The middoors are thrown open, and the coming of the queen is announced. Gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights, of the garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed, are the first to enter the presence-chamber from her apartments. They are followed by the lord chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse; and on each side of him walks a nobleman, one bearing the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of state in a crimson scabbard. Queen Elizabeth follows. A small golden crown is upon her head, and rests on a profusion of thick curled hair, of a color too deeply sanguine to countenance her early flatterers when they called the hue golden. The looks now worn by Elizabeth are, however, but a close imitation of what her natural tresses were in her younger days. Rich pearls hang from her ears, and a necklace of fine jewels is thrown over her shoulders. A white silk robe, bordered with large pearls, adorns her person, and the long train is borne by a marchioness of the realm. Elizabeth is now, as has been hinted, past the meridian of her days; yet is her gait erect and majestic, and her small dark eye retains its clear and vivid expression.—A sharpening of the lines of her naturally acute lineaments is all that speaks of the advance of years.

On the occasion when this scene, here described in the present tense, was to be witnessed, foreign ministers were in the presence-chamber, and to each Elizabeth spoke in his own language, whether Spanish or Italian, French or Dutch. Whithersoever she turned her eye, all knelt down before her. Whosoever had the honor of a word from her, remained kneeling, unless the queen raised him. She passed along slowly through the large chamber, conversing to those on one side and another; and sometimes receiving strangers presented by the usher. She came at length to a gentleman advanced in years, who knelt at her look. He was richly dressed, but not in the robes of office or nobility.

'Ha!' said the queen, stretching out her hand, and raising this personage, 'our good citizen, Sir John Spencer. Welcome! Thou wert in ormos of our wish to converse with thee!'

'I had the honour,' answered the citizen, 'to receive your majesty's commands to that effect.'

'Thou has ever, indeed, good Sir John, regarded our slightest wish as a command,' continued Elizabeth; 'and well thy loyalty beseems thee. Thou hast paid dearly, too, for thy affectionate regard to our person.'—The old citizen sighed, as if involuntarily, showing well that he understood the queen's allusion. She went on however, to refer more plainly to the subject, while all around fell respectfully back, marking her low tones. 'It was while an attendant on our train that my young Lord Compton first saw thy daughter, and the issue was the rash marriage which thou deplorest. Sir John, we would remedy the evil thou hast sustained.' The face of the citizen-knight grew suddenly flushed, and the left him more pale than before. He knelt down after a moment of apparently agitated thought, and said, in a low and hurried voice, 'I hope—I trust your majesty does not intend to lay your commands on me to pardon.——

The queen interrupted him. 'Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your parternal resentment will be respected by us. It is a favor which we have now to require of thee and the granting of which may partly remedy the misfortune which you have suffered. An infant boy has somewhat strangely fallen to our particular guardianship. He is of such rank and birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court—The civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy; and God's bread, Sir John, thou shalt have a queen for a partner in the office.'

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the citizen's brow during this speech, and had been supplanted by a feeling of the highest gratification, as was clear and apparent in his looks. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'does me an honor which kings might be proud of. And by life, madam, I swear all prove, by my conduct to the boy, that your majesty has not so honored one who is ungrateful for it. I have no child,' continued the citizen more slowly—'I have no child now, and my godson shall supply the place which has been wilfully vacated.'

The Queen was obviously pleased with what had passed. As she looked on Sir John, who had cast down his eyes in closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing pleasure in her quick dark eye. 'Farewell for the present, Sir John Spencer, said she; 'due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties.' The knight stooped to kiss the hand extended to him, and the queen passed on leaving the citizen to follow, and finally wend his way homewards.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called 'Rich Spencer,' was in his day the wealthiest and most influential citizen in London. The mayoralty and shrievalty had both been served by him more than once, we believe.—He was a great favorite with the queen, being noted for his public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain the honor of his sovereign and his country. Such a feeling was peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worker, as he was by profession, on the occasion of the Marquis of Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador from Henry IV. of France to Elizabeth. The Marquis (afterwards Duke of Sully) was lodged and entertained by Sir John in the most sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was understood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one child, a daughter, his sole heiress. Having fixed upon a son-in-law in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had been deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter with the young Lord Compton, and though, at the period referred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed since the event; Sir John's anger seemed to have increased rather than diminished by the lapse of time. Various attempts had been made to bring about a reconciliation, but unsuccessfully—So stood the family affairs of Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated her wish to honor him in the manner related.

Of that honor the citizen continued to think with pride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the queen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich Palace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, meditating how he might best show, in a marked manner, his sence of the high favor bestowed on him by the queen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he found her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers, and in presence, also, was her majesty's household chaplain.

'Welcome, Sir John,' said the queen, as the citizen paid his duty on entrance; 'thou art punctual, yet we have been for some time in readiness. The ceremony shall be private, as befits the condition of our poor little charge.'

Sir John bowed in silence; and the company, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to perform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptised, and the whole ceremony over. Increasing the amount of the honor, the queen gave the child the Christian name of 'Spencer.'—This unexpected circumstance, and the uncommon beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight in its favor.

'Madam,' said he to the queen, with tears in his eyes, 'I have resolved to show my sense of this honor by adopting this child, now my name-son. He shall be my *sole heir*; and, that no foolish relentings may afterwards affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, before the altar, and in presence of your majesty and this fair company, to settle irrevokably my estate by deed in this child's favor, and place it immediately in your majesty's possession, if you will honor me by accepting such trust.'

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure. 'Tis well, Sir John Spencer,' said she; 'we are witness to your promise, and know that it will be kept.'—She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to a side door, 'Without there! You may enter.' In an instant the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer beheld his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband kneeling at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could speak, the queen addressed him. 'Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted is thy own grandchild. Take these his parents also to your favor, and make this one of the happiest hours in a queen's life.'

'Pardon, dearest father, pardon!' cried the weeping daughter of the knight; 'pardon,' continued she, taking her child from and attendant and raising it in her arms—'pardon, for this child's sake!'

Sir John Spencer could not resist these appeals. 'Heaven bless you, my children!' said he, embracing them by turns. 'I do forgive all the past, and heartily thank her majesty, who has brought about this happy event.'

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signalize the reign of Elizabeth; but it may be questioned if any recorded deed of hers places her character in a more pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconciled Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

The Census of New Hamburgh now reaches 1500, and a charter of incorporation is soon to be applied for.

WHO IS TO BLAME!

Go where you will in this country, out of our large seaboard cities, and ask a young lady to play the piano for you, and in nine cases out of ten she will entertain you with the lightest species of dance-music. Whether it be a waltz, a polka, or a schottisch, is of no consequence. It is all the same with only the difference, that the waltz is in three-four time, and the polka and schottisch are in four time. Let us venture a description that will equally apply to all pieces of this species. A pleasing little dancing melody (no matter whether original or not) is taken in the right hand, generally without any attempt at *thirds* or *sixths*, accompanied in the left hand by common chords alternating between the *tonic* and *dominant*, with an occasional touch upon the *sub-dominant*. When the pupil has once learned to play one of these musical platitudes, she is prepared to play all, by simply following the melody—the left hand will "go alone." In playing more than one piece of this kind of music, there is no improvement to be gained, either by the performer or the listener; for, to the former no new difficulties are presented; to the latter it appeals mainly for an appreciation of rythmical effect, which is the lowest and most puerile effect aimed at by musical art. And yet quarter after quarter is spent in the practice of such trash, simply because it flatters both the pupil and her friends that she is getting on swimmingly in learning to read music, and at the same time enables a worthless and unscrupulous teacher to pocket his salary in the easiest possible manner. As a proof of her proficiency can he not point in triumph to the rapidity with which she dashes off a waltz, the sheets of which are yet damp from the press. Doting parents and purblind aunts hold up their hands in astonishment at this evidence of her genius, and, of course, are only "too happy" to retain the services of a man who has been so successful in developing it. Place before her a composition equally simple, but marked by thought and originality, and she can make nothing of it. As soon as she leaves the beaten track of a facile dance melody, and a tum-tam-tum left hand accompaniment, to the chagrin of herself and her friends, all her boasted execution vanishes. She finds, that instead of mastering the science, she has been practising upon a single formula that serves her purpose only while in the alphabet of music. We shall not deny that Strauss, Jullien, Wallace and others have written waltzes, polkas, &c., worth studying, but let us be understood, when we warn teachers that they cannot much longer safely leave their pupils in ignorance of all music higher than the inspired compositions we have described. They are beginning to pall upon the public taste, and young ladies are finding out that their intelligent friends at once set them down as ninnies for playing them. Look to your places and your pay, ye high priests of common-chord dance music. Humbug has served you an excellent purpose thus far, but beware, or it will prove treacherous too soon for the welfare of your reputation and your pocket. The sooner you introduce your pupils to music worthy of the name, the better for you. Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, as well as modern composers, have written scores of piano-forte pieces, which, though simple enough for the most unpretending performer, are models of beauty and expression. When your pupils once get a glimpse of the superiority of these pieces over the inanities you have been giving them, very likely they may reject the brainless bantlings of your unfledged attempts at composition; but a radical reformation is your only hope of securing the reputation of a teacher who conscientiously seeks the musical progress of those placed under his tuition. Depend upon it, the people are beginning to find out who are to blame for the low standard of taste among students of the piano-forte.

NEW WAY OF CURING A TOPER.

"The N. Y. *Tribune* publishes the following:—

"A wealthy, intelligent man, who did not drink in society, nor habitually at home, had a room in his mansion in which as often as three or four times a year, he would gorge himself with liquor. When he found his craving for rum coming on, he would lock himself up in that room until 'the scale' was finished. The appearance of this room at the close of one of these sprees, was disgustingly filthy. A friend who knew his habits remonstrated with him, but was told that reform was impossible, so irresistable was his craving for rum at certain times. His friends begged him to try. His two sons, fifteen and seventeen years of age, earnestly pressed the appeal. At last the man consented to try, and drawing from his pocket a key, said to his oldest son: "Here is the key to the liquor closet; will you take it and promise me on no conditon, and for no violence with which I may threaten you, to give up when I demand it?" The boy, knowing how furious his father was on these occasions, declined the trust. The father then asked his younger son, a boy of uncommon nerve, the same question, and he promptly replied, "I will." For a few weeks, things went on smoothly, but one day the father came home at an unusual hour. His manner betokened that his appetite was gnawing and craving. He called to his younger son and demanded the key to the liquor closet, but was refused firmly. The refusal maddened him and seizing some weapon he sprang at his son. For a moment he stood over him with glaring eyes, and insane with rage, but the young hero never quailed. Fixing his firm but tearful eyes on his father, he said, "Father, I promised you that I would not give you the key, no matter what violence you might threaten, and now you may kill me but I will never give you that key!" Instantly the weapon dropped from the man's hand, and as he himself expressed it, "the appetite for liquor seemed to abandon me before the noble firmness of my son." He was reclaimed and never fell. His cure was radical and thorough."

A STRANGE CAREER.

The *Times* of Thursday announces the the death, in the New York Hospital, of Lieut. HUNTER, and that paper gives a sketch of his life. Hunter graduated at West Point, with distinguished honors, entered the navy, and soon took rank as passed midshipman. At Philadelphia, while gazing from his hotel window, a beautiful face at an opposite window attracted his attention and he attempted "too persistently" to get the lady's attention. For this offence Mr. Miller, brother-in-law of the lady, challenged Hunter, and as the former was a "dead shot," able to snuff a candle at ten paces, the fall of the latter was considered certain. They met, and Miller fell dead at the first fire. Gen. Jackson then (1830) dismissed Hunter from the service, and he fled from the law, seeking refuge after a while in the house of Mrs Griffiths, New Jersey, where he wooed and won her daughter.—When excitement had subsided, Hunter had a personal interview with President Jackson, which resulted in his restoration to rank in the navy, with his back pay. After serving in the Mediterranean, he returned, and on the breaking out of the Mexican war he was put in command of the *Scourge*, and ordered to go to Alvarado, and watch proceedings there. He arrived off Alvarado in the night, which was garrisoned with 3,700 troops and 60 guns, the force of the *Scourge* being 55 men and one 22pb'r. Hunter summoned the town to surrender, representing that he had a fleet outside and 10,000 men ready to reduce the town to ashes. The city capitulated, and Commander Perry arrived in front the next morning to see the American colors waving over the city. This exploit being clearly in disobedience of orders, Hunter was dismissed from the squadron and sent home. On his arrival at New York he was received by a public ovation, received the *soubriquet* of Alvarado Hunter, and was presented with a beautiful sword.

Secretary Mason then put him in command of the *Fancy*, and while acting as Purser his accounts fell ten thousand dollars short, and he was dismissed the service.—Commander Stockton, his uncle, and Senator Clemens got an act of Congress passed, balancing his accounts, and personal influence induced President Fillmore to reinstate him. Put in command of the *Bainbridge* in January, 1855, while on the Brazilian station, he took umbrage, because Commander Sauter would not send him to Paraguay to interfere there in some difficulties between the authorities of that place and the American Consul, and weighed anchor and came home, thus incurring the penalty of death for the crime of leaving port without orders. For this he was merely peremptorily dismissed the service, his friends not even succeeding in getting him a trial by Court Martial.

Since then, he had resided in N.Y., a broken-down man. His hair rapidly became gray, and his mind and body wrecked. He leaves a wife and daughter, who are in Spain.—*Syracuse Standard.*

THE "PACIFIC."—AN INCIDENT.

Among the passengers of the "Pacific" is a person of whose existance very few of his former friends are aware.

The sequel will show that I do wisely to conceal his name, but the name of the others are genuine. Brown—for thus I will designate him—formerly resided at Williamsport, Pa. He was a good-hearted, good-looking, worthless man. More than one married lady of the villege was suspected of encouraging his advances, while two dishonest maidens became mothers through their misplaced confidence in him. He had two intimate cronies, one named Hall, the other Ellis, a lawyer. The whole trio went off sadly intemperate, and in profanity exceeded the vilest swearers I ever knew. One Sunday morning the party provided themselves with a bottle of whiskey, and took a walk down the river's bank to have a 'time.' They followed the tow-path about a mile down, and then turned off into a field, and the bottle was emptied—down the throat. When the exhilarating fumes of the spirit had reached their soddened brains, Hall pointed to the trunk of a huge sycamore tree, which towered up, blackened and scarred by a bolt of lightning, which had struck it a year or two before, and made to Ellis this horrible proposal—that they should *Swear* without cessation, until the tree fell! Brown was lying half stupid upon a knoll near by, and Hall and Ellis began their infernal task. Taking out their watches to mark the time they alternately, for five minutes at a time, poured forth a torrent of imprecations, such as would have made fiends tremble, and hell itself recoil with horror. Presently a thunder storm sprang out, a great cloud of inky blackness stood in the zenith, and anon a sheet of lightning flashed across the sky, while a peal of thunder stunned the ears of the two men, rendering them for a moment deaf, dumb and blind. When they recovered their scattered senses, the sycamore tree lay protrated, the trunk split accurately as though cleft by the axe of an expert woodman. How they reached home no one knew, but Hall not long afterwards slept his last sleep in the village churchyard. Ellis became pious, was afterwards a deacon in the Presbyterian church, but subsequently relapsed into intemperate habits, and died from the effect of ardent sprits. Brown left the country, took an assumed name, and went to England to advance the interest of an American patent. He took passage in the "Pacific" on the 25th ult., and—what is his fate?

European Intelligence

FURTHER BY THE "ATLANTIC."

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS' ACCOUCHMENT.

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF ALGIERS.

From the Correspondence of the London Times.

PARIS, SUNDAY, March 16—6 P. M.

You will have received, I trust, long before the hour I am now writing, the dispatch which announces the event so important to the Bonaparte dynasty—the safe delivery of the Empress, and the birth of a Prince.

I informed you in my letter of yesterday that Her Majesty began seriously to feel the pains of childbirth about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, when notice was sent round to the ministers and great functionaries of State to be in attendance. She felt indisposed as early as one o'clock. Her labor, which, in the beginning and at subsequent intervals, was very severe—so much so, I am assured, as to have required the appliances of art—continued with some periods of tranquility for twenty-two hours, and at a quarter past three this morning all anxiety and danger were over, and the Empress gave birth to a male child. The infant is described as robust, and with every appearance of health; and the mother, though necessarily weak, to use the formula on such occasions, "as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

At six o'clock the cannon of the Invalides announced to the waltz, by which was but half awakened, the tidings that the Imperial throne had an heir, but the fact was not generally known till about eight o'clock. In an hour or two after the birth, telegraphic despatches were sent from the Foreign office to the various diplomatic agents of France on the continent, and the one transmitted to Dresden was received and an answer returned, with the usual congratulations in about an hour and a half. Notice was, of course, at once sent to the representatives of foreign powers in Paris, who, in the course of the morning, proceeded to the Tuileries, and left their names.

Inquiries were made as to the propriety of the plenipotentiaries presenting in form their respect to-day at the palace, but it was intimated that it would be better to do so to-morrow, at the same time as the members of the resident diplomatic corps. Preparations were already made at all the public establishments for illuminations and the display of drapery. Many of the houses on the Boulevards are decorated with streamers. The theatres are profusely hung with them and the flags of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia, float united at this moment of rejoicing, as they did in the long and dreary hours of suffering and danger. The various embassies have stands before them ready for lamps; and not last or least among them, is the well known 33, Faubourg St. Honoro, so long vacant, but which I presume, will soon be no longer so; it is occupied by Count Orloff, until M. Kisseloff, or some other representative of the Czar, returns to his quarters.

Satisfaction is generally expressed, and I believe it is sincere—*exceptis excipiendis*—at the Empress' delivery; and this satisfaction is in no wise diminished by the improvement of the health of the Emperor's uncle, Prince Jerome, who, it was feared, was about to quit the world at the moment his little nephew was entering it. The interest I noticed yesterday, when it was known that the Empress' labor had commenced, increased as the day wore away, and as night came on, while no sound was heard from the Invalides, numerous groups of people thronged the approaches to the Palace and the public thoroughfares, particularly the Boulevards, and when 10 o'clock came, and still the guns were silent, and no supplement to the *Moniteur* appeared, people began to feel real anxiety as to the result. The official announcement of the conclusion of pence is now only wanting to complete the public satisfaction.

We read in the *Patrie*:

"At one o'clock on Saturday morning the Empress felt the first pains, and from that moment until the hour of her delivery, on Sunday, at a quarter past three, Her Majesty experienced at intervals acute sufferings, interrupted by momentary relief. During the whole of Saturday and the following night, the physicians in attendance, seeing Her Majesty a prey to such sufferings, believed that her delivery was at hand, when a mitigation of her pains intervened and retarded the event so impatiently desired.—The Empress then, either enjoyed a little repose or walked in her room, looking with delight at the multitude assembled in the garden in front of her windows.

"The Emperor encouraged and consoled her by the most tender and affectionate expressions. He told her that all the churches were crowded with the faithful, praying the Almighty for her delivery, and that all Paris was offering to Heaven the most ardent wishes in her behalf. The Empress then felt her courage redouble at the idea that she was the object of such universal sympathy. Finally, this morning, a few minutes before three o'clock the sufferings of Her Majesty assumed so decided a character that it was deemed advisable to call in the princes and grand dignitaries of the empire to witness the birth of the Imperial infant.

"It appears that the sight of so many persons produced an effect upon the Empress which suspended for a moment the operations of nature. Her Majesty then experienced the most excruciating agony, which the skill of the physicians succeeded at last in allaying; and at a quarter past 3 o'clock the imperial infant came into the world. The young Prince is of so robust a constitution that he is nearly as big as the child of his nurse, who is two months old. The infant remained in the apartment of his mother until the hour of mass, and after being baptized (*ondoye*), was removed to his own apartment. Palms were distributed to all the persons present at the Tuileries."

The Senate and the legislative body met this morning at eight o'clock, and received a message from the Minister of State, announcing to them the birth of the Imperial Prince. M. de Morny communicated the event in the following terms to the legislative body:—"Gentlemen: Last night at four o'clock, the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to apprise the legislative body of the safe delivery of the Empress. Her Majesty gave birth, at a quarter past three o'clock this morning, to an Imperial Prince." (M. de Morny was here interrupted by cries of *Vive l' Empereur!*) "I perceive, gentlemen," continued the president, "that you share the joy of all France." (Unanimous acclamations.) *Vive l' Empereur! Vive l' Imperatrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!* These cries were enthusiastically repeated by the Assembly, and when silence was restored, the president informed the deputies that they would be received on Monday (to-morrow), at the Tuileries, by the Emperor. The Chamber then adjourned.

The birth of a son—the heir to his name and the inheritor of his crown—seems to complete the measure of the marvellous prosperity which has lately marked the eventful life of the Emperor. It wants but four days to the anniversary of another birth that was encircled with a yet more brilliant halo of glory. On the 20th of March, 1811, forty-five years ago, the guns of the Invalides proclaimed to this same city of Paris that the first Imperial throne had an heir.

We are told, by eye witnesses not much advanced in years, of the joy displayed on that occasion; how the first discharge on the morning of the 20th roused, as if with an electric shock, the population of the capital; how each sounding report was counted with breathless anxiety till the twenty-first peal was heard; how, when twenty-one guns had been fired, which were to indicate the birth of a Princess, the anxiety of all grew to an intolerable pitch; how, when the gunners paused some minutes before the next piece was fired, hundreds of thousands held their breath; and how, when the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th—for then there could be no miscreckoning—pealed, double-charged, the people sprang up and gave vent to their joy in shouts of enthusiasm!

It would, perhaps, be too much to report such an outburst of exultation now. People have become so *blase* in revolution, so accustomed to overthrow of dynasties and to changes of government, that whatever fund of enthusiasm they might have once possessed has been pretty well exhausted. They feel, it is true, they are governed by a firm hand, and that, so long as life and energy are spared to the present occupant of the throne, if there is not much hope of the liberty which has been so much and so often misused, there is still less chance of anarchy.

The birth of the heir to the second empire, it will be admitted, occurs under circumstances not less favorable than the first. It is true that the first Napoleon was then in the zenith of his power—from the 20th March, 1811, to the first disasters which awaited him beyond the Niemen. The empire, with the states possessed by the Imperial family, then numbered not less than 57,000,000 souls. But it is no less true that the moment was fast approaching when his power, unexampled in modern times, began to fall to ruin. The clouds were already beginning to darken the horizon. The seeds of the conflict with Russia, which was to end in the stupendous catastrophe of Moscow, had already been sown. The Father of the present ruler of France, wearied with the exigencies of his imperious brother, had abdicated in dispair the throne of Holland, which he could no longer hope to fill as an independent Sovereign. The corporation with the French empire of the Valois, the annexation of the Hanse Towns and the Grand Duchy of Oldenburgh, the ruler of which was the brother-in-law of Alexander, and which brought the French empire to Lubec, within sight of the Russian frontier, awakened the jealousy of Russia, and justified the suspicion that the restoration of Poland was at hand.

The refusal of Napoleon to ratify the Convention of Champagny, the ukase of the Czar relaxing his decrees against English commerce, the resumption of the kingdom of Hanover from Jerome, were among the precursors of the storm that was to follow. Yet all these symptoms of approaching decline, more than compensated by the birth of the King of Rome on the 20th of March, 1811.

The state of Europe at this moment is so familiar to all, that it is hardly necessary to allude to the indifference of circumstances under which the event announced this morning takes place. The most formidable and most consistent enemy the first Emperor had has become the friend and ally of the second. Russia, then menacing the power against which so many arms were soon to be uplifted, now admits her defeats by England and France united. The second Emperor, who but three short years back, excited mistrust abroad and at home, has proved himself trustworthy, and in the terrible contest which France and England have sustained together in the noblest of causes, I believe that no just motive for complaint or suspicion has arisen. Of the future, it is as less to speak. So many other fair prospects have been blighted that it would be presumptuous to indulge in anything like prediction.

I have said that the announcement that an honorable peace is concluded is now only waiting to complete the general satisfaction. If what is affirmed confidently in respectable quarters can be relied on, that want will soon be supplied.

TREACLE FOR CATTLE.

At a late weekly council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Mr Tollemache, M. P., referred to the probable advantage that would arise, during the high price of oil-cake, from the use of treacle for the purpose of feeding cattle. It had already been tried, as such a substitute, with considerable success, by some farmers in the eastern counties. A West India merchant had informed him that coarse brown sugar contained 70 per cent. of saccharine matter, while treacle contained not more than 15 or 20 per cent. He thought it desirable to ascertain how far the amount of nutritive value in food depended upon the saccharine matter it contained.—Professor Way remarked that treacle consisted almost entirely of saccharine matter, although not of that kind which could be crystallised out of it. The Government had a few years ago appointed a commission to inquire into the feeding properties of malt when it was found that barley malted was no better than barley unmalted; in other words, that sugar was no better than starch.

SALT COMPOST FOR SWEDE TURNIPS.

Mr. J. Prideaux, writing to the *Mark Lane Express*, says:—Your correspondent may put twice as much lime as salt, of which 5 cwt. per acre is rather a large dose under such circumstances, as it will be 7 cwt. per acre within three weeks. Swedes would perhaps bear that quantity, but it would much retard their early growth, though it would probably continue them green and bulbing long after those which start earlier. If therefore he puts 3 cwt. per acre in his heap with 6 cwt slacked lime, the 2 cwt. in drill will make the 5 cwt. If distant from the sea, say ten miles or more, and there is plenty of rain, he may venture 1cwt more in the heap; but if he does so near the sea, or the weather is dry after ploughing in, it will be safe to put the less in drilling, so as not to exceed the 5 cwt in all; as the supply from the sea breeze has considerable effect, and on the other hand, the rain washing it down, softens its action.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

SATURN.—The Almanacs say that the rings of the planet Saturn will be visible all of this year, with the aid of a telescope, their southern surface being now turned towards the earth. This planet will be an evening star until June 24, then morning star until Dec. 31, then evening star until the 10th of July, 1857.

CAST MARBLE.—Dr. Emil Braun exhibits what he calls "cast marble," (a fluid composition of his own discovery), which, when it is poured into a mould, brings out the sharpest outlines, and readily hardens with a crystalline substance. It is said to be as well adapted to a group as for a single bust; and if so, copies of choice sculpture may be multiplied to any extent.

TIMELY DISCOVERY.—Mr. John Bland of New Orleans, has discovered a process of converting different varieties of plants, which grow wild in enormous quantities in different sections of the Union, into flax of great strength and beautiful texture. Among the most interesting of the specimens is the flax made from the stalks of the cotton plant, large quantities of which are burnt on the Southern plantations, to get them out of the way; the century tree or wild Manilla, which grows in abundance in Florida; the wild Hollyhock, with a fibre ten or fifteen feet long; the gold nankeen, of a natural nankeen color; the vegetable silk, and the vegetable wool. The process of preparation is represented to be simple and effectual, preserving all the strength of the staple.

THROWING A LINE.—The *Nantucket Inquirer* says: On Wednesday a trial was had of the howitzer, for throwing a line over a wrecked vessel, which proved it to be an invaluable instrument for the purpose of saving human life. At one discharge the ball was thrown a distance of seventy-three fathoms, which was pronounced by competent judges to be a sufficient distance to reach any vessel that may be cast upon our shores.

CORRECTION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—Capt. G. Morris, of Boston, has discovered how to detect and measure the attractions of any ship, and how to overcome them with absolute correctness. After ten years of patient experiment in an an iron vessel, he has become thoroughly conversant with the influences which affect the compass, and during the pass six years, the steamer which he commands, and which is of iron, has been run by compasses adjusted by him, and they have never varied, even the eighth of a point, during the whole of that time. He has also been able to adjust ship's compasses which were so much affected by local attraction as to be almost worthless.

SUNDAY TRAINS.—We learn that the highly commendable example set by the New York Central Road of discontinuing Sunday Trains is likely to be followed by other Companies in the State. It is said that the Hudson River Road has already come into line on this question, and that the New York and Erie has signified its willingness to do likewise. We regard this as a wise and profitable move on the part of Railroad Companies. Their employees require the blessings conferred by rest on the Seventh day, after six days of hard labor, as much as any class of our citizens. There is no existing necessity for violating the Christian Sabbath by running trains on that day.

The Pope derives a yearly income of about four hundred thousand dollars from the Government lotteries drawn in Tuscany and the Papal States. Sometimes these lotteries, when for a charitable purpose, are drawn in public on the Lord's day, with a little knot of priestly dignitaries presiding over the wheel of fortune.