

SEVERITY OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

We have recently read a harrowing instance of the effect of a blow on the head, inflicted with a ruler. Dr. Wigan, in whose work on the Duality of the Mind the account is found, states that he knew the parties, and can vouch for the general accuracy of the narrative. We give merely a brief summary, as a warning against severity, and especially against blows on the head.

Two children of a respectable family, one five and the other ten years old, showed for years a remarkable attachment for each other, such, that after several trials it was decided to be dangerous to separate them, and they were sent away to school together.

At first all went well; the ardent affection continued, and their education promised to be attended with the happiest results.

In the midst of this happiness, news arrived from the schoolmaster that, from some unexplained cause, the elder boy had begun to exercise a very unreasonable and tyrannical authority over the younger; that he had been repeatedly punished for it; but that although he always promised amendment, and could assign no cause, reasonable or unreasonable, for his conduct—he soon relapsed into his usual habits, and the schoolmaster requested to know what was to be done. The father immediately sent for both boys, and entered upon a long investigation. The little one was almost heart-broken, and exclaimed, "He might beat me every day if he would but love me; but he hates me, and I shall never be happy again."

The father now resorted to severe measures—chastisement, long incarceration, and days together with only bread and water for his diet, but all to no purpose. The boy promised amendment, but upon the first occasion resorted to all his former violence, and finally attempted the child's life with all the fury of a maniac.

The family next called in medical advice, and years passed in hopeless endeavors to remove a disposition obviously depending on a diseased brain. Had they taken this step earlier, these floggings and imprisonments would have been spared, as well as the father's heart-rending remorse.

The youth now advanced toward manhood. When about the age of fifteen he was taken with a violent, but Platonic passion for a lady more than forty years of age, and the mother of five children, the eldest older than himself. His paroxysms of fury now became frightful; he made several attempts to destroy himself; but in the very torrent and whirlwind of his rage, if this lady would allow him to sit at her feet and lay his head on her knee, he would burst into tears and go off into a sound sleep, wake up perfectly calm and composed, and looking up into her face, with lack-lustre eye, would say, "Pity me; I can't help it."

Soon after this period he began to squint, and was rapidly passing into hopeless idiocy when it was proposed by Mr. Cline to apply the trephine, and take away a piece of bone from the skull in a place where there appeared to be a slight depression. "The indication is very vague," said he, "and we should not be justified in performing the operation but in a case in which we cannot do any harm; he must otherwise fall a sacrifice."

It was done, and from the under surface grew a long spicula of bone piercing the brain! He recovered, resumed his attachment to his brother, and became indifferent to the lady.

The disease which led to these terrible results had its origin in a blow on the head with the end of a round ruler—one of the gentle reprimands then so common with schoolmasters.—[N. Y. Mirror.

LAW ANECDOTE.—You have all heard of

Counsellor Higgins. He was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner and would sometimes almost laugh down an indictment for a small offence. A fellow, (one Smith) being on trial for stealing a turkey, the Counsellor attempted to give a good humored turn to the affair: "Why gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a small affair; I wonder any one would bring such a complaint into Court; if we are going on at this rate, we shall have business enough on our hand. Why I recollect when I was in college nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, no fault found." Notwithstanding this appeal the jury convicted the prisoner. After the Court rose, one of the jury, a plain old farmer, meeting the Counsellor, complimented his ingenuity in the defence, and now, Squire, said he, fixing a knowing look upon him, "I should like to ask you a question; which road do you take in going home, the upper or the lower?" "The lower," answered the Counsellor. "Well then it's no matter; I only wanted to observe that if you were going my way, I would just jog on before and lock up my hen house."

We are informed that on Saturday last, the Duke of Wellington gave Count D'Orsay the final sitting for a portrait, on which the Count has been for some time engaged. The picture, which is a full-length, has been with one accord pronounced by all who have seen it, including those most intimately connected with his Grace, to be the most correct and characteristic resemblance in existence, of the Duke's; and it is no less remarkable for its singular gentleman-like appearance, and breadth of effect, than for its merits as a likeness.—[London Paper.

THE GREAT ARTESIAN WELL IN BOSTON.—The project of sinking an Artesian well to the depth of some seventeen hundred feet, in this city, is exciting a good deal of attention. The more it is examined, the more its importance becomes manifest, and the greater appears to be the desire of the public that it should be carried into effect. The estimated cost is thirty thousand dollars; and for this sum of money, it is asserted that the contractors will be able to complete this novel and most promising enterprise within the short period of little more than a year. It has been proposed to carry on the work by means of a steam engine, kept in operation both day and night, instead of employing manual labor, as was done in constructing the famous Artesian well at Grenelle. In this way it will be perceived that a vast amount of labor will be saved, and that the project can be prosecuted with the utmost despatch and advantage; so that, indeed, this Artesian well may be seen sending up its waters an hundred feet above the surface of the earth, and furnishing not less than six hundred gallons per minute, a long time before water can be brought into Boston from any of the proposed ponds or rivers in the neighborhood. And whether water be brought in from any of those sources or not, this Artesian well, delivering from a depth of nearly two thousand feet, waters of the purest and softest quality, and heated even to the boiling point, will not only be the greatest curiosity of the sort on this continent, but on many accounts absolutely invaluable to the capital of New England.—[Boston Traveller.

ELECTRIC MUSIC.—A new instrument is being constructed in Philadelphia, upon entire new principles, for the production of musical sounds. The active agent is electromagnetism, which passing through wires, breathes forth sounds which are said to be equal to the Æolian harp for liquid softness, while at the same time it is capable of rivaling the organ in the distinctness and efficiency of its notes. Every sensation that can be produced on the most perfect instrument, can be accomplished upon this, while the crowning wonder is, the performer is not required to be in the same room while playing the most difficult piece of music.

EMIGRATION INTO CANADA.—There arrived at Quebec, to the 9th inst., 23,221 emigrants; to the same period last year, 16,531. Increase in twelve months, 5,690.

Attorney General Van Buren has gone to Delaware county, to look after the anti-renters.

The Genteel Thing.—A very pretty young lady accidentally dropped her purse while out shopping, on Washington street, Boston. A "fine looking young fellow," passing just at the moment, picked it up, and very politely touching his hat, restored it to the lady, which act of kindness she instantly acknowledged by placing into his hand as pretty a bouquet of flowers as was ever gathered. They were evidently strangers to each other and immediately separated.

Dancing Dogs.—An original genius has been delighting the citizens of New York, for some days back, with six highly educated dogs. They waltz most gracefully and go through the quadrille figures with accuracy. Crowds of spectators gather around the animals wherever they perform.

The N. Y. News sneers sarcastically at the new company with which the Park theatre opened on Monday week. It says that "Mr. Roberts, who is announced in staring capitals as from the leading English theatres, is the very bad actor of that name that our readers will remember at Niblo's. Miss Moss is but a novice, who leaves her father's store in Nassau street to seek her fortune on the stage at the Park."

A WOMAN DOCKED—Strange Affair.—A singular sight, or rather scene, was witnessed the other afternoon, says the Bunker Hill Aurora, in the dock between Warren bridge and the rail road depot; it was a woman completely "stuck in the mud," at low water. How she came there no one could certainly tell; but there she was, deep and fast in the mud, so that shovels were absolutely required to release her. A ladder was procured, plank for the men to stand upon, and shovels, and the woman was fairly dug out and carried to the almshouse. The woman belonged to Boston, and (as she says) was pushed into the dock by her loving husband.

WINE.—Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, estimates his crop of wine for this year at five hundred barrels. He has cultivated the grape for several years, and finds it profitable.

For the Reveille.
THE PREACHER PHIZ.

WHO IS OLD SOL? Has any one, dwelling in the valley of the Mississippi, ever found it necessary to ask the above question? Rather would we suppose it to be, "WHO DON'T KNOW HIM?"—for not to know him and esteem him to argue one's self unknown and incapable of appreciating one, though not blessed with beauty of phiz, yet possessed of all the thousand warm and generous feelings that, congregated, make the man that's worthy all esteem.

Who is there in the wide valley, then, with its thousand miles of length, that has not heard, seen and felt "OLD SOL," and melted beneath the genial influences of his quips and quiddities and his quizzical mirth-moving phiz? From a stripling upward to this present writing we have loved the old man and his face for the thousand pleasant times of laughter we to him are indebted for.

The old gentleman, it seems, is preparing to hand himself down to posterity by making, as an Irish friend says, "A Bhuke," a "Printed Bhuke" of himself and the thousand humorous scenes that have grown up around his pathway, in his numberless passages and peregrinations in this scene of his fame and fortunes—the Valley of the Mississippi. All success attend him in his every effort.

In a late number of his sketches the "old man"—(though we know he is not old, nor do we think him so, yet he has been to us "Old Sol." since '29, sixteen summers since; we could not know him as Young Sol, or Solomon, or as Mr. Smith!—this last national cognomen would knock the poetry off our "Old Sol.")—well, in the number of his sketches we refer to, the old man seems to have been struck suddenly, for the first time, with a remarkable fact that has had existence ever since he was blessed with a face. He seems startled from his propriety, and most innocently—and as if all unsuspecting—asks the why, and thus discourseth:

"I do not know how it is, or why it is, but by strangers I am almost always taken for a PREACHER!"

The only wonder with us, is, that "Old Sol." was ever taken for anything but a Preacher—for, without flattery, no man hangs out the sign more extensively; and the truth is, fate gave his genius wrong direction, as there is no shadow of a doubt but that, as a Preacher, he would have earned fame and reaped reward. Where is the man better fitted than he for the office? for he has a heart that is big and brim full of kindness of feeling, and warm sympathy, and gentle emotions; and then he possesses an hundred other qualities that would fit him peculiarly for this position of life.

With far less of claim in appearance, and perhaps in other qualities, we have been more than once caught in the same scrape; and though it may be that we fill not, in the world's eye, as large a space as "OLD SOL," physically, mentally or artistically, yet we have by error, oftentimes, been made to fill as many characters as any of the actor folks known to us, not even excepting "SOLOMON'S" error-provoking self.

That "OLD SOL" should be taken for a "minister of grace" is not wondrous, for his phiz wont grow a smile if planted there, and we have often with wonder and surprise looked upon his face to watch the excited movements of his features, as the germinating smile, half bursting into bloom and beauty, would make efforts, huge, herculean, to leap into life and being. The spirit of the smile was there in all its witching loveliness, but it could not overcome the physical disabilities that chained it down and made it the lightning's flash, instead of the genial sunshine that glows on the lip, and playing round the cheek, glistens in the pleased, delighted glance of the brightened, softened eye.

Reader, have ye looked on such a scene and sympathized not with the face that had the smile spirit within enchain'd, like maiden fair in olden time, that looked in loveliness through barred and grated keep, nor could give to the outer world nearer presence of her beauty? Have ye looked on such a picture, and not pitied yet loved the man that had spirit within twin-sister of thine.

Our object, in freely indulging this fit of the *cac. scrib.* was to offer consolation to our friend—though personally unknown to us—"OLD SOL," friend in the spirit; and in the blessed misfortune of being taken by others for other than himself.

What think you then, Solomon, of a chap of size less than medium—mien modest—most mild and unassuming, a quiet, reflecting sort of a customer, that likes a crowd rather to look upon than to mix with it—a strange lover of quiet fun, that indulges

most often in the internal laugh that you so well know as an old familiar friend, standing five feet seven, and slight in proportion—such an one to be picked up as a Methodist preacher, steam boat Captain, lawyer, doctor and pedler! The last two by ladies fair. We warrant ye they were well quizzed and paid well, richly, for their innocent error, in calling from the road a wight because big saddle bags his horse bedecked!

"SOLOMON", or, perhaps, friend Joseph, thyself in the scene might have found food for farce most ludicrous.

Though we didn't happen to be Billy P—, yet a son of the sod hit us a hard lick, but he hit the nail on the head—he had watched us for several days, crossing from Vidalia to Natchez, and day after day enquired of us our vocation—we quizzed him. At length one day, with a smile on his lip, he accosted us. "Hech! Misther, Pa—I've located yees at last; and ye aint a Lawyer, nor a Dochter, nather—but yer' one uv them Iddythorials; it's that yees are, and it's the thruth and the whole thruth, it is that!"

We bowed, blushed, and had the pleasure to put him down as a subscriber; for, said he, "Och! but yees got the gift uv the soft talk, it is that yees have."

CONCORDIA.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—The Trenton Emporium says: "A day or two ago, while in the office of Judge Gordon, we were shown a manuscript of the territory known in Cooper's Spy, as the 'Neutral Ground.' It embraces the country on the Hudson between Fort Washington and Fishkill Plains, and extending east into the State of Connecticut. The map was made by the direction of Washington, during the war, and for military purposes. It bears date 1778, and is the original of the one used by Marshall in his life of Washington for the purpose of illustrating the movements of the American army in Westchester county. His copy, however, embraces only a small portion of the facts recorded on the original map, which has been drawn with great care, and all the preciseness for which Washington was so remarkable. It has an accurate delineation of all the public roads, with the distances from New York recorded in miles, and the names of the principal residences, mills, taverns, forts, ferries, hills, villages, &c., which are neatly printed with India ink. This curious relic of a former age, is the work of Sir Robert Erskine, F. R. S., engineer to the American army. It is in the possession of Thomas Gordon, of this city, who designs to present it to the New York Historical Society, as it relates particularly to the history of New York. We trust that it may be published, as it would materially aid the reader of American history in understanding the localities to which allusion is often made in the great story of the revolution."

TO JOIN GLASS TOGETHER.—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding thereto about a fifth part of water and using a gentle heat. When perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so that the fracture will hardly be perceived.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—The De Witt Clinton left here yesterday for the Maumee River, with five companies of the 5th Infantry, on board en route for the "seat of war." They go by the Maumee Canal to the Ohio river, and thence to Jefferson Barracks, unless a new order shall direct them at once to Texas.

The following is a list of the companies and officers on board the De Witt Clinton: Staff—Bvt. Brig. Gen. G. M. Brooke, commanding—Lieut. Geo. Deas, Adjutant, and Surgeon Wood.

Company F.—Capt. J. Lynde and second Lieut. Fowler.

Company D.—Capt. J. L. Thompson, 1st Lt. R. B. Marcy, A. C. S., and 2d Lieut. P. Lugenbeel.

Company H.—Captain E. K. Smith, 1st Lieut. A. B. Rosselle.

Company C.—1st Lieut. J. H. Whipple.

Company E.—Captain C. C. Sibley, 2d Lieut. M. Rosencranz.

The troops were marched from the barracks and embarked at 2 o'clock.

The five companies at Mackinac, Sault Ste Marie, and Fort Wilkins, will follow in a few days.—[Detroit Advertiser, 21st inst.

We are requested, by the agents of Messrs. Strader & Gorman, to state in their behalf that their evening line of boats, to leave Cincinnati immediately after the arrival of the Eastern mail, will be kept up permanently without reference to the continuance or discontinuance of any other line.—[Louisville Journal.

A GREAT RATTLESNAKE.—Mr. Wright, of Easthampton, Mass., a few days since, killed a rattlesnake, with ten rattles, on Mount Tom.

GAS IN LONDON.—It is calculated that the consumption of gas in London amounts to eight millions and a half cubic feet every twenty-four hours.

Dow, Jr.—The "sermons" of our friend Paige, editor of the Sunday Mercury, are about being published in New York. They will form a volume sound in morality as it will be irresistible in humor. Paige adorns his paper with verse not less meritorious than his prose: the following song is as pretty as it is simple:

Wife Children and Friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glori
For one happy day with—wife children and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife children and friends!

Quietly cured of play by his wife.—A gentleman of the West End, (says the Boston Post,) who for several years had been in the habit of meeting a small party, at all fours, on Wednesday afternoons and evenings, was recently discovered at the rendezvous by his wife, who happened by accident to cast her eye at the window, which was rather a low one. She wisely determined to reprove him by "expressive silence."

On the night of the discovery he went as usual to the cupboard for his supper, but found nothing on his plate but a jack of clubs, with the name and number of the street where she had seen him marked on its face. He asked for no explanations, but on the Wednesday following he sent word to his "old sledge" companions that he could no longer make it convenient to attend their parties.

MADAME RESTELL.—The editor Le Courrier des Etats-Unis is now travelling in Europe. It appears that among his fellow passengers was la fameuse Madame Restell. There are not wanting, perhaps, in France and in England, medical men and midwives who practice the execrable art in which Madame Restell has acquired so much celebrity; but no one has ever exercised this infanticidal profession openly, publicly, by means of advertisements welcomed by the press and apologetical memoirs. Madame Restell excited the curiosity of the passengers of the Caledonia by the luxury of her toilette, before her name or her "quality" was known. She is about 36 years of age, and must have been very handsome; her beauty is still well preserved. She had no other compagne de voyage than her daughter, aged 15 or 16, whom she was taking to England for the finishing of her education. The mother and daughter invariably wore the same toilette, and both appeared to entertain the most lively affection for each other. Mons. Galliardet then says some very harsh things of the "lady's" profession, and very ungallantly likens her to an affectionate maternal hyena.

TRAVELLING THE AIR.—The exhibition of Signor Muzzi's model of a grand aerial balloon, to be guided through the air at the will of the navigator, took place at Palm's theatre, New York, the other evening, after a lecture on aerostatics by Robert A. West, of the Columbian Magazine. The exhibition, it is said, was perfectly successful. The plan has received the approbation of many scientific men abroad and in that city. Captain Ericsson, Professor Mapes, and others, speak of the principle with high favor. If Mr. Muzzi can find three men of money willing to assist him in his great enterprise of building a balloon to navigate the air, this continent may claim the high honor of putting into successful practice the greatest wonder of modern times.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The remains of an immense Mastodon were discovered and exhumed last week, about six miles west of Newburgh, New York. It is the fourth skeleton of the mammoth discovered in this country, and, moreover, the largest, as well as the only complete one. The skull alone weighs 700 lbs. The tusks are over nine feet long.

Last Tuesday night week, the Pest House, just completed on the cemetery ground in Cleveland, Ohio, was demolished by a band of citizens, who claim that the city has no right to erect such a nuisance near them, while they admit the necessity of such a house somewhere.

At Jerome's clock factory, New Haven, 75 hands are constantly employed, and 100 clocks are made per day. Wages, \$30,000 per year.