

SHEEP RAISING AT THE WEST.—A writer in the New York Courier, who appears familiar with the subject, says: "An opinion has prevailed that good wool could not be raised upon the prairies—that cattle would not do well, and that the West must, therefore, confine its attention to the production of grain. Time and experiment are demonstrating that this opinion is entirely false. Sheep are found to do extremely well, and wool of the very finest quality can be produced with the utmost ease. This has led to the introduction of sheep into the country; it has already taken place in Northern Illinois, to a very great extent, and I doubt not that, during the present season alone, at least 50,000 sheep will be driven into that section. Owing to a scarcity of grass, sheep in Ohio bear a remarkably low price, and, doubtless, thousands will be slaughtered from a lack of hay for the winter. They sell, therefore, at unusually low prices, and they can be driven, in large flocks, into Illinois within five or six weeks' time, and at an expense of not over fifteen cents a head. One gentleman from Washington county, N. Y., has sent 10,000 into Illinois in this manner, and I have heard of several others who have sent from 1,000 to 5,000 each. They are taken by farmers, who pay usually to the owners a pound and a half of wool, per annum, for each sheep—taking the rest, with all the increase of the flocks, as their pay for taking care of them. Sometimes much better arrangements than this are made by the owners, but this is about the usual rate. On their first arrival, if too late for prairie grass, the sheep are fed on rye, sown for this purpose, until the cold weather comes, when they are sheltered and fed with hay or other fodder.

"In the summer they are turned out upon the prairies, requiring the care of a shepherd, but obtaining a bountiful supply of grass, without the slightest cost, and being thus maintained at a very trifling expense.

"Wool in this way can undoubtedly be raised much cheaper than in New York or New England. The cost of conveying it to an Eastern market, is also far less than that of transporting grain, in proportion to its value. Wheat cannot be conveyed from Chicago to New York for less than about 30 per cent. of its value; whereas the transportation of wool costs but about a cent a pound, not more at the most, than 3 or 4 per cent. This is an important difference, and must in the end divert many from grain-growing to wool-raising, upon the western prairies."

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—Capt. Caithness, of the English ship Victory, laden with patent fuel, from Newcastle, bound to Malta, where she arrived on the morning of the 20th of June, reports that on the 18th idem, at half past 9 P. M. (having been, from observations taken by two chronometers, in lat. 36, 40, 56, and long. 12, 44, 36,) both top-gallant mast and royal-mast went suddenly over the side as if by the effects of a heavy squall, though there was not at the time the least appearance of a squall, or even bad weather of any kind. At half-past 11 it came on to blow hard from the S. S. E. to S. E., and all hands were sent up to reef the topsails, when all of a sudden it fell dead calm, and the crew, as well aloft as deck, could scarcely breathe from the sulphureous exhalations, dust of sulphur, and intense heat which prevailed. The ship labored considerably all the while, and at the distance of about half a mile three immense balls of fire were seen to issue from out the sea, and remained visible for about ten minutes. Another heavy squall shortly after came on from the S. S. E. and carried the ship out of the hot into a cold current of air.—*London Times.*

"Dogmatic—A man who goes by his own brains, right or wrong.

"Self important—Thinks nobody like himself.

CHIVALRY ON LONG ISLAND IN 1670.—In Denton's "Brief Description of New York" and adjacent places, first published in 1670, and republished by Wm. Gowans of that city, we find the following paragraph:

"The Fruits natural to the (Long) Island are Mulberries, Positons, Grapes, great and small Huckleberries, Cranberries, Plums of several sorts, Rosberries, and Strawberries, of which last in such abundance in June, that the Fields and Woods are died red; Which the Country people perceiving, instantly arm themselves with bottles of Wine, Cream and Sugar, and instead of Coat of Male, every one takes a Female upon his Horse behind him, and so rushing violently into the fields, never leave till they have disrobed them of their red colors, and turned them into the old habit."

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.—A German, named Henry Schaeffer, laboring under a bilious remittent fever, at New Orleans, arose from his bed, on the night of the 19th instant, and suddenly disappeared; and all search for him has proved fruitless, though diligently made. It is feared that he reached the river, and drowned himself.

From the Philadelphia "Spirit."

DOMESTIC POETRY—No. 1.

THE OLD UMBRELL.

'Twas a much loved relic—ah! who can tell
My sorrow in losing that old umbrella?
It has sheltered me oft in the open street,
From snows and drizzles—from rain and sleet;
And oft, in my thoughtful hours, I'd dwell
On the memories which hallowed that old umbrella.

It wa'n't much for pretty—'t was out of joint;
And broken its handle and battered its point.
But no warrior's falchion or true knight's lance
Could have done half as much in the way of romance.
Yes, yes, 't is a fact and the truth I tell;
For I won my wife with that old umbrella.

We met when the clouds were uncommonly thick,
And the rain came down like a thousand of brick;

No cab was at hand—she had far to roam;
And the omnibus didn't run that way home;
I saw her and loved—and my joy who could tell?
When I sheltered her home 'neath that old umbrella.

Again we met—in a festive crowd,
Where laughter and music were ringing loud:
We were introduced,—and she thanked me again.

For taking her home in that dreadful rain.
Six months—and they rung the glad church bell,
For a wedding caused by that old umbrella.

"Ill luck"—say the Yankees, "requires no boast,"

Care leaves us awhile—but comes home to roost;
And a sorrow like this, bears uncommonly hard,
But no matter—Fill offer, by Jove! a reward!
Yes—Fill give twenty dollars, to him who can tell

Of that old, brass pointed, green cotton umbrella.
BEE SWAX.

A TALE OF HORROR.—It is not long since, said the Katsheff, that a man from Berber settled here, and was well known to all of us. One morning he led his horse to the Nile to Water, and fastened the rope by which he held it round his arm, and while the animal was quenching his thirst he knelt down to pray. At the moment when he was lying with his face upon the ground a crocodile attacked the unhappy man, swept him into the water with his tail, and swallowed him. The terrified horse exerted all his strength to run away, and as the rope which was attached to the arm of his dead master in the stomach of the crocodile did not snap, and he could not disengage himself from it, the affrighted animal not only pulled the crocodile itself out of the river, but dragged it over the sand to the door of its own stable, where it was soon killed by the family, who hurried to the spot, and afterwards found the dead victim entire in the belly of the monster.—[*Egypt under Mehemet Ali.*]

NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.—The Nestorian Christians of Persia being horribly treated by the Turks, sought the protection of England, which was granted, and we hear that in June last, the patriarch, priests and people all united with the English church.

To show the fiery zeal with which the Indians engage in their famous Ball Plays, we copy from the Cherokee Advocate a paragraph recording two fatal accidents which occurred at one on the 20th of July last, near the Arkansas river, in Skin Bayou district:

"A young Cherokee, named Su-wa-ge, was dashed against a tree by his horse, which had taken a fright. One of his sides was very much fractured, and he survived only long enough to exclaim, 'I am a dead man!' The other death was that of a Creek, which occurred in the midst of the play. It seems he had an opponent down, and was endeavoring to take the ball away from him, when another opponent, running to the assistance of his friend, caught and bent him up with such strength and quickness as to break his back. He expired immediately. These deaths were both purely accidental."

We learn from the Frontier Whig, that on the 12th ult. a man by the name of Selby was murdered in his own house, in Mountain township, Washington county, near Cape Hill, Arks. His skull and body were bruised and fractured as though the blows had been given by a tomahawk or club. Selby was a bachelor, lived entirely alone, and was considered an inoffensive citizen. The murderer is yet at large.

A new line of steamers is about to be established between Liverpool and Constantinople.

CARE.—A mental mosquito. Of itself, it is only a little annoying; but in consequence of its buzzing, thousands fret, kick and worry themselves even to the death.—[*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*]

ROBBING INDIANS.—The Indians encamped at Hoboken, N. Y., were robbed on the 9th inst. of 30 silver breast plates, besides five silver hat bands—40 silver dollars—\$50 in bank bills—a dozen gold rings; also a silver medal, presented to John Francis by George Washington. The thieves escaped with thier plunder.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PHILADELPHIA.—On the morning of the 10th inst., about one o'clock, a fire occurred on the north side of Vine street, above 12th, which destroyed five stables, four dwelling houses, and a carpenter's shop. Eight horses perished in the flames.

BEHIND THE SCENES.—A glance into the dressing-rooms, says an English paper, of some of the most celebrated actresses of the day, in various departments of the dramatic art, may not be without instruction as well as amusement: for Hamlet's maxim that "to know a man truly, you must know himself," is still more true of a woman—and truest of all of an acting woman; and there is nowhere else that you are so likely to meet with "herself" as in her dressing-room (or *loge*, as they term it on the Continent,) behind the scenes.

Fanny Ellsler has very magnificent notions *en fait de loges*. When she is at *L'Academie*, she occupies the largest and handsomest dressing-room in the theatre, one looking on the Cour de l'Hotel de l'Opera; and when she occupies it, there are always two strapping footmen in livery, mounting guard, one on each side of the door. It is not carpeted, like most of the dressing-rooms of celebrated artistes, but is all chalked over, and has the same necessary of a dancer's life lying about everywhere—on the table, on the toilet, on the ground, &c., &c.

Apropos of chalk, an anecdote is related of Fanny Ellsler that is worth repeating. One evening, just before the curtain was about to draw up, M. Burat de Guigy, author of *Le Diable Boiteux*, entered her dressing-room.

"My dear Monsieur Burat," said Fanny, on seeing him, "I am in the greatest possible rage; I am just going on the stage, and they have stolen all my chalk!"

"Stolen it?"

"Yes—stolen it, of course. There's a conspiracy among them to spoil my dancing. I've inquired of them all—Nathalie Fitzjames, Noblet, and her sister—all. They pretend to know nothing about it; but it's a conspiracy among them. Now, my dear, M. Burat, you'll go and get me some chalk, will you not?"

"But, my dear young lady, I don't know where to get you any. It's past eleven o'clock, and all the shops in Paris are shut."

"Go—run—that's a dear creature! I'll pay any thing for it—its weight in gold. You've just a quarter of an hour before I shall be called to go on."

M. de Burat went, and returned within the specified time, evidently a little elevated and lively, and bringing with him a score of small pieces of chalk.

"Well," cried Fanny, "what do I owe you for them?"

"The price of ten *petits verres*, that I was obliged to take at the ten different *cafes billards*, from which I stole them."

MESMERISM.—The New Haven Herald publishes a communication which describes the painless extraction of a tooth from a lady who had been put into a mesmeric sleep. Here is the story:

"After Miss Perry had undergone her test upon clairvoyance, &c., Mrs. —, a lady well known to many of our citizens, took the chair, and in the course of twenty minutes was put to sleep by Mr. St. Luke. Whereupon, Mr. Wm. G. Munson, the well known dentist in this city, commenced the operation of lancing the gums; after which the instrument was applied with considerable force, but to no purpose, the tooth being a mere stump, and deeply imbedded in the gum. Lance after lance, and tug after tug, was administered for the space of twenty-seven minutes ere the stubborn tenant was extracted! Yes, Messrs. Editors, twenty-seven minutes elapsed before the operation was completed, during which time the lady neither twinged, groaned, sighed, nor moved a muscle, much to the surprise of an astonished and gratified audience. This is a fact, and, in justice to the science and all concerned, I relate this, leaving to others who witnessed the same to say or make what comments they deem fit."

The Editor of the Herald adds to this statement:

"We have no doubt of the truth of the above, and from our first view of experiments in mesmerism, we have not had a doubt that sensibility could be suspended in the way described."

Since putting the above in type, we have received a statement from Messrs. Wm. Storer and Elihu Mix, (a committee on the part of the audience,) who corroborate in every particular all that is stated by W. G. Also, a certificate from Dr. Munson to the same effect.

"These are all gentlemen well known in New Haven as men of character and standing."

"Peevish—One who picks into every body's thoughts, and thinks no one right but himself.

"Genteel—The vain fool who is fond of dressing up words without meaning."

"Fanciful—One who, instead of being led by wisdom, runs after a thousand visionary whimsies and conceits.

REVENUE OF NEW YORK.—The amount of revenue collected at New York week before last, was \$605,956, being \$16,323 less than for the same week last year. The exports of specie last week were \$225,743.

THE FROZEN FAIRY.—A band of fairies, making a long tour by moonlight, came suddenly upon the borders of a northern forest. Alternate storms of snow and rain had fallen, and left the trees robed in garments of virgin whiteness. The full moon, shining brilliantly upon the thick branches, and casting slanting shadows through the dim aisles of the wood, festooned with icicles and paved with gems of frost, made the scene one of dazzling splendor. The fairies folded their rainbow-colored wings, and gazed in mute wonder, for never had they beheld aught so gorgeous. But when the night blast swept over them, they shuddered, and bethought them of the warm light of their own bright halls.

As they were departing, one of the fairies of the band came and bowed low before the queen, murmuring—

"A boon!"

"What wilt thou?" said the fairy sovereign, touching the suppliant with her tiny sceptre.

"O, let me dwell in this beautiful place, gracious queen!" was the request.

"Foolish one! wouldst thou forsake thy sisters for this cold, glittering land? Then be it so. Farewell!" And they sped lightly down the valley.

The fairy, rejoicing in her new and splendid lot, danced gaily under the gleaming forest roof, and sang many a rich carol among the boughs which arched over her like a jewelled canopy.

The snow spirit listened with admiration to her song, as it rang clear and sweet through the wood.

But long ere the moon waned, her voice faltered, and her step became languid. She had forgotten that her fragile form was made for a sunnier clime, and might not bear the chill air which pervaded about her. Slowly she yielded to the piercing cold, and at last sank benumbed upon a snowy wreath. Oh! how she longed to nestle in the arms of one of her sisters, amid the silvery fountains and perennial flowers of her own loved and lovely fairy land. The snow spirits, in their spangled robes, gathered about her; but their voices were strange, and their breath fell like ice upon her cheek. The stars looked down upon her with a cold, distant glance. Flashes of radiance shot ever and anon athwart the sky over her, seeming to mock her agony. All about her was as glorious as the land of dreams; but what was its brightness to her?

Faintly arose the last cry of the fairy: "Sisters! O, sisters! take me home—I am freezing!"

Humble, yet gifted one! sigh not to leave the fond hearts which encircle thee in thy lowly home! Pine not for a dwelling in that "land of mysterious gleams," the wide and shining land of Fame. Many are the souls whose warm affections have been congealed by the frigid air. Its splendor is wondrous, but delusive as the glittering ice-frost; for all above, around and beneath is cold—freezing cold.

The End of the Road.

"And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust."

[*Sam. Lover.*]

A letter from Halberstadt, in Prussia of the 7th of August says: "Mr. Ronge preached here to-day, in the court of the Cathedral. As he terminated his sermon with the words, 'Rome must and will fall,' a Catholic exclaimed, 'And you also, heretic,' and then advanced to Mr. Ronge with the intention of throwing a stone at him, but another Catholic, who was near the preacher, prevented this, and knocked the offender down with a stick. A great tumult then ensued, and the troops were called out and forced to use their arms. It is said several persons were severely wounded. Before peace could be restored the partisans of Mr. Ronge had pulled to the ground the house of the man who had menaced him."

STAGNANT MATRIMONY.—Dr. Paley, being on a visit to Bishop Barrington, at Auckland Castle, and in conversation with Mrs. Burgess, wife of the then Bishop of St. David's (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury) their discourse turned upon the married state. Mrs. Burgess, who was a most amiable woman, the very antipodes of Mrs. Caudle, assured Mr. Paley that, during the ten years of her married life, she had never had an angry word with her husband. To this the Doctor replied, "Very insipid! very insipid!"

SUICIDE.—Mr. Nathaniel Lampson, a land broker, committed suicide at his boarding place, No. 366 Greenwich street, New York, on Thursday afternoon week, by discharging the contents of a pistol into his right temple. His wife was in the house.

A Small Family.—When the royal family of Paris are domiciled in the Tuileries, their whole number, including attendants, is 1,500.

BOAT SUNK.—*Man Drowned.*—A lake boat of the largest size sunk in the basin at Albany, on Friday week, having sprung a leak, and filled so fast that a man named John Lawless, who was sleeping on board, was drowned.

French and English plays have been performed with success by the pupils of a Turkish College at Constantinople.

CHIVALRIC.—The United States Gazette says there was, some days since, at the Fauquier (Va.) White Sulphur Springs, a "Tournament," wherein sundry ambitious young gentlemen, who must have largely indulged in dreams of "deeds of high emprise" of courts and camps, of charging squadrons, and

Bright eyes
That rain their influence and adjudge the prize,
encased themselves in pasteboard corselets and foolscaps, and then being mounted on horses, ran desperately at each other with sawed sticks firmly set in rest, and pointed anywhere but at each other.

Some wag to whom the mummery must have appeared in its true light, turned the whole affair into ridicule, however, by a bit of humor, that operated as an effectual sarcasm. Every thing had gone on well with the preparations, and the tilting had commenced, when a trumpet's blast from a neighboring wood announced a new comer, and when enquiry was made and the new challenger was invited to enter the lists, lo! there stalked forth Don Quixote in his rusty armor and iron pot, mounted on his Rozinante, a most villainous looking animal, and closely followed by his Sancho Panza on a demure mule. With a gravity that well became the illustrious characters represented, the figures advanced towards the Queen of Beauty's pavilion, amid the irrepressible laughter of the congregated spectators, and we presume not a little to the annoyance of the gallant fellows in pasteboard, whose sawed sticks were in active employment poking away at nothing. The mirth was not, of course, diminished, when Sancho, drawing forth his wallet, refreshed the gallant Don from its contents, who being thus strengthened in his inner man, girded up his loins and did manful battle among the high contending parties.

LOVE vs. RELIGION.—The following anecdote is related in a foreign Journal. A medical student of Berlin, lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at whose house he lodged; his passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity and entered into a promise [to marry. But there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union, in the fact of the lady being a protestant Christian, and the gentleman a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress couched in the following terms:

"My Dear Friend:—The difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel—as you have so often called your faithful Minna—who yesterday became a Jewess." Scarcely had this letter been despatched, when its writer received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect:

"My Dear Minna:—The obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference of our religious faiths, no longer exists; and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity;—I yesterday became a Christian."

How the lovers contrived to get over this new dilemma is not recorded.

NIGHT ASCENT OF MR. GREEN.—On the 4th inst., this celebrated aerial voyageur—the "Columbus of the skies"—undertook the perilous feat of a night ascent in his balloon, displaying fireworks of a novel and extraordinary description from the car of his frail machine. Mr. Green ascended alone, having been previously solicited by the Earl of Munster and Lord G. Beresford to allow them to accompany him; but Mr. Green felt it his duty, on account of the hazardous adventure, to decline the honor. Mr. Green effected a safe descent, after a passage of 25 miles, and, not finding any assistance, took up his night's quarters in a pea-field, near Enfield, till day-light, when he returned to London, where he was met by a large number of friends, who were anxiously waiting the news of his return.—[*London Paper.*]

The New York Morning News gives the following as a specimen of transatlantic literature, which was received by the last steamer at the New York Post-office:

Mr. Charles Prowdley
To New York

then to Buffalo
then to Monroe
then to hilldale
then to Jones Vile
then enquire for Mr. Charles Prowdley
In America

This is equal to a letter sent by an English gentleman to a prominent London physician. It was as follows:

Cer, Yole oblige me uf yole kum un ce me I hev a Bad Kowld, am Hill in my Bow Hills, and hev lost my Happy Tight.

"Noisy—A loud roar and nothing in it."