

# Northern

# Advance

## AND COUNTY OF SIMCOE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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"JUSTICE IS THE GREAT, BUT SIMPLE PRINCIPLE, AND THE WHOLE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN ALL GOVERNMENT."

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within six months.

VOL. IV.

BARRIE, C. W., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1855.

No. 33.

### County Business Directory.

- ALEX. C. PASS,**  
Dunlop Street, Barrie, opposite Henry Fraser's  
"Commercial Hotel."  
DEALER IN DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,  
Perfumes, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Spices, &c.  
Prescriptions prepared, and Orders promptly  
attended to. 14
- GEO. ROBINSON,**  
BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER, Owen-st., Barrie.  
All orders in the above line manufactured  
under his own inspection, and warranted for neat-  
ness and strength. 17-18
- BOULTON & McCARTHY**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,  
CONVEYANCERS, Notaries Public, Commis-  
sioners in B. R., &c. Barrie, County of Simcoe.  
Office—Dunlop-st., opposite Mr. McConkey's  
store. 21
- D'ARCY BOULTON, D'ALTON McCARTHY,  
Worcest. Mark-st.
- NATHANIEL B. WRIGHT**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND SOLICITOR  
IN CHANCERY,  
Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R., &c., nearly  
opposite Mr. T. D. McConkey's Store, Dunlop  
street, Barrie. 23-24
- CHRISTOPHER E. LEE,**  
GENERAL LAND AGENT,  
COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
DUNLOP STREET, BARRIE.  
Lands for sale in every Township in the Counties  
of Simcoe and Grey. 24
- S. J. LANE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ATTORNEY, &c.,  
SYDENHAM, OWEN SOUND.
- H. B. HOPKINS,**  
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery  
Barrie, District of Simcoe.
- J. STRATHY,**  
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor & Master  
Extraordinary in Chancery, Notary Public,  
Commissioner, &c. Clerk of the County of  
Simcoe, and Agent for the Sale, Exchange  
and Purchase of Lands. 24
- ANGUS McINTOSH,**  
ACCOUNTANT, BROKER, CONVEYANCER,  
General Commission, Land, and  
DIVISION COURT AGENT,  
BULLARD LANDING, C. W. ST.  
May 1, 1855. 24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
- HENRY CRESWICK,**  
PROVINCIAL AND COUNTY SUB-  
VEYOR,  
REMOVED TO MELDREWS COTTAGE,  
North-East of Sheriff Smith's House, Barrie.
- HUGH P. SAVIGNY,**  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
MARK'S HOTEL, BARRIE.
- W. B. CLARK, JUN.,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Dunlop-St., Barrie.
- BARRIE FANCY STORE.**
- J. C. P. MANN**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Baskets,  
Brushes, Brooms, Tows, Combs, Pails, Tubs,  
Chairs, Stoves, Mops, Measures, Door Mats, Rope  
Twine, Japan-wares, Teas and Groceries.  
27 Osborne—Owen-st., Barrie. 18
- J. BARKER,**  
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,  
Corner of Owen and Collier Streets, Barrie.
- ALEX. McKENZIE,**  
WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,  
WORKING JEWELLER,  
BARRIE.
- A. BURNETT,**  
IRON AND TIN PLATE WORKER,  
Opposite Smith, &c., Dunlop Street, Barrie.
- MESSRS. TROTT BROS.**  
CABINET-MAKERS & UPHOLSTERERS,  
Dunlop-St., BARRIE.  
A large assortment of Plain and Fancy Furniture  
always on hand.
- WM. GRAHAM,**  
Carpenter and Builder; also, Licensed Auctioneer  
Dunlop Street, Barrie.
- D. DOUGLAS'S**  
BEDSTEAD & CHAIR MANUFACTORY,  
Opposite the Registry Office, Barrie.  
Household Furniture of various descriptions con-  
stantly on hand, or made to order. Wood  
Furniture in all its branches executed with  
dispatch. 14-17
- DEPOSITORY OF THE BARRIE BRANCH**  
**BIBLE SOCIETY,**  
CHRISTOPHER HARRISON—Bayfield St.  
W. B. CLARK, Jr., Dunlop-St.
- PROVINCIAL MUTUAL AND GENERAL**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
Agent at Barrie—S. M. SANFORD.
- JAMES DUNLOP,**  
BUTCHER, POULTEER,  
AND  
TAVERN-KEEPER,  
BAYFIELD STREET, BARRIE.  
May 29, 1855. 22-23
- PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.**
- J. BRICE,**  
Painter, Glazier, Paper-Hanger, &c.,  
WORSLEY STREET,  
BARRIE.  
Lead Windows for Churches Made to Order.  
Barrie, June 5, 1855. 23-24

### Poetry.

**The Old Farmer's Elegy.**  
On a green mossy knoll, by the bank of the brook,  
That so long and so often has watered his flock,  
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,  
While the waters a low lulling lullaby keep;  
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last  
grain,  
No more shall wake him to labor again.  
The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,  
And the robins above him hop light on the mould,  
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was  
cold;  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
You tree that with fragrance is filling the air,  
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,  
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,  
It would live when its planter had mouldered  
away;  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
There's the wet that he dug, with its water so  
cold;  
With its wet dripping bucket so mossy and old,  
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,  
For the "pitcher is broken,"—the old man is gone!  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
And the spot where he sat by his own cottage  
door,  
In the still summer eve, when his labors were o'er,  
With his eyes on the moon, and his pipe in his  
hand,  
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land;  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer  
died;  
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried,  
And the prayers of the just for the rest did ascend,  
For they all lost a brother, a man, and a friend!  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
For upright and honest the old farmer was;  
His God he revered, he respected the laws;  
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his  
worth  
Will outshine like pure gold, all the dross of the  
earth.  
He has plowed his last furrow, &c.  
Knickerbocker Magazine.

### Literature.

**TEA AND COFFEE.**  
The families are very few and very far between in the several States and Territories of this Republic, who do not indulge, daily, in a cup of hot tea, or hot coffee. They are not luxuries so expensive as whilom, that the rich and well-born are the favored and exclusive sippers thereof; but so common and universal have those beverages become, that they are now regarded as among the necessities of life. Indeed, the popular knowledge and appreciation are very limited and imperfect—that the first introduction of the China-leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment, or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its votaries—that the use of these harmless, if not healthful novelties should have spread consternation among the nations of Europe, on their first introduction, and have been anathematized by the terrors and fictions of the learned. Yet so it is, for Pate spread alarm at the use of tea, by the French, denouncing it as "the most foolish and dangerous novelty of the age." Hahnemann, in Germany, called the tea-dealers immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot fevers, charged that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.  
In 1870, the Dutch ridiculed it as "hay water," and "black water," and a century and a half ago a prohibitory duty on tea was recommended in England, and severe penalties on those who used "the drug"—the "seducing poison."  
Two hundred years ago, our European ancestors described coffee as a beverage which was drunk by the Turks, as hot as they could endure it; that it was black as soot, and tasted not much unlike it, and was good for digestion and mirth. It was ridiculed in France by Rousseau, satirized in England, its use suppressed in Asia; and the women of our "mother country," in petitioning against coffee-drinking, in 1664, complained that it "made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and that a husband on a domestic message would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."  
The first accounts of the use of the tea shrub are the casual notices of travellers. It was known in Europe in 1610, but the Russian Ambassador at the Court of the Mogul, in 1630, refused a large present of tea for the Czar, being unwilling to burden himself with that which was useless. The Dutch first introduced it from India; and from Holland it was taken to England in 1666, and being admired by persons of rank, small importations continued, and sold at fifteen dollars a pound, until the East India Company took up the trade.  
It is said that the Dutch, after their first voyage to China, were enabled to obtain a cargo of tea without money; they took out a great store of dried sage, and bartered with the Chinese for tea—receiving four pounds of tea for one pound of sage; and the demand for sage became so great that the Dutch were unable to supply it—which is a striking illustration of the power of the imagination upon the palate.  
The Portuguese word for tea is *Chia*; but all other European nations, and the Americans, adopt the Chinese term *Thee*, and also retain the term *Bacha*, from the Chinese name of the country from which it comes (*Yohsi*). And *Hyson* is the name of the largest Chinese trader in teas two hundred years ago.  
The best as well as the most amusing account of the first use of tea as a beverage in England, is the handbill of Thomas Garway, the first tea maker. He was a tobaccoist and coffee-man, and retailed tea in 1666, commending it as the "cure for all diseases." His attractive handbill read thus:  
"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for £6, and sometimes for £10, the pound weight; and, in respect of its former scarceness and dearth, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the tea in leaf or drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants in those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea and making drink, very many noblemen, physicians, and merchants have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."  
Tea was not probably in general domestic use in 1687; for the Earl of Clarendon mentions in his diary, that after a supper party "we drank tea really as good as I had drunk it in China"—which proves that the tea-drinking was then a novelty with the English nobility.  
In 1658, a celebrated French traveller introduced coffee after dinner, and it was regarded as a *reclin*. But ten years after the Turkish Ambassador at Paris made it a fashionable beverage, by charming the eyes of the women with the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was served—the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies. In 1672 a coffee-house was opened in Paris; but the custom prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with low company in the first coffee-houses. After a time, however, the literary men, the artists, and the wits established their respective coffee-houses, and to which they nightly resorted to inhale the fresh and fragrant steams of the aromatic berry, and enjoy congenial fellowship.  
As early as 1632 by a Greek servant, whose Greek servant know how to roast and make it." He opened a coffee-house and issued the following handbill:  
"The virtue of the coffee-drink first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."  
At first the coffee-drink had a greater popularity and influence in England than the tea-drink; and the coffee-houses became the resort of the learned, the idle, and the curious; and, for a time, the history of these coffee-houses was the history of the manners, morals and politics of the people. The several classes of society—the mercantile men, the men of letters, and the men of fashion, had their respective houses; and *The Tatler* was dated from each alternately to depict the manners of gregarious humanity as they rise.  
At length these coffee-houses became places of such multitudinous resort that complaints were made that they "nourished sedition, spread lies and scandalous great men, and might become a common nuisance," and King Charles the Second sent them up by proclamation. The character of coffee-houses and the growth of the fashion of coffee drinking are indicated in a "Broadside against Coffee," published in 1672:  
"Confusion huddles all into one scene,  
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean;  
For now, alas! the drench has credit got,  
And he no gentleman who drinks it hot.  
That such a draft should rise to such a stature!  
But Custom is but a remove from Nature!"  
There were those, however, who strenuously contended that coffee-houses and coffee-drinking were great public blessings; that the introduction of this liquid among the laboring classes of society weaned them from strong liquors; that "this coffee-drink hath caused a great sobriety among the nations—formerly apprentices and clerks used to take their morning draughts of ale, beer or wine, which often made them unfit for business; while now they play the part of fellows to this wakeful and civil drink."  
But the custom of drinking coffee among the laboring classes did not long prevail in England. The popular prejudice against it finally prevailed, and tea-drinking became, and is now, the more popular and prevailing custom, while the contrary practice prevails in France and on the Continent; and, in this Republic, coffee-drinking is far more popular and prevailing in all places of public resort.  
The use of coffee as a beverage, it is said, was first discovered by the *Prior* of a monastery. A goat-herd informed him that his cattle, in browsing upon the coffee-tree, were made wakeful at night, and would sport and bound upon the hills; so the *Prior* tried it upon his monks, to prevent their sleeping at matins, and it checked their slumbers. It grows in Arabia, Persia, and America; was used as a drink in Persia and Arabia Felix four hundred years ago; in Egypt and Syria, in 1511; coffee-houses were opened in Constantinople in 1554, and its use as a beverage in France and England was adopted about two hundred years since.  
One hundred and thirty years ago the use of tea was regarded by certain political economists in England as injurious to agricultural interest, by preventing the use of malt. The language of the complaint and proposed remedy reads thus: "The cause of the mischief we complain of is the excessive use of tea,

which has become so common that the meanest families even of laboring people make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse it which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the women with their afternoon's entertainments to the exclusion of twopenny ale. The remedy proposed is to impose a prohibitory duty on tea, and a penalty on those who use the seducing poison."  
In 1818, a Committee of the British House of Commons reported the suggestive fact that "millions of pounds of s'oe, liquorice, and ash leaves, are every year mixed with Chinese tea in England."  
The consumption of tea by the whole civilized world in 1830 was stated at 52,000,000 pounds, of which England used 30,000,000 pounds. In 1840 England imported 38,068,000 pounds of tea, on which was paid in duties \$20,000,000. The consumption of tea in the United States in 1846 was 16,891 pounds, and of coffee 124,336,000 pounds; and in 1850 the value of the tea imported \$5,684,000, and of coffee \$12,815,000.—N. Y. Trib.

**"For Mother's sake."**  
A father and son were fishing near New York City, a few days since. The boat was suddenly capsized, and they were thrown into the water. The father who was an expert swimmer, while his son could not swim at all, at once commenced to aid the lad. He seeing that his father was becoming rapidly exhausted, calmly said to him, "Never mind me; save yourself for Mother's sake." God bless that boy, and God be thanked that both his father and himself were rescued from the peril in which they were involved. "For Mother's sake." There spoke a true son and a true hero. He knew that his tender years had befitting him to support and sustain her who bore him—that if his father perished she might be reduced to want as well as steeped in sorrow. What the oak felt the ivy would fide and die. Be he the father, and the excitement of the moment, and the resolution to do for his mother, unless, indeed, some hand was stretched forth for his safety and the safety of his father. It was all right, because it was done "for Mother's sake." Would we say the same thing under the same circumstances? Would you, boy? you young man, you, man of years and sorrows? While you admire the young hero for his intrepidity and affection, do you feel that you would imitate his example if occasion required? Do you love, do you prize your Mother? Do her words ring in your ears? He who propounds these questions is no teacher. Years twain have passed since the wrinkled, gray-haired man, who called his son, laid off the dusty vestments of earthly travel and was clothed in the garments of the saints. He tells you—and his words are wrung from suffering experience, that if you do not love your Mother, do not prize your Mother now, you will hereafter. Death opens the fountains of surviving hearts, and less shows us how little we esteem our possessions. It is well to hold up an example like the one we have quoted to the public gaze, for by so doing some hard heart may be softened, some vacillating heart confirmed, some warm heart made warmer. A man is safe who inscribes this motto upon his phylactery—"For Mother's sake."—*Buffalo Express.*

**"Thipt on it, Captain."**  
A good story has been told of a lipping officer in the United States Army, having been victimized by a brother officer, (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner: The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lipping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.  
"Why," said he one day in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense! I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."  
"Well," inquired the lipping friend, "how would you do, those a thief with an inch fathner thoud drop itthelf in a walled angle in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp thoters, and where it wath thiertain that if you put out your nothe you'd get dippered?"  
"How," said the captain, winking at the circle, "why, take it cool, and spit on the fuse."  
The party broke up and all retired for the night except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled and talking in clusters, when along came the lipping lieutenant, and lazily opening his eyes, he remarked: "I want to try an extermithing thipt morning, and thee how extheddingly cool you can be."  
Saying which, he deliberately walked up to the fire on the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre a powder causer, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade grounds, the road being built up for defence; the occupant took one glance at the causer, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.  
"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain.  
"Thipt on the canithter!" shouted he in return.  
Not a moment was to be lost. He had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it, he raised the window and out he bounded, sans tholotes, sans everything but a short un-

dergarment; and thus with garment almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade-ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a tall sergeant in front of him to hide himself.  
"Why didn't you thipt on it?" inquired the lieutenant.  
"Because there were no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.  
"All I have got to thuy, then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafily have done it, for I thware there wathn't a single grain of powder in it!" The captain has never spoken against nervousness since.—*True Delta.*

**Rich Against His Will.**  
Vivier, the musician, who is the present rage in Europe, is one of the rare instances of a man of genius who has a banker! His account with his banker is used to be a very uncertain one. Now and then he was "flushing" with the proceeds of a successful tour of concert, and he made haste to "indulge in a little financial respectability, by making a deposit, on which he could draw checks like a capitalist. The season some five or six years since, was very prosperous. He made a tour with Jenny Lind in Germany, and his pocket being heavy on his return, the great banker, Mr. Baring, had been the recipient of some twelve hundred pounds to his account.  
But Vivier's heart was in his own country, and the moment he was unoccupied, he began to be homesick. He would make a visit of a month or two to Paris, and return when the Great Fair of London recalled him to the banks of the Thames. He drove to the banker's for his money.  
By the eminent Mr. Baring he was received with the genial courtesy which genius commands, even in the halls of Mammon, from those who love its presence.  
"I have called to draw the little sum that I have in your hands," said Vivier.  
At these words the banker put on a grave air, and slightly punched his lips.  
"It is impossible to let you have it," was the reply.  
"Ah! you are perhaps embarrassed at this particular moment?" innocently supposed the musician.  
"This business of mine," said the banker, "concerns forty thousand pounds, for I have furnished the two hundred pounds, from my deposit, which I require at this moment for a tour."  
"Certainly could—but I must still refuse it," persisted the importunate banker.  
"Monsieur!" said Vivier, "I like a joke well enough when it is carried to its limit; but this seems to me to have attained its limits."  
"I never joke on matters of business, sir," said Baring, "and, when I assure you that you cannot have the money you ask for, I am quite in earnest."  
"Do you pretend to deny that I made a deposit with you, then?"  
"Certainly not. I remember perfectly, that a short time since you deposited with me twelve hundred pounds; for which, with a confiding trust was a deposit to me. You did not ask for a receipt."  
"And will you abuse this confidence?"  
"Never, of course. But still you can not touch the money in question."  
"Your reason why, sir, if you please?"  
"I will tell you. A few days before her departure for the United States, Miss Jenny Lind, whose banker I also am, did me the honor to dine with me. After dinner we pleaded for the privilege of once more hearing her delightful voice, and she assented on one condition: that I would grant a request which she wished to make. I promised, and she sang. The song over we claimed to know our obligations to her, and she, in return, did me the honor to invest in my firm, with twelve hundred pounds, I hear. He ought to be rich, with the money he makes, but the careless creature spends his earnings with the prodigality of a prince. Some one should be prudent for him, since he has no prudence for himself. His capital should be invested in some safe and profitable mode to accumulate. This sum, now, might be, one day, a little capital that would save him from want. I wish you to refuse to let him draw it out of your hands." This is the explanation of my refusal, and you see that it originated in a kind and affectionate solicitation for your welfare."  
"Oh! very well," said Vivier, "and, of course, I am sensible of the sympathy which actuated the illustrious woman whose heart is even greater than her talent, but, notwithstanding my gratitude, I do not accept the tutelage, for I am out of money, and must have it for my present needs. I can get it in no other way, and I will appeal to the law."  
"Very well," said the banker, "the right is on your side, and you can go to law if you like, but you will ruin yourself with the cost of the suit; and, with my means, I can make it last long as your life, for the delays of the law are endless if you choose to pay for them. Nothing shall prevent me from keeping my word to Jenny Lind, and carrying out her benevolent design. You can not touch the money in my hands."  
Before the inflexible determination of the banker, Vivier was obliged to yield, and, to the delight of his friends in Paris, he was obliged to give a concert during his vacation there, to pay the expenses of his idleness.  
Vivier is the greatest of living horn-players, and though he still makes exorbitant sums of money, is as extravagantly in his expenditure as ever. If he lives to the common age of man, however, he will be rich in spite of himself.—*Musical Review.*

**Youthful Philanthropy and its Reward.—A Touching Incident.**  
About four weeks ago an elderly and respectfully dressed gentleman was observed lying upon the sidewalk on Fourth Street, nearly opposite the office of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. A crowd gathered round, some of whom pronounced him in a fit, while others attributed his malady to another cause. Among them was a little girl about twenty years of age, and who, kneeling down, gently lifted his head upon her lap, while she wiped away the clammy perspiration from his forehead with her shawl. In a short time the object of her solicitude recovered sufficiently to ask for water, and it being administered he asked for a coach, which, being brought up, he was lifted into, when he motioned for the little girl to accompany him.

It was a case of paralysis; the gentleman's name was Brothers; he is a retired merchant from New Orleans, but lately arrived in this city. His place of residence is on Fourth, near Park Street. The little girl, who acted the part of a nurse, and administered to her daughter of the poor Samaritan in her sympathy with and administering to the afflicted, is the daughter of a poor widow woman named Perkins, who resides near the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Depot, and every morning during her sickness she might have been seen at the residence of the afflicted gentleman, timidly inquiring after his health.  
The most grateful phase of the incident is that the invalid, who is so far recovered that he can ride out, drove on Monday to the residence of the mother of the child, and presenting her with a check for \$200, hung a handsome gold chain around the neck of his little ministering angel, to which was annexed a case which was the following inscription:  
"Presented to Mary Cordelia Perkins, by her friend, William Brothers."  
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**The Stars.**  
Space infinite, in which a million of millions of miles is as a grain of sand to the earth, presents to the human imagination overwhelming objects. But, as matter of fact, space is filled with clusters of stars, or systems, in some kind of general connection. To approximate the subject, a second of a degree, or the 1,296,000th part of a great circle, or 50 billions of miles distant, is equal to 242,400,000 miles, and a minute equal to 14,544,000,000 miles. At 100 billions distant is 484,800,000 miles in a second of a degree, or 20,088,000,000 in a minute; so that at 200 billions distant, what appears to us but a minute of a degree, is really about 60,000 millions of miles in diameter. 200 billions is however, a small distance in space, and 200 times 200 is the probable distance of many visible objects; in that case, our 60,000 millions to a minute becomes 2,000,000 millions for the space which a minute subtends at the earth.  
Hence, at that distance, and even less, millions of objects of vast size must be altogether invisible, for the eye sees no object much more than two miles; so that at the distance of 4000 millions of miles, all objects below 24,000 millions of miles in diameter, would be so small as to be almost invisible. At 50 billions of miles distant, all objects below 100 billions of miles in diameter, would be so small as to be almost invisible. At 50 billions of miles distant, all objects below 100 billions of miles in diameter, would be so small as to be almost invisible. At 50 billions of miles distant, all objects below 100 billions of miles in diameter, would be so small as to be almost invisible.  
Hence, though millions of stars are visible with the eye, yet, in the same extent of space, other millions must be unseen?

**Desperate Encounter with Indians.**  
The following account of a desperate fight with a party of Indians is copied from the San Antonio (Texas) *Levee* or *Journal*, dated on Saturday evening, June 20, some fifteen Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Westfall, who is well known to most of our citizens, and who lives on the Leona, some 35 miles below Fort Lige, and in this country. The attack was made upon Mr. Westfall while he was absent from the house, and during the time no occupants but a Frenchman named Louis, and a large dog. It seems that the Indians had been lying in wait for some time, and took this opportunity to attack him. Mr. Westfall, however, succeeded in getting back to his house, wounded in a dangerous manner—the ball striking him in the left breast high up, and coming out at his back, and lodging in the shoulder. He fastened the door, and the Indians then commenced an attack upon the house. Louis and Westfall now exchanged shots with them in rapid succession; but Westfall was fast falling from loss of blood. Louis approached an aperture in the wall in order to make sure aim, and was overpowered by the Indians, fell, and expired. The faithful dog, on seeing Louis fall, and the blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and rushed out of a small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one, and tore every garment from his body, and was on the eve of killing him, when he was shot and overpowered by the Indians, fell, and expired. The faithful dog, on seeing Louis fall, and the blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and rushed out of a small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one, and tore every garment from his body, and was on the eve of killing him, when he was shot and overpowered by the Indians, fell, and expired.  
"My dog, the trustiest of his kind,  
With gratitude inflames the mind."  
Westfall, overpowered by the loss of blood, could only support himself now by holding to the walls of the house, but nothing daunted, he tore a large aperture in the wall, and stuck his gun out in order to keep up appearances. The Indians, no doubt, thinking they would have a long siege, and many of them being severely wounded, left, taking with them all the horses belonging to the ranch. It was long before Westfall and members of the ranch to his bed which was the last consciousness he had until Saturday evening, when he found himself lying on his bed covered with blood that had come from his wound and from his mouth; but he was not able to come from his bed until Monday, when, from the stretch of the dead body in the room, he found something must be done. With great effort he succeeded in dragging the body about twenty feet, but could get it no further. At sunset on Monday evening, he started towards Fort Inge for assistance; but succeeded that night in getting only four miles—and on Wednesday evening he arrived at a house in the vicinity of Fort Inge, where he procured assistance, and is still alive, and his physician has strong hopes of his recovery. Mr. Westfall is a man of strong frame, and extraordinary constitution, which accounts for his remarkable escape. He is a terror to the Indians, and is known on the frontier by the name of "Leather Stocking." The Indians, without doubt, were the Lipans, who commit their murders, plundering, &c., and then take shelter in Mexico.

**Speed of Railroad Cars.**  
Many of the accidents which happen to persons attempting to cross railroads, are the result of ignorance of the velocity of the iron horse when fairly under way. A writer in the *Hartford Courant* gives us some interesting facts, which may be well to bear in mind:  
"It seems almost incredible that as we glide smoothly along, the elegantly furnished car moves nearly twice its own length in a second of time—about seventy-four feet. At this velocity we find that the locomotive driving wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second. It is no idle piston rod that traverses the cylinder three times eight per second."  
"If a man with a horse and carriage upon an important public road in a country town should approach and cross the track at a speed of six miles per hour, which would be crossing rapidly, an express train approaching at the moment, would move towards him two hundred and fifty-seven feet while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and carriage. If the horse was moving at a rate no faster than a walk, as the track is usually crossed, the train would move toward him while in the act of crossing more than five hundred feet. This fact accounts for many accidents at such points. The person attempting to cross the track at such a rate is a few rods distant."  
"How compares the highest speed of a train with the velocity of sound? When the whistle is opened at the right rod 'whistle post' the train will advance near one hundred feet before the sound of the whistle traverses the distance to it; the whistle at the crossing. The velocity exceeds the flight of our birds."

**The Basin of the Atlantic Ocean.**—The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scooped into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand; that there the waters called seas might be gathered, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of the mountain to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be poured into the Grand Banks, the waters of the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with the careful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heavy of pearl and imestimable stores, which, in the poet's eye, he scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermuda and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A Conveyance is now graph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along the plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of the British Isles. The great circuit distance between these two points is about 10,000 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—*Prof. Murphy's*

**Eccentricities of Costume.**—There is no part of our costume, either male or female, which has not already passed from one extreme of absurdity to another, and been most admired at its highest point. Coats have been worn with wide lapels, and with scanty buttons about the neck, and with long tails. Coat sleeves at one time fitted skin-tight; and coat sleeves at another have been so wide as to sweep the ground. Flapped waistcoats, which, in the time of George I., reached nearly to the stockings, were soon cut so short as to be nearer the armpits than the thighs. The cravat, a sort of striped trousers contrasted ludicrously enough with the trunk-hose of the sixteenth century, stuffed out with five or six pounds of lard to such an extent that as a Hibernian manuscript tells us, alterations had to be made in the Parliament of Scotland, in order to give a full allowance for the members of the assembly, to relate that a fast man of the time, on rising to discharge a visit of ceremony, had the mistaking to damage his neither integument by a protruding nail in his chair—so that by the time he gained the door the escape of brain was so rapid, that he was obliged to stop, and he had to be carried to his room, and there he died. It may have been that similar mishaps caused such hysterical contrivances to law, he began to exercise himself of the office, and endeavored little by little to discharge himself of that which he did wear within them. He drew out a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a bush, a glass, a comb, and night-caps, and other things of use, saying, "Your lordship may understand that because I have no safety storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay my goods in; and though it be a strain upon you, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them—for I have many things more yet of value than these." And so his quarrel was accepted and well laughed at.—*Quarterly Review.*

**The Spirit of Love.**—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy, divine, unpeakable efficacy, in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would store a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous thorn; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud, the flower, and the fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar, we should spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the dessert would be blossoms, and the solitary place be made glad.—*Blissful Upham.*  
"When I went," says his friend Collins, "to bid Sir David Wilkie farewell, a day or two before he left home for his last journey, (to the East), I asked him if he had any guide-book? He said, 'Yes, and the very best,' and then he unrolled his travelling-box, he showed me a pocket Bible. I never saw him again; but the Bible throughout Judea was I am assured, his best and only hand-book."