

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Agriculture, Commerce, Literature, Useful Sciences, Arts, Politics, News, and General Intelligence.

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Agriculture, News, &c.

MAKING TEA.

Now have the flock been driven into the brook,
And batted to snowy whiteness 'gainst their will;
And, leaving off beneath the rippling clouds,
Have yielded up the flower. The meadow fields
Are waving in the sunshine like a sea—
A billowy deep whose flowers are like a foam;
And all around, behind the busy throng
Of those who swing the clover, and the scythe,
And sharp their blades with many a shrill cheer,
The air is full of perfume. Following these,
With laugh and song, gay youths, with glittering prongs,
Shake out the scented meadow to the sun,
Until the noon beholds the fields half mown.
And from the hill-side calls the mid-day horn.
Some hands there are, in harvest plains remote,
Who hearken not the cow's announcing call;
And on the branch suspended the glittering scythes,
Which long vibrating; then the circle draw—
The grass falls like a shower, and the dew
While wet-sweet baskets furnish forth the mow.
The spirit glazes his crystal tubule glass,
And death is freshness through the rustic gourd.

When now the grass, oft turned beneath the sun,
Is dry and crisp, and ready to be tread,
Then comes the rake with many a long-drawn swoop,
Gleaming the shaven weeds, until the plain
Rough with the sultry sun, appears a field
Thick set with ruffled tents. And thus it stands
Until the wagon, drawn by horse or yoke
Of oxen, with slow swaying gait,
Their large eyes dreaming of the rutting end,
Covers the winter store into the barn.
Then what wild laughter fills the heated nook,
Where boyhood treats the smothering waves of hay,
Climbing the encroaching billows as they roll,
Till like a tide it swells along the roof,
Mistaking wings and swallows, and swells,
Till the marauding child, with curious eye,
Thrusts his adroit hand into the nest—
The highest in the grooved rafters lodged—
And finds lost fragments of the tender shell,
Which crumbles in his grasp, while outside
The parent bird darts laughing its derision.
—New England.

PRUNING TREES AT THE TIME OF TRANSPLANTING.

How should trees be pruned at the time of transplanting? or should they be pruned at all? are open questions among planters. As the subject will at this season of the year be one of the most general interest, we propose to offer a few remarks on it.

The objects in view in pruning a tree at the time of transplanting are three fold.

First. The removal of all bruised and broken roots and branches. The necessity for this is obvious and indispensable; bruised and broken roots, when planted without being dressed, must decay, and interpose very serious obstacles to the formation of new roots; they should therefore, always be pruned off closely to the sound wood, and with a sharp knife that will make a smooth, clean cut, the sloping surface of which, should invariably be on the under and not on the upper side of the root. In making the cut, the knife should be laid to the under side of the root, and drawn upward. The young roots which subsequently spring from the cut end of the root, as from the end of a cutting, strike downward at once, as is natural. The reasons for pruning off broken or bruised branches, are equally obvious. A broken branch left on a tree will produce an unsightly and in some cases a dangerous scar; but if it be pruned off close to the body of the tree, or to a sound bud, the wound will soon heal over or a new shoot will be produced. It is very common, in pruning hastily, to leave small portions of branches without eyes. These, without producing new shoots, die off, and the new wood growing in around them produce an unsightly end that in many cases brings the tree to an untimely end.

The second object in pruning is, to mould the tree to the desired form. Trees coming from the nurseries are seldom in the exact shape that the planter wishes. They have too many side branches, their heads are too low or too high, or they have some other defect which the knife must remedy. Now the question comes up, how far is it judicious to attempt the formation of the tree at the moment of transplanting? Several points must be considered: If the trees are standards for the orchard, and they happen to be somewhat slender in proportion to their height, it would be unwise to prune off closely, any side branches they might have, because this would direct the future growth to the top, and urge the tree still further out of balance and proportion. In such cases the aim should be to increase the diameter of the stem; and this can only be done by retaining two or three good eyes or buds of every side shoot, or of a sufficient number of the strongest and best, and by reducing the attracting power of the branches at the top. The influence of this is seen in the case of forest trees planted in the streets, where the entire head is sawed off at planting, and nothing but a bare pole or pollard left; the growth is thrown into the trunk, which soon becomes covered with new shoots, and increases its diameter rapidly. If the tree has been pruned up too high in the nursery, making the head higher than desired, a new head must be formed lower down by cutting back the tree; but whether it is better to attempt this at the moment of transplanting, or wait until the tree has taken root and is capable of making a vigorous growth, is a question. This is a point of some importance. We know that newly planted trees push but feebly at best, in comparison with those well rooted, and that the shoots produced the first season make a very indifferent frame work for the tree. We have considerable experience on this very point, and we have come to the conclusion that it is much better to defer the pruning which is to produce the final and permanent form of the tree, until the second year, or until the tree shows unmistakable signs of being well rooted, and in a condition to make vigorous growth. But care must be taken to preserve and encourage, as far as possible, young shoots with active buds on the parts where we intend to produce the new head; because old wood, in which the buds have become in a measure dormant, does not throw out branches with desirable rapidity and vigor.

If, on the other hand, the head be too low, the first impulse would naturally be to prune it up. But this demands some caution. Where branches of considerable size are pruned off, when the tree is transplanted, and consequently unfit to make much growth, the fresh surfaces of the wounds dry up, and do not heal over quickly, as when the tree is in an active and vigorous condition. Besides buds are essential to growth; and if too great a proportion of them be removed at once, the power of the cells or sap-vessels is impaired, and they cannot transmit the nutritive fluids from the roots upward. The roots, too, lose their activity, and general stagnation and debility follow. The better way is to reduce the head by thinning out some

branches and shortening others, especially the lower ones; and in the season following, or when the tree has fairly recovered from removal, the large branches may be removed and the stem formed higher up; the upper shoots allowed to remain having sufficient power to maintain the functions of the different parts of the tree in full force and vigor.

The third object in pruning at the time of transplanting is, to restore the balance or proportion between the roots and branches which has been destroyed in the process of removal. A transplanted tree, no matter how carefully or skillfully it may have been operated upon, has its system materially deranged. The roots may neither be bruised or broken, nor the fibres dried or injured by exposure; and yet the ordinary functions of the various parts, and their reciprocal action, and influence upon each other, cannot but be in a measure arrested for a time. The roots cannot abstract nutriment from the soil, and convey it through the trunks and branches, to supply the demand of the leaves, until they have taken to their new position and emitted new rootlets or feeders. Until this takes place, the demand of the leaves must be supplied from the stock of nutriment previously laid up in the cells, just as we see young shoots subsisting for a time on trees that have been cut down or torn up by the roots. As long as any sap remains in the cells, and can find a passage to the leaves, the latter continue green and healthy; but as soon as the sap is expended, and the cells dried up, the leaves wither, and vitality terminates. Transplanted trees, are, until re-rooted, in the same condition nearly, as trees cut down or rooted up and left on the surface of the ground—that is, they must rely mainly on the sap existing in the cells before removal. Now it is plain that the more of buds and leaves there are on a tree, the greater will be the demand upon its stock of sap or nutriment, and vice versa. Hence the reason for recommending to reduce the tops of trees at the time of transplanting. For this reason we cannot transplant deciduous trees safely while in full foliage. Even strawberry plants root better by having a portion of their leaves removed; and hence the use of bell-glasses and other contrivances to prevent evaporation from the leaves of newly inserted cuttings. A tree transplanted with a small number of roots, or damaged roots, and a branchy top, will suffer from the evaporation of the leaves, just as a cutting with leaves would if it were freely exposed to the air, though perhaps not to the same extent. Some trees will bear planting with smaller roots and larger tops than others—such, for instance, as the Poplar and Willow, and all those that root easily and rapidly; and have large sap-vessels through which nutriment absorbed by the roots can pass quickly to the leaves.

But we must remember, too, that leaves are necessary to the growth of roots. It is true that new roots are formed in the absence of leaves. We can see this illustrated in the case of early autumn-planted trees or cuttings; yet these roots would not attain any considerable development, nor survive long without the action of the leaves, for these may be likened to the animal stomach, in which the indispensable process of digestion takes place. No matter how abundant or healthy may be the roots, or how liberal the supplies of nutriment presented to them, if the leaves be not present to draw it upward and assimilate or digest it, growth cannot continue—the roots will cease to lengthen, and ultimately perish. This is forcibly illustrated in the case of trees that have been stripped of their foliage by insects, or some accident, the roots cease to grow; but as soon as new leaves begin to appear, new roots are formed simultaneously; and if one side of a tree be stripped of its foliage, the roots more directly in connexion with that side will cease to grow until new leaves appear. In propagating plants from cuttings, it is necessary in many cases, and indeed in almost all cases where young wood is used, to leave a certain number of leaves. Cuttings that root without leaves are those of a soft nature, having large cells or sap-vessels full of organized matter or tissue, capable of developing roots and sustaining them until the leaf-action commences.

From all this we see how important are the leaves and how easy it would be, by excessive pruning to hinder rather than promote the formation of roots. There is a medium which should be aimed at in pruning, to induce growth after removal. If the roots are much injured, or naturally meagre or defective, a very small number of active buds should be retained, just sufficient to stimulate and sustain circulation of the fluids. In such cases it may be necessary to cut back every young shoot to one or two eyes. Where the roots are abundant and sound, it will suffice to cut out the weak inside shoots, and shorten the stronger ones about one-half. In doing this, a large number of buds are removed, and whatever force there is in the tree is thrown into the remaining shoots, and young wood will be formed whereas we should have had nothing but leaves if the tree had not been pruned. The growth of young wood always favors the formation of roots. If we examine trees now, that were transplanted last spring, we shall find that the roots are in proportion to the number and strength of the young shoots.

The great object in pruning to promote growth, is to direct the sap into a smaller number of channels, and thus increase its force. If a tree, for example, has five hundred leaf buds to draw upon its sap, and we cut away four hundred of them, the remaining one hundred will of course, receive a far greater proportion than they would have done, and will consequently be enabled to make new wood; and experience teaches us, that young shoots, with their large cells, luxuriant leaves, and great vital activity, set far more powerfully on the roots than the small, lean foliage of trees merely living, but not growing. We know how cutting back, operates upon stunted trees. A three or four year old Apple or Pear tree, for example, if cut down nearly to the ground, will, in one season make a growth equal to that of two or three seasons, under ordinary circumstances; and this is simply because its whole vital force is concentrated in one point. The sap rushes there, and large cells are formed immediately, in which a rapid and powerful circulation takes place.

All operations upon trees should be performed cautiously, because whatever produces a sudden or violent change in their condition, cannot fail to be attended with a derangement of their wisely or beautifully adjusted organization, and this derangement must be more or less injurious to their healthy existence. Every man who takes his knife in hand to mutilate a tree, should bear this in mind, and weigh carefully the consequences of every cut.—Horticulturalist.

TEA—THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE—ANNUAL EXPORT.

MACAO, CHINA, April 15, 1855.

It may interest some of your tea drinking friends to learn, that in many instances when they are imbibing their favorite beverage of green tea, they are also taking with it salts of copper and gypsum! As the tea is the universal drink of the Chinese, at all hours of the day, they never drink green tea, for the reason that, in most cases it is mixed with coloring matter in order to give it a bright green, so acceptable to the tea consumers of England and America.

I have been astonished at the enormous quantities of tea drunk in those parts of China I have visited. The Chinaman drinks his tea incessantly; but as the Persians, Arabs and Turks take their coffee, without any mixture whatever. When you enter a Chinaman's house he offers you a cup of tea which is always brewed on the spot, before your eyes. The tea is placed in the cup and pure boiling water poured upon it, when it is covered for a minute or two and then drunk from the teacup. In this way the very essence of the herb is drawn out, and you get none of the bitter flavor produced by long steeping. Sugar and milk are never used, and although it is a somewhat extravagant method of making tea, I much prefer it to our home process. As everything relating to

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates," may prove interesting, I give you such items as I have gathered. The best teas are grown on the high mountain lands, with moderately rich soils, especially in those localities where the soil is well mixed with debris of rocks. The plant when growing is very pretty and fragrant, resembling somewhat the myrtle, with a white flower, not unlike the hedge rose.

The difference in quality depends partly on the district where grown, and partly on the season when they are gathered, as the young leaves of Spring are of much finer flavor than the full grown leaves of Summer or the coarser ones of Autumn. The tea growers are small proprietors, and their lands are divided by footpaths, as I have heretofore described the division of wheat districts. After the farmer has gathered his crop he partially dries it in the sun, when it is sold to the agent of the Hong merchants. The teas thus purchased are taken to the merchant's house, in one of the large towns in the vicinity of the tea district, and mixed together; care, however, being taken to keep the various qualities separate as much as possible, and this forms a "chop" of perhaps six hundred chests.

Leaves from which green tea is to be made are brought first in the plantations, and spread out thinly on bamboo trays, in order to get rid of their moisture. In two or three hours the leaves dry, and they are then thrown into the roasting pans, and rapidly moved about and shaken up. They make a crackling noise, become moist and flaccid, and give off considerable vapor. In this state they remain a very short time, when they are drawn quickly from over the fire and placed on rolling tables. The quantity is divided among the workmen at the rolling table—each takes as much as he can manage to press with his hands into the form of a ball. The ball is rolled on the table and compressed to force out the remaining moisture, and give the leaves the necessary twist. The leaves are then shaken out upon the flat trays and carried once more to the roasting pan, where they are kept in rapid motion by the hands of the workmen, and in an hour and a half the leaves are well dried, and their color is fixed. The difference in the color between black and green tea (when not artificially colored) depends wholly upon the process of manipulation.

After the tea is dry it is passed through sieves of various sizes, in order to get rid of impurities, and divide it into the well known kinds of Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Young Hyson.

Black tea undergoes a similar treatment, but the method of manipulation is not the same, and coloring matter is never added.

Some kinds of black tea are very expensive and never exported, being used by the Emperor and some of the high Mandarins. The kinds denominated "coral dew," "white dew," and "rivulet garden tea," are said to be worth thirty dollars a pound in China.

Some idea of the great number of persons employed in the tea culture may be formed, when it is estimated that fifty-five millions of pounds are annually exported, and that it is the universal beverage of three hundred millions of people at home.

—Cor. Rochester Union.

THE VIEW OF THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

We have been permitted to publish the following letter, addressed to the most beautiful and accomplished lady of our city, from the American minister at Naples, Italy.—*Indianapolis Daily Sentinel, July 29th.* (What a flatterer our Indians contemporary is!)

NAPLES, June 25, 1855.

I preserve so grateful and agreeable recollections, my dear —, of the pleasant hours in your parlor at Indianapolis, for which I was indebted to yourself and the Judge, that I am fain to persuade myself, that a letter from an old friend, dated from his distant Italian home, may not be wholly uninteresting or unwelcome.

High as were my expectations from the accounts I had read of the bay of Naples, the reality came up to them. One of their poets has described it as "a *peso di cielo caduto in terra*"—(a bit of Heaven dropped down upon earth), and when one looks upon it at its best moments and in its various aspects of loveliness, the hyperbole seems not out of place. I do not wonder that Neapolitans, driven to other lands by tyranny or want, yet drop

and pine after the delicious climate and luxurious scenery of their own.

The thermometer ranges from about 28 deg. to 88 deg.; its extreme range being about 60 deg. instead of 120 deg., as with us. I have not seen snow except on the distant mountains, for two years; and in summer the heat can but rarely be called oppressive. There is always a pleasant evening sea breeze, under the invigorating influence of which one can walk out without inconvenience.

The one object of most interest, perhaps, is Vesuvius, about eight miles from the city, seen from every portion of the bay and neighborhood—the marked feature in every landscape—a slight smoke issuing from its summit, terribly suggestive of the devastation it has often spread around, and which it still retains the power to reproduce.

If you could but have visited us last month! Only think of it; we had had an eruption; the lava pouring forth in an incessant stream some nine or ten miles in length, for twenty-six days! I would have willingly have gone a thousand miles to see it. It is a sight to remember while one lives.

It was late in the evening of the 30th of April, I think, that my servant entered the room, with a face of eagerness, exclaiming, "*Il Vesuvio fa fuoco*" (that is, "makes fire.") I ascended to the terrace of the house, and there became aware that I was at last to witness an eruption. Through a good telescope I could distinguish on the northern slope of the cone and about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, a small crater throwing up red-hot stones, and the lava descended from it.

I subsequently visited the spot twice, at night; but I despair of conveying to you any adequate idea of the scene. There have been formed five craters, or "mounds of fire," as they call them, none exceeding 30 or 40 feet in height; or one or two giving forth flame only, the others throwing up at intervals, with a low rumbling or moaning sound, slight showers of red hot stones, ashes, scorias, &c., resembling artificial fire-works on a grand scale. From these poured forth two streams of lava in a perfectly liquid state, flowing down the steep declivity with a velocity of 4 or 5 miles an hour.—Each stream might be some 30 or 40 feet wide, and exactly the color of gold. Down the centre of each was a broad, perfectly smooth, burnished stripe, while on each side it was somewhat roughened, like dead gold. No partial cooling had yet darkened its surface or arrested its flow. If some volcano in California should ever pour forth, in liquid form, her hidden treasures, the stream would not appear other or more brilliant than that which now flowed before us.

To reach the edge of this stream, I crossed the lava of the preceding day, the surface of which had already hardened, so that there was little risk except to one's boot sole. I approached within eight or ten feet of one of the craters, which was then vomiting forth flame. There, however, the heat was so excessive, that I could only remain a few seconds. So I quickly turned to gaze at a safer distance, on an unearthy scene. Never, never can I forget it! The entire course of the lava was marked by a superincumbent curtain of dense vapor, lighted up by the lurid glare from the river below. This sulphurous canopy rolled up the mountain, settling upon it in heavy masses of dark clouds, completely concealing its summit. Immediately around us, every thing showed clearly as by day. But what a light! such an one as we may suppose shed over Milton's Satan and his audience, when he was stirring the fallen angels, to a second rebellion. Men looked like spectres in it. The pitchy darkness which brooded on the upper mountain was momentarily illuminated from time to time, by the sudden flaming forth of the highest among these newly formed craters, situated some three or four hundred yards up the slope of the cone. I experienced a strange desire to ascend and penetrate the mysteries of that region of mingled fire and gloom. But it would have been madness; for, at every step on the road, one would have been exposed to showers of red hot stones; to say nothing of the chance of a new crater suddenly opening beneath one's feet, so I refrained, calling to mind some lines from my favorite Schiller, occurring in his ballad, "Diver":

Muller der Muech versuche die Götter nicht,
Nur hebe die Wimper und wende an schonen
Was sie gaudig beiseiten mit Nachts und mit Tag.

I forget whether you read German or not. But in case you do not, these lines may be thus translated:

And let not man tempt the Gods;
And never, never has him seek to behold
What they, in their mercy, cover up with night and darkness!

Following the current of lava to about a mile and a half from its source, we reached a perpendicular ledge of rock, over which it poured in a cataract of fire, some 30 or 40 feet in depth and 80 or 100 feet in width, divided in the centre by a dark projecting rock, which stood out in bold contrast with the red hot stream. Large masses of lava, often 15 or 20 feet in diameter, some still of a white heat, others already darkened in color by partial cooling, rolled slowly over, toppling down, as they reached the perpendicular descent, not swiftly or suddenly, as heavy bodies over a waterfall, but quietly and majestically, in part arrested by sliding somewhat in the thick liquid mass.

Beneath this marvellous cascade, the stream of lava dropped into a rocky mountain gorge, spreading out to considerable width, and moving on very slowly with a constant crackling sound, like that of the ice breaking up in a large river. I could trace its winding course for miles, by the bright streaks of fire, until at last it disappeared in the distant gloom.

At a later period of the eruption, I visited the lower portion of the mountain, at the points where the lava reached the valley below. Here, too, the scene was magnificent, beyond any thing I had previously conceived.

The lava had descended to the plain by way of a deep ravine, up the precipitous banks of which I followed a guide by torchlight about three miles. Some two or three hundred feet below me, slowly on crept the mass of lava, for it could scarcely now be called a stream, most of it having darkened to the color and appearance of coke, streaked, however, with narrow stripes of red hot matter. The scenery as we descended became wilder and wilder. After a time we entered a narrow, deep cut and very steep pass, which shut every thing from our

view. Emerging from this we come suddenly on one of the most sublime spectacles this earth can afford. Just opposite, across a deep, dark gulf, the lava poured down in four distinct, and still red hot streams, over a precipitous descent of eight hundred or a thousand feet, the sulphurous clouds drifting from its surface and rolling away up the mountain side. Imagine such a scene in the stillness and darkness of night. If it had been but a mountain torrent, glittering in the moon-light and pouring its brawling waters into the gloom below, with a succession of rapids down that dark ravine, to the distant plain, even then the effect would have been striking and romantic in the extreme. But conceive the waters of that torrent suddenly converted into liquid gold, lighting up with their glare, the obscurity of night; their several streams awaiting to form at the bottom of the abyss, a lake of fire; and you form some idea of a scene never to be fully conceived except by those who witnessed its awful and sublime reality.

Quite different, but very remarkable in its character was the scene, which some days afterward I visited in the plain below, at the extreme points of the lava stream. Above, on the mountain, I had seen it in its wild sublimity; here, it appeared in its destructive might. Inch by inch, foot by foot, and finally mile by mile the smoking mass glided on, silently and irresistibly as death, swallowing up every thing before it. Cultivated fields or orchards, vineyards, olive groves, houses, roads, were covered up for ever from human sight. On and on it came, showing in front like a huge blackened wall, seamed with veins of fire great masses of dark lava rolling down in advance.

The people, with pale faces of terror and wonder, were clustered by hundreds in front of it, watching its progress. And only watching it, or at worst weeping and wringing their hands; for every one felt, that human effort might as well avail to stop the sun in his course, as to arrest the progress, or divert this course, of that exterminating scourge! As taken in connection with any puny efforts of man—we were in the presence of Almighty Power! It might spare, or it might destroy; we could but look on and submit. Except, perhaps, the main fall of Niagara, I never witnessed any thing that so completely embodied the idea of irresistible fate.

The progress of this lava current, now eight or ten miles from its source and gradually hardening to rock, was slow; usually some twenty or thirty feet in half an hour; though at one time I saw it move on thirty feet in five minutes. It separated in two streams. One threatened the village of Cerreto, but stopped short of it about 300 yards. The other flowed toward the village of Santorina, but came to a stand about half a mile distant from it. Thus the amount of destruction was less than was at first anticipated.

ROBERT DALL OWEN.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Italy.

France, England and Sarlinia, are said to have expressed their formal disapproval of the proposed league of the Italian States. The Turin papers speak of an attempted insurrection in the Duchy of Modena, and arrests have been made at Spazzia, Carrara, Massi Levici, and elsewhere.

Owing to the troubled state of Italy, the French garrison at Rome has been reinforced by a thousand more men.

Mazzini publishes a letter in the Genoa papers, warning Italians against Bonapartist intrigues.

Germany.

Capt. Merryman, of the American bark *Undine*, has been the first to refuse payment of the Hanoverian State dues. He refused to show his papers, yet was permitted to proceed to Hamburg and deliver his cargo.

Denmark.

The Danish Government is understood to have replied to the United States in a long document, regretting that the Cabinet at Washington had not given longer notice of its intention respecting the non-payment of Sound dues, especially in the present crisis, when Denmark's neighbors are endeavoring to draw her into a war; and further, that the abolition of Sound dues would be a loss of many thousands of dollars to Denmark, and a saving of not more than two hundred dollars annually to the shipping of the United States.

Denmark, therefore, considers it impossible on the short notice to comply, and believes that other nations will regard America's demand unfavorably.

The Black Sea Fleet.

The maritime forces of England in the Black Sea at the present moment are as follows: Seven sail of the line—that is, two 120 gun ships, three 90, one 84, and one 78; three frigates of 18 guns, three of 27, three of 59, and one of 8 guns. In addition to these are four frigates with steam power attached—four with 90 guns, and two carrying 101 and 121. The screw frigates are five in number, carrying guns from 5 to 29. In addition to which there are seven other steam frigates, carrying various weights of metal up to 23 guns.

There are also thirteen small screw steamers—forming in all 64 vessels of the royal navy. There are no fewer than 300 hired steam transports and sailing vessels constantly employed.

Immediately before Sevastopol there are eight screw steamers, eight steam frigates, two corvettes, and five sailing ships, with six cannoniers. The French have also stationed with us two steam frigates and six corvettes—in all 27 ships before the fortress.

The remaining ships of the allied squadrons are at Kamiesch and Balaklava. It is calculated that the allied maritime forces employed at the present moment in the Black Sea, including transports, amounts to 1200 ships. The French squadron comprises 61 ships-of-war, and 65 war steamers.

Lord Raglan's Death.

A military correspondent writes: "At four o'clock of the day of Lord Raglan's decease his staff was about to go for their usual ride, they were informed that he was much worse. They immediately repaired to where he was lying. He seemed surprised at seeing them all, and inquired the reason, which they stated as delicately as they could, when, with a most amiable smile, he assured

ed them they were mistaken, for he was much better, and in a day or two would be about again. They felt their anxiety relieved, and went for a ride, leaving him in peace. He afterward raised himself in the bed, and called twice or thrice, 'Frank, Frank!' (meaning Lord Burglers) turned round and so died, with a most beautiful calm and quiet expression on his face."

Rusdan Chivalry.

On Saturday last, says a correspondent of the London News, a chivalrous incident occurred on the part of the enemy, which deserves acknowledgment. About noon, a flag of truce was hoisted from Fort Constantine, and a boat sent out under it to the Royal Albert, carrying the sword of Sir John Campbell and Col. Yea, who were killed in the attack on the Rodan. On the day of that affair, the bodies of both these officers were treated with considerable respect by the Russian soldiers during the process of rifling, nothing being taken from their persons but their money, papers and arms—the last of which were now restored in the spirit of chivalry I have mentioned. I am as little disposed to exaggerate Russian beauties of character as can be any of your readers; but even towards an enemy, justice compels some tribute of praise for what is in itself graceful or meritorious. Poor Yea was well known to many officers in the garrison; and during more than one flag of truce for the burial of our own and the Russian dead, interchanged sentiments of generous appreciation which elicited many a friendly expression in return.

ISTHMIAN NEWS.

Our dates from Panama, are to the 17th of August.

On Saturday night, says the Star, owing to the active exertions of Mr. Stoker, and his assistants, the telegraph wires between this city and Aspinwall, were connected, and on Sunday morning about 9 o'clock, the first message by electric telegraph, from the shores of the Pacific to the Atlantic, was sent over by Mr. J. W. Johnson, the Superintendent of the Panama Station, Mr. Oscar Willis being the operator.

The British Mail steamer Clyde, says the Panama Star, arrived at Aspinwall from Greytown on the 6th of August, bringing dates to the 3d. By this vessel one of Colonel Kinney's party, Mr. West, came down passenger. We learn that the Colonel and his party are in fine spirits, and had been joined by considerable reinforcements. They are reported as quiet, well disposed persons, paying in cash for everything they receive, and in every respect conducting themselves in the most orderly manner, by which course they have thus far gained the good will of the inhabitants of Greytown. It is said Col. Kinney purposes moving into the interior soon to confer with the Government authorities of Nicaragua, and probably to offer them his services in case a war should break out between that country and Costa Rica, which is at present anticipated. We are told that the Colonel anticipates visiting this Isthmus by the next steamer from Greytown, if possible, with what object we do not know.

POTTSVILLE MONUMENT TO MR. CLAY.—A late number of the Miners' Journal gives a description of the Clay monument at Pottsville, from which we learn that the pillar will be composed of iron and of the Grecian Doric order of architecture, resting upon a granite base of two steps, placed in an elevated position at the entrance of Pottsville, upon a terraced walk nine feet wide of conglomerate stone. The entire stone-work base of the column is fifteen feet in height, composed of material taken from the mountains of the vicinity. The iron pillar was cast in eight sections, each five feet three inches in height, and resting upon its fellow beneath on inside flanges bolted together firmly. The total height of the cast iron column is fifty-one feet, and the extreme height from the lower portion of the base, sixty-six feet. The height of the steps above the side-walk in Center Street is seventy-three feet; so that the total Center Street side-walk to the foot of the statue is one hundred and twenty-four feet. The statue stands in fifteen feet in height; making the entire elevation from the street level one hundred and thirty-nine feet. The dedication of the monument took place on the 4th inst. Its total cost is only between \$8,000 and \$9,000. The principal inscription on the stone base is as follows: "In honor of Henry Clay monument is erected by the citizens of Schuylkill county and bequeathed to their children, a record of gratitude for his illustrious services, which brought peace, prosperity, and glory to his country; a tribute of admiration for the virtues which adorn a useful life and won for his imperishable name the respect and affection of mankind."

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN RUSSIA.—We are glad at length to have something definite and reliable respecting those American army officers, Major DeWolf and Captains Mordecai and McClellan, who were sent out by our government some time since, to inspect the fortifications and operations of the belligerents in the East. They went first to London and then to Paris, at both of which places they seem to have been received rather coolly. They then went to Berlin; and the report has been current, that the Russian government had also given them the cold shoulder, and they were about to return home without accomplishing the object of their mission. But the Washington Union contradicts this last report, and says that so far from having been coldly received by the Russians, they had been thus far treated with distinguished consideration by the representative of the Czar. On their arrival at Berlin, it says, they were welcomed and entertained by the Russian Minister in the most cordial manner; and when they reached Warsaw, Prince Paskiewitch greeted them with splendid hospitality. He gave them a grand review of the troops, and ordered an engineer officer to show them the fortifications, &c. They had been offered a choice between an invitation from the Emperor, first, to visit the Russian capital, St. Petersburg, where they had arrived, at previous accounts, and have doubtless received from the Czar every facility for pursuing their mission in the most satisfactory manner.

