

tiful, while nearer Seminary Hill, (or "Hog Back," in the vernacular,) rises from the sands of the Allegheny; then will Birmingham and Manchester and West Pittsburgh—all lesser Pittsburghs—rise up among the mountains and along the streams, to bear out our defence of their beauty. And swelling up the hillsides and reaching towards the heavens, will come (except on the Sabbath, when you can hear the birds sing and the trees whisper together) a sound like the noise of many waters; a sound as of a battling host; a sound such as you would hear were Philadelphia to lose all her dwellings and stores, and every factory and workshop and furnace and forge and boiler-works and shipyard and omnibus and dray, from Manayunk to the Navy Yard, and from Bush Hill to Kensington, to blend its noise within a space of one mile square—while you listened to it from the State House steeple in its midst. In one volume the sound varies from a smooth hum to a rugged roar, as the wind rises and falls; but an attentive listener will detect the beat of a sledge; the blows of the boiler-maker; the hammer of the caulker; the whistle of the steam engine; the puff of the steamboat; the rattle of the dray; the ring of a fire bell, or even the striking of the Third church clock; while with a sharp roar and rattle the little black cars will every now and then rush out of the coal mines half way down the hill, pitch down a very steep plane and upset their load of "black diamonds" into a black flatboat in the river. The variation of the sound and the half vanishing glimpses you get through the smoke-cloud, always reminded us of the stanza in Saint Agnes Eve describing the noise of the "wassail" in the Castle, as Porphyro hears it in the dim, silver twilight of Madeleine's chamber:

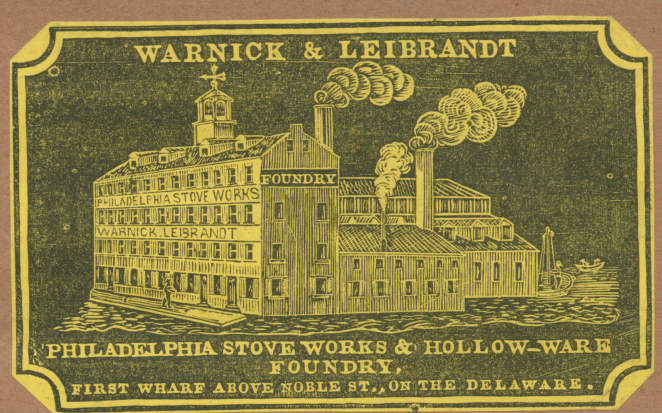
"O for some drowsy Morphean anulet!
The belisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle drum and far heard clarinet,
Affray his ears though but in dying tone;—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone,

The words of the rhyme express perfectly the gush of sound through the suddenly opened door, but "the hall door shuts again and all the noise is gone."

This grand labor lyric is not only splendid in itself, but when it is remembered that the one hundred and thirty thousand people of Pittsburgh are working for the entire valley of the Mississippi, the significance of the sound increases a thousand fold. As Philadelphia dispenses eastward and southward manufactures to the world; so Pittsburgh scatters her products from the Falls of St. Anthony to Texas and California, and they are borne from her splendid wharf by hundreds of steamers constructed there yearly. Under the fostering care of the doctrines of HENRY CLAY (whose name is even yet a spell of power in Pittsburgh as in Philadelphia) these two great manufacturing centres of the country would flourish like very Banyan trees.

The anniversary to be celebrated in Pittsburgh, is that of the Surrender of Fort Duquesne, November 25, 1758, as recorded above. This outpost was first fixed upon by Captain Trent, who, with a company of Virginia backwoodsmen, began to build a fort there in the spring of 1754. But being driven off by the French, the latter occupied the works and sent out a party to attack Washington, then advancing toward the spot. At Great Meadows, Washington's band were attacked by nine hundred French and Indians and forced to retire East of the Alleghenies. On the 9th July, of the same year, General Braddock, advancing toward Fort Duquesne, suffered the famous defeat, twelve miles from the Fort. Washington, as we all know, was there too. The defeat of Braddock having had the effect to ally more closely the Indians and French, Fort Duquesne from 1754 was not only an eye-sore to the English, as an evidence of French designs on the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, but from its gates issued forth parties who devastated the English borders with fire and sword. It was, however, taken, under the administration of William Pitt, on the 25th of November, 1758, by Gen. Forbes' army, Washington being again in the fore front. The accounts of the Indian troubles previous to its surrender, given by the stout hearted Moravian Missionary Christian Frederic Post and others, are intensely interesting, and a field for the history of Western Pennsylvania, unsurpassed by any portion of the country or the Commonwealth, lies before some future historian—unless the report is true, that a gentleman of Fayette has already prepared such a work for publication. In the meantime, the preparations for the celebration are

going forward with animation, and the affair promises to be one worthy of the event, and of the Commonwealth.
E. C. W.
*T. B. Read—"The New Pastoral."



L Nov. 1858

FORTUNE TELLERS AND THEIR DUPES.

Among the pests of every great city, are plausible and profligate fortune tellers. They resort to every possible device, with the object of deceiving the simple and the credulous. The intelligent and the discreet ridicule and condemn these charlatans, and pay no attention whatever to their silly predictions and idle promises. But there are hundreds of weak-minded persons who, visionary, superstitious, and easily deceived, are deluded, entrapped, and often betrayed by these impostors and knaves. A belief in their absurdities is a sort of disease or monomania, and it is confined chiefly to the ignorant and uneducated. Occasionally, however, there are exceptions. "Doesticks," one of the most amusing writers of the day, has devoted an entire volume to the history of fortune tellers in New York. He says that on visiting these sharpers he learned that every different planet known to astrology was in the ascendant at his birth; that the descriptions of the wives promised him would give full thirty-three spouses; that he was born once every year from 1820 to 1833; that he had more than twenty birth-places, and that when dead it will be necessary to dissect his corpse into very small pieces, in order that his earthly remains may be buried in all the places set down for him by these prophets. On one occasion he visited, in the disguise of a woman, "Madame Morrow," and was shown the face of his future husband; "a bloated face, with a moustache, with black eyes and black hair; a hang-dog, thief-like face, and one that one would not pass in the street without involuntarily putting his hands into his pockets." This trick is performed with the magic mirror, a contrivance sold by any optician for a dollar and a quarter.

The above brief outline embodies the whole story, and it should admonish and deter. Fortune telling, in all its phases and varieties, is a gross imposture, and while its practice may be harmless in some instances, in others it is full of mischief, especially as it is calculated to disturb the peace of families, to excite false expectations, to prompt and stimulate crime.

L Dec. 3-58

Nov. 58—
The Oyster Trade.—In consequence of the partial failure of the oyster beds at the South, and especially in the Chesapeake Bay, there has been a large acquisition to the buyers, at our own market, for neighboring cities. The oysters raised in our own waters are in prime condition, and this fact, with the increased demand for the articles, has caused a considerable rise in the price of these luxuries. Spruce street wharf daily presents a lively appearance, thronged as it is with buyers and vendors. The prices now range from \$2 to \$15 per thousand, and the demand is fully equal to the supply. Those purchased for neighboring cities, are packed in barrels and forwarded by the railway to their destination.

THE LAST OF THE SOUNDING BOARDS.—The *Congregational Journal* gives its lament at the final departure from the State of New Hampshire, of this last relic of Puritan architecture and acoustics. Modern innovation has, from time to time, introduced stoves and furnaces, changed the square pews, with seats on hinges, to slips, remodelled house and steeple, and now the sounding board goes by the board, and leaves nothing to remind one of the good old days of simplicity and self-denial in worshipping God in his sanctuary. We believe the Old South Church, Boston, still holds to the sounding board, but it would appear from our Concord cotemporary that the old Granite State is about to cast off this last vestige of primitive times. The *Journal* says:

"Those of our readers who have never seen a *Sounding Board* hanging in a meeting house from the ceiling directly over the pulpit, will die without the sight, unless they soon visit the old meeting house in Campton. Into that venerable old edifice, without steeple, with a porch on each end, with its square banister, pews, and lofty hoghead pulpit—into that rusty, weather-beaten, moody old tabernacle, standing solitary in seeming grief that all its associates in its day and generation are no more, you may enter and gaze upon the only Sounding Board now hanging in the Granite State. There it has hung for fifty-six years, and never has fallen upon the minister's head, as many a childish mind has feared!"

L Nov. 27-58

Nov. 16-58

Too Bad.

We sincerely wish that our fellow citizens would awake to a knowledge of the fact that of all improprieties and nuisances, the one which perhaps causes most annoyance from one end of the year to the other, is that caused by washing pavements at ILLEGAL hours. Of all vexations, none is so inexcusable as that of water-splashing and hose-trailing about the pavement, just at the hour when gentlemen are going down town to business. And there is so much of the nuisance. Really there are days when it would seem as if every other pavement were being washed; and as if it were all done for the express purpose of carrying on a war with *aqua pumpa* or *aqua hydranta*, against all comers. In ancient Rome, servants were allowed only one week in the whole year, during which time they were allowed among other fancy privileges, to splash their masters and "the better sort" with water. Here in Philadelphia, they are allowed, to devote every Saturday to purifying pavements, patricians and the people generally. The institution of washing is a noble one; but there is washing and washing, and the lavatory process, as applied to the skin directly, is a very different affair from that to the outside of the garments. Pavements should be washed before eight o'clock in the morning, and when the markets are scattered all over the town in the form of provision stores, so that people will not be compelled to make a long and weary pilgrimage at day-break to the present scene of confusion and competition, we shall probably see servants in a position to devote, at a proper hour, to washing, that time which is now expended in carrying heavy baskets of provisions.