COUNTING HOUSE

ALMANAC, 1847.

Months.	Monday..	Tuesday.	W'd'sd'y	Thursd'y	Friday...	Saturday	Sunday.
Jan.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Feb.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
March.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
April.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
May.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
June.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				

Months.	Monday..	Tuesday.	W'd'sd'y	Thursd'y	Friday...	Saturday	Sunday,
July.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
Sept.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
Oct.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Nov.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
Dec.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

...m the Washington Union.

...nd our right."

...nced to the world as
...re European colony or
...ent, be planted or estab-
...North American continent."

Fling out our broad banner, and over each star
Stamp that motto of freemen—"*Our God and our right.*"
Let it wave in the orient regions afar,
And shine in the occident, brilliant as light,
We stoop'd not to tyrants in days when our sires
Lit up on our altars fair Liberty's fires—
And now, with our millions, we *will* not descend
To yield up our rights while we've arms to defend!

Look back to the days when a Hastings imbrued
His arms to their sockets in Hindostan blood;
Or later, when princes and khans were subdued,
As British oppression strode on like a flood;
Or still later yet, let poor China conceal
The justice that drop't from fair Albion's steel—
And say, if the *stars* and the *stripes* shall descend
To yield up our rights while we've arms to defend!

God knows, if there be in the language of men
A term to express the aggressions they show,
A limit to mark their circuitous ken,
The *ultima thule* to which they would go—
God knows—but no matter, we've met them *before*,
And the sons can enact the same drama *once* more—
Columbia, with millions, will *never* descend
To yield up her rights while she's arms to defend!

TAPPAN.

Quickest Trip on Record!—The steamer Oregon is a screamer to run, or rather fly. She left New York at six o'clock, Tuesday evening, and arrived opposite this city at half past one o'clock yesterday morning! making the trip in seven hours and a half! Capt. St. John says he can do nearly an hour better than this, when all circumstances of tide, water and light are favorable. If so, the night trip up and down the river will be but an evening's work, and passe...rs will reach their journey's end at ...pectable and very fashionable bed-...our noble steamers are to make ...s this, we can see no great neces... establishment of the Magnetic ...The Oregon run from her peer, ...ry, to Caldwell's Landing, 47 ...hours. This was her average ...on, from which place the state ...endered it necessary to slacken ...*Albany Citizen.*

... is a man who can eat ...ith God and man, it is ...ght that bread out of ...st industry. It is ...et by no tear—

A FOX HUNT.

We were ascending a hill, a dozen of us 'in a ruck' and on reaching its top a curious spectacle met our gaze. The hill declined rather abruptly on the other side, and its base was lined with a tall hazel hedge, mixed thickly with holly and wild briars. On the other side were the dogs, and one or two hunters, and on this side, about a hundred horsemen, who had all pulled up, not daring to gallop down the somewhat precipitous bank, and unable to clear the fence in any event. Their poor horses were sadly blown, their tails quivering like the arm of a palsied man; yet still their riders were anxious to follow the dons, and rode backward and forward, looking for an assailable part in the thick hedge. Each one thought it possible that he *might* be in at the death—perhaps get the brush, and what an exploit would that be to talk about at home! Would'nt that sound well in his favorite smoke room? Would'nt some people burst with envy? A fox's brush from a real hunting field—only think!

Who had seen the fox? was the question. Of course, plenty of people had seen the fox. One man had seen him go up the hill, another had seen him dodging round a coppice; in short, he had been seen in every variety of vulpine action, and in more colors than the rainbow.

We checked our horses as we reached the hill-top, and were looking for a moment in merriment at the confused scene below us; when three dragoon officers came spurring up the hill, bellowing out to us to advance. "What the devil are you gaping there for?" said a pair of whiskers. "Ride them down!" gasped an infantine brace of mustaches. "Clear the way!" roared one of those heavy Dutch-faced lieutenants, who always are lieutenants, and never rise higher. So we cleared the way, to let the gentlemen have a fair field, and stood looking on. Ah ha! not gold lace, nor exotic mustaches dared face that leap, but they checked their horses somewhat sheepishly, and retreated behind their wilderness of whiskers, as well as they could, seeking to hide their shame among the friendly shades.

"Halloo! what ails ye, lads?" cried the old Squire, coming gently toward us, with his horse well in hand, and scarcely blown. He saw our predicament. "Is that all? clear the way with your post-horse varmint, below there. Yo ho! Yo-oicks!" Away he flew; and the next moment was over the hedge, singing out cheerily to us. Away started the three soldies, like good men and true, and with a cheer we followed; there was no backing out, for we were going down hill at a sweeping pace. As we rode pretty much abreast, our line was widely extended, and although two or three of us saw that if we cleared the hedge, we should inevitably alight in a small pond, covered with green slimy filth and weeds, still it was too late to retreat; and at it we went. One of the soldiers was first, and with a look of rueful resignation, lifted his horse at the fence: but before the animal had cleared it, he fell from his saddle, and disappeared in the green depths of the puddle, whither his faithful steed followed him. It was a pond for cattle to drink at, and was full six feet deep where he fell, and while he and his horse were scuffling and fighting together, I and mine were upon them.

It is a wonder the poor captain was not killed, but after great struggling he stood on dry land, with fury in his face, and mud and slime in his mouth, a very passionate martyr in green weeds. My horse, being an old stager, did not attempt to run away, but came trotting up to me, asking to be remounted. His, a fiery bay mare, was away like the wind. "Well, sir," said he, spitting and rubbing his eyes, "this is pretty conduct for a—Here's a guinea to any man who brings back my mare. Such treatment, Sir, I consider is un—. Will none of you lazy rascals go after the mare?" I left him to cool his temper as he might. All the field were now advancing merrily; we were close on the dogs, and it became evident that the chase could not last much longer. A loud snarling, growling and wrangling proceeded from the margin of a small spruce covert. "There's the fox!" said our dandy sportsmen, and dashed forward to get a glimpse of the wonderful animal: some of the old men tittered, the huntsman dismounted and beat off the dogs; then came among us holding up the long sought prey—a bag of salted herrings. It is a fact. Foxes were rather scarce, and difficult to be caught, and as a fox could not be found in that part, unless he was taken there for the purpose of hunt, the project was abandoned, and a bunch of herrings was dragged over the country, (the scent of which will at any time lure a foxhound from a real trail,) and here they were. The ungrateful fellows, not content with a day's good sport, began to grumble dreadfully, and to humor their ill-tempers, the rain began to fall in torrents, and as the unfortunate people were full ten miles from anywhere, their horses jaded and staggering, they had impatiently to submit to all its soaking charms.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

Anecdote of the late Benjamin Russel.—The worthy editor of the Columbian Centinel was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after he commenced the publication of that paper, he not only acted as the s... editor and reporter, but also worked considerably at case, in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press work. It is related of him, that once having published an article which was considered personal, and highly offensive, by a certain individual of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited the unfortunate printer, armed with a cowskin, and fully determined to give him a sound threshing. According to the custom of the time, he was arrayed in white kerseymere small clothes, white silk stockings and white vest. Mr. Russell was at the time busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, in handling the press balls for distributing ink—*rollers* were not known in those days—and his astonishment may be easily imagined when he saw a well dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in a towering passion, and aim a blow at him with a cowskin.

The printer fronted his antagonist and very naturally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect, one on his snowy vest, and the other on his left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the cowskin—another thrust with the balls—which served admirably well the purpose of both sword and shield. In a few minutes the advocate of Lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a band box, was covered with ink—printer's ink—black and oily, from head to foot—his hat was knocked off in the melee—his gay costume was transformed into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native citizen of Tombuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by the printer, who had now got his hand in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between his shoulders, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer when engaged in his calling.—*Boston Journal.*

A LARGE ORGAN.

At Freybourg in Switzerland is a very powerful organ, which is well described by a correspondent of the New York Observer.

It has 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long, and 94 stops. It is an instrument of power, and though the traveler is compelled to pay eleven francs to hear it on a week-day, it is worth the money. At first one imagines a trick is played upon him, and that a full orchestra accompanies the organ. The mellow tones melt in and float away with the heavier notes, as if a band of musicians were playing out of sight. Many refuse to believe it is not a deception till they go up and examine every part of the instrument. The effect is perfectly bewildering. There is the trombone, the clarionet, the flute, the fife, and ever and anon the clear ringing note of the trumpet. The performance is closed with an imitation of a thunder storm, in which the wonderful power of the instrument is fully tested. At first you hear the low distant growl swelling up and slowly dying away. The next peal breaks on the ear with a more distinct and threatening sound. Nearer and nearer rolls up the thunder-cloud, sending its quick and heavy discharges through the atmosphere, till clap follows clap with stunning rapidity, rolling and crashing through the building till its solid arches tremble as if the real thunders of heaven were bursting overhead. I did not dream that a single instrument could possess so much power.

The same correspondent also described two suspension bridges in Freybourg; one remarkable for its great length, the other for its extreme beauty. The latter connects the top of two mountains, swinging over a frightful gulf that makes one dizzy to look down into. There are no buttresses or mason-work in sight; at a little distance shafts are sunk in the solid rock of the mountains, down which the wires that sustain it are dropped. There it stretches, a mere black line nearly 300 feet in the heavens, from summit to summit. It looks like a spider's web flung across a chasm; its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky. While you are looking at the fairy creation suspended in mid-heaven, almost expecting the next breeze will waft it away, you see a heavy wagon driven on it. You shrink back with horror at the rashness that could trust so frail a structure at that dizzy height. But the airy-hung cobweb sustains the pressure, and the vehicle passes in safety. Indeed, weight steadies it, while the wind, as it sweeps down the gulf, makes it swing under you. The large suspension bridge is supported on four cables of iron wire, each one composed of 1,056 wires. As the Menai bridge of Wales is often said to be longer than this, we give the dimensions of both: Freybourg, length 905 feet, height 174 feet, breadth 28 feet: Menai, length 580 feet, height 130, breadth 25 feet. A span of 905 feet, without any intermediate pier, seems impossible at first, and one needs the testimony of his own eyes before he can fully believe it.

The Right.—Always pursue what you have reason to believe is the right course, without regard to ease on the one hand and interest on the other. Go straight forward, determined to breast the floods of iniquity, or perish in the effort. Never stay with the multitude through fear of worldly policy, and never listen to the advice of those, who, rotten at heart, move on with the popular current. Feel that you have something to do in the world, and go about it forthwith—taking truth for your guide, and Virtue for your companion.

"The Right will triumph o'er mistrust,
While doubt and fear disgraced will die;
New life shall spring from virtue's dust,
With wisdom garnered from the sky."

☞ When it was told to the late Rev. Sydney Smith, that it was intended to pave St. Paul's church-yard with blocks, his answer was, that "he thought there would be no difficulty in the matter, if the *Dean and Chapter would put their heads together!*"