INSANITY AND DEATH FROM INTENSE DEVOTION TO BUSINESS.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold—
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled—
Heavy to get and light to hold—
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold—
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled—
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould—
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold."

"The love of money," and not money, is the root of many, if not all, the seeming evils that harass and afflict mankind. It is a sin which editors are not often guilty of committing. But every age of the world's progress as a cotemporary truly says, has its foible and its predominate characteristic. One was measured by barbarian conquests; another witnessed the spread of Christianity; a third was memorable for the crusades; a fourth for its feudal sway; another for its spread of superstition; another of discovery; another of settlement, &c. We have had the iron, brazen, silver, and golden ages; but, beyond all question, the mark of this nineteenth century is expressed by its pursuit of wealth more than by any other of its great characteristics. The pursuit in England and in the United States has been to a great degree, an insanity. Previous to 1825 men laboured for competencies—from then to 1835 for fortunes—ever since for the love of monied power and pecuniary despotism; and despite all the dreadful lessons, we have from day to day, and year to year, regarding this insanity, the pursuit continues, and increases its tenacity of purpose and scope of sway. Suicides, bankruptcies, disgraces, sudden deaths—one and all preach awful sermons to the votaries of wealth, yet how pointless of effect! Men make steam-engines of themselves, and from morning until night—even half through the night—work and dream of gold.

But there are men who work (and we believe with Carlyle that "work is worship,") for fame or their fellowmen, who regard gold as of little value, or only as the accredited means of promoting some noble and philantrophic end. This train of thought has been suggested by several newspaper paragraphs in some of our exchanges. A Columbus paper, for instance, relates the following circumstances, which should be a warning to our merchants and business men:

On the evening of the 13th of March, 1856, Abiathar Crane, a highly respectable citizen of Bainbridge, Putnam County, Indiana, arrived in Columbus in the care of a few friends, in a state of great physical prostration and utter mental alienation. He had been to New York on matters of business which had so ingrossed his thoughts as to deprive him of necessary sleep and repose. In this condition he commenced his homeward journey, and little is known of him until his arrival at Crestline, when his malady was fully developed. He was cared for by a few friendly strangers, and a message dispatched to his relatives in Indiana, one of whom immediately repaired to his relief, and he again set forward for home; but on reaching Columbus it was found that travel aggravated his malady, and his necessities constituting an emergency appealing to human sympathies, he was hospitably received in the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, where he received every attention that sympathy can prompt or professsional skill afford. After languishing for several days, without the return of a lucid moment, nature sank under the violence of the malady, and he died. His insanity was of the typhomania form, and death from exhaustion was apprehended from his first reception into the Asylum. He died the morning of the 24th, aged thirty-five years."

Life Illustrates quotes from a Wall-street cotemporary another paragraph in point, which it finds right under its "stock columns:"

"The sudden death of Nelson Robinson, Esq., who is well known to New York City as one of the leading minds of Wall street, forcibly arrests the public attention. Twelve o'clock Sunday, we understand, he was at church, in his usual health. On his return home he was seized with apoplexy—the second attack—and he expired after an illness of six hours.

"These (many) sudden deaths from apoplexy among business men forcibly admonish us all that we must take more time for leisure, recreation, and enjoyment of some kind or other. Mind cannot stand the constant stretch of the street, and breaks down under it, and crushes the whole system with it. The brain is *over*-worked, and the physique *under*-worked. There is not enough physical to counterbalance the intense intellectual activity of the city. Play more and work less."

Here was a gentleman in the prime of life, says our cotemporary of *Life Illustrated* (and a good illustration it is of spending our life in the too eager pursuit of gaining gold,) only forty-eight years old—with an income of $50,000 a year for the last ten years, probably, living in grand style, with a loving wife and family, who committed suidide just as much as Sadlier did on Hampstead Heath, through the insanity of one ended in misfortune and that of the other in lucky turns. He retired in 1854, and was then told by his medical friend—"Stop business, or you will die!" He obeyed for a short time, and was renewing his youth and life; but yielding to the insanity of Wall-street, he re-entered the race of wealth, *and died.*

Our esteemed friend, Walter Restored Jones, (a memoir of whose life was published in this magazine) died of apoplexy, in the "harness," from over-working his brain. He, like Mr. Robinson, was told that he must moderate his application to business, or die. He heeded not the admonition, and New York lost a useful and valued citizen.

It was the insanity for wealth which drove Robert Schuyler and James C Forsyth to the miserable deaths of skulking exiles; and i tis the same which brought Phineas T. Barnum to the mortification of a public bankruptcy, and an examination in court about his daily bread.

These are lessons which men grasping for *may* profit by; but the probability is that they will be disregarded. It is the property of insanity to believe its possessor sane, cool, and steady, and in no need of reformation in mind or body; but the humble artizan, the merchant of snug means, the happy *literateur*, the merry milliner, the little laborer, the hearty farmer—one and all, who ever sigh for wealth, and often fain would essay to try for the gigantic fortunes that they hear about, *will* take heed by these teachings and ask only for competence—remain contented with competency, when it is required. For them the warnings of suicide, bankruptcy, disgrace, and sudden death, will not be thrown away!—*Hunt's Magazine.*

MACHINE FOR PEGGING BOOTS AND SHOES.—A new machine for this purpose has been brought forward. The boot is placed on one part of the machine, and a stick of wood on another, motion being given, one portion of the mechanism operates to prick the holes with an awl another to make the pegs, another to feed the pegs to the mouth of the holes, and another to drive the pegs home. These various operations are performed with great rapidity, about two minutes only being required to double peg each boot.

DISCOVERY IN BAKING BREAD.—A correspondent of the Scotsman, writing from Munich, says: "I have visited Professor Leibig, and seen his admirable lecture-room and laboratory, models for imitation in other countries. He told me that in England the bakers used a quantity of alum in making bread. It is employed to make the bread white, moist, and soft. It acts by coagulating the gluten of the wheat, but it is deleterious in its effects. He has discovered that water saturated with lime, produces the same whiteness in bread, the same softness and the same capacity to retain moisture; while the lime removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an element needed in the structure of bones which is deficient in wheat, and still more so in rye. I ate bread of it in his house; it was excellent. He used five pounds of water saturated with lime to nineteen pounds of flour. No other change is necessary in the process of baking. The lime coagulates the gluten as effectually as the alum does. The bread weighs well, and the bakers consequently approve of it. He allowed me to report the discovery at discretion."

"YOU FORGET ME." A good story is told of a church-going citizen, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted to be one of the drollest little fellows alive.

On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through a regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngster, with nothing on but a night-wrapper and a cloth cap.

"You forgot me," said he in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

CIRCASSIA.—It has already been stated that the Circassians, alarmed at the unprotected conditon in which they have been lefi by the conclusion of the war' have sent an address to the Sultan, demanding the assistance of Turkey and the Western powers to maintain themselves against the Russians. The London Press thus speaks of the critical condition in which they have been placed:

"By the action of the war the military power of Russia has been concentrated as to allow of an overwhelming force being directed against the Caucasus. The Georgian army on the one part, and the Crimea army on the other, are conveniently disposed foracting against the Caucasus with irresistible numbers. A portion of the Russo Caucasian army, under General Khruleff, is, it appears, ready for action on the spot. The army of Mouravieff, strengthened and inspirited by the spoil of Kars, will be at once available for the new theatre of operations opened to it; while the immense force in the Crimea, released from the duty of maintaining its ground against the allies, will be able to send reinforcements to the scene of action to any extent that may be required. The organization of the army for the conquest of the Caucasus is rapidly proceeding—regiments are now on their march to the spot, and already we are informed by accounts from St. Petersburg that large supplies of all kinds are being forwarded for the use of the Caucasian army.

It will be impossible for the Caucasians to resist the invasion with which they are threatened. The military power which opposed England, France, and Turkey in arms is now to be directed solely against them. They perceive their danger. As we write, an announcement appears that a deputation from Circassia had arrived on the 24th of April at Constantinople to request the recognition and the guaranty of their country by the Porte. What answer will be returned to them? This subject could not have been overlooked by our Government; but, on the other hand, is it possible that it has deliberately come to a conclusion to connive at the conquest of the Caucasus? If so—and it does not appear that amid the multifarious topics discussed at the conference one thought was given to this point—we shall have concluded a peace which is in reality no peace, as hostilities will continue on the very borders of the Black Sea, and Russia will probably at last close the war by a conquest which she has been attempting for more than a century past, which will prodigiously increase her power and fame in Asia, and far more than compensate her for the defeats she has sustained at the hands of the Allies."

MANIFESTO OF THE SULTAN.—The Sultan has issued a manifesto, ordering the general publication of the treaty of peace, which he describes as satisfactory, acknowledging the brilliant services of the Ottoman army, and the fidelity and zeal of the functionaries of all classes, and expressing a hope that the latter will show the greatest possible zeal in realising in an efficacious manner, conformably to his immoveable intention, the organisation and amelioration of which, with the assistance of Divine Providence, he has laid the basis. The Westren Powers are thanked for the proofs of friendship and goodwill which they have shown, and a warm tribute is paid to the valour of their heroic soldiers.

"M. Voght, professor of theology at Geneva," says the Nouvelliste Vaudois," has been sent for to accompany as naturalist, Prince Napoleon in his voyage to the north."

The Pope has just entered his 65th year, having been born on the 13th May, 1792.

A CANADIAN GRACE DARLING.

THE following account of a truly heroic incident appears in a Buffalo newspaper. The heroine referred to is a Mrs Becker, residing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie:—

'On the morning of the 20th November 1854, the schooner *Conductor* left the port of Amherstburgh, bound for Toronto, with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of corn. The wind blew fresh from the south-west all day—a heavy sea running meantime. About five o'clock P. M., the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, and all the canvass was reefed snug down. Toward midnight, a severe storm arose. The topsail-sheets were carried away, the boat was washed from the devits, the decks swept clean of everything, and the vessel would not obey her helm, and seemed to settle in the trough of the sea.

About four o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the crew of the schooner made what they supposed to be Long Point Light; but it was really the light at Long Point Cut. The thickly drifting snow instantly obscured this light; and in about half an hour afterwards the vessel struck. Although she was not more that 200 yards from the shore, it was impossible to form an accurate opinion as to the locality, because of the thickly drifting snow. The sea made a clear breach over her, and forced the crew into the rigging, where they remained from five o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon. Ice was making all the time. The crew then descried a woman and two little boys approaching along the beach.

The woman and children built a fire on the shore, and made signs to the sailors to swim ashore. The sea was so great they were afraid to venture, until the captain, thinking the risk of drowning better than almost certain death by cold and exposure, struck out from the wreck, and by extraordinary efforts nearly reached the shore; but his strength failed, and being caught by the under-tow, he would have been carried out, had not the woman came to his assistance. She, seeing his critical situation, came to him as soon the deep water would permit, and having walked in up to her neck, fortunatly reached him, he being utterly exhausted. The woman supported the man, and drew him ashore, having been herself several times beaten down by the force of the waves. With the assistance of the boys, she drew him to the fire, and resucsitated him.

The mate of the schooner next struck out, but in like manner failed to reach the shore, and sank. The captain, suppoising himself to be sufficiently restored, went to the assitance of the mate, but again himself gave way; and the woman went again into the angry waters, out to the utmost depth at which she could stand, and brought the two men ashore. The mate seemed to be lifeless but was at length restored. In addition to these efforts, five several times did the woman go out to the receding surge, and at each time bringing an exhausted, drowning seaman ashore, until seven persons—the master, mate, and five of the cerw—were saved. It was evening now, and one man who could not swim, still elung to the rigging. During the whole night, the woman paced back and forward along the shore, renewing the fire, encouraging the rescued men, giving them food and warm tea, and administering to their comfort. From time to time she would pause, and, wishfully regading the stranded vessel, thus give utterance to her humanity: "Oh, if I could save that poor man, I should be happy!" When morning at last came, on the 22d, the storm having abated, the sea was less violent. The master and crew being now strengthened and invigorated by food and fire, constructed a raft, and reached their comrade, whose resolute spirit, though fast giving, way was still sufficient to enable him to retain his position in the rigging. Thus he, too, was saved, though badly frozen. The crew remained at the cabin of Mr. S. Becker nearly a week before they were able to depart.

On the week following this occurrence, two American vessels were lost on the same point, whose crews were greatly comforted by Mrs. Becker, whose husband was still engaged in trapping. The crews of these vessels were sheltered in her cabin, and were the recipients of her hopitable and humane attentions and care.'

The accounts concludes with a certificate from the captain and crew; and we learn that an effort has been successfully made in Canada to offer to Mrs. Becker a pecuniary acknowledgment of her spirited conduct. She has, however expressed a desire that the money should be appropriated to the education of her children. She and her husband are said to gain their living by fishing.

Digging their own Graves—Shot into them.—Those men belonging to the command of Colonel Schlessinger, who were taken by the Costa Ricans and executed by them, were made to perform an unwelcome service just before their exit. Having been condemned to death, and their fate announced, the victims were compelled to dig their own graves, and when done, made to kneel upon the margin of the trench dug, when they were shot dead—falling readily into the pit there own hands had dug.