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Sweet Poetry.

AFTER MANASSAS.

BY CHAS. J. PETERSON.

What though the rebel armies rage,
What though the nations sneer,
What though the ocean roar, and hearts
Are falling men for fear!
The masts may go, the ship may drift,
The waters overwhelm—
Out of the depths we'll triumph yet,
Our God is at the helm.

Our Father's God at Plymouth Rock,
The God of Bunker Hill,
Oh! not in vain the beacon fire
They lit—it blazes still!
And tempest-tossed, and faint to death,
Out on the stormy realm,
We catch its gleam, and lift the psalm,
"Our God is at the helm."

The fountains of the deep are loosed,
We drive through night and rain,
Shall neither sun, nor star, nor sky,
Nor land be seen again?
Take heart! This world of all our hopes,
But still our ark shall ride the flood,
For God is at the helm.

Oh! nation born of travail long,
Of twice three thousand years:
Man-child of freedom! 'tis not this
To die in blood and tears.
Through the Red Sea the chosen race
Won to the promised realm;
We bear the future of the world,
And God is at the helm.

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No breeze blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moonlight grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the right.

Thy thought the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my heart with breath serene,
And no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my eye to meet
Of her at home who prays for me.

Miscellaneous.

SETH STARK.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SHARP-SHOOTER.

BY HARRY HAZEL.

"It's no use talking 'bout it, I'm
goin' to file the enemy. The Union's in
danger—Vermont's in danger, and Hard
scramble in pertickler's in danger, and I'm
bound for to go. That's wot I told the old
man, Mister Officer, and that's wot I tell
you. If you won't dist me, I'll find out
another crutlin' station, darned quick."

This speech of a hard-fisted, young Green
Mountain Boy, with a rifle in his hand, was
not long since made to the officer of a re-
cruiting station in Montpelier, Vt., who had
interposed, several objections to the stout
lad's enlistment, to wit: that his visual or-
gans presented a decided case of strabismus,
that his body was slightly angular, and that
his style of speech and manner rather shocked
the ears and eyes of the gentlemanly, col-
lege cultivated lieutenant, who had thrown
down Blackstone, Kent, Coke, and other
law commentators for a sword and apaul
ettes; and also because the applicant was
incapacitated by a fever.

"How old are you?" asked the lieuten-
ant.
"Twenty, last grass."
"What's your business?"
"Cuttin' logs and shewin' bars in winter,
and drivin' cattle and mowin' grass in sum-
mer."
"Shooting bears, eh?"
"Yeas, shewin' bars."
"Then I suppose you would take aim at a
tree in one direction, and hit the bear in an-
other," said the officer, derisively. "I am
afraid, in battle, you would be much less
dangerous in the enemy's ranks than in
ours."

"I know I'm a little bit cock-eyed, Mister
Officer, but I've fished many a bar at
more'n a hundred rods, and at turkey
shewin' they allurs try to count me out."

"Can't you out; what do mean by
that?"
"Wall, I ain't so profitable to the tur-
key match makers as some o' the rest on
em, for when I git this ere rifle o' dad's on
one o' the birds, you can reckon that he's
mine."

"Are you also a good shot with the mus-
ket?"
"Don't know nothin' 'bout that kind o'
shewin' iron."

"But ours is an infantry company, and
we use smooth bores," suggested the offi-
cer.

"Wall, captin, if you don't calk it to
go in tew kill, I'm not your man. If you
dew, you'd better take me and my bar kill-
er."

"Oh, its impossible that you should ap-
pear in our ranks with a dark barreled
weapon—our muskets are all bright bar-
reled. You must leave that weapon be-
hind."

"Can't dew it, captin. Where the bar
killer goes, there I go. Never go nowhere
without it. You see its a sure thing."

"I have no evidence of it beyond your
word," said the lieutenant, beginning to be
interested in the somewhat uncouth indi-
vidual. "But I'll put your shooting skill
to the test, and if you can make three as
good shots as three sharp shooters in my
corps, I'll engage to enlist you, bear killer
and all."

"Give us yer flat on that, Mister Officer,"
returned the raw recruit, extending his
rough, tan browned, and freckled hand—"If
you've got three men in your corps that
hin outshew Seth Stark, I'll goe hum agin,
and help dad kerry on the farm."

The march was forthwith got up, and
three of the privates of the Ethan Allen
Rangers were selected for the trial. Each
of them were famed as sharp shooters, and
particularly well skilled in the use of the
rifle.

A target, representing an Indian chief,
was placed at one hundred rods distant; at
the appointed time, the three already re-
cruited rangers and Seth Stark took their
positions in front of the company of rangers
to witness the apparently unequal contest.
Two men were detailed to stand within six
rods on either side of the painted Indian, to
make a record of each successive shot, and
before they left the ranks, their comrades
made many good natured, but slightly sa-
tirical remarks at the expense of the cross
eyed volunteer.

"Bill Barton, be keeful where you stand
when that chap blazes away," said a ranger
to one of the target markers; "the safest
place will be behind it."

"Better get under the bank, Bill, there's
no calculating where the bullets may strike,"
said another.

"I think the only sure place is in the
rear of the breach," added a third.

Almost every one of the corps volunteered
a joecose opinion in reference to the crooked
eyed, crooked formed, and otherwise uncouth
looking backwoodsman, some of which
reached the ear of Seth, who, suddenly fac-
ing the company, which were standing at
ease, and pricking up his ears, said,

"Perhaps as haww some on ye wud like
to bet a small sum on them 'ere three sharp
shewers," said Seth, pulling out of his ca-
pacious looking pocket a greasy looking
wallet, which seemed rather plethora of
bank bills, considering the coarse, seedy
gear of the confident rifle-man. "I'll lay ye
anything from a sheet o' gingerbread to a
few dollar bill that I'll take the consait out
o' you or your sharp shooters at rifle shewin-
in, wrastling, buggin, or in a reg'lar knock
down and drag out fight."

"I'll bet you a dollar you don't hit the
board once out of three times," said one of
the Rangers.
"Done—I'll take that 'ere bet, and doub-
le the stakes," replied Seth, drawing forth a
one dollar note, and placing it in the hands
of the orderly sergeant, while the Ranger did
likewise.

"I'll go you a five that all you will be
beaten at every round," said another Ran-
ger.

"Plank your snet skin, said Seth.

"I'll lay you a five that you don't put a
single shot within the outer circle of the
bull's eye," offered a third.

"Wal, I don't mind taking that 'ere bet
tew," replied Seth, producing the money.

"I'll go you fifty cents you don't hit the
bull's eye once," said a more cautious mem-
ber of the Ethan Allen corps.

"Plank your money, gentlemen—I'm
good for a dozen or two more jest sich wa-
gers—hev 'em all writ down, Mister Sar-
geant, so there can't be no mistake."

Seth's invitation was responded to by
nearly half the members of the whole com-
pany, and on figuring up the aggregate of
all the stakes, it amounted to nearly two
hundred dollars, but at each successive wa-
ger the chances for his winning were made
much smaller, as the last one that he had
offered him required him to hit the bull's
eye twice out of the three rounds, and to
beat his three antagonists.

"Naow, gentlemen," said Seth. "I jest
want make one more bet. I'll lay ten
dollars that I'll hit the bull's eye three
times, pervidin' that the winner shall go
over to the tavern and spend the hull stakes
in treatin' the company."

"I'll take that wager," said the com-
mander of the Rangers, stepping forward
and depositing the stakes, "and if you win,
I shall not only cheerfully disburse it in the
manner you suggest, but receive you into
the corps, and furnish you with a uniform
free of expense."

"Good on your head, captin," answered
Seth, "and ef I don't win I'll be raound
here to morrer and stand treat agin."

The three sharp shooters suggested the
idea of having a rest for their rifles, as the
range was long, and the slightest variation
of the aim would carry the shot wide of the
mark, but Seth argued against it, and ap-
pealed to the commander.

"You see, captin," said he, "its all very
well as a turkey shewt, but it don't do in
the woods, when the bars and the wolves
are about; and I kinder guess twoudn't
dew on the battle field, less every sojer cut
kerry a nigger as they dew at the South to
use as rests for their shewin' irons."

This argument prevailed, and he decided
that the shots should be made off hand, and
that ten seconds should be allowed in tak-
ing aim, after the piece was at the shoulder.
The Indian chief was painted in gaudy
colors, size of life, and the bull's eye was
placed on the left side, in the region of the
heart, with three circles drawn around it,
and it was understood that from the centre
of the bull's eye each shot should be meas-
ured. The sharp shooters and the back-
woodsman drew lots for the first fire, which
fell to the lot of one of the former, who took
his position, and in a ready and adroit man-
ner opened the contest, and his shot together
with the others were as follows, according to
the report of the target markers:

Ranger No. 1.—Two inches from the out-
er circle, grazing the left arm.

Ranger No. 2.—Ball struck within one
inch of the inner circle to the right—a fatal
shot.

Ranger No. 3.—But a half moon in the
bull's eye—fatal.

Seth Stark.—Shot perforated the centre of
the bull's eye!

There was considerable huzzinga at the
result of the first round, especially among
the spectators, and those of the Rangers
who had not risked any of their funds on the
result.

On the second round the three Rangers
were scored as having made better shots
than before, but no score for the young
backwoodsman.

It was now the turn of the better to huz-
za, although several of them had lost by
Seth's first shot.

The third round resulted even better for
the Rangers than either of the others, and
the score was brought in accordingly; but
there appearing no score for the would be
recruit, the shouting was terrific, and many
rude jests were again made at Seth's ex-
pense.

"Mought you not as well wait till the
umpires hev decided, before you begin to
larf at a feller?" ejaculated Seth. "I've
seed many a turkey 'rifle decided agin the
scorers."

"Why, you don't suppose you've hit the
target but once?" asked a Ranger who had
staked a V on the result.

"Mebbe I don't 'spose so, and mebbe I
dew," replied Seth.

"I'll go ten to one," said the confident
soldier.

"Take my advice, and don't you dew
it," answered Seth.

"Oh, ho! I don't dare, eh? Can't go one
against ten?" ejaculated the fellow.

"Wall, you kin put up as many ters as
you please, and ef I don't kiver um, why
you kin pick up your change agin."

"Try him! try him! he's only bluffin'
only coming the brag game!" said several
of the Rangers.

"I'll go my pic on that," said the confi-
dent one, and he forthwith produced sixty
dollars, which Seth covered with only six;
but then it must be remembered that the
odds were terribly against him, inasmuch
as the scorers' report, if confirmed, would
of course, give the stakes to his antagonist.

The umpires, consisting of one officer of
the company, who had no especial interest
in the result, and two civilians, who were
experts in the sport of rifle shooting, forth-
with visited the target, and examined the
several hits, and on comparing them with
the record of the scorers it appeared there
were no mistakes.

"That hit in the bull's eye," remarked
one of the civil umpires, "is a magnificent
shot, but how so small a slug as that
greeny's rifle carries, could make so large
an orifice as that, is quite a mystery to
me."

"I agree with you," said the other civil-
ian.

"It is a remarkable perforation, certain-
ly," added the officer of the Rangers, exam-
ining the hole with scrutiny, and then turn-
ing the target around, they all were struck
with the fact that the shot of the smallest
bored rifle had really pierced much the
largest hole in the board. "See here,
too," he continued, finding the correspond-
ing hole in the trunk of the tree against
which the "counterfeit semblance" of the
savage chieftain had rested, "can it be pos-
sible that two bullets have passed through
this orifice?"

The suggestion was improbable, and
somewhat startling. It was again exam-
ined with keener scrutiny than before; and
for the purpose of solving the least doubt in

the matter, it was agreed to cut around the
corresponding perforation in the tree, and to
the depth of the spot where the bullet had
lodged. A carpenter was forthwith sent
for, with instructions to bring the proper
tools for the job. In a few minutes one was
procured, and he went to work with a mor-
tising chisel and mallet, under direction of
the umpires, and after toiling some ten or
fifteen minutes he removed a cube of wood
from the tree of about five inches in depth,
which, on being split open carefully, three
slugs, pressed firmly against each other,
with but little variation from a true line,
were taken therefrom to the wonder and
surprise of the umpires. Seth Stark's bul-
lets had traversed the same line, and had
lodged together!

The huzzas and the laugh were now upon
the other side, but the contest was remark-
able and decisive—the victory so complete—
that even those who had lost money on the
result, joined with the others in rendering all
homage to the eccentric backwoodsman.

Seth was forthwith enrolled in the ranks of
the company, and though he appeared very
awkward at first in the ranks, he is fast ac-
quiring the positions and bearing of a well
drilled soldier. The greatest difficulty he
has to encounter is his left handedness, while
his crooked eye only troubles his drill officer.

"Eyes front!" appear always "eyes left,"
and "eyes right" always seem to be "eyes
front."

The Ethan Allen Guards have been re-
cently mustered into the service of Uncle
Sam; and if they ever get into an engage-
ment, woe be to the rebels who become tar-
gets of Seth Stark, the Green Mountain
Sharp Shooter!

NAPOLEON AND THE VETERAN.

While in this city, there occurred one of
those rare incidents in the progress of Prince
Napoleon's tour through the United States
which will not soon be forgotten by our
illustrations visitor, albeit the tender recol-
lections thereof may not be of long duration
with one of the parties interested, whose
gray hairs will soon be moistened by the
clammy dews of death.

Lorenze Harre, a relic of the Grand Army
of the First Napoleon, now an inmate of the
Cook County Poor House, and had an inter-
view with Prince Napoleon. County Agent
Hansen, learning the wish of the old soldier
kindly conveyed him to the Tremont. His
card was sent to the Prince's apartments,
and the old man, bowed down with the
weight of eighty years, was ushered into
the august presence.

The Prince arose to receive his remark-
able guest. There they stood for a moment
looking each other in the face—the second
heir to the French crown and the scarred
and bronzed veteran of a score of battles.

Advancing, the Prince grasped the old man's
hand, and conducting him to a seat, spoke
to him so kindly that the veteran's heart
overflowed and he burst into tears.

To those at all acquainted with the history
of the Napoleonic dynasty, neither the
kindness of the Prince nor the emotion of
the old veteran will be wondered at. All
such well know the remarkable power that
the First Napoleon held upon the affections
of his soldiers, as well as the wild and un-
controllable idolatry manifested by the lat-
ter toward the former on all occasions, with-
er in victory or defeat.

In that interview the veteran "fought his
battles o'er again." The Prince questioned
him and listened with glistening eye to the
recital of those thrilling incidents which
ever had as their hero a Napoleon.

The quick eye of the Prince noticed the
absence of three fingers from one of the sol-
dier's hands. "Where did you lose your
fingers?"

"In the retreat from Moscow. I was at-
tached to the cavalry, and in one of the
charges of those villainous Cossacks a stroke
from a lance deprived me of three of my fin-
gers. But," and the old veteran's eye shone
with the old battle light, "my sabre finish-
ed him, sire. Ah, those Cossacks were the
most splendid horsemen I ever saw, but they
were afraid of Murat's cavalry after all."

And the old soldier's mind wandered
back to that terrible retreat from the burn-
ing capital of the Russians, surrounded by
the inflexible rigors of a Russian winter, and
harrassed day and night by those furious
onsets of Cossack cavalry—those wild and
daring children of the plains.

"This, sire, was done at Lodi," exhibit-
ing a terrible scar upon his left shoulder,
made by a grape shot. "And this," baring
the calf of his left leg, showing the track of
a bullet through and through it, "was done
at Arcola."

"This sabre cut on my head
was received at Ansterlitz, and so was this
sire," tenderly holding up the Cross of the
Legion of Honor bestowed upon him by
Napoleon for special services on that bloody
field.

And thus the old battle-scarred veteran
whiled away two pleasant hours—hours
fraught with proud and tender recollections
to both Prince and soldier; and when the
veteran arose to go, he blessed the munifi-
cence of the Prince which had pressed a
well filled purse into his hand and gave him
assurance that la belle France had not for-
gotten her veterans, and that a liberal pen-
sion should be provided for him.—Chicago
Journal.

GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

HIS BIRTH-PLACE AND HIS BURIAL.

The funeral of Lieutenant E. L. Lyon,
who was killed at Cockeysville, Maryland,
by a railroad disaster of last Sunday two
weeks, took place at Eastford, Connecticut,
on the 13th inst. He was a nephew of Gen.
Lyon, and was buried by his side.

A Connecticut friend of the late General
Lyon has published in one of the Hartford
papers a column of interesting reminiscen-
ces of the General. Of the several accounts
given of his death, the most authentic, un-
doubtedly, is that of his relative and brigade
surgeon, Dr. C. G. Lyon, who was with
him when he was shot. He says:

General Lyon had been wounded by a
shot in the heel, a shot through the fleshy
part of his thigh, and a shot which cut open
the back of his head to the skull bone, and
and was covered with blood, when he saw
him riding between the Kansas and Iowa
regiments to lead them to the charge. He
begged him to retire to the rear and have
his wounds dressed. General Lyon replied,

"No—these are nothing," went forward,
and was killed by a Minnie ball, which went
through the breast and passed out at the
back, severing the aorta, or principle blood
vessel of the heart. He fell into the arms
of Lehman, his body servant, and said,

"Lehman, I am killed—take care of my
body," and instantly expired. These were
his last and only words.

The following sketch of the General's
character is given by the same writer:

"In private life, in the camp, by the fire
side, or anywhere with his friends off duty,
General Lyon was one of the most mild,
genial and pleasant of men. Said one of
his intimate friends, 'You wouldn't sup-
pose he ever would get angry, or be roused
to excitement.' His favorite attitude was
standing stroking or picking his long sandy
beard. But on his splendid horse, at the
head of his little army, he was literally 'a
tower of strength.' His form straightened
up two inches taller, his eye dilated and
blazed with excitement, and his commands
were given in trumpet tones that were heard
and obeyed through all the deafening din of
battle, and he was incapable of fear."

His birth place and his grave are describ-
ed as follows:

"The old brown house in which General
Lyon was born, stands about a mile and a
half from his grave in Eastford, in a lonely
desolate place, at the bottom of a valley
between two steep, rocky hills. The night
before his last battle he slept on the grass
between two high rocks, so wedged in with
his companion, Major Scofield, that it was
difficult to stir. He made light of the incon-
venience, remarking to his friend that 'he
was born between two rocks.'"

As has already been stated, Gen. Lyon
willed his property—some \$30,000—to the
country. His sword, chapeau and commis-
sion have been given to his native State, and
Connecticut will undoubtedly honor his
memory by a monument, though Judge
Colt of St. Louis, who was present at his
funeral, says that Missouri will claim the
privilege of erecting the monument over his
remains.

The following address was made at the
grave, by Judge Colt:

"It was not my good fortune to know
General Lyon intimately. It was not my
lot to enjoy for a number of years the rich
fruits of his martial and manly spirit; but,
like many of you in this vast assembly, I
could learn him from history. I could watch
him in a slave State, while in the service of
the Government, with the more interest and
care since he was a son of good old Con-
necticut, winning golden opinions from all
martial men in the State of my adoption."

He was one of the active spirits of his
age, a tried soldier, an honest and uncon-
promisingly determined man, with a milita-
ry genius and courage quite equal to the
leading of the advance guard for universal
emancipation. And we have come here to
do him honor. Missourians of native birth
who never before trod the soil of New Eng-
land, his aids from other States, and his re-
lation by blood who served him in the field,
and captain carrying the leaden messenger
of death in his body, and brave soldiers all,
are all here to do honor to his memory."

"I do not presume to speak for and in
behalf of Missouri; I do not speak in behalf
of that western star, now surrounded by
storm, but I do say that she will claim Lyon
as a part of her history. Take this cold
body, all covered with wounds, all that re-
mains of the true hero, and hurry him to the
ground. It is a fit birth and burial place
for a great spirit. Bury him tenderly as
one who lies down to sleep. He is not the
first son of New England whose blood fat-
tens southern soil in the glorious cause of
the nation. In the war of the Revolution,
when the whole country possessed but a
sparse population, Connecticut gave her
bounty in men, money and forage. Another
revolution is upon us."

"We may change, and counter-revolution
may be necessary, but the Government and
the Constitution are quite equal to the cri-
sis. The political cholera of secession will

soon exhaust itself and yield to governmen-
tal medicine. You must be equal to the
task in energy and military organization.—
You may be obliged to confiscate armories
and powder magazines; do it, there is no
danger. Ideas that direct the age are more
important than physical things. These rug-
ged hills and green fields were made to give
energy to souls born for immortality."

"Take these mortal remains and bury
them tenderly. We yield them with reluc-
tance to a brighter and better claim. But
while we do this, let me say that Missouri
now in her day of tribulation still hopes for
redemption beyond this fratricidal war are,
that she still looks forward to peace and
plenty from the abundance of the rich harvest
which nature has bestowed upon her. Then
she will begin to write her own history, then
she will not forget the brave Lyon, then,
remembering this day's burial and where
sleep his remains, she will claim the privi-
lege of erecting his monument and writing
his epitaph."

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her book of travels in
Europe, makes the following sensible re-
marks about the comparative beauty of the
women of England and America:

A lady asked me the other evening what
I thought of the beauty of the English aris-
tocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by-the-by,
so that the question was a fair one. I re-
plied that certainly report had not exagger-
ated their charms. Then came a home
question—how the ladies of England com-
pared with those of America? "Now for
it, patriotism," said I to myself, and in-
voking to my aid certain fair saints of my own
country, whose faces I distinctly remem-
bered, I assured her that I had never seen more
beautiful women than I had in America.—
Grieved was I to add, "but your ladies
keep their beauty much longer." This fact
stares one in the face in every company;
one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant
and blooming, with a freshness of complex-
ion and fullness of outline refreshing to con-
template. What can be the reason? Tell
us Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it
the conservative power of sea-fog and coal-
smoke, the same which keeps the turf green,
and makes the hay and holly flourish? Or
comes it that our married ladies, devoid of
fade and grow thin, that their noses incline
to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity
just at the time of life when their island sis-
ters round out into a comfortable and be-
coming amplitude and fullness? If it is the
cool sea fog, why then I am afraid we
shall never come up with them.

But perhaps they may be other causes
why a country which starts some of the most
beautiful girls in the world produce so
few beautiful women. Have not our close
stove-heated rooms something to do with it?
Above all, has not our climate, with its al-
ternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency
to induce habits of indolence? Climate cer-
tainly has a great deal to do with it; ours
is evidently more trying and more exhaust-
ing, and because it is so, we should not pile
upon its back errors of dress and diet which
are avoided by our neighbors. They keep
their beauty because they keep their health.

It has been as remarkable to me as anything
since I have been here, that I do not con-
stantly, hear one and another spoken of as
in miserable health, very delicate, &c.—
Health seems to be the rule, and not the ex-
ception. For my part I must say the most
favorable omen I know of for female beauty
in America is the multiplication of water-
cure establishments, where our ladies, if
they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as
to the necessity of fresh air, regular exer-
cise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in
general.

CURIOUS FACTS DISCOVERED BY THE FRENCH CENSUS.—THE FRENCH CENSUS RECENTLY TAKEN DISCLOSES SOME CURIOUS FACTS. AMONG THESE IS AN EXCESS OF MARRIAGES IN THE LARGE TOWNS AND CITIES OF FRANCE OVER THOSE IN THE COUNTRY, PROPORTIONATELY TO POPULATION. IT ALSO AP- PEARS THAT BUT ABOUT SEVEN WIDOWS IN EVERY HUNDRED MARRY AGAIN, WHILE TWICE THAT RATIO OF WIDOWS RE-ENTER THE CONJUGIAL STATE.— A MAJORITY OF MALE CHILDREN ARE SHOWN TO BE BORN OF PARENTS OF NEARLY THE SAME AGE.— THE AVERAGE DURATION OF WEDDED LIFE, IN 18- 56, WAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AGAINST TWENTY- THREE YEARS AND TWO MONTHS IN 1836. ONE THIRD OF THE MEN AND ABOUT ONE HALF OF THE WOMEN YEARLY MARRIED ARE UNABLE TO SIGN THEIR NAMES. THIS PROPOSITION, HOWEVER, DOES NOT HOLD IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE, WHERE ONLY ONE MAN IN NINETEEN AND ONE WOMAN IN SIX ARE UNABLE TO WRITE. IN THE SAME DEPARTMENT, ALSO, THE PROPORTION OF CHILDREN BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK AND LEGITIMATED BY THE SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE OF THEIR PARENTS, IS MUCH GREATER THAN IN THE PROVINCIAL TOWNS, AND IS SMALLEST OF ALL IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

A terrible fire occurred on the stage of the
Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sat-
urday night, by which some fourteen per-
sons, mostly females, were dreadfully burn-
ed. Six of the ladies have since died. The
fire took place during a thunder and light-
ning storm in the play of The Tempest.