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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

FAREWELL.

Fast the hours are fleeting, mother,
Must I say farewell so soon,
Must I leave the home of childhood
'Ere my life has reached its noon?
O, my weary heart is breaking,
Tears have ceased to bring relief;
Words may ever tell the anguish
Of this first and bitter grief.

Mother, fold your arms about me
Once again ere I depart;
Let me hear your tone of music
Falling gently on my heart;
Oft, when in the land of strangers,
I shall miss that voice so mild;
Wilt thou still at eve and morning
Pray for blessings on thy child,

O, when thoughtfulness comes o'er thee,
Shall I ever claim a tear?
Now upon thy heart I'm resting—
Shall my heart be ever here?
Surely thou wilt ne'er forget me,
Though I have been vain and wild!
O, I know thy gentle spirit
Blesses still thy wayward child.

But I'll dash away the tear drops,
And my lips shall wear a smile,
Though my heart is madly throbbing
'Neath its weight of grief the while.
"Tis the world's first bitter lesson,
Far from home and thee to go;
We shall meet again, my mother,
But, oh! shall we meet below?

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Were the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,
Thine and not mine will be done.

Miscellaneous.

THE ANGELS GIFTS TO SPAIN.

In the early ages of Christianity, said a hermit, there lived in a cave, somewhere about the sources of the Manzanares, an extremely old hermit. His piety was great, his charity extensive, and his love of Spain predominant over all other feelings.—Youths and maidens in love; young mothers desirous of offspring; worldlings oppressed by debts and difficulties; religious men and women struggling with their sins, repaired constantly to consult the holy man, who sent them away refreshed and comforted.

A little time before his death, one of the angels, who foresaw he was soon to be their companion, descended, through impatience, to converse with him a little beforehand, or else commissioned to bestow on him a blessing. The saint had probably been used to such visitants, and therefore experienced little or no surprise when, with his large white wings, he entered into his cave. On the contrary, he politely saluted him, desired him to be seated on a smooth ledge of rock, close beside himself, and then courteously inquired to what circumstances he owed the honor of his visit.

"I am come," replied the angel, "to bestow on you a blessing."

"If I have found favor in your eyes," said the holy man, "let not your blessing be for me, but for my country. Heaven has already given me more than I can desire. I have had a long and happy life, I have closed the eyes of my parents amid abundant blessing, I have beheld my sisters and my brothers grow up in honesty and integrity, and I have had, besides, the inestimable satisfaction of augmenting the happiness of thousands.

Let me now, therefore, obtain for those whom I never could reach or aid, or comfort, the blessing which my Lord is pleased to offer me."

"I consent," answered the angel, "to bestow on your country not one, but many blessings.—Choose for her, and be not bashful, for I know not where I shall stop."

"Then I ask for a fair climate."

"It is granted."

"I ask for magnificent mountains."

"You shall have them."

"Next, for fertile plains and noble rivers."

"They are yours."

"Then for beautiful women and brave men to inhabit this glorious land."

"I accede to your wishes."

"Then for excellent fruits and rich harvests, and oil and wine, and whatever else the comforts of life may need."

"I concede all your demand."

"Last of all," said the hermit, "I pray you to ensure us good government, to complete the crown of the blessings you have lavished on Spain."

The angel rose in haste, if not in anger:

"You ask too much, friend," said he; "all the rest you shall have and welcome; but good government—oh, no—that is never to be granted to Spain while kings are your idols and palaces your temples."

So saying, he extended his wings, darted out of the cave, and in a moment was lost in the blue depths of space.—*St. John's*

There and back again.

Sucking.

Men never get weaned. When they are babies, they suck their mothers; when middle aged, they suck the old man, when advanced in years, they suck a long-legged pipe. A nipple of some kind seems indispensable to their happiness.

To the above the editor of the South Carolinian adds:

Yes, and just as soon as the down makes its appearance on their chins, and collars begin to sprout under their ears, they all take to sucking straws, one end in their mouth, and the other in mint julops and such things.

GOOD.—There is a proposition about being made by a party of wealthy speculators, to apply to the city authorities for the loan of ground enough near the city whereon to build a Crystal Palace a third larger than the present one—in which it is their intention to exhibit the "idleness of all nations," instead of the industry.

Nothing but the following articles will be admitted.

Lazy men, professional beggars, loafers, filthy street congressmen, who must bring a session with them, and dandies.

The country producing the largest prison, will be presented with all the rogues now confined in the penitentiaries throughout the Union.

☞ An Irishman in distress asked a gentleman for relief. He was repulsed with a "go to h—ll." Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied: "God bless yer honor for yer civility, for yer the first gintleman that's invited me to his father's house since I kim to Amerikey!"

☞ A great agricultural, horticultural and mechanical fair is to be held at St. Louis next year.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

The celebrated Marshall Saxe, on his death bed, speaking of his life, desired that it had been a 'most excellent dream.' And so ends all the labors, and glories, and triumphs of human ambition! How truly we may exclaim with Burke, 'what shadows we are pursuing!' It were indeed an easy task.

"To sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears—
Dreams—empty dreams."

It is a conviction which forces itself upon us, as we journey along the world's great thoroughfare—this nothingness of life. Passion may lend its different pursuits a momentary interest, and fancy may robe them in her roseate hues. But experience is sure to disenchant us, and with a hard unsparing pencil to dash out one by one all the creations of young hope from the canvass.

Yet while from the more advanced periods of life, we gaze back through its desert vista, we sometimes catch a glimpse of an oasis that almost compensates us for all the bitterness and barrenness that stretches between. Such, perhaps, to some are the memories of their first love, beautiful and intense—absorbing thought, feeling, and reason itself making a divinity of its object, and heaven of its hopes. Such may also be the visions of young ambition, fine, phrensied and fervent, and imaged with all the ardour of early enthusiasm. But to us the past hath nothing of such unfading and living loveliness as the stored remembrances of childhood, ere the serpent had entered its Eden bowers, or ease had cankered the heart with its unresting course. They come back upon one much as doth the fresh breath of morning to the fervered frame of the midnight reveller, or like the rosy rays of twilight bursting in through a half opened lattice, they light up every chamber of the soul with the fresh and fervid glow of youthful emotions.

Who that has had an ordinary share of the disappointments and disquiets of life, would not give weeks and months of its present negative existence for one hour of those fresh and unworn feelings with which he gamboled perchance over his native hills in the days of boyhood? The very thought of that fairy period brings home a strange yearning to the heart, and comes up fraught with a thousand golden associations and wild and romantic memories.

Childhood is then Eden of our existence and we leave it like our first parents to go forth amidst the tedium, toil, and bitterness of life, never to return.—When was earth the fairest—when was life the happiest—when was hope most buoyant? When was the heart fullest of those unbought, unbrighted affections, which bless where they abide? It was in the days of our childhood, ere we had begun to address ourselves to the said business of life—and while as yet

"No sense had we of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day."

Media Democrat.

The Press.

The editors of this country have no titles. They do not figure in history except it be that of their own trade. But let us look at a daily journal, and compare the ideas in it upon government even, with those enunciated in State papers. When we consider the editorials upon foreign and domestic facts and theories, which *invariably* take precedence in point of time over the debates in Congress or the messages of Presidents, the money articles every day, which give as much information as any treasury report, the foreign correspondence which renders the business of an American resident minister a sinecure, as it habitually forestalls his State secrets, and leaves his services to consist mainly in procuring tickets to balls and dinners for his travelling countrymen; the criticisms on all new publications, which does once a week that which the *Quarterly Review* does once in three months, the notices of all new productions of art, of statues, when we have them, of pictures, of operas and concerts, the assertion of new ideas which country heroes of [illegible] are unequal to, either through want of apprehension or moral courage—the diurnal reports of lectures, orations, discoveries, incidents—we find in the individualism of the Press a great, though unacknowledged, legislative function, which is beginning to override the forms and tediousness of governmental assumption, and with a colossal hand, write out a new future for personal ambition and general weal.—*W. H. Fry.*

A Good One.

A good story is told of a young attorney in this city, who was employed to eject a tenant for non-payment of rent. The attorney proceeded to the premises designated, and found them inhabited by a large and rapidly increasing family, who refused to vacate the same on any terms. The attorney soon brought all his Blackstone into requisition, and found he could only get possession by legal proceedings, and in that event, his client would have to pay the cost. In this dilemma, the young lawyer thought the law inefficient, and proposed to adopt a mode of proceeding not known 'to the statute in such cases made and provided.' He accordingly proceeded in search of a new tenant, and found one in the form of a large family of *swarthy Africans*, with whom he struck up a bargain and proceeded at once to put them in possession. On arriving at the premises, the the occupants informed him 'that if he moved that family of niggers into the house, they would move out, as they would not live with niggers, in the same room any how.' The attorney insisted that they might remain, but the last he heard of them, they had yielded up possession, and were uttering bitter imprecations against this new mode of ejectment.—He notified the new tenants that unless they paid the rent promptly he would move a family of Irish into the house with them and thus drive them out.—*Detroit Trib.*

The Bright Side.

There is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears in the world. Those who say to the contrary we would not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart, and who has not seen its effects?—A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind the cloud, to him who thinks he has no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brilliantly it shines along the path of life! A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.

"A STRONG MINDED WOMAN."—A woman in Ohio, having exhausted her patience in endeavoring to save a drunken husband, called on the liquor sellers, and politely requested them not to sell her husband any more. They all declared they had not and would not sell him any liquor. On Tuesday afternoon, while out in search of her husband, she found him drunk and almost senseless in a rum den. At the lamentable condition in which she found her husband, she became very much enraged. Provoked to madness, she seized a club about two and a half feet in length, with which she broke in pieces a large decanter filled with whiskey, just placed on the counter as she stepped in for the accomodation of four or five drunken sots. The next move she swept pitchers and glasses from the counter, this made the groggery-keeper furious, he attacked the lady, while she with both hands seized the club, and with one fell stroke brought him to the floor. He raised the cry of murder and fled. The rest of the inebriates, seeing the practical demonstrations of her skill, fled the house. Having the shop to herself, she coolly and deliberately walked to the whiskey barrel and beer keg and broke the faucets, causing the contents to run out over the floor. After which she broke all the jugs, bottles and flasks that could be found.

☞ The Vineyards of Berks county, Pa., which, until the last ten days, looked very promising, it is stated, have been seriously affected by the rot, which is spreading to such an extent among the grapes, that in many places scarcely one fourth the quantity of fruit that was expected will come to maturity.

An Ox and Wolf Race.

Major Strickland, in his "Experience of an Early Settler," founded upon a residence of twenty seven years in Canada, gives the following account of a perilous adventure which once befel his brother-in law James. He says: "He was a bold, brave boy, of ten years old at the time, and was on his way home with a pair of oxen, with which he had been visiting a neighbor, residing about six miles distant from his father's house. His road lay by the river shore, which was dreary enough in the fall of the year and in the evening hour; but the child was fearless, and saw the deeping shades sink into night without experiencing anything like apprehension.

"He was trudging on steadily, singing cheerfully as he walked, when a sound came through the night wind that sent a shiver through the young pedestrian's frame—the war cry of the wolves. At first he hoped he was not the object of pursuit; but the hideous uproar came nearer and nearer, and then he knew he must instantly adopt some plan for escape.

"His route lay by the river shore, and he could swim well; but the night was dark, and he might be hurried into the rapids, and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks was scarcely less dreadful than to be mangled and devoured by wolves. In this extremity the child lifted up his brave young heart to God, and resolved to use the only chance left him of escape. So he mounted Buck, the near ox, making use of his goad, shouting at the same time to the animal, to excite him to his utmost speed. In most cases the horned steed would have flung off his rider, and left him for wolves' meet, without the slightest hesitation; but Buck set off with the speed of a race horse, as if aware of his young rider's peril. Nor was his companion less nimble. Fast, however, as the trio fled, still faster came the yelling pack behind, and James could hear

"Their long, hard gallop, which would tire
The hound's deep note, a hunter's fire."

Happily for him, old Buck heard it too, and galloped on and on; but still the wolves came nearer and nearer. James shouted to keep them off; the oxen almost flying, their chains rattling as they went.—This clanking sound, to which the hateful pack were unaccustomed, made them pause whenever they came close upon the oxen, while the latter redoubled their speed, till at length those gallant racers left the wolves, behind, and finding themselves within a short distance of home, never stopped until they had bro't the brave little fellow safely to his own door."

I Have Seen!

I have seen the most worthless and lazy fellows, dress most fashionably.

I have seen the most talented young men turn tipplers and drunkards.

I seen men, who boasted much of their wealth, who were not able to pay their tavern bill.

I have seen men who made much noise about their bravery and daring exploits; and

I have seen the same men run away from a goose.

I have seen men run in debt without any probability of being able to make payment.

I have seen a man who requested another to solicit him to become a candidate for office.

I have seen a man urging another to become a candidate; and,

I have seen the same fellow vote against him at the election.

I have seen parents urging their children to marry against their inclinations; and,

I have seen a lovely young girl marry a rich old widower merely for his wealth; and,

I have seen the same girl die broken-hearted within the year.

I have seen the young and beautiful, the talented, marry a dashing, brainless fop, because he too was rich; and,

I have seen them ever after, drag out a wretched, miserable existence.

AN OLD MAN.

Beauty.

Beauty is inexplicable, it appears to us as a dream when we contemplate the works of the great artist, it is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow, whose outlines eludes the grasp of definition. Mendelssohn and others tried to catch beauty as a butterfly, and pin it down for inspection. They have succeeded in the same way as they are likely to succeed with a butterfly. The poor animal trembles and struggles, and its brightest colours are gone; or if you catch it without spoiling the colours, you have at best a stiff and awkward corpse. But a corpse is not an *entire* animal, it wants that which is essential to all things, namely, life—spirit, which sheds beauty on everything."—*Gœthe.*

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQY.—"I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Blest, if I don't emigrate to Kamschatka, to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by either—at least I can't.

'I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society no harm as I knows on. I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no neighbors; and the fact is, I don't own any bottles. Couldn't fill 'em if I did.

"I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face, and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody can look me, in the face and say I ever hurt em—nobody;—and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head into—My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay and I left. Cause why? ain't it better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got a house top; and if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe, would it?

'I'm a desp'rit man. I'd go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afeared of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides, wisdom's the principal thing; don't the good book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't I studying character? If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my licker, ain't I getting understanding? ain't it a lesson to human nature? I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wopder? I'm tired waiting.

A CLERGYMAN IN A DILEMMA.—It has been the custom of St. Mary's (Catholic) College, in Maryland to invite clergymen, without distinction of sect, to open the exercises of Commencement Day with prayer. On one occasion, this courtesy was extended to an aged orthodox minister, who had prayed but one undeviating prayer for forty years, in which, after disposing of Paganism, Mahommedanism and the Jews, he regularly lit on his Holiness, by the not very complimentary title of "Beast." Through all the phases of his unwritten liturgy, the old gentleman on this occasion successfully proceeded, until with a natural unconsciousness, he stumbled upon the very sentence, which he never before found reason to eliminate or qualify; when to his confusion he remembered the unwonted company he was in, and the claims to common courtesy, and strove to make good his retreat. The style in which he accomplished this difficult manœuvre is only equaled by the lively political dodging, which has called up the story. It was as follows:

"And, oh Lord, be pleased in infinite mercy to break the power of the B——um! ah! to break the power of the B-b-b—— HOTTENTOT!

WITTY REPLY.—'What are you going to give to me for a Christmas present?' asked a gay damsel of her lover.

'I have nothing to give but my humble self,' was the reply.

'The smallest favor gratefully received,' was the merry response of the lady.

☞ A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift on his conduct.

'My dear,' said he, 'I'm only like the Prodigal Son; I shall reform by and by.'

'And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too,' replied she, 'I will arise and go to my father's house.' And off she went.

☞ A preacher who had once been a printer, observed in one of his sermons that "youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon, old age to a colon, to which death puts a period."

Neutrals and Independents.

The following editorial of the Boston *Atlas* is such a life like picture of the character of the so-called neutrals and Independents in politics, and so truthful in all its colorings, that we are induced to publish it at length:

We have, in the course of our brief span, seen *no-party men* and *neutral presses*; and confess that our acquaintance with them has not gained for them our supreme regard. We have always found these boasted no-party men the most set, bigoted partisans of any in the community. And nearly the same remark may be made of neutral newspapers. They belong to no party, will be responsible for no party, and yet there are more prone to complain than any other presses. Both plead their neutral position—make very wise suggestions, and give very significant nods, as though all parties must come to them for advice, consult their feelings, and obey their dictation.

No class in the community are more inclined to arrogate to themselves the right of deciding all questions, than these neutral, no-party gentlemen. Not that they will give you any reason for the course they suggest, or consider the difficulties with which the case is surrounded. Not they. They belong to no party and will defend no policy. But they claim the right of censuring and condeming. One portion of these neutral gentlemen lay the matter very much to heart, and are, poor souls, *grieved* that things go thus and so. They are sorry for the sake of the party, that they were not more wise and prudent; and they regret the mistake into which they have fallen, and with the greatest compassion and most ardent desire that they may escape the danger to which they are exposed, these gentle and sanctimonious creatures will proclaim aloud, but with an injunction of secrecy, every evil surmise, and every base insinuation they have ever heard.

Another class of these neutrals will attempt to show their own smartness, by giving some sly hit, or by some inuendo to imply some error or wrong, which some one may have committed. In this manner they attempt in dashing sentences to decide some great question which they never condescend to discuss, or to impair the fair fame of some one, whose reputation they dare not openly assail. "Willing to wound but yet afraid to strike," they will generally hide or attempt to hide themselves behind some plea of uncertainty, or some vagueness of expression, which they can explain to mean something or nothing, just as the circumstance require.

Give us temperate, candid men, who are willing to belong to some party, who will examine a subject carefully, and make all allowances for the acts of others, which the nature of the case requires; but save us from such neutrals, as belong to no party, but claim the right of controlling all parties.

The Moor.

In person, the Moor is tall and straight, of a commanding figure, and possessing great muscularity of form, with dark eyes, white teeth, a beard like jet, and handsome features, full of a grave expression.—His general cast of countenance is Roman; and his lofty dignity of manner is such, that when you see him enveloped in the folds of his snow white hayk, which falls gracefully over his left shoulder, you might almost imagine a senator of ancient Rome stood before you. How different in other respects are the two characters. If the character of the Moor be examined, it will be found to consist of a compound of everything that is worthless and contemptible; and the few good qualities he possesses are quite lost in the dark shade thrown around them. Utterly destitute of faith, his vows and promises are made at the same time with such a resemblance of sincerity as rarely to fail deceiving his victim; truth is an utter stranger to his lips, and falsehood so familiar with him, that dependence can rarely be placed on anything that he says. In his disposition he is cruel, morose, overbearing, and tyrannical; and benevolence and humanity are strangers to his breast. Proud, arrogant and haughty, as his general demeanor is, particularly to his inferiors, he is fawning and cringing to those above him, and the veriest slave imaginable, when in contact with those whose power he has to be afraid of. Suspicious, perhaps as much from the general uncertinty of life and property in Morrocco, as from his own natural disposition, there is no tie of faith or friendship which is not capable of being dissolved when anything is likely to be obtained; to accomplish which, he will descend to the lowest flattery, and the most servile acts of cunning wheedling. Liberality and generosity are unknown to him; or if he display the qualities, it is done from a certainty that he shall be well paid for the exercise of them.—*La Presse.*

Teach the Women to Save.

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best Savings' Bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competence, security in a stormy time, and a shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in, and the best way to make her comprehend it is for her to keep an account current for expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself or family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea—act upon it—and strive over it—and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon the women as well as the men: but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most and regard themselves as examples in most matters. 'Teach the women to save' is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

A STERLING FELLOW.—The following unique advertisement appears in a late number of the Lebanon (Ky.) Post:

"I am in jail, and very unjustly, I think, and I am lonely and desolate, having nothing to while away the hours. I solicit a share of patronage in my line, viz: Tailoring; I will work very low—half price rather than be idle. A. STERLING.

Lebanon Jail, Feb., 1853."

He might have added as an additional inducement that he would always be found at home.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—They tell a good story of Lorenzo Dow, or a preambulating preacher of his 'school,' to the effect, that riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance, and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their designs, by affecting illiteracy, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them.

'Oh,' said he, 'that's *my way;* I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!'

☞ The Tobacco Crop of Kentucky, according to letters from various sections of that State, published in the Louisville Courier, presents a gloomy prospect. Some assert that a two thirds crop cannot be grown, while others contend that there will not be a half a crop.

☞ Revevenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble, but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilizer, emphatically condems it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to enoble man: and nothing so debases him as revenge.

Famine in India---Wholesale Mortality.

A late number of the Bombay Times says:

"We have famines occurring almost decennially, some of which, within our time, have swept their millions away. In 1833, 50,000 perished in the month of September, in Lucknow, at Khampoor 1200 died of want, and £500,000 sterling were subscribed by the bountiful to relieve the destitute. In Guntoor, 150,000 human beings, 74,000 bullocks, 159,000 milch cattle, and 300,000 sheep and goats, died of starvation. Fifty thousand people perished in Marwar, and in the Northwest Provinces, 500,000 lives are supposed to have been lost. The living preyed upon the dead, mothers devoured their children, and the human imagination could scarcely picture the scenes of horror that pervaded the land. In twenty month's time, 1,500,000 persons must have died of hunger or its immediate consequences. The direct pecuniary loss to the government by this visitation was £5,000,000 sterling a sum which would have gone far to avert the calamity from which it arose, had it been expended in constructing thoroughfares to connect the interior with the sea coast, or districts where human food was to be had in abundance, or on camels to bear forth to the soil, thristy and barren for want of moisture, the unbounded supplies our rivers carry to the ocean."

What a fearful picture, and in what broad contrast is our own happy country. How many reasons have we to be grateful! Here, the death of one individual by poverty or want is a rare occurrence, while in India thousands and tens of thousands are swept away every few years. Startling pictures like these are calculated to make us appreciate our position and our many blessings.

The Peach Tree Borer.

This beautiful insect, so destructive to four peach trees, is now not unfrequently to be met with—the male and female of which differ so much in their color and other markings from each other, that it requires a nice discrement to indentify them as belonging to the same species. They commence to emerge in their perfect form from the tree, at the present time, and continue to do so until October, after having remained a year in the larva and pupa state. As this is the period in which they deposit their eggs, it becomes necessary to the cultivators of the peach, to bestow some little attention to their destruction. Their eggs are deposited on the body of the tree near the surface of the ground, from whence the larva, upon being hatched, soon penetrate into the roots and produce their devasting effects. A single individual in the fall of the year, merely with a common trowel, may destroy great numbers of them when in this state, by removing the earth near the roots, and then picking them out. They may readily be distinguished by the gum which exudes from the places of their concealment; but the most efficacious method recommended is, to prevent them from depositing the eggs; this may be done by wrapping some substance about the base of the trunk, carefully burying its lower edge, to prevent them from crawling under, but not so tight as to prevent the growth of the tree, and should this wrapper contain some noxious leaves, so much the more effectual will be the attempt.

A Curious Book.

Mr. Jefferson made an original book out of the New Testament, an account of which is given by him in a letter to John Adams, dated October 13, 1813, when Mr. J. was seventy years old. He took two copies of the new Testament and cut out the sayings of the Saviour, rejecting every verse that was not evidently his; these he pasted in a book, and his compilation is described as covering forty-six pages. He wrote to old John Adams that this arrangement had placed before him 'the most sublime and benevolent code of morals ever offered to man."—*Boston Transcript.*

About Tomatoes.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Wash them, and cut them in two parts, round the tomato, that is, so as the cells can be divested of the pulp and seed which they contain. To six tomatoes take half a pint of bread crumbs, one large onion finely chopped, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to the taste. Fill the cells of each piece with the dressing, put two halves together, and tie them with a piece of thread. Put them in the pan with an ounce of butter and a gill of water, set them in a moderate oven, and cook them till they are soft. When done, cut off the threads and serve them.

TOMATO FRICANDEAU.—Get some slices of veal cutlets, pound and wash them, season them with pepper and salt, and fry them slowly till they are done.—They should be of a light brown on both sides. Stew some tomatoes very dry, strain them thorough a sieve to get out all the seeds, pour the pulp into the gravy after the meat has been taken out, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Pour this over the meat and serve it hot.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel fine ripe tomatoes, cut them in small pieces, and put in a pan, a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt and some pieces of butter, then put another layer of bread crumbs and tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Spread some beaten egg over the top, and set in the oven and bake it.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Wash them, cut them in half, take out the seeds, and season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some melted butter in a pain, put them into it, and fry them slowly till very soft.

DRIED TOMATOES.—Take fruit fully ripe, strain through a sieve, cook slowly half an hour, spread on clean plates, and dry in an oven twelve hours. It is capital, when carefully prepared.

DEMISE OF A SHANGHAI.—The editor of the *Palmer Journal* thus writes on the death of his favorite Shanghai rooster:

"His voice, when heard amid the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the bass of rumbling thunder amid the hum of a dozen spinning wheels:

Farewell faithful servant, a lasting farewell:
From thy fate let all roosters take warning—
No more will thy voice, in a long and loud swell,
Awake us, to get up and go to work, about half past 5 o'clock in the morning.

☞ If the following paragraph, which we find in papers, is *true*, 'woman's rights' is a fixed fact, and it aint no use for men folks to fight again 'em no longer:

At a recent meeting of the Woman's Rights Convention, a resolution was passed to the effect that unless the gentlemen would grant them all they asked for in their Declaration of Rights, they would at once put a stop to the increase of population. Whow!

A CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.—The Agricultural Society of Columbiana county, Ohio, at its exhibition, commencing on the 12th of October, in order to afford the ladies of Columbiana county, and any from a distance who may be in attendance, an opportunity to display their agility on horseback, have raised a purse of $250 to be distributed, in premiums, worth from $5 to $70, to the best female rider, or to those most skilled in reigning a single horse or a span of horses in harness.

☞ A wager was laid that it was a yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another.—To sustain the assertion, a downeaster was interrogated.

'I want you,' said the better, 'to give me a straight forward answer to a plain question.

'I kin do it, Mister,' said the Yankee.

'Then why is it, that the New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?'

'Du they?' was Jonathan's reply.

RAISING A BARN.—A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for 'mechanical purposes.' 'For what mechanical purposes?' inquired the agent.—"For raising a barn,' was the reply.

☞ They have fogs so thick in the vicinity of Newfoundland, that a Yankee is about turning it to account. He intends to dry and use it for stuffing cushions instead of wool.

Odds and Ends.

Choose the path of virtue.

Don't stop at trifles.

No patience, no true wisdom.

Deep sorrow hath no tongue.

Listen to the voice of experience.

Reform yourself first, then others.

'Tis easy to see but hard to foresee.

Patience is a plaster for all bruises.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Too much familiarity breeds contempt.

Time is an herb that cures all diseases.

There is a daguerreotype of the Moon at the Crystal Palace.

Beware of a remorseless thirst for the acquisition of riches.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the 15th of August, 1769.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in chains.

"That's my business," as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

Eleven hundred persons died of cholera in Calcutta in two days, in the early part of June.

Promise of marriage is like precious China, a man has so much to pay for its breakage.

Arthur Spring Jr., has been appointed a messenger in the Register's Office, at Washington.

What is it that a person no sooner catches than they want to get rid of? A cold to be sure.

What fruit does a person name who inquires the certain gait of a horse? (Cantelope) Cant-he-lope.

Father Matthew is reported to be in rapidly declining health, and it is feared he cannot long survive.

The value of a minute was fearfully demonstrated by the late accident on the Providence railroad.

Mrs. Phebe Patterson, a practical printer, has established a printing office in New York, to teach women to set type.

In the Duke of Devonshire's Park, at Chatworth there are kept seven thousand deer. The park contains two thousand acres.

The public debt of the United States, on the 1st of July, was $60,606,161,24, the interest on which is $2,012,693 per annum.

The brightness of a plow-share will prove a better security to republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress.

Man ought never to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

A barber desired a groggy customer of his, one Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum hole open on Sunday.

A Bostonian has invented a "chronometrical lock," which, fixed to a door, cannot be opened before the time determined on before-hand. *It operates by clock work, and the absence of a key-hole precludes all attempts to pick it.*

How absurd to be passionate yourself and expect others to be placid.

Revenge is sweet, but molasses will catch more flies.

To "begin right," get up every morning at sunrise, and be industrious.

A white crow was lately shot in Montgomery county.

What cannot be told, had better not be done.

To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor.

Let a child believe the things which, when a man, he may be able to prove to himself by reason.

In Michigan, the majority in favor of the Maine law is nearly twenty thousand, as appears by returns from all the counties except two.

The heart of a flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button does on one of shirts, for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it is off again.

There is said to be an old lady down on Long Island so very fat, that the neighbors use her shadow for griddle greasing. To keep her from slipping out of bed, her husband rolls her in the ashes. Long Island is a great place.

YOUNG AMERICA.—In the geography of Young America, the following boundaries of the United States are now glibly given:—East by sunrise, West by sun-set, North by the Arctic Expedition, and South *as far as we darn please!*

FOOTE, being once annoyed by a poor fiddling fellow straining harsh discord under his window, sent him out a shilling with a request that he would play elsewhere, as *one scrapper at the door would do!*

A man complaining of being turned out of a concert room, said he was "fired with indignation." "If you were fired," remarked a bystander, "perhaps that was the reason they *put you out.*"

A London witness having described himself as a penman, was asked in what department of literature he wielded his pen, and he replied that he "penned sheep in the Smithfield market."

A Woman is a great deal like a piece of ivy.—The more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.

A money hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey moon would last. He replied, "Don't tell me of the honey moon—it is the harvest-moon with me."

There is a tight rope dancer in San Francisco who offers to walk across the ocean, provided some one will chalk the equinoxial line for him.

The man who was "struck with astonishment" without resisting it, has been sent as a delegate to the next Peace convention.

A man recently poked his head out from "behind the times," when it was taken off by a "passing event."

There is much inquiry for the jeweler that made the welkin ring.

Very Sensible.—It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer:—I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be."

One of our exchanges tells of a lazy genius up his way, who being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "*to marry a rich widow that's got a cough!*"