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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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Hallowed be thy Name.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

Hast to the dreary tongue that dwells
In rippling wave and sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee;
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim;
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish—"Hallowed be Thy Name!"

The sage, kneeling to the sun
To give his thanks or ask a boon—
The raptures of the idiot one,
Who laughs to see the clear, round moon—
The saint, well taught in Christian lore—
The moslem, prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder and adore,
And end in "Hallowed be Thy Name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious works comprise it still;
We trace them on the blooming mead—
We have them on the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme,
Each varied breathing is the same;
The strain may differ, but the theme
Is—"Father, Hallowed be Thy Name!"

Acres and the Hands.

BY A. DUHANNE.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,"
Said God's most holy word:—
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth,
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres—
While millions of acres want hands.

Sunlight, and breeze, and gladsome flowers,
Are over the earth spread wide;
And the good God gave these gifts to men—
To men who on earth abide:
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres—
While millions of acres want hands.

Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn:
And never a plot where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands!
Oh! millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

'Tis writ that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn!"
But behold! ye shackle the poor man's hands,
That have all earth's burthens borne!
The land is the gift of a bounteous God—
And to labor his word commands.—
Yet millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

Who hath ordained that few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold?—
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands—
When millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day—
This robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie, that the word of the Lord disowns—
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise,
And swear, while they break their bands—
That the hands shall henceforth have acres;
And the acres henceforth have hands!

How to overcome Evil.

Johnny Wilson sat on the stairway, crying as though his young heart would break. I took him on my lap, and told him to tell me why he was crying.

"Billy Johnson was just above me in the spelling class, and because I turned him down, he got angry. At noon I was flying my new kite on the plain; he came up asking me to let him fly it. Thinking it would make us good friends I let him, but on purpose he let it go into a tree, and tore it. I'll be revenged, yes, I'll be revenged!"

"Do good for evil," said I.

"I will try," came sweetly from Johnny's lips.

That evening, as Johnny was engaged in a "famous" game of ball, Billy came up, and wished to play, but could not as he was odd.

"Here, Billy, you can have my place," said Johnny.

Billy looked at Johnny a moment in silence, and then said, "Johnny I tore your kite; I am sorry; mine is behind that tree, it is yours; and after this we shall be good friends."

That night, as Johnny knelt, and said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us," he felt he had forgiven one who had trespassed against him.

"A Few Days."

This seems to be all the rage at the present. The Louisville *Times* thus takes it off, which suits this section exceedingly well:

"You present a man a small account, he will pay you in a few days; pretty girls expect marry in a few days; brass bands blow out a few days; high fellows sing a few days; and we expect to give our reader some interesting local news in a few days."

And we are hoping that a great many of our subscribers will send the amount of their dues in a few days. In fact, we know they will, for some of them have been promising to "do that little thing" every few days, for a year or two. We expect then to be "in funds" in a few days.

THE TRUE ISSUE.—The real people of this country, irrespective of parties, are becoming more interested in the great question, at issue every day,—whether or not "Americans shall govern America"—and in the Presidential race of 1856, they will give an affirmative answer to the question. The issue is not Whig and Democrat—not whether Know-Nothingism is Whiggery in disguise—but whether the native born citizens of this Republic shall fill its offices and direct its affairs, or whether foreigners, paupers and convicts from Europe, shall govern our country. This is the true issue, and we intend to hold the opposing party to it!

The number of the venerable and patriotic band of Revolutionary pensioners grows less and less. It is now reduced to 726. The number of revolutionary widows receiving pensions is 5,552.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

[The last volume of McCauly's History of England, just issued, covers the period extending from the accession of William and Mary to the throne to the peace of Ryswick in 1697. The Revolution which resulted in the banishment of James and the elevation of William and Mary, was a signal triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism, and as such was hailed by the friends of the Reformed Religion throughout Europe. At that period Ireland was a mere colony belonging to the English crown, and remained in a state of insubordination after the accession of the new monarch—the Catholics of Ireland, headed by the priesthood, being warm partisans of James. In this state of things the banished monarch decided to march into Ireland. Londonderry, a stronghold of Protestantism, was made the principal point of attack. Lundy, who had command of the garrison, turned traitor, and was on the point of handing over the place to the partizans of James, when his villainy was discovered. This much by way of introduction to a few paragraphs from McCauly's description of this celebrated siege, and the heroic resistance of its noble defenders.]

"The city was left destitute of all military and all civil government. No man in the town had a right to command any other; the defences were weak; the provisions were scanty; an incensed tyrant and a great army were at the gates. But within was that which has often, in desperate extremities, retrieved the fallen fortunes of nations. Betrayed, deserted, disorganized, unprovided with resources, begirt with enemies, the noble city was still no easy conquest. Whatever an engineer might think of the strength of the ramparts, all that was most intelligent, most courageous, most high spirited among the Englishry of Leinster and of Northern Ulster was crowded behind them. The number of men capable of bearing arms within the walls was seven thousand; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valor, and stubborn patience. They were all zealous Protestants; and the Protestantism of the majority was tinged with Puritanism. They had much in common with that sober, resolute and God-fearing class out of which Cromwell had formed his unconquerable army."

But these brave men were not disheartened:

"No sooner had the first burst of the rage excited by the perfidy of Lundy spent itself than those whom he had betrayed proceeded, with a gravity and prudence worthy of the most renowned Senates, to provide for the order and defense of the city. Two Governors were elected, Baker and Walker. Baker took the chief military command. Walker's especial business was to preserve internal tranquility, and to dole out supplies from the magazines. The inhabitants capable of bearing arms were distributed into eight regiments. Colonels, captains, and subordinate officers were appointed. In a few hours every man knew his post, and was ready to repair to it as soon as the beat of the drum was heard. That machinery, by which Oliver had, in the preceding generation, kept up among his soldiers so stern and so pertinacious an enthusiasm, was again employed with not less complete success. Preaching and praying occupied a large part of every day. Eighteen clergymen of the established church and seven or eight of the nonconformist ministers were within the walls. They all exerted themselves indefatigably to rouse and sustain the spirit of the people. Among themselves there was for the time entire harmony. All dispute about church government, postures, ceremonies, were forgotten. The Bishop, having found that his lectures on passive obedience were derided even by the Episcopalians, had withdrawn himself, first to Raphoe, and then to England, and was preaching in a chapel in London. On the other hand, a Scotch fanatic, named Hewson, who had exhorted the Presbyterians not to ally themselves with such as refused to subscribe the Covenant, had sunk under the well-merited disgust and scorn of the whole Protestant community. The aspect of the Cathedral was remarkable. Canon were planted on the summit of the broad tower which has since given place to a tower of different proportions. Amunition was stored in the vaults. In the choir the liturgy of the Anglican Church was read every morning. Every afternoon the Dissenters crowded to a simpler worship.

James had waited twenty-four hours, expecting, as it would seem, the performance of Lundy's promises; and in twenty-four hours the arrangements for the defense of Londonderry were complete.—On the evening of the 19th of April, a trumpeter came to the southern gate, and asked whether the engagements into which the Governor had entered would be fulfilled. The answer was that the men who guarded these walls had nothing to do with the Governor's engagements, and were determined to resist to the last."

The besieging army was now placed under the command of Rosen. He arrived at headquarters on the 19th of June.

"At first he attempted to undermine the walls; but his plan was discovered, and he was compelled to abandon it after a sharp fight, in which more than a hundred of his men were slain. Then his fury rose to a strange pitch. He, an old soldier, a Marshall of France in expectancy, trained in a school of the greatest generals, accustomed, during many years, to scientific war, to be baffled by a mob of country gentlemen, farmers, shopkeepers, who were protected only by a wall which any good engineer would at once have pronounced untenable! He raved, he blasphemed in language of his own, made up of all the dialects spoken from the Baltic to the Atlantic. He would raze the city to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls; not the babies at the breast. As to the leaders, death was too light a punishment for them; he would rack them; he would roast them alive. In his rage he ordered a shell to be flung into the town with a letter containing a terrible menace. He would, he said, gather into one body all the Protestants who had remained at their homes between Charlemont and the sea, old men, women, children, many of them near in blood and affection to the defenders of Londonderry. No protection, whatever might be the authority by which it had been given, should be respected. The multitude thus brought together should be driven under the walls of Londonderry, and should there be starved to death in the sight of their countrymen, their friends, their kinsmen. This was no idle threat. Parties were instantly sent out in all directions to collect victims. At dawn on the morning of the second of July, hundreds of Protestants, who were charged with no crime, who were incapable of bearing arms, and many of whom had protections granted by James, were dragged to the gates of the city. It was imagined that the piteous sight would quell the spirit of the colonists. But the only effect was to rouse that spirit to still greater energy. An order was immediately put forth that no man should utter the word "Surrender" on pain of death; and no man uttered that word. Several prisoners of high rank were in the town. Hitherto they had been well treated, and had received as good rations as were measured out to the garrison. They were now closely confined. A gallows was erected on one of the bastions; and a message was conveyed to Rosen, requesting him to send a confessor instantly to prepare his friends for death. The prisoners, in great dismay, wrote to the savage Livonian, but received no answer. They then addressed themselves to their countryman, Richard Hamilton. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood for their King; but they thought it hard to die the ignominious death of thieves in consequence of the barbarity of their own companions in arms. Hamilton though a man of lax principles, was not cruel. He had been disgusted by the inhumanity of Rosen, but being only second in command, could not venture to express publicly all that he thought. He, however, remonstrated strongly. Some Irish officers felt on this occasion as it was natural that brave men should feel, and declared, weeping with pity and indignation, that they should never cease to have in their ears the cries of the poor women and children who had been driven at the point of the pike to die of famine between the camp and the city. Rosen persisted during forty-eight hours. In that time many unhappy creatures perished, but Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever; and he saw that the crime was likely to produce nothing but hatred and obloquy. He at length gave way and suffered the survivors to withdraw. The garrison then took down the gallows which had been erected on the bastion."

At length the horrors of the sige were aggravated by the pressure of famine. A strict search was made for provisions in the recesses of every house throughout the city. Some food was discovered, which had been concealed in cellars by people who had died or made their escape. But this proved only a scanty store. Pestilence began to appear in the train of hunger.

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet the fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by knawing them they appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied around the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that but little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholsome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was reveling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirits still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed.—None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "Eat the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other."

It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets."

At length this terrible siege, the most memorable in British history, was brought to a close. English merchant-vessels, laden with provisions, had come to Lough Foyle. The master of one of them, called the Mountjoy, volunteered to relieve his starving fellow-citizens. An her vessel, the Phœnix, shared the enterprize. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth frigate, commanded by Capt. John Leake, afterward an Admiral of great fame.

"It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the Dartmouth poured on them a well directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phœnix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns were seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and gastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was 10 o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches, of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuits, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of peas. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shown bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with peals of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long colums of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle toward Strabane."

LONDON THE GREATEST CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Dr. Medhurst supposes that the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—413,722 having been added during the last ten years. The census shows it contains 307,722 inhabited, and 16,339 uninhabited houses.

A LIBRARY OF "PERFECT BRICKS."—Col. Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library—not, indeed, printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks—containing many and voluminous treaties on astronomy and mathematics, and ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treaties contain facts and arguments, which in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of sciences to which they relate, and which throw great light on biblical history and criticism, and the history of our race.

YALE COLLEGE, by its catalogue just published, has forty-five instructors, twenty-five students in theology, twenty-six in law, thirty-two in medicine, sixty-three in philosphy and the arts, ninety-seven seniors, one hundred and eleven juniors, the same number of sophomores, and one hundred and fifty-four freshmen; in all 619.

Suicide of a Dog.

The Boston Chronicle vouches for the authenticity of the following story:—During the past week a gentlemen living in the south part of the city, near the track of one of our railroads, intending to give a dinner party to some friends, purchased for his table a fine piece of venison, which to his taste was an inviting feast as could be conceived of. The delicate joint duly arrived home, and was hung up, until it might be wanted, in the sink-room.—This gentleman has been for a year or two the owner of a fine dog, much attached to his master, who in turn esteemed the faithful creature highly. Now it unfortunately happened that this piece of meat was hung low enough to be within the reach of "Bruno," who, being unable to resist the temptation, seized upon it and devoured the major part. He was detected by his master in *flagrante derelicto*, and present rage outweighing past friendship, the poor fellow was severly beaten and kicked out of doors. He returned, however, soon after, but with a dejected and hang dog look, which he mantained for a day or two, when he disappeared altogether. Search being made, his body, severed from the head and chest, was found on the railroad track, a short distance from the house the poor creature having ended a life which was no longer bearable, by a voluntary death. His master, who had repented his harshness, had for some time endeavored to efface the impression by acts of kindness, but all to no purpose.—"Bruno" had been disgraced, and death alone could wipe out the stain.

A Rough Bedfellow.

There is a good story going the rounds of the papers, told of a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till a late hour at night, and then started for home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises, he was too far gone to discover any door to the premises he was about to inhabit, and therefore laid himself down in a shed which was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs. They happened to be out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed.—The weather being rather cold, they, in in the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and the others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog exclaimed: "Hallo, my good friend, you've got a —— of a board! *When did you shave last?*"

IT IS AN astonishing thing how little a matter will sometimes disconcert a man who is accustomed to speak in public, and to have his thoughts about him, and ready to command on almost all occasions.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said a distinguished Western political orator to us recently, and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkably clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me, saying:

"Guess he wouldn't talk *quite* so hifalutinatin, if he knew that his trowse rs was bu'st clean out behind!"

"From that moment I couldn't 'get on' The people in front of me began to laugh, and there was a loud roar in my rear, and I dared not reverse my position for fear of having a new audience of my condition. I made, or rather invented, an excuse for delay, and sat down. The malicious scoundrel!" continued the orator, "it was only a mean trick after all. There was nothing under the heaven the matter with my unmentionables!"

A shrewd Reply.

Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged origion of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburg, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross examination he had admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist.

"And do you solemnly say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that persons having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" I am no card player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequence of this reply was decisive.

FRANK PIERCE.—"About the time Pierce was nominated," said Douglass, "I was in New-Hampshire, and with a great portion of the American people I felt curious to know who Franklin Pierce was. I happened to be in the bar-room when some allusion was made to the nomination by a plain farmer, who appeared to know something about the candidate. I asked him if he could tell me who this General Pierce was? He replied: 'Oh, Frank Pierce—O yes, I know Frank.—Why, we think he's quite a man up here in these parts; but when you come to spread him out all over the country, he will be awful *thin*."

A GENTLEMEN residing in Mount Vernon, Maine, has raised in the open air, for the last three years, the coffee plant the seed of which was brought five years ago from Cuba. It grows about two feet high and produces its berries in pods something like peas. The plants he says, have matured, even this season, and the berries ripened without injury from frosts.

The woman who reigns the queen of the ball-room, is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children.

ONE of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut tells the following story:—"When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich: all she wanted was 'enough to make her comfortable.' I went to work and cleared up my land. I've worked hard ever since, and have got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and have good farms, but my wife ain't comfortable yet."

GOOD PUN.—Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take venison. "No," said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think it so coot as mutton." "Oh," says the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "I will tell you vy—in this world, the people always prefer vat is *deer* to vat is *sheep*."

THE BIBLE IN ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.—The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society the last year was $625,000, being $40,000 more than that of any previous year. The Society has been the means of issuing nearly twenty-nine millions of copies of the Scriptures in one hundred and seventy different languages.

A FIELD OF BLOOD.—Within a radious of five miles around Sevastopol it is supposed that more blood has been spilt, more lives sacrificed, and more misery inflicted in a year than in any other equal extent of the earth's surface in the same time since the days of Noah's flood.

Rogers, the Poet, and author of "Pleasures of Memory," is dead in England.—he lived far beyond the years allotted to ordinary life, and was probably the richest poet in modren times. He was born in 1760, and was a young man at the period of the American revolution. He was famous for his hospitality and his wealth.

A BRIDAL.—In Boston a year or two ago, a citizen who had just passed his ninety-second birth-day was married to a venerable lady of seventy-two summers. The Clergyman of the aged bridegroom positively refused to unite the two lovers, and hence, the services of a Justice of the Peace became necessary.

THE "MONROE DOCTRINE" is compressed in the sentence of one of Mr. Monroe's messages, that the "American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the fusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three or for times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

Productive Land.—The Southern Minnesota Herald says that Mr. Looney, of Root river, gathered this year 4,000 bushels of corn off of 70 acres, more than half of which had not been touched from the time it was planted. Mr. L. also raised a cart load of 70 pumpkins from one seed!

Crime in California.—During the month of November there were no less than 434 arrests in San Francisco. Of the offenders, 7 were charged with murder, 13 with grand larceny, 21 with threats against life, 13 with assaults with deadly weapons, 82 with assault and battery, 133 with drunkenness, and the remainder with minor offences.

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage-ride during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to him:

"Paddy, are you not very wet?"

"Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but please your honor, I'm very dry."

A Prudent Lady—a woman advertising for a husband, wants him to be not only "strictly religious," but of "good character." We suppose the lady has discovered that the first of these qualifications does not *necessarily* embrace the other.

A FINE BOY.—A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

There are 5,00,000,000 more of heathens than of christians in the world. For this mighty mass, it was recently stated at an anniversary in Berlin, only 1500 Missionary Stations exists and only 37 societies have been formed to promote their conversion.

THE King of Dahomy, an African monarch, says a recent traveler, keeps a drunkard, feeds him upon rum, and exhibits him at the customs, that his miserable appearance may shame his people from making beasts of themselves.

Some wise man said, years ago: "If you want to learn human nature, get married to some spunky girl, move into a house with another family and slap one of the young ones, and then you'll learn it."

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city monthly.

The coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for the future husband.

Why are women like beets? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

Sad Accident from Gunpowder.

A sad accident happened on Thursday evening last at the residence of Dr. W. Morris, of this county. Dr. M. had purchased a small keg of powder, of some four or five pounds, brought it home, and put it down in one corner of his sitting room, throwing something over it to cover and hide it. While the family went out to supper, there were in left in this room, two little boys, his sons, two little twin daughters of some fifteen months old, and one or more negro children. One of the twins and one of the little boys were upon the bed asleep. The others were playing on the floor. The little boy got some powder out of the keg, scattered some about the floor, and was amusing himself by throwing a few grains at a time into the fire. The powder on the floor caught fire and communicated with the keg, and the whole exploded. The little twin girl who was playing on the floor was horribly burnt, and probably is not now alive. The little boy who was playing with the powder was also badly burnt, and his recovery is very doubtful. The little girl and little boy up on the bed escaped unhurt, although the bedstead was torn to pieces and the bed driven up against the ceiling. The negro boy was badly burnt, and has probably lost his sight forever. The ceiling of the room was torn to pieces, three of the joists being broken in two by the concussion, the floor above being driven into a mass of loose boards, and the side of the house (which was built of logs) driven out some eight or ten inches from its place. The wonder is that every child in the room was not instantly killed.—*Frankford (Ky.) Commonwealth.*

Horseflesh vs. Beef.—A famous dinner was made by a celebrated *bon viveant* in Paris, at which the comparative merits of beef and horseflesh were tested by dishes of both variously prepared, and the guests were loud in their demonstrations of delight over a rump steak of a fat horse immolated at the age of 22 years.

Modern Nimrods.—On the 21st ult, Messrs. L. N. Ross, Daniel Patterson, and Wm. Allison, returned to Independence, Mo., from the Plains, where they have been for some weeks on a buffalo hunt. The party brought in over 10,000 lbs. of dried buffalo meat and tongues. They killed over fifty buffalo and more than 200 wolves.

Cruelty to Animals.—Martin Furlong was convicted in the N. York Special Sessions, on Friday week, of wanton and cruel treatment to his horse. Several persons testified that they saw him beat the horse with a cart-rung until it fell to the pavement. The Recorder sent him to the penitentiary for six months, and in passing sentence remarked that of late there had been numerous cases of the kind, and in future he intended to inflict the utmost penalty of the law on such inhuman characters as were brought before him.

Thieving in the Cars.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal of Saturday last, says:—A gang of light-fingered females, or males in female attire, did quite an extensive business on Friday and Saturday of last week, in picking ladies' pockets in the Reading Railroad cars, and about the stations. A dozen or more persons were robbed, two or three of whom were ladies from this place. Several ladies of Pottsville were also among the sufferers. The thieves were accompanied by several half-grown boys, who assisted them materially in their operations. There seems to be a sort of Jew Fagan institute in Philadelphia, where boys are instructed in all the arts of the thieving fraternity. Persons traveling by Railroad, should be on their guard. The sums stolen on the several trains probably amounted to one or two hundred dollars. Some of the lady passengers lost all their funds, and were greatly distressed in consequence.

All Dead.

Mr. Grogan and family, of Wood county, Va., started for Texas last spring, designing to settle somewhere in the eastern section of that State. Having reached the "Raft" on Red river, Mr. Grogan left his wife and four children there, and accompanied only by his eldest son, went some three hundred miles further up the river, to find an eligible location. He soon found and bought a place to suit him, when leaving his son with a brother who was living in that quarter, he returned to the "Raft" for the rest of the family. On reaching their halting place he found them all down with the yellow fever, of which they soon died. He too, ere long, fell beneath the same scourge; thus, father, mother and children perished, the victims of that deadly miasma which infects the low lands of the South.

The Cholera Ravages in Porto Rico.—A letter dated Guayama, Porto Rico, Dec. 17th, after announcing a severe shock of an earthquake on the 14th, and the appearance of immense brilliant meteors, visible for two minutes, on the night of the 15th, says:

"The official returns to the 18th instant report upwards of four thousand cases of cholera in the Island, and about two thousand five hundred deaths, or a little more than fifty per cent.; taking the average proportion of new cases for the past ten days, they have doubtless been, to date, nearly five thousand cases, of which, probably, about the same per centage before noticed have proved fatal. In nearly all the towns invaded by the disease the first cases are usually fatal. Many sugar estates have suffered severely from loss of negroes, which may seriously affect the taking off the coming crop.

"This place, Ponce and Mayagues, have thus far escaped, as well as many of the smaller towns of the Island, but advices from St. Johns report the appearance of the epidemic in that city, much to the consternation of its inhabitants."

The Spaniards say: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to any body who will have her."