THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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☞The following lines were written by Mrs. Emily C. Judson, (Fanny Forrester) at the sick bed of her husband. It gives a very graphic reflection of eastern nights, and is, indeed, an exquisite production:

Watching.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done,
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
The bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lip and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are singing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in Heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see the pale lips lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey,
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholly murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone,
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens and I sit in sleepless dark alone.

Touching Incident.

An affecting occurrence took place some time ago in a seaboard town in England.—Six little children got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they know it. A number of men went off in all directions, every boat was on the look-out until far in the night. Daylight returned, and still there were no tidings from the helpless children; the day wore away, and still nothing was heard from them. They were either lost in the wide ocean, or buried in its unfathomable depths. A Plymouth fisherman, fishing early the next morning, discovered something floating in the distance: he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and in the bottom six children, all huddled together like a nest of birds, fast asleep—God having mercifully given them that blessed solace after a day of terror and despair.—He took them aboard and gladdened their despairing little hearts with the promise of taking them home. Between three and four in the afternoon, the fisherman was seen in the offing, the boat astern. All eyes were turned towards him; the best spy glass in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they could fairly see that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town—the mothers came frantic to the beach, for there were no children discovered in the boat; none to be seen in the shop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the boat came in, and the word went round, "they are all safe;" and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their unsupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day; and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who in his infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of those children were under five years of age, and the sixth was but nine years old.

☞"The Poet" of the Detroit Advertiser in a "poem" admirable for its strength thus degrasses poor Louisville:

"This town does very curious seem,
For boys run loose at random,
And when folks want a splendid team,
They hitch two jackasses before a dray and get a big nigger with a red shirt on up behind, to drive 'em tandem.

The Christian's Love.

At a meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. R. Young, of Truro, mentioned a very remarkable fact that had taken place at Cornwall:

Two men were working together in a mine, and having prepared to blast the rock, and laid the train, the latter became by accident ignited. In a few moments a tremendous explosion, they knew, was inevitable, and the rock must be rent in a thousand pieces. On perceiving their danger, they both leaped into the bucket, and called to the man on the surface to draw them up. He endeavored to do so, but his arm was found too feeble to raise the bucket while both the men were in it. What was to be done? The burning fuse, which could not be extinguished, was now within a few feet of the powder; a moment or two, and the explosion must take place.—At this awful crisis, one of the men addressing the other, said, "You shall live, and I will die; for you are an impenitent sinner, and if you now die your soul will be lost; but if I die, I know by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall be taken to himself." And so saying, without waiting for a reply, he leaped out of the bucket and prayerfully waited the result. On the other reaching the surface, he bent over the shaft to ascertain the fate of his companion. At that moment a terrific explosion was heard; a portion of the rock was thrown up, and smote him on the forehead; leaving an indelible mark to remind him of his danger and deliverance. But the man of God, when they came to search for him, was found arched over by the fragments of broken rock in the mire, uninjured, and rejoicing in the Lord. This magnanimous miner exhibited in his act an amount of disinterested love and charity which has seldom been equalled and is never found but in connection with the love of Christ. Here is none of that unholy daring of which we have instances among the heroes of Greece and Rome, who actuated solely by a love of notoriety, inflicted upon themselves tortures, and even death; but that pure Christian charity, which at all hazards, even at the sacrifice of life itself, seeks to save the immortal soul of man.—This is the kind of charity we have this day to elicit, to strengthen, and to direct, and without which it is impossible that the objects of missionary enterprise can ever be accomplished.

When is a man Rich.

We are indebted to a friend in Washington City (says the Knickerbocker Magazine,) for the following very forcible illustration of "*What constitutes Riches?*" The anecdote is entirely authentic.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

To illustrate the idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:—

When I was Governor of the State of New York, said he, I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy."

I replied that that was my name,

"Bill Marcy?" said he. I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the back-woodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; "I told them you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you don't know me, don't you Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before, and so I replied he had a familiar countenance, but I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport.—Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose!"

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that expression, when he broke in:

"Oh! yes you are; I know you are rich! no use denying it. You was Comptroller for a long time; and the next we heard of you you were Governor. You must have a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you get along so smart You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh! yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees, and cleared more land, than any other in the whole State."

"And you have made a good thing of it? How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I'm worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth *three hundred dollars clean cash!*" And he *was* rich, for he was satisfied.

☞Heartless complaints, which end in nothing, are among our greatest sins.

Politeness in Men and Women.

A Cincinnati editor says that men are more polite than women, and proceeds to prove it in this wise:

"Not long since we had occasion to ride a short distance in one of our city omnibuses which was nearly filled with men. Soon it stopped, and a woman opened the door; instantly there was a move among the men: they crowded together and a seat was furnished the lady. After proceeding a square or two further, another lady wished to get in; an additional squeeze was made, and she was accommodated with a seat. A similar application was again soon made, and a gentleman instantly gave up his seat and got on top. Another soon followed and another gentleman did likewise.—Repeated instances like this occurred, and the gentlemen, by crowding together, holding market baskets and children, accommodated every lady applicant, till we counted inside—men, women and children—nearly twenty persons. Then the number began to diminish; men and children got out, and the omnibus was decently filled with women, there being but two men inside, and they at the further end, completely blocked in by market baskets. And now a woman opened the door; not a lady stirred. "Can I have a seat," modestly asked the applicant. "I should like to see where you'd sit," said one lady. "Don't you see this 'bus is full?" said another. "You can stand," sneeringly said the third. "I can walk," replied the spunky applicant, and slamming the door, off she walked. Now, had the omnibus been full of men as it was of women, that lady would have been furnished a seat without a murmur. But it is not only in the omnibus that men show their superior politness over women. In a rainy day, if we met two men abreast on a crossing, one instantly steps behind the other, and gives you a passway. But if you meet two ladies ten chances to one but you will have to step into the mud.—In a crowded church, men will squeeze together to accommodate another man; but ladies will spread themselves out, so that three or four fill a pew, and not a inch will they move to accommodate one of their own sex. So in railroad cars, and other places were men and women congregate, and where the true disposition is instinctively shown. We state these as general cases. There are exceptions, of course but we merely wish to draw attention to the general fact, that while a man's rudeness to a woman is so rare as to attract notice when it occurs, the rudeness of a woman, towards a man, or towards another woman, is so common as to be considered a matter of course. If, among other "Womans' Rights," which some ladies are now striving to obtain, they will engraft the right to be always courteous and polite to each other, we men will take care of ourselves, and them, too—God bless 'em. With all their faults we love them still.

The Philosophy of Sneezing.

A sneeze always indicates that there is something wrong. It does not occur in health unless some foreign agent irritates the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In case of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of smell, those of feeling, those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited When a sneeze occurs all these facilities are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the nerves of motion to the muscles, saying, "cast it out!" and the result is unmistakeable. So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles joined in the rescue, nearly one half of the body arouses against the intruder; from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the efforts for the expulsion of the grain of snuff. During this operation the lungs become fully inflated, the abominal organs are pressed downward, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth, and now all the muscles, which have relaxed for the purpose, contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first does not succeed, then follows a second, a third, and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down into the enjoyment of peace and quietude.—*Journal of Medical Reform.*

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A KANSAS VOTER.—The Kansas Freeman says that the officers are rather puzzled how to apply a provision of the law in that Territory relating to the right of Indians to vote. The law says that Indians who have "adopted the habits of white men" shall vote, and the difficulty is to settle what shall be sufficient proof of such adoption. The last one suggested is that the "abregyne" shall be made to drink a pint of raw Kansas whisky. If he does it, he can go in; if not, he must stand back till he has acquired that valuable political accomplishment.

☞Ex-President Fillmore was in Rome, Italy, by last accounts, sitting for his bust in marble, to Bartholomew, the celebrated American sculptor.

SPIRIT OF YANKEE GIRLS.—In one of the factories of Maine, recently, the proprietors reduced the wages, whereupon there was a general determination to strike; and, as they were obliged to give a month's notice before quitting work, they have in the mean time, issued a circular to the world at large, in which is the following interesting paragraph:—"We are now working out our notice, and shall soon be without employment; can turn our hand to most anything; don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for nothing, where folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings, pies and cakes, patch, darn, knit roast, stew and fry, make butter and cheese, milk cows, feed chickens, hoe corn, sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights, make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies; in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of, not forgetting the scolding on Mondays and Saturdays. For specimens of spirit, will refer you to our overseer. Speak quick.—Black eyes, fair foreheads, clustering locks, beautiful as Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly. An elderly gentleman in want of a good housekeeper, or a nice man in want of a wife—willing to sustain either character; in fact, we are in the market! Who bids? Going—Going—gone! Who's the lucky man?"

A QUAKER'S HAT.—A Cincinnati paper mentions a visit paid the United States Court room by a Quaker, during the trial of the recent slave case in that city. One of the marshals ordered him to take off his hat. Levi Coffin, the person alluded to, explained that he meant no disrespect, but it was the custom of their people. It would not do—the marshal raised his cane and knocked the offending broad brim on the floor. Friend Coffin paid no attention to this, but remained motionless. In a little while the marshall returned, pick up the hat and handed it to Levi, who took no notice whatever of it, and the marshal deposited it on the table. But the marshal was not at ease, and shortly after he returned, took the hat and placed it very gently on Levi's head, and the last we saw of Friend Coffin, he stood there with his hat on looking as coolly on the proceedings as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb his equanimity.

DIGNITY OF PRINTING.—God was the first printer! He gave from his hand, amid the blackness of Sinai, the mind of God! The decalogue of all moral law, the claim of man upon man, and God upon all.

Printing! The art that shall hand down to latest year, to remotest posterity, to innumerable millions yet unborn of God, the thoughts of men who are living now; of men who lived centuries since; they defy time, and the printed transcripts of these men shall live, too full of soul to be put in the same grave with their perishable bodies. It was a bright thought of that author, who in his dying moments, was just able to ask if the proof of his last work was corrected—all corrected? Yes all!—Then I shall have a complete edition in glory.

SAD CALAMITY.—A private letter received in this city yesterday brings the melancholly tidings of the death by freezing of Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe, of Cero Gordo county, Iowa. They had been to a neighboring town shopping, and on their way home got lost in a snow storm on the prairie. Mr. Rolfe, who was an invalid, could not leave his sled. His wife, wrapping her shawl around him, unhitched the oxen, and followed them as they trudged homeward for half a mile, when she sank down in a snow drift and there died. On the arrival of the oxen at the house, the neighbors turned out in search, and found both Mr. and Mrs. Rolf frozen to death on the prairie. Mrs. R. was a sister of Mrs. F. J. Blair, of this city.—*Milwaukie Sentinel, Feb. 8.*

RATHER SEVERE.—An eminent jurist, who was said to have rather long shanks, was one day practicing at the bar, and having occasion to cross-examine a sailor who had spoken of a hand spike in the course of his evidence, he asked, with some asperity—

"Well, sir, how large was this hand spike which you tell of?"

"About as large as usual," said Jack.

"But *how* large—as large as a man's leg?"

"Well," replied Jack, looking at the thin supporters of the jurist—"Well, it was not as large as a *man's* leg, but it might be as big as your'n, may be."

☞The Whigs of New Hampshire who held a State Convention on Wednesday week, and nominated Ichabod Goodwin as their candidate for Governor, adopted resolutions expressing opposition to the policy of the present national administration, and the extension of slavery; regretting the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and condemning also religious and political oppression. They also appointed a full delegation to the Whig national convention.

"If we go to war, father," said a bright eyed boy the other day to his clerical parent, "from what part of the Bible shall you get the text for a new sermon?" The good minister being taken by surprise at the question, thought a moment, and then smoothing the locks of the child with a sort of parental pride, answered that he believed it would be from *Lamentations.*

It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented, loving wife, who does not wish to live beyond her husband's income, in a fashionable style, just because her neighbor does—one that can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles or its favors.

It is a bad sign when a preachers tries to drive his logic by thumping the desk violently with clenched hand. His arguments are so-fist-ical.

Each joy has its shade.

With every joy we haste to meet,
In hopefulness or pride,
There comes, with step as sure and fleet,
A shadow by its side;
And ever thus that spectre chill
With each fair bliss has sped,
And when the gladened pulse should thrill,
The stricken heart lies dead.

The poet's brow the wreath entwines—
What weight falls on the breast?
Upon that sword where glory shines,
The stains of life blood rest,
So where the rosiest sunbeam glows,
There lies eternal snow!
And fame its brightest halo throws,
Where death lies cold below.

ENERGETIC CALL TO PAY UP.—Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, concludes an earnest appeal to delinquent subscribers to pay up with the following unmistakable expressions:

Those of you who can't pay, and will write to us, acknowledging your indebtedness, we will record as clever fellows, and those of you who will not do either we will publish this spring in an extra sheet, as a set of graceless rascals, willing to have a poor man labor for you for years for nothing, and pay for paper, ink, and the hire of hands to serve you without hire.

Come to Knoxville, you lousy rascals, on a pilgrimage, and see our little ones, "chips of the old block," looking daggers at us, and crying for bread. Come and see us with our elbows out, and the officers of the law leading us about for debts created to furnish you a paper, and you will fork over at once!

And you hypocrites, who are members of different churches, owing us for our paper, how dare you, around your family altars, night and morning pray to God—"pay us this day our debts, as we pay to others!" He knows you owe us and won't pay, and until you do pay you may pray yourselves out of breath and you will never be heard! Yes, you saintly villains, you have been owing us long enough to make us "poor, half, miserable, blind and naked," and yourselves ride at our expense. You get to heaven without paying us up—never!

GUANO—*Rolling Wheat in it.*—Some years ago, it was thought that if grain came in contact with guano, its germinal power was gone. The guano therefore required to be ploughed in or planted separately, and afterwards the wheat or corn put less deeply into the ground, so as to keep a layer of earth between them. This idea and custom have given way, until now a great many farmers are rolling their wheat in guano before sowing, as they formerly did in plaster. The experiment is said to have succeeded admirably, in consequence of which the practice is becoming general. Rolling requires much less guano than the system of broadcasting, its effect being like that of the guano drill, to give the grain the prompt and entire benefit of all the guano put into the earth.—*Alexandria Virginia Sentinel.*

ANECDOTE.—The late Judge Pease, of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent when the Judge struck his ruler on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonished orator, "Hold on—hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this Court!"

THE WORLD SURROUNDED BY THE STARS AND STRIPES.—The American tonnage of this country now figures up 5,400,000 tons, and will make the very respectable fleet of 5,400 ships of 1,000 tons each. And if the tonnage of the fleet be figured out in Yankee clippers of 200 tons each, and placed on the equatorial line around this globe, each skipper may speak the next in line, by raising his voice a little above the ordinary pitch on shipboard, round the whole circumference of the globe. War would be a terrible calamity to this immense fleet, and England would not fare better with her commercial marine of 5,200,000, but little less than our own.—*Providence Jour.*

Going to Church.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there to see a friend,
Some go there their time to spend.

Some go there for observation,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
And few go there to worship God.

For everything you buy or sell, let or hire, make an exact bargain at first, and be not put off to a hereafter by one that says to you, "we shall not disagree about trifles."

"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?"—"Why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go bring a basket of chips, child."

A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

Nothing is so eloquent as the silence of a holy, consistent, and a lovely life.—*Jay.*

Secret prayer, next to praise, is the most spiritual employment.

We do not blazon the faults of those we love:

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

"FLOWERS are the alphabet of angels with which they write on hills and fields mysterious truths."

Attempt to Assassinate the Archbishop of Cuba.—The Havana Prensa, of the 12th inst., has an account of an attempt to assassinate Señor Don Clara, the Archbishop of Cuba, communicated to that paper by a correspondent writing under date of Holquin, Feb. 1st. After announcing his arrival there, the writer says:

On the evening after his arrival he preached an eloquent sermon in the parish church, in the course of which he took occasion to land the people for their piety and general good conduct. The church was completely full. As the Archbishop left the church the people flocked around him as usual, and among others several pious women, all waiting for an opportunity to kiss the ring on his finger. At this moment a man elbowed his way through the crowd up to the Archbishop, expressing by his looks and manner, a desire to receive the holy father's benediction. As he was in the act of stooping to kiss the ring, he suddenly drew a clasp knife and stabbed the Archbishop in the face. The venerable prelate fell senseless to the ground.

The wretched assassin, not content with this, but blinded by rage, endeavored to strike his victim anew, but at this critical moment a private soldier belonging to the garrison, stationed in the town, threw himself between the two, and succeeded in apprehending the assassin and leading him off to prison. The clasp knife was afterwards found upon the ground, and near it the Archbishop's ring. The assassin's name is Antonio Torres, a native of the Canary Islands, of low stature, and aged about thirty-five years. The wound begins near the upper part of the ear, and stretches obliquely down the middle of the face.

A Melancholy Case of Poisoning.

The Pittsfield, (Mass.) Eagle gives the following account of a melancholy case of poisoning, which occurred in the town of Richmond recently:—

"It seems that Dr. Jennings had occasion to administer strychnine to a patient on Thursday, the 31st ult., and on his return home left his medicine case, containing the powders which were unused, in his study, a room which the family are not allowed to enter. At the time the only daughter of Dr. J., a beautiful child of nine years, was ill with some slight disorder, for which Dover's powders had been prescribed. Her little brother thinking to play doctor, ventured into the proscribed room, took out the fatal powders and offered them to his sister, who refused them. One of them, however, dropped on the floor by the table, and Mrs. J., supposing it to be one of the Dover's powders, picked it up, placed it with them, and afterwards gave it as such to her daughter. The result was, of course, her death in a short time, and before the physicians who had been summoned could arrive."

Something of a Family.

A correspondent of the Urbanna Citizen writes from Bourbon county, Ky., about a family as follows:

"The old gentleman is a native of Maryland, and is now in his 70th year; was brought to the State of Kentucky when quite young, and has raised his family in the above county, consisting of six sons and three daughters."

He then proceeds to describe the family, all of whom are six feet in height, the tallest being six feet 11½ inches, and the lowest (a daughter) six feet two inches—the aggregate height of the whole of them eleven in number, being seventy feet. The father weighs 200 lbs., the mother 285, and the children from 150 to 266 lbs. Their aggregate weight is 6,500 lbs. The writer adds:

"The family are all living except the youngest daughter, are all wealthy, and of the first families of Kentucky. I must add that several of the grandchildren are over six and a half feet, and still growing."

A Terrible Warning.—In noticing the death of James C. Forsyth, the fugitive from justice, in Europe, the N. Y. Courier says:

"Not many men have started in life with fairer prospects than he. Well descended, educated and honored—a member of our State Constitutional Convention in 1846, afterwards the candidate of the Whig party for the high office of Secretary of State—he had every inducement to keep true to the line of integrity. But he gave way to passion for gaming, became involved, and undertook to extricate himself by raising money with the forged signature of his father, and his father-in-law. Exposed, he fled, and was a wanderer over the earth, until life became an intolerable burden.—He has died, ere he had seen forty years, a blasted, ruined man."

"Blood for Blood."—Ira Colby, of McHenry, Illinois, had been engaged in slaughtering hogs, and some blood remained upon his clothes, when he undertook to lead his bull to water; the beast sprung upon him in the most ferocious manner, tossing him upon his horns, tearing out his bowels and otherwise injuring him, so that it is thought he will not survive.

Whisky Freezing.—In Jonesville, Lee county, Va., last week, the keeper of a grocery store, it is said, broached a barrel of whiskey to serve out to customers, but upon attempting to draw some of the liquid it was found to have frozen into a barrel of solid ice. This proves that the weather was either unprecedentedly cold or that rather too much water had been mixed with that whisky.

The Supply of California Gold Exhaustless.—It is stated that a merchant of San Francisco, who has pretty thoroughly explored the mining districts of that State, says that not one acre in a thousand throughout the mining region has, as yet, ever been prospected, and that thousands of years must elapse before the mines will give out, from the reason that the e never will be water sufficient to enable us to exhaust them.

An Awful Tragedy—A Young Wife Murdered by her Husband—Subsequent Suicide.

We copy from the Memphis *Whig*, of the 9th inst., the following narrative of one of the most horrible tragedies we have ever heard of:

"We heard, yesterday, the particulars of one of the most melancholy tragedies that we have known for many years, which occurred in Marshall county, Miss., about 12 miles from Holly Springs, on Wednesday last. Mr. R. R. Cox, a planter in good circumstances, killed his own wife while she was lying asleep in her bed, and then shot himself through the head, killing himself instantly. This occurred some time during the night, but was not known until the next morning, when a negro man went to the room to make fire, and found the door fastened. Not being able to raise any one on the inside, the negro called the overseer, who came and forced the door open, when he found both Mr. and Mrs. Cox dead—she lying on the bed with two bullets through her head, and he lying on the hearth, shot through the region of the heart, with his hand still grasping the deadly revolver. They had been married but a short time, and it is supposed that Mr. Cox was insane at the time, as he has frequently suffered from aberrations of the mind.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox were known by many of our citizens, he as the possessor and occupant some two or three years since, of the dwelling in the southern part of the city known as the "Swiss Cottage," while the young and beautiful bride was, but a few months since, a gay and lively school-girl, attending Mrs. Armstrong's school in this city, and will be remembered by many as the pretty Miss Sallie Wilson. Leaving school, she married Mr. C. sometime last Fall, and now she has been cut off from all earthly hopes and happiness by him who had solemnly avowed to love and protect her. Mr. C. was a worthy young man, and here can be no doubt but that he was laboring under insanity at the time of this awful calamity; in fact, many circumstances that transpired a day or two previous go to show that he was not in his right mind.

Much sympathy is felt in this community for the families and friends of both the deceased persons—families of the first standing in North Mississippi. May God be their help in this, their hour of the deepest and most heart-rending affliction.

The Memphis *Enquirer*, speaking of the affair, says the parties had been married only six weeks, and adds:

Mr. Cox is the third male member of a worthy family who has died a violent death within the last eight or ten years. One, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from the deck of a Mississippi steamer, and was drowned; another was slain by the accidental discharge of a double-barreled shot gun, when starting on a camp-hunt; and now we have to record the death of still another, and that of his fair young wife, by his own hands.

Singular Acquittal of a Woman Charged with Murdering her Husband.

We copy the following from one of our western exchanges. It needs no comment;

"Mrs. Jane E. Ruggin, of Piqua, Ohio, has just been tried, and cleared of the crime of murder in the Miami county court. Mrs. Ruggin poisoned her husband, and confessed the crime, in the presence of two hundred persons—so stated by the correspondent—and yet, by the sagacity and ability of her counsel, she was cleared of the horrible crime. It appears that she had for a long time entertained the idea of getting rid of her husband, who was an excellent person, that she might marry a fellow whose appearance was very disgusting. She purchased arsenic, and after two attempts succeeded in killing him with it. She was cleared, because, her testimony being ruled out, the evidence was of a circumstantial character, which could not warrant conviction.—Mrs. R. is represented as a woman of prepossessing appearance, young, and a church member; and her case excited the most intense interest throughout the whole of Miami county. Her discharge is owing to the skill with which her case was managed, for the very strongest circumstantial evidence of her guilt is said to have corroborated the confession, which was ruled out of court."

SOMETHING OF A FAMILY.—A correspondent of the Urbana Citizen writes from Bourbon county, Ky., about a family as follows:

"The old gentleman is a native of Maryland, and is now in his 70th year; was brought to Kentucky when quite young, and has raised his family in the above county, consisting of six sons and three daughters."

He then proceeds to describe the family, all of whom are six feet in height, the tallest being six feet 11½ inches, and the lowest (a daughter) six feet two inches—the aggregate height of the whole of them, eleven in number, being seventy feet.—The father weighs 200 lbs., the mother 285, and the children from 150 to 266 lbs. Their aggregate weight is 6,500 lbs. The writer adds:

"The family are all living except the youngest daughter, are all wealthy, and of the first families of Kentucky. I must add, that several of the grand-children are over six and a half feet, and still growing."

THE LOSS OF OCEAN STEAMERS.—A writer in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine says:

"Since 1853 twelve steamships, lost at sea, have cost 1,250 human lives, and $7,250,000 of property. The 'Independence' sunk with 120 lives in the Pacific, and the Tennessee and St. Louis followed, total wrecks. The Humboldt and the San Francisco were wrecked on the Atlantic the same year. The Franklin, City of Philadelphia, and Yankee Blade fall in the catalogue of 1854. City of Glasgow, with 480 lives; the Arctic, with hundreds more, precious lives, were the crowning catastrophes of that year. In 1855 we have the sinking of the North Carolina, and the stranding of the Golden Age, which last, however, was saved and repaired."

A MONKEY TRICK.—A keeper of a restaurant in the lower part of the city has a ring-tailed monkey for a pet, which he usually leaves at his place of business on locking it up for the night. When the doors and shutters were opened yesterday morning nothing was to be seen of the monkey, but no aperture could be discovered by which he might have escaped. This mysterious disappearance baffled search for some time, but Jocko being loudly called, was at last observed peeping through the door of the store, into which he had crept for comfort after the fire expired.—*N. Y. Com.*

THE EXPECTED FRENCH HEIR.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times writes, that great events are said to be preparing for the accouchment of the Empress, which will take place in about a month. The *personnel* of the Tuillieries is to undergo important modifications; there will be a perfect shower of titles; some changes are anticipated in the *Senatus consultum*, great *fetes* will be ordered at the expense of the State, a political amnesty will be granted, "and the joy of the people will be great."

☞The less notice we take of the unkindness and injuries that are done us, the more we consult the quiet of our minds.