

Poetry

BUCK SHOOTING.

Alc. "WILL THEY MISS ME?"
O, why should we go for Buchanan,
For Froekenridge why should we go?

Miscellaneous.

A CANINE NOBLEMAN.

We take the following from the Trinity (California) Times. It records one of the most remarkable instances we ever heard of canine sagacity:—
William Dredge lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountain which towers north of us.

WILL IS POWER.

How frequently we hear doubts expressed as to the possibility of acquiring knowledge without assistance?
One morning in the year 1849, a young peasant girl obtained an interview with the great vicar of the cathedral of one of the western cities of France.

that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.
Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina with a little girl two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow who treated them very cruelly.

league with the Devil? Just as if the devil would take to printing the Bible.
The first English New Testament, was printed in Antwerp, in 1526, and secretly brought into England. Reading it was punished as a crime. People found guilty, were condemned to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads, and the book tied round their waists, to a certain spot in London, where they were to throw their Bibles into the fire, and besides, pay a heavy fine.

Welcome! Little Stranger.

In rambling through a Dutch town, you will occasionally see a small piece of paper pasted against the street door, and this, on closer inspection, you will find to be a meek bulletin, informing you of that day's state of health of some "little stranger" and its mother within. Should you happen to pass the same way again on the following morning, you will observe another such bulletin on the door post, and telling the world, probably, that "the mother and child are doing well."

Wrongs of Kansas.

Some effect to believe that the numerous reported outrages upon the Free State settlers in this territory are overwrought or apocryphal. They don't believe they have been threatened and robbed and murdered, as has been represented. The New York Evangelist has the following in regard to one of the sufferers:—
We recently saw and conversed with a lady from Kansas, whose plain simple story of the wrongs endured by the Free State settlers was enough to wring tears of anguish from a rock.

A STRING OF MISHAPS.

A man named Wragg was brought into one of our city courts for disturbing the peace. No witness appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story.
Judge—Mr Wragg, will you state the mishaps connected with your arrest?
Mr. Wragg—Certainly, sir. Last night, at 10 o'clock, I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation; suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the sidewalk. Now, I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact, I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. It may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances and old hats receive the same kind of treatment, namely, kicks. Now time out of often seeing that old hat on the sidewalk, as I did, would have given it a kick, and that sir is just what I did. I kicked that old hat, not only but a frightful large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and, unfortunately I fell against a fat woman with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling, she knocked down a ladder which struck me and hit a cart horse; the horse gave a jump and the cartman was thrown off his cart; he fell on a bull terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the cartman, who rolled over on me, a nigger rushed out of an alley, and kicked the cartman for falling on his dog; the cartman picked up a stone and threw it at the bigger but unfortunately, it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery, and fell into a butter tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I had got up, and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, and from which circumstance I was led to believe that he had put the stone in the old hat. I ran after the boy; when he saw my bellicose attitude he yelled out for his father; the Dutchman ran after me, and just as I caught the boy the Dutchman caught me. Sir, my physical power was not sufficient to cope with both. I am not a Sampson. I was vanquished. Not only that, sir, but when released from their grasp, I was taken by three or four other Dutchmen.

Full Particulars.

A good story is told of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:—
"Having been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pamposse right in the teeth. It blew great guns and carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the bannock and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't take any observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived at Halifax."
The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to read it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart. She then sallied out to tell the story.
"O, my poor son!"
"Why, what's the matter, mother? I hope no mischief."
"O, thank God, he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Fundament by a bamboozle right in the teeth—it blew great guns, and carried away the pupil—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjugation, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelojah."
"La, bless us! what a wonder they wasn't beat to atoms. Well, it wouldn't be a hal-lor!"
Discretion is the better part of valor.

Discovery of the Art of Printing.

What is this man doing? Carving something out of the bark of a beech tree. What shape is it? You will notice it looks as much like the letter A, as anything. It is A. This man is in the woods whitening out the letters of the alphabet. When he went home, he sitting them together, dipped them in ink, and stamped them on paper. That was the first printing. There is some questions what the man's name was. It is, however, pretty nearly decided to have been John Guttenburg who lived in the German city, Mayence. At any rate, about twenty years ago, a beautiful marble statue was placed in one of the public squares of that city, in honor of him as the inventor of printing.
About 1440, he formed a partnership with Faust, a rich man who warmly entered into his designs, and gave him the means of improving the idea, as it existed in a very rude state in his mind. Letters were cut out of metal, and then cast in lead hardened with antimony. It took many years to put the original idea into working order, and people have not done improving the art of printing even now. The first book they printed was the Bible, in Latin; they took copies of it to Paris, and offered them at sixty crowns, while the manuscript copies, that is those that were written with a pen, were sold for five hundred. The cheap Bibles were in great demand, and the price was lowered to thirty crowns.
How were they made so fast? for you know it took a long time to copy a Bible. And why did they all look so wonderfully alike? People were both puzzled and frightened. "Dr. Faust is a magician," they said; "he is in

The Young Captive's Favorite Hymn.

In the year 1764, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and English. The Indians took part with the French, and made incursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered all the people. The following year, they reached the dwelling of a poor family from Wilttemberg, while the wife and one of her sons had gone to the mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through the woods, and thorny bushes,