

as the newspapers has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every style in the newspapers, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classic oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. These young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of languages.

### The Turkish Army.

Sir Charles Shaw, the officer who drew attention to the Minie rifle, has published a letter in the London *Chronicle*, on the Turkish army. He disputes the claim of the Russians to a military reputation, and that of the Czar to the renown of a moderate and magnanimous king. He shows that the Turkish defeats in 1828 and 1829 had been preceded by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino and the massacre of the Janisaries, leaving only raw soldiers to contend against the Russian troops who had fought Napoleon. At the close of his letter he cites some valuable and recent opinions on the state of the army. To begin with the Circassians, as irregulars on whom much depends:—

"The noble Circassians, who have been fighting against Russia independent of Turkey, have been within this short time taken into the Turkish army; and it may be interesting to give a description, by a Prussian officer, of the Circassian cavalry, who are about to take a prominent part in the coming conflict. He says:—'The Circassian wears a pointed steel helmet, with a long horse-tail pendant from it. A net of steel work hangs down from the lower part of the helmet, protects the front and nape of the neck, and is looped together under the chin, underneath a short red vest, cut in the Polish fashion. He is clad in a species of coat of mail, consisting of small bright rings of steel interwoven. His arms, from the wrist to the elbow, and his legs, from the foot of the shin bone to the knee, are guarded by thin plates of steel; he also wears close pantaloons and laced boots. Two long Turkish pistols, as well as a poniard, are stuck into his girdle. He has a leather strap with a noose, like a Mexican lasso, hanging at his side, which he throws with great dexterity over the head of his enemy. A Turkish sabre and a long Turkish musket are slung behind his back, and two cartridge holders across his breast. The skill with which the Circassians use their weapons is really beyond belief. I have seen them repeatedly fire at a piece of card lying on the ground, at full speed, without ever missing. They will pick up a piece of money from the ground while executing a charge, bending themselves round below the horses belly, and after seizing the piece, suddenly throw themselves back into the saddle. They form the choicest body of cavalry in the Turkish service, and I have watched them when charging, attack their opponents with a sabre in each hand, managing their reins with their mouth; they will spring out of their saddles, take aim and fire from behind their horses, then jump into their saddles again, wheel round and reload their gun as they retreat in full career. They are perfect madmen in the attack, and few troops could withstand the utter recklessness of danger they evince.'

WHAT A SCOTCHMAN MAY BECOME.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh last week to obtain from the British government "justice for Scotland," Sir A. Allison, the historian, related the following anecdote, "to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over."—"Gentlemen, one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long

combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the grand vizier, and after a long and bloody combat, the two generals came to a conference together. The grand vizier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighborhood of Turiff, in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and, after the conference, the Turkish grand vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the grand vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, "Oh, Jonnie, hoo's a' wi' ye, man." (Loud laughter.) And he then discovered that the grand vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie. (Laughter.)

### Eccentric Courtship.

BY TIMOTHY.

An eminent divine, who is well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for man to be alone."

After considerable pondering he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain fair member of his flock.

No sooner was the resolution formed than it was put in practice, and getting out his cane, he speedily reached the dwelling of his mistress.

It chanced to be Monday morning, a day which my New England readers need not be told is better known in the household as washing-day. Unconscious of the honor which was intended her, the lady was standing behind a tub in the back kitchen, with her arms immersed in the suds, busily engaged in an occupation, which to say the least, is much more useful than romantic.

There was a loud knock heard. "Jane, go to the door, and if it is anybody to see me, tell them that I am engaged, and cannot see them."

The message was faithfully rehearsed. "Tell your mistress," said Parson B., "that it is very important that I should see her."

"Tell him to call in the afternoon," returned the lady, when this answer was returned, "and I will see him."

But it was unavailing. "I must see her now," said the minister; "tell me where she is."

So saying, he followed the servant into the kitchen to the great surprise of her mistress.

"Miss ———. I have come to the conclusion to marry. Will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" replied the astonished lady. "This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray!" was Mr. B.'s only response, as he knelt down beside the tub, and prayed that a union might be formed which would enhance the happiness of both parties.

His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed has sprung a family remarkable for talent, some of whom have made a mark which will not speedily be effaced. The reader will credit my assertion when I state that one of this family has written a book which is universally conceded to be the most remarkable one of the age—I mean Uncle Tom's Cabin.

One of O'Connell's old stories used to be about a Miss Hussey.

"Her father had made a will (said O'Connell) disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death bed, his house-keeper asked how much he had left Miss Mary?"

He replied that he had left her £1000, which would do her very well, if she married any sort of a good husband.

"Heaven bless your honor!" cried the house-keeper, "what decent man would ever take her will the nose she has got?"

"Why," replied the dying father, "I never thought of her nose;" and he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year.

### Deferred Articles.

A SLAVE CATCHER WHIPPED.—We learn that a slave owner who arrived in this city a few days since from Kentucky, in pursuit of some of his "goods and chattels," went over to Canada yesterday, having heard of them there. On finding them he began to urge the subject of their voluntary return, holding out to them the certainty of being well provided for in their old age, and contrasting their prospects if they returned, with the cool climate of the Canadas, and the life of toil and privation they would be obliged to lead in the enjoyment of their liberty.

While talking they were walking towards the old, untenanted barracks, and on reaching the barrack yard, the runaways seized the hunter, and tying his wrists together, they suspended him from the limb of a tree when they proceeded to give him a good hundred lashes, well laid on with a stout rawhide wielded by hands thirsting for revenge for long years of ill-treatment. Although decidedly opposed to everything approaching lynch-law, we can hardly repress a smile at this little piece of 'retributive justice.—*Detroit Tribune Nov. 28*

A BOLD THEFT.—The other day two or three men went to a building in the business part of the city, put up a ladder reaching to the roof, took down the copper gutter, and carried it off in a cart, in open day and in full sight of the inmates. The gutter was sold somewhere up town for old copper. The same thing was done at one or two other places, the people occupying the buildings being too much absorbed in their own business to pay any attention to what the thieves were doing under their eyes. In one case, the tenant of the building took a fancy to ask the fellows what they were about, and not being satisfied with their replies, sent for a police officer, but before he could be found the rogues decamped.

In a community where thieves climb to the eaves of the houses and strip off the copper in sight of the very owners without being interrupted in their work, it is not at all surprising that he citizens should pay no attention to the doings of their Common Council.—*New York Day Book*

A REMARKABLE SCENE.—Died, in Strong, Me., of the malignant throat distemper, that baffled the skill of all the physicians—on the 20th of November, Thomas Henry, aged 9 years; on the 26th, Abby Josephine, aged 6 years, on the 27th, Nancy, aged 11 years; and in five minutes afterwards, Jane, aged 14 years, all the children of Mr. Thomas Kennedy. During this trying scene, another daughter was born to the family. The three deceased daughters, after being placed in coffins, were each in turn, carried to the bedside of the sick mother, at her earnest solicitation, for her parting look, after which they were deposited together in one grave. These were all bright and promising children, and much beloved. What an afflicting change in one short week.—*Farmington Chronicle.*

MAIL BURNED.—Great loss of baggage.—The Chicago Journal of Tuesday evening states that about six o'clock that morning, a car containing mails and baggage, on the Michigan Southern Railroad, going west, a few miles from the Ainsworth station, was discovered to be on fire, and most of its contents were destroyed. The mail was contained in five or six canvas and leather bags, the latter suffering most. Some portions of the letters and packages can be deciphered, and will reach their destination. The greater part are hopelessly destroyed. The car contained some thirty or forty trunks, most of which were consumed or so badly damaged as to be nearly valueless. The fire is supposed to have been caused by some combustibles improperly contained in the passengers baggage.

DREAM OF A QUEEN.—A letter from London states that the recent death of the Queen of Portugal singularly verifies a dream which Her Majesty Queen Victoria was said to have had last January, and which had rendered her extremely uneasy. It was to the effect that there would be a cold spring, a wet summer, a fine autumn, and a dead queen. "We shivered in the cold spring, anathematized the incessant rain in summer, which prevented so many anticipated benefits and enjoyments, have been glorifying the remarkably fine autumn with which we have been blessed, and suddenly we find towards the close of the year the announcement of the death of the Queen of Portugal. The dream was as remarkable as its verification."

A RIVER FLOWING UNDER A CITY.—The *Newark (N. J.) Advertiser* states some persons who were engaged in grading the streets of that city on Saturday the 10th inst., while working at the corner of Nesbitt street, between High and Summit, came upon a large hole, about twenty feet deep, two feet wide at the mouth, and seven at the bottom. A stream of water five feet deep running in a south-east direction was found at the bottom. The discovery has excited considerable curiosity in the vicinity.

### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The fellow who "seized an opportunity," came very near spraining his wrist.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

A sailor, looking serious in a certain chapel, in Boston, was asked by a clergyman if he felt any change; whereupon, the tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied—"Not a cent."

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bedmate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring (and confoundedly hard too) under a mistake."

Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just as sure as you do you will get into trouble. If you suspect anything is wicked, do it not, until you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

A gentleman passing through a potato patch observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He enquired of him what kind he had there? "Raw ones, sure," replied the son of Erin, "if they were boiled ones they wouldn't grow."

The Providence Journal thus compliments one of its contemporaries: "The Mirror abuses us in such abominable type and such wretched press work, that we cannot read the editor's impudence without spoiling our eyes."

ARDUOUS BAPTISM.—An infant was brought for baptism into a country church. The clergyman who had just been drinking with his friends a more than usual quantity of the genial juice, could not find the place of baptism in his ritual, and exclaimed as he was turning over the leaves of the book: "How difficult this child is to baptize."

BLOW 'EM UP.—"Don't talk to me about your gun cotton," said a gentleman, "I'll put my wife against any invention in the world for blowing people up. If the American government could get her to sit down opposite San Juan de Ulloa, the Mexicans would leave instantly."

NATIONAL NAMES.—It is remarkable that the favorite name of the Irish is of Latin origin; that of the Welsh, Hebrew; those of England and Scotland, Greek. Patrick (Patricius) signifies nobleman. David, the beloved; George (Georgos) a tiller of the ground; and Andrew (Andreios) manly, or courageous. These names were introduced by the missionaries who taught Christianity to the people of the British Isles.

GOOD SECURITY.—A person who wished to borrow a small sum of money, being asked by Dean Swift whom he proposed as security, "I have none to offer," said the poor man, "excepting my faith in my Redeemer." Swift accepted the security, made the entry accordingly with all formality, and declared that none of his debtors were more punctual than this man.

HOTEL SCENE.—Landlord come here, I have got a secret that will make your fortune for you."

"No, what is it?"

"Do you see that roast goose at the head of the table?"

"Yes—what of it?"

"That is the very one whose cackling saved Rome. Come along and I will show you where the Centurion trod on him."

Miss Martineau tells a story of an old woman who was urged to cross the river Forth in a ferry-boat at the time that a storm seemed brewing.

She hesitated; the boatman asked if she would not trust to Providence?

"Na, na," said she, "I will na trust to Providence as long as there is a bridge at Sterling."

A passenger on board a ship bound to California, states that they had on board a thin and feeble member of their company, who had been sea-sick all the way out to the line.—One day this man went to the doctor, and in a sad, supplicating tone, accosted him with—"Doctor, can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on in this way?"

"Tell you? to be sure I can! You're just the man we want to begin a grave-yard with!"

IRISH WIT.—"Plase your lordship's honor and glory," said Tim, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident?" remarked Captain Charles Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my arm, all on his own accord."

"That gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och! don't you put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he niver cares about spaking the truth, anyhow. He tould me the other day, your lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Killskiddery, "indeed! and what did you say?"

"Plase your lordship, I said your lordship was."