

the firemen the flames were prevented from spreading into the city, in which case its complete destruction would have been inevitable.

[illegible]

the wreckage, and lost, the steamer *Janeira*, as eventually sunk by a torpedo. The commander and all on board perished, being shelled by the Paraguayans while struggling in the water. On the morning of the 1st the land forces moved to the assault, and after a desperate charge, succeeded in driving the Paraguayans from their guns, and capturing nine pieces. The Brazilians lost 60 killed and 800 wounded. The Paraguayans are said to have lost 700 in killed alone. When last heard from both armies are preparing for another engagement.

[illegible]

Irish Beaver, from Kingston, Jamaica, on Jan. 11, also arrived last evening, with logwood. Encountered a hurricane on the 13th, but, by the aid of the wind, was enabled to make a breach over the volcano, and to get the deck load, stove in bulwarks and rigging, split main and foremast, and stranded the vessel. The crew, however, were reefed main and foremast stay, and, by the aid of the wind, were enabled to get on shore. The brig, *Beaver*, from Kingston, Jamaica, on Jan. 11, also arrived last evening, with logwood. Encountered a hurricane on the 13th, but, by the aid of the wind, was enabled to make a breach over the volcano, and to get the deck load, stove in bulwarks and rigging, split main and foremast, and stranded the vessel. The crew, however, were reefed main and foremast stay, and, by the aid of the wind, were enabled to get on shore. The brig, *Beaver*, from Kingston, Jamaica, on Jan. 11, also arrived last evening, with logwood. Encountered a hurricane on the 13th, but, by the aid of the wind, was enabled to make a breach over the volcano, and to get the deck load, stove in bulwarks and rigging, split main and foremast, and stranded the vessel. The crew, however, were reefed main and foremast stay, and, by the aid of the wind, were enabled to get on shore.

to Shanghai, on Sept. 18th, in lat. 35° and long. 120° 30'. The Americans from the ship, which lasted violently for three days, during which the vessel sprang a leak, could not have been overcome by the storms. Returned for examination and repairs.

LOCAL NEWS.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

TIMOTHY BUDLOE and the ASTROLOGER.—Timothy Budloe, a journeyman shoemaker from the rural districts came to New York to seek to see the sights. This laudable purpose having been partially gratified, Timothy suddenly remembered that in his hometown he had heard of a famous astrologer whose intimate acquaintance with the planetary system gave her an insight into coming events. Timothy had a natural desire to

ing a dollar seemed to happen to him, and he could not resist the temptation to take a condescending to patronize astrology at that time. He was readily admitted to the presence of the mysterious oracle. He gazed at the awe-struck glance at the confident of the stars, and, in trembling accents, expressed his desire to find out what the fortune-teller had in store. "Hold out your hand," said the prophet. Timothy held it out, first giving up his hasty wear of his clerical shirt, lest it might not be found clean enough for the inspection of a star-seer. Timothy felt rather uncomfortable during the inspection. How did he know that it might not be his destiny to turn prophet, or, less likely, fortune teller, in place of the sage? He was not a possessor of knowledge which would be very apt to hang upon his mind. "A girl is in love with you," announced the prophet, "and she is a girl with dark eyes and dark hair." "You don't say so!" exclaimed Timothy, "I have never seen a girl with dark eyes and dark hair."

the oracular response. "And about that," she is stout also. "And," pursued Timothy, in excitement, "is it Sarah's 'smooth'?" "Yes," Squire Samson replied, by way of a pun. "I thought," by Hoke's, "exclaimed Timothy, "thy father was twenty thousand dollars richer than he is." "You are a fortunate young man," said the astrologer. "You will marry her and she will be rich." "And she will be well off," said Timothy. "Will it be?" "The stars tell not. It depends upon yourself," responded the astrologer. "By what means?" "On Sunday night," said Timothy. "You are sure she is me?" continued Timothy, anxiously. "I am sure," replied the astrologer. "I can be sure," said Timothy, "but I don't have supposed it; but there's one said," said Timothy, with perplexity, "that I know of." "I know of," said the astrologer, "of waiting on Matilda Pinkham, and no bet she expects me to marry her. I am sure," said Timothy, "I shall be sure to marry her." "I am sure," said Timothy, "that Jane's being in love with me, is not as much money as the other," said the astrologer, hazarding a guess. "I am sure," said Timothy, "that you will be rich."

her," was the decisive reply. "You become the husband of Sarah Jane, you inherit her father's money; you will be a man of importance; you will be elected to the Legislature, and when you are only seven years old, you will become ruler of Congress." Timothy listened these revelations of his future greatness with eager delight, and not a doubt crossed his mind as to their truth. "It's lucky I'm up here," he thought, "for I might not have been born here at all. I should have missed going to Congress." Timothy Hadlow went home, feeling considerably more important than when he had first been born.