THE FROG.

Of all the funniest things that live,
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground, or fly the air,
The funniest is the frog!
The frog—the scientificest
Of Nature's handy-work;
The frog that neither walks or runs,
But "goes it" with a jerk.

With pants and coat of bottle-green,
A yellow fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and m're
All in his Sunday's best.
When he sits down he's standing up
(As Paddy Quinn once said:)
And, for convenience sake, he wears
His eyes atop his head.

You see him sitting on a log,
Above the "vasty deep;"
You feel inclined to say—"Old chap,
Just look before you leap!"
You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly-looking mug,
But ere you get it half way up
Adown he goes—"Ker-chug."

RHYMING IN MEETING.—Old Dr. Strong of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so—as when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

"Frother Colton,
Of Bolton.
Will you step this way,
And pray!"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled it elf!"

Agricultural Department.

Agriculture is the most Healthful, the most Useful, and the most Noble Employment of Man.—*Washington.*

*** Communications upon Agricultural subjects will be thankfully received.

[From the Cultivator.]

HOW TO RAISE SHEEP PROFITABLY.

Well as wool is up and a great many inquiries are made as to how to make the most wool and mutton, I will say that my plan would be to put from three to five good Cotswold bucks with one hundred ewes and let them run with the ewes all the time. Let them have good blue grass, timothy, clover, or any other kind of grass; let them have plenty of good water and well salted. In addition I would say, about the last of Nov. or first of Dec., early every morning I would give them half an ear corn each, the ears broke in two and scattered about on the grass so that they all can get to it, as they will pick every grain up except muddy or rainy mornings. I would continue the feeding until spring. You will find that it will pay, both in wool and mutton. At the beginning of winter I would have shelter of some kind near my house, so that the weak lambs could be cared for. If there should be any weak ewes with twin lambs, have a lot of early rye or wheat and turn them into it, and give them corn and shelter as the others have. The lots should be of blue grass or timothy so that they would be dry and comfortable for them to sleep on during the night except it should be raining or snowing, then put them under shelter. During very cold dry windy weather, give plenty hay and oats in the straw. If you have no hay, oats, &c., good wheat straw, or rye, or oat straw will do very well, as they will eat it in cold dry weather, but in wet rainy weather they will not touch it. Be sure that in cold dry days they have water every day.

The sheep should be turned out of the lots they stay in of nights, into an adjoining blue grass pasture, and brought up every night. By having a few bells on them they will soon learn to come up themselves to their lots.

My plan for shelters would be to have a plank fence or post and rail, on the north side of the lots they stay in of nights. Then I would set up common rails ten or twelve feet long, one end on the ground and the other extending to the top of the fence; then take cornstalk fodder, commence at the bottom and go up like the roof of a house; make it three or four feet thick, and it will keep as well as shocks in the field, and will do to feed out in spring to cattle.

I would say this plan fully carried out, would bring two litters of lambs every year, and would be as good as one litter each year, and I think you would have more twin lambs every time and be as apt to raise them and your sheep better from the care in keeping. Try it.

Now for my experience for a few years back.—Since I have been keeping two or three bucks, I found some of my ewes had two litters a year, and they increase more every year, and last year the most of my flock had their two litters, and they appear to do as well and grow as well as when they had but one litter a year. If I am correct, this will be a fast way of getting along with sheep. I would say that to commence, I would as soon have one half good healthy mountain ewes, as I find they have the earliest lambs. I think the Cotswold would be more likely to bring this result than any other, as I think they are a hardy race of sheep, producing more wool and mutton than any other that I know of, and I think more prolific. I notice my thrifty ewes very often take the buck from 8 to 10 days after dropping their lambs, and the lambs are coming at all seasons of the year.

KENTUCKY FARMER.

[From the Country Gent'leman.]

BEST MODE OF FEEDING AND WINTERING CATTLE.

I have been much interested lately, in reading the articles in your columns on the subject of wintering and feeding cattle. My own practice differing somewhat from your correspondents, I give it to you for what it is worth, and no more.

Your excellent Geneva correspondent, John Johnston, gives a decided preference to yard feeding, with ample shedding, over stable or stall feeding, for the reason chiefly of economy in labor and this, fortified by his long experience and success, entitles his opinion to great weight. I do not propose to controvert this opinion, but rather to commend his system of ample shedding and warm bedding to all who aspire to be good farmers.

My own experience, although not provided with as extensive and comfortable sheds and bedding as Mr. J. recommends, is the reverse of his. For several years I tried to fatten cattle in the yard, the cattle going under sheds, (considerably less, however, than thirty-six feet wide,) and roaming the yard at pleasure, with free access to water; but the result was not satisfactory. I do not aver that every other prerequisite, such as regularity in feeding, close attention to appetite, and careful watching to prevent the stronger and most voracious from driving the weaker and more timid from their feed, was fully attended to.—Perhaps not; but I attributed my want of success to having adopted a *system* which was liable to, and tended to these very errors and neglects.—Had these cattle been tied up in the stalls in the stable, their confinement of itself would have imposed watchfulness and attention as a *necessity* upon the herdsman, whereas their freedom in the yard, with perhaps access to some food, rendered close and punctual attention less absolutely necessary, and habits of irregularity, postponement and neglect are in many instances too apt to be the consequence. This is the theory of my failure in yard feeding. It may not be, and I hope is not true and applicable to all farmers and feeders. It certainly is not to Mr. Johnston. He is a man of industry, system and punctuality.—These important qualities are unfortunately found in but few who aspire to follow him in the important profession which he so conspicuously elevates by both precept and example. I therefore advocate a system which from its nature renders absolute and imperative the cultivation of habits of industry and punctuality as the price of success, or inhumanity and disgrace as the penalty of neglect.

For the last six years, having previously failed in yard-feeding, I built another stable for my cows, and appropriated my cow-stable, under a large overjetting barn, to my feeding bullocks.—My practice is, towards the close of the grazing season, to feed a little meal once a day in the field to the fattening cattle. From the 1st to the 15th or 20th Nov., according to the season, my fat or grazed cattle are brought to the stable and tied up in the stall at night, and fed at first soft corn or nubbins and hay, alternated occasionally with fodder. When apples are abundant, I prefer to start them upon decayed or rotten apples mixed with their chop, composed of wheat chaff and meal (corn and cob crushed.) This opens the bowels, and puts the cattle in what the herdsmen call a good softening condition—the skin becomes loose and glossy, when the feeder feels encouraged and assured he has gained an important point.—A well grazed bullock brought to this condition, may be fed with profit; a lean steer cannot in my judgment be fattened in winter on grain without loss. My cattle thus conditioned, are kept in a stall constantly, except for an hour or two after their mid-day feed, when they are let out for exercise and water.

It will thus be seen that my cattle get water but once a day. This I am aware is contrary to the generally received opinion of the necessity and importance of frequent watering, but an experience of six years has convinced me that in winter season, cattle will thrive and fatten with water but once a day, when their feed is all dry, viz: meal, hay and fodder. In this way I have brought cattle that would not sell for more than thirty-five or forty dollars from grass, up to sixty-five and seventy dollars by the February market. The system of stable feeding over yard feeding has this advantage. First it *imposes* the *necessity* of attention. Your cattle must be watched—like the Dutch baker, who being asked the secret of his success in baking good bread, laconically replied, "I watch him." Secondly, it conduces to repose and quietude, the very condition most favorable to the secretion of fat. Thirdly, each animal can consume without molestation and fear his own food; and fourthly, it gives the herdsman a better opportunity to watch the appetite and condition of each bullock, and thus to increase or diminish his food accordingly—or a change of food when necessary. Should you deem the above worthy a place in your valuable weekly, it is at your service. The writing of it serves to direct me from this horrible din of war, raging within sound of my feeding stalls for the last ten or twelve months. When shall this awful roar of cannon cease, and we again learn to love and instruct each other in the arts of peace, plenty and prosperity?

A MARYLAND FARMER.

"THE LIGHT WITHIN."

The sun had nearly sunk behind the hills, leaving the valley in sombre shadow, as if to warn the travelle. that night came early these dark December days; but Alice Lee sat weeping beside a stile at the road side, regardless of the gathering gloom, only now and then looking helplessly at a bundle of sticks that lay beside her. How long she intended to sit there no one knows, but soon a rustling noise was heard in the wood she had just passed through, and a girl about her own age clambered over the stile with a heavy burden of sticks on her back.

"Why, Alice!" she cried, "how can you sit there in the cold? You'll be frozen to death!"

"And who would care?" said Alice.

"I would," replied her friend, laughingly; "and you would'nt much like it yourself either; so come, cheer up, and let us see who will be first home."

But Alice was too sullen to be persuaded, and at last Ellen Wilson went on her way more quickly than before, to make up for lost time. Alice sat watching her retreating figure until a turn in the road hid her from view; then slowly raising her own bundle, she began to walk in the same direction, but very slowly, and still weeping bitterly.

The road stretched along the valley, and both the girls were making towards two cottages which stood apart from the village, and a good way up the hill; but the difference was great between the two children who were thus following the same path to homes that seemed so much alike. Both were very poor, and neither had what could be called a happy home; but the one loved God, and the other knew him not; or in other words, the one was happy, and the other was miserable.—Alice had never felt the contrast between herself and Ellen so strongly as this night, and she was inwardly wishing she knew what Ellen's secret was, when some one, who had been walking much more rapidly than herself, drew near, and she was joined by a kind looking elderly gentleman. He asked her why she was crying; and when she told him because she was cold, and weary, and was afraid that her mother would scold her when she reached home, he looked very sorry for her, but said he did not think crying would do any good. "I am afraid, little girl," he added, "that you don't know how to be happy."

"I am not always crying, sir," said Alice.

"I daresay not," he replied, with a kind smile; "but it is one thing to be sometimes merry, and quite another thing to be always happy."

"Always happy!"—the words sounded very strange to the wearied child. "I would like to be always happy, sir," she said.

"None are happy on earth," he answered, "excepting those who love God, and the Lord Jesus, who died to save us. This makes them contented with their lot in the world, whatever it may be, because it is God's choice for them. Do you see those two cottages high up on the hill-side?"

"Yes sir," said Alice; "we live in one, and Ellen Wilson and her father live in the other."

"Well," he said, "as I came along the valley this evening your cottages were quite bright in the beams of the setting sun; but as it went down, they grew darker and darker, till I could scarcely find them out on the hill-side. But now, don't you see how bright one of them is again? Can you tell me the reason of this?"

"There is a light within, sir," said Alice.—"Ellen has got home, and she has kindled the fire?"

"Yes," he said, "that is it; there is a light within! And so it is with ourselves, whether old or young. It is easy to look bright when the sun is shining outside; but when darkness and trouble come, then we envy those who have a light within. And mark this, my child, the only light for these dark, sinful hearts of ours is the love of Jesus, and the sweet spirit of contentment which this love always brings with it."

Here he stopped, for his road now lay in an opposite direction; but he gave Alice a little hymn-book, and told her to keep it in remembrance of an old friend who prayed that God would him eli teach her the only way to be happy both here and hereafter.

Alice went on, pondering over the strange words she had heard. She paused at the Wilsons' cottage, and watched her friend Ellen busily engaged in making all tidy before her father's return.—"Oh," she thought, "I am sure that Ellen has the light that the gentleman spoke of, because she loves God, and that will be why she is happy, while I am miserable." But she had no time for further thought, for she heard the angry voice of her mother screaming, "Come along, you idle, little vagabond, or I'll see if I can make you walk smarter!"

Poor Alice hastened on with her burden, but did not escape an angry blow as she entered the cottage. The sticks would not burn, they only smouldered among the embers, for they had been gathered from the nearest and dampest corner of the wood; and after a fresh torrent of abuse, the poor child was sent supperless to bed. She lay shivering on her straw pallet, thinking that she could never sleep, and feeling that all was very dark both without and within.

But children do not often lie awake even when cold and hungry; so Alice fell asleep, and she dreamed a dream.

She fancied it was day, and time for her to take Nancy, the cow, to the hill side; but when she reached the door, there was scarcely any light coming from the sun, for a dark shadow seemed over it, and there was a mysterious chill in the air, just as she remembered feeling when there had been a wonderful eclipse.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, running into the cottage again, "why is it so dark?"

"Dark!" repeated her mother, "and the sun shining so bright. You're not awake yet, or you're blind, or idle, and that's more like to be the way of it. Get to your work, child, or I'll give you a beating that'll make you see right."

Alice did not wait a second bidding; but as she went out again, she met several people, and when she spoke to them of the darkness, she saw that they only wondered, and thought that she was blind; but there was an unusual stir in the Wilsons' cottage, so she turned in there. Ellen stood with her little bonnet and hood on, and a small bundle and lantern in her hand.

"Oh! Ellen," she said, "where are you going?"

Ellen looked as if surprised at the question. "I cannot stay here," she said; "this place is too dark; I am going to the beautiful country you have heard about, that needs neither the sun nor the moon to lighten it."

Alice asked, "Are you going alone?"

"Oh, no!" said Ellen, "that would never do.—I have a friend with me, though you cannot see him and he has promised to take me safely there."

Alice asked if it would be a long journey. "I am not sure," Ellen replied; "but it is a pleasant road, and you see what a bright light I have."

She held up the lantern, and Alice read in golden letters all round it, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Father is going to follow me," continued Ellen, "and you must come too; but I have no time to wait for you."

So she trimmed her little lamp afresh, and left her home.

Alice watched her as she hastened on through a rugged defile among the hills; sometimes the road looked very rough, sometimes smoother again but she saw that the light, which had burned dimly among the fogs of the valley, grew brighter and brighter as Elen ascended the hill, till it threw quite a glory over the pathway and round her little figure; and Alice could see that the way was covered with golden inscriptions. One was, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" another was, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But the one that pleased Alice best was this, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She gazed and gazed upon the glittering words until she forgot to look any more at Ellen. At last she seemed to hear confused noises, and dreamed something about a thunder storm, till awakened by a violent shaking from her mother, and a storm of angry reproach for having slept so long.

The poor child rose in a moment, and hastened to her morning work; but though her dream was gone, its pleasant memory remained. She eagerly told it all to Ellen, and said she thought it meant something like the "Pilgrim's Progress," but asked if it would not mean that Ellen was to die soon. Ellen smiled, and said,

"Perhaps it means that I have begun a pilgrimage to heaven, like Christian."

"And who is your friend?" asked Alice.

"That must mean Jesus," said Ellen; "and you know he has promised never to leave any that come to him."

"But I can't love Jesus!" exclaimed Alice.—"I can't love him when I have not seen him, and when he makes me so poor and wretched."

"I used to think all that," said Ellen. "Mother used to tell me a great deal out of the Bible, but I did not care for it till she was dead. Then, one night when my father was drunk, he beat me till I ran out of the house crying, and I thought, 'What a miserable, miserable world this is!'—Then I remembered how Jesus had left his throne to come into this very world, and to suffer and die for us; and it seemed such wonderful love! I cannot tell how wonderful it seemed. And mother had bade me ask God for help; so I asked him then, and it makes me so happy to have learned to pray. Now, when father beats me, I can bear it better, and sometimes I have such sweet thoughts!"

"What kind of thoughts?" said Alice.

"I think," she said, "that heaven is my real house, where Jesus, and the angels, and my mother are; and that this is only a school where God is giving me some hard lessons to learn for his sake."

How Alice wished that night that she might dream her beautiful dream again! But though it would not return at her bidding, it was never forgotten; for she felt as if all her life till now had been a dream, and that she had newly awakened to see why she had come into this world and to hear of the glorious inheritance that might yet be hers.

The true light had shone into her heart, and even her mother wondered at the change, which she could not understand. Ellen rejoiced, and not a few saw that another little pilgrim had left the broad for the narrow way, and was seeking a "better country, that is an heavenly."

HOW MUCH WILL FILL A PIG.—The Lynn News, is to be held entirely responsible for the following: "A neighbor of ours was trying to convince another neighbor that it was better to buy large pigs in the Spring than small ones, as the former would eat little more. One of his reasons was the following; Last Spring I bought a little pig from a drover, and he was good for eating but wouldn't grow much. He got so after a week or two, that he would eat a bucketful at a time, and then, like Oliver Twist, call for more. Well one morning I carried out a water bucket full of dough, And after he had swallowed it all, I picked up the pig and put him in the same bucket I had fed him from, and the little varmint *didn't fill it half up.*"

Look on This Picture.

Let those whose policy it is to liberate and put arms into the hands of 3,500,000 negro slaves—those who have pledged the faith of the government that there shall be no restraint put upon them in any effort they may make to gain their freedom—let the bloodthirsty abolitionists contemplate the picture presented to them in the following narrative, and shudder at the horrors they propose to re-enact.

MASSACRE OF THE WHITES BY THE NEGROES OF ST. DOMINGO.

"The bloodiest picture in the Book of Time."

THE MASSACRE COMMENCED.

It was on the morning of the 23d of August, 1791, just before day, that a general alarm and consternation spread throughout the town of the Cape. The inhabitants were called from their beds by persons who reported that all the negro slaves in the several neighboring parishes had revolted, and were at that moment carrying death and desolation over the adjoining large and beautiful plain to the north. The Governor and most of the military officers on duty assembled together, but the reports were so confused and contradictory as to gain but little credit. As daylight began to break, the sudden and successive arrival, with ghastly countenances, of persons who had with difficulty escaped the massacre, and flown to the town for protection, brought at dreadful confirmation of the fatal tidings.

The rebellion first broke out on a plantation called Noe, in the parish of Acul, nine miles only from the city. Twelve or fourteen of the ringleaders, about the middle of the night, proceeded to the refinery or sugar-house, and seized on a man, the refiner's apprentice, dragged him to the front of the dwelling house, and there hewed him into pieces with their cutlasses; his screams brought out the overseer, whom they instantly shot. The rebels now found their way to the apartment of the refiner, and massacred him in his bed. A young man lying sick in his chamber was left apparently dead of the wounds inflicted by their cutlasses. He had strength enough, however, to crawl to the next plantation and relate the horrors he had witnessed. He reported that all the whites of the estate which he had left were murdered, except only the surgeon, whom the rebels had compelled to accompany them, on the idea that they might stand in need of his professional assistance. Alarmed by this intelligence, the persons to whom it was communicated immediately sought their safety in flight.

The revolters (consisting now of all the slaves belonging to that plantation) proceeded to the house of Mr. Clement, by whose negroes they were immediately joined, and both he and his refiner were massacred. The murderer of Mr. Clement was his own postillion, (coachman,) a man to whom he had always shown great kindness. The other white people on this estate contrived to make their escape.

At this juncture the negroes on the estate of M. Faville, a few miles distant, likewise rose and murdered five white persons, one of whom (the attorney for the estate) had a wife and three daughters. These unfortunate women, while imploring for mercy of the savages on their knees, beheld their husband and father murdered before their faces. For themselves, they were devoted to a more horrid fate, and were carried away captives by the assassins.

The approach of daylight served only to discover the sights of horror. It was now apparent that that the negroes of all the estates in the plain acted in concert, and a general massacre of of the whites took place in every quarter. On some few estates, indeed, the lives of the women were spared; but they were reserved only to gratify the rutal appetites of the ruffians, and it is shocking to relate that many of them suffered violation on the dead bodies of their husbands and fathers!

THE STANDARD OF THE NEGROES—THE BODY OF A WHITE INFANT.

In the town itself the generel belief for some time was that the revolt was by no means extensive, but a sudden and partial insurrection only. The largest sugar plantation on the plains was that of Mons. Gallifet, situated about eight miles from the town, the negroes belonging to which had always been treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages, that it became a proverbial expression among the lower white people, in speaking of any man's good fortune, to say, *il est heureux au negre de Gallifet*, (he is as happy as one of Gallifet's negroes. Mons. Odeluc, the attorney or agent for this plantation, was a member of the General Assembly, and being fully persuaded that the negroes belonging to it would remain firm in their obedience, determined to repair thither to encourage them in opposing the insurgents, to which end he desired the assistance of a few soldiers from the town-guard, which was granted him. He proceeded accordingly, but, on approaching the estate, to his surprise and grief, he found all the negroes in arms on the side of the rebels, and (horrid to tell!) their standard was the body of a white infant, which they had recently impaled on a stake. Mons. Odeluc had advanced too far to retreat undiscovered, and both he and his friend who accompanied him, with most of the soldiers, were killed without mercy. Two or three of the patrol escaped by flight, and conveyed the dreadful tidings to the inhabitants of the town.

MANSIONS AND CANE FIELDS SET ON FIRE.

By this time, all or most of the white persons had been found on several plantations, and being massacred or forced to seek their safety in flight, the ruffians exchanged the sword for the torch. The buildings and cane fields were everywhere set on fire, and the conflagrations, which were visible from the town in a thousand different quarters, furnished a prospect more shocking and reflections more dismal than fancy can paint or the powers of man describe.

Consternation and terror now took possession of every mind, and the screams of the women and children running from door to door hightened the horrors of the scene. All the citizens took up arms, and the General Assembly vested the Governor with the command of the National Guard, requesting him to give such orders as the urgency of the case seemed to demand. One of the first measures was to send the white women and children on board the ships in the harbor, very serious apprehensions being entertained concerning the domestic negroes within the town; a great proportion of the atlest men among them were likewise sent on shipboard and closely guarded.

There still remained in the city a considerable body of free mulattoes, who had not taken, or affected not to take, any part in the disputes between their brethren of color and the white inhabitants. Their situation was extremely critical, for the lower class of whites, considering the mulattoes as the immediate authors of the rebellion, marked them for destruction; and the whole number in the town would undoubtedly have been murdered without scruple, had not the Governor and the Colonial Assembly vigorously interposed and taken them under their immediate protection. Grateful for this interposition in their favor, (perhaps not thinking their lives otherwise secure,) all the able men among them offered to march immediately against the rebels, and to leave their wives and children as hostages for their fidelity. Their offer was accepted, and they were enrolled in different companies of the militia.

A VAIN ATTEMPT TO PUT DOWN THE NEGROES.

The Assembly continued their deliberations throughout the night, amid the glare of surrounding conflagrations. The inhabitants being strengthened by a number of seamen from the ships, and brought into some degree of order and military subordination, were now desirous that a detachment should be sent out to attack the strongest body of the revolters. Orders were given accordingly, and Mons. de Touzard, an officer who had distinguished himself in the United States service, took the command of a party of militia and the troops of the line. With these he marched to the plantation of Mons. Latour, and attacked a body of about four thousand of the rebel negroes. Many were destroyed, but to little purpose; for Touzard, finding the number of revolters to increase to more than a centuple proportion of their losses, was at length forced to retreat. The Governor, by the advice of the Assembly, now determined to act for some time solely on the defensive; and, as it was every moment to be apprehended that the revolters would pour down upon the town, all the roads and posses leading into it were fortified. At the same time an embargo was laid on all the shipping in the harbor—a measure of indispensable necessity, calculated as well to obtain the assistance of the seamen as to secure a retreat for the inhabitants in the last extremity.

To such of the distant parishes as were open to communication, either by land or by sea, notice of the revolt had been transmitted within a few hours after advice of it was received at the Cape, and the white inhabitants of many of those parishes had therefore found time to establish camps, and form a chain of posts, which, for a short time, seemed to prevent the rebellion from spreading beyond the northern province. Two of these camps were, however, attacked by the negroes—who were here openly joined by the mulattoes—and forced with great slaughter. At London the whites maintained the contest for seven hours, but were overpowered by the infinite disparity of numbers, and compelled to give way, with the loss of upwards of one hundred of their body. The survivors took refuge in the Spanish territory.

These two districts therefore—the whole of the rich and extensive plain of the Cape—together with the contiguous mountains, were now wholly abandoned to the ravages of the enemy, and the cruelties which they exercised on such of the miserable whites as fell into their hands cannot be remembered without horror, nor reported in terms strong enough to convey a proper idea of their atrocity.

THE HORRORS INCREASE—WHITE MEN SAWED ASUNDER.

They seized Mr. Blen, an officer of the police, and having nailed him alive to one of the gates of his plantation, chopped off his limbs, one by one, with an ax.

A poor man named Roberts, a carpenter by trade, endeavored to conceal himself from the notice of the rebels, was discovered in his hiding place. The savages declared that he should die in the way of his occupation. Accordingly they bound him between two boards, and deliberately sawed him asunder.

Monsieur Cardineau, a planter of Grand Riviere, had two natural sons by a black woman. He had manumitted them in infancy, and bred them up with great tenderness. They both joined in the revolt—and when their father attempted to divert them from their purpose by soothing language and pecuniary consideration, they took his money and then stabbed him to the heart.

All the white, and even the mulatto children whose fathers had not joined in the revolt, were murdered without exception, frequently before the eyes of clinging to the bosoms of their mothers. Young women of all ranks were first violated by a whole troop of barbarians, and then generally put to death. Some of them were indeed reserved for the further gratification of the lust of the savages, and others had their eyes scooped out with a knife.

DAUGHTERS RAVISHED IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR FATHERS.

In the parish of Limbe, at a place called the Great Ravine, a venerable planter, the father of two beautiful young ladies, was tied down by a savage ringleader of a band, who ravished his eldest daughter in his presence, and delivered over the other to one of his followers. Their passions being satisfied, they murdered both the father and the daughters.

In the frequent skirmishes between the foraging parties sent out by the negroes (who after having burned everything, were in scarcity of provisions,) and the whites, the rebels seldom stood their ground longer than to receive and return one single volley; but they appeared again the next day, and though they were driven out of their intrenchments with infinite slaughter, yet their numbers seemed not to diminish. As soon as one body was cut off another appeared, and thus they succeeded in harrassing and destroying the whites by perpetual fatigue, and reducing the country to a desert.

TWO THOUSAND PERSONS MASSACRED.

To detail the various conflicts, skirmishes, massacres and scenes of slaughter which this exterminating war produced, were to offer a disgusting and frightful picture—a combination of horrors, wherein we should behold cruelties unexampled in the annals of mankind; human blood poured forth in torrents; the earth checkered with ashes, and the air tainted with pestilence. It was computed that within two months after the revolt first began, upward of two thousand white persons, of all conditions, had been massacred; that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed—the buildings thereon being consumed by fire—and twelve hundred Christian families reduced from opulence to such a state of misery as to depend altogether for their clothing and sustenance on public and private charity! Of the insurgents it was reckoned that upward of ten thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hand of the executioner!

DEATH OF A NOTED SPECULATOR.—The death of John B. Steinberger, at St. Louis, recalls to mind his former career in this part of the country, where he must be remembered as one of the boldest operators and most hospitable of men. At one time he joined Nicholas Biddle in a cotton speculation, in which they cleared $3,000,000.—Afterwards he attempted to buy up all the beef in the country and monopolize the market, but was defeated by New York and Philadelphia dealers, and he was ruined. He then went to California, and, after experiencing the various fortunes of a large speculator, he became reduced, and went to St. Louis at the time Fremont arrived, being sent by a party of beef contractors at $200 per month. In a short time he was abandoned, and he died in extreme indigence. At one time he owned a large interest in Biddle's bank, and could check for $100,000 at a time. He was a man of noble character, stately mein, and elegant bearing.—*New York Sun.*

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—Not long since, a Hartford newspaper, noticing the death of an editor, says; "He was a high-*winded* gentleman," of course it should have read high *minded*. Another paper says; "The people of India live chiefly on *mice*," instead of rice. Shortly after the election, a newspaper of the defeated party intended to say: "We are *linked* like a band of brothers; but the types were wrong, and said "we are *licked*," etc. A Missouri paper informs its readers that the *wife* crop of Gasconade county was 25,000 gals; but before bachelors could profit by such a fine opportunity, the mistake was corrected by putting *wine* in place of wife.

A correspondent of the New York Times, in a letter dated, Centreville, October 21, says:

No person who has had any experience in Secessia, supposes for a moment that the rebels can ever be starved out, as some persons predict while seated about their comfortable firesides in New York. True, the Rebels are out of coffee, tea, salt, sugar and other concomitants which go to make a meal of victuals attractive; but of beef, bread, pork, corn, beans and all the substantials, they have an abundance. In fact the army of the Union has been protecting this kind of property for the rebel government. It is a mistaken idea that Virginia is a barren waste. Away from the track of the two armies the crops are as large and the farmers as prosperous, to all outward appearance, as they were before the war.

I have visited during the last two weeks, all of the principal localities in the valleys formed by the Bull Run and Blue Ridge mountains—traveling for the most part with small forces over unfrequented routes. To one who has heretofore formed an opinion of the condition of affairs in Virginia, by following the worn-out track of the armies, the change in the appearance of everything forms a remarkable contrast. The valley to which I have referred is one of the richest grazing sections of the State. The hills are covered with cattle, and stacks of hay and fodder are every where conspicuous. Large flocks of sheep browse on the side hills, and the woods and farm-yards are filled with swine. Corn, wheat and oats fill the granaries to overflowing, and instead of there being any indication of the people starving, they are, on the contrary, sleek and fat, and talk treason boldly. In this one valley alone an immense crop of meat and cereals has been and is now being raised for the rebel army. General Lee, it is well understood here, is only holding out at Winchester until he can send South the immense products of the valley of the Shenandoah and its sister valleys, and then he will have no further use for his present position. For the last few weeks the rebel supply trains have been running regularly and full towards Richmond, instead of Lee's army, as is generally supposed.

WHAT "RIP RAP." MEANS.—Many persons have since the war begun, made enquiry as to the origin of the term "Rip-raps." For the benefit of the uninitiated, we give the following information: In engineering, a "rip rap" is a foundation obtained by throwing stones together in a heap without order, in deep water or on soft bottom. The battery on the channel between Fortress Monroe and Sewell's Point is constructed on such artificial foundation, and is therefore styled the "Rip-raps." The fortification was begun about twenty years ago. Loose blocks of granite were piled up to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and permitted to remain for years, for the purpose of settling the foundation. The blocks were taken down to the water line a year ago, and nothing more has been done to the fortifications since.

GEN. DIX DECLINES.—The following is a letter from Major General John A. Dix, declining to be a candidate for Governor of New York:

FORTRESS MONROE, Oct. 22, 1863.

——: My name, I see, is again used in connection with a political office, without my knowledge or consent. I shall remain at my post, doing all I can to sustain the government in putting down the rebellion, and at a moment, when the existence of the nation is hanging by a thread, I cannot leave my duties here to be drawn into any party strife. Neither will I ever assent to any adjustment of the contest with the insurgent States which shall acknowledge their success.

The rebellion began in fraud, dishonor and violence, & must end in submission to the constitution and the laws. The secession leaders have put the contest on grounds which would make success on their part indelible disgrace to us.

In my sphere of duty my intention is to carry on the war without either violence to the constitution or to the principles of justice and humanity, and to contend to the last to avert a triumph over all that is stable in government or honorable in political companionship.

My whole course through life has proved my devotion to democracy and conservative principles. No assurance should be needed that this faith is unchanged. But at a moment like this, unless all parties will rally round the government in putting down this rebellion, leaving questions among ourselves to be settled when the national honor is vindicated and our existence as a nation secured, there can be nothing for us in the future but disaster and disgrace. JOHN A. DIX.

THE LOSSES OF PERRYVILLE.—A Louisville correspondent of the New York Tribune writes as follows:

Official returns from all the divisions engaged at Perryville show an aggregate loss of 820 killed, 2 585 wounded and nearly 500 missing and prisoners. The enemy captured 11 guns during the battle. The rebels abandoned them in a disabled condition upon their retreat on Thursday morning, excepting two Napoleon guns, in place of which they left two smooth bore 6 pounders.

After a careful investigation, I have become satisfied that the rebel loss does not exceed two-thirds of ours. Between 600 and 700 of their dead were buried by us, and about 1 300 wounded remained on our hands. We took no prisoners during the battle.

EXPLOSION OF A SHELL.—Two young men, Daniel M'Pherson and Adam Wolf, living in the vicinity of New Franklin, Franklin county, Penn., were trying to open a percussion shell, on Sunday week, when it exploded, killing M'Pherson and wounding Wolf in the thigh and left hand. He is doing well. M'Pherson's left hand was blown off, but the fatal wound was in the abdomen. He lived about eight hours after the accident. The shell was brought from the battle field of Antietam.

THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER ALABAMA.—It has generally been understood that the Confederate steamer Alabama was the steamer first known as the "290," but it seems there are now some doubts as to her identity as that vessel. The New York Times says:

Capt. D. R. Gifford, late of the bark Elisha Dunbar, is firmly of the opinion that the Alabama and "290" are not the same vessel, as he frequently heard the crew of the Alabama speaking of the "290," and of the Oreto. Some of the newspapers taken from the Emily Farnham contained an account of the "290," running the blockade into Mobile, and on hearing it read the crew of the Alabama gave three cheers for the "290."

A SENSATION STORY.—The *Express* professes to have reliable information, from semi-official circles in Europe, that England and France have decided upon the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, if the joint offers of an armistic of four or six months, to be proposed to Mr. Seward, are not accepted.

They fear a slave insurrection in the South, says the *Express*, after the 1st of January, and it is to afford their own citizens residing there ample protection under the eyes of their regularly appointed agents, that England and France will claim the necessity of recognizing the new Confederacy.

Paul Pry, espying a man who was digging in a large pit, and being disposed to rally him, asked him, what he was digging.—"A big hole" "was the reply.—"And what are you going to do with such a big hole," said Paul.—"Going to cut it into small holes, and retail them to you fellows to set fence posts in."

Tansy is highly recommended as an antidote to fleas. Give a bed of it to your dog

Even if your heart is in a cause, it doesn't follow that you should "put your foot in it."