Hanfield Co

The Weekly Lancaster Gazette.

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The Weekly Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:

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Thursday Evening, Sep. 8, 1853

THE WESTERN HOG AND CATTLE CROP.—The prospect of the coming season, throughout Kentucky, and we believe Ohio and Indiana, are favorable for an increase over last year. In Kentucky, it is said the number of hogs is unprecedented, and as the corn crop will be a full average one, they can all be fattened. A letter from a farmer in Mason co., Ky., says:

Stock hogs are $3 ℔ hundred, gross, and freely offered. Fat hogs are refused at the same price. The amount of old corn is considerable at $1,50 ℔ bbl in the crib.—New corn is selling at $,25 ℔ bbl in the field.

Cattle coming into winter and fall beef are scarcer than I ever knew them. I am now grazing 700 cattle—only 100 head of them will be fit for killing this fall, whereas usually one-half would have been good beef. I found it utterly impossible to get good aged cattle, in Kentucky, for grazing fat.—Beef is 6 cents ℔ pound here now, and must advance with the fall demand.

The California trade has taken off most of the extreme western cattle, and oxen have been bought in this county for that market. Tennessee has been hunted over for old oxen to feed for the New York market, by Kentuckians and Ohioans.

SERIOUS MISTAKE BY A BANK TELLER.—On Wednesday, Henry Rosenthal, a commission merchant of New York, presented a check drawn for $9,12 on the Hanover Bank in that city for payment. Mr. E. B. Cobb, the paying teller, in the hurry of business, paid Rosenthal $912,00 by mistake instead of $9,12. Later in the day, Mr. Cobb, in making up his accounts, discovered that there was quite a large deficiency of funds, and upon comparing the check with the check clerk the error was at once discovered. The police were immediately sent after Rosenthal, and on his arrest he denied any connection with the matter, and said he had not drawn the money. His trunk was searched, which resulted in finding $800 in $100 bills, which, after some hesitation, he admitted was a portion of the money he had drawn upon the check, and paid to him by mistake by Mr. Cobb. His person was also searched, and upon him was found funds making in all nearly the amount drawn by him. He was detained for examination.

GRASSHOPPER SCOURGE.—The New York Tribune has a most melancholy story of the destruction of vegetation by grasshoppers in Chataque county, in that State, where they have devoured the hay crop, the wheat, the oats, beans, turnips, cabbages, garden vegetables generally, Indian corn, and run over the pastures and meadows. Other counties are affected in that State and Pennsylvania. At Plymouth, N. H., they have also overrun entire fields, and it is said have forced themselves in swarms into dwelling houses preying upon clothing, window curtains, &c.

ANOTHER IMPROBABLE STORY.—It is stated that a private letter received in N. York from New Orleans states that an immense raft, boxed up, full of the bodies of those who have died of yellow fever, was towed down the river after night-fall, and sunk—so difficult is it to obtain persons to dig graves or to bury the dead. This story, like the one giving an account of the burning of a large number of dead bodies, we take to be mere fiction.

DISHONEST SERVANT.—A colored servant from the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, was arrest on Saturday, charged with stealing $2,50 from a boarder. He offered a $500 bill for exchange at the Empire City Bank, and was then arrested. He had purchased a gold watch out of the money. On his person was found $100 more, and in his room, secreted in a patent leathar shoe, two one thousand dollar bills. The thief was lugged, and the money all recovered.

☞A Steamship of five thousand tons freight burthen is in course of construction in London, for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. This monster ship will be 680 feet in length, 83 feet in breadth, 58 feet in depth, with both screw and paddle engines, of an aggregate nominal horse power of 2,000. She will have an iron hull, and her cabin rooms for first class passengers will accommodate five hundred.

PURCHASE OF AMUNITION.—The N. Y. Times mentions a rumor that a large purchase of Porter's revolving rifles has been made in that city, by parties interested in the affairs of Cuba. The number of implements are set down at a thousand. Six charges to each will make this stock equivalent to six thousand muskets.

EFFECT OF FILTH ON HEALTH.—No better illustration is required of the detrimental effects of filth and stagnant pools of water upon health than in the fact that in five wards of New York, the filthiest in the city, there were no less than 249 deaths last week, nearly one-half the mortality in the entire city.

CHLOROFORM COUNTERACTED.—Dr. Torbert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life. The fact is worth knowing, if it be a fact.

RAPID INCREASE.—The population of San Francisco is now 50,000; six years ago the California Star announced its population as being 321 males and 138 females. The increase is unprecedented.

[From the N. Y Daily Tribune of Aug. 5]

HOT CORN—OR LIFE IN THE CITY.

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LITTLE KATY.

"Hot Corn! Here's your nice Hot Corn, smoking hot—smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour, last evening, as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft plantive voice under our window, which told us of the ways of the poor to eke out the means of subsistence in this overburdened, illfed and worse lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notorious dirty city, where they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New Orleans and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark until midnight.

"Hot corn, hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn," rose up in a faint child-like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City Hall clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the soumd seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbiding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always, is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court yard, or livery stable grounds of the City Hall, which in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color or the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimmed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, Sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as "give me some corn, you little wolf's whelp," or a name still more approbrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said, piteously "please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night.

"Oh dear, then, what shall I do!"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh dear."

"Cannot go home. Why not!"

"Oh, Sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little Sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to git—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr Pease says that it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, in deed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do!"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, Sir! Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that wont be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, Sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it!"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you and Sis. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier, and tell your mother you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, Sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man, or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that reeking centre of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class groggeries—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guise of "pure gin"—"old rum"—"pale brandy"—"pure port"—"Heidsick"—or "Lager-bier"—poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, yes, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curb-stone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosome, who se cry in after years will be, "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse leach's daughters.

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from side-street, came up they cry of "hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that her's was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring street, the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering cut-glass of that, for the first time, lighted up bar-room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first class Hotels must have such Five Point denizen-making appurtenances as this glitering room, shamelessly inviting, open to the street; when that watch-word cry, like the pibroch's startling pearl, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the mid-night air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn."

"Yes, yes! I hear you cry—it is a watch-word—a glorious watch-word, that bids us do or die—until the smoking, hot, fiery-furnace-like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets, crying, "Hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watch-word of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children than into the insatiable hot maw of the whiskey still.

Let your resolution grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight cry, that you will devote, if nothing more—

"Three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,"

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause of this present dish of "Hot corn—smoking hot!"

CHAPTER II.—*The Home of Little Katy.*

About a week ago, we published a little story under this title, detailing some of the sufferings which crime and misery bring upon the poor of this city, and hinted at the cause. That story is not yet finished. The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn! hot corn! here is your nice hot corn!" came up through our open window on the midnight air, while the rain came drippling down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantities to wet the thin single garment of the owner of that sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew fainter, and then ceased, and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain—that an innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed and an iron post for a pillow—that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasma of the filth-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malaria of our Southern coast, is death to the sleeper; not soothed by a dreamy consciousness of hearing a mother's voice, turning the soft lullaby of

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber;"

but starting like a sentinel upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept; shivering with night air and fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling like a culprit, to hear the hard words of a mother—yes, a mother, but oh! what a mother—cursing her for not performing an impossibility, because exhausted nature slept—because her child had not made a profit which would enable her more freely to indulge in the soul-and-body-destroying vice of drunkenness, to which she had fallen from an estate when "my carriage" was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death-stricken neglected street sufferer.

It was past midnight when she awoke, and found herself, with a desperate effort, just able to reach the bottom of the ricketty stairs which led to her *home*. We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the city poor.

Tired, worn with the daily toil—for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers—we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on we listened in vain—that voice was not there. True, the same hot corn cry came floating upon the evening breeze across the park, or wormed its way from some cracked fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley, with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager bier," as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell. All over this great poverty burdened, and wicked waste, extravagant city, at this season, that cry goes up, nightly proclaiming one of the habits of this late supper eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble-string was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence, in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spirit manifestations half as strongly as some of the nincompoops of this world would have their long-eared listeners think, yet we do believe there is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after co-existing spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to enquire whether it was a spirit of "the first, third or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one go before—it was our only cure—we knew no name—had no number, nor knew no one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundreds just like her! Perhaps. It will cost nothing to enquire. We went down Centre street with a light heart; we turned into cross street with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water street and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now!" The answer was a far-off scream of dispair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes concentrated under one roof. Hark, a step approaches. Our unseen guide whispers, "ask him." It were a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over-work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrensied eye hurridly indicates, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us! What if he is a crazy man! No; the spirit was right—no false raps here. It is that good missionary. That man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting, and Prison-punishing City, where misfortune is deemed a cirime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than Prison bars. "Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object; can I aid you!"

"Perhaps. I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable, with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one, who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save.

We were soon treading a narrow alley, where pestilence walketh in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery, go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, the fruits of our city excise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul." Proven by the awful curses of and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplar member of a Christian Church, that came up out of one of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home.

The fetid odor of this filthy lane had been made more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rums, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel house.—With the thermometer at 96, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth. Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas!

We grouped our way along to the foot of an outside stair case, where our conductor paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see, fainted a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Great and unknown Cause, hast thou brought us to her door!" Our friend stared, but did not comprehend the expression.—"Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old and slippery."

"Beat her!" said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies."

Oh, if I could see him once more—there there—that is him—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me."

"Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. 'Will he come!' she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to sooth and comfort her, I promised to bring him.

We had reached the top of the stairs and stood a moment at the open door, where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death would soon enter.

"Will he come!"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for their is a choaking sensation coming over us.

"Come in," said our friend.

"Will he come!"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to-night," said her mother, in quite a lady-like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come!"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through dark places, *he has come.*"

The little emaciated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes glanced around the room, peering through the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he, mother! He is here, I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There, lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you, just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once when we lived in the big house—there, there—Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, she waked up, and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; hav'nt I been asleep a good while! I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipped me for it, but I could not help it. Oh dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread—I thought you would not come. Good bye—Sissee, good bye, Sissee—you will come—mother don't—drink—any more—Mother—good b—."

"Tis the last of earth," said the good man at our side—let us pray.

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There are in this city a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing.—Faith without works wont work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes—such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and other's good.—Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying *hot corn*, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocents slain by that remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud, "will he come!" and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he is here."

☞All the members of the Unitarian Society in St. Louis, who were slaveholders it is said, have emancipated their slaves unconditionally.

Friday Evening, Sept. 2, 1853.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS!!—Speaking of the ticket recently nominated by the Locofoco primary election of Hocking county, the "*Sentinel*," that ever watchful guardian of the People's Rights, puts *the* Democracy in possession of the following astounding facts:

"We are not to be met this fall by an open, bold and manly enemy. Whiggery, as an organized party, is not in the field; but we shall be compelled to combat all the factions and *isms* in the country. Everything which can possibly be used to divide and distract our forces, will be brought to bear against the ticket."

These stereotyped phrases are made use of on the eve of every election. If the people of Hocking can digest such *stuff* their stomachs must be made of the most improved form of gutta percha. Talk about *isms* when it is well known that Pierce owes his elevation to a combination of all the factions and isms of the country, and is now endeavoring, by distributing the spoils, to keep them united. But *such* is Locofocoism.

THE ERIE AND NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The New York Express states that the income of the great Erie Railroad not being up to the estimate of the directors, causes apprehension that, combined with the large expenditure of the road, which has not yet been sufficiently economised, no money has been earned for the stockholders, and that a dividend is improbable, and under any circumstance inexpedient. The Post says:

The Erie Railroad Company will have to look more to the management of its road than it has ever yet done to compare at all with what shall henceforward be its greatest rival, the New York Central. It is stated that ten thousand tons of iron have been purchased or ordered, and is now in the course of delivery for the New York Central Railroad, in pursuance of a resolution passed at the first meeting of the board of directors on 7th July last. The object for which this iron is to be used is for double tracking the road from Syracuse to Buffalo without delay, and put the entire line of road from the Hudson river to Lake Erie, with its rolling stock and machinery, in the very best condition.

RAILROAD UNDER CONTRACT.—The Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway has been placed under contract for grading and masonry. The road, which is 150 miles long, will be nearly straight. The cost is estimated at $2,500,000, which will be in part provided for by a stock subscription of $1,650,000. The road is to be finished by the close of 1854.

COLD WEATHER IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The Boston Transcript learns from a friend, who passed Friday night, the 19th instant, on Mount Washington, that for twelve hours the mercury was not higher than 30 degrees, and that in the morning there was a considerable quantity of ice and icicles.

SCOTCH PASTOR.—The Scotch citizens of Boston, it is said, have made arrangements to bring to this country, from Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Muir, one of the most talented and eloquent ministers of the Free church of Scotland. He will arrive here about the latter part of September.

WARLIKE.—A battery of six pounders and other engines of destruction, it is said, are preparing at Washigton to be forwarded from the arsenal there for the Rio Grande, where a large portion of the United States army is concentrating.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—The President has issued his proclamation announcing the ratification of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the settlement of individual claims in each country on the government of the other, arising since the Treaty of Peace of the 24th of December, 1814. The claims are to be submitted to a Board of two commissioners, one to be appointed by each government, the two to name a third person to act as umpire in cases where the commissioners disagree. The board meets in London, and the claims are to be submitted in six months after it is organized, and the whole to be closed in a year. The decision of the commissioners to be final. Mr. Upham, the American commissioner is already in London. Salary $1500. All the expenses to be deducted out of the claims allowed, pro rata.—*Cin. Gaz.*

☞Suicide, by young women, is becoming fearfully prevalent in New England.—Here is a fourth case within three weeks. We copy from the Bangor Mercury,

"On Saturday evening, about 5 o'clock, Miss Laura A. Sealand, a girl of irreproachable character, about 19 years old, took an ounce of arsenic, which caused her death in about five hours. The deceased left a letter, in which she stated her determination to rid herself of life, and that she had procured and mixed the poison. She gave no reason for the fatal act."

SHAKSPEARE PILGRIMS.—A curious statement has just been prepared of the number and nations of the several visitors of Shakspeare's House at Statford-upon-Avon.—The statement has been compiled from the signatures of the parties themselves; and for the period from the 1st of May, 1851, to the 30th of April, 1852, the total number is 2216, and of these 444 were from the United States, and 1642 from England. For a like period from the 1st of May, 1852, to the 30th of April, 1853, the return shows a slight increase, the total being 2321, of which 1808 were from England, and 306 from the United States.

MISSOURI COTTON.—On the 22rd instant, twenty-six bales of cotton raised and picked in Polk county, Mo., arrived at St. Louis. The News of that city says:

We note this as the first shipment of Cotton from the Missouri river. In the course of time, South Sea Island will be rolling over the "road from India," and down the Missouri by the hundred and perhaps thousands of bales.

THE COSTA AFFAIR.—The foreign refugees in N. York, have resolved that complimentary letters should be addressed, on their part, to Mr. Brown, United States Consul at Smyrna, and to Capt. Ingraham, for his interference in behalf of Costa, accompanied with a suitable present.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.—The Star of Saturday has the following:

Chief Clerk of the Navy Department.—On the 1st proximo John Etheridge, Esq., so favorably known as the efficient chief clerk of the Navy Department, retires from that position, to be succeeded by Mr. Welch, at present at the head of the Department's corps of corresponding clerks. Mr. E., however, will still remain in the Department.

Business in the Pension Bureau.—The employees of the Pension bureau are as busy as beavers. During the week ending today, ten of the clerks there were engaged on bounty land cases which had been suspended for want of proof, two thousand of which were examined, and four hundred and forty-six were allowed. In the course of this week, one hundred certificates were allowed in pension cases of Revolutionary widows who married after 1800, and came under the pension system through the act of February 3d, 1853. Under this act sixteen hundred claims have already been allowed; five hundred are suspended for want of sufficient proof, and three hundred more are on file for examination.

A PLEASANT SUMMER IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The St. John (N. B.) Times, speaking of a telegraphic despatch from New York, announcing that it had been intensely hot there, says:

"We have not positively had one *hot* day in St. John this summer—that is the thermometer has never gone up to ninety—not more than three days has it been over eighty—the average range has been from sixty to seventy—at night fifty-eight. There has been no occasion to dispense with flannels this summer. People dying from the effects of heat is it! If the word 'cold' had been used it would have been more like the thing."

AIM HIGH.—Endeavor, by firm and steady course of action, not to disgrace the name you bear, put to place it one step higher on the broad ladder of high and enduring fame.

Place your standard high! Go towards it straight forward and unerring in youth, steadily approach in manhood; and in old age; if you have not attained it, you will have reached a far higher point than you would had your aim been lower.

Do not leave your name to sink into obscurity, but by some noble action place it amongst those names that posterity will bless. Would that the standard of men was to see who could do the most good.—Then the only great, would be the truly good men.

If, after a toilsome life, and long buffeting with its trials, your name is not amongst the great of the land, feel not cast down, nor think that you have lived in vaine. Far from it; your life has been one continued victory, and can meet death feeling that there is for you a blissful eternity, and that your reward is yet to come.

HOW KENTUCKY GOT ITS NAME.—The origin and meaning of the name of Kentucky, has been accounted for in different ways both ingenious and plausible that we have heard, we had a few days ago from the lips of an old hunter, now in the ninety-ninth year of his age. When Boon first came to that country it was inhabited exclusively by no tribe of Indians, but was the common hunting ground for all the tribes of the adjacent country. The rich vallies were covered with a chaparel of *cane* bearing a small berry, on which the turkeys came in countless numbers to feast. Thus, it was natural enough for the whites to call it the *land of Cane and Turkey.* The Indians trying to pronounce the same words got it Kanetuckee, from this it was abreviated into Kentuck, and finally the name by which it is now known Kentucky—*the land of Cane and Turkeys.*—*Greencastle Banner.*

REPLY OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO MR. EVERETT.—An official correspondence is published in the English papers, between Lord John Russell and Minister Crampton, respecting the proposition for a try-partite treaty, in order to guarantee to Spain the continued possession of the island of Cuba. The answer of Mr. Everett, the late Secretary of State, to this extraordinary proposition on the part of England and France, forms the chief theme of Lord John's comments. Mr. E., it will be recollected, declared that "the U. States would not see with indifference the island of Cuba fall into the possession of any other European government than Spain." By way of response, Lord John, while admitting the right of the country to reject the proposal, pointedly observes that "*Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty, and, upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act, either singly or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit.*"

BEDFORD VALLEY SNAKE.—Two of our citizens have visited the spot where this huge serpent was seen, with a view of capturing the monster. They saw and examined the skin he had shed, and found it fully *twenty-one feet six inches long.* They also saw and conversed with Mr. John Elder, a most reliable citizen, who had met the animal face to face. Mr. E. encountered him in a lane, across which he was lying, with his tail in one meadow and his head near the second fence. From his dusty brown color, Mr. E. mistook him for the ridge pole of the fence, until his horse started back with fright, when the serpent reared up to the height of the rider, and darted fire from his eyes. The horse instantly whirled and dashed off in alarm, and by the time he could be brought back to the spot, the snake had disappeared in the high grass. Mr. E. thinks he is between twenty and thirty feet long.—*Cumberland (Md.) Journal.*

SWEARING.—The third commandment for the christian runneth in this wise:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain:"

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says "this commandment is doubtless more frequently broken than any of the other nine yet, when we take a general and wide view of the world as it is, and of our own smallness individually—our dependence on the higher power for air, for sustainance, for mental development as well as for every other material thing that grows out of nature—how supremely ridiculous is it in man to blaspheme the name of his Maker.—*Forest City.*

☞A writer in the Intelligencer communicates a curious incident. A little girl was standing at a window before which was a young maple tree. After a brilliant flash of lightning a complete image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. This is not the only instance of the kind, but is a singular phenomenon.—*Newark Adv.*

"DARTS."

☞Billy P——was making a journey in a stage coach, over the hilly roads of N. Hampshire, and amused himself on the way by frequent resorts to the comforts of a mysterious black bottle which he had with him.

Suddenly the coach wheel came in contact with a large stone, which, without doing any other damage, deprived Billy of his equilibrium, and so down he rolled upon the ground.

'Wot'n the thunder yer doin'!' said Billy, 'how came yer to tip over!'

The driver informed him that the stage had overturned, and the passengers assured Billy that Jehu was right.

Billy approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside.

'Didn't upset, d'you say!'

'Not at all,' replied the driver.

'Well, If I'd a know'd that,' said Billy, 'I wouldn' ta got off.'

☞A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his knowledge and proper use of the English language, came upon a youngster sitting on the bank of a fish pond, angling for shiners, and thus addressed him:

"Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement!"

"No," said the boy, "I'm a fishin'."

☞A bachelor friend of ours says that he never attempted but one speech to a woman, and then he did not succeed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he caught her hand and dropped upon his knees. He only saw a streak of calico as she went over the bar. He did not see her again for a fortnight, and then a fellow was feeding her with molasses candy and ginger-bread at a circus.

☞A windy orator once got up and said:

"Friends, fellow citizens and country people, I rise to say, that after mature reflection, consideration and examination, I have calmly, and deliberately and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that, in those cities in which the population is very large, there is a greater number of men, women and children, than there is in cities where the population is less."

☞A New York editor thinks, from the way shirts are made in that city, there ought to be an "inspector of *sewers.*" The editor went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortist stitches.

There are without doubt some of the smallest kinds of editors in New York.

☞A traveler narrating the wonders of foreign parts, declared he had seen a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was quite evident that they were not prepared to receive it, even if it had been a sugar cane.

"Pray, what kind of a cane was it!" asked one, sneeringly.

"It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

☞Here is a veritable Quaker toast; "This from me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thou and thine have treated me and mine." This is a new version of the old compliment, which runs somewhat after this wise:

"I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure there never was folks, since folks was folks, that ever loved folks so well as me and my folks loved thee and thy folks."

☞What would you say if you were to see a drunken man lying in the open street, exposed to the peltings of a violent storm! —*Temperance Jour.*

We should say the poor devil was *under the weather.* What would you say!—*Louisville Jour.*

That he was trying *water cure* for his disease. What would any one else say!

MEAN, MEANER, MEANEST.—There is a grocer in Massachusetts, said to be so mean that he has been seen to catch a fly off the counter, hold him up by the hind legs and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing sugar.

This is even meaner than the grocer who claimed a part of his neighbor's honey, because the bees flew into the cellar and sipped the sweets that dropped from his molasses barrel.

☞The man who couldn't *express* his feelings applied to Livingston, Fargo & Co., who agreed to do it for him.

☞The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago, in a 'flood of tender reccollections,' was slowly recovering, but yesterday he fell from the 'sublime to the ridiculous,' and was fatally injured.

ANTICIPATED DUEL AT SANTA FE.—Major Weightman, the late delegate to Congress from New Mexico, was lately "posted" at Santa Fe by Lieut. Francis J. Thomas, U. S. A., of Maryland, and it is said a street fight between the parties was expected. Cause—a private quarrel, originating at a public house. Several days had elapsed since the "posting," but neither party had broken the peace.

☞The Comet now visible in the evening twilight, about an hour after sunset, it is said will pass its perihelion on the 1st of September; up to which date it may be seen on every clear evening, following very closely on the sun's path. After this perihelion passage it will disappear to observers in northern latitudes, but in the southern hemisphere it will continue in sight through the month of September, rising before the sun.