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CHARLES FROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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The Light of Home.

My boy, then will dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go; but never, when I see,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dangles to lead astray;
But the mother's look, will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
And there, will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sun of ambition is transient light,
That shall ere long be quenched;
But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
And there, will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

"We all do Fade as a Leaf."

Summer is past. The autumn winds are sighing
The brilliant-tinted leaves, in splendor dying,
Put on new beauties as they fade away.

The hour is eloquent. Its many voices
Not less of promise than of sorrow speak;
For the great truth, that we are learning,
That glorious spring from Winter's death shall break.

Such are the omens, O, may we discern
The signs of nature in the earth and skies,
For the great truth, that we are learning,
That man, like nature, from the dead shall rise!

Changed.

So this is the end of our friendship!
I knew it would come at last:
That is the way the world rolls on:
That is the way the world rolls on.

We part, and the days roll onward:
Some whispering, some laughing,
Some a soft sigh, and at last the end:
Some a soft sigh, and at last the end.

A certain gubernatorial functionary, who had waxed fat from the profits of swindling clothing contracts, recently favored Quakerdom with a visit, stopping at one of the fashionable hotels. For some unexplained and, perhaps, unsettled reason, he concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage.

Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards, he said:
"Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"
"No, sir!" blandly responded the sable gentleman.

"Why—what was the reason?"
"Kase, sah, de gentlemen in de office said you had not paid your bill."
"Not paid my bill—why that's singular—he knew me very well when he was at the Girard House."
"Well, mebbe," rejoined John, thoughtfully, scratching his head, "dat's de reason he wouldn't gib me de baggage."

"The gentleman, strange to say, paid the bill."
"Mr. Brags has gone for six months to the Mediterranean for a holiday and his health," said one government clerk to another. "He's a lucky fellow. He is called superintendent of gunpowder stores, but I don't think he ever saw 'em."

"Oh, poor fellow!" said the other; "I know why he's been obliged to go on sick leave; I wonder you did not hear the report. He's suffering from an accidental discharge of his duty."
A military officer, who most cordially detested the halberds, used, as a substitute to flogging, to expose delinquents on parade with a large iron bombshell attached to one of their legs. One day, when several men were undergoing this punishment, a sailor, who by chance had strolled near, called out to his companions, "My eyes, shipmates! I only look here! I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor!"

"Pitt was once canvassing for himself, when he came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favor me with your vote?"
"Mr. Pitt," said the son of Vulcan, "I admire your head, but hang your heart."
"Mr. Blacksmith," said Pitt, "I admire your candor, but hang your manners."

Joseph II. of Austria was fond of travelling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring-room, he began to shave himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what sort of guest held abed at the person of the Emperor. "I have him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

Of all the annoying men in the world, deliver us from the man who thinks himself more righteous than his neighbor—who imagines that his way to heaven is the only true way, and that those who do not believe in him disbelieve in God.

A telegraphic dispatch was received in Lynn, Mass., recently, but refused by the person to whom it was sent, on the ground that he did not recognize the handwriting as belonging to the one who was said to have sent it.

A celebrated fuger, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself in. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friends will not know you."

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight before he knows it.

Tricks in Law.

In the middle and towards the end of the last century, there figured at the Irish bar a Mayo man, a passage in whose life will interest. He was a descendant of the ancient and honorable Norman house of Costelloe. He had received an excellent education, and possessed considerable legal knowledge. He was shrewd; of much acuteness of mind; a fellow of infinite jest—a living joke; witty himself; and the cause of wit in other men. He was, although his family had resided for six centuries in Ireland, a true Norman.

He had been, in the year 1745, and subsequently, a student of the Middle Temple, London, and had not denied himself any of the pleasures, or indeed any of the adventures which the English metropolis afforded—that is, to the extent of the means supplied him by his family.

His term served, Costelloe was called to the bar in Dublin, where he gave unquestionable proofs of talent; but whether through indolence or taste, eschewing equity or common law, he devoted himself to what is termed Old Bailey practice, and in which he was without a rival.

One morning, when Costelloe was in the height of his reputation, the city of Dublin was frightened from its propriety by the announcement that Gladstone's bank had been plundered of a large sum of gold, by the chief cashier, to whom its charge had been entrusted. The alleged culprit was immediately taken into custody, brought before the city magistrate, interrogated, and the proofs of his guilt being held manifest, committed to Newgate. The whole process was terminated by eleven o'clock A.M.

Before Costelloe had reached his destination, Costelloe was made aware of all the circumstances of the case by one of the committing magistrate's clerks, whom he kept constantly in pay. This man had hardly left Costelloe's house after acquainting himself of his duty, when the Counselor received a letter inviting him to repair forthwith to Newgate, to see Mr. —, just brought in, who desired his advice.

Costelloe proceeded at once to Newgate, for such a course was not then interdicted to practitioners by private resolutions of the bar; but even had it been, he was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any rule that interfered, however slightly, with the indulgence of his humor. He was there introduced to the cashier of Gladstone's, a man of serious, unassuming mien, and of some fifty years of age. The usual salutation over, and the door carefully closed, Costelloe, with that wonderful *coup d'œil* for which he was celebrated, saw at once the species of person he had to deal with, and begged to be informed why his presence had been requested.

"You have heard, probably, sir," said the man, "that I have been the cashier of Gladstone's bank, and that it is said a large deficit has been discovered in my accounts?"

"That you have been a clerk of old Gladstone's, I was ignorant," replied Costelloe; "but I have just been informed that the cashier had appropriated to himself one of his money bags; in fact, that the bank had been robbed by the rascal of a whole hoop of gold."

"Rascal! That is a very harsh word, sir."
"Not if applicable."
"Well, sir, I shall not dictate terms, however painful to an honest, conscientious man to bear them. I am the party in question."

"And you done the trick?"
"Sir!"
"You snatched the bag?"
"I don't understand you."
"You've gotten the money?"
"Really, sir, I cannot comprehend you."
"You robbed the bank?"
"Do you mean to insult me? I rob the bank? I cheat my employer? I plunder my benefactor, and preserve the fruits of it? No, sir; I have not a shilling in the world."

"Then, by—, you'll be hanged."
"What do you mean?"
"I'll make it clear to you as that those fetters are of iron. If you have robbed the bank, you must have, at least, some of the money, and can afford to pay me well for saving your life. If you are innocent, and consequently penniless, you will be weighed as sure as was *Cahir no pappul*."

"Weighed?"
"In the justice scales. The case is spoken of everywhere, with this addition, that the proofs against you are irrefutable."
"Then there is no hope?"
"None, if you are what you say yourself—guiltless; for you cannot afford to retain me, who, probably, of all the bar, could alone give you a chance."

Overwhelmed and horrified, the hypocrite, after some hesitation, admitted that he was in a condition to remunerate the Counselor for undertaking his defence. "What fee do you require, sir?" he asked.

"Ten per cent."
"Ten per cent. Why, that is a thousand pounds!"
"So much the better for both of us."
After many futile attempts to beat down the Counselor's demand, the prisoner acceded to it, and gave an order on his wife for the enormous sum of a thousand pounds, on an understanding that if the Counselor's exertions should fail, he would return nine hundred and fifty pounds of it to—the widow.

Immediately upon receiving this draft, Costelloe left the prison, and without waiting to present it, proceeded to the Crown Office, situated on South Cope street, on the site of the rear or court yard of the present Commercial buildings, which at that point resembled in its functions the head police office of modern times. The sitting magistrate had risen; but the chief clerk was at his desk when Costelloe entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," said he. The clerk returned the salute.

"Anything in my way to-day, Mr. Johnson?" inquired Costelloe, with the most perfect nonchalance.

"What, Counselor! Have you not heard of the robbery at Gladstone's?"
"Gladstone's? The bank? Not a word of it."
"Yes; the cashier, who was deemed the most trustworthy of men, has plundered the chest."

"Plundered the chest?"
"Extracted from it ten thousand guineas in gold made up in rouleaux, and has substituted for them as many farthings."
"And got clear off?"
"No. He is safe in Newgate."
"What a scandal!"
"A consummate one; but he will suffer for it."

The evidence against him is conclusive; for part of the stolen property was found in a secret drawer of his desk at home."
"Did you not say that the money abstracted was in gold?"

"Yes; but those pieces have been identified." "How? One guinea is so like another."
"True; but mark the finger of Providence! Along with the guineas the villain carried off ten foreign gold coins, Dutch ducats, which were also in the safe, and these have been sworn to by his deputy, and will hang him. See here."

The clerk opened his desk, and took from it a small box, committed to his custody for production at the trial of the accused, and poured its contents into the hands of the apparently astonished Counselor.

Costelloe examined them, piece by piece, with the most intense interest, turned and returned them in his hand, and again regarded them with the concentrated attention of a Jew money-changer. The scrutiny lasted so long that the clerk manifested impatience. At length Costelloe restored them, observing, "The fellow has undone himself."

"What a fortunate foresight! Was it not, Counselor?"
"Providential, as you just now properly remarked. Never was proof more clear."

After a few words further on general subjects, the Counselor left the office, with a mind seemingly disengaged. That evening his confidential clerk and secretary was sent to go on a Liverpool packet which lay at Sir John Rogerson's quay, and sailed half an hour afterwards.

Some weeks later the prisoner was brought to trial at the Common Law, Green street, in the presence of a numerous and auditory as had ever been congregated in it. As usual, the counsel for the accused sat immediately before him. On one side of Costelloe sat his clerk; with whom, in the course of the proceedings, he often conversed, and whose hat was on the table before him. On the other hand of Costelloe was the attorney of the prisoner. When called upon to plead, the unfortunate man at the bar, with much emotion, exclaimed, "Not guilty." With a solemn assent, he added, that the rouleaux or coils (farthings) found in the safe were those which had existed there for years, and formed part of "the rest," as he had been given to understand; and he had received them from his predecessor at the value indicated by the ticket attached to each packet. He had never opened them.

Costelloe cross-examined, but only slightly, the witness who deposed to the preliminary facts. At length came the turn of the deputy cashier, who swore that he had frequently seen in the chest the identical ten Dutch pieces of gold which the Counselor had so curiously examined at the Crown Office, and which the witness now again identified.

At this testimony Costelloe looked serious. The examination in chief of the deputy cashier being over, and no movement made by Costelloe, who seemed absorbed in thought, the counsel for the Crown was led to believe that no cross-examination was intended, and accordingly told the witness that he might go down.

"Stop a moment, young man," said the Counselor, rising, and with an abstracted and vacant gaze; "stop a moment. I have a question or two to ask you on behalf of my unhappy client, who, now, feeling the peril in which his life was placed, began to weep bitterly."

The witness repeated himself, and Costelloe went on:
"And so, sir, you accuse your friend of robbery?"
"I am sorry that my duty compels me to give criminatory evidence against him."
"No doubt, no doubt. His conviction would have gained you a step, eh?"

"Sir, do you think that it was under such an impression, and with such a view, that I have given my testimony?"
"Certainly I do."

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the court at this insult to the witness. The counsel for the prosecution looked towards the bench for protection. The Judge, however, did not interfere, nor did he reprove the warmth with which they exclaimed against the indecent insinuation of Costelloe towards a witness, whose testimony, from all that appeared, could not be impugned; but his lordship evidently looked with interest to the development of Costelloe's motive, knowing well that he would not have committed an indecorum so powerful without some powerful secret reason. The witness himself, disappointed at the failure of the counsel for the Crown to interest the court in his feelings, became red with indignation. Of these circumstances Costelloe took no notice, but proceeded:

"And so you swear, sir, that these identical pieces of gold in your hand this moment—where are they?" he asked rudely of the counsel for the prosecution. They were again handed to the witness, and Costelloe resumed: "And you swear, sir, that these identical pieces of gold in your hand were in the prisoner's keeping?"
"I do swear it."

"Hand me the coins, sir," said Costelloe, in a tone that expressed rage and fury.

The witness complied, and handed them to the Counselor, who looked upon them with dismay. The witness was triumphant. The prisoner trembled. The court was hushed. Costelloe sighed.

"You have sworn positively, sir," said he, "and it will be well for you if true. Here, sir, take your blood-money." He stretched out his hand, with a countenance half averted, as if with disgust; and, missing that of the witness, he left the mass into the hat before him, by the merest accident in the world. "I beg your pardon, sir, for my awkwardness," said Costelloe, to the witness, the only approach to civility he had as yet manifested towards him. Then, putting his hand into the hat, and taking up a single piece, he said:

"You persist in swearing, sir, that this piece of money, the property of Mr. Gladstone, was in the prisoner's custody? Now, mind, sir, none of your assumed contempt."
"I mean nothing of the kind, sir."
"Then why look it? Recollect that you are swearing away this poor man's life. Do you still swear, fellow, that this piece of money was in the keeping of the prisoner?"

The witness, brow-beaten and bullied, became more irritated. He took the ducat into his hand, and scarcely deigning to glance at it, said: "I swear it."
"And this also?" said Costelloe, taking up another one, and presenting it to him.

"And that, also."
"And this?"
"Yes."
"And this, and this, and this?" said the knave; producing from the hat twenty other pieces of a similar kind.

The witness was horror-stricken; his hair stood on end. The counsel for the Crown looked blank; the Judge faintly smiled. The case was abandoned, and the robber saved.

The affair was quite simple. It will be recollected that, immediately after his scrutiny of

the ducats at the Crown Office, which enabled him to fix in his memory their dates and effigies, Costelloe returned home; and that, in the evening of that day, his confidential clerk sailed for Liverpool, the least observable of routes. On arriving there, the man went by mail to London, and thence by a Dutch packet to Rotterdam, where he bought up a score of ducats of the dates indicated by his master, with what effect I have just shown.

The Holland Delta.
The following extract, from the "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," conveys an idea of the manner in which that vast and fertile body of land was rescued from the sea, and how it is still preserved:

"A large part of Holland is a delta, formed of the alluvium deposited by the Rhine and other rivers, in the same manner as the Delta of Egypt is formed by the Nile. The greater portion of it has been perseveringly rescued from the water, to whose dominion it may be said to belong, by the continual efforts and ingenuity of man, and in a long-series of years. Much of the mud is driven up by the sea in return for what it carries away from some parts of the coast. Were human agency and care removed but for six months, the waves would, without doubt, regain their ancient dominion—so much of the land as lies below the level of the sea; and an extensive tract would be reduced to the state of those vast wastes, composed of sand and mud-banks, quite unfit for human habitation, which now lie at the mouth of the Nile and Mississippi."

What elsewhere would be considered impossible, has here (in Holland) been carried into effect, and incongruities have been rendered consistent. The house built upon sand may here be seen standing; neither Am erdam nor Rotterdam has any better foundation than sand, into which piles are driven through many feet of superincumbent bog-earth; and to form a correct idea of these and other wonderful cities and towns standing on the morass, one must first get the millions of solid beams hidden under ground which support them. We speak contemptuously of anything that is held together by straw, yet a long line of coast of several provinces is consolidated by no other means than a few reeds interwoven with straw wisps, or wove mats. Without this frail but effectual support, the fickle dunes or sand hills would be driven about into the interior, and would overrun whole districts of cultivated land.

In Holland the laws of nature seem to be reversed; the sea is higher than the land; the low-est ground in the country is its feet; below high water mark, and when the tide is driven high by the wind, 30 feet. In no other country do the keels of ships float above the chimneys of the houses, and nowhere else does the frog, croaking from among the bushes; look down upon the swallow of the house-top. Where rivers take their course, it is not in beds of their own choosing; they are compelled to pass through canals, and are confined within fixed bounds imposed on them by human art, which has also succeeded in overcoming the ever-ready sea resistance (impetuosity of the ocean); here, and nowhere else, does the sea appear to have obeyed the command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

The inhabitants of Iceland relate many anecdotes of the seals, or sea-dogs, particularly that species called the landseal. They say that these animals are very observant; when they perceive any object on the shore they approach towards it, which has suggested to the inhabitants the idea of catching them in the ways: They spread nets in the bays and straits through which the seals pass; and then on a dark evening they light a fire on the coast with shavings, and other combustible substances; that exalts a strong smell; the seal, attracted by the scent, swims towards the fire, and is taken in the nets. They are easily tamed; and the people put them, when young, into pounds, and feed them daily, by which they become as tractable as a common dog, run about the yard, and follow the master of the house, or anybody else who may call them by name. In some years the seal is almost starved. When, for instance, the winter is severe, fish and insects are scarce, and the seal by which they are nourished is carried off by the ice and breakers; then they are so lean and weak that it is impossible for them to escape, and they are easily taken; their fat is consequently wasted, and nothing is found in their stomachs but a few marine plants and stones.

It has been an immemorial Polish custom to throw garlands into the Vistula on St. John's Eve, in memory of the legendary Princess Wenda, who, for her love of country, drowned herself in that river. This year, a body of Russian gendarmes had been posted at the spot, usually selected for that purpose, but the public forestalled them by going en masse to the cemetery and depositing their flowers on the graves of those victims who had fallen in the patriot struggles of last February and March.

If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come those envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their shimmering smiles; and we fall to wonder and adore.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has proclaimed first marksmen of Germany, M. de Leeuw, of Düsseldorf, who, in a recent rifle match at Gotha, hit the center one hundred and fifty-one times out of three hundred and two shots, and gained one hundred and twenty prizes in money and nine others.

The Ex-King of Naples has purchased a mansion, near Lucerne, for 400,000 francs. There are changes with the kingdoms. Formerly Switzerland used to offer a refuge to the oppressed of every nation; now the tyrants are glad to find a shelter under its free institutions.

A Lieutenant of Folke in Albany fell asleep the other day at the station house, while waiting for something to "turn up," and when he awoke found that his watch-guard had been cut, and the watch itself taken from his pocket.

The people of Massachusetts are about founding an Agricultural College. It will probably be located at Springfield. \$50,000 are already subscribed in aid of the enterprise.

The English papers report that one hundred and fifty-nine whales were stranded near North Uist, an island of the outer Hebrides, Scotland, on the 6th of June.

A Mormon advertisement reads—"To be let—rooms for two gentlemen and four wives, or rooms for one gentleman and six wives." Caution is the ostial of reason.

Harvoe of Life by War.

It is difficult to conceive what fearful havoc war has made of human life. Some of its incidental ravages seem to defy all belief. It has at times entirely depopulated immense districts. In modern as well as ancient times, large tracts have been left so utterly desolate, that a traveler might pass from village to village, even from city to city, without finding a solitary inhabitant. The war of 1756, waged in the heart of Europe; left in one instance no less than twenty-contiguous villages without a single man or beast. The Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth century, reduced the population of Germany from 15,000,000 to 4,000,000—three-fourths; and that of Wurttemberg from 500,000 to 40,000—more than nine-tenths! Thirty habitated villages were destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and in districts once studded with towns and cities, there sprang up immense forests.

Look at the havoc of sieges—in that of Londonderry 12,000 soldiers, beside a vast number of inhabitants; in that of Paris, in the sixteenth century, 30,000 victims of mere hunger; and in that of Malplaquet, 55,000 soldiers slain; in that of Ispah, 40,000; of Vienna, 70,000; of Ostend, 120,000; of Mexico, 150,000; of Acre, 300,000; of Carthage, 700,000; of Jerusalem, 1,000,000.

Mark the slaughter of single battles—at Lepanto, twenty-five thousand; at Amsteritz, thirty thousand; at Eylau, sixty thousand; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras—one engagement, in fact—seventy thousand; at Borodino, eighty thousand; at Fontenoy, one hundred thousand; at Arcole, three hundred thousand; at Chalon, three hundred thousand of Atilla's army slain; four hundred thousand Uspetes were slain by Julius Caesar in one battle; and four hundred and thirty thousand Germans in another.

Take only two cases more. The army of Xerxes, says Dr. Dick, must have amounted to 2,500,000; and if the attendants were only one-third as great as the common at the present day in Eastern countries, the sum total must have reached nearly six millions. Yet, in one year, this vast multitude was reduced, though not entirely by death, to three hundred thousand fighting men; and of these only three thousand—escaped destruction. Jehu's army, the terrible ravager of Asia in the thirteenth century, about ninety thousand on the plains of Mesopotamia, and misnamed two hundred thousand at the entrance of Kharram. In the district of Herat, he butchered one million six hundred thousand; and in two cities, with their dependencies, one million seven hundred and sixty-two thousand. During the last twenty-seven years of his long reign, he is said to have massacred more than half a million every year; and in the first fourteen years, it is supposed, by Chinese historians, to have destroyed not less than eight millions; a sum total of over thirty-two millions in forty-one years.

In any view, what a fall destroyer is war! Napoleon's wars sacrificed six millions, and all the wars consequent on the French Revolution, some nine or ten millions. The Spaniards are said to have destroyed, in fifty-two years, more than twelve millions of American Indians. Grecian wars sacrificed fifteen millions; Persian wars, twenty-five millions; the wars of the twelve Caesars, in all, thirty millions; the wars of the Romans, before Julius Caesar, sixty millions; the wars of the Gothic Empire, of the Saracens and the Turks, sixty millions each; those of the Tartars, eighty millions; those of Africa, one hundred millions.

Dr. Dick says that if we take into consideration the number not only of those who have fallen in battle, but of those who have died through the natural consequences of war, it will not be overrating the destruction of human life; if we affirm that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war; and according to this estimate, more than three hundred thousand millions of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world. Edmund Burke went still further; and reckoned the sum total of the ravages, from the first, at no less than thirty-five thousand millions.

Facts for the Curious.
The greyhound runs by night blind, and this we observe as a fact.

The carrier pigeon flies his wings hundred and fifty miles homeward by night, viz.: from point to point of objects which he is required to; but this is only conjecture.

The five dragon fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing that action of his four wings, and instantly recrossing the distance of his flight; or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his body does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats darts up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knows another's location upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peacock, high-splendored, vibrant, with long trailing feathers darts out of the rising and falling cloud and settles on your cheek, inserting a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? No one knows.

A four-horned cow comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives through the middle of them. A goose was never yet thirty run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around—before he takes his draught? No one knows.

When the Maine regiment passed through New York, a short time ago, one of the soldiers, a raw Yankee, took a walk to see the Fifth Avenue, and got lost in the crowds and throngs of that winged neighborhood. After walking round and round to find the Park, he stopped an Irishman and said—"I say, mister, you don't know nobody who don't live nowhere round here, who don't know nothing, and can't tell me where the Park barracks are, do you?"

"Sure, an' I don't," said Pat; "but if you were to the left about round the harbor, and then perpendicularly sideways till you come to the City Hall, an' then jolly your own way, you'd find 'em."

"Is not that a beautiful shell?" said a lady, wishing to show her son.

"Indeed, ma'am, it is," replied an Irishman; "but I am no botanist, and do not understand physiology."

