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WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Take not God's name in vain,
Speak not that holy name;
Not with a laughing lip,
Not in thy playful game;
For the great God of all
Heareth each word we say;
He will remember it
In the great judgement day.

Hush! for his hosts, unseen,
Are watching over thee;
His angels spread their wings,
Thy shelter kind to be;
Wilt thou, with words profane.
Rash and undutiful,
Scatter thy angel-guards,
Glorious and beautiful?

Honour God's holy name.
Speak it with thought and care;
Sing it in holy hymns;
Breathe it in earnest prayer.
But not with sudden cry,
In thy light joy or pain;
God will hold guilty all
Who take his name in vain!

[From the New York Mercury.]

LOVE IN A MUD PUDDLE;

OR,

HOW HARRY CAWTHRA FOUND A WIFE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

You could scarcely call at a cottage, yet that was the name it got. A small, unpainted frame house, containing three rooms and a kitchen, yet they dignified it by the pretty epithet of moss cottage, because it was built just beside a little spot called Moss Grove; I suppose that must have been the reason.

And yet you could not lawfully call that little field, studded with beds of moss, brilliant green, faded yellow, light green, and every other color that moss ever grew, a grove, but still it received that name. Perhaps it was because there were many clumps of tall, green, handsome pines strewn about. Be that as it may. I am not going to discuss the matter, they called that mossy-strewn field, Moss Grove, and the little cottage near by, Moss Cottage.

Although so plain and unpretending in its external, and indeed for that matter in its internal appearance, too, still that little habitation had a comfortable, homelike look that is not seen with noble porticoes and marble steps.

The two front windows were draped with spotless white muslin curtains, drawn up a few inches by a cord woven by a pair of as active and and pretty little hands as ever a maiden owned. You saw no rosy face at the door nor peeping out from the window, no flutter of female garments in any direction, no print of dainty feet, no evidence besides the neat and almost elegant simplicity of the outside of the cottage to warrant you in your very natural conjecture that some gentle Mary, or graceful Eva, or quiet Alice presided there, yet, when you looked at the window on the right hand side, and saw that it was slightly raised, and in the aperture was placed a small painted wooden box, containing a scarlet geranium, you instantly made the exclamation:

"Ah! some refined and gentle little goddess *does* reign here!"

At least such was the conclusion that Harry Cawthra came to, and the exclamation he uttered in consequence of arriving at said conclusion, as he stood in a musing attitude with one foot crossed over the other, one elbow resting on his fowling piece, and the other arm hanging negligently at his side.

"I shall see who lives here!" and knocking lightly, with the aristocratic "rap, rap, rap!" peculiar to him, he stood awaiting an answer.

No one appeared, and again he applied his knuckles to the door with a little more force than before.

Still no answer. Evidently there was none to hear, and slightly disappointed, for he had already pictured a tall and lady-like girl, arrayed in the neat simplicity, which is to be found when good taste and limited means are combined, who would appear at the door of this little rustic paradise, he turned away, walking leisurely along the side of the road.

Breaking dry sticks beneath his feet, and switching off the leaves and small branches of the trees that lined the road on either side, he was quickly brought to a small still by the exclamation:

"Oh!" uttered in frightened accents, in mingled surprise, consternation and mortification.

He looked around in every direction, but could not see from whence the sound proceeded, but hearing the splash of water to his right, he parted a little clump of bushes and stepping through, beheld the little exclamation point.

Standing in a little pool of water that was of a reddish-brown tint from the hard red clayey bottom, was a little girl, of apparently ten or twelve years of age.

Neither shoes nor stockings protected her pretty feet and ankles, and she stood knee-deep in the red clayey water. On her bare arm she carried a little basket filled with mosses of every kind, and her sunbonnet was drawn half way over delicately-featured face.

"Oh!" she uttered again, in the most piteous tone, as she caught the intruder's gaze fastened upon her with look of the most intense amusement, and, at the ludicrous figure she made, standing there. Harry burst into a fit of uncontrolled laughter.

"Oh!" uttered the child again, in a tone of almost agony, for she could not bear to be laughed at.

Harry instantly controlled his risibles, and inquired:

"What in the world are you doing there, little girl?"

"Oh, please, I don't know."

"You don't know? Well, I'll tell you. You are standing in that water, that if a little deeper, would be up to your chin.—Come out."

"I can't sir; I'm afraid!"

"I should think you would be more afraid to stand there. Give me your hand. There!"

"Thank you, sir," said the little maiden, when once safe on *tirra-firma*, then with a doleful glance at her dripping skirts, she said: "Oh dear!"

"How did you get there, Alice, Jennie, or what's you name?"

"I'ts Mary, please."

"Well, then, Mary how came you there?"

"I jumped in, sir!"

"The deuce you did!" And what did you do that for, pray?"

"I was trying to get away from you!"

"From me? Why, child, I was not near you, and didn't even see you till after you 'jumped in,' as you say."

"I know, but I saw you, and I was afraid you were coming over into the Moss Grove, and so I wanted to get away from it, and I din't see the pool of water, I was in such a hurry, till I jumped right in!"

"Well, then, suppose I take you home, Mary. Where do you live?"

"In the little cottage yonder; in Moss Cottage."

"Oh, you do. Well, come on?" and taking the child's little sunburnt hand, they proceeded together.

"This is home!" said the little girl, halting when they came to the door. "Will you come in, sir?"

"I think I will, Mary!" and he followed the guide into the "best room."

"Who lives with you in this little place?" inquired the gentleman, after taking a minute survey of the scanty but neatly furnished apartment.

"My father, sir; he is working out in the field yonder."

"And does no one live here but your father and you?"

"No one, sir; my mamma is dead, and I never had any sisters or brothers!"

"And who owns this?" turning to the little geranium in the box.

"I do. That is my only flower, and you can't think how I *do* love that flower."

"Indeed! And who put up these curtains so neatly, and arranged this room, and attends to the house?"

"I do sir!" said Mary, with a slight show of importance.

"Do you, really? You must be a very clever little girl. Are you not?"

"Oh, no, please, not at all!" answered the child very modestly.

"Well, but I think you *are*, Polly! And now would it be too much trouble to ask you for a glass of water?"

"No, indeed!" and going into the kitchen, she caught up a little pail, ran down to the spring behind the house, filled it, and returned before the gentleman had fairly noticed her absence.

"Here, sir, we have no tumblers, but this little china mug papa gave me last birth-day is a great deal prettier."

"Is it?" said Harry, laughing, and holding the mug whilst she deftly poured it full of water out of the little pail in her hand.

"Thank you, that is very excellent water!" returning the mug to its owner.

"Good bye Mary, I am going home now."

"Where is your home, sir?"

"It is away far off in the city of T——, Mary."

"Is it? And you are going home. Well, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mary!"

CHAPTER II.

"Now, girls, do you know, I think it is time for you to begin to choose your dresses for the ball. It is going to be a very grand affair. What do you propose wearing, Mary?"

This was addressed to a tall, lady-like, looking girl, whose slight elegant figure was admirably set off by the light morning wrapper, whose loose folds were carelessly but very neatly confined at the waist by a blue girdle. Her dark hair was combed back from her regularly featured and beautifully complexioned face, in smooth, classic simplicity, and her two small and very white hands were lying on the keys of an open piano.

"Pure white, aunt Sarah!" she answered, in a rich, clear voice.

"Very suitable, I think. This is your first ball, is it not?"

"Yes, madam, my first!"

"And you, Victoria, what is your choice?" continued the elder lady, addressing a young girl of a short, very short, but admirably proportioned figure, who was sitting near her, busied upon some piece of embroidery.

"I don't know, mama!" said the young lady, lifting a pair of saucy brown eyes from her work, and fixing them upon her mother. I really wish to look particularly irresistible to-night!"

"Why, my dear?"

"Why, in the first place, all the *elite* of T—— will be there; in the second place, a young lady *always* likes to look well; and in the third place, Mr. Henry Cawthra is to be there!"

"Henry Cawthra? Are you sure, my dear? Young Henry Cawthra, who has just become so rich?"

"The same; he is going to be at the ball to-night!"

"Then, I'll tell you what I will do, Victoria. If you promise to make a conquest of Mr. Cawthra, I will get you the pink silk dress you have been so much admiring and desiring all winter."

"Oh, will you, mamma? Then I promise to give you Henry Cawthra for a son. Is it agreed? A rich, handsome, and distinguished son-in-law for a pink silk dress.—Is it a bargain, mamma?"

"Done, my love!"

"Who is that very handsome young gentleman, dancing with Mary, Vic?" inquired Mrs. Husser of her daughter.

"Harry Cawthra, mamma, as true as I live," was the answer made by the little lady in pink silk, and a look of vexation crossed her face, as her mother continued

"Ah, indeed! you keep your word well Victoria. Mary bids fair to make the conquest."

"Now, how, can you talk so ill-naturedly, mamma? I can't help Mary being handsomer than I am; besides I have not yet been introduced, and have had no opportunity to try my powers."

"Why do you not get introduced, then child? You must recollect you are verging on twenty, and there are precious few catches like young Cawthra."

"How can I request to be introduced, mamma?—don't be unreasonable. I wonder how Mary managed it. There must be some witchcraft about that girl; she contrives to get introduced to every one, or else she contrives to make every one desire an introduction to her. Jack!" turning to her brother, who stood beside her, listlessly leveling his glass at every girl, passably nice-looking.

"Well, *ma belle soeur*, what are your wishes?"

"Go and bring Mr. Cawthra here, and present him to me."

"Why, Vic, how can I? Don't you see he is engaged with cousin Mary?"

"I don't care," said his sister, impatiently using her fan, "I said, present him to me!"

"What am I to say, sissie? That my sister, Miss Victoria Husser, desires to make the honor of his acquaintance?"

'Upon my word, Jack, I do believe you are the most provoking fellow I ever saw. You never can do anything you're asked to do, without making as much parade about it, and asking as many questions on the subject, as though the fate of empires depended upon it."

"Judging from the way you act, I should judge that something of more consequence than even the fate of empires depended upon it. Even the existance and future fate of my pretty little sister Vicksy; but I go madam, your behests shall be obeyed."

"Victoria, allow me to present Mr. Henry Cawthra. Mr. Cawthra, my sister, Miss Victoria Husser."

The gentleman bowed low, and, with easy self-posession, soon entered into conversation with the young lady, and, in a short time, Mrs. Husser had the satisfaction of seeing her youngest daughter whirling round the room, in the arms of the best "catch" of the season, Mr. Cawthra.

The morning after the ball, the three cousins and their aunt, Mrs. Husser, were seated in the drawing-room of the latter, discussing the entertainment of the previous night, when the door was flung wide open, and Mr. Henry Cawthra was ushered into their presence.

Mrs. Husser was delighted to see Mr. Cawthra, and introduced her eldest daughter, Emily, who, in her turn, was delighted to become acquainted with her sister's "friend." Victoria got up a very convenient and becoming blush for the occasion, and, with the usual lady-like ease that characterized her every action, Mary arose, and gracefully saluted him.

The last night's entertainment was duly discussed again, for Mr. Cawthra's benefit. Miss B.'s taste in dress was censured, Miss D.'s extolled to the highest degree, Miss C.'s pronounced passable, and Miss A.'s, which had weathered three balls, pronounced antiquated, shocking taste, etc.

Mrs. Husser considered Mrs. F. decidedly insane, to wear blue with her complexion, and feathers in the head dress, by no means becoming to the style in which she wore her hair.

In short, everybody was torn to atoms, in the most systematic manner, and every article of dress duly criticised, with an eagerness and persevering determination to find some fault with each, that was worthy of a better purpose, and Mrs. Husser actually exerted herself to a painful degree, to prove to her visiter that it was, independent of the absurdly shocking bad taste of the action, decidedly and morally wrong of Mrs. P. to wear flowers in her head-dress, at her time of life; and, without being at all convinced of the matter, the gentleman was only to give in.

At length the ball, and everything appertaining to it, being, in the course of conversation, worn thread-bare, Mrs. Husser asked if he was fond of music.

"Passionately!" was the reply, and, turning to Mary, he requested to know if Miss Patten would favor them with something.

There was no affectation about Mary, and, without being in the least degree diffident or affected about it, she arose and seated herself at the piano. Harry Cawthra stood beside her to turn over the leaves, and, after a brilliant prelude, she gently moved into the low and deeply musical tones of "Why do I weep?" accompanying it with her rich, deep voice, every note of which strung a chord in Harry's heart; and when, with unspeakable pathos, she closed it with "Oh, therefore let me weep!" there were tears in the deep, dark eyes, that bent over her to thank her.

Harry Cawthra was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Husser's, and she was, for a time blinded to the real object of his visits, and, naturally enough, supposed it an attention to her daughter, Victoria, who, to do her justice was doing her utmost to redeem her promise to her mother, and captivate the handsome Mr. Cawthra, for a son for her mamma.

It, however, soon became evident to mother and daughter, to whom the visits were paid, and Victoria very gracefully laid aside her claims and accepted the homage of her quondam admirer, Captain Millar.

One day, Mary was walking along Adelaide street, when shd was overtaken by Henry Cawthra, who accompanied her on her walk.

After a time, the gentlemau remarked, abruptly:

"Miss Patten, I have long wished to speak to you upon a subject very near my heart. May I do now?"

"Mary's heart beat quick, and her cheeks glowed, as she answered, in a tremulous voice:

"Certainly, Mr. Cawthra."

"Miss Patten," he resumed, "I love you. I have admired you, from the first night I saw you, and now, I do not exaggerate, when I declare—most solemnly and sacredly declare—that I love you dearly, fondly, devotedly, aye, more, passionately, madly love you. Mary, *dear* Mary, answer me. Will you give me what I ask in return?—Can you—will you love me? Speak, dearest, will you try to love me?"

"The lesson is already too well learned," was the low reply. "I love you even more than the most exacting lover could require. Dear, *dear* Harry, you are all the world to me."

"God bless you, darling!"

He drew her arm through his, and they proceeded, in silence, till they parted at Mrs. Husser's door.

"Harry," said Mary, a couple of days before that fixed upon for their wedding, "do you remember once, a long time ago, going on a shooting excursion, and coming to a place called Moss Cottage, where you nearly frightened a little girl out of her wits, and made her jump into a puddle of water?"

"Yes, perfectly. I have often wished I could stumble upon that same curiosity again. Do you know I was much interested in that child, that I went out there the following summer for the express purpose of seeing her; but she had removed from the little cottage, and I never could obtain any trace of her since."

"She left Moss Cottage, after her father's death," continued his betrothed, in a voice a little saddened by some recollection, and turning to a deep window, near where she stood, she broke a flower off a very large geranium that was flourishing in luxuriant beauty, in an immense flower-box, then continued:

"She came to T—, to boarding-school, and has remained here ever since."

"Indeed. You seem familiar with all the circumstances. I should greatly like to see that little girl again. I always had a sort of brotherly interest for her. I should like to adopt her for a sister, if you would have no objections Have you?"

"Yes; very decided objections, and such as cannot be got over."

"Indeed! What are they, Mary?"

"In the first place, she is no longer a little girl, therefore you could not, very conveniently, show her any great filial love.—In the second place, she is your betrothed bride," and the young lady dropped a very demure little courtesy, saying, "It's Mary, please."

"You—the little heroine of Moss Cottage? But I might have known it—I could not meet two such Marys in one life-time. And who owns this?" turning to the geranium.

"I do; and you can't think how I *do* love that flower!" said Mary, laughing at the words of years before.

A RICH AND DESPERATELY ARMED BEGGAR.

A German, aged about 70, and named Benedict Shelley, came to Washington city on Christmas day and took lodgings in the Central Guard house. He was loaded down with beggar's traps, and looked as poor as poor could be. Next day, in the first ward, he got into a difficulty with some boys, who, amused at his odd appearance, began to tease him. The old fellow drew a pistol and threatened to fire, whereupon he was arrested and taken before Justice Drury, where he was examined and searched. Three pistols, loaded to the muzzle, were found upon him, for which he was fined; but, on saying he had not a cent in the world, he was sent to the work-house, where Mr. Queen subjected him to further search. When, lo and behold! he turned to be a walking treasury of coins, ancient and modern. Around his waist, in a belt next his skin, in the folds of his coat and other garments, were found sewn up, each piece of coin by itself, eight silver dollars, twenty-four half dollars, ten quarter dollars, sixty-eight cents, thirty-four twenty franc-pieces, one British sovereign, eleven forty franc-pieces, sixteen dollars in American gold, two large gold Swiss pieces, of the value of about twenty francs each, one large gold piece, about $25 in value, a whole handful of small and ancient foreign coins, four watches, &c. Beside these, he had a peddler's stock of combs, pins, and what not, a letter, recommending him as an old man, and penniless, anxious to return to "fatherland," and an object of pity. Also, a commitment, directed to the constable of Somerset county, Pennsylvania, commanding him to take him under his protection as a pauper. Many and curious articles had the old fellow besides.

NOVEL CHALLENGE.—A singular challenge appears in the Nashville papers, from Mr. Mark A. Cockrill, of that city.—He proposes first to take five sheep from his flock, three ewes and bucks, and match them for $2,000 a-side, against five other sheep. The prize to be awarded to the owner of the three sheep out of the five having the largest amount of soft fine wool.—Entries to be made with the Secretary of the Tennessee State Agricultural Society before the 20th April, and the exhibition to take place at the Nashville course on the 2d Monday in May, 1860.

Second—A match for $2000 a side of two blood horses, against two fast trotters, not blooded or half-blooded. The animal travelling the greatest distance in two hours around the Nashville track to take the purse.

Third—A match for $2000 a side of two mules against two camels or dromedaries, to convey each 600 lbs. on wheels or not as they think proper. The animal that takes the burthen the greatest distance around the Nashville track in two hours to take the prize.

By these tests, Mr. C., proposes to establish that the Cotton climate is more favorable to wool raising than the Silesian—that the blooded horse is the best breather, most active and strong of horses—and that the mule is a better animal for the labor of an army than the camel or dromedary.

MARRIAGE BY WHOLESALE.

Recent English papers report the trial and conviction of one Mr. Glocester Gale, who pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey, to having intermarried with five ladies, his first wife being alive. The London Weekly Times says:

The prosecution were prepared to prove a number of marriages, but it was said that the fellow made many victims besides those who were induced to come forward and expose their wrongs to the public gaze. Gale was sentenced to penal servitude for four years, and the public would not be dissatisfied if longer punishment had been awarded. There are few greater offences than that of which this scoundrel was guilty.—But our detestation of his guilt is nearly equalled by our surprise at the credulity of his victims. Gale's first and only lawful marriage took place in 1849, and within ten years he contrived to marry certainly five other young women, and it is believed several more. Some of these had property, and some are described as pretty, and of a good station in life. With all but the first he assumed a false name, and in each case he made nearly similar representations. He was either a merchant, travelling a good deal abroad, or the mate of a merchant vessel going long voyages. It seems that he divided his time among his numerous wives, the rest supposing him on his voyages or travels, during his absence from them.

It required a good deal of cunning and audacity to maintain this system of deception for so long a time. The wives who waited patiently at home must have had a large amount of confidence, and have been deficient in womanly curiosity. They were content to let him come and go without asking where he had been, or what he had been doing. During his absence, they did not ask to be informed of his progress, or require that he should write to them from the places of his temporary sojourn. They must never have expressed a wish to see the place where he carried on his business, or to see his ship. But more wonderful still is it how he induced so many to marry him. Here are at least five English women, in a respectable position of life, who to their cost consented to marry a man who was an entire stranger to them This must have been so, for the smallest inquiry would have destroyed his pretensions. Indeed, it would appear that the very first serious inquiry led to his detection. The man was not handsome, for that cruel photographer, the reporter, describes him as "an insignificant looking little man, with a profuse red beard and moustaches." He was not rich, and he cannot have had money even to make a show of competence, for, when he was taken into custody, thirty duplicates, relating to property belonging to his last wife, were found upon him. Who will explain the mystery?

GENTILITY.

"Genteel it is to have soft hands, but not genteel to work on lands; genteel it is to lie abed, but not genteel to earn your bread; genteel it is to cringe and bow, but not genteel to sow and plough; genteel it is to play the beau, but not genteel to reap and mow; genteel it is to keep a gig, but not genteel to hoe and dig, genteel it is in trade to fail, but not genteel to swing the flail; genteel it is to play the fool, but not genteel to keep a school; genteel it is to cheat your tailor, but not genteel to be a sailor; genteel it is to fight a duel but not genteel to cut your fuel; genteel it is to eat rich cake, but not genteel to cook and bake; genteel it is to have the blues, but not genteel to wear thick shoes; genteel it is to roll in wealth, but not genteel to have good health; genteel it is to cut a friend, but not genteel your clothes to mend; genteel it is to make a show, but not genteel poor folks to know; genteel it is to run away, but not genteel at home to stay; genteel it is to smirk and smile, but not genteel to shun all guile; genteel it is to be knave, but not genteel your cash to save; genteel it is to make a bet, but not genteel to pay a debt; genteel it is to play at dice, but not genteel to take advice; genteel it is to curse and swear, but not genteel plain clothes to wear; genteel it is to know a lord, but not genteel to pay your board; genteel it is to skip and hop, but not genteel to keep a shop; genteel it is to waste your life, but not genteel to love your wife. I cannot tell what I may do, or what bad scenes may yet pass through I may perchance, turn deaf and blind, the pity of all human kind; I may, perhaps, be doomed to beg, or hop about upon one leg; or, even, I may come to steal, but may I never be genteel! Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe, oh may I never get that low!"

RENTING OF PEWS IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH. The annual renting of the pews in the Plymouth Church, (Rev. H. W. Beecher's,) Brooklyn, took place last evening, the sale continuing until nearly 12 o'clock. There was a large congregation present, composed both of male and female members of the church and society, and the bidding was very spirited, the prices paid far exceeding those of any previous year. The total amount realized for the rent of the pews for the year 1859 was $24,642.50. The rents of 1855 were $16,300.00. Excess over last year $8,342.50. The highest premium paid was $160, by H. B. Claflin, for the first choice. The large proportion of the pews rented at from $180 to $100 each.—In the case of nearly all the low-priced pews, the premium paid was from two to four times the assessed value. In one case the assessed value being $18, the premium was $30; and in another where it was $5, the premium paid was $36. There are many cases of this kind. A great many families accustomed to worship in the church are without seats the coming year.

[It may be said in this case that the *poor* have *not* the gospel preached to them.]

☞Prentice says of an editor, who said he "smelt a rat" that if he did, and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst of it.

[*From the Washington States.*]

A PLAN TO PREVENT THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

The authentic statement of the Spanish government in regard to the cession of Cuba, does not at all impair the force of the demonstration. On the contrary, we are informed that the leaders of the Opposition proposed to sustain the Ministry in the declared determination to reject any overture for the sale of the island as involving an "insulting" reflection on the Spanish nation, and that the motion was unanimously adopted amid the acclaim of all parties in the Cortes.

Beyond all question, then, it is superlatively absurd to persist in the attempt to purchase Cuba, except the design be to provoke the Spanish government to some ebullition of anger, which we may employ as a pretext of attack on its dominions.—We will not imagine for a moment that Mr. Buchanan or the members of Congress are capable of such Machievillian duplicity as is implied in this suggestion. If, however, that be the policy, the country may as well prepare for such a struggle as never before engaged its energies. It is the opinion of the best informed persons that France and England, under any circumstances, will oppose physical resistance to the acquisition of Cuba by the United States. It is absolutely certain that they would not acquiesce in the outrage upon their ally which is involved in the proposal to seize the island in resentment of a refusal to sell it. We do not intend to be understood to maintain that the opposition of France and England is a conclusive argument against any effort for the acquisition of Cuba. This, however, we do affirm, that when this government prepares to encounter that responsibility, the case should be sufficient to justify the step at the bar of public opinion, and the preparations adequate to the emergency. Better, indeed, that the United States should boldly take possession of Cuba, on grounds of inevitable and unavoidable policy, than essay its annexation by so dishonest an expedient.

There is a rumor that Great Britain considers the State of Maine essential to the integrity of her North American dominions. Suppose after an indignant rejection by this government of an overture for its sale, the British Ministry should demand so many millions for the avowed object of accomplishing the purchase of Maine,—would not the people of the United States retaliate the insult by a declaration of war? Wherein, then, does the one case differ from the other? Or is it taught in the political ethics of the country, that the moral propriety of a measure is determined solely by its effect on our own interests?

We desire the acquisition of Cuba for reasons most intimately affecting the welfare and power of the United States. We believe this extension of our empire will become an absolute condition of our existence; and we wish now to prepare the way for that inevitable eventuality.

We protest against a policy which will only accumulate obstacles in our path, and so postpone the attainment of our object to an indefinite period.

We would not confirm the unfavorable disposition of the Spanish nation, by identifying the possession of Cuba with everything dear to their pride and important to their *prestge* as an independent Power.

We would not exasperate them to that degree of desperation, wherein they may prefer the desolation of the island with fire and slaughter, rather than consent to its acquisition by the United States.

We would not, by an inopportune and abortive demonstration, provoke France and England to such energetic measures of precaution as will diminish the chances of another experiment.

We would not descredit the cause by an ignominious failure.

We would not associate it in the minds of our own citizens with expedients of such questionable morality as may impair its original and essential popularity.

We would not afford the adversaries of Cuban annexation an opportunity of opposing it on the pretext of a regard for justice and the honor of the country.

In short, it is because we are reluctant to make the possession of Cuba an object of indefinite, if not impossible, attainment, that we oppose the thirty million proposition.

POPULATION OF WASHINGTON CITY.—By a recent enumeration of the houses in Washington city, and an estimate of the inhabitants based thereon, the present population of the city 62,000. This estimate is made by Mr John Lessford, who has made many annual reports on the same subject, and whose estimates seldom vary from the actual returns of the decennial census. The census of 1850 gave a population of 41,000. In eight years, therefore, Washington has gained 21,000 inhabitants, an increase of more than 50 per cent. If this ratio be preserved until 1860, the population of Washington City in that year will be 67,000. About 300 buildings have been erected during the last year, chiefly of brick, and many of them of great cost. In addition to these, several hundred thousand dollars have been expended upon the public buildings, giving constant employment to about fifteen hundred mechanics and laborers. This does not include the navy yard, where new buildings are annually erected, and where from eight hundred to one thousand men are employed.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.—At the close of the sitting of the House of Representatives at Springfield, Illinois, the Clerk read the following:

"I am requested to announce that Rev. Dr. McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in this Hall, on the 'Education of Idiots.' *Members of the Legislature are invited to attend.*"

The announcement was received with shouts of laughter by the members present.

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