

a Southern paper states, comprise \$13,500,000 worth of sugar; \$15,000,000 worth of tobacco; \$2,310,000 worth of coffee; \$2,000,000 of corn; and \$7,000,000 worth of other agricultural produce. The grand total of its productions, including dairy and domestic animals, averages \$59,000,000 per annum. The population of the island in 1841 was 1,007,624, including 418,319 whites, 429,495 slaves, and 151,828 free colored people. Five years subsequently, the white population had increased 7,556, while the blacks decreased 107,272—making an aggregate population then of but 1,898,752. In the city and suburbs of Havana, in 1841, the entire population was 160,750. Five years later, 1846, it comprised but 128,587.

IMPROVING THE PSALMODY.—Somebody says that a down east chorister set some music of his own to Watts' Psalm, in which occur these lines:

“O let my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.”

Calling upon the paster, who had more music in him than was supposed, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He proposed to read them as follows:

“O let my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin.”

The good paster had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintained his gravity as well as he could; he said he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so; and the paster, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner these lines:

“O let my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle.”

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his parody, retired, and will probably for the future sing the psalm as it now stands.

HENLEY IN HIS ELEMENT.—A fuddey piece of news came to hand yesterday. We were in-

formed that the "Old War Horse of Democracy" has been having a big talk with the Indians at the Tejon Reservation. Imagine Tom Henley delivering a full-blooded stump speech to the red republicans! Five to one, he pitched his voice at the *altissimo*, and beat it into their ears, that their supply of beef and blankets was altogether owing to "the immortal principles of Jefferson and of Jackson." In good sooth, it must have gone several lengths ahead of the horse opera.—*Stockton Argus*.

☞ To supply flockmasters with good shepherds is a good work; to supply those shepherds with good wives, is better. To give the shepherd a good wife—is to make a gloomy, miserable hut a cheerful and contented home. To introduce married females into the interior, is to make the squatters' stations fit abodes for Christian men. All the clergy you can dispatch, all the schoolmasters you can appoint, all the churches you can build, and all the books you can export, will never do much good, without 'God's police,' wives and little children.—*Mrs. Chisholm*.

FROM THE COQUILLE.—We have heard contradictory reports from the mines recently discovered on the Coquille river; some asserting that the gold found there is in very small quantities; others, that it exists in abundance. The gold, as we are informed, has hitherto been found only in the bed of the stream; and the miners are constructing dams to facilitate their operations. We have seen some of the gold obtained there.
Scottsburgh Gazette.

A LUCKY DARKEY.—The steward (a free negro) of the steamer *Magnolia*, running on the Mississippi river, recently held half of the ticket which drew \$50,000 in the last drawing of the Havana lottery. "The people that walketh in darkness shall cut a great shine."

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