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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

ENGLISH GIRLS.

Give, oh, give us English welcomes,
We'll forgive the English skies;
English homes and English manners,
And the light of English eyes,
Give us, for our props in peril,
English valor, pith and stress,
And for wives, sweet English maidens,
Radiant in their loveliness.

Foreign tastes perchance may differ,
On our virtues or our laws;
But who sees an English matron,
And withholds his deep applause?
Who beholds an English maiden,
Bright and modest, fair and free,
And denies the willing tribute
Of a fond idolatry?

Lovely are the maids of Rhineland,
Glowing are the maids of Spain;
French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians,
Woo our homage—not in vain.
But for beauty to enchant us,
And for virtue to enthral,
Give our hearts the girls of England—
Dearer—better than them all.

Miscellaneous.

From "Lehigh Hunt's Journal."

THE SNOW-STORM.

"I can bear it no longer, wife—the piteous moaning of the child rives my heart; I *will* set out, while it is yet light, and fetch help, if help is to be had from man; though it is upon God alone that we maun mainly trust."

"Weel, Malcolm, weel—sae be it! The puir bairn maun e'en hae help. But oh! it's an eerie night without. The lift's heavy and black, and I fear a storm's brewin'—sae mak haste, and a' may be weel yet."

The moan of a child was heard wailing through the little chamber; at which the mother hastened to his side, and tried to soothe it by kind words and caresses. But the child only moaned, and convulsively stretched out its little hands as if in fever.

"Heaven help the puir wee lambie!" she sighed, gazing on the child sorrowfully. "Far from friends, and far from help!"

"No; help shall be found yet, Alice! Cheer up! it may be but a sma' thing after a'. I'll fetch a doctor from the town; and—down, Luth, down! Lie by the dog beside you; he'll be better company than none. Down, I say, down!"

His thick plaid was now about his shoulders—his bonnet firm set upon his head, and affectionately embracing his wife, with a stout staff and a strong heart, he strode out into the night.

The wind was howling down the gullies of the glen, driving before it a congealed mist, which beat through the air, and scarcely yet touched the ground, hard with frost. As he turned the dyke-corner, the blast seized him like some fury, and fairly almost driven him back, but he wrestled onward along the path down the glen. The mountains behind looked black, and their heads were lost in the thick darkness. The clouds scudded across the sky overhead, which was becoming rapidly overcast, and the light was fast disappearing. As Malcolm turned out of the little valley, the hollow of which his hut lay sheltered, he looked behind, and the light of the lamp already trimmed by faithful Alice, looked bright and cheerful. But he averted his gaze, and strode on again, breasting the storm, which became more violent at every step.

He had now the long moor to cross, every inch of which was familiar to him from a child; he knew its every hollow, and bog, and cairn, and knoll—each stunted bush and briery thicket; and more than all, the wimpling burn where he had played so often in boyish sports. But, somehow, he had never crossed it before so sad at heart. A dreadful dread accompanied him, that seemed to whirl and eddy above his head and about his heart—a dreary, undefinable sensation of fear or awe, or both combined—a confused impression of the fearful and sorrowful, akin to the wild fury of the hurricane, and the moaning, howling gusts that sweep across the plain. But still he pressed on, striking his staff into the ground, drawing his plaid more closely around him, and grappling with the tempest against which he made his way.

The snow was falling thick, though on more exposed spots it was whirled awfy on the blast and drifted into the deep hollows, where it lay, or eddied behind the projecting spurs of the hills, or behind the cairns and knolls along the mounds, where it gathered up into huge mounds of white. The air was thick with the drift, which beat upon the traveller's face, and the hurricane howled about him until his senses became confused, stupified and reeling. He no longer saw the road before him, but trusting to his intimate knowledge of it, he felt his way wearily with his staff; but at length that too failed him, the fallen snow concealing the road, whose hard beat he could no longer detect, except in exposed places here and there, now becoming fewer as the snow fell more rapidly, without any abatement in the fury of the storm. The wind seemed now to beat the snow into the earth as it fell, and while it eddied the fierce flakes far and wide around, it had no longer power to wield the accumulated mass which now lay spread over the moor at every part.

Still he sped on, with a stout heart, praying inwardly for help as one in great peril and danger. Confused though he was, he lost not courage; the woman's face he had left behind, by the ingle in the lone hut, lighted him on, and nerved him to renewed efforts. For more than an hour he wrestled thus; and by this time he must, if in the right path, have struck into the high road leading to the little town for which he was journeying. It is true, he had lost note of time from the hissing fury of the elements around him; but still he felt that he must now draw near his destination, or—he knew not where!

But hark! what is that? He can see nothing, but he feels that he is descending a rapid steep, and he hears rising far above the roar of the wind, the thunderous rush of waters, and the shriek of the tempest howling through some rifted channel. Then he thinks that he discerns through the flaky gloom the swollen and impetuous river luring him on to his destruction. He starts back! a few more steps and he would have been swept away, and the lone watcher's heartlight extinguished forever. He now feels that he has lost his road, and on such an errand! and on such a night! Poor Alice, weep for him now; thy child moaning in pain, thy husband on the verge of death. But no! he loses not heart yet. He turns back on the road he has come, retraces his steps, tries to feel his way in the dark by the aid of his staff—every few steps halting to discern again the roar of the waters which he had just escaped.

He now tried to recollect himself of the direction in which he had came—that boiling, surging whirlpool, on whose brink he had just stood, must be the tiny stream—the wimpling burn of the summer-time, but how swollen and distorted now. So, then, by keeping to the right, side of the stream, he must yet strike the high road not very far from where he then was. He strode on—now into a snow drift, out of which he struggled and toiled before it had enveloped him in its fold; then, fetching a compass, he endeavored to reach the point beyond it, eager, if possible, to keep a straight line in the direction in which he imagined the high road now lay; but, in so many turnings and windings, he again became more confused than ever; and an hour's struggling seemed to bring him no nearer deliverance from the perils of the storm. His spirits drooped. He was exhausted, weary, and sick at heart. His ears rang, his eyes swam, and he sunk down in a sheltered spot under cover of a snow drift. Fatal rest; yet how sweet! A delicious calm steals over his senses; in fancy he hears the murmur of the summer breeze, the rustling of the waving fern, and the lark's ravishing song pouring from the silver-lined cloud; he is steeped in oblivion, and time and life and its cares are at once blotted from his memory.

But hark! the sharp, loud barking of a dog draws near. It is Lauth, honest Lauth, who runs up to his numbed and fast expiring master, seizes his plaid with his teeth, as if to waken him up, lies down upon him, licks his hands and face, then barks again, and pulls at his garment. Malcolm slowly rouses himself from his stupor, the presence of the dog reminding him of the cause of his being there, and suddenly he starts to his feet, and grasps his staff. He is numbed and stiff, but thank God, awake. He shakes the snow from about him, the dog wagging his tail and barking the while, and then the pair set forth once more.

The storm has now somewhat subsided—the wind has gone down—and only the roaring of the angry waters, still close at hand, is distinctly heard. Malcolm again set forward in the direction in which the town must lie; and the moonlight now enabled him to avoid the deeper snow-drifts with comparatively little difficulty. Lauth's bark was now echoed or responded to, not afar off. He listened, and knew the friendly sound. It proceeded from the herdsman's hut on the moor's edge, and now he know exactly where he was. A few minutes brought him to the high road.

But now a terror haunted his mind. What of the cottage in the howe of the glen, where he had left his Alice watching over the sick child, and, doubtless, now anxiously waiting his return? Would not the drift lie deep there? He shuddered to think of this; and when he saw how thick the snow lay along the highway—so thick that he had to skirt it about, and fetch a long compass to reach the little town, whose twinkling lights were now in sight—he feared the return home would be almost as difficult as the outward journey. But leaving him to find the doctor and make his way back to the hut as he best can, we now return to Alice, who is holding her night-watch in her lonely cottage among the hills.

Scarcely had Malcolm departed than she felt a sudden sinking of the heart; and a sense of awe and dread came over her. She had often been left alone before, on nights as rude as this, when Malcolm was out tending the sheep, or watching them to their folds; but she remembered no such fear and anxiety on his account. She was nervous and alarmed by the state of her child, and all things presented themselves to her now in an aspect of gloom. The howling of the wind, also, had now become fearful, and it swept down the glen in furious gusts, driving clouds of snow drift before it.

The hut was placed in a sheltered spot, near the bottom of the valley protected on its western side by a huge crag, which broke the force of the wind which ranged along the glen from that quarter. But this very circumstance rendered it more liable to the drift, which eddied around the little cottage, and soon wrapt it in its fleecy folds.—Some gusts, fiercer than the rest, had, in their wild eddyings, struck the cabin door, and through its chinks driven the fleecy shower into the very centre of the apartment. Looking at the little window, she saw that it was now battered with snow, and that the drift was already gathering round her dwelling. She shuddered to think of her husband, contending with the fury of the elements without, and bethought of her at once sending old Lauth, a sagacious brute, who still lay whining at the door, and occasionally scratching at it with his paws. She at once proceeded to open the door—Lauth springing up and wagging his tail—and swinging it back, she pointed with her finger down the glen, and said, "seek him, Lauth, seek him." The affectionate animal needed no encouragement; he bounded off and was soon lost amid the fleecy drifts which whirled along the valley.

The night wore on slowly; the wife was now no less anxious for her husband's fate than for her child's. The little sufferer still moaned, but he slept; and she was thankful. She sat over the fire, rocking to and fro and moaning her regrets to the night. Now she would sit and listen. It was an approaching voice—no, it was only the rattle of the cottage pane—or was that Lauth's bark? No, it was the screeching of the wind over the rude chimney-top. Or, hark! was that the tread of feet? Ah, no; the snow now lies thick—it was only the crackling of the sand under the wooden stool on which she sits rocking and moaning.

Malcolm comes not. The night passes wearily by. Occasionally she falls into a doze, and starts up at the fancied sound of voices. The little sufferer is quiet; he breathes more easily—but Malcolm—where is he? And so the long night passes; and at length a feeble glimmer of light peers through the cottage window, but it is thick with snow, and nothing is to be seen beyond it. She opens the cottage door, and a solid mass of snow blocks up the opening. The hut is buried, and from the smoke which has been accumulating in the apartment, she fears that the chimney is becoming choked. In this dilemma, what is she to do? Low though the chimney was, its upper opening was quite beyond her reach, and there seemed no chance of escape for the inmates, save to let the turf fire go out entirely, and this while the hut lay enveloped in snow.

Her heart now sank, and her hopes gave way altogether. She and her infant must thus perish in the slow agonies of cold and hunger. Malcolm must have been lost in this fearful storm, else he would have been here long ago. Why should she wish to survive? This home, where they had known joy and sorrow together—which had been their bridal-house—would now be her tomb. She now clasped her child to her bosom; he looked up and smiled in her face; her tears fell fast; she was choking, she was giddy, and almost unconscious. Was it the fumes of the peat, or the cold now stealing upon her? Ha! thank Heaven, there is the sound of voices, and that, Lauth's honest bark! It was almost too much joy to bear. She and her child would be rescued yet. There were many voices, but they sounded remote—deadened by the mass of snow which embedded the hut.

But the sound comes nearer and nearer; it is now close at hand—it is at the door, and she hears Malcolm's voice above all—"Alice! Alice! dear Alice!" She tried to call out his name; she tried to shriek, but her voice stuck in her throat. He shouted louder, but no response. The door burst open—Malcolm rushes in—and making a last effort, she rises to meet him; and in another second she staggers into the open arms of her husband, with her infant burthen.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated. "She is saved, and the dear child too!" The fresh breath of air and the help of the doctor, now at hand, soon revived them both, and in a few hours the friendly shepherds, with their spades, had cleared the shielding of its drift, and left the loving pair full of deep gratitude for their providential deliverance from the dangers of the fearful SNOW-STORM.

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

I am looking for the coming,
The coming of the Spring;
Oh! my heart with joy is swelling,
And gladness in it dwelling;
While I'm waiting for the coming,
The coming of the Spring.

I've been weary too, with waiting,
Waiting for the Spring;
When the birds shall tell their praises,
And with heavenly rapture sing
Of the presence of earth's fairest child,
The lovely blooming Spring.

O! how long must I be waiting,
For the coming of the Spring?
When the flowers smile with tearful eye
At their awakening!
And the brooks shall dance so gaily,
To welcome back the Spring.

Cease, cease my heart thy pining,
Thy pining for the Spring!
For soon she'll come, and over all
Her fairest beauties fling,—
So I'm looking for the coming,
The coming of the Spring.

From the Columbian and Great West.

THE INFANT'S APPEAL.

A BRIEF BUT THRILLING SKETCH.

In the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois, were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in this nefarious business, but hitherto, in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves, became thoroughly excited, and were wound up to such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed, styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious characters, and endeavor to put a stop to the depredations of the horse thieves.

Shortly after this band commenced operations, word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable. Although Burt heretofore had been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the Captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning set out for the same place himself. Daylight was hardly discernible in the east, and the hazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, where the suspicious man resided, as the Rangers, charged with the fearful mission of life or death, silently approached, and surrounded the dwelling. Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the Captain proceeded with the others to the stable, broke open the door, and found the missing horse, as had been stated, safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination to make such an example of him as would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime Burt had arisen, and when he opened the door, was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason, was informed that a stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about "he knew it would come to this at last," he quietly submitted to whatever his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held, and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a large elm tree that grew in front of his own house, it being deemed that such an act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for his death, and the sun had risen in all his golden majesty, ere the fatal moment had arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain had his grey-headed father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—the old lady tottering forth from the dwelling, and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vain had the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and entreated them as husbands to spare his life—for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person, and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others, and it seemed as though Burt must die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arranged under a limb of stout elm, over which a rope was thrown, one end being noosed around the prisoner's neck, and the other held by three of the Rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence; that awful stillness, which precludes the launching of a fellow being into eternity—while the three strong men who held the rope's end, gazed fixedly upon the Captain for the signal. It was given by raising the right arm; and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house holding an infant, a little more than a year old, in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the Captain, and raising the child with arms outstretched, towards him, she exclaimed in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel:

"If you will not save him for the sake of his grey-haired sires, or the wife of his bosom, spare him, in the name of God, for the sake of his infant boy!"

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by Heaven itself, the child also stretched out its little arms towards its father, and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all, the single word:

"Father!"

The muscles of the Captain's face quivered in every fibre, and the men who held the rope slowly relaxed the pressure around the neck of Burt, when the infant again uttered, in distinct tones:

"Father! father!"

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into its mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry.

It was more than the Rangers could stand, and after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's throat, and the band left the spot; and Burt became a reformed man through the powerful effects of his "INFANT'S APPEAL."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote was related to us the other day by a Bavarian:

Two boys, from four to five years of age, who lived near the town of Speyer, in Bavaria, in the year 1804, when Buonaparte, with the French army, was in that kingdom, were amusing themselves together, when they agreed to play butcher. One was to lay down and be butchered, and then the other. In accordance with this arrangement, one of them laid down, when the other deliberately took a knife and cut his throat in such a manner as to produce death. The boy who killed the other was brought before Napoleon, when he adopted the following plan to discover whether the boy had done the deed through malice or ignorance. He ordered that a silver dollar and a large red apple should be placed side by side and that the boy should be requested to take which he pleased. If he took the dollar he was to be executed, if the apple, he was to be pardoned. The boy, without the least hesitation, seized the apple, and consequently saved his life.

QUACKERY.—It is very clear that quackery is a bad thing, but it is not quite so easy to determine what is and what is not quackery. We confess our utter incapacity for the task. If we are to officiate as arbiter, we must say that much medical inoculation and practice which appear to emanate from the "regular" faculty, is in our opinion quackery, while very many of the most valuable contributions to the healing art, have been made by men stigmatized as quacks.

THE ROMAN BED-TIME.

An immense majority of men in Rome never light a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome, was the custom of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks and other people, who succeeded to the habits and stations of the ancients, do so to this day.

The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting around the table in the dark, went off to bed as soon as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompillius himself was obliged to trundle himself off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow; but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men—both parties were in the dark.

Being up then, and stirring not long after the lark, what mischief did the Romans go about first? Now-a-days, he would have taken a pipe or a cigar. But, alas for the ignorance of the poor heathen creatures! they had neither the one nor the other. In this point, we must tax our mother earth with being *really too stingy*. In the case of the candles, we approved of her parsimony. Much mischief is brewed by candle-light. But it was coming it too strong to allow no tobacco. Many a wild fellow in Rome, your Gracchi, Sylla, Catalines, would not have played "h——" and Tommy" in the way they did, if they could have soothed their angry stomachs with a cigar—a pipe had intercepted many an evil scheme. But the thing is past helping now. At Rome, you must do as "they does" at Rome.—*De Quincey.*

COURAGE IN WOMEN.—There are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go down with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which cannot contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scots, and a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for these delicately-bred, high-nurtured, helpless personages to meet death with a silence and a confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear; it is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No state can be made of it, that a woman would wish to see herself like.

BAD TEMPER.—Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause—and a peevish child needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purpose; is more likely to show temper than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart blood circulate heartily and freely; unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill temper."

A correspondent, writing from Liverpool, narrates a touching incident that happened on the voyage of one of our packet ships, so well told and so characteristic of a noble hearted sea captain, that we copy it entire:

"A little girl was returning to England in charge of the captain. She was the only female on board, and by her sweet simplicity had won the love of the noble captain and his passengers. The poor child was very, very sick, nearly all the way and became much reduced in strength. One dreary night the fancy struck her that soda water would be refreshing, and it was given her perhaps too freely. Spasms of the stomach almost instantly ensued, and before the morning came the little sufferer had passed away to a better world; mourning most of all, that no mother's gentle hand would close her eyes in their last sleep, nor a mother's prayer (A MOTHER'S PRAYER!) linger last upon her deafening ear.

But the great stalwart Captain had almost a mother's heart. He whose voice could be heard high up aloft, when the tempest raged in his fury, had tones of gentleness and love for the poor dying child; and though he scarce knew the meaning of the word fear, tears fell like rain from his eyes upon the wasted face of the little corpse.

Beautiful, beautiful, most beautiful—though full of gloom—was the scene presented in that cabin on that wild winter's night. With exquisite delicacy and almost sacred tenderness was the corpse laid out and preserved. But another trying time for the generous Captain was yet to come, for he knew that the mother would hasten to the dock gates to meet her child the moment the ship's arrival was telegraphed. And she did. The Captain saw her in an instant, and as soon as the ship got near enough to enable her voice to be heard, she could no longer restrain herself, but cried out in tremulous accents—Is Mary on board?

The poor captain scarce know what to say, but requested the mother to go to his hotel and he would soon be with her. I dare not attempt a description of the subsequent scenes of this simple, though sad drama. Suffice it to say, that when Thomas B. Cropper goes to his last account, of this touching incident it will surely be said—inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little ones ye did it unto ME.

ONIONS AND SINNERS.—A Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce suggests that the low condition of morals among the French is attributable to the national fondness for, and use of onions. This vegetable contains more than any other, an amount of sulphur and phosphorus. The writer contends that a people moving in an atmosphere of sulphur, an atmosphere in which the great father of evil is supposed to be most at home, cannot be as susceptible to moral impressions as others. Just think of the morals of the community rising and falling with the price of onions, and the milder and higher graces of humanity growing out of a short crop of those infernal bulbs! Imagine the mistake of a steak with onions! Think of sipping sin with soup!

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords—there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

THE LATE MORDECAI M. NOAH, ESQ.

MORDECAI MANASSEH NOAH, a brief notice of whose death in the city of New York, appeared in our last, was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 19th of July, 1784, and was consequently nearly sixty-seven years old at the time of his death. He was the son of Manual Noah, who married Zipporah Phillips, of that city. At the age of five years, he was left to the care of his maternal grandfather, Jonas Phillips. But a few weeks since, we heard him speak of walking the streets of Philadelphia with this relative, who pointed out to him Dr. Franklin and his wife. On another occasion, he visited the opening of Congress and beheld Washington, a distinct recollection of whose person he always retained. He received a partial education in the old Philadelphia College, and at an early age was apprenticed to a carver and gilder. Even as a boy, he manifested a decided literary talent, and we have heard that his first effort was a Fourth of July Oration, delivered in his thirteenth year. He soon gave up his trade entirely, and devoted himself to literary and political pursuits.

Soon after the commencement of the present century, he went to Charleston, S.C., where he took an active part in public affairs, and rapidly acquired influence. In 1811, he received the appointment of U. S. Consul to Riga, on the Baltic, which he declined, and in 1813 was appointed Consul to Tunis, with a Mission to Algiers. Sailing from Charleston in May, the same year, his vessel was captured in the Bay of Biscay by a British frigate, and taken to Plymouth as a prize. After a detention of several weeks, he was allowed to leave, and sailed from Falmouth to Cadiz, when he passed to Xeres, Gibraltar, Tangier, in Morocco, and Algiers, where he arrived in February, 1814. Having accomplished the object of his Mission, he returned to Spain, crossed the Pyrenees to Montpelier, and continued his journey to Paris, where, after making a short stay, he returned to Marseilles, and sailed to Tunis. He resided at that place ten months, at the end of which time he was recalled. He passed through France on his homeward route. During his stay in Paris, he met accidentally, and recognized, his father, whom he had not seen since his fifth year. A volume, containing the result of his observations abroad, appeared in New York and London in the year 1819.

After his return, he became connected with the National Advocate, published in this city. A series of Essays on Domestic Economy, which he wrote for that paper under the signature of, "Howard," were afterwards published in a volume. He also published a volume of "Shakspeare Tales." He afterwards became connected, we believe, with the old Enquirer, and was at one time in partnership with Col. Webb and Bennett, of the Herald. About this time he was elected Sheriff of the city and county. We have heard it stated, as an instance of his impulsive and generous nature, that he appropriated the profits of his first year in office to the relief of the widow of his predecessor, who had been left destitute by her husband's death. About the year 1525, he conceived the idea of collecting the scattered tribes of the Jews and rebuilding Jerusalem. Grand Island, in the Canada River, was designated as the Rendezvous, and his proclamation, which was sent to all parts of the world, created quite a sensation at the time. During General Jackson's Presidency, he was appointed to a Government office in this city; about the same time he dissolved his connection with the Courier, and established an evening paper called the Star. This was very prosperous for a time, but soon after the death of his partner it was discontinued.—When the law was passed, in 1840, changing the selected Judges, which office he held till the repeal of the law.

Major Noah's next undertaking was the *Sunday Times*, which he continued to edit at the time of his last illness. After his return from Tunis, he wrote a number of dramatic pieces, most of which, met with great success at the time of their production. The following is a list of his principal works in that line:—"The Fortress of Sorrento;" "The Grecian Captive;" "The Grand Canal;" "Marion;" "O Yes, or The New Constitution;" "She Would be a Soldier;" and "Yesef Caramatti." As an editor, Major Noah was one of the most brilliant, spirited, and graceful paragraphists in the country. He always sustained the most cordial relations, not only with his brethren of the press, but with the public at large. Probably none of our citizens, who have taken an active part in public business, ever enjoyed the more general esteem and good will of the community.

Maj. Noah married, about the year 1837, a daughter of the late Daniel Jordan; he leaves five sons and one daughter. One of his sons is in the Navy, and now stationed on the Chinese Coast; another is in Minnesota. We understand that he frequently spoke of an autobiography which he was preparing, and some of his friends suppose that it may have been completed. Such a work, if in existence, would present many peculiar and interesting views of men and things during the last half century.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A TOWER OF SKULLS.—Lamartine, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," writes as follows:

"When I was about a league from Nias, the last Turkish town almost on the frontier of Servia, I saw a large tower rising up in the midst of the plain as white as Parian marble. I took the path which led to it. I desired a Turkish lad who accompanied me to hold my horse, and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments repose. No sooner was I seated than raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that the walls which I supposed to be built of marble or of regular rows of white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls, bleached by the rain and sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the burning sun; there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair were still hanging, and waved like lichen or moss, with every breath of wind. The mountain breeze was then blowing fresh, penetrating the innumerable cavities of the skull, and sounded like a mournful and plaintive sigh. These were the skulls of fifteen thousand Servians who had been put to death by the Pácha in the last insurrection at Servia. Servia, however, is now free, and this monument will teach their children the value of independence by showing them the price at which their forefathers purchased it.

HEROISM AND BENEVOLENCE.—It is the humble classes of society, that the most beautiful sparks of virtue often shine. A fire broke out in a house at Alencon, the flames of which made rapid progress, and produced dreadful ravages. An entire family was saved by an unknown man, who scaled the walls with a wonderful agility, treading with dexterity the burning beams, and who, from an abyss of fire, extricated victim after victim, in the midst of acclamations from the spectators. This man was Joseph Plege, who exercised the humble profession of a rope dancer; and it was the agility and dexterity developed by his occupation, that enabled him to save a whole family, by venturing on narrow and moving surfaces, to snatch them from the flames. The company to which the worthy Plege belonged, were preparing to quit Alencon, but their departure was delayed, to give him a benefit. The theatre was crowded in every part, and thunders of applause greeted the courageous rope dancer, who, covered with burns and bruises, endeavored to merit the enthusiasm by which he was overwhelmed. When the receipts, which were considerable, were handed to him, Joseph Plege presented the whole amount to the family he had saved. "These poor people," said he, "are ruined; what good shall I have done to have saved them from the flames, if I leave them to the horrors of starvation?" The authorities gave a medal of honor to the brave man who had displayed so much humanity, devotion, and virtue.

Odds and Ends.

PROVERBS.—A handful of mother wit is worth a bushel of learning. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never. Money cures all diseases. Enjoy the little you have, whilst the fool is hunting for more. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Go not to your doctor for every ail; nor to your lawyer for every quarrel; nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind, an intelligent orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together.

☞The most difficult thing in the world is to talk good nonsense. No person can do it but one of first-rate ability.

THERE is no book so cheap as a newspaper, none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured off in suitable portions as to time and quality. Being new every day, it invites to habits of reading, and affords an easy way of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the individual and community.

WHITEWASH.—Mix up a pailful of lime and water ready to put on the wall, take a quarter of a pint of flour, mix it up with water, then pour on it boiling water, until a proper thickness, and while hot pour it into the whitewash. Stir it well together, and it is fit for use. This whitewash will not rub off.

☞*Darkness reigned around; the groom's face was shrouded with a melancholy smile, while the bride's face was dark and gloomy; the clergyman was equally dark and dreary—and no wonder, for they were all darkies!*

PRIZE FIGHTING.—Tom Hyer is out with a challenge to fight any man in the world for $10,000 a side; and offers to give any man from England $3000 to meet him here.

EXPERIMENTS, made by Brunel and others, show that the average weight of a number of persons standing together in a confined space, rarely exceeds fifty pounds per square foot. When persons are closely packed together, it is perhaps seventy or eighty lbs.

☞The Turkish Sultan has just conceded to the officers of his guard of special corps, and of companies of *elite*, the right of allowing their mustachios to grow in all their length. Formerly the Janissaries alone had the privilege of wearing large mustachios.

☞The Rajah of Travanore, Madras Presidency, has presented her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with a Throne or Chair of State, composed of polished ivory, and inlaid or set with abundance of precious stones.

CHARCOAL IN CISTERNS.—A writer in the *Horticulturalist* says, that six quarts of charcoal, nicely pulverized, and put into a cistern of the capacity of fifteen hogsheads, will make the water perfectly sweet at any time. Well worth its trial.

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.—Go to California—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of gold, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die. What a prudent, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be!

☞When a Statesman speaks of liberty, he implies the supremacy of the laws—a demagogue means, the caprice of the multitude—a vagabond means, a full license to steal.

CON.—How can a man who has no wings, be said to be "winged in an affair of honor?" Because, in going to fight a duel, he makes a goose of himself.

A YOUNG BEAU, from Delaware, Ohio, visiting Columbus, took a ticket in the Prize Concert; and on the way thither, presented said ticket to his lady companion. The ticket drew the first prize, a piano, whereupon Beau played "Ingin," and took the prize himself. Gallant fellow that!

☞Lady Blessington remarks that "those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness."

DESPOTISM.—The King of Naples has announced his intention of refusing passports to all Neapolitans desirous of visiting England and the Great Exhibition.

A YOUNG gentleman, describing the effects of his first waltz, says he thought he was going to heaven on a band of music. For fifteen minutes, he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose leaves, with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brain got so much fixed up with low necked frocks, musk, and melody, that he has fed on flutes ever since.

☞The *Liverpool Journal* says: "America exists to reproach and reform the world. The majesty of civilization brightens regions rich and vast, while Europe pauses to parley with idiot legitimists and ancient nonentities."

HANDLE NOT PITCH.—Replying to scurrility is like the dandy keeping himself clean by pushing away the chimney sweeper.

CURIOSITY.—The white squall from the baby that was rocked in the cradle of the deep.

☞How frost adds to the looks of girls! Don't it? We met on yesterday, with such a pair of strawberry-colored cheeks on, that if the chisel of Praxiteles had seen her, it would have become lovesick, and lost its *temper*.

THUS IT IS.—A witty writer says, as all mankind live in masquerade, whoever presumes to come among them barefaced, must expect to be abused by the whole assembly.

A SMALL BABEL.—The people of Austria speak 17 different languages. If language was given us, as Talleyrand says, to conceal our thoughts, we should think the Austrians might cloak their opinions without any trouble.

☞How frequently do circumstances, at first sight the most trivial and unimportant, exercise a mighty and permanent influence on our habits and pursuits; how frequently is a stream turned aside from its natural course by some little rock or knoll, causing it to make an abrupt turn.

GOOD DEEDS.—When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, light up our darkened hearts, and lend to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it.

TIME FOR SLEEP.—When the Jesuits settled the plan of education in the College of Clermont, the physicians were consulted on the portion of time which the students should be allowed for sleep. They declared that five hours were sufficient, six an abundant allowance, and seven as much as a youthful constitution could bear without injury.

EVERY man who breathes, whether master or servant, employer or employed, young and old, rich and poor, each has it in his power, as he passes along his own life-path, either to shed a ray of sunshine on that of his fellow man, or to darken it by his shade.

☞Have nothing to do with those good-natured friends who make a practice of letting you know all the evil which they may hear spoken about you.

☞An Eastern Caliph, being sorely afflicted with ennui, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man who was perfectly happy, would cure him.—After a long search, he discovered such a man, but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt.

MOST men (and women too) seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tad-pole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

ONE of the best means to arrest duelling, suggests the Albany Dutchman, would be to pass a law forbidding the parties to have seconds. Men are so fond of applause, that they will not even make fools of themselves, unless there be somebody present to admire the manner.

THERE is no place so pleasant to behold, as the face that loves us.