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THE WHITE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

[Mr. Goodrich:—The following lines have been often published, yet as I was well acquainted with the person whose life and history they commemorate, may I request you to give them a place? Most of persons are not aware that the "White Pilgrim" was a farmer of Ohio, named Joseph Thomas, and that he acquired this appellation, on account of his always appearing dressed in white, believing that the angels and all the heavenly bodies were robed in white. He was an eccentric, but very devout and pious man, and spent most of his time travelling and preaching God's word. In one of his customary expeditions, he was taken sick and died in the state of Connecticut. W. R. L.

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb;
When in a low whisper I heard something say:
"How sweetly I sleep here alone;

"The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

"The cause of my Master impelled me from home:
I bade my companions farewell;
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

"I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when among strangers and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb—
My spirit to mansions on high.

"O! tell my companions and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone; [drear,
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and
Has kindly assisted me home."

—I called at the house of the mourner below;
I entered the mansion of grief;
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow;
I tried but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppressed;
And here were her children in mourning arrayed,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief—
I asked her the cause of her woe—
And why there was nothing to give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

She looked at her children—then looked upon me—
That look I can never forget—
More eloquent far than a seraph can be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

"The hand of affliction falls heavily now;
I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low,
In yonder cold grave yard alone.

"But why should I mourn or feel to complain?
Or think that fortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction?—'tis truly his gain,
He enters the joy of his Lord.

"His work is completed and finished below;
His last tear has fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon, and met his last foe,
Has conquered, and now is at rest."

For the Bradford Reporter.

Retrospection.

"I love to think upon the past—
'Tis like a pleasant dream,
Which seems to leave within the heart
Fond memory's flitting gleam."

How many sad yet tender recollections are awakened by that single word, the Past. Childhood, with its smiles and tears, chasing each other like the sunshine and shade of an April day; youth, with its world of enchantment—the bright and fanciful but imperfect ideas of early years; the still brighter and more glowing pictures of youth; the feelings of surprise and keen disappointment at the first experience of the cold heartedness of the world, or the indifference of friends—all pass with swift succession through the mind. Memory with her magic touch surrounds us with well remembered but long lost friends. With them we tread the same paths, sing the same songs, read the same books, pursue the same studies as of yore. Once more we kneel by that fond mother's side to lisp the simple prayer she taught us, and listen with rapt attention while she tells us of the goodness and mercy of that Omnipotent Being who made and sustains all things, whose power and wisdom are alike proclaimed by the starry host above our heads and the simple flower we crush beneath our feet. Again our young hearts beat joyously as we meet a Father's approving smile. Once more with brothers and sisters we form a happy and united band.

And, ah! how vividly recurs that first sad scene, when the loveliest of the group, the idol of the circle is snatched from us. The budding intellect had given rich promise for the future; kind sensibilities had endeared all hearts. Well did he love the faces that watched so anxiously over him, but he heeded them not. Death was busy with his heart-strings, but bright forms flitted before his eyes, celestial music greeted his ears. And with his young heart unstained by sin, exhaled like the perfume of a morning flower and wafted by guardian spirits to those bright circles where sorrows never intrude.

FLORENCE.

Canton, Pa.

Small Things.—There can be no appearance more hopeful and promising in childhood and youth, than a tenderness of conscience respecting *small things*. A child who is never inclined to plead excuses for what is known to be wrong, by saying, "is it not a little thing?" who resists all improper thought, forbids a hasty word, who fears the slightest deviation from the truth, bids fair to rise by gradual but certain steps, to true excellence. But whatever may be our view of the subject, it is certain that God does not, in any sense, contemn *small things*. He looks at motives more than at words; and by these we shall be judged. He does not despise the day of small things; the bruised reed, the smoking flax, the grain of mustard seed, the little leaven—over these small beginnings He watches with patient and gracious care, till by little and little they attain to perfection.

The Indians and the Quakers.

In Howitt's Book of the Seasons, is given the following account of the Indians and the Quakers. It is a story related by George Dillwyn, an American Quaker and preacher who visited England about fifty years since. The scene of the story is laid at the period of the revolutionary war.

Another incident which he related occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friends family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion, than by drawing in the leather thong by which the wooden latch was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family who had hitherto put no trust in arm or flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing, that man often ran in his strength to his own injury, and used so little precaution, that they slept without ever withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed that it would be the safest for him to arise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-hoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterwards, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them it was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke raising from the burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterwards when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conference with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, related the above incident, in reply to which, the Indian observed that, the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives as well as their property had been saved; for that he himself had been one of the marauding party, and that on finding the door open it was said: "These people shall live; they do us no harm; for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American Revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or Wm. Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused and remained unharmed amid general distruction; but, at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy that the next morning, she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them."

Taking it Coolly.—"We country doctors," writes a friend of the *Knickerbocker*, have to be dentists as well as druggists. Our saddle-bags are our shops, and the tomiquet a daily weapon. A few days ago a hearty young woman called, with another like her, and asked me to pull a tooth, which with much reluctance took the usual fee of twenty-five cents. Her companion, pleased with the operation, said she had a tooth that sometimes ached, and she would like to have it out now. I told her she had better wait till it ached again; but she said *no*, she *would* have it pulled, and so I took it out. She promised to call soon and bring the pay, as she did not expect to have her tooth drawn when she came, and she was not prepared with the "filthy." So a day or two after, she called and offered me half a dollar; but fortunately I had no change, and she said it made no difference, for I could just take it out in pulling another tooth, which she knew would ache, and she would a great deal rather have them pulled before they had a chance to ache. So I took out another, and made the change! Was'nt that girl a philosopheress and would'nt she make a capital martyr?"

The climax of superfluous politeness has been declared to be that of holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain.

Andrew Jackson—Interesting Reminiscences.

One of the productions which the printing controversy between Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Rives has rescued from oblivion, is a speech, delivered some years since by Mr. Rives before the Democratic Association, in Washington city. Among other personal reminiscences, it contains two or three anecdotes of Gen. Jackson, which cannot fail to be read with the interest which attaches to every thing that tends to illustrate the character of that remarkable man. Mr. Rives tells us that it was not only his fortune to be "patronized by Andrew Jackson," but it was also his good luck to know more about his writings and doings during the last thirteen years of his life than those most near and dear to him. After thus presenting his credentials, he proceeded as follows:

"It is so generally known that General Jackson was a man who above all others, took "responsibility" in peace or in war, that that word brings to the mind of the people of this country his name almost as certainly as the letters that spell it. But it is not so well known that he made others take it in times of profound peace. I know it well. He made me take it, and that made me know him so well. The occasion for risking me take it was, his annual message got out from the offices of the National Intelligencer and the United States Telegraph, before it was sent to Congress, soon after I came into the Globe office—the first session of the twenty third Congress, I believe—and afterwards, as long as he was President, he gave all his messages to me to have printed, with the admonition: "I will hold you responsible, sir, if that message gets out before Congress is ready to receive it.—Don't let any person—not even one of my Cabinet officers—have a copy of it before I send it to Congress."

"The printer prints from the rough draught of the President's message, and often gets part of the copy before the message is completed. I invariably went after the copy and took the proofs back to the President myself, which gave me an opportunity of knowing all about them. It has been said, and no doubt believed by many, that Gen. Jackson did not write his messages. Neither he nor any other President ever wrote those parts of their messages which showed the condition of the several departments. They are written by the heads of the departments respectively. Nearly the whole of the balance of Gen. Jackson's messages was in his hand-writing. The proclamation which was intended to carry out his memorable toast, "The Union must be preserved," which was uttered as a rebuke to nullification when it first showed its front, at the celebration of Jefferson's birth-day in Washington, was re-written by Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State.

"Mr. Blair, who saw the original paper, has frequently told his friends that he thought it better than the finished production, and not liable to the objections to some of the principles advanced in the latter. It was Gen. Jackson's invariable practice to put down in writing every official paper which he submitted to the public. He was, however, always willing to admit suggestions, and permit alterations when he thought them improvements.

"I will relate an anecdote, or incident, which will lead to a correct conclusion as to who wrote Gen. Jackson's messages, and also, who attended to them after they were written.

"When I went after the annual message which demanded of the French King the indemnity due to the citizens of the United States by the French government, I found Maj. A. J. Donelson, then Gen. Jackson's private Secretary, and a clerk belonging to the State Department, (Mr. Derrick,) comparing the copies to be sent to both branches of Congress with the rough draught. General Jackson was walking the floor some twenty or thirty feet from them, smoking his pipe and paying no attention whatever to the reading, as I thought. When they read that part of the message which pressed the demands in the strongest terms, Gen. Jackson said: "Donelson stop there; that is hot as I wrote it."—Major Donelson replied: "General, the Cabinet had a meeting and agreed to soften this a little," and he then attempted to read on, evidently very much agitated. General Jackson again said to him: "Donelson! stop there; that is not as I wrote it." Major Donelson made a stammering reply, saying: "General, the Cabinet had a meeting, and agreed to soften this a little, I can not alter it in time for Congress, and Mr. Rives is here waiting for the message; and if he does not get it shortly, he cannot have it printed in time," and continued to stammer on, reading it.

"General Jackson then stamped his foot on the floor, and said in a loud voice: "I say, stop! and put that as I wrote it. I don't care for the Cabinet, nor for Mr. Rives and Congress waiting. It shall be as I wrote it." Major Donelson then opened the table drawer, and took from it the slip which he had cut from the message, and inserted it in the place of the alteration made by the Cabinet. I have both the original and the alteration, I believe, filed away, but with so many other papers that I cannot find them conveniently. Many predicted at that time the supposed affront contained in the message would cause France to declare war against the United States. So far from it, it caused the money to be paid; and Louis Philippe, then King of France, thought so highly of Gen. Jackson, that he sent an eminent artist (Mr. Healy) to the Hermitage, to take his likeness for him; the likeness was completed, only a few days before the General's death, and is said to be the best ever taken."

A Deficiency of Evidence.—A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying—"I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."—"That you may safely do," replied the wag; "for you know doctor, *dead men tell no tales*."

It is said that Barnum is in full chase of a Chap who helped his own wife at a dinner table, in preference to another lady.

DEATH.

Fainter her slow steps fall from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say low,
"I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
Breathe
Spare me great God—lift up my drooping brow,
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The spring hath opened for summer time—
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun has reached his burning prime—
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
Let me not perish while o'er land and sea
With silent step the Lord of light moves on!
Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone,
Pale sickness dims thy eye and clouds my brow,
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and Autumn's sobering hues
Tint the ripe fruit and gild the waving corn,
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam;
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow showers fast and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound;
Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laggingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud;
Spare me awhile—raise up my drooping brow!
"I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

Had he been there.—Tell," a correspondent of the Boston Post, wrote the following, which contains a wicked word, and should not therefore be read by anybody:

County court was sitting a while ago in——, on the banks of Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan when in came a rough, gaunt looking babe of the woods, knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down for a lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his eyes and his eyes doubled,"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warantee deed as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wall, I 'spose I am—I come from Wisconsin a foot any rate."

"*From Wisconsin?*"—That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through h'll on your travels?

"Yis sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogony—"I've been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"Oh," says the pilgrim, deliberately—half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs with a mass of masticated pig-tails appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region, *the lawyers sit nighest the fire.*"

Definitions of Important Characters.—*Fine Fellow.*—The man who advertises in our paper; the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Genteel People.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spoiling her hands. The miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Inhuman town People.—The young lady who reads romances in bed. The friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

Unpopular personage.—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.

Timid People.—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a cholera case on board.

Dignified Men.—A cit in a country town, a midshipman on quarter deck, and a school committee on examination day.

Persecuted People.—Woman, by that tyrant man boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy people.—All old bachelors, old maids and married people.

Ambitious Chaps.—The writer who pays the magazines for inserting his communications. The politician who quits his party because he cannot get an office. The boy who expects to be President.

Humble Persons.—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him too much honor.

Mean People.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who neglects to pay for his paper.

Sensible People.—You and I.

More Studies, more Precious.—Dr. Buchanan, in a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death, was describing the many pains he had taken with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every sign of which passed under his eye *five times* before it was finally sent to press. He said, he had expended below and that this process would have proved irksome to some, but every fresh perusal of the sacred pages seemed to unfold new beauties. Here he stopped, and said to his friend as soon as he recovered himself, I can not express the emotion I felt, as I collected the thought I could to offer me to reading the word.

Progress of Discovery.

The animal Chemistry of Liebig has but recently been given to the world; cotton and saw dust are now made to propell cannon balls, and reed sticks by a spark from a battery, and chloroform has come to the aid of Surgery, and arms and legs are amputated from men and women every day, and they all ignorant of the operation performing upon them as the dead in their graves.

Gas Light was unknown in 1800; it was not until two years after, that Murdock made his first public exhibition at Solio; since that time the discovery has enriched the earth. In Europe and America all the principal cities are lighted with it, and even New Zealand villages, where no white man had built his residence in 1800, are now illuminated by the same subtle, but beautiful agent of human comfort and happiness.

In Astronomy, the advancement has been equally rapid and wonderful. New and powerful telescopes have drawn the stars down to the earth, and opened up the secret chambers of Orion to the ken of mortals, and so refined have the disquisition of philosophy become, that the planet Neptune was discovered, even before a ray of its light had entered human eye; and, as Sir Davy Brewster has well observed, "by a law of the Solar System just discovered, by Daniel Kirkwood, an humble American mechanic, who, like Kepler, struggled to find something new among the mathematical relations of the planetary elements, we can determine the broken magnitude of the original planet, long after it had been shivered to atoms."

Fifteen years ago pins were all made by hands, each was made of more than one piece, and a number of persons were required to finish every one. A single machine now completes the operation from beginning to end, and in Waterbury, Connecticut, 1,000,000 are finished every day, and the machine for counting and sticking them in papers is equally ingenious.

Look at the simple article of Lucifer Matches.—Twenty years ago we knew nothing about their benefits. None but those whose wealth could purchase them, and fifteen years ago, a box, which now sells for one cent, could not be purchased for less than twelve cents. During the last war between American and England, cotton cloth, which now can be purchased for a shilling, could not be purchased for forty. Blanchard has given to the world a machine which, by putting a rough block of marble upon a spindle, soon turns it to the likeness of Clay or Webster. Bogardus has given to the world his engraving machine, (we are sorry it is so little known) which can engrave the finest numbers and the most beautiful flowers on metal, with a facility and accuracy, which baffles all manual workmanship. In planing machines, spike machines, machinery for making shoes for men, and shoes for horses; in machines for making all instruments, from a needle to an anchor, what part of the whole world's history can equal with that of the past half century? Nasmyth's Steam Hammer, which was invented but a few years ago, can be managed with the docility of a lamb. We have now gold and steel pens, instead of goose quills. This is certainly the age of invention. The triumphs of warriors are naught compared with the triumphs of inventors. The iron bridge spanning the sea, the iron ship sailing on the sea, are greater evidences of mental power than Austerlitz or Waterloo.

And if the last half century has given birth to so many grand discoveries and inventions, is there any reason to doubt that the future may more than outstrip the past? We can see none. Hope is pointing her finger to the year 1900.—*Scientific American.*

What is Dirt?—Old Doctor Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt?—Why nothing at all that is offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that "dirty green spot" on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. "This is not a very odorous pile of dirt," you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty.—Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it. It will all separate into very clean elements.

Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So after all you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

A Tough Yankee.—A Quebec correspondent of the Bangor Ranger, tells the following story of a Yankee, who had been "all around the place."

The Yankee approached a group of English gentlemen in front of the hotel, and flourishing a red bandana, observed:

"Well, I've been all around, and I've concluded we don't want ye."

An Englishman addressed him with—"what do you think of the Citadel?"

"Oh, Scott wouldn't make anything of taking that, he'd haul fifteen miles down the river, and starve the crew."

"But it is stocked with three years provisions," replied the other.

"Well, he'd stay five, then."

"Go it, Anglo-Saxon, thought we."

It is said the Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of going back to single blessedness.

Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

Metals of the United States.—Iron is the most abundant metallic material our country affords. Its value is ten times the value of gold and silver, and one half the value of all the metals produced in the United States. Iron is found in every State of the Union.

The most valuable mine is in Salisbury, Conn., which yields 3,500 tons annually. The mines in Duchess and Columbia counties, in the State of New York, produce annually 20,000 tons; Ulster, 2,000; Easton, 1,500 tons; Clinton, 1,000; Franklin, 800; St. Lawrence, 1,000 amounting in all to more than 3800,000. The value of the iron produced in the United States in 1825, was 26,000,000; in 1837, 47,700,000.

In Ohio, 1,200 square miles are underlaid with iron. A region explored in 1838, would furnish iron 61 miles long and 6 miles wide; a square mile would yield 2,000,000 tons of pig iron; so that this district would contain 1,000,000,000 tons. By taking from this region 400,000 tons annually, (a larger quantity than England produced previous to 1823,) it would last 2,700 years, as long as the times certainly as any man looks ahead. The States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland and Virginia possess inexhaustible quantities of iron ore. In Tennessee 100 furnaces are annually maintained. Notwithstanding our great iron resources, more than one half of our cutlery, hardware, railroad iron, &c., is still imported from Great Britain.

It is supposed by geologists that the steady supply of gold from our own mines will be equal to the demand; and that our own mines will yet be more profitable than the mines of Brazil and Columbia.

The most extensive lead mines in the world are in Missouri, where the lead region is 50 miles long by 50 feet wide. These mines in 1826, produced 7,500,000 tons, and the whole produce of the United States was 8,222,107.

It has been estimated that the quantity of iron required in England for railroads, &c., for the current year, will be about 1,268,000 tons, which, it is supposed, will be equal to all that country will produce.

The quantity of coal manufactured in the United States in 1828, was 12,214,736 pounds; in 1839, 11,641,310 pounds; in 1838, 8,232,105; and in 1822, 4,281,867 pounds.

The copper trade, until within a year or two, has not been of much importance as the results of the efforts made were not such as to justify any great operation. But now it appears to be attracting a good deal of attention. Whether the demand for copper rock is a fair index to the value of the copper regions remains to be seen.

It is estimated that the quantity of iron produced in the United States in 1843 was 910,000 tons, valued at $33,950,500.—*National Intelligencer.*

Keep Your Temper.—Mr. C., of Newburyport, was one of the irascibles. Many a story is told of his fretful temper. One winter, his son, who kept a grocery in that town, was elected as representative to the State legislature. The store was left in charge of the old man and a boy. One day, whilst the boy was gone to dinner, the old man happened to have a flood of customers, all at a time; one lad wanted a cent's worth of sand put up in a paper; another a cent's worth of milk, and wanted to borrow the measure to carry it home in; while a little girl was waiting for a cent's worth of black pepper, which the old man was trying to put up for her; the paper was too small, and in putting it in the envelope, he got some of the irritating powder in his eyes, which started the tears, and his temper, which had been brewing and simmering during the whole operation, now burst forth: "I wish the gunpowder was to topher!" growled he forth—"what in thunder did they choose my son for, yes, and he was a fool to accept it, too—and go and leave his shop with me to take care of—pesky doings!" Here a little boy came in for a cent's worth of vinegar, in a hurry. "A cent's worth of vinegar!" drawled out the old man, maliciously—"a cent's worth of vinegar! And I 'spose you want it put in two papers! I wish the d—d old store was sunk in Merrimac river, with the whole general court inside on't I do, by thunder!"

"I like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up, and replaced the old bonnet in the long preserved bandbox; "I like to see young folks come together with the ordinance to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplice on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. I ought to be husband and wife, for if ever I marry a husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget how I felt when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, "with my goods I thee endow." He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did'nt know till afterwards, that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people "plighting their troath," as the song says, a coming to consume their sons." She bustled about, and got tea ready, but abstractedly she put on the broken teapot that had lain away unused since Paul was alive, and the tea cups mended with putty and dark with age, as if the idea had conjured the ghost of past enjoyment, to dwell for the moment in the hope of her widowhood; a young lady who expected to get married on Thanksgiving night, wept copiously at her remarks, but kept on hemming the veil that she'd worn her bridalship, and Ike was pulling bristles out of the hearth brush to expend his excellence.

Dreadful Accident.—Yesse, Mary Ann Jane, I went into mine abble orchard to climb a beat tree to get some beaches to make mine flow a blum budding mit; and ven I gets to de toberdest branch I vells from de fery most limb mit von leg on vich sides of de tree, and like to have my outsides in."