THE STAR AND BANNER.

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From the National Era.

WORDS OF HOPE.

Dreamers! wake ye from your revery—
Sleepers! rouse ye from your sleep!
Wrong and Vice, in virtue's livery,
Round ye like the serpents creep!

Fix your glasses on futurity—
Lo! where beams the day-spring bright!
Ye may yet know joy and purity—
Darkness may be changed to light!

God sleeps not, though sleeps humanity—
Moves he still in Fire and Cloud:
Heaven is not a vast inanity—
Earth is more than mankind's shroud!

Good is in our race, though hidden—
Peace is mightier far than strife;
Earth may yet be made like Eden—
Heaven be reached in mortal life!

There is nought so high and holy,
As the Hope which conquers Pain:
In yourselves, ye crushed and lowly,
Lives the power to rise again!

Trust not that which startles reason—
Good can ne'er be gained by ill;
All that chains, or clouds, is treason:
Nought is powerful but "I WILL!"

Would ye read the Eternal mystery?
Like Bartimeus view the day!
Eyes that best discern God's mystery
Were anointed first with clay.

Gaze from well-depths up to heaven,
And ye see the stars at noon—
Thus to lowly sense is given
Reasons best and richest boon!

Not one grain of earth's material
Ever was, or will be, lost—
And shall man's great soul, ethereal,
Be to dark oblivion lost!

Boldly speak, reluctant lisper!
Truth's appeal must mount on high:
Each great word—each feeble whisper—
Once breathed out, can NEVER DIE.

From the Knickerbocker.

GIVE.

Give to him that asketh thee!
If the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store;
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 'tis angel-like to give.

Though world riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot;
Think thee of the widow's mite,
In the Holy Master's sight:
It was more, a thousand fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give! it is the better part;
Give to him, the poor in heart;
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy;
Cheer to them who sigh for corn,
Light to him whose life is gone.

Give the gray-haired wanderer room;
Lead him gently to the tomb;
Let him not in friendless clime,
Float adown the tide of time;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the dearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one,
In thy pathway do not shun;
Of thy kindness she hath need;
Bind with balm the bruised reed;
Give and gifts above all price,
Shall be thine in Paradise.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

There is nearly in front of our office, an old pump—a kind of-town pump which every one may use, and whose wet and bespattered base speaks plainer than signboards could do, of water for man and horse—and a very excellent pump it is, too—never out of order, easily worked, and furnishing the purest, coolest water in the world. Many a thirsty school-boy, and omnibus driver has refreshed himself at that pump—the hackmen and draymen stop there, and the old iron ladle that hangs by its side has been pressed to many a sweet and pretty lip. It is no unusual thing, just after school hours, to see some little fellow, with his satchel over his shoulder, working away at the handle for ten minutes at a time, till all who have gathered round it have been supplied with drink; but yesterday the old pump was honored as though an angel had blessed it.

A rosy cheeked girl, her face half hid in a flood of glorious curls, came bouncing by, driving her hoop, as the old, decrepid apple woman, whom every body knows, and whom no one passes without giving her a penny, was endeavoring to obtain a drink. She had sat down her basket but bent nearly double by the weight of her years and sorrows, was still compelled to lean upon her staff. The little Hebe saw the difficulty, and was in an instant at the handle. Holding the ladle until it was filled, she carried it gently to the lip of the old lady, then filled it again, while the warm, grateful thanks of the poor woman called the crimson to her cheek, which as she hurried away was deepened by the consciousness that she was observed.

We shall ever remember that girl, and the joyous satisfaction with which she performed a good and kind action to the aged. The scene, and the hearty thanks of the the old lady, call forcibly to mind, and not altogether inappropriately, the beautiful thought in Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*:

——"It is a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught,
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite than when nectarious juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.—At a mason's yard in this city is a headstone, with these words: "*Our dear little Baby's*" and the marble upon which affection has cut the sentence, is as small and as pure as an infant. Surely, here is perfection in an epitaph! The age of a dying child is nothing, and need not be recorded; and what is there in a name when the heart yearns for the form. This little stone has no mark for curiosity, and cold history would frown on it: but a parent—any parent—entering the graveyard where that baby rests, and that small marble tablet may stand, would carfully avoid treading on the little grave, and yet would stand there, conjuring up the once bright eyes of that baby fixed on a mother's love, and its arms opening for a fathers fondness; and then, alas, the dimming of those eyes, and the drooping of those arms—the silence, and what more sad, of a dead child; —and the father and mother bereft of all but this cry of nature—"*Our dear little Baby!*"

A SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

On leaving home for a boarding school.

Now, daughter, ye hae' just four things to learn in Edinburg:—ye ha'e to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. Its no' the bobs and curls, the ribbons and the rose-knots, the gildot kames, and the toppings o' weel-sleekit-up-hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yourself and act for yourself, for ye canna always ha'e your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure never to be ashamed, either in this world, or the one that's to come.

If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will be mair dependance on your head than your hands; but yet, ye are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yourself a new gown at oura time, or a frock to a wee bit ane.

But now for the heart, daughter—that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching ower of all; and there is naught else that I am so unqualified to gi'e advice in. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancor and deceit; and as to the forming of any improper connexions, or youthful partialities, it is sae dangerous at your time of life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I mean, therefore, to leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have meant the management of the tongue as another, and a separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart, and if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronunciations. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in na auld Scotch phrase that she learned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind aye this, my child, that good sense is well faured and becoming in whatever dialect it be spoken; and ane's mother tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass or an auld carl the best. —*Ettrick Shepherd.*

ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:—

Mr. Girard had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years expected Mr. Girard to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. Girard said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. Girard upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you us to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said Mr. Girard, "and my advice to you is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest"—and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers and agreed with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. Girard that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finish, three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. Girard said the barrels were first rate and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out you bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. Girard drew a check for twenty thousand dollars, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words:—

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and loose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

NECESSITY OF TRUTH.—We are so constituted, that obedience to the law of veracity is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Were we to loose either our feeling of obligation to tell the truth, or our disposition to receive as truth whatever is told to us, there would at once be an end to all science and all knowledge, beyond that which every man had obtained by his own personal observation and experience. No man could profit by the discoveries of his contemporaries, much less by the discoveries of those men who have gone before him. Language would be useless, and we should be but little removed from the brutes. Every one must be aware, upon the slightest reflection, that a community of entire liars could not exist in a state of society. The effects of such a course of conduct upon the whole, show us what is the will of the Creator in the individual case.—*Dr. Wayland.*

BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—In Longfellow's Hyperion, that casket of rare and sparkling gems, we have the following moral deduction from the story of the hero:—Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart.

DROWNING.—The following is from a letter by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wollaston, in the Memoirs of Sir John Barrow, just published in London:

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his Majesty's ships, in Portsmouth Harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them.

With the violent and vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface; all hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which to you appeared so remarkable; and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

"From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquility succeeded the previous tumultuous sensations. It might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer seemed an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking rather of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio that defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace: The event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned, (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains,)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home—were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range: Our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or consequences; indeed, many trifling events, which had long been forgotten, then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

"May not this be some indication of the infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption?—But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable—that the innumerable ideas that flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water, by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it; a helpless anxiety, a kind of continuous nightmare, seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being free from all bodily pain, as my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours, bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state."

MEMORY RETURNING AT DEATH.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor who was received into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of stupor from an injury in the head, which had continued some months. After an operation he suddenly recovered, so far as to speak, but no one in the hospital understood his language.—But a Welsh milk-woman happening to come into the ward, answered him, for he spoke Welsh, which was his native language. He had, however, been absent from Wales more than thirty years, and previous to the accident had entirely forgotten Welsh, although he now spoke it fluently, and recollected not a single word of any other tongue. On his perfect recovery, he again completely forgot his Welsh, and recovered his English.

An Italian gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Rush, in the beginning of an illness spoke English; in the middle of it French; but, on the day of his death, spoke only Italian. A Lutheran clergyman, of Philadelphia, informed Dr. Rush that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had a large number in his congregation, when near death, always prayed in their native languages, though some of them, he was confident, had not spoken them for fifty or sixty years. An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of fever, repeated, with perfect correctness, passages from a number of theological works in Latin, Greek, and Rabbinical Hebrew. It was at length discovered that she had been a servant to a learned clergyman, who was in the habit of walking backward and forward along a passage by the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favorite authors.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a child, four years ago, who underwent the operation of trepanning while in a state of profound stupor from a fracture of the skull. After his recovery, the patient retained no recollection either of the operation or accident; yet at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, of the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars. Dr. Pritchard mentions a man who had been employed with a beetle and wedges splitting wood. At night he put these implements in the hollow of an old tree, and directed his sons to accompany him the next morning in making a fence. In the night, however, he became mad.—After several years his reason returned, and the first question he asked was, whether his sons had brought home the beetle and wedges. They, being afraid to enter into an explanation, said they could not find them; on which he arose, went to the field where he had been accustomed to work so many years before, and found in the place where he had left them, the wedges and the iron rings of the beetle, the wooden part having mouldered away.

DR. FRANKLIN AND TITLES.—The Alexandria *Gazette* says:—"Titles in the U. States," has called to mind an anecdote which Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in relation to the subject, which is authentic and too good to be lost. The anecdote has been repeated to us by one who heard Mr. Jefferson mention it. In the Convention for forming the Constitution of the U. States, it was proposed that *titles* should be given to the high officers of the Government; and the proposition met with favor. The discussion had gone on for some time, when Dr. Franklin arose, and with great gravity, remarked—"that as this matter seemed to be seriously entertained, and might be carried, he had to suggest one *title* which would be new and appropriate—it was a title for the Vice President—and it was, 'His Most *superfluous* Highness!' There was not much more said about titles after that."

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—Jeffries, the great British reviewer, seems to have thought the Yankees were "some." It is said he once remarked that it was his firm belief that if a premium of a thousand dollars were offered for the best translation of the Greek Bible, it would be taken by a Yankee, who, till the offer was made, had never seen a word of Greek in his life.—He would commence learning the language immediately, to qualify himself for the great undertaking, and would finish the whole work quicker than any other person and bear off the premium.

APPAREL.—A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing all men are not Œdipuses to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behooves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—FELTHAM.

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a Lieutenant of the police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate, "I have a brother who is poet."

"Then we are even, said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

From a late English paper.

A PITEOUS TRAGEDY.

A realization of the story of Ginevra, treated both by Rodgers and Shelly, and of the song of the "Mistletoe Bough," occurred at Glascow on Saturday last.—Three young boys, two of them sons of Mr. J. Wilson, builder, Gallowgate, and the other the son of his brother, Mr. Charles Wilson, were lost. As the rest of the family were down to the water, the boys' absence at first occasioned no alarm, as it was supposed that the youngsters, the eldest of whom was about 11 years of age, had set off to join their mother and the rest of the family. As nothing had been heard of them, Mr. Wilson left home early yesterday morning, with the intention of proceeding to Helensburg, where the family were to ascertain if the runaways were there. He had not been gone long away, when a carter, who takes care of a horse belonging to Mr. Wilson, went to the stable for the purpose of procuring some provender for the animal. The provender is kept in a corn chest—a box six feet long and about three deep, with three separate compartments, and secured on the outside with an iron hasp, which fits into a staple in the side of the chest.

On opening the lid, the man was horror stricken at finding the three boys motionless at the bottom of the chest, each occupying one of the compartments. He immediately summoned assistance, and they were taken out; but it was found that James Wilson, aged 11, and Charles Wilson, about a year younger, were quite dead, and had been so apparently for a considerable length of time. The youngest, a boy between seven and eight years, showed some signs of life, and by prompt medical attendance he gradually revived, so as to be able to state what led to the melancholy catastrophe. The brothers and cousin had gone into the chest in search of beans, and while so engaged the lid, which, as has been already stated, is secured on the outside by an iron hasp fitting into a staple, closed on them. In falling, the hasp, as it most unfortunately happened, fixed into the staple, and all the united strength of the poor captives was insufficient to enable them to burst the bonds of what, too truly, proved their tomb.

On the side at which the youngest boy was found, the lid did not fit so close as the other parts, and to the limited supply of air which had been admitted through this crevice is to be attributed his preservation. They had endeavored to support each other's courage as well as they could in their dismal dungeon, and before giving up hope one of them broke the blade of a pen knife in the attempt to make an incision through the side of the chest. After they had exhausted themselves with unavailing shouts and cries, which were not heard on earth, they all joined in prayer. This is the last circumstance which the surviving sufferer recollects, as he soon after became insensible. To account for no noise having been heard, it may be mentioned that the wood yard in which the stable is situated is locked up early on Saturday afternoon, and is not again entered till Monday morning.

COBDEN.

Elihu Burritt, in one of his letters from England, furnishes the following brief sketch of the Anti-Corn Law League:—

"Cobden arose—not to speak for the space of several minutes, but to stand up in affecting silence before the assembly who would have drowned the voice of a trumpet before the swelling peals of applause with which they greeted the Napoleon of moral revolution. Several times he essayed to speak, but before he could frame his lips to the utterance of a word, the multitude would burst forth anew with another volume of cheers. I saw his clear, spirit speaking eye fill with tears, on thus being interrupted the third time in his efforts to make himself heard. There stood the meekest looking man I ever saw fronting a public assembly, and in the meekest attitude. He stood with his slight form inclining forward, with one of his thin pale hands hanging by the forefinger from a button hole in the left breast of his coat, and with the other resting on a corner of the speaker's desk as if for support; he looked the very impersonation of timid modesty. His whole attitude and appearance reminded me of some humble member of the Methodist church, in America, arising in one of their class meetings to "tell his experience," in a contrite spirit. And that was England's foremost man! Among the heroes her annals have numbered, that soft voiced revolutionist stood the highest in the people's gratitude! For England had become a people and he the people's man, and this was the hour of his coronation. The first words he uttered fell upon the listening multitude in tones of querulous modulation. They were uttered with child-like simplicity, and were tremulous with the emotion he confessed."

WOMAN.

It is not hers to guide the storm of war,
To rule the stath, or thunder at the bar;
To sit with men in legislative hall:
To govern realms, or mark their rise and fall.
These things are not for her;—'tis woman's care,
Alone to rear the shoots that flourish there;
To wipe the starting tear from childhood's eye,
To sooth his little woes, his wants supply;
To guard his morals with unceasing care,
And bend for him the supplinnt knee in prayer;
Then give him in his full and perfect worth,
To serve the land that smiled upon his birth.

A PROLIFIC CONTRIBUTER.—What would the newspapers do if Rumor was to strike, and declare she would not write another line? Take away Rumor, and scarcely a newspaper would live. If Rumor was paid for every thing that appeared in her name, what a deal of money she would make at a penny-a-lining.

It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering. *Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

MISS LOW.

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline
Amelia Agnes Low,
Was none of Nature's Journeymen's
Unchiselled work, I trow.
Her forehead was as smooth as glass,
Her mouth was a straight line,
And her eyes stood out as visibly
As letters on a sign.

The "Venus of the Capitol"
Was taller than Miss Low,
But then Miss Low's diameter
Made up for it, you know;
And tho' she was the "mould of form,"
And wore unrival'd shoes,
Her waist was notinvisible,
And her feet were "made to use."

'T was said Miss Polly Dolly Low
Was waiting to disclaim
The last sweet monosyllable
Of her romantic name;
And every Sunday evening
She comb'd her golden hair,
And at the window, pensively,
Sat "sighing to the air.

And Cupid, little rogue, was kind,
That is so often cruel,
And to Miss Polly Dolly's flame
He sent a stick of fuel—
A tall and handsome man was he,
The reigning village beau,
That made his bow one evening
To Polly Dolly Low.

He took a chair and sidled up,
And said, "I guess as how
You think, Miss Polly Adeline,
I've come to court you now."
"I know'd it," said the overcome
Miss Polly, "long ago"—
And on his neck she flung herself—
Affectionate Miss Low!

And then got up, quite out of breath,
Young Ebenezer Stout,
And spoke again, "I guess as how
You didn't hear me out—
I thank you kindly for your kiss,
But *I am not your beau*—
'T was brother Jacky wanted you!
Miss Polly Dolly Low.

A DESPERATE LOVER.

Here is a lover in a most awful condition, and all owing to a vixen of a girl saying she would'nt:

I know 'tis a sin, too—
But I'm bent on the notion—
I'll throw myself into
The deep briny ocean,
Where mud eels and cat fish
On my body shall riot,
And flounders and flat fish
Select me for diet;
There soundly I'll slumber
Beneath the rough billow,
And crabs without number
Shall crawl o'er my pillow;
But my spirit shall wander thro' gay coral bowers,
And frisk with the mermaids—it shall, by the powers!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SWARM of bees contain from ten thousand to twenty thousand in a natural state, and twenty thousand to forty thousand in a hive.

SPONGES are believed to consist of excitable flesh full of small mouths, by which they absorb and eject water.

THE sloth does not advance above a hundred yards in a day. It is two days in climbing and descending a tree.

INSECTS breathe through holes or pores on each side of every segment of the abdomen, called spiracula.

The gall-fly forms the gall nuts on trees and plants by its eggs, and young, and the gad-fly does the same in the skin of cattle.

A HEALTHY liver weighs nearly four pounds, but diseased ones become four or five times heavier.

THE human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but the brain of a horse is but a four hundredth.

OTTO of roses is the oil which swims on top in the distillation of rose water.

BIRD lime is prepared from the berries of the mistletoe, and the middle bark of the holly; it is boiled till it becomes soft.

THE human body, in a healthy state, is generally at 98° Fahrenheit.

The heat of an oven, applied to a dead human body, for twelve days, reduces it from 120 to 12 pounds.

THE earth is believed to increase in heat a degree in every fifteen or twenty yards in depth.

THE waters of the Read sea appear to be thirty-two feet higher than the Mediterranean—and the Gulf of Mexico is twenty-eight feet lower than the Pacific.

MOST mountains present their precipitous faces to the sea and their slopes to the land.

THE sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as one hundred and sixty-eight to forty, or as four to one.

THE narrowest port of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is one and a half miles.

INSECTS are found in slate, and flies and ants in amber.

THE highest peak of the Rocky mountains is 11,500 feet, and Jamo's Peak is 12,000 feet.

THE mountains of Seger, in Arabia, produce frankincense; and those of Safra, the balm of Mecca, from the amyris opobalsamum, which in the early ages sold for its weight in gold.

EARTH is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour.

LOVE OF THE SUBLIME.—A most remarkable instance of animal sagacity has occurred at the village of Rustington, near Arundel, in Sussex. Out of a lane leading from the village to the sea, a cow has been observed to emerge daily a little before high water, and to walk down on the sands, and take up a position about fifty yards from the rising tide; there she would stand, evincing every sympton of pleasure, till the waves reached her feet, and then she would very leisurely retire to her pasture again. One morning she had not been able to get to the sea side till very nearly high water, and she was seen running down the lane to the beach in great haste, as if afraid of being too late to enjoy her accustomed treat! Such an instance we believe to be unparalleled in natural history. Doubtless her sensitive ears would give due warning of the advancing waters when grazing in her quiet pasture; but it seems very difficult to account for the animal's proceedings, except we entertain the idea, that it had a true perception of, and admiration for, "the sublime and the beautiful."

[From the National Intelligencer.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—We have received from Dr. BRONSON, the gentleman to whom it was addressed, a copy of the following letter from General TAYLOR, with a request for its insertion in the Intelligencer—a request which we cheerfully and readily comply with:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp near Monterey, August 10, 1847.

SIR: Your letter of the 17th ultimo, requesting of me an exposition of my views on the questions of national policy now at issue between the political parties of the United States, has duly reached me.

I must take occasion to say that many of my letters, addressed to gentlemen in the United States in answer to similar inquires, have already been made public, and I had greatly hoped that all persons interested had, by this time, obtained from them a sufficiently accurate knowledge of my views and desires in relation this subject. As it appears, however, that such is not the case, I deem it proper, in reply to your letter, *distinctly to repeat that I am not before the people of the United States as a candidate for the next Presidency.* It is my great desire to return at the close of *this war* to this discharge of those professional duties and to the enjoyment of those domestic pursuits from which I was called at its commencement, and for which my tastes and education best fit me.

I deem it but due to candor to state, at the same time, that, if I were called to the Presidential Chair by *the general voice of the people without regard to their political differences*, I should deem it my duty to accept the office. But while I freely avow my attachment to the administrative policy of our *early Presidents*, I desire it to be understood that I cannot submit, even in thus accepting it, to the exaction of any other pledge as to the course I should pursue than that of discharging its functions to the best of my ability, and strictly in accordance with the requirements of the *constitution*.

I have thus given you the circumstances under which only can I be induced to accept the high and responsible office of President of the United States. I need hardly add that I cannot in any case permit myself to be brought before the people by any of the political parties that now so unfortunately divide our country, as their candidate for this office.

It affords me great pleasure, in conclusion, fully to concur with you in your high and just estimate of the virtues, both of head and heart, of the distinguished citizens (Messrs. CLAY, WEBSTER, ADAMS, MCDUFFIE, and CALHOUN) mentioned in your letter. *I have never yet exercised the privilege of voting; but had I been called upon at the last Presidential election to do so, I should most certainly have cast my vote for Mr. Clay.*

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient serv't,
Z. TAYLOR,
Major General U. S. Army.
F. S. BRONSON, M. D., Charleston, S. C.

MACAULY AND THE DUKE.—A little incident will show you the estimation in which Mr. Macaulay is held in Paris.—Many months ago, I was walking in the street with a literary man of some distinction; a splendid English equipage dashed past us. and I observed, "There goes the Duke of——." "Bah!" cried the Frenchman, "what do I care for your dukes!"—A few minutes after, we met a plainly dressed gentleman, with an umbrella under his arm and a book in his hand, trudging along in the mud, with boots and dress by no means calculated to look well in the *boudoir* of a duchess. "There's Macaulay!" said I. "Macauly!" echoed the Frenchman, "Ah! let's have a good look at him!" And to get a good look at the brilliant writer, and great Parliament orator, the Frenchman walked as near him as possible for about five minutes.—*French Correspondent of the Edinburg Register.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—At the University election, Mr. Butt, the well known political barrister, made a poignant retort upon Mr. Shaw. On the day of nomination, after Mr. Butt had addressed the electors, Mr. Shaw said: "Speaking, not as an Oxford graduate, but as an Irish gentleman, I will say that Mr. Butt's speech proves nothing but the vulgarity of his own nature, which not even an education at this university could refine." Mr. Butt had no opportunity of replying till some time after, when he took care to tell the Recorder, "That it was a great pity, when he had secured a retiring pension of three thousand per annum on the consolidated fund, that he had not also managed to put his tongue on the civil list."

TISSOT, a modern writer, asserts that of all causes that have injured the health of women, none has been more deleterious than the prodigious multiplication of romances during the last century. Females, whose constitutions would have been robust, have been weakened gradually by the two strong impressions of impassioned writings. The tender romances hinder, instead of promoting marriages. A woman, while her heart is warmed by the languor of love, does not seek a husband—a hero must lay his laurels at her feet. Girls—is this so?

While Raymond and Waring's caravan was being exhibited in the West, a gawky, long-legged Jonathan from the country, who had never "seen the elephant," either literally or metaphorically, was stalking along carelessly in the pavilion, alternately staring at the caged animals and cramming a sheet of gingerbread into his mouth, when he suddenly came bump against Columbus.

"Thunder and spikes!" exclaimed he, staggering backwards about twenty paces, while his eyes stuck out like letters on a sign—"*what darn'd critter with two tails have we here?*"

UNGALLANT JEAN PAUL!—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt" to her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise—"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot, where you happen to be; don't you hear me, halt, I say, all of you!"