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The Shepherdess.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sat we on the mossy rocks
In the twilight long ago,
I and Ulna, keeping flocks—
Flocks with fleeces white as snow.
Beauty smiled along the sky;
Beauty shone along the sea;
"Ulna, Ulna," whispered I,
"This is all for you and me!"

Brushing back my heavy locks,
Said he, not alas! in glee,
"Art content in keeping flocks
With a shepherd boy like me?"
Shone the moon so softly white
Down upon the mossy rocks,
Covering sweetly with her light
Me and Ulna, and our flocks.

Running wild about our feet
Were the blushing summer flowers—
"Ulna," said I, "what is sweet
In this world, that is not ours?"
Thrice he kissed my cheek and sighed,
"These are dreary rocks and cold—
Oh, the world is very wide,
And I weary of my fold!"

Now a thousand oxen stray
That are Ulna's down the moor;
And great ships their anchors weigh,
Freighted with his priceless ore.
But my tears will sometimes flow,
Thinking of the mossy rocks
Where we sat so long ago,
I and Ulna, keeping flocks.

The Child is Dead.

Extract from the "Thoughts of Little Children," by Rev. S. I. Prime.

It is hard to believe it: that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from its glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child, and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold.—Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of the face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed, but he will feel it not. He would not know of it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side; like them he withered.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently. It is a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper.—Here we are, at the brink of the sepulchre. Oh, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest!

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, gone, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in Heaven. He is not here; he is risen.

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort at times, and to think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, I feel, that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made that infant less dear to Jesus.—Nay, there is even something that tells me the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the saviour more when I had one child less to love. He knoweth our frame; he knows the way to win and bind us. Dear saviour, as thou hast my lamb, give *me* too a place in thy bosom.—Set me a seal on thy heart.

And now let us go back to the house.—It is strangely changed. It is silent and cheerless, gloomy even. When did I enter this door without the greeting of those lips and eyes, that I shall greet no more? Can the absence of one produce so great a change so soon? When one of the children was away on a visit, we did not feel the absence as we do now. That was for a time; this is forever. He will not return. Hark! I thought for a moment it was the child, but it was only my own heart yearning for the lost. He will not come again.

There is no difficulty to him who wills.

The Pastor's Mission.

It is a sweet ministration, that of giving comforting hopes to the child of sorrow, and pouring balm upon the wounds that earth can never heal; it is a holy office to stand in the presence of immortals, and portray the glories of the future world, to unfold lofty visions before the repentant transgressor, who fain would lift the veil of sin from before his inner tabernacle, and gaze upon the revealed beauty of a risen Redeemer. Little the pastor realizes the extent of the blessings which God permits him to scatter on all who move in his path. Eternity will unfold them, and then he will smile as he murmurs, "how often did it seem to me a hopeless task to convince the stubborn heart, and subdue the strong will; could I have known all this—"

And the angel may whisper in tones softer than those of his heart—"there would not then have been so much joy for thee in heaven."

The pastor's mission is a laborious one, and fraught with more real joy than any other that could be delegated to man.

He may enter his pulpit with a downcast eye, throbbing temple and weary spirit; he may feel as he opens the lids of the great book, as if God had withdrawn His presence from him, because poor humanity faints by the way, and the cares of earth have left some shadows on his soul; perchance an unkind word from a brother yet lingers in his ear, or the listless faces that meet his glance, tempt hope and faith to sink down nerveless beside the altar of prayer.

He does not know how eagerly some humble wayfarer waits till the holy words shall fall upon his ear. He cannot raise the mask from all the careless seeming around him; he beholds not, in those so outwardly clothed in smiles deep and abject self-condemnation, that his appeals may quicken into more active life; he cannot see the unbroken grief, that, like children bereft of speech, telling their sorrows to their own hearts and heaven, bear all things uncomplainingly, yet love the soothing of a tender spirit.

In the dark hour the pastor's prayer is the last sweet sound that lingers on dying ears; he prepares the doubting mind to meet its God in peace, breaks the bread of the covenant and hears it to the quivering lips, quoting the while righ promises from the mine of imperishable treasures. The greatest, the wisest, the best, long, in that time when the last enemy triumphs, to feel the warm clasp of the pastor's hand. He it was who taught them the way to heaven; and shall he not go with them to the threshold of eternity and mark its dawning splendor already reflected upon their dying brows!

What faithful minister, in view of these sweet offices, will not feel refreshed and strengthened when he knows that the little rill of pure love poured into the fainting bosom of the wayward one, may swell to a mighty river, bearing upon its tide thousands of souls, who shall in eternity point to him as their crown of rejoicing! How can joy but say—if my cares are burdensome, may she outweigh them all.

A Child's Sympathy.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it, or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, worthy or fit to attract the love you seek; but its whole soul will incline itself to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

The history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Your very apparel is a dictionary.

"The 'bayonet' tells us that it was first made at Bayonne—'cambrics' that they came from Cambray—'damask' from 'Damascus—'arras' from the city of the same name—'cordwain' or 'cordova' from Cordova—'currants' from Corinth—the 'guinea,' that was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called—'camlet,' that it was woven at least in part of camel's hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress of England that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the east; yet the words bring standing witness that we once imported them thence; for 'calico' is from Calcut, and 'muslin' from Mousul, a city in Asiatic Turkey."

CUT A DIDO.—It is told in history that Dido, Queen of Tyre, about eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, fled from that place upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much land as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made.—The natives allowed the cunning Queen to have her way; but when anybody played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido," and the phrase has come down to our day.

PROLIFIC.—The Jersey City Telegraph says that, a few days ago, Mrs. Elliot, wife of Richard Elliot, the *drummer*, living on Newark avenue in the 4th ward of that city, gave birth to her *twenty third* child. Both mother and child are doing well. The age of Mr. Elliot is 55, and that of Mrs. E. 50. They have been married about 30 years.

When is a lighted candle like a tombstone? When it's set up for a LATE husband.

An Ebony Beauty of Martinique.

DESCRIBED BY MR. WILLIS.

In one of his recent letters from the West Indies, to the Home Journal, N. P. Willis gives us the following particulars of his acquaintance with a negro beauty "as black as your hat:"

I have just been presented to a jet-black young lady, who is in "the best of society" of Fort Royal, (the seat of Government,) and who is said to be more admired, by the French officers stationed there, than any other lady on their visiting list. Of that city of ten thousand inhabitants, Mademoiselle Juliette Celestine, we are assured, is quite the fashionable young lady most attended to. She is an intimate friend of our fair hostess, and it was to this happy chance that we owed the privilege of a presentation to her. She was in town for a few days, and had called yesterday; and, on Madame Stephanie's mentioning, this morning at breakfast, that she was to call again to-day we so expressed ourselves as to be sent for on her arrival.

M'lle Juliette is of the blood that does not thin with the climate, as do the whites. She is about nineteen, and as plump as Hebe—her original model from nature apparently just perfected. Her skin, though as black a one as I ever saw, is fine-grained and lustrous, and her shoulders, (there was no denying,) quite beautiful.—The gorgeous-colored Madras turban covered her forehead to the eyebrows, and, with a long sweep of twisted fold over the cheek, concealed the hair—the lace hem of her snowy chemise being the next downward interuption to the lines of rounded ebony. Her features are strictly African—the lips full, and the nose of that degree of flatness which is only affectionate, and which I take to be the highest expression of this shape in contradistinction to the more repelling aquiine. Her eyes would have been beautiful if there had been anything white in the neighborhood with which to contrast them—but black eyes on so black a ground were "coals to Newcastle."—They had one fine quality, however; they had never been contracted with a suspicion, or a withdrawal of confidence, or an attempt to understand anything that did not speak for itself; and they were, consequently, as tranquility open as the cups of two waterlilies. Her smile was of the same never-startled confidingness—coming and going with the ease of a shadow—and her teeth were only too white and perfect for any piquancy of expression. No jeweller could have cut them more evenly out of pearl.—Her little fat black hands were daintily tapered, and looked lady-like. She wore large rings, that, with her gold chains and the enormous gold ear-rings, which they call *clinq-clous*, made a sort of a barbaric glitter, with her lively gestures and expressive motions of the head, which seemed to me very picturesque. I was pleased, by the way, with the consistency with which he adhered to the dress and ornaments exclusively worn by these of her own color. The *cinq-clous* ear-rings, particularly—masses of solid gold, resembling five small kegs welded together by the sides—are seen in every respectable black ear, never in a white one. It would have been natural and reasonable for her, considering her means and social position, to have graced her beauty with some of the French fashions, abundantly within reach and worn by the Creole ladies with whom she associates.

Mademoiselle Juliette's reception of us was politely cordial and entirely without embarrassment. It seemed odd to us, at first, to hear the French, which we consider an accomplishment, come so fluently and elegantly from a mouth of that color, but it heightened the novelty and charm of her impression. After a little talk upon climates, conversation turned upon the usages of our ladies, and the difference of etiquette in our different countries, and she laughed immoderately of some of the American distinctions between propriety and impropriety in female manners.—Love of fun seemed to be her uppermost quality, and her own views and notions, though entirely modest and delicate, were a singular mixture of frankness and droll mockery. I could easily see how the French officers at Fort Royal might find a constant pleasure in her society. Our visit ended with an examination of her monstrous ear-rings, (for which she held her cheek towards us with the simplicity of a child,) and, with an exchange of souvenirs between her and myself—I giving her my watch guard, and she giving me two berries of the acajou tree, which she carried as charms in her pocket. My friend and I agreed that we had made a charming call, and that Mademoiselle Juliette Celestine was a memorable additon (of a new color) to our acquaintance.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—Passing the foot of the market one day last week, we overheard a Yankee and an Irishman good naturedly but earnestly discussing the question of the latter's right to vote in this country.

"You're an Irishman," said Jonathan.

"Bad luck to the like of ye, I tell ye I'm an American—as yerself."

"Well, I say yew aint. 'Taint no use o' you tryin' to fool people that way.—Hear your *brouge* neow."

"I tell ye I'm an *Ameriken*," insisted Pat.

"Haow long have yew been here?"

"More ner tin year."

"Wall yew wasn't born here, was yew?"

"*Borhn*, is it? What the devil has that to do wid it, and how, then?"

"Yew must be born in this country, Pat, to be a native American."

"Shure, an' perhaps the like uv ye never heard of a man's bein' borhn again, did ye?"

"Wall, that won't dew no how."

"Well, then I *was* borhn in ould Ireland, true for ye. But I'm an Amerikin, for all that sure. For, do ye mind, a man might be born in a stable—but *wud that make him a horse?*"

The roar from the bystanders which followed this "settler," rather took our Yankee friend out of his boots, for the moment; and he forthwith retired, declaring that Pat was "a good 'un, anyheow."

Beautiful Extract.

Mr. Webster is the only survivor of that illustrious trio of Statesmen,

"Who shook the nations through their lips, and blaz'd,
Till vanquished Senates trembled as they praised."

One sleeps, this beautiful day, in the sweet shade of the magnolia's blossoms—his great heart is still, and quenched is the light of his glorious eye forever—another and fit companion of the great South Carolinian fell but yesterday, on the field of his fame, and now, cold and dead, is borne on his bier through a weeping nation, back to the generous soil of old Kentucky, there to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. The orator, the chivalric gentleman, and noble friend, is beyond the reach of malice or of praise—never again will he rouse us with his bugle blasts, or melt us into tenderness by the touching melody of his voice. And he, of the imperial intellect,

"With the Athenian's glowing style, and Tully's fire,"

wanders, companionless and alone, by the deep sea he loves so well—gazing, with his great eyes, into "that undiscovered country, from whose borne no traveller returns." Oh! long may he live—and may the refreshing breezes fan his brow and bring back the roses of health to his fading cheeks.

I refer thus to these great Americans, not to conciliate their friends—not as a partizan, no! no!—let the bugles of party this day sound a truce—but in obedience to the

"Emotions that start,
When memory plays an old tune upon the heart,"

I could not better illustrate the story of our institutions than by reference to these great men, their noblest offspring.

Sam Slick on the Eye.

"Squar, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur. It runs straight from the heart to the eye, and goes so almighty fast it can't be compared to nothing but 'lied lightning. The moment the heart opens its door out jumps an emotion, whips into the ear, and off's, like wink, to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lamp: you can see him ever so far off.

Look to the *eye*, Squar; if there ain't no lamp here, no soul leaves the heart that hitch, there ain't no train runing, and the station-house is empty. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go, like lights and shade in natur, the hands will squeeze like a fox trap; the body bends most gracefully, the ear will be most attractive, the manner will flatter, so you're enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—*but the eye never.*

"But Squar, there's all sorts of eyes.—There's an unmeaning eye, and a cold eye; a true and false eye; a sly eye, a kicking eye, a passionate eye, a revengful eye, a manœuvring eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye, a squintin' eye, and the evil eye, and mor'n all, the dear little loving eye. They must all be suited to the larnt; but the two important ones to be known are the true and false eye."

An American writer, somewhat more distinguished as a philosopher and psychologist than Mr. Slick, contends that the "practised eye" may often deceive the most acute observer, but that there is something in the play of the lines about the mouth, the shades of emotion developed by the least change in the expression of the lips that defies the strictest self-control. We leave both theories with the reader.

WHAT HAS HE BEEN.—What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is, you should inquire, "What is he now? What is his present character?" If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition too common amongst men to rake up and drag to the light, long forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of a daughter to a father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, "Do you know where he comes from?" "No," replied the girl, "I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going, and I wish to go with him." That is right. If we see a person on the right track—exerting a good influence; it is sufficient without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed what more can we desire? And what benefit will it be to us to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he has repented in dust and ashes?

PIERCE POETRY.—The Mount Gilead *Messenger* has a poetic muse, who becomes inflated with Pierce gas, and belches forth in irregular breath, as follows:

"Upon his fiery steed,
He dashed amid the fight,
And led his gallant legions on,
And put the foe to flight."

We think the poetry and history of the above would be much improved if it read thus:

"Upon his fiery steed,
He dashed amid the fight,
The horse got scared, and so did he,
And fell and fainted quite."

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added in a tone of compassion and forgiveness—"and yet I don't know why. I should be, he never did me any harm."

It is generally considered that a man has a right to steal a kiss or an umbrella, whenever he has a chance!

To my Cigar.

Yes, social friend, I love the well,
In learned doctor's spite;
I love thy fragrant, musty smell,
I love thy calm delight.

What if they tell, with phizzes long,
Our years are sooner past!
I would reply, with reason strong,
The're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild tube, to me thou art
A monitor though still
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,
Above the preacher's skill!

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er hist'ry's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Awhile, like thee, the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around;
And then, like thee, to ashes turns,
And mingles with the ground!

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day;
The fragrance of whose virtue lives
When he has passed away.

Oft when the snowy column grows,
And breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Then tumbled to decay!

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is passed;
Sweet nature's works, the mighty globe,
Must still burn out at last.

And what is he that smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow,
Like thee, in dust must sleep!

And when I see thy smoke roll high,
Thy ashes downward go;
'Tis thus, methinks, my soul shall fly!
Thus leave my body low!

The following, from a Maine paper, reminds us of a speech Daniel O'Connell once made to the finest 'pisantry' in Christendom. Said the great agitator:—

"Boys, havn't I been a husband to the widows among ye?"

"Ye have, Dan, ye have," shouted his auditors.

"Havn't I been a protector to yer orphans?"

"Yes, Dan, ye sowl, ye have!"

"And havn't I been a father to yer children?"

"The Devil the denyin' that, anyhow!" rapturously roared the crowd.

"And," shouted one of his most enthusiastic admirers, "it would be doin' yerself an honor if ye wad but acknowledge yer relationship to the orphans!"

But to the relation of the Maine Journal:

A rather good anecdote was related by Mr. Anderson, at the mass meeting in Portland, the other day.

"A zealous temperance man," he said, "stating the fact that the Widows' Wood Society had distributed less wood than usual this winter, although the season had been unusually cold, and the Society have had ample funds, attributed it to the fact that since the liquor law has been enforced, the *husbands of the widows* could not spend their money for rum!"

WE HAVE HEARD OF HIM!—Our Canadian neighbors take some interest in politics on this side of the Lake. A captain of a Canadian vessel trading at this port, inquired of a gentleman a few days since, with whom he was doing some business, as to whom the two parties had nominated for President. He was told the "Democrats" had nominated Pierce. The next question was—*Who is he?* The gentlemen gave him as good an account of young "Circumstances" as circumstances would permit. Well, said our Canadian neighbor, who have the other party nominated? General Winfield Scott was the reply.—"Oh!" said he, "*We have heard of him.*"—*Oswego Daily Times.*

Gen. Pierce was not long in Mexico before he ascertained that he was not calculated to shine as a military commander.—After fainting twice on the field of battle, he certainly had good reasons for supposing that nature never designed him to wear epaulettes and a cocked hat. He therefore very properly resigned his office and returned to the pursuits of success. A soldier should be a man who cannot faint either with pain or at bloody spectacles. He should be such a man as Witherington was, of whom the ballad of Chevy Chace says:

For Witherington needs I must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

WANTED.—A fifer and drummer to beat time for the march of intellect; a pair of snuffers to trim the "light of other days;" a stone cutter that can drill a hole deep enough to blast the "rock of ages;" a ring that will fit the finger of scorn; a bridle to the reins of government; a loose pulley to run on the shaft of envy; a new cushion for the seat of government.

'Oh what is woman? What her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light?
What is she if these lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of Jet:
The light spring flowers may meekly bow
Before her tread; and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity!'

Lady's Book.

A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fashionable in that quarter to enclose a dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to a printer. A good custom, which ought to prevail every where.

Six dollars, to printer and priest,
No sensible man could refuse;
Five dollars to render him blest,
And one to publish the news!

A CONUNDRUM.—Will some of our readers answer the following conundrum?

Like Pallas, from the Thunderer's head,
Full formed, to life I came,
And though I often change my shape,
My heart remains the same.
Come, tell my name, some say it is
A substitute for pelf;
Then add a letter, and I am
The father of myself.

The Albany Dutchman expresses its surprise that young men can consent to loaf about the rum-shops as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a six-pence.

WOMAN.—The government of families leads to the comfort of communities, and the welfare of the States. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy, home is the empire of woman. There she plans, directs and performs, the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity. Where female virtue is most pure, female sense is most approved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, the most precious years of life and opening season, are confined to woman's superintendance; she therefore may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtues, and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

A POSER.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady, in a village down east, received a long call from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her visit beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her hither.

"I've been asked a good many times if you wasn't engaged to Dr. C. Now, if the folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I say that I *think?*"

"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm, blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business!"

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim, as the reluctant, the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance, the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

A Western New York farmer writes us follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturalist to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a new variety of swine:

"Respected Sir:—I went yesterday to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species; there was not a great variety of beasts; I was very much astonished at not seeing you there."

The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, has been usually attributed to the friction produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with more gallantry, and perhaps with equal truth, that it is owing to the sweetness of their lips, as it is a fact well established by popular belief, that sweet things spoil the teeth!

A yankee down east has invented a machine that will reap, thrash, winnow and grind, also spin cotton, scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, darn stockings, pare nails, whittle shingles, whistle Yankee Doodle, play checkers, and puff itself in the newspapers.

SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP.—The Boston Traveler understands that Mrs. H. B. Stowe received, on the 9th inst., from her publishers, Messrs. Jewett & Co., the sum of ten thousand three hundred dollars as her copy right premium on three months sales of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

LORD NORTH, during a severe sickness, said to his physician—"Sir, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances." "Who are they, my lord?" inquired the doctor. "My ribs," replied his lordship, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

The following advice of President Witherspoon to his pupils might be a benefit to some orators of the present day:—"In the first place take care that ye ne'er begin to speak till ye ha' something to say; and secondly, be sure to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

CEMENT TO MEND EARTHEN AND GLASS WARE.—This cement sold about the country as a great secret, is nothing more than shellac melted, and drawn into sticks. Heat the article a little above boiling water heat, and apply a thin coating on both surfaces of the broken vessel, and when cold it will be as strong as it was originally.

An eccentric man in Bath, Maine, was asked to contribute to Foreign Missions. He gave a quarter of a dollar, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said:—"Here is a dollar to pay the expenses of getting that quarter to the heathen." A word to the wise.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of girls, told them—"You are "small potatoes!" "We may be "small potatoes," "said one of them, "but we are *sweet* ones!"

A man, very much intoxicated, was sent to durance vile. "Why didn't you bail him out?" inquired a bystander. "Bail him out," exclaimed the other, "you couldn't pump him out."

I am going to draw this *beau* into a knot, as the lady said when standing at the hymenial altar.

Lord Brougham says:—A lawyer is a learned man who *rescues* your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jocky. "No; not exactly," replied Simon, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

ONLY TOO TRUE.—He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

The average age of farmers is about 63 years. Professional men 57.

Why is a rhinoceros after swallowing a tiger cat, like a Roman swordsman? Because he is *glad-he-ate-her!*

Scott, who oft to Victory led!

AIR—"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

Scott, who for his country bled,
Scott, who ne'er from duty fled,
Scott, who oft to victory led,
He shall still our chieftain be.

Trust to him in danger's hour;
Should the schemes of traitors lour,
He will baffle all their power—
Speed our glorious destiny.
"Scott, who for his country bled, &c.

Who doth fear a *pierce* or thrust?
Every *king* shall bite the dust!
Countrymen! a nation's trust,
Rescue *from* a bigot's hand!
Scott, who for his country bled, &c.

Who would not reward the brave?
Forth! your country's credit save—
Honor him who honor gave—
On with Scott to victory!
Scott, who for his country bled, &c.

From the fame of Chippewa,
Queenstown Heights, Niagara,
Old Fort George, and Florida,
"See the conquering hero comes!"
Scott, who for his country bled, &c.

By the fields of Mexico,
Covered with our country's foe,
He has scattered or laid low;
On with Scott to victory!

Scott, who for his country bled,
Scott, who ne'er from duty fled,
Scott, who oft to victory led,
He shall still our chieftain be!

Diary of an Officer.

The Wilmington Journal has placed in its hands the Diary of an officer of the army, who served with Gen. Scott in Mexico. The writer was an eye-witness to the facts recorded, and we subjoin some of them as follows:

SCOTT'S CARE FOR HIS SOLDIERS.

General Scott's regard for his soldiers was visible in every act he committed.

When the fleet sailed from Anton Lizardo, Gen. Scott was fearful the enemy had planted masked batteries upon the shore of Vera Cruz, and would contest the the landing of his army. He sent for his general officers, and explained to them that if such was the case, he would disembark in the night and thus endeavor to shield his soldiers. Notwithstanding, however, this order, he directed the steamer Massachusetts (his headquarters) to come close along side of the steamer Eudora (on board of which was Gen. Twiggs) and in an audible voice addressed him thus, "*General,*" said he, "*if the enemy have planted batteries upon the shore, I will not land in open daylight; my last words to you are, General, save my men!* Spare my men." Stricken dumb should be the man who would attempt to sully the purity of the General's heart.

SCOTT ATTENDING THE SICK AND DYING.

On the 17th of April the army had marched from Plan del Rio and assumed its position preparatory to the great struggle that was to take place the next day. Gen. Scott's untiring energy had filled every bosom with high hope, and every eye brightened when gazing on his noble form. The night of the 17th was occupied by him, in dictating orders and maturing his admirable plans for the fight. Although the old hero was suffering from exhaustion in consequence of his arduous duties, he nevertheless refused to rest until he had completed every necessary arrangement for the welfare of his army. Not the most minute object escaped his watchful eye.—His soldiers he looked upon as children, and they in turn had learned already to regard him as their father. To his soldiers' hearts he was their venerated idol, and well did they serve him.

The battle of Cerro Gordo is too well understood to require recapitulation, but there are some incidents connected with it that should be known to the public, and the writer of these lines was an eye-witness to the occurrences:

The evening of the 18th of April, when the battle had long subsided, the troops were engaged in moving the wounded to some cane huts which stood at the foot of the heights where the fight had been most severely contested. The hills of Cerro Gordo contained a countless number of rocky caves, where the unfortunate wounded had in many instances dragged themselves to die.

The search after these poor fellows was extremely toilsome. Night fell at last upon the scene, the moon in silver brightness was throwing its broad beams over the bloody battle ground, and nothing was heard save the wild howl of wolves as they wandered in droves over the hill side.—Towards ten o'clock a form was seen enveloped in a long cloak, and attended by a single companion, to ascend the path leading up the heights and pursue his way noiselessly to the spot where the "right of the Mexican Army" had been posted. That form towering in its majesty was too well known not to have been instantly recognized. It was Winfield Scott attending in person to mark if his orders in respect to the wounded had been strictly obeyed. Bright tears were in his eyes as he gazed on the scene before him—the dead lay in masses thickly covering the bloody soil. It was when standing with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head bowed in deep thought, (melancholy enough) that a painful groan broke upon the air. But so completely wrapped in meditation was he that he heard it not. His "Orderly," who was standing some little distance in rear of him heard it, but hesitated some moments ere he would venture to break the silence by