



I would not kiss the sweet lip Unless it kissed me too; As well as from the young rose bud slip The morning's clear cold dew.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES. An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys, but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances.

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES. Dim and mysterious is the early history of man on this continent. It is enveloped in thick darkness, never, it may be presumed, to be penetrated by human research.

A HAPPY PICTURE OF TOM CORWIN. The New York Herald's Washington letter-writer, in a communication dated the 22d, gives the following brilliant sketch of Tom Corwin.

SOME STATISTICS OF TOBACCO. The Dean of Carlisle has recently delivered a lecture in England upon the subject of tobacco, from which we gather some interesting statistical information concerning the use of the weed in that and other countries.

A "KEERFUL SHEPHERD" Mormonism, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, is still in practical operation amongst us. On last Friday a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburgh with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakewood, held forth as follows to an admiring audience at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completeness of his domestic felicity.

ADVENTURES OF DR. CALDWELL.

In a work, entitled Women of the Revolution, we find the following sketch—The Rev. David Caldwell, a Presbyterian minister of North Carolina, was very much subjected to the persecutions of the loyalists. At one time, while he was absent, a party of British came to his house and occupied it during the absence of Mrs. Caldwell out of doors, who was obliged to seek refuge in the smoke house, where she remained for two days with no other food than a little dried fruit.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment, that he was a hopeless dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy, always much readier for a "bicker," than apt at his lessons.

There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas relief and fresco work.

Mr. Corwin is some five feet eight inches high, and looks to be not over 50 years of age. He is a solid and robust man, with a round, full, jovial face, sparkling with fun and glowing with intelligence. There are half a dozen members in those benches. The usual occupants are crowded around Corwin and fazed with the Democratic party and the South Americans, for the first time this season.

It is calculated that the entire world of smokers, snuffers and chewers, consume 2,000,000 tons of tobacco annually, or 4,480,000,000 pounds weight—as much as the corn consumed by 10,000,000 Englishmen, and actually a cost sufficient to pay for all the bread corn in Great Britain. Five millions and a half of acres are occupied in its growth, the product of which, at two pence per pound, would yield \$37,000,000 sterling.

"When I first landed on the shores of the great Salt Lake I wasn't rich in weemen. I had but one poor old doe, but men is skeerce and weemen is plenty," and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and our lovin' ways, and they kept pourin' in. They come from the North and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Afrikey, and a few of them come from Afrikey, and from bein' the miserible owner of one old yoe, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskin' and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

At one time, when he ventured home on a stolen visit, the house was suddenly surrounded with armed men, who seized him before he could escape, desiring to carry him to the British camp. One or two were sent to guard him, while the others were sent to get such articles of provision and clothing as could be found worth taking away.

He don't believe that all lawyers are rogues, any more than he believes in a snare. He don't believe that the most industrious man likes to work except when he can't help it. He don't believe that two young lovers like to be caught with their arms around one another.

He don't believe that a young lady ought to be married before she is twenty-one at least. He don't believe that young gentlemen should marry before they are able to support a wife. He don't believe in getting up early in the morning, without going to bed early at night. He don't believe a man is a fool because he can't make a speech.

He don't believe that because both wise and windy begin with a W, that they end in the same thing. He don't believe that a lady is much the worse for wearing a bustle, though he decidedly prefers coffee-bags.

Mr. James Clements married the sister of John A. Smith, and grand daughter of Mr. Witches; the lady afterwards took steps to procure a divorce from him. On Saturday last the taking of depositions in the case was progressing at the office of a magistrate, in Franklin county, near the Pittsylvania line.

The appeal was irresistible. At the last accounts the fat woman with the calker bunnet had "sined in," and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning towards the "Keerful Shepherd."

The plantation of Dr. Caldwell and his brother Alexander were near each other. One evening, during Alexander's absence from home, two soldiers entered his house, and began rudely to seize upon everything they saw worth carrying off, having ordered his wife to prepare supper for them.

He don't believe that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. Given perseverance, and energy soon becomes habitual. Provided the dunce has persistency and application, he will inevitably head the cleverer fellow without these qualities. Slow but sure, wins the race.

A LAWYER'S ORATION.—We remember once, when young, living in Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and a young lawyer was to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable.

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Mr. Smith, brother of Mrs. Clements, hearing the firing rushed into the room. A brother of Mr. Clements, who had also been attracted by the pistol report, fired at Addison Witches, a nephew of Vincent Witches, and inflicted a slight wound. Upon seeing his nephew shot, Mr. Vincent Witches again fired, striking Clements No. 2, and killing him instantly.

THREE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—A painful and melancholy occurrence took place in Oxford, in this county, says the Oskaloosa, Iowa, Herald, on Friday evening, the 2d inst. The dwelling of Mr. Spencer De Witt took fire between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, while he and his wife were absent at church. The house was burned to the ground; and three children—two girls, one aged nine, the other three, and a boy aged five—perished in the flames.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO?—The N. Y. Express gives an account of the elopement of two children from Albany, week before last. The boy, James Maylis, is 12, and the girl, Ellen Shurrer, 13 years of age. They came to New York in a steamboat. The police had been notified to apprehend them, but the dispatch did not reach as soon as the boat, and so the young "lovers" landed before the police got to the wharf.

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SINGULAR TIME FOR A MARRIAGE.—A loving couple in Memphis, Tennessee, were last week married under the following singular circumstances: They were taking a carriage drive in one of the principal streets in that city, when they chanced to meet a Judge Hill, who was riding leisurely along upon a favorite donkey.

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AN OLD POSTMASTER.—Mr. Samuel Milton, says the Charleston Courier of March 3d, died recently in Yorkville, South Carolina, in the seventy-second year of his age. He had served as Postmaster for thirty-eight years, under the Administrations of Presidents Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

LABOR CONVENT.—The Alton, Illinois, Democrat informs its readers that a large and splendid convent or seminary for the Sisters of Charity, is to be erected forthwith in that town. This will be the largest structure of the kind in the West, covering an entire block or square, and costing \$30,000.

At a sale of real estate in London, the property sold at the rate of \$4,000,000 per acre.

The National debt, according to Secretary Cobb's showing, is \$60,202,277 66.

Life should be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

Do not generally like to be hampered, but, if you are going out to spend a week in the woods, you had better hamper yourself.

Some men's honesty and decorum are phantoms that feed on the air of opinion, and, like the chameleon, changes as often as their food.

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