Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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THE NEW POET.

Alexander Smith, a young man not more than twenty-one years of age, a native of Glasgow, has had the fortune, in a single bound, to attain a place among the living poets of Great Britain, on a level with the highest. "Poems by Alexander Smith," was the unviting title of his volume. But it has been greeted with praise almost unqualified, from one end of the kingdom to the other. We have not yet seen the book; but from the numberless extracts in the European periodicals, we conclude that *no* modern poet, in his *first* volume, ever gave such unmistakeable evidences of poetic power. He is prodigal of his wealth. His verses teem with ideas and fancies, expressed with such force and felicity, that the reader pauses, every few lines, in that silent ecstasy which the lovers of poetry experience in reading masterpieces for the first time. Here are a few lines for poets only:—

Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My hubie pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou can'st
Clothe me with kingdoms.

Nothing could be finer than the expression "*wet* Leander." It hints the whole story of Leander and Hero, and vivifies the picture strikingly. Still apostrophizing poetry, he asks:—

Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.

Here is another passage, which every young poet will feel the full meaning of:—

There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortalness
To stand on time as on a pedestal: [weak.
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence and self contempt,
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine.

In the same strain, a few lines further on, he adds:—

'Tis not for me, ye heavens?' tis not for me
To fling a poem like a comet out,
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when, upon a racking night, the wine
Draws the pale curtains of the vapory clouds,
And shows those wonderful mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.

There is a fine thought in the following lines:—

Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Once did he say, "For me, I'd rather live
With this weak human heart and yearning blood,
Lonely as God, than mate with barren souls:
More brave, more beautiful than myself must be
The man whom truly I can call my Friend;
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand
O'er me in unreached beauty, like the moon."

What lines, too, are these, which conclude the Poet's address to Nature!—

Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,
And disembowelled by the biting pick,
Kind Nature! thou hast taken to thyself;
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed its scars,
And hid its wounds and trenches deep in flowers.
So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,
Efface the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm my heart,
And the quick courses of my human blood.

And these, which mark the moment, so to speak, of the Poet's regeneration:—

My life was a long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death.

Again in the same grand, inspiring passage, the emancipated Poet speaks thus:—

Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quite lightened-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame.

Our scissors yearn to clip other passages which lie invitingly before us; but in a few days the volume will be republished here, and accessible to all our readers. If Alexander Smith were to die this hour, he would live in the hearts of men for many a year. Our only fear for him is, that the "applauding thunder" with which his appearance has been hailed, may alarm his muse. But we hope better things. There seems to be a spirit in his writings, far above that lust of glory which has weakened and embittered so many of our modern poets. From certain passages, we infer that the new poet is a poor man. If this be so—we should like to ask the Earl of Aberdeen—which were wisest which were best for literature, that Mr. Smith should be pensioned *now*, when a pension would give him that inestimable gift of leisure which only the high and great are fit to be entrusted with, and which *they* can so nobly use, or twenty years hence, when his mind has been worn with the struggle for existence, and when his muse had already achieved her highest flight?—*Home Journal.*

A BLACKSMITH was lately summoned to a country court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied: "I told the fools to settle: for I said the clerks would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts; and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em!"

THE AILING WOMAN.
A MOURNFUL ACCOUNT OF HER AILING FAMILY.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Some people are always ailing. At any rate, they think they are, and say so, screwing up their mouths, and whining out their grievances, real or imaginary, as if they were animated with a strong compound tincture of the souls of Job and Jeremiah—lamentation—lamentation and complaint, being the continued employment of their doleful tongues.

Mrs. Betsey Beeswax was one of this stamp, I called on Betsey one day. I call her familiarly 'Betsey,' because she confided in me all her troubles, making me thoroughly familiar with herself and all her complaints.

It was a cold, sloppy winter's day. Mrs. B. was sitting close to the grate, in a large, old-fashioned easy chair, almost as big as a chaise. She was bending forward, with her shoulders hunched up, and her head nearly into the fire-place.

'Ah, dear, is it you?' said she, as I entered her ancient face wearing the usual lachrymose expression of hopeless misery.

'Yes, ma'am,' said I, 'and how do you do today?'

'O, miserably, miserably! I am enjoying dreadful poor health. There is no telling how much I suffer. I ache all over and don't relish any vittles.'

I suggested that the bad weather might be the cause of her depression of spirits.

'No, no,' she moaned, 'it isn't that, though the weather is bad enough to be sure. Maria has gone out without her rubbers, and she'll be be laid up next, I'm certain; and the children, they bring in the wet all over the house, and whenever the door shuts, it seems to say, '*whooping-cough, whooping cough! brown-creturs, rheumatiz!*'

'What is your principal complaint?'

'O, everything. The doctor says he don't know what he can do for me, and I know nobody can. I'm dretful fidgety and nervous all the time, and then the children, they make *such* a racket. Sometimes I think I've got the hip complaint, and then I feel as if my lungs were out of order, and then I have a twinge in the side, and then a shooting pain in the head, and then my eyes ache! And then I'm *so* sensitive to the cold! It would make your hair stand on end, I know, to see the *goose-flesh* on me sometimes!

I expressed a deep sympathy for her sufferings, and ventured the original idea that if she felt cold, she had better try to keep warm.

'Ah, yes, dear; but the young folks will keep leaving the door open! and then fuel is so high, and you don't know what a monstrous draught there is in our chimneys. The heat all goes up the chimney, and then I've got such extravagant help! They are the most extravagant help I ever see! You would think they were going to roast an ox, sometimes, to see the fire they built in the kitchen.'

'But won't they obey your directions? Why don't you turn them away and get others?'

'It is a dretful difficult thing to get good help, I suppose I've had as many help in my days as any body in the city, and I know it's a dretful difficult thing to get good help, dretful difficult. The first one I turned away, always burnt the bread, without fail; the next one was so lazy that she could hardly put one foot before the other; the next one was very *sassy;* the next one set her impudent cap for Maria's first beau.'

'And got him?'

'And got him! The next one was so sluttish—excuse me for the expression—that I couldn't a-bear her in my sight; the next one had such poor health that I had to keep doctoring of her all the time, and when she got well she run off with the spoons!'

'What ingratitude!'

'Worse than that, dear. She sent another girl worse than she was. She had a sweet, smooth face, and you'd tho't butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; but she cut up the awfullest capers with the boys, and when she went away, I found she had stolen aunt Billy's silver watch—the largest I ever see—a beautiful counterpane, covered all over with roses; a loaf of sugar and sugar tongs to match; a beautiful tortoise shell snuff-box and three new pillow-cases!—O-ow!'

'Good heavens! Mrs. Beeswax, what's the matter?'

'O, dear, dear, dear, deary me! A twinge right through the liver. I believe my liver'll be the death of me, after all.'

I am sory, verry sorry, Mrs. Beeswax, that Providence has singled you out as the subject of so many afflictions. But all's for the best.

'I dont want to be wicked,' she replied, 'but I don't believe it is! There's Maria, she's subject to the *new-rology*, an old complaint of hers: George he's ricketty; Sam, the last I saw of him before he went to the west, said he knew he should die of fever and ague; Mary, she says she can't eat without its distressing her; and Laura's almost suer she's going to have the scrofula; and then the two children are complaining of the chilblains all the time. As for me, I feed mostly upon *medicine*, the more I take, the more it don't seem to do me any good. *But I don't complain*, I never say a word to any body, for I hate people that's complaining all the time. But if ever there was an afflicted family, this is one; and if ever there was an afflicted woman, she's *me.*'

'But can't you ascertain what your disease is? Don't your physician give you any idea?'

'No, no—he only gives me medicine.'

'Pills.'

What kind of pills?'

'What kind dear? Why, massy sakes, I never ask him. I never studied medicine? I don't want to know the names. My neighbors are pestering me all the time with new names, and I never can remember them. That's a sign that my memory is gone, and sometimes I think I'm getting a little *luny*. O! if ever I should have to go to the hospital. O! if I should.

'Were any of your family ever insane? I inquired.'

'I don't know, but I think it's as like as not. My poor, dear, dead old Mr. Beeswax used to have symptoms of it, and I lived so long with him, perhaps I may have ketched it of him!—why, he used to be so crazy, sometimes, he would actilly say that *nothing* was the matter with me, and that I complained only because I wanted to hear myself talk! Once I took the broomstick to him on that veray account. But, O—O! what is it to be ailing, ailing all the time, and to have no comfort, and nothing to do you any good. I'm a poor, feeble creature.'

Crash! Crash!—jingle—jingle—crash! was the sound that followed these words, evidently from the breking of crockery below stairs.

'Them careless hussies!' exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax in a rage, starting from the easy chair, with a vigor and quickness quite extraordinary for an invalid.'

Like a tigress, she bolted from the room, and the frightened echoes of her loud, shrill voice in the kitchen immediately after, and the screams of the servant girls, admonished me to make a precipitate departure.

A Little Child Shall Lead Him.

[Here is something pretty about the power and might of little children, from the pen of some gentle-hearted lady unknown:]—"One cold winter morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, and well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag coat holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the frill of rich blond around the edge. By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small pride, the baby, for evidently it was *the* baby. And one could read the fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eye, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before! 'But really, Mary,' said the young man, 'is not three dollars very high?' Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and without another word, down went the three dollars, (all the last week's butter came to,) and, as they walked out of the shop it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain. 'Ah,' thought I, 'a little child shall lead them,' Ah, these children!—little witches!—pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities!—winning even in their sins and iniquities!—See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf is pushed up in infantine defiance, and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in its naughtiness! Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears—as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises and kisses. They are irrestible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen; tumble about his papers; make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers; litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and then jabber their unintelligible English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself? 'If *I* had a child,' says the precise man, 'you shall see!' He *does* have a child; and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: 'a little child shall lead *him*.' Poor little children, they bring and teach us, human beings, more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling.—How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been. The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways, and callous maxims, which have undone himself. Go to the jail—the penitentiary—and find there the wretched, most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son; such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played; and he was rocked as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unknown, might have been opened to questions of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him for ever. So of the tender, weeping child—he is made the callous, heartless man; of the sneering sceptic—of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned—and this is what the world does for the little. There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feeling, our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark scretr between our child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our heart, the radiance which might unfold it for paradise? 'Suffer little childen to come unto me, and forbid them not,' is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When of old disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a child and set him in the midst as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle teacher still acts the little child in the midst of us! Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics or creeds, or forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, read in that clear and trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed—'a little child shall lead thee.'"

A WITTY REPARTEE.—While loitering in the Art Union Gallery, we were much amused at an encounter of wit between three artists, who were discussing and satirizing each other's styles. Two of them, a wood engraver, and a marine painter, conjoined to depreciate the work of a third, a portrait painter, who at last, provoked beyond forbearance, silenced the twain, and set the listeners in a roar saying: "What can you possibly know about the philosophy of the art, who are but the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the profession?"

Washington and Jackson.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, relates the following anecdote of the Father of his Country:

"Once, while in New Jersey, coming out to mount his horse, he found a child beside it, attracted by the trappings. He placed the child upon the horse's back, and led it around the yard, with its youthful joyance. It was to Washington's honor, that, although Heaven did not bless him with offspring, he had a heart to love children, and take them to his bosom.

Mr. Hildreth, with equal justice and propriety, relates an interesting anecdote of the revered Jackson; the man whose iron will prompted him to "take the responsibility," when duty called him to do it, and before whose inflexible determination all obstacles surmountable by human effort were forced to give way.

After the battle of the Great Horse Shoe, in which nearly a thousand Indians were killed, and two hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, all women and children, the men having been exterminated, the following incident occurred: The grim General who presided over the bloody scene, which seemed to carry us back to the early Indian wars of New England, had still a tender spot in his heart. Moved by the wail of an Indian infant, picked up from the field, whose mother had perished during the battle, Jackson strove to induce some nursing women among the prisoners to suckle it. "Its mother is dead," was the cold answer, "let the child die too."—The General, himself a childless man, turned nurse himself. Some brown sugar formed a part of his private stores, and with this he caused the child to be fed. He even took it home with him and reared it up in his own family.

The re-publication of the above has reminded us of an account given up, some years since, by a highly respectable gentleman, who was present, with others, when Gen. Jackson was the occupant of the Presidential mansion at Washington. When breakfast was announced, the venerable patriot, with his guests, entered the room at one door, when Mrs. Donaldson with her two children entered another at the opposite end. Immediately on seeing him, they ran to him to receive the morning kiss. Extending his arms, and bending his yet graceful form, he caught up first one, and then another, caressing them with all the fondness of a doating parent. They returned to their mother, and all were soon seated at the table. Bowing his head, with the humility of a dependent suppliant, conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, and yet feeling the need of a higher Wisdom than his own to enlighten and direct the judgment, he devoutly invoked the blessing of God. The scene was deeply affecting, and drew tears from eyes unused to weeping. Such was Andrew Jackson at HOME. When called upon to defend his country, on the battle field, or to preside over her councils in seasons of peril, he was decided, resolute and irresistible. His mind, wonderfully intuitive, comprehending at a glance that which those of inferior intellectual powers could only reach and comprehend by a laborious process of investigation, was "a law unto itself." He was accused of rashness, when he should have been praised for superior wisdom. But, while in manner he was the accomplished gentleman, his true manhood was most conspicuously displayed in the sphere of the social and domestic affections. While embalmed in the admiration of his friends, he will be immortalized by the blind vindictiveness of his enemies.

Heroism and Cruelty.

A most touching instance of heroism, and one of the most atrocious acts of cruelty, the truth of which is vouched for by the most respectable authority, occurred during the Columbian struggle for independence. The Spanish General, Morrillo, the most blood-thirsty and treacherous tool of the Spanish King, who was created Count of Carthagenia and Marquis de la Pueria, for services which rather entitled him to the distinction of butcher or hangman, while seated in his tent one day during the campaign of Carraccas, saw a boy before him drowned in tears.—The chief demanded of him for what purpose he was there.

The child replied that he had come to beg the life of his father, then a prisoner in Morillo's camp.

"What can you do to save your father?" asked the general.

"I can do but little, but what I can shall be done.

Morillo seized the little fellow's ear and said, "would you suffer your ear to be taken off to procure your father's liberty?"

"I certainly would," was the undaunted reply.

A soldier was accordingly called and ordered to cut off the ear with a single stroke of the knife. The boy wept, but did not resist while this barbarous order was executed.

"Would you lose your other ear rather than fail of your purpose?" was the next question.

"I have suffered much, but for my father I can suffer still!" was the heric answer of the boy.

The other ear was taken off by piecemeal, without flinching on the part of the noble child.

"And now go!" exclaimed Morillo, untouched by his sublime courage, "the father of such a son must die!"

In the presence of his agonized and vainly suffering son, the patriot father was executed. Never did a life picture exhibit such truthful lights and shades in national character, such deep, treacherous villainy; such lofty, enthusiastic heroism.

A PICTURE.—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing, with thoughtful brow upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tints her soft cheeks, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round full lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming eye seems lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her, as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yet it must be so; but hist! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eyes brighten—her lips part—she speaks—listen—"*Jim, you nasty fool, quit scratching that pig's back, or I will tell mar.*"

Origin of the Republic of San Marino.

We cannot conclude our sketch of "small beginnings" without speaking of a certain singular little Republic which has some claim to be remembered under such a heading, though its history is no modern instance, and will lead us some fourteen or fifteen hundred years into the shadows of the past. It is only befitting the antiquity of the tale, to say that, once upon a time, there existed a certain peasant of Dalmatia, named Marino, who was by trade a mason,—a worthy, honest, industrious man, and devout according to the light vouchsafed to him. This artisan was employed in the reparation of the town of Rimini; and when his task was ended, he retreated to a neighboring mountain, built for himself a cell, and embraced the life of a hermit. After a time, his sanctity and charity were rumored abroad; and the lady of the land,—the Princess of Rimini—visited his hermitage, was charmed by his piety and intelligence, and bestowed on him as a gift the high and craggy mountain where he had fixed his home; no very great bounty, if we consider that its summit, usually veiled in clouds, was covered with eternal snow; but Marino, or as he was now styled, St. Marion, turned the barren land to good account.

He invited all whom he deemed worthy of sharing his solitude—many a lowly and homeless peasant, many a wanderer seeking a precarious crust—to dwell with him in this eagle's aerie. Nor did he, as might have been supposed probable, enjoin a monastic life on them. On the contrary, he assisted and directed their labor in the construction of a town, and in the cultivation of such parts of the mountain as were capable of being rendered productive. A more useful saint never lived! As there was neither spring nor fountain on the hill, he taught them to construct huge cisterns and reservoirs, which they filled with snow-water, or left for the reception of rain.

They planted vineyards on the mountain-sides, which produced excellent wine, and became, in a brief space, a flourishing colony.

San Marino gave them wise and just laws; lived to see his poor brethren prosperous and happy, and dying became their tutelary saint, had a church dedicated in his name, and a statue, erected to his honor.

The miniature Republic of San Marino existed for centuries, free and unchanged, amidst all the mutations of the governments of Italy; and Addison, in his *Travels*, gives us a pretty picture of this tiniest of independent States; to which there was but one road, a severe law prohibiting its people from making a new way up the mountain—where the chief officers of state were two *capitanos*, (answering to the old Roman Consuls, but chosen every six months,) a commissary or lawyer, a physician and a schoolmaster,—where everybody "had some tincture of learning," and the ambassador of which, when sent to a foreign State, "was allowed out of the treasury *one shilling a day!*"—where the people possessed the simplicity and virtues of the golden age, and revered for centuries the memory of the peasant who had given their forefathers a home, and bequeathed to them an inheritance of freedom and contentment.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

The Disputed Valley—More Trouble with Mexico.

The annexed letter—says the National Intelligencer—is of serious import. It is from the intelligent and generally well informed correspondent of the Journal of Commerce; and we know that its statements are substantially correct so far as they relate to Gen. Garland's departure for the Upper Rio Grande, and the strong force of all arms that will be there under his orders. Yet we entertain a hope that the writer is mistaken in supposing that the dispute which has arisen about the patch in the Mesilla valley is to be settled by an abrupt shock of arms.

WASHINGTON, June 1.

Gen. Garland, who had been here, *en route* for New Mexico, has left for his important command. He arrived here in much less time than was expected, after he had been summoned to this place. He has received his instructions, and I conjecture that they embrace both diplomatic and military powers. He is undoubtedly to proceed forthwith to New Mexico, and to march into the Mesilla valley with a force that will enable him to encounter Gov. Trias, who is there before him, and who is prepared to expel him or any other American intruder. It may be that Gov. Trias will retire before Gen. Garland, and that Santa Anna will suffer the United States to take and keep possession of that disputed territory. But such is not the apparent intention of the Mexicans.

Our Executive Government *have decided that the disputed terrritory belongs to us* under the treaty, and would be ours, supposing the boundary line to be run from "a point immediately north of El Paso" westward.

It is of no use now to go into the merits of this controversy. I say again that our Executive has decided the question, and it is to the results of that decision that we are to look. It is to be hoped that this dispute will be allowed to be settled in the manner contemplated in the treaty of Guadalupe, by running the line over again, or, in case of a final disagreement, to refer the dispute to the arbitration of some third party. But arms are now introduced by both parties in the dispute, and both parties indicate a resolute intention to settle the question by arms. Gov. Trias may give way, but he has not occupied the Mesilla for the purpose of yielding it. He has not gone there with a force of a thousand men for the mere purpose of giving up the territory to Gen. Garland.—With a smaller escort he could do that.

We have seen the first Mexican war, and know its origin, and its immediate provocation. The circumstances of the present case are similar to those of the former. The advance on Corpus Christi and upon Matamoras kindled the first war, and the second may be occasioned by the movement upon the Mesilla valley.

☞ 'Do you believe in second love, Misther McQuade?' 'Do I believe in second love?—Humph, if a man buys a pound of sugar isn't it sweet? and when its gone don't he want another pound? and isn't that pound sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love.'

☞ Maj. Gen. Riely, of the U. S. Army, is dangerously ill, and not likely to recover.

Growth of New York.

The Brooklyn *Circular* has the following graphic picture of the growth of this Emporium and its chief suburb, Brooklyn:

"FORTY-SIX YEARS AGO."—As we took our seat in one of the South Ferry boats, a few evenings ago, an elderly gentleman in a social mood seated himself beside us, and commenced to remark upon the contrast that the present conveniences for crossing the river presented with those of forty or fifty years ago. "Forty-six years ago," he said, "we had to cross this ferry by means of a horse-boat. We were then an hour in crossing, and the fare was twenty-five cents. Now we cross in five minutes, and the fare is five cents. Brooklyn," he continued, "was only a little village, and the population of New York was only 75,000." Now the city of Brooklyn numbers 100,000, and that of New York about 600,000 inhabitants. "Steamboats, railroads, the telegraph and gas were things unthought of then." Each of these had come into use and effected a revolution since he was a young man. He witnessed the starting of the first steamboat that ever made a trip up the North River. The foot of Fulton street, New York, (the present site of the Fulton ferry buildings, but then a sand-bank, with no buildings in the vicinity,) was the point of departure of Fulton's strange little craft on its trial trip. A temporary staging was erected along the sloping shore of sand, upon which was assembled the gazing multitude that both cheered and hooted the advent of steam as it made its first successful *debut* before the people of New Yoak City.—Our informant further told us that in a newspaper printed at the time it was stated that as the boat moved up the river, puffing, smoking and snorting against the tide, it so frightened some of the sailors on the other vessels, that they fell on their knees, praying to be delivered from the Evil One! The first steamboat that was ever applied to any practical purpose was built by Robert Fulton, in New York, in 1807, and was named the North River. Her engine was 18 horse power, and she was 33 hours in making the passage between New York and Albany.—The same passage by steamboat is now made in from six to nine hours, and by railroad in four hours.

The World's Fair.

It will gratify those interested in the cause of American art to see the following announcement of a new contribution to the exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, to be held in New York in the course of time. We quote from the Milwaukie *Sentinel:*

"A monster hog, weighing eleven hundred and nine pounds, was lately shipped on board the steamer Arctic, on his way to the World's Fair at New York. He was purchased by Messrs. R. Bugg & R. Stewart, of Niagara county, N. Y., for $200, from Mr. H. B. Thayer, of Troy, Walworth county, Wisconsin. His actual measurement was as follows: Girth behind the shoulders, 6 feet 7 inches; extreme length 9 feet 11 inches; height to top of the back, 3 feet 10 inches. He was perfectly white, and only twenty months old. The hind wheels of the wagon were taken off, when the animal walked off of his own accord on board the boat, and laid down on deck contented. The owners are confident of making him weigh eighteen hundred pounds, when fattened, live weight. This is one of the specimens Wisconsin sends to the World's Fair; it will be hard to beat."

This important work (of Art or Industry, which is it?) enables us to bring up our Catalogue of the Exhibition as follows:

1. A White Monkey, from the Arctic Regions.
2. Four fine fat Seals, from Greenland.
3. A living Alligator, from Louisiana.
4. A Striped Bear, from California.
5. A White Bear, " "
6. A Tiger, " "
7. A Leopard, " "
8. A Cayota, " "
9. Some peculiar Quails, " "
10. A Horned Toad, " "
11. A White Ox, weight 3500 lbs., from Illinois.
12. A five-legged cow.
13. A Hog, weight 1109 lbs, from Wisconsin.

☞ Below is the maiden speech of a young California lawyer. It was in the celebrated "Bob Waterman Case," captain of the ship Challenge. It's rich!

"See this Herculean mate like a horrid demon, take this defenceless boy and hurl him rudely into the ice board scruppers, where with his monster boots he tramples on the prostrate frame; then, taking him to the rantlins, and rigging of that horrid ship, he ties him by his poor emaciated arms in the howling blast—his dripping and tattered garments hanging loosely on his attenuated frame, while the ragged icicles rattle in the winter's blast. The ship is hauled close up to the wind, which is blowing on the starboard quarter, and then this poor emaciated frame drawn down to the skin and bones by the dysentery, which noxious disease, gentlemen of the jury, will suddenly bring down the strongest man. This poor frame, I say, if left to hang till nature could hardly hold together long, and then he is taken down to his lonely apartment, or bunk, a living picture of horrid despair."

Oh, gentlemen of the Jury, could his ghost now rise up before you, his attenuated frame could speak to you more eloquently than I have done!"

A Charge as is a Charge.

Judge Jonah Joles recently delivered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elim Crunch for stealing:

"Jury, you kin go out, and don't show your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict—if you can't find one of your own, git the one the last jury used.

The jury retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse."

Then Judge Jonah Joles pronounced upon Elim Crunch this sentence: "Elim Crunch stan' up, and face the music. You are found guilty of suicide for stealing.—Now this court sentence you to pay a fine of two shillings, to shave your head with a bagganet, in the barracks, and if you try to cave in the heads of any of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all. Your fate will be a warning to others; and in conclusion, may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Sheriff, get me a pint of red-eye. I'm awful thirsty.