



POPULAR SONGS.

[From the Harrisburg Telegraph.]

"Old Zack upon the Track."

We've got old Zack upon the track,
He's soon put Lewis on his back.
In Mexico he whipped a nation—
November next he'll whip creation.
Get out of the way for Rough and Ready,
The country needs an arm that's steady.

Oh, Lewis Cass, he went to France,
King Philippe showed him how to dance,
He dressed him up in his fine frock,
Then let him come with him to dine.
Get out of the way, poor Cass unsteady,
Thought People were too Rough and Ready.

Cass forthwith set at work to make
Americans all a Court dress take:
To cost a hundred dollars or more—
And would not introduce the Poor!
Get out of the way, poor Cass unsteady,
Hate Court dress and Courtier Casses!

Courtly manners, Courtly dress
Perfumed locks, and Kings eases,
These are decent, says our Cass,
Taylor is too Rough to pass.
Get out of the way,—for the People steady
Like to vote for Rough and Ready.

Though Rough, he has an honest heart,
From virtue's path he'll ne'er depart;
But always bravest of the brave
He's just the man the People crave.
Get out of the way, for Rough and Ready
Is just the man to keep things steady.

At Washington, in March, next spring,
For President Taylor shouts will ring
While Cass encamped upon the lakes
Hears how a Taylor's Court dress takes!
Get out of the way, for Zachariah,
He's the White House purifier!

Note.—The last chorus may be substituted
for every verse, perhaps, with advantage.

☞ I enclose you a "Rough and Ready Ode"
from the pen of a distinguished member of Congress
who sometimes, for recreation and by way
of relief from more arduous duties, "wooded the
adored nine." POTOMAC.

[From the Baltimore Patriot.]

Rough and Ready Ode.

Who goes for old Zack?
Said Tom to stout Jack,
Why I, says the true hearted sailor;
Not a Sawney or Pat
But will throw up his hat
And hurrah for General Taylor,
Hurrah for General Taylor!

The lads at the plough
Are in for it now,
And the workies are stiff, strong and steady;
Bos, master and boy,
All roaring with joy,
Give three cheers for old Rough and Ready,
Three cheers for old Rough and Ready.

Every mountain and plain,
From Texas to Maine,
River, mine, house and towering steeple;
The grave and the spire,
By night and by day,
Hurrah for the man of the people,
Hurrah for the man of the people.

The girls always true,
Pretty Sal, and sweet Sue,
Weave their garlands so fragrant and gay;
The hero to grace,
Whose honor we trace,
From the Sabine to strong Monterey,
From the Sabine to strong Monterey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

A Scene at Sea.

The war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Danish—Denmark, as yet, remaining neutral in our quarrel.
So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indianies; but, as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man of war. In fact, such order, regularity and implicit obedience, I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from mere fact of his being the owners son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers, and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill looking Portuguese, who managed, somehow or other, daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor, who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steadily as the trade wind before, which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife, with one plunge, into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.
Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavements, the poor girl hung over him; and as a

friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with blood. With an effort, Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade fell the wound, fell a corpse into the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance—so truly attached had they been to the chief mate—and were only kept within bounds by their commanders presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried, in a state of insensibility, to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I, therefore, instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant, I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head, and stepped on the quarter deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the Line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the main sail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water, I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions the pilot fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course—as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the Line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless elements around us—the etherial throne from which God seems to look down upon us, at one moment, our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next the splash of divided waters as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe—a closer fellowship with its Creator—than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and, consequently; stood in anxious silence: when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse, then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim—and yet what else should it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceed to instant and summary punishment) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper, which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold court martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.
The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed related brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced, which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees and begin to sue for mercy.

After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit, I was at a loss to conjecture.
Four men approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment, I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings, and up the shrouds; a few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by the chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together.

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling: it haunts me even to this moment—there was more than agony in it!
We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the

surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course, strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say, that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far from the tragic scene.

GEN. TAYLOR ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Lieutenant Corvine gives the following interesting sketch of "Old Zack" on the bloody battle-field of Buena Vista:

"By way of illustrating an important characteristic of Gen. Taylor, to wit, determination, I will briefly relate a scene that occurred on the battle ground of Buena Vista, during the action of the 23d. At a time when the fortunes of the day seemed extremely problematical—when many on our side even despaired of success—old Rough and Ready as he is not inapparently styled, whom you must know, by the by, is short, fat and dumpy in person, with remarkably short legs—took his position on a commanding height, over looking the two armies. This was about three or perhaps four o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy, who had succeeded in gaining an advantageous position, made a fierce charge upon our columns, and fought with a desperation that seemed for a time to insure success to their arms. The struggle lasted for some time. All the while, Gen. Taylor was a silent spectator, his countenance exhibiting the most anxious solicitude, alternating between hope and despondency. His staff, perceiving his perilous situation (for he was exposed to the fire of the enemy), approached him and implored him to retire. He heeded them not. His thoughts were intent upon victory or defeat. He knew not at this moment what the result would be. He felt that that engagement was to decide his fate. He had given all his orders, and selected his position. If the day went against him he was irretrievably lost; if for him, he could rejoice in common with his countrymen, at the triumphant success of our arms. Such seemed to be his thoughts—his determination. And when he saw the enemy give way, and retreat in the utmost confusion, he gave vent to his pent up feelings. His right leg was quickly disengaged from the pommel of the saddle, where it had remained during the whole of the fierce encounter—his arms, which were calmly folded over his breast, relaxed their hold—his feet fairly danced in the stirrups, and his whole body was in motion. It was a moment of the most intense interest. His face was suffused with tears. The day was won—the victory complete—his little army saved from the disgrace of a defeat, and he could not refrain from weeping for joy at what had seemed to so many, but a moment before, as an impossible result. Long may the noble and kind hearted old hero live to enjoy the honors of his numerous victories, and many other honors that a grateful country will ere long bestow upon him."

Summer is come again, bright and beautiful as it ever cometh, for the trees and flowers never looked more lovely than they do now; and although man sinned against his Maker, and was driven from the Garden of Eden—that garden in which the angels walked, and conversed with Adam—still God, in His goodness adorned the hills and fields with leaves and blossoms, as beautiful as we can imagine ever waved in Paradise, that their presence might gladden our hearts, and call forth our praise and gratitude, while looking upon the wonderful workmanship of his hands.

Many a time while at school have we talked about this delicious season, often wondering if we should find the young birds hopping about the neighborhood of the old nest, in the same green hawthorn hedge where they had built year after year; and often have we fancied that we could hear the sheep bleating beside the brook, where they had been driven to be washed;—we imitated the shout of the glad cuckoo, and recalled the very spot where we heard her ginging in the sunshine, as she stood perched upon the topmost bough of the old ash-tree. We assembled in little groups, and planned many an excursion, in our minds, to places where hundreds of sweet wild flowers grew; to solitudes where the water-hen swam, and built, and dived, and reared her young; where the tall bulrushes waved, and the bending water-flags nodded to their shadows in the clear stream. Our memory flew back to the green straggling lanes, and fields that sloped down from the foot of many a rounded hill; to mornings when the world seemed bathed in sunshine, and the smell of the hawthorn mingled with the sweet breath of the cows, as we drove them homeward at milking-time—or mounted on the broad backed horses, rode them to water in the clear pool beside the wood, before they dragged the heavy wagon into the hayfield. In fancy we saw the wide village green, where the crickets were wont to assemble, and the bank by the river side, where we spent so many happy hours in angling; for old home scenes and healthy pastimes seemed to arise before us with a pleasanter look, as the summer holy-days drew nearer, and our hearts beat lighter as we hailed the season of birds and flowers; and forests with their rich perfume, and skies hung with blue, where clouds change from silver to purple, then become golden as they gather around the setting sun—for to us summer was ever the happiest season of the year.

Up and away, then, "my merry men all," as Robin Hood says to his foresters in the old ballad, and we will ramble together through the fields and woods, over many a high hill, and beside many a pleasant brook, and talk about the wonderful things which we are sure to meet with in our way. We will gaze upon the great oak which seems to grow up into the very sky, and examine the graceful form of the small cup-moss which is scattered around its twisted roots on the earth; look upon the huge ox that lows in the meadows, and shakes the earth with its heavy tread; and talk about the little harvest-mouse, which would not more than weigh down a farthing were it placed in the opposite scale. We will visit the spot where the fierce hawk builds its nest, and show you the home which the titmouse erects for her young ones.—We will leap, and run, and shout, and sing that little woodland song of Shakspeare's until we make the old hills echo again, as they ring back the chorus, while we merrily exclaim, from the very joyousness of our hearts,
"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turns his merry note
Come hither—come hither."

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR.—Some men are always in hot water, and are never on good terms with their neighbors.—What is worse than to quarrel with a next door neighbor? The tooth-ache is nothing to it. You cannot bear anything from one of his family. If his children are in your yard or on your fence, they must be driven away with harsh words—poor innocent things! who have not yet learned the ways of the world.—You forbid your wife—who is perhaps disposed to forgive and forget—never to borrow from or lend to the wife of your adversary—not to speak to his children, or have anything whatsoever to do with the family. Does not a man feel badly who has such a disposition and quarrels with his neighbor?
We pray you, be a good neighbor.—Overlook the foibles and faults of your friend. If he is morose and sour in his disposition, there is more necessity for you to be forbearing, mild and persuasive. You have but a short time to live; O spend your days in peace.—Portland *Umpire*.

A Sermon for Young Ladies.
Dow, Jr. in one of his late sermons, gives the following advice to young Ladies:
"My young maidens—I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter your teens; but it is better to remain single and live upon the cold soup of solitude than to marry misery and wed woe. I have but a poverty-stricken opinion of the majority of my sex. They are corrupted by the miscalled refinements of the age, so inflated with pride, so fooled by passion, so afraid of the soil on which they live, so given to cultivating whiskers and mustaches, while their morals are in the most wretched state for want of weeding, and so overgrown with hair, vanity and laziness, that scarcely one in twenty is worth being entrusted with a wife."

SUMMER.

Summer is come again, bright and beautiful as it ever cometh, for the trees and flowers never looked more lovely than they do now; and although man sinned against his Maker, and was driven from the Garden of Eden—that garden in which the angels walked, and conversed with Adam—still God, in His goodness adorned the hills and fields with leaves and blossoms, as beautiful as we can imagine ever waved in Paradise, that their presence might gladden our hearts, and call forth our praise and gratitude, while looking upon the wonderful workmanship of his hands.

Many a time while at school have we talked about this delicious season, often wondering if we should find the young birds hopping about the neighborhood of the old nest, in the same green hawthorn hedge where they had built year after year; and often have we fancied that we could hear the sheep bleating beside the brook, where they had been driven to be washed;—we imitated the shout of the glad cuckoo, and recalled the very spot where we heard her ginging in the sunshine, as she stood perched upon the topmost bough of the old ash-tree. We assembled in little groups, and planned many an excursion, in our minds, to places where hundreds of sweet wild flowers grew; to solitudes where the water-hen swam, and built, and dived, and reared her young; where the tall bulrushes waved, and the bending water-flags nodded to their shadows in the clear stream. Our memory flew back to the green straggling lanes, and fields that sloped down from the foot of many a rounded hill; to mornings when the world seemed bathed in sunshine, and the smell of the hawthorn mingled with the sweet breath of the cows, as we drove them homeward at milking-time—or mounted on the broad backed horses, rode them to water in the clear pool beside the wood, before they dragged the heavy wagon into the hayfield. In fancy we saw the wide village green, where the crickets were wont to assemble, and the bank by the river side, where we spent so many happy hours in angling; for old home scenes and healthy pastimes seemed to arise before us with a pleasanter look, as the summer holy-days drew nearer, and our hearts beat lighter as we hailed the season of birds and flowers; and forests with their rich perfume, and skies hung with blue, where clouds change from silver to purple, then become golden as they gather around the setting sun—for to us summer was ever the happiest season of the year.

Up and away, then, "my merry men all," as Robin Hood says to his foresters in the old ballad, and we will ramble together through the fields and woods, over many a high hill, and beside many a pleasant brook, and talk about the wonderful things which we are sure to meet with in our way. We will gaze upon the great oak which seems to grow up into the very sky, and examine the graceful form of the small cup-moss which is scattered around its twisted roots on the earth; look upon the huge ox that lows in the meadows, and shakes the earth with its heavy tread; and talk about the little harvest-mouse, which would not more than weigh down a farthing were it placed in the opposite scale. We will visit the spot where the fierce hawk builds its nest, and show you the home which the titmouse erects for her young ones.—We will leap, and run, and shout, and sing that little woodland song of Shakspeare's until we make the old hills echo again, as they ring back the chorus, while we merrily exclaim, from the very joyousness of our hearts,
"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turns his merry note
Come hither—come hither."

IRON FURNITURE.
An intelligent writer for one of the city papers, who speaks from personal observation, alluding to iron furniture says:—Iron bedsteads, sofas and the like, are beginning to attract attention. The specimens that may be seen at Wood's extensive works on the Ridge Road, certainly strike the eye as far superior to wood, in neatness and beauty of design, to say nothing of their superior durability.

Nearly all the public institutions in New York have provided their dormitories with iron bedsteads, and many of the Hotels are doing the same thing.—These bedsteads afford no harbor for insects, which is certainly an additional recommendation.

A native of the Emerald Isle, the other day on hearing of the Revolution in France, the flight of the king and his family, the triumph of the democracy, and the establishment by the people of a provisional government, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, and is not that the thing that sweet Ireland wants? A provisional government for ever! By the powers, the only government she now has is a starvationary one."

Gen. Taylor's Humanity.

One of the most striking characteristics of Gen. Taylor is his universal kind-heartedness. Col. Haskell, of Tennessee, who was with Gen. Taylor on the Rio Bravo, tells the following anecdote of him:

"On one occasion, Gen. Taylor was descending the Rio Grande, on a small steamboat, with a large number of discharged sick soldiers on board. The boat being very crowded, these poor fellows had been very uncomfortably stowed away on the deck, as the lowest part of the western steamboat is termed.—As soon as Gen. Taylor ascertained their condition, he ordered the officers, &c., out of the cabin, and had the sick men all transferred to their places. He himself took a blanket and gave up his berth. The night passed, and in the morning, there was a good deal of inquiry for Gen. Taylor; but nobody could tell where he was. At length, one of the servants in the boat mentioned that a man was lying rapped up in a blanket, on the fore-castle. The officers repaired thither, and found the old man truly there, and still locked in his honest sleep, with his blanket wetted and soiled by the slop-water which the servant, supposing him to be some common soldier, had carelessly swept against him. Was not this a study for the admirers of benevolence and self-denial! The conquering General of the American Army sleeping in his blanket, in the open air, on the fore-castle of a steamboat, whilst his berth was occupied by a poor soldier, without rank, but receiving his generous consideration because disabled by disease, contracted in the service of his country."

John Quincy Adams.

The London Standard thus remarks on the speeches in Congress, on the occasion of the death of this venerable patriot:

"If the speakers whom we have quoted are representatives of the prevailing spirit of the United States, there is little cause to wonder at their prosperity; at all events, the gentlemen from whose speeches we have made extracts, have faithfully discharged their duty in sustaining the religious feeling of their fellow citizens; and with such a glorious subject as the religious life of John Quincy Adams before them, they have had a great opportunity. Such as he, "being dead yet speak," and they who commemorate his worth, do little more than give a voice to piety and every other virtue.

We own that we are humbled when we reflect that, except it were Sir Robert Inglis or Lord Ashley—men otherwise distinguished above the reach of sneers by talents, character and services—scarcely any member of our House of Commons would dare to speak with the courage with which the American gentlemen have illustrated that freedom from "that consumption of all folly, the fear of man," by confessing "the fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom." It is thus that a man like John Quincy Adams, even from his grave, pours blessings upon his country."

A YANKEE IN PARIS.—Among the combatants of the three days on the popular side, was a Western Yankee, who fought at one of the barricades, showing Johnny Crapeau how Kentuckians drop "em."

"This here shooting iron aint worth a darn, said he to a comrade. "If I had one of Wesson's I'd show 'em how to centre up."
At this moment a Frenchman came up and asked for a musket.

"We hadn't got none to spare," said the Yankee. "But jest you hold on a shake and I'll manage it. Look at that 'ere grenadier that is pitting his old rooster at me. Perhaps he couldn't hit a barn door if he tried."

Bang! went the Yankee's musket and down went the grenadier. Leaping down from the barricade he picked up the musket of the fallen man, handed it to the new comer, and went on loading and firing as coolly as ever, shouting ever and anon—"Veeve lay Raypublic."

WELL ANSWERED.—A Quaker who was examined before a court, not using any other language than "thee," "thou" and "friend," was asked by the presiding Judge:
"Pray Mr., do you know what we sit here for?"
"Yes, verily do I," said the Quaker; "three of you for two dollars a day each, and the fat one in the middle for one thousand dollars a year."

"My dear," said a husband to his affectionate better half, after a matrimonial squabble, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven!" "Why not?" "Because you will be wanted as a torment below!"

"Jim!"
"Hullo!"
"I've got a conundrum for you."
"Have you? give it to us—I'm good for it."
"Suppose my wife was to fall overboard some day, what letter of the alphabet would express my wish in regard to her?"
"Letter B, (let her be), of course."

OLD ZACK AND HIS MEN.

It is said that the night before the battle of Monterey, a number of the regulars as well as volunteers, were trying to make themselves scarce! When Old Zack heard of this feeling amongst the men, he ordered an old man not scared at trifles, but who had been found crawling off under very suspicious circumstances, to be brought before him.—"Why, Borden," said Old Zack, "I'm told you were trying to desert your colors—you certainly are not a man of that stripe?" "Well, General," said the downcast soldier, "to tell you the God's truth, I was, and am sort of skeer'd a little, for they say old Santy's got 'bout fifty thousand the best troops in Mexico, has picked his ground, and will give the boys here the hardest fight any of us ever did see! So I thought there'd be a mighty small chance for our crowd to-morrow, and the best chance for a while would be to—"
"Well you go back to your mess, things do look a little desperate to-night, but do your duty to-morrow, and if we lose the fight, come and find me, and I'll desert with you!"

TOO FAST.—A young Scotchman having wooed a buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a Scottish Justice of the Peace, to have a ceremony performed. They stood meekly under the operation, until the magistrate was laying the damsel under obligations to obey her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," said the half made husband—"if the hand remains upon my body, I'll make her obey me." "Are we married yet?" said the expected maiden to the ratiifier of covenants between man and woman. "No," said the wondering Justice.—"Ah! very well," cried she, "we will finish the remainder to-morrow!" and away skipped the damsel, congratulating herself on her narrow escape.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—A youngster from one of the back towns the other day, made his first visit to the empire city. After leaving the boat and reaching Broadway, his mind was bewildered with immense numbers moving to and fro in that great thoroughfare. He could account for the concourse he witnessed in no other way than the usual cause of large gatherings in his own neighborhood, and in his verdant simplicity, remarked to his friend that "there must be a meeting somewhere."

INCIDENT.—A fashionable young lady recently met her plain old grandmother at the Springs. The old lady's heart was filled with innocence and simplicity, and her ideas of fashion never went beyond a straight coat and plain cap.—When, therefore, she met her dear grandchild, the first time for many years, and saw her a disfigured invalid, she was shocked and almost fainted. When her emotion had a little subsided, she turned with tears in her eyes, and said—"Margaret, honey, thee may get well; but indeed I fear the waters will never cure thee of this dreadful thing, (laying her hand on Margaret's fashionable bustle.) O! how awful thee must feel about it!"

"FIRE, MURDER AND THUNDER."

—Under this head a Western editor holds forth as follows:
"O you tarntal sapheads, you green-tailed lizards, why don't you come along up and pay for your paper? Do you suspect that I am such a consummate block-head, such a short-sighted, white-livered nunsull, such an infernal fool, as to stay here and print, right in the midst of a swampy country, where the air is so dense with ague that you have to cut your way through with a broad axe; where it shares the hair of the back and the teeth out of the mouth of the very wild hog itself, unless you pay for it! If you do, you're sucked, that's all."

AN EMPEROR AND MECHANIC.—While Napoleon was on the throne, a poor American came to Paris. He had an invention which he wished to show the Emperor. Napoleon paid but little attention to it, and he went away. That was Robert Fulton, whose invention of the steamboat has changed the face of the world; which is this day bringing the ends of the earth together; and has done more for the happiness of mankind than fifty Bonapartes.

Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming;
Subscribers shall not wait for duns,
But flood us with their twos and ones
In the good time coming;
Our advertisers shall increase,
Our patronage grow stronger,
And we, with creditors at peace,
Wait—a little longer.

[The editor of the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press perpetrates the following at the close of a paragraph, touching the merits of the immortal Gen. Bombastes Pillow:
"We hang our harps upon the willer,
Whene'er we think of Gideon Piller,
The man who digs, for Polk and Marcy,
His ditch and breast-works vice VARSITY."

SOMETHING IN THE TEMPERANCE WAY.—How is it possible for the sons of Temperance to live in accordance with their motto of love and unity, while there are so many Divisions among them?—John Donkey.

A CASE IN POINT.—"The Whigs pay a high compliment to Mr. Polk when they affirm that he made the war; for it has covered the nation with glory." So say the Democrats. Equally strong would be the inference which might be drawn in favor of the man who fired his own house. It was a glorious act, because it covered the firemen who extinguished it with glory.