



From the Louisville Journal.
SONG.

How sweet it is for us to know,
That there are hearts that burn
With love for us where'er we go,
And sigh for our return.
Then, though the world is cold and drear,
And gives the bosom pain,
We've but to turn to scenes more dear,
And all is bright again.

But sad must be the home of those,
Condemned to live alone,
With none to cheer amid life's woes,
And none to call their own.
No season sweet of joy doth come,
To shed its fragrance there.
No sunshine to dispense the gloom
That broods a dark despair.

The heart can ne'er be truly blest
Unless it can recline
Upon some fond congenial breast,
Where love's sweet tendrils twine.
Then we can brook life's many ills,
Of sorrow and of woe,
For love a soothing balm distills
To cheer us whilst below.

Advice to an old Maid.

My dear Miss Taffy, very affectionately said Mrs. Scroggins the other day to a particular friend, "I have an idea you wouldn't object to committing yourself into matrimony purvisioned you had a good chance. It's no use sayin' you wouldn't. I know old maids never want to marry! I never know'd any one of them that said she had any idea of sich a thing. They wouldn't marry for the world! Yet it's extraordinary how wonderful quick they'll jump at the first proposal as is made at 'em. I don't mean to say you would. I'm talkin' now about old maids, and you ain't more than thirty-two, I reckon!"

Miss Taffy vowed that she was ten years and two months younger.

"Oh, I know, but isn't it a pity how you ain't a buxom widdler like myself? I've often wondered how it was, that bachelors that ain't afraid of widders, are always so dreadful frightened at old maids! After studyin' the thing a long time, I have come to this conclusion; the blessed state of singleness as the people call it, is a singular state of blessedness, and, therefore, the blessedness of the single state isn't no blessedness at all, cause it ain't natural, and what ain't natural ain't right, and what ain't right oughtn't to be. And so I told Mr. Skiddle that it was contrary to the primary rules of nature, that old maids should be old maids, and that bachelors should keep on bein' bachelors.

Miss Taffy, if you want ever to get married never let the lords have a chance to say you are *old maidish*! If you are fond of cats, nurse 'em when you are by yourself, don't for anything do it in company. If you take snuff, don't forget yourself, and pull out your box before the lords. If you wear a wig, never get in a passion and throw it at the servant—cause servants will talk. If you have got false teeth for goodness sake have them fixed in tight, so they won't drop out, like I seen a set once when a feminine was a laughin. If you are fond of gossipin' do it in a quiet kind of way. If you find grey hairs beginning to come in your head, pull 'em out and don't follow Judge M's plan, go to sperimentin' and burnin' your hair off to see if it won't cum out black agen; and if you are an old maid—I fervidly hope you ain't—don't pretend to be very nice and prim in your talkin', and mince your words like a little boy cat'n' gingerbread, as if he was 'feared it would be all gone, and was determined to make the most of it while it lasts. I knowed an old maid once who was so dreadful nice and perticlar, she had all the books about the house covered; she could'n't bear to see their naked backs! As Mr. Skiddle ses in Latin, *Honey sawt it ke Mally you pessey*, which means, 'evil to them that think evil,' and I say so too.

Miss Taffy, if you have any idear of ever ketchin' a lord never prim yourself up as stiff as starch can make you. I like to see people look nice, but there is a boundary to everything 'most. Why a man would as leave court a porcupine as one of 'em nice femines. Mr. Skiddle ses he'd as leave kiss a statue as one of them kind, and I don't blame him.

If you are ever fortunate to get married, Miss Taffy, you'll find the double state is a heap the happiest; its such a consolidation to have some one to please if nothin' else, and then you have a standin' in the world which femines and lords can never arrive at in a single blessedness. There is three pints in a femine's life to look forward to with distressive anxiety; first is the time when she makes her *debut*, as the French call comin, out, the second is the marriage, and the next is the responsibilities.

Miss Taffy fainted.

SOMEbody says, 'blessed are those who do not advertise, for they shall be rarely troubled with customers.'

A Victor in His Crowning Hour.

On the 24th of February, 1847, a thick set, clumsy looking old man was seen riding slowly down one of the main streets in the city of Saltillo, Mexico. The appearance of this venerable gentleman was remarkably unsoldier-like and unassuming; for he was mounted upon a rough mustang pony, and was attended by only one armed dragoon as a guard. His short person was nearly enveloped in a dingy brown over coat, and his feet were clad in a pair of coarse shoes that protruded some distance below his trowsers. A soiled military cap was drawn down carelessly over his eyes, and a rusty sword hung awkwardly at his side. There was nothing in his dress or mien to indicate that he was an uncommon personage, but the swarthy citizens of the place who stood in groups upon the pavement bowed their heads as he passed, and American officers of all ranks raised their hats as they galloped by him upon their prancing steeds.

On every side the low groans of the wounded and dying soldiers fell upon his ears, and their mangled limbs were thrown out from the hospital doors almost under his horse's feet as he advanced; but still he rode on, slowly and heedlessly, recognizing neither friends nor foes, but seemingly absorbed in his own deep, anxious meditations. And this plain old man was Gen. Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, the conqueror of Santa Anna; and this was his triumphant entrance into a place whose atmosphere had been darkened but one day before by the smoke of his blazing guns as they roared in the distance, and shook the lofty surrounding mountains by their thunders!

This was the man whose invincible courage and indomitable energy of purpose had just saved one gallant little army from destruction, and had routed another of four times its numerical strength. He had just achieved his greatest victory, and the glorious tidings were speeding rapidly across the broad Gulf, and his name was destined to be breathed with grateful applause by thousands of his admiring countrymen—but now he appeared unconscious of the future fame that awaited him, and his whole mind was apparently laboring under the heavy responsibilities that still rested upon him, for he knew not at what hour his baffled and enraged enemies might pour down upon him again through the dark gorges of the mountains that rose up on every side, and overwhelm the remnant of his exhausted troops by their superior numbers. Yet how honorable, how elevated, how glorious was the position he then occupied in that hostile city, far removed from his native land! There his will was law and his slightest mandate exacted obedience. None doubted his patriotism or his ability, but all his brave followers looked up to him with love and confidence, and to him they confided their safety and protection.

The fierce inhabitants of Saltillo had but yesterday stood upon their rooftops, looking forth upon the field of battle with shouts of exultation and defiance, hoping soon to behold the overthrow of their bold invader, and the total destruction of his little band; but now they sat at their doors with grieved humble faces, gazing with awe and fear upon the man who had vanquished their greatest leader, and who, but a few hours since, had swept down hundreds of their nearest relatives upon the field of Buena Vista with his terrible cannon. And now as he rode unattended through their midst, in his plain dusty garb, wrapped in his own weighty thoughts, and heedless of their submissive looks, they seemed to regard him as some superior being who had been sent by an angry Deity to punish their crimes and avenge the wrongs they had committed upon others.—*Eutaw (Ala.) Democrat.*

Nothing is Lost.

The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea shore—the word you have spoken, will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt, till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wild-fire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost—be careful how you speak—speak right—speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as year after year passes away. Who then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?

The Sabbath.

Beautiful Sabbath! Thy very breath is melody; thy every sound is music to the ear. Weary we come to thee for rest. Sick, we find health in thy hours of prayer and blessing. Weak by the strife and troubles of the world, we gain strength to pursue our tasks again. Happy are they who know thee; blessed the nations where thy name is honored. All are not so. Some know thee not. The dark mantle of sin and ignorance covers the heathen lands, and the Sabbath suns have never shone in upon their gloom, or the Sabbath bells waked to gratitude the joyful hearts of their people. The Sabbath—who does not wish to see it preserved? who does not wish to see it honored? What friend to humanity but frowns upon its desecration? God made the Sabbath. He made it for himself. He made it for good to man. Had it not been wise He never would have ordained the Sabbath. Let us honor the Sabbath then. Let us love its author. Let us love on that holy day to go up to the house of God, and learn its statutes, and listen to the precepts he has given for our salvation. It is no loss to love and honor the Sabbath but on the contrary a gain. We are strengthened by the Sabbath's rest to pursue the labor of the week. We are not rendered poorer or less happy by its observance, but richer and happier; and surely if any may expect the blessing of God upon their labors, they are those who honor Him by keeping the Sabbath holy. We will not grudge to the maker of the world, to whom belongeth all the days of the week, one day in seven, especially when this day is enjoyed to the sweetest of all employments, the cultivation of the knowledge of himself. That would be unkind to the author of our existence and the author of the Sabbath. That would be unkind to ourselves. Therefore we will honor the Sabbath day, and remember to keep it holy. As we draw near to the consecrated hours of the Sabbath, let us remember the beautiful words of the poet, as we give our hearts to prayer and praise.

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of Eternal rest.

A Western Yarn.

A Hoosier, an awful ugly man relating his travels in Missouri, said that he arrived in Chickenville in the afternoon, and just a few days afore, thar had been a boat busted, and a heap of people scalded and killed one way and another.—So at least, as I went into a grocery, a squad of people follered me in, and one 'lowed, ses he, 'it's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin of the Franklin,' and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden—

"I beg your pardon, stranger—but"—ses he.

"But—what?" ses I.

"Just fix your mouth that way again!" ses he.

"I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be hanged if I didn't think the whole on 'em would go into fits!—they yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally one of 'em ses, 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Lest make up a puss for him.' Then they all thowed in, and made me up five dollars; as the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me 'whar did you find yourself after the 'sposion'?"

"In a flat-boat," ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?" ses he.

"Why," ses I, "I never seen her, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been from whar they tell me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy-five mile!" You oughter 'a seen that gang scatter.

True.

We are linked together by a thousand ties. I cannot smile while you are weeping—you cannot be merry if I am sad. Therefore let us make a covenant with each other, that we will withhold our sorrows and impart our joys. It is the secret of success. We talk of the human family, but we do not think enough of the deep significance of the term. Our brotherhood is larger than the domestic circle, and if purest love centres around the fireside of home, yet acts of kindness and words of friendship should have no narrow limits.

The following 'burst of eloquence,' was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

Your honor sits high on the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal stream of justice, like cadaverous clouds of the valley, flows meandering at your feet.

"The World owes me a Living."

BY HORACE GREELY.

"The world owes me a good living, and I'll have it," says some blackleg, as he furnishes a luxurious repast; "there, landlord, another bottle of your prime Madeira!" Half a dozen empty headed fops, who sit gazing on him by stealth in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous applause. "That's it! That's it! That's it! the world owes us a good living, and we will have it!—Landlord! more wine here! we won't go home till morning! Let's go it while we are young. Who cares for expenses?" The consequence of this, is the pilfering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, genteel loafing, &c., &c., until one of these enterprising gentlemen in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind of a way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the State provides a living for those it considers deserving, but not such a one as consists with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is in the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living? How owes? Have you earned it by good services? If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit, or as a teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you earned, or worse still, done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just awaking to a consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig and hew—or plow or plain—but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his high duty if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who become such are the victims of perverse circumstances, and a deplorably false education.

But has not a rich man the right to enjoy his wealth? Most certainly. We would he last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others, but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and true luxuries of life; let the master pieces of art smile upon him in his galleries, and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around it. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature; and become wiser nobler, larger in soul, than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget, and if he is properly trained, he never can, that it is his solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer if need be for their elevation.

The servile idolatry with which ignorance and vulgarity have looked up to power and wealth—the hosannahs which the trampled millions have sung beneath the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading forever. In the twilight which succeeds this gross darkness, there comes a season of moral anarchy, when men, having lost faith in the juggles which once blinded and bound them, resolve to believe nothing—to decay and prostrate all that rise above its lowest level. Now, the laborer with his sinew, returns hatred for the contempt once cast upon him, an says—"What good is there in anything but manual labor! away with all else! those whose labor is chiefly mental deceivers and moths!" But this is a transitory ebullition. The world soon learns to respect its benefactors in whatever sphere, and to realize that he who truly and honestly exerts himself in some department of useful effort, may justly claim a brotherhood with all who toil, and make and earn. Let the rich cease to look down on the poor—the merchant on the porter; let each respect the dignity of man and whether in his own person or that of his less fortunate brother—let haughtiness and pride cease on one side, and envy, jealousy, and hatred with their trains of dreful consequences, will vanish from the earth, and all animated in common concord—the attainment of the highest good.

Commerce of the World.

FRANCE exports wine, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

ITALY exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dye-stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics and salt.

RUSSIA exports linens, woollens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, pork, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine and wax lain.

GERMANY exports wool, woollen goods, lins, rags, cora, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow and cattle.

AUSTRIA exports minerals, raw and manufactured silk, thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nut-gall, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

ENGLAND exports cottons, woollens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

RUSSIA exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, fur, potash and tar.

SPAIN exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh & dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woollens.

CHINA exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filagreedwork, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

TURKEY exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camlets and morocco.

HINDOOSTAN exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, sugar, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds pearls and drugs.

MEXICO exports gold, and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalapustic, Campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

BRAZIL exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums mahogany, and India rubber.

WEST INDIES exports sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye-woods, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, wax, ginger, and other spices.

SWITZERLAND exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, coal, linen, silks, velvets, lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

EAST INDIES exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benison, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal wood, zinc and nuts.

UNITED STATES exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

THE DEVIL'S FRUIT.—Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Roland, about sixty years ago. At first the people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did and found potatoes. A curious Berwickshire legend, which however is palpably anachronical, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the north, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil being in partnership, took lease on a farm in the Mertoun estates, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil advanced the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year their shares were to be just the opposite way. His Satanic majesty, as usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain; for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second; so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubble and potato tops; and this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued, until he not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil.—In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into this country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the tops and disregarding the roots.—*Shield's Gazette.*

A trial for breach of promise came off last week in Ohio, where the courtship had continued for 15 years. The faithless swain had to pay \$400 damages.

Courting at such a rate, 15 years for \$400, or about eight cents per night—is the cheapest amusement a fellow can engage in. Why, 8 cents per night would not pay the firewood and candle-light. A sensible jury that!

Good Advice.

Be just, because equity is the support of the human species. Be good, because goodness connects all hearts! Be indulgent, because feeble thyself, thou livest with beings as feeble as thou art! Be gentle, because gentleness attracts attention! Be graceful, because gratitude feeds and nourishes benevolence! Be modest because haughtiness is disgusting to beings, smitten with themselves! Forgive injuries, because revenge perpetuates hatred! Do good to him that injureth thee, in order to show thyself more noble than he is, and to make a friend of him! Be reserved temperate, and chaste, because voluptuousness, intemperance, and excess, will destroy thy being and render thee contemptible!

In short, be a man; be a sensible and rational being; be a faithful husband, a tender father; an equitable master; a zealous citizen; labor to serve thy country by thy powers, thy talents, thine industry, and thy virtues; participate with thine associates those gifts which nature hath bestowed on thee; diffuse happiness contentment, and joy, over all those who approach thee, that the sphere of thine actions, enlivened by thy kindness, may react upon thyself, be assured that the man who makes others happy, cannot be unhappy himself.—*Age of Reason.*

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.—I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T. a celebrated duellist, who has lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready "No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T's second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well, he replied, it 'can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty newspapers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

PREDICTIONS.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.

He who has a long nose, will have the most to blow and the better to handle.

He that is bald will be likely to have no hair; but if he happens to have any it will not be on the bald place.

Women who have curious eyebrows will, in all likelihood have eyelashes under them, and will be beloved, if any one takes a liking to them.

Young men who have any gallantry will have arms, with young ladies swinging to them.

Old men whose wives are dead, will marry again if they have a good chance.

Near the white mountains, N. H. there is a family of nineteen children, all by the same parents, the eldest of whom is but seventeen. The old Romans would have decided that such a father 'deserved well of his country.'

'How late is it?' 'Look at boss and see if he's drunk yet!' 'if he isn't it can't be much after eleven.' 'Does he keep such good time?' 'Splendid! they regulate the town clock by his nose.'

Some compute that the rats in the United States consume six millions of dollars worth of grain a year. These animals are almost as expensive and worthless as loafers and dandies who appear to be 'born only to consume the fruits of the earth.'

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnett, a lady of Chester county, (Pa.) recently died at Guthrieville, in this State, at the advanced age of one hundred and eleven years. She retained her mental faculties to the last.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind—despatch of a strong one.

WITHOUT health, the most exquisite pleasures are dull and insipid.

WE know as little when we shall leave the world as we did when we came into it.