The People's Advocate.

(Office on the west side of the Public Avenue.)

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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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Poetry.

From the Democratic Review.

AMERICA'S GUARD.

BY D. B. BARHYDT.

Of war, and an invaded soil,
A sudden cry rings through the land,
And instantly our chieftain's call
Is echoed back on every hand.

And down the Mississippi vale,
Gathered from near and distant parts,
All eager for the fray, is poured
An avalanche of beating hearts.

Each beating high with eager hope,
Its country will accept its aid;
And life is freely offered that
The debt of loyalty be paid.

Now, while the torrent rapidly
Is swelling to a mighty force
Of strength, to crush the foe that dares
Oppose its fiercely-rushing course;

A stripling comes in humble garb,
A-foot, and roughly travel-worn,
But whose young eyes fatigue had left,
Of every ardent glance unshorn.

He seeks the presence of the chief,
With eager tones of earnest youth,
And thus his anxious wishes speaks,
While every gesture echoes truth:

"I wish to join the army, sir—
My father's lame, and cannot go;
But grandfather has told us how
He marched barefoot thro' Trenton's snow.

"He said, when danger threatened her,
To prove myself my country's son,
I must not mind fatigue or pain,
For they were borne by Washington.

"Indeed, I am quite fourteen years,
And I've my father's title here—
I will not tire, and will do well
If I can be a volunteer."

God bless the boy! His blessing be
Around him all his life, we pray;
And may he live long years of joy
Without a single cloudy day.

Such are thy bulwarks, happy land!
And such the fruits of liberty;
A brilliant destiny awaits
The land, producing such as he.

Miscellany.

The Murder of Joe Teale.

A HISTORICAL INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the rude barracks of the New York common, one morning early, an unusual bustle was observed. British officers were selecting a party of men for an expedition, which, to judge from their expressions of pleasure, was of more than ordinary interest, and afforded promise of a greater amount of amusement than usual—for in those days it was accounted the height of amusement for a party of British regulars to scout about, surprise and engage a handful of Yankee militiamen, and slay them without the slightest show of mercy. Sometimes those unfortunate creatures—farmers or craftsmen—were compelled to perform the most ridiculous acts, while they stood, with a perfect knowledge of their situation, upon the verge of eternity. They were made, oftentimes, to dance, and while so doing, were shot down like mongrel dogs. Others were bayonetted while they shouted, in obedience to the whim of their conquerers, "God save the King!" The doggrel verses of the time, ridiculing the "rebels," were often chaunted by a man standing under a tree, with the rope that was to strangle him to death cleverly adjusted about his neck. If the appaling little cruelties of civil warfare were ever enacted to so great an extent that humanity seemed to have yielded its attributes to beasts and received brutes' attributes in exchange, they were done here—here upon this very spot, where we now have a "local habitation and a name."

The party alluded to was soon selected ready to start. Its commandant was a minor officer named Galbraith, notorious for stringent measures, and possessed of a reckless disregard of all things—which is too frequently mistaken for bravery. His Maker, for a wise purpose no doubt, had afforded him more than physical strength enough to enforce whatever command his cruelty and tyrannical disposition prompted him to give.

There was, at the time we write of, a strong presumption that peace would be declared, inasmuch as it was rumored that Clinton had been recalled, and that his successor, a peace advocate, Sir Guy Carleton, might soon be in America.

"Now, men," said Galbraith, as they prepared, to the number of about one hundred, to move, "remember that my power in this excursion is absolute. I have a sort of roving commission—can go where I please. All I desire is that every order may be promptly obeyed. You will see nothing but your duty. I can assure you that every rebel, known to be such, with whom I chance to fall in, will die. Lieut. Moulton goes with us."

"Pray Fate we may have a good time of it, for I am tired of inactivity," said Lieut. Moulton.

"Never fear," was Galbraith's reply; "if we want sport we can *make* it. I long to take a few of the nine lives of these cat-like insurgents."

"D—n me!" exclaimed Moulton, "I like that! They are cat-like, or hydra-headed. As fast as one is killed, two springs up in his place. But, Captain, which way do we go?"

"By the river path. The sun is sinking, and we must be on the move, although I would rather journey by moonlight than not. We shall have bright beams from Luna this evening, and early too."

The word was given, and the detachment started. It was a scouting or foraging party—a kind of inspection body, intended to take a survey of affairs just as directed by chance or judgment.

A little before midnight, two men, badly clad, and whose paleness was ghastly by the silvery rays of the orb of evening, were quietly seated upon a trunk of a tree, in a hollow parallel with Yorkville, and in close juxtaposition with the banks of the noble Hudson. Their unshorn beards and neglected hair and emaciated condition, in connection with their squalid, ill-fitted garments, too plainly indicated that they had been imprisoned. They were prisoners liberated from the city. A spade lay near the two, and besides a hole made in the earth. On their knees they held a small piece of deal board, which they were using as a plain upon which to *throw dice!*

"And so, Joe Teale," spoke the tallest of these persons, as he paused before casting the dice from the open hand—"And so, you do not feel conscientious about it? Well, *I* must confess that I felt like a scoundrel as I prowled about among the red-coats and took what I could find." He cast the little implements of mischief.

"Thirteen!" said the other—"a number not often beat albeit small. As to any regret concerning the plunder from the slain bodies of our foes, I never experienced it. We were perishing for clothing and food. Congress could give us nothing, and so we helped ourselves—not to relieve the necessities of the moment, but to provide for the future. Was that no: wisdom! The war has stripped us of every thing except life, and even left us a small chance for that." So saying he accomplished his throw.

"Fifteen! The choice is yours. I allow, Joe, that there is much truth in what you say. The dead did not want what we took from them; but still there is a lurking species of remorse which continually suggests the idea that I have been much like the carrion crow."

"Ah! hah!" cried the party addressed, as he rose from his seat and picked up the spade. "I hate these infernal Britishers, and I will kill them whenever I can. If their lives are ours—and *you* think so—their substance may be rightfully appropriated. But no matter: we are two days free, after as many years of torture and confinement, be pleasant."

Teale began to dig lustily, while his companion, named Oatland, approached to view the progress of the labor.

"It was a fortunate circumstance, then, that induced us to conceal this property," remarked Oatland, after a short pause.

"Very," was the brief reply.

"I don't regret," continued Oatland, "that the first choice has all the digging with it."

"Nor I," replied Teale; "I want a little exercise in the open air."

At this moment, the spade struck a wooden substance, and both men uttered a cry of delight. With much difficulty they raised a box about a foot square, and placed it upon the grass.

"It looks pretty well preserved," said Teale, wiping away the perspiration, and giving the box a kick.

"I hope the contents are right," spoke Oatland, who stooped and with an old rusty knife began to pry at the lid. In a few moments this was removed, and revealed, in the pale light of the moon, a mass of money and several articles of jewelry.

"Down with the red-coats, and up with the free states!" cried Teale, capering about. "Seven watches, and two hundred and thirty bright golden coins! The coins we divide equally; my choice gives me the four best watches. Hurrah for a rich foe forever!"

"So say I," chuckled Oatland, whose scruples of conscience seemed to be banished by the sight of the root of all evil, and who was as much elated as his comrade! "and so, a speedy independence for the continentals, and confusion to the minions of Georgy!"

"Seize them!" cried a voice from a strip of undulating and wooden ground immediately behind. Before the unfortunate couple could recover their presence of mind, they were bound in the hands of Capt. Galbraith's party. They had traced the poor fellows by the sound of their voices, and approached, as indeed they always endeavored to travel in their predatory excursions, without the least noise.

"Well," said Oatland, who saw the whole danger and precise character of their position at a glance, "what would you do with us? We are discharged from New York, and are in no service—nor are we in pursuit of any design inimical to the cause of the King. We are neutrals as we stand, and you have no right to interfere with us."

"Go on!" said Galbraith, coolly; "we all listen." The soldiers stood as motionless and quiet as the trees.

"I have nothing more to say."

"Have *you* any remarks to deliver?" inquired the captain of Teale, with mock politeness.

"None," answered he—"none. I have met such gentry as you are this, and I know your way of doing business. That's all."

"As for your being detected in no crime which warrants our notice," suddenly spoke Moulton, "I heard you utter treason and avow yourselves rebels."

Despair was pictured upon the good men's faces.

"What have we here!" exclaimed Galbraith, going to the trunk of the tree. "Dice! *and a box of gold!*"

"Watches, too!" was Moulton's cry, as he dragged the box into full view of all.

"The officers comprehended all at a glance. They knew, without being told, of the origin of that treasure, and of the reasons of its discovery there. The spade, the pit, the sentiments of the two mortals there, the hour, the *tout ensemble*, related a story too easily understoood to require any verbal narrative or explanation. The box was immediately transferred to the guardianship of the soldiers, despite the remonstrances of those who had for two years been in captivity, felicitated themselves upon the anticipation of the enjoyment it would bring them. Moulton suggested the propriety of carrying the culprits into the city, and giving them a new lease of their old quarters in the prison church; but Galbraith opposed the movement as impolitic and useless, the prison being too full, and the men too contemptible, as he said to be preserved to life.

"Very well, then, suppose we order a dozen men to step out and shoot them," said Moulton, with the utmost nonchalance.

"What!" cried Galbraith, roughly; give them the death of a soldier? By St. George not while I have an officer's authority.—What need of a volley at this hour, to cause inquiry and alarm? No, no. We wanted an exciting adventure, and here it is."

"What do you propose?"

"Corporal," said Galbraith, "take these fellows in charge, and show them to that flat stone which almost shines in the moonlight."

The two patriots silently followed to the place indicated, which was a few rods from where they stood, while Galbraith taking the worn dice in his hand, accompanied.

"Sit down!" was the next command to the prisoners.

Teale hesitated, but Oatland quietly obeyed the command.

"D—d if I do!" exclaimed Teale.

"Corporal, *knock* him down!"

"Better obey, Joe," said Oatland gloomily; "our time is come, and we had better get through it with as little trouble as possible."

Succumbing to necessity, Teale sullenly curled himself upon the stone in the position of a tailor or a Mahomedan. The soldiers gathered around and completely encircled them.

"Now," said Galbraith, with a cruel smile, "you will play for our amusement. Joe—that, I believe is your title—take these toys and try the first hazard."

As if resigned to anything that might occur, Teale doggedly did as he was commanded.

"Six—*only* six! Why, man, what a destiny is yours! Pray that your friend may get but five. Your turn, sir."

Oatland mechanically fingered the ivory cubes, and let them drop out at random.

"SEVENTEEN!" cried Galbraith, with savage glee—"seventeen! You have won."

"Won!" said Oatland, in a marvelling tone. "Won what?"

"The right to execute your brother rebel."

Even the soldiers, accustomed to every species of brutal transaction, were surprised by this declaration, and Moulton exhibited a quick start of astonishment. Teale sprang to his feet, and the movement was imitated by the other individual.

"You will take this musket," continued Galbraith, with as little apparent concern as if he was giving directions to his tailor, and transferring the weapon from one of his men to Oatland, "and at the third word blow out the brains of this Mr. Joe."

The soldiers recoiled with horror, but Galbraith checked them.

"Move not an inch!" cried he. "You have all seen men die, and felt warm blood, too, ere this. Move not a foot; but present your muskets at the man who is chosen to perform an act of just retribution. If, at the third count, he fails to fire, blow him to atoms!"

"My poor frend," said Oatland, bursting into tears and falling upon Teale's neck; "what, what in Heaven's name shall I do?"

"Hark ye!" whispered Teale. "My peace is made with God—I have said the only prayer I ever knew—one that my mother taught me. I would rather die by your hand, even though it sends a British bullet through my heart, than by that of a hireling loyalist. If you love me, fire. I will close my eyes and avert my face. Farewell—God bless you!"

Summoning all his fortitude, and without waiting for the villain officer's signal, Oatland raised his piece and sent his friend into another, it is to be hoped a better world, and fell senseless. There was no emotion of pity among that grim band. One man uttered a low laugh, as if his heart was cheered by the horrible transaction.

"Now," said Galbraith, pocketing the dice, "we will throw the body into the river. This swooning coward deserves his life, because it will be wretched; but he shall bear a mark that will never fail to remind him of to-night's amusement."

And what was that mark; think you, gentle reader? A common soldier was compelled to cut off one of the discomfitted American's *ears!* and while he lay groaning with pain and anguish, both mental and physical, the scouting party sought the river's bank, plunged the body of the murdered Teale beneath the waters, and merrily went their way. At daylight that morning they passed their lines, and gaily and contentedly resumed their quarters in the British barracks of New York city.

Decency, humanity forbid that such occurrences, by no means unfrequent here, or unparalleled elsewhere, were the legitimate doings of the opposing government. All countries give birth to brutes fashioned in "God's own image."

NOTE.—It is twelve years since we heard a confessed descendant of one of the parties above mentioned, relate, with much feeling and minute exactness, the main facts we have here embodied.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A GRATEFUL WOMAN.—A person applied to a pious woman, requesting her husband to become bound for an amount which, if ever demanded, would sweep away all his property. On her replying, "My husband will attend, sir, whenever you may appoint," a by-stander asked her:

"Do you know what you are engaging to do; and that perhaps this may be the means of leaving you destitute?"

She replied—"Yes, I do; but that gentleman found us in the greatest distress, and by his kindness we are surrounded with comforts now, should such an event take place he will only leave us where he found us."

From the N. O. Picayune.

THE CUT DIRECT.

A tall, raw-boned countryman bounded like an Indian rubber ball into the Recorder's office yesterday morning, with his head done up in a blood-stained towel, from which flowed a sanguinary stream, crimsoning his face and broad expansive shirt collar.—About his neck was a large table cloth or sheet tucked under his shirt collar, flouting in the wind, and this also was spotted with blood. Following him in rapid succession were three negroes, the foremost of whom was in his shirt-sleeves and bare headed, and had evidently been assisted in his advent by the adventitious circumstance of the countryman's hand closely and firmly clutching his cravat and shirt collar, and with a determined purpose that would have made him lack in the face if Nature herself had not been beforehand in the field.

"Is there law in this office, Judge, or ain't therh? Is blood to be spilt and the offender go clear or not?" inquired the countryman, and as he did so he gesticulated by jerking the prisoner backward and forward.

"This is a court of justice, sir," replied the Recorder, moving the bible a little on the desk before him.

"Then sit down, you infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed the countryman, as he settled the prisoner on a bench with greater quickness than gentleness. "Judge," he exclaimed, "I ai'nt a horse stealer, and it's hard to wear the brand; I never stole nothin' more than apples, and that's a long time ago, and the idea of havin' folks pintin' their fingers at me when I walk along the roads, an' inquire what hosses is worth, aint as pleasant as it might be—there 'ud be a fight right away."

"But why should you suppose anybody would accuse you of such a crime?" inquired the Recorder in amazement.

"Why, because that cuss there has gin me the mark, and if there's a law in the parish, I want him punished, and if there ain't he had better have been born a black snake at once than come within twenty-seven rods of me!" and he elevated his fists in a rage.

"What has he done?" asked the Recorder. "Has he struck you?"

"I should'nt think he had," replied the complainant with a sardonic grin—"if he had he would'nt have been here; but he's done a worse thing—he's maimed me—This here's what he's done to me—may the everlasting blaze of the devil's kitchen fire brile every atom of grease out of his confounded black walnut hide!"

With the expression of this demoniac wish the complainant proceeded to unfold the bloody towel that bound his gory locks, and disclosed a mass of congulated blood and hair clippings, covering his left ear.

"Look here, sir," said he, and the strong man wept in the bitterness of his heart."

"You have been stabbed, sir," said the Recorder. "Officer, take that black fellow into custody."

"No, sir," said he of the rueful countenance, shaking his head sorrowfully and gazing abstractedly at a reporter.

"Oh shake not your gory locks at me!—Thou can'st not say I did it," exclaimed a reporter with a walking stick like a shriveled and frost bitten sugar cane.

"No, sir; I don't, don't," said the countryman—"nobody stuck me; but I'll tell you just how it happened, and he'll find before I git through that he's ketched the wrong pig by the ear. My hair 'd got rather long, and when I saw a streaked pole stickin' out afore a door, I thought I'd go in and have about a pound and a half taken off. Well, this ere varmint told me he'd cut it, and I set down. The fust thing he did was to tie me up in this infernal sheet so tight that I could'nt breathe, scarcely. I told him to cut it short behind, and if he had shaved it he could'nt av tuk it off closer to the skull; but I did'nt mind that, 'cause I knowd it grow agin. By'n by he came to trimmin' off round the ears, and every now and then I'd feel the sharp pints of his scissors jobbed into me. It made a cold chill run through me, and I told the feller to be keerful or he'd have my eye out; but he knew he'd got me tight, and kept on. My hair aint none of the silkiest, 'cause it aint accustomed to no partic'lar trainin' and dont get grease very often, and it was considerable labor to brush it out. By'n by he got to comin' the scientific close to my left ear, and fust he'd gin a snap, and then he'd rattle the scissors as if he was trying to cut the air instead of hair. This sort of science made me shiver just as if I had the chills and fever on me, and I kept winkin' and blinkin' for fear he'd poke the pints into my eye. I told him to let me be, that my hair was cut first rate, and I was afeerd I'd ketch cold if I had too much taken off at a time, but he only grinned, confound him, and kept a snippin' away. Finally he gin one almighty clip and took the entire top of my ear clean off! I thought I was killed for sartin, and the blood did pour out bad. I expected I was a goner, and jest grabbed the feller by the throat and made a rush to where I seed an open razor, but the other niggers all got a holt on me and hustled me out of the shop. He hollered for help and I hellooed for a doctor, but I never lost my holt on him, and some gentleman told me I'd better bring him up here—and here he is, *and here's my ear!*"

So saying he took from his vest pocket a piece of his ear about a quarter of an inch broad and an inch in length, and deposited the inanimate piece of gristle upon the Recorder's desk. Had he produced a juvenile grisly bear from his pocket, it could not have excited a more lively curiosity or desire to behold it than did the production of this small portion of the "human form divine."

The unfortunate barber protested that the circumstance was as accidental as unfortunate, but the unhappy man who had been "curtailed of his fair proportion" insisted that it was a *sheer* case of intentional *barbar*-ity, and that the perpetrator should feel keenly the retributive blow of the sword of Justice, which can shave as closely as one of his own razors. The Recorder, evidently considering the affair a serious one, committed the barbar for examination. The victim pocketted his ear with a melancholy satisfaction, and indignantly expressed it as his private opinion that the barbars of New Orleans cut a little too fat for the American people.

A Strange freak of Nature.

We cannot neglect to express our wonder at the unparalled appearance of Dr. Edson, the brother of the living skeleton, who under the name of Calvin Edson, astonished the world. We have no knowledge of any other living skeletons than this man and his brother. There is a tendency in the human family to corpulency after the age of 25, and every man's chest, heart and lungs enlarge. When the chest is prevented from enlarging, by habits of stooping, the heart grows, while the chest, remaining in its original condition, compresses that organ, and produces death, the cause of which is attributed to diseases or enlargement of the heart. The entire structure of the human body changes every seven years. But such changes as that perceived in Doct. Edson, who, 19 years ago, weighed 138 pounds (now weighs 49 pounds,) have never been known out of his family, but with one exception—that of a poor wretch enfeebled by disease, who died while on exhibition, at the corner of Bowery and Division street.

There have been instances of ossification in life, and one now occurs to us. It was that of the ossification or petrifaction of a man in Dublin, who gradually changed to a hard substance like stone, and who, when he died, was a complete and impassive statue! He is now in one of the European museums. There is a change after death which is called *adipocire*. The body turns to a substance like white wax, and is innocuous to the olfactories. This change occurs once in a century or less and no reason can be given for it. It is a common belief that the "living skeletons," as Edson and his brother have been called, are reduced to their sparse dimensions by a physical disorganization—a tape-worm, or something else.—Dr. Edson assures us that for 20 years his health has been excellent, and that no cause for his strange appearance can be ascertained. Being a regular physician, now in practice, we cannot doubt his word. He commenced wasting away 19 years ago.—He is one of the most intelligent men we ever conversed with, and views his leanness with a philosophic yet sorrowful eye. The skeleton of the matured human frame is admitted to weigh, as a general thing, 32 lbs., consequently Dr. Edson's flesh weighs just 17 pounds.

He is very active. His conversation enchains, while his appearance excites your wonder to the greatest extent. The legs are not half as large as a common sized man's arm. He eats very moderately, and enjoys volatile spirits. After having successfully resisted our attempts to shake his grasp from our hand, and finding his strength equal to our own, he facetiously remarked that he was "yet one of the Green Mountain boys," and would be able to do good service in Mexico, as his capacities for enduring fatigue are as great as anybody's, and there was no danger of a ball striking him. Thro' the body, in the region of the kidneys, he is precisely three inches and a half thick.—Nude, we should think he would be actually diaphanous, if subjected to a strong light, such as the Drummond. Every bone, the vertebræ and all, can be distinctly felt and counted. Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence!

The discovery of the body *adipocire*, in the Dutch burying ground recently desecrated, has caused no little trouble to the descendants. They removed the body to Westchester, but have re-interred it, fearing that it will be stolen. Its hair is like the clippings of tin. The literal definition of the word adipocire is *fat wax*.—*Noah's N. Y. Times.*

Since the above was written Dr. Edson has ceased to be a living skeleton. He died on the 13th inst., of a pulmonary affection.

ELECTRO MAGNETIC ENGINE.—We were invited to call and witness the mysterious workings of a little machine, the invention of John Lillie, of Allegheny city, called the "Electro Magnetic Engine." We cannot get an adequate description of the principle upon which it works, but it is sufficient to say that the power is Electricity. This engine is small—capable of lifting only four pounds. In a few weeks, Mr. Lillie, the ingenious inventor, will have finished another machine, upon a larger scale, which he intends to apply to some useful purpose—it will possess power sufficient for an ordinary lathe.

It has been many a time predicted by scientific men that electricity would some day supercede steam, and all other sources of motive power. It seems from the facts above stated, that we are close upon the realization of this "dream of a diseased brain."—*Pittsburg Post.*

A Methodist preacher, being on a visit among the blacks in Virginia, asked one of them if he knew what the bible was?

Being answered in the affirmative, he demanded whether he knew the use of it. "O, yes," replied the black, "massa strap his razor wid it."

"In the matter of fighting, there is one thing I always keep my eye on, and I found Gen. Scott of the same way of thinking; and that is, to depend less on folks who say they are ready to shed the last drop of their blood, than on folks who are ready to shed the *first* drop. Give a man eight dollars a day to make speeches in Congress, with the right of free postage, and you hear enough of "last drop" matters; when it comes to camp duty, then the first drop folks have to stand the racket at eight dollars a month.—*Jack downing.*

SNOW.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars,
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
In age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The haystack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
The wagon loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Maria brings the water pail—
But where's the well?
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished—curb, and crank, and rail—
How deep it fell.

The wood-pile, too, is playing hide;
The axe—the log—
The kennel of that friend so tried—
(The old watch dog,)
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now incog.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed,
No spot to scratch him a repast—
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
Out from the window of his stall,
A view he takes,
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The Value of Resolution.

"Resolution," says a writer, "is omnipotent." And if we will solemnly determine to make the most and best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but "seize and improve the shortest intervals of possible action and effort," we shall find that there is NO LAMENT to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it even the weakest are mighty. Without it we shall accomplish nothing, with it, everything. A man who is decidedly in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pickaxe upon the old seal:—"Either I will find a way or I will make one." He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of a battle that circumstances were against him, replied, "Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them." In self-cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is attainment. Every where are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if like the old philosopher, we will take our motto: "Higher—forever higher!" we may raise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it; and he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, he will find that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him still nearer to the sun of all perfection. If we have but a fixed and resolute bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled spectre-ship which "sailed the faster in the teeth of the wind."—*Self-Culture, by Rev. Tyron Edwards.*

CONSTITUTION OF MEXICO.—The constitution formed October, 1824, was republican, and took for its model that of the United States. Its two assemblies are a senate and a house of representatives. The senate consisting of two members for each state; the representatives, of two for every eighty thousand inhabitants. All must be natives, and have landed property to the amount of eight thousand dollars, or some trade or profession which brings in ten thousand dollars annually. The congress sits every year from the first of January to the middle of April. The senators holding their seats for four years, generally; the representatives for two. The executive is vested in a president and vice president, both elected by the state legislatures for four years. The ages of the several functionaries are curiously fixed. The representatives must have attained the age of twenty-five. There have been some subsequent changes in these matters. The whole territory forms one "Federal Republic, governed by one Executive," a marked distinction between Mexico and its model; the several states of the American Union retaining to themselves many of the privileges which, in the Mexican, belong to the government of the capital.—*Blackwood.*

TO GRAHAMITES.—We suppose there are yet some Grahamites in the land, and as all may not understand the true modus operandi of making "bread from unbolted wheat," we give the following recipe, taken from an exchange:

"Three pints of warm water; one tea cup full of Indian meal, and one of wheat flour; three great spoons full of molasses, or a tea cup of brown sugar; one tea spoonfull of salt, and one of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water; one tea cup of yeast; mix the above, and stir in enough unbolted wheat flour to make it as stiff as you can work it with a spoon. Some put in enough to mould it into loaves. Try both. If made with home-brewed yeast, put it to rise over night. If with distillery yeast, make it in the morning and bake it when light; in loaves the ordinary size; bake one hour and half."—*Maine Farmer.*

Two things a man never should be angry at—what he can help, and what he cannot help.