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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.

[The enclosed lines have, I believe, never before appeared in print, although they are from the pen of one to whom the public was once much indebted for numerous fine and pathetic pieces. But he has passed away, and the name of Solomon Southwick is unknown to almost all who compose the learned and literary world of to-day. Some there may be, whose days have been prolonged by the genial influence of a peaceful life, passed at a distance from the noise and turmoil of a city, who yet remember the Plough Boy and its editor. The paper was devoted to the interests of agriculture; and now, when the lowing herd enlivens the summer evening by the merry tinkling of its leader's bell, the minds of some of our affluent old farmers must be led back unconciously to the times when less prosperous circumstances made it necessary for them to drive the progenitors of this same herd to the yard themselves, after a hard day's work with a rude cradle in the wheat field; and then to the long winter's evening, when they conned the contents of his paper by the cheerful blaze of a pine knot, or a crackling fire on the hearth. Much of their present wealth, their fine horses and farms, are owing to gentle hints and receipts for frugality or agricultural improvements, there learned in the Plough Boy. They now feel that the great political party, who then spoke to them through Southwick, have not so much mismanaged after all, and that the agricultural interest was the true interest of the State. If I am right in believing there are some such left yet, and that they are among the readers of your Review, a perusal of the enclosed lines, written by Mr. Southwick in the latter part of his life, cannot be unacceptable to them. The fine sentiment and sweet expression, added to their truth, may make them agreeable to others, while I feel that it is my duty, at all events, to give them to the public. Southwick played a distinguished part during his life in our state politics, and was once a candidate for Governor. He died about 1842, having risen from a printer's boy to the editor's chair, and from that to the highest political distinction in the state. He was a fine writer, of both prose and poetry, which latter cannot be more easily proved than by a perusal of these verses, which are entitled to a high standing among American productions.]—*Correspondent Dem. Review.*

ON VISITING MY MOTHER'S GRAVE,

IN NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,

August, 1831.

When my father's halls were desolate,
What time my Mother died—
O! what a gloomy time was that,
And how I wept and sighed!
And sighed and wept from morn till night—
My heart was on the rack:
But ah! could sighs and tears avail
To bring my Mother back!

The funeral hour was fixed upon,
And friends and neighbors came,
With sorrowing hearts, and faltering tongue
That lowly breathed the name
Of the saint, who in the shroud of death,
Was there before their eyes,
While the man of God devoutly prayed
Her soul might reach the skies!

They laid her in the silent grave,
O! what a scene was there!
While mourner's falling tear drops gave
Mute tokens of despair!
And I was there, a heart-sick boy—
At home how could I stay,
When the bearers took my mother's corpse
To a cold bed of clay!

When the coffin sunk into the ground,
Alas! my heart sank too:
And as the cold earth struck the lid,
The sound was full of wo!
That chilling sound as the clods fell in,
Struck terror to my heart,
Which life, with all its racking fears,
Can ne'er again impart!

With a heart full sore I left the grave,
A lonely orphan boy;
And since that hour, through many a scene
Of sorrow and of joy,
I've tried the world and trusted it,
But never yet could find
A friend like that loved Mother dear—
So constant and so kind!

Once more, though years long years have fled,
I tread that hallowed spot,
Where sleeps the shade of female worth
That ne'er shall be forgot;
Yes, while my mind and heart shall glow
With light—with feeling warm,
O'er that green spot shall memory throw
Her melancholy charm! S. S.

Miscellany.

"SHOW YOUR TICKETS."
A RAILROAD SKETCH.

BY SOLITAIRE.

On the rail cars between Albany and Buffalo, the conductors are frequently changed, during a single trip, and as each new one takes charge, he announces himself in office by the exclamation—"Show your tickets!"

On a night trip recently, a testy old Yankee was one of the passengers, and having exhibited his ticket to the first conductor, he carefully placed it in a well-worn pocket-book, buttoned it up in the breast pocket of his coat, pulled his hat tightly on his head, and folding his arms, resigned himself to the care of Morpheus. His nasal organ had scarcely proclaimed him in dream-land, before another conductor came along, with—"Show your tickets!" The old Yankee awoke with a snort, and having been made conscious of what was wanted, he exclaimed—

"I reckon you don't want tew be seein' it all the time, dew you?"

"Once will do me, sir," says the conductor.

"Well, you hev seen it that offin," replied the old gent, "so you kin pass on."

The conductor insisted upon looking at it, and the disturbed passenger unbuttoned his coat, unstrapped the old pocket-book, and the conductor passed by.

"Them fellars air mity afeared of gittin' chiseled," says he, as placing his ticket in his vest pocket, he again resigned himself to sleep.

The conductor, thinking he had missed some of the passengers, came back again presently, and asked to see the tickets.

"What, agin!" exclaimed the old man; "well I swow, you are the most peskied bother I've ever seed. Jest take a good look now, and hev done."

The conductor passed on again, and the old man stuck his ticket in his hat-band, and this time got fairly asleep. The motion of the cars in a short time loosened his hat, and it fell off, which a sleepless wag in the cars perceiving, he picked up the conductor's lamp, and approaching the old gent, shouted in his ear—"*show your tickets!*"

"Patience massy," says the old man, "ef here ain't anuther of these ticket fellars," and then he pulled out his pocket-book and searched it, put it back, felt in his vest pocket, but in vain. "You've got it," says he; "I gin it tew you, I know." Here he recollected sticking it in his hat-band, and now commenced a search for his head-piece. The hat, amid the shuffling of the passengers' feet, had been kicked along under several different seats. After a busy search of some minutes, he thought he perceived it beneath a fat old lady's seat. In reaching for it he awoke her.

"What *do* you want?" she inquired snappishly, as even the most amiable old lady would do, when awakened out of a sound sleep.

"I'm only reachin' for my hat, marm," says he; "it's under your seat."

"I tell you 'taint," says she. "That's a nice excuse to be coming feeling round a body with, when they are asleep. I'll call the agent see if don't."

"Why, good gracious, marm," says he, "you might sleep an age in the same bildin' with me and I'd never dream of techin' you."

"You might'nt *dream* of doing so," said she, "but you ain't a bit too good to, I'll be bound—coming waking people up in the middle of the night when they are all alone, (there were fifty in the car) talking about a *hat*—why don't you git your hat, if it's there, and go away; but I tell you 'taint there, now, and that is enough, I think, for any reasonable person—always disturbing people this way—why don't you *take* it, I say?"

Thus commanded, the distressed old gent reached under the seat for the dark looking object, which he fancied was his hat, and the old lady's small pet dog, which he caught hold of by the neck, seized him in turn by the fingers, with a *wow-w-w-ough!*

"*Ow-ah!* cuss the [illegible] claimed he; "why 'tis a live varmint."

"*Now*," says the old lady, "I reckon you are satisfied that it ain't the kind of hat you are looking for, and you can go somewhere else and search for your old hat."

A jolt of the cars here nearly threw him into her lap, on which she gave a slight scream, and called for protection.

"Perhaps this is your hat, sir," said the wag who was personating the conductor, at the same time handing him his chapeau, with the ticket safe in the hat-band. With an exclamation of pleasure, he seized it.

"Here take the cussarned ticket, will you?" he exclaimed, handing it out promiscuously; but everybody refused.

"Won't nobody hev it?" he inquired. "I vow tew gracious I won't carry it anuther minit."

"Show your tickets!" exclaimed the conductor, entering, to which he added—"We are at Auburn, gentlemen."

"Here, take it," says the old Yankee in a high state of excitement; "I'd jest rather be locked up in your dod-rotted old jail here than travel by night in these waggins. A man's eternally showing his ticket—runnin' agin cross dogs, or, what's an alfired sight wuss, cross old wimen!"

As he leaped from the car his waggish tormentor shouted after him, "Show your tickets!"

"*Durn* your tickts and the hull bilin' on you," he shouted back, as, making tracks for the hotel, he dissappeared in the darkness.—St. *Louis Reveille.*

A Scene in a Gambling-House.

The following remarkable circumstance is vouched for by Green, the reformed gambler, which we condense from his writings. There is a degree of romance attached, that in a manner relieves it of the horror excited by the catastrophe. It occurred at New Orleans some years ago.

"A sea captain was in the habit of frequenting a roulette table, kept by a Frenchman, in company with a party of gamblers.—Green remarks that they played with more regard to fairness then, than is customary or general with them now. The captain was evidently influenced in his visits more by a wish to kill time, than any passion for the sport. He had visited the room frequently, and his invariable bet was twenty-five cents; and winner or loser he never increased it. He visited the place on the night in question.

The sea captain having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his head leaning upon his hand, as if to await the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel started again, but the captain did not move, and contrary to usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth and fifth—the sum doubling each time. Thus it went on to the eighth time, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud curses, exclaimed—"He wins again!" At this, many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth being the same, one of them cried out—"He is a fool! why don't he make sure of what he has won?" The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth brought the same result, and many exclaimed—"He is mad!" And the game went on and the captain continued heedless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth, thousands were at stake, from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seemed fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel player. Others urged the captain to withdraw at least a part of his winnings. *Sixteen thousand dollars* was stake for the seventeenth. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger, nor uttered a word. At this juncture, a husky voice, in seamans' phrase, was heard—"Haul in, old captain! you don't bet all that pile against this set of land pirates! haul in!" and a hand was stretched forth from one at the table, grasping the money and depositing it in a hat. It was the first mate of the captain's vessel. Having thus secured the money, he seized the captain by the shoulder, saying—"Come, you have a full cargo, it's time to hoist sail!"—when horrible to relate, the corpse of the captain fell against him. He had been sitting with his head upon his hand through all this exciting scene; having died while in the act of betting the first quarter. The mate called for water, and dashed it in his face; then for spirits; but all efforts to resucitate him, were in vain. Life was extinct.

Green goes on to detail the result.

The gamblers demanded that the money should be refunded; but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, put it into the hand of a cabin boy, and charged him to run with it for his life to the ship, and deliver it to the clerk and summon the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion were so great that the boy slipped away unnoticed.

When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating, that the captain had undoubtedly died betting the first quarter, justice demanded that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied that the orphan children of the captain needed the money, and should have it. Force was then threatened if he refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded they rushed upon him with violence, seized his hat, and bore it off, supposing they had thus secured the money; but to their surprise the hat was empty. A large number who were present took the part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house. An assault was made upon the mate. Some cried one thing, and some another. "Down with him!" "Get the money!" "Let him alone! You have no right to rob him!"—mingled with oaths and imprecations and curses. At this moment twenty or thirty of the ship's crew, armed to the teeth, sent from the mate brought them to his rescue, and the gamblers were made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose the mate had been robbed, and they were about rushing upon *Monsieur Granpin*, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained; but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords. The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what were called among them, "*warf rat Frenchmen*," and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained monkeys. A fracas was, however, prevented between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate, that the money was safe, and a request from him that they would return to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the captain of the watch, that a Coroner's inquest must be held over it before it could be removed. He then sat himself down by the corpse of his captain, to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, meanwhile, now and then uttering curses upon the dead body of the Captain.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

FACTS IN WHEAT CULTURE.

MR. BATHEMAN:—I am not in the habit of writing for your periodical, but having a wet day on hand, and believing that I can communicate a few FACTS, such as you desire, in regard to wheat, chess, winter killing, &c., I will trouble you with some observations on this subject. I have paid some little attention to the growing of wheat, and being anxious to do things as well as my neighbors, I have generally been very careful in the preparation of my land, and the selection of good varieties for seed; thinking it money and labor well bestowed, if by deep ploughing and the extensive use of lime, leached ashes, and such table manure as I can make, I can increase the product of an acre from ten or fifteen to twenty-five or thirty bushels of wheat; and this I have done. So much by way of preface.

Last fall, I sowed forty acres of wheat, of four different kinds, in three different fields, which I shall designate as five different lots, and state the success which I met with in each lot.

No. 1. Nine acres; white bearded wheat; land in good condition, manured with lime and leached ashes; seed a year old; previous crop barley; seed very clean, chess scarcely perceptible. This was got in in good time, and grew well in the fall, presenting a luxurient herbage. ☞ I pastured my sheep upon it in the spring till the 20th April. ☜ In low wet places in the field, it was considerably winter killed, but notwithstanding this there is very little chess in it, the whole lot being considered by good judges as the best in the neighborhood; and estimated variously at 25 to 30 bushels per acre.

No. 2. About two acres; in the same field and joins the above. Land in precisely the same condition, but lies a little lower, and is consequently wetter, and was much more winter killed. The seed was another variety of white bearded wheat, but was not so clean as the first, showing a considerable quantity of chess after all the cleaning I could give it. The result is, that all the chess grew, and the wheat being killed, the weed flourished "like a green bay tree," throwing out its branches far and wide.—The quantity of wheat to the acre I have not estimated, not thinking it worth while.

No. 3. Eight acres; Mediterranean wheat in the same field, and adjoining the other two; land the same; sown on corn stubble; seed very clean and good, no chess in it, and none in the harvesting. Being on corn ground, and late sown, it did not come forward as well as the other two lots in the fall, and in consequence was much winter killed. This I in part remedied by using a heavy roller, which, pressing the half killed roots into the ground, caused them again to vegetate, and I had a very fair crop of good sound wheat without chess. I estimate it at 20 bushels to the acre. In the first two of these two lots, there were considerable traces of the FLY, most of which were doubtless destroyed by the grazing; in the last, not a sign of fly could be seen, although as you will observe, in the same field.

No. 4. Twelve acres: red bearded wheat, in a different part of the farm; land in good condition, 75 bushels lime to the acre having been applied; seed free from chess and good; looked well in the fall, but was considerably winter killed, and almost entirely destroyed by the fly in the spring. Neither in this field did the wheat turn into chess, although it had every chance to do so. The result is not worth talking about, the crop being scarcely worth cutting.

No. 5. Nine acres; Mediterranean wheat; joins the above, being only seperated by a fence; land about the same, seed clean and good, no chess in it, and none in the crop. Not much winter killed, and although joining No. 4, this ☞ was not touched by the fly. ☜ The crop is a good one, and will average more than twenty bushels to the acre.

The result of all this is, to convince me—first, that ☞ wheat will not turn into chess, ☜ but, that, as like produces like, so if you sow CHESS you will reap CHEAT.—Any person of common observation may satisfy himself as to the reason why he has so much chess, when his wheat is destroyed by winter killing, or any other cause, by simply observing the product of a single grain of chess in good soil, and under circumstances favorable to its growth. When it has a chance it shoots out prodigiously. I have before me the growth from such a seed; there are 78 stalks, upon each of which there is an average of about 20 seeds—1560 fold! And if the readers of the Cultivator will take their slates and figure a little, they will discover that it will not take a great many grains of chess in a bushel of wheat to produce an enormous crop of that which they do not want. In most seasons the growth of the wheat will prevent such magnificent results; the chess perhaps not sending out more than two or three shoots, and these of small size so as to escape notice; but let the season be unfavorable to the growth of wheat, and you will soon see that it will be as I say. In nine cases out of ten the weed is in your seed, but in many instances it is in the land or manure. If in the seed, too much care cannot be taken to pick it out; if in the land, the skillful farmer need not be told that if his manure heap is properly turned and kept in large heaps, the vitative principle will speedily be destroyed, (by process of fermentation.)

Secondly—I am convinced that the Mediterranean variety of wheat is not liable to the attack of the fly, as I think my statements show.

Thirdly—I am satisfied that the close pasturing of wheat by sheep in the spring is a sure preventive against the fly.

It is true that the fly has attacked spring wheat and barley in this region this season; but I am still certain that were they exposed to the teeth of sheep in their embryo state, many at least are put out of the way. Some will fear that pasturing will injure the crop; but they need not be the least afraid of such a result; the plant will start out better, and soon grow as luxuriently as if its branches had not been nipped.

As I am a miller, Mr. Editor, as well as a farmer, I can answer your query as to the quality of the Mediterranean wheat.

The grain is large and heavy, (mine weighs 64 lbs. to the bushel,) but the flour is not so fair as most of the other varieties of wheat produces, and the wheat will not bring so much per bushel as white wheat. It has, however, some advantages, which render its cultivation desirable to farmers to a partial extent, but not as their sole dependence.

1st. It matures early, at least a week or ten days earlier than any kind we know.

2d. It is not liable to rust.

3d. The fly does not touch it.

Against this, the objections are,

1st. That it is liable to be injured by late frosts.

2d. It does not make so fine flour as the white varieties, or sell at so high a price in market.

To every farmer, I would recommend to sow a portion of his crop of this kind, say one third or one half; and thus he will be always sure of some kind of wheat. This has been, and will continue to be, my own course.

I must apologise for this long letter; but as I really desire the increase of agricultural knowledge in our State, and as I think some of the facts stated go to prove some disputed points, I hope you will pardon me, and if you do not think the document worthy of notice, cast it into the receptacle which you have no doubt established under your table for the thousands of unpublished thoughts with which you are annoyed.

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM LITTLE.

TOO LOVING BY HALF.—"I lov[illegible] wife," said a wag, "at first as much [illegible] body ever did love a wife. For [illegible] two months, I actually wanted to ea[illegible] and ever since then I've been very [illegible]

From the Democratic Review.

THE ECLIPSE.

The earth was all silent,
The ocean at rest,
The sun-gilded clouds
Floated down in the west,
A rich banner of gems
In the sky was unfurled,
And the stars sweetly smiled
On a guilt-stricken world.

The bright silv'ry moon
In the east had arose
From its cloud-curtain bed,
From its azure repose;
It smiled on the east,
And it smiled on the west,
As a child on its parent
Just awoke from its rest.

It rose in the splendor
Of a bridal-decked maid—
A fit handmaid of earth,
In her bright robes arrayed
But its face was half veiled,
And its eyes closed in sleep,
Threw a shade on the earth
And a shade on the deep.

I gazed on it a time,
As the shadow advanced—
My soul overpowered—
My spirit entranced;
I thought of the Being
Who ruleth above,
Whose voice is all mercy—
Whose voice is all love.

But the cloud passed away,
And the moon's mellow beams
Lit up the wild landscape,
Like infantile dreams;
They danced on the ocean—
They laughed on the earth,
As the star of Judea
On Immanuel's birth.

There's a voice in the heavens,
That calls unto man—
A volume wide open,
Our vision should scan;
It speaks to the head,
And impresses the heart
With the power of God,
That should never depart.

Morgantown, Va.

Mungo Park in Africa.

The folowing incidents are related Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller:

"I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity to cross the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Monsong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into the country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there no was remedy, I set off for the village, where I found to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day in the shade of a tree, without victuals; and the night threatened to be uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the fields, stopped to observe me, and seeing that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great commiseration, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality having thus been performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labor with songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated were these:—"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he," &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her."

The fortitude of Park under suffering, and the natural piety of his mind, are beautifully illustrated by an incident related after he had been robbed and stripped of most of his clothes, at a village near Koomaa. "After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time, looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage men. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion aided and supported me, however, in this dark hour. I reflected that no human prudence of foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistably caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for tho' the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula without admiration.—Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?—Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Koomah. There much surprised to see me; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding."

An Incident at the Battle of Monterey.

While Col. Davis, with his command, was hotly engaged with the enemy, exposed to their direct fire, a man in a long grey surtout suddenly rode up, and dismounting, placed himself in the middle of the street.—There, in face of the enemy, amidst the thickest of their fire, he coolly drew from a case, suspended from his person, a spy-glass, with which, having adjusted it to a proper focus, he proceeded to reconnoitre the Mexican battery. Having satisfied himself as to the information he sought, he shut up the glass, returned it to its case, and approaching Col. Davis, said to him—"Sir, the enemy has but two pieces, and by making a detour to the right you can take them in flank." "And who the devil are you?" "I am, sir, Major Mansfield, of the corps of engineers." "All right! Come on boys!" responded the Colonel, the battery was soon carried.

We have heard two other anecdotes of Major Mansfield, characteristic, and likely enough to be true. We don't know that we can tell them intelligibly on paper, but we will try.

Before the attack on Monterey had come to close quarters—that is, while Generals Taylor and Worth were taking their positions—there was a Mexican battery of three or four guns, which it was expedient to examine somewhat closely. To this end, Major Mansfield, taking with him half a dozen dragoons as an escort, rode to within cannon ball distance of the battery, where he placed his men in a little hollow that afforded some safety, and rode forward himself about a hundred yards nearer. Then rapidly dismounting and adjusting his glass, he took a quick survey of the position, from which a gun was fired directly at him. The moment he saw the smoke, down he dropped upon the ground—the ball passed, in an instant he was up again and using his glass; another gun, down he dropped again—and so he continued, alternately dropping and starting up to look, until he had satisfied himself, when he remounted and rode off.—Sharp work, that, for the eyes, as the man said when he watched to see the letter go along the telegraph wire.

The other anecdote is more difficult to make clear before the reader. In the attack on Monterey, a portion of the assailing force was much annoyed by a small party of Mexicans, with a field piece, who were posted behind a wall, so that they could not be dislodged without attacking them directly in front, along a road which their piece commanded. A small party of Americans were trying to drive them away with a howitzer, by throwing shells over the wall, but the plan did not work very well. There was another stone wall extending diagonally towards that behind which the Mexicans were posted. Major Mansfield came galloping along, on his way to some other part of the field, and, without stopping, pointed to a particular place on this wall, and shouted, "Fire there!" The Americans did so, and their first shot glanced on this wall, ricochetted thence into the Mexicans, and sent them off in as great a hurry as ever attended any of their movements. The quick eye of Major Mansfield had noted, as he dashed by, the angle which would give the ball the needful direction.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

AN HONOR TO HIS MOTHER.—"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a sailor?" "A man who makes sails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "Oh you stupid fellow," said the dominie biting his lips, "a man who makes tails?" "Yes, master, returned John, "if the tailor did not put the tails to the coats they would be all jackets." Sit down John, you are an honor to your maternal parent.