

*From the Watchmen.*  
**TEMPERANCE ODE.**  
 In Burma's borderland,  
 Where Irrawaddy rolls,  
 Whose christian heralds stand,  
 To save immortal souls;  
 A band of thieves, a numerous horde,  
 Infest the shores their fixed abode.

They watch the passing boat,  
 And plunder all the stores,  
 And murder all that float,  
 By Irrawaddy's shores;  
 Yet all their deeds of darker shade,  
 Are licensed and the payment made.

If in this favor'd land,  
 Such license should obtain,  
 All would with zeal withstand,  
 To purge away the stain;  
 One general voice, one effort strong,  
 Would all unite to crush the wrong.

Yet here in freedom's land,  
 A sorer evil lives,  
 And works with powerful hand,  
 While law its sanction gives;  
 Makes man a brute, despoils of wealth,  
 Destroys the life, as well as health.

Our dearest earthly friends,  
 Are slain before our face,  
 While law its sanction lends,  
 To help the murderer's case;  
 Rise every soul, and aim the blow,  
 With Heaven's aid to crush the foe.

\*On the banks of the Irrawaddy, a large stream dwell a large number of thieves, who by paying a certain sum to government are permitted to remain unmolested.—*Am. Baptist Magazine.*

**Kicking a Yankee.**

A very handsome friend of ours, who a few weeks ago was poked out of a comfortable office up the river, has betaken himself to Bangor, for a time, to recover from the wound inflicted upon his feelings by our "unprincipled and immolating administration."

Change of air must have had an instant effect upon his spirits, for, from Galena, he writes us an amusing letter, which, among other things, tells of a desperate quarrel that took place on board of the boat between a real live dandy tourist, and a real live yankee settler. The latter trod on the toes of the former; whereupon the former, threatened to "kick out of the cabin" the latter;

"You'll kick me out of this cabin?"  
 "Yes, sir, I'll kick you out of this cabin!"  
 "You'll kick me Mr. Hitchcock out of this cabin?"  
 "Yes, sir, I'll kick you, Mr. Hitchcock!"

"Well, I guess," said the yankee, very coolly, after being perfectly satisfied that it was himself who stood in such imminent peril of assault—"I guess, since you talk of 'kicking,' you've never heard me tell about old Bradley and my mare, there, to hum?"

"No, sir, nor do I wish—"

"Wal, guess it won't set you back much, any how, as kicking's generally best to be considered on. You see old Bradley, is one of these sanctimonious, long faced hypocrites, who put on a religious suit every Sabbath morning, and with a good deal of screwing manage to keep it on till after sermon in the afternoon; and as I was a Universalist, he allers piked me out as a subject for religious conversation—and the darned hypocrite would talk about heaven, hell and the devil—the crucifixion and prayer, without even winking. Wal, he had an old roan mare that would jump over any fourteen rail fence in Illinois, and open any door in my barn that hadn't a padlock on it. Tu or three times I found her in my stable, and told Bradley about it, and he was 'very sorry'—'an unruly animal'—'would watch her,' and a hull lot of such things, all said in a very serious manner, with a face twice as long as old Deacon Farrar's, on Sacrament day. I knew all the time he was lying, and so I watched him and his old roan tu; and for three nights regular, old roan came to my stable about bed time, and just at daylight Bradley would come, bridle her and ride off. I then took my old mare down to a blacksmith's shop, and had some shoes made with 'porks' about four inches long, and had 'em halled on to her hind feet. Your heels, mister, ain't nothing to 'em. I took her home, give her about ten feet halter, and tied her right in the centre of the stable, fed her with oats about nine o'clock, and after taking a good smoke, went to bed, knowing that my old mare was a truth telling animal, and that she'd give a good report of herself in the morning. I hadn't got fairly to sleep before the old 'oman hunched me and wanted to know what on airth was the matter out at the stable. Says I, go to sleep Peggy, it is nothing but 'Kate'—she is kicking off flies, I guess! Purty soon she hunched me agin,

and says she, 'Mr. Hitchcock, du git up and see what in the world is the matter with Kate, for she is kicking most powerfully.' 'Lay still, Peggy—Kate will take care of herself, I guess.' Wal, the next morning, 'bout daylight, Bradley, with bridle in hand, cum to the stable, and, as true as the Book of Genesis, when he saw the old roan's sides, starn and head, he cursed and swore worse than you did, Mister, when I came down on your toes. Arter breakfast that morning, Joe Davis cum to my house, and says he, 'Bradley's old roan is nearly dead—she's cut all to pieces and can scarcely move.' 'I want to know (says I) how on airth did it happen?' Now Joe Davis was a member of the same church with Bradley, and whilst we were talking up cum that everlastin' hypocrite, and says he, 'Mr. Hitchcock, my old roan is ruined!' 'Du tell,' says I. 'She is cut all to pieces,' says he; 'do you know whether she was in your stable, Mr. Hitchcock, last night?' Wal, Mister, with this I let out; 'Do I know it!—(the yankee here in illustration, made a sudden advance upon the dandy, who made way for him unconsciously, as it were)—Do I know it, you no souled, shad-bellied, squash-headed, old night-owl you!—you hay-hookin', corn-cribbin', fodder-fudgin', cent-shavin', whittlin'-of-nothin' you!'—Kate kicks like a mere dumb beast, but I've reduced the thing to a science!" The yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat; and now the motion of the latter being accelerated by an apparent demonstration on the part of the former to "suit the action to the word," he found himself in the "social hall," tumbling backwards over a pile of baggage and tearing the knees of his pants, as he scrambled up, a perfect scream of laughter stunning him from all sides. The defeat was total;—a few moments afterwards he was seen dragging his own trunk ashore, while Mr. Hitchcock finished his story on the boiler-deck.—*St. Louis Reville.*

**A BLOODY BUSINESS: GLORY.**—Thick as standing corn and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Belooches in their many-colored garments and turbans. They filled the broad deep bed of the Fullaillee, they clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun; their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as, with frantic gestures, they rushed forwards, and, full against the front of the Twenty-second, dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity.—But with shouts as loud and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with that queen of weapons, the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood.

Now the Belooches closed their dense masses, and again the shouts and the rolling fire of musketry and the dreadful rush of the swordsmen were heard and seen along the whole line; and such a fight ensued as has seldom been known or told of in the records of war. For even those wild warriors came close up, sword and shield in advance, striving in all the fierceness of their valor to break into the opposing ranks; no fire of small arms, no push of bayonets, no sweeping discharges of grape from the guns, which were planted in one mass on the right, could drive the gallant fellows back. They gave their breasts to the shot; they leaped upon the guns, and were blown away by twenties at a time; their dead went down the steep slope by hundreds, but the gaps in their masses were continually filled up from the rear: the survivors of the front rank still pressed forwards with unabated fury, and the bayonets and the sword clashed in full and frequent conflict.—*Napier's Conquest of Scinde.*

**A HAPPY RETORT.**—The great Dr. Radcliffe, of London, had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught the Doctor just getting out of his carriage at his own door, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why you rascal," said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come, in, you shall be paid."

**Principal Officers of Government,**  
 SINCE THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

**Presidents.**

- 1789. George Washington, of Virginia.
- 1797. John Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1809. James Madison, of Virginia.
- 1817. James Monroe, of Virginia.
- 1825. John Quincy Adams, of Mass.
- 1829. Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.
- 1837. Martin Van Buren, of New York.
- 1841. Wm. H. Harrison, of Ohio. (Died.)
- 1841. John Tyler, of Virginia.
- 1845. James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

**Vice Presidents.**

- 1789. John Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1797. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1801. Aaron Burr, of New York.
- 1805. George Clinton, of New York.
- 1812. Eldridge Gerry, of Mass.
- 1817. Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York.
- 1825. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
- 1833. Martin Van Buren, of New York.
- 1837. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.
- 1841. John Tyler, of Virginia.
- 1845. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania.

**Secretaries of State.**

- 1789. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1794. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.
- 1795. Timothy Pickering, of Mass.
- 1800. John Marshall, of Virginia.
- 1801. James Madison, of Virginia.
- 1809. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1811. James Monroe, of Virginia.
- 1818. John Q. Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1825. Henry Clay, of Kentucky.
- 1830. Martin Van Buren, of New York.
- 1831. Edward Livingston, of Louisiana.
- 1833. Louis McLane, of Delaware.
- 1835. John Forsyth, of Georgia.
- 1841. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts.
- 1842. Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia.
- 1844. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
- 1845. James Richardson, of Pennsylvania.

**Secretaries of the Treasury.**

- 1789. Alexander Hamilton, of New York.
- 1796. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Oliver Wolcott, of Virginia.
- 1802. Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania.
- 1814. George W. Campbell, of Tenn.
- 1814. Alex. J. Dallas, of Pennsylvania.
- 1817. William H. Crawford, of Georgia.
- 1825. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania.
- 1829. Samuel D. Ingram, of Pennsylvania.
- 1831. Louis McLane, of Delaware.
- 1833. Wm. J. Duane, of Pennsylvania.
- 1834. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire.
- 1841. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio.
- 1842. John C. Spencer, of New York.
- 1844. Geo. M. Bibb, of Kentucky.
- 1845. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi.

**Secretaries of War.**

- 1789. Henry Knox, of Massachusetts.
- 1794. Timothy Pickering, of Mass.
- 1796. James McHenry, of Maryland.
- 1800. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Roger Griswold, of Connecticut.
- 1801. Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts.
- 1809. William Eustis, of Massachusetts.
- 1813. John Strong, of New York.
- 1815. William H. Crawford, of Georgia.
- 1816. I. Shelby, of Ky. (Did not accept.)
- 1817. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
- 1825. James Barbour, of Virginia.
- 1828. Peter B. Porter, of New York.
- 1829. John H. Eaton, of Tennessee.
- 1831. Lewis Cass, of Ohio.
- 1837. Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina.
- 1841. John Bell, of Tennessee.
- 1841. J. McLean, of Ohio. (Did not accept.)
- 1841. John C. Spencer, of New York.
- 1843. James L. Porter, of Pennsylvania.
- 1844. William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania.
- 1845. William L. Marcy, of New York.

**Secretaries of the Navy.**

- 1798. George Cabot, of Massachusetts.
- 1798. Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland.
- 1802. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1805. Jacob Crownshield, of Mass.
- 1809. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina.
- 1812. William Jones, of Pennsylvania.
- 1814. Benjamin Crownshield, of Mass.
- 1818. Smith Thompson, of New York.
- 1824. Sam'l L. Southard, of New Jersey.
- 1828. John Branch, of North Carolina.
- 1831. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire.
- 1834. Mahlon Dickson, of New Jersey.
- 1837. James K. Paulding, of New York.
- 1841. George Badger, of North Carolina.
- 1841. Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia.
- 1843. David Henshaw, of Massachusetts.

- 1844. Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia.
- 1844. John Y. Mason, of Virginia.
- 1845. Geo. Bancroft, of Massachusetts.

**Postmasters General.**

- 1789. Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts.
- 1791. T. Pickering, of Massachusetts.
- 1795. Joseph Habersham, of Georgia.
- 1802. Gideon Granger, of New York.
- 1814. Return J. Meigs, Jr., of Ohio.
- 1824. John McLean, of Ohio.
- 1829. William T. Barry, of Kentucky.
- 1836. Amos Kendall, of Kentucky.
- 1840. John M. Niles, of Connecticut.
- 1841. Francis Granger, of New York.
- 1841. Charles A. Wickliff, of Kentucky.
- 1845. Cave Johnson, of Kentucky.

**Chief Justices of the Supreme Court.**

- 1789. John Jay, of New York.
- 1796. William Cushing, of Massachusetts.
- 1796. Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut.
- 1800. John Marshall, of Virginia.
- 1836. Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.

**Attorneys General.**

- 1789. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.
- 1794. William Bradford, of Pennsylvania.
- 1795. Charles Lee, of Virginia.
- 1801. Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts.
- 1805. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1806. John Breckenridge, of Kentucky.
- 1807. Caesar A. Rodney, of Delaware.
- 1811. William A. Pickney, of Penn.
- 1814. Richard Rush, of Penn.
- 1817. William Wirt, of Virginia.
- 1829. J. McPherson Berrien, of Georgia.
- 1831. Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.
- 1835. Benjamin F. Butler, of New York.
- 1837. Henry D. Gilpin, of Pennsylvania.
- 1841. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky.
- 1841. H. S. Legare, of South Carolina.

**EXPENDITURES OF THE GOVERNMENT.**

Years.	Expenditures.	Public Debt.
1789 to 1796	\$13,887,628 58	\$36,992,956 92
1797 to 1800	21,348,351 19	18,957,962 69
1801 to 1808	41,101,678 76	65,186,398 53
1809 to 1816	144,684,944 86	83,428,937 78
1817 to 1824	101,363,569 63	104,366,111 27
1825 to 1828	50,501,913 31	45,303,533 43
1829 to 1832	56,270,480 62	57,754,303 51
1833	22,713,755 11	1,542,543 38
1834	18,425,417 25	6,176,565 19
1835	17,514,950 28	58,191 96
1836	29,621,807 82	
1837 to 1840	121,729,801 16	20,339,144 30
1841 to 1844	94,184,952 99	39,568,207 13

**SHOES IN FRANCE.**—There are 100,000, 000 shoes made annually in France. The salaries paid to the men making them, amount to 300,000,000 francs. The value of the leathern gloves annually manufactured in France is, 10,100,000 francs, and this business affords employment to 10,000 workmen.

**QUAINT IDEA OF PLEASURE IN HEAVEN.**—Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the widow of a blacksmith, who was constantly laboring to procure the necessaries of life, thus beautifully but quaintly portrays her character:

"Thus she lived, poor, patient and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of Heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed, that when she at length reached it she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms."

**GENTLEMEN, PAY UP!**—Some writer remarks that—"Man owes woman a vast moral debt, which has been accumulating both in principal and interest since the foundation of the world, and unless he soon begins to liquidate it in some shape, he will become a bankrupt in the eyes of Heaven." We should like the writer to point out where instalments are receivable.

**LAST WORDS.**—Commodore Elliott, when apparently unconscious, called a friend to him and said, "I am about to be launched into Eternity—stand by me and keep my head to the Union."

**A LAKE OF BLOOD.**—Dr. Dick estimates the number of those who have perished directly or indirectly, by war at fourteen thousand millions. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, has taken the estimate of Dr. Dick, and assuming the average quantity of blood in a common sized person, states that the veins of those fourteen thousand millions would fill a circular lake of more than seventeen miles in circumference, and ten feet deep, in which all the navies in the world might float!