[illegible] MITHER

[illegible]

BY A. G. GARDNER.

He will na' gang his gaet, mither,
He's ever by my side,
He's early an' he's late, mither,
I manage his bide his bide;
My aching wheel goes drearly
While Jocky's by the door;
Tho' he is so lovely,
Though we are very poor.
Yet he'll na' gang, &c.

The cruse dun' dampen me, mither,
The cruse dun' winter's snow,
Oh! say what's to be done, mither,
His plaguing your lassie so?
There's not a flower in blossom,
The frost is in the ground;
There's a 'whistle' in my bosom
As the weary wheel goes round.
He will na' gang, &c.

You're smiling at your Kate, mither,
(Oh where can Jocky hide)
If he'll no gang his gaet, mither,
In truth I'll bid him bide:
He's brought a wee bit sing, mither
(Give let me hide my face,)
An' early in the spring, mither
He'll take me for the place.
He's early an' he's late, mither,
He's ever by my side,
If he'll na' gang his gaet, mither,
In truth I'll bid him bide.

'There's no such word as Fail.'

BY ALICE G. LEE.

The prettiest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold,
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy cheering power,
"There's no such word as fail."

The Sailor, on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land;
And foes and fractious he may be,
Would they were near the strand.
But when the storm on angry wings
Bears lightning, shot, and hail,
He climbs the slippery mast, and sings,
"There's no such word as fail."

The wearied Student bending o'er
The tomes of other days,
And dwelling on their magic lore,
For inspiration prays.
And though with toil his brain is weak,
His heart is deadly pale,
The language of his heart will speak—
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily Statesman bends his knee
Before Heaven's glittering throne,
And wields an humble suppliant be
To Godhead so divine.
Yet, though his progress is full slow,
And enemies may rail;
He thinks at least he would to show
"There's no such word as fail."

The Soldier on the battle plain,
When thinking to be free,
And throw aside a tyrant's chain,
Says—"On for Liberty!
Our hearthold and our native land!
We must, we will prevail!
Then foot to foot, and hand to hand,
'There's no such word as fail.'"

The child of God though oft beset
By foes without—within—
These precious words will ne'er forget,
Amid their dreadful din.
But upward looks with eye of faith,
Armed with the Christian mail;
And in the hottest conflict saith—
"There's no such word as fail."

AGRICULTURAL.

Farming in Great Britain.—A London paper states that at the present moment, "with an area of 61,622,970 acres in the United Kingdom' there is only one proprietor for every 305 acres. The "stout yeoman" class is rapidly disappearing; the number of persons farming their own land, every day diminishes; a dozen properties are run together into the hands of one holder; three or four small farms are combined into one large one; the small farmer is now an animal almost as rare as the small landlord; and the children of those who constituted the former tenantry of the country, have become the laborers on the very land their ancestors cultivated as holders. Farming, like all other trades, is becoming a wholesale business, and while a few are becoming extensive and wealthy agriculturists, the mass are sinking into hopeless poverty."—[The Farmer's Picant.

The Gooseberry.—In selecting the best situation for the gooseberry bush, choose a place shaded from the sun's vertical rays, and plant in a good rich and deep mould about three feet apart, and carefully train them into heads two feet or more from the earth, forming these heads nearly round and open. The Western Reserve Magazine recommends, after the head is formed, attention to the bush, from the time the blossom shows itself until the fruit is ripe, and whenever a branch is pushing forward to make wood, nip the end with the fingers, thus throwing all the vigor into the formation of the fruit, besides leaving the bush more open to the air; dig the bush, dig well among their roots, [illegible] careful not to break them, but yet keep the earth loose and moist. As often as once a week, from the time the fruit [illegible] water with liquid manure [illegible] and use the hoe directly after. In pruning, let it be borne in mind that the Gooseberry produces fruit on wood not only of the preceding summer's growth, but also on spurs from old wood. Should any appearance of mildew become visible, sprinkle the bushes with weak lime water, and scatter lime and sulphur underneath upon the ground.

Comparative Trial of the Qualities of Various Pure Earths for supporting Vegetation, made in the Nursery Grounds of W. Drummond and sons, Sterling.

"Garden pots eight inches in diameter were filled each with a pure earth, reduced, by pounding, to the consistency of gravelly sand, where it had previously existed in the indurated or rocky state. Oats were then sown about the middle of April, three plants being allowed to remain in each pot. The pots were plunged to the rim in an open border, cinders of coal being put under them, and care otherwise taken that the roots of the oats should have no extraneous nourishment. The plants were watered with common spring water, a few times in very dry weather.

"The stalks attained to the height of two and a half to three feet. The grain fully ripened about the beginning of September.

"PRODUCE.

Earths	*Ears*	*Grains.*
"Granite, (Aberdeen,)	13	220
Clay slate, (primitive,)	11	241
Greenstone, (secondary trap)	10	245
Limestone,	9	251
Chalk,	13	355
Gypsum, (very sickly plants,)	6	40
Sandstone, (siliceous,)	12	231
Pit sand, (brown,)	12	210
Blue clay, (taken ten feet under the surface,)	10	242
Mixture of all the above kinds,	9	190
Common light loamy soil,	18	453

Experiments of this nature seem worthy of further prosecution, particularly relative to the respective influence of the atmosphere and soil in the nourishment of plants. When the oats were sown, scientific as well as practical men predicted, that in most of these earths they would not grow; and when they saw them growing, predicted they would not ripen seed. The results have proved otherwise."

Raising Trees from Seeds.—At a late meeting of the American Agricultural Society, Governor Edwards of Connecticut having been called up, gave a very interesting account of his raising an extensive variety of early and late Pear trees from the seed. He recommended that fruit trees should be raised in this way, and stated the probability that the race of a tree became, in a certain number of years, enfeebled and finally extinct, and it was therefore necessary to renew the trees from the seed. He had also planted the seeds of the two native species of Grape—Fox and Frost—from which he had raised a great variety of fine Grapes. Altogether, the subject of cultivating the native Fruits of this country had been too much neglected, and he earnestly recommended it as being among the subjects most worthy of attention. Dr. Underhill agreed with Governor Edwards on the necessity of cultivating American Fruit—especially in regard to Grapes. Foreign Grapes, except under glass, cannot be cultivated in our climate. The Winter freezes them and the Summer scorches them to death. All the hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in the experiments with foreign Grapes, had been literally thrown away; and yet there were nursery-men, who knew better, every Spring Advertising and selling foreign Grape-vines which they promised would flourish in our soil. They ought to be and should be exposed. In regard to American Grapes, they had already been much improved, and would doubtless improve for a hundred years to come. He had himself produced Isabella and Catawba Grapes which had been pronounced good by Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians; and they are now begining to lay out vineyards for these varieties in Spain, France and Germany. When we begin to import them, Americans would doubtless find them of exquisite flavor!

Good Butter.

Butter, being an indispensable article for the table, forms the most important product of the dairy, and may, with proper management, be made the source of considerable profit, with little labor, to every farmer.—Yet its manufacture is too much neglected. We have selected from good authorities the following rules and remarks on butter making.

1. That every thing should be cleanly in the whole process.

2. That the milk should be kept at a proper temperature, say from forty-five to fifty degrees while the cream is separating.

3. The cream should be taken off and churned, before its quality is impaired.

4. That its temperature should be from 55 to 65 degrees when put into the churn and the churning should be moderate and uniform.

5. That salt of the best quality, in sufficient quantity to suit the palate, should be blended with it at the first working, and the butter-milk completely got out by the butter ladle.

6. That the working of the butter should be repeated at the end of 24 hours, when the salt has become completely dissolved and all the liquid extracted—and

7. That it should be packed, with a small quantity of salt in stone jars, or in wooden firkins or tubs, such as will not impart to it any taint or bad flavor—and in such a manner as to exclude the air.

Butter made in this way, will be of fine flavor; and if put down and kept in this way the flavor will be preserved for an almost indefinite period, if kept in a temperature below seventy degrees. Water mixed either with the milk, the cream, or the butter, and especially soft water, adds nothing to, but materially abstracts from richness of flavor. Milk skimmed at three several times will give three qualities of butter—that taken off first being the richest and most valuable.

MECHANICAL.

Soldering.

To unite two pieces of the same or different metals, by fusing some metallic substance upon them, is called *soldering*. It is a general rule, that the solder should be easier of fusion than the metal to be soldered by it. It is in the next place, desirable, though seldom absolutely necessary, nor always attempted, that the solder and the metal to which it is intended to be applied, should be of the same color, and of the same degree of hardness and malleability.

Solders are distinguished into two different classes, viz, the hard and the soft solders. For the hard solders, which are ductile, and admit of being hammered, some of the same sort of metal as that to be soldered is, in the greatest number of instances, alloyed with some other which increases its fusibility. Some of the facts already detailed, respecting the metals, prove that the addition made with this view need not always be itself easier of fusion.

The solder for platina is gold, and the expense of it will, therefore, contribute to hinder the general use of platina vessels, even in chemical experiments.

The hard solder for gold is composed of gold and silver; gold and copper; or gold, silver, and copper. Goldsmiths usually make four kinds, viz., solder of eight, in which, to seven parts of silver, there is one of brass or copper; solder six, where only a sixth part is copper; solder of four, and solder of three. But many who may have occasion to solder gold, cannot encumber themselves with these varieties.

For general purposes, therefore, the following composition may be provided; melt two parts of gold, with one of silver and one of copper; stir the mass well to make it uniform, add a little borax in powder, and pour it out immediately. If cast into very thin narrow slips, it will be the more handy for subsequent use. To cleanse gold which has been soldered, heat it almost to ignition, let it cool, and then boil it in urine and sal ammoniac.

The hard solder for silver may be prepared by melting two parts of silver with one of brass. It must not be kept long in fusion, lest the zinc of the brass fly off in fumes. If the silver to be soldered be alloyed with much copper, the proportion of brass may be increased: for example, the following composition may be used; four parts of silver and three of brass, rendered easy of fusion by a sixteenth part of zinc. Silver which has been soldered, may be cleansed by heating it, and letting it cool, as directed for gold, but it must be boiled in alum water.

The hard solder for copper and brass is a soft fusible sort of granulated brass, known to artists by the name of speltre. It consists of brass mixed with an eighth, or a sixth, or even one-half of zinc. The braziers use no other kind of hard solder. As speltre melts sooner than common brass, it serves for the solder of the latter as well as for copper.

Standard silver makes an excellent solder for brass. It is more fusible than speltre, proportionately easier to manage, and equally as durable. A slight demand for silver solder may, to many, be supplied at a cheap rate, in consequence of the number of the small silver articles in use, and which are frequently wearing out.

Iron may be soldered with copper, gold, or silver. Brass or speltre is most commonly used, and the operation is then called brazing; but a carbonate of the same metal, viz: the dark gray or most fusible sort of pig iron, called No. 1, is the most durable solder that can be used. The pig iron loses some brittleness, and the malleable metal becomes harder in the proximity of the parts soldered.

The parts upon which hard solder is intended to operate, are touched with finely powdered borax moistened with water. They must, also, as in all soldering and tinning operations, be perfectly clean. The borax quickly running into a kind of glass, promotes the fusion of the solder, and preserves from oxidation the surfaces to which it is applied. The pieces intended to be soldered, are fastened together with iron wire, or secured by some contrivance having the same effect. Speltre being composed of so many grains, is apt to spread when the borax boils up; but just as it becomes fused, the workmen bring it to the place where it is wanted, by a slender iron rod. The flame of a lamp directed by a blow-pipe against the solder covering the intended joint, which must be laid upon charcoal, is sufficient for small things. For large work a common culinary fire may be made to effect the desired fusion, though a forge is still more convenient. The fire should not touch the work, nor the ashes be allowed to fall upon it.

The soft solders melt easily, but are partly brittle, and therefore cannot be hammered. The solder for lead is usually composed of two parts of lead and one of tin. Its goodness is tried by melting it, and pouring about the size of a crown-piece upon a table; little shining stars will arise upon it, if it is good. By diminishing the proportion of lead, we form what is call stray solder; we may also increase the proportion, which is advisable when we wish to solder vessels for containing acids, because lead is not so easily corroded or dissolved as tin.

The lining of tea-chests has been used for solder, as it sometimes comes mixed about the right proportion. Those valuable portions of tea-lead may be distinguished by their brilliancy, having suffered little from oxidation; also, when they principally consist of tin, by the crackling noise while bending, which is peculiar to this metal, and some of the alloys into which it largely enters.

The solder for tin may consist of four parts of pewter, one of tin, and one of bismuth, or two parts of tin, and one of lead; the latter is a composition much used.

The soldering iron of the tin-plate workers is an ingot of copper, flattened at the point, in a pentamidal form, it is screwed or riveted to an iron stem fastened to wooden handle. The copper is seldom more than four or five inches long, and when it is worn away, the same stem and handle are used for another piece. The bar of copper is prepared for use, by filing it bright, and tinning it; when sufficiently hot, it will melt and take the solder, so as to afford a ready means of applying it to the intended spot. Powdered rosin, and sometimes pitch, is used along with the soft solder, to preserve the metals employed from oxidation.

Tin-foil, applied between the joints of fine brass-work, first wetted with a solution of sal ammoniac, and held firmly together while heated, makes an excellent juncture, care being taken to avoid too much heat.—*N. Y. Far. & Mechanic.*

Diamond Cement.—This article, so much esteemed for uniting pieces of broken glass, for repairing precious stones, and for cementing them to watch cases and other ornaments, is made by soaking isinglass in water until it becomes quite soft, and then mixing with spirit in which a little gum mastic and commoniacum have been dissolved.

A simple Barometer.—A writer in the Georgia Farmer gives directions for making a cheap barometer to aid in foretelling the weather. He takes a stick three feet long, and attaches to the butt end thereof a phial, full of air of course and corked tight. The stick is then suspended in a horizontal position, by a thread near its centre. When a storm is coming on, the air outside is lighter than that in the phial, and of course the phial sinks and indicates a change in the atmosphere. Such a barometer may be made in ten minutes, and some of our young philosophic farmers will incline to have barometers of their own manufacture.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dream-Land.

BY CLARA CUSHMAN.

Reader, I was transported to dream-land. I know not how, but swiftly and suddenly I found myself within its mysterious and hallowed precincts. Yet it was not the dream-land of my imagination, still and shadowy, its holy silence broken only by the choral chimes of the flower-bells, as they whispered to the wandering zephyrs, or the gentle ripple of bright waters, as they stole like threads of silver at the feet of the fair blossoms.

This was the picture that I had dwelt upon, until my soul was filled with longings to visit the abode seldom troubled by the presence of things earthly, and to bathe my burning brow in the chrystal brooks that had never mirrored the countenance of a mortal.

But the scene that now lay before me was far different. A wild and rocky country reached away to the horizon—there were no forests—and the few trees that the sterile soil gave birth to were withered and distorted, "as if they had struggled for a purer air and more genial sunshine." Deep, still waters, and rivers swollen, black and sullen, gleamed through the atmosphere, and the ear listened in vain for the song of the birds that had once inhabited their borders. For it seemed as if, in ages past, it had been a fair land, and now was receiving punishment for some fearful crime, whose secret had passed away and been buried with forgotten centuries:—As though a pestilence, for this great and unpardonable sin, had swept over it, blighting all that was fair, crushing all that had once given beauty and life to its surface. Fearful and lone it remained, shut, by a convulsion of nature, from the world without—a mark and a monument of the terrible retribution of an offended Deity.

There was one only and strange inhabitant.—Strange—for the snow white dove which pined there, fastened to a blasted tree by a strong though slender cord, was fitter, far, for the Eden my fancy had pictured.

Innocent and pure, it marked still more plainly the sin and desolation around it; and it fluttered its snowy pinions, turning its meek eyes to the distant Heaven, as if pleading to be released from its painful bondage. But the cord that held it seemed firmer than before; then it strove to shut out the scene around, and with that earnest and pleading look, awaited patiently the time of its deliverance.

Then came a still, small voice, that told my heart what it yearned to know.

"Pure and fair as the sunny dove, is the soul of him who, through much tribulation, is fitted to enjoy the rest which remaineth for such a spirit. Yet at once it may not be free; the earth is, for a time, its biding place, dark and sinful as it is, unfitted as it must be for the abode of aught that is holy. And though oft times when wearied and fainting, it would seem that its captivity must be near a close; the bonds that check its flight become stronger, and it feels that struggles and despondency are not yet passed. Then humbly and meekly striving to shut out the care and turmoil around, it looks with the eye of faith steadfastly towards the Heaven that is its destined habitation. At last cometh the summons—the silver cord is loosened, the prisoner is free.

Again I turned to the snowy dove, but an arrow from an unseen hand had sundered its bonds, and with a free, glad song of thanksgiving and praise, it shook from its pinions the earthly stains which clung to them—and soaring up, up, away, away, drinking in strength and vigor from a purer air, it passed into its native heaven, and I saw it no longer.

Linseed Oil for Shoes.—Apply the oil to the soles, and let them dry.

Economy is Wealth."—The globe we inhabit is made up of *small particles*, but when put together, how vast is the structure thus produced! Everything must have a beginning, and if the principle of accumulation is never commenced, the single particles will be scattered and become apparently useless. Money is a slippery thing, we all know. It is portable, and, with the poor especially, may be termed with peculiar propriety "*personal property*. It is the means of purchasing all our animal gratifications, in proportion to the amount we have of it; and from being constantly carried about with us in small sums, it forms a continual temptation to those who possess it. Little do we think of the immense sums that are squandered by BEGGERS. Do we find a few "stray pennies" in our purse, we are too apt to expend them for some trifle which besets our daily walk, and they are added to many thousands which have preceded them. If we hesitate at all before we expend these small sums, our scruples are silenced at once by the enemy of all kind of economy, with the suggestion often plied before with success—"Is it not a little sum?"—and we reply with a wistful glance at the tempting object we so much desire, "Yes, it is only a little amount." In this manner, by repeatedly throwing away a trivial sum, we cheat ourselves of *wealth!* Do you stare, gentle reader, at the idea that so much can be spent by the frequent repetition of such small expenditures? Were it necessary, multitudes of instances might be cited to prove that immense fortunes have been acquired by those who have practised on the plan of saving trifles. "Take care of the pence," said a truly wise man in worldly matters, "and the pounds will take care of themselves." Many have tried the truth of this saying, and have found it to their temporal advantage; and if others would make economy the principle of their every day life, in regard to both *time* and *money*, they would discover much to their gratification, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Be persuaded, reader, to be frugal in your pecuniary concerns, and plenty will reign in your habitation. To show the importance of taking care of small sums, a quotation is subjoined, which will open the eyes of many who have heretofore acted upon a different principle—who have thrown away enough to have enabled them to live in affluence, if the same amount had been laid aside for a "rainy day." Those unacquainted with arithmetical calculations, have no adequate idea of the amazing rate with which money accumulates when placed out at interest—To such persons, the following statement will prove interesting.

"Any sum, at simple interest, will double itself in sixteen years and eight months—but at compound interest, in a little more than half that time—that is, in eleven years, eight months and twenty-two days. Hence we see that there is considerable difference in a few years, and when compound interest is permitted to accumulate for ages, it amounts to a sum almost incredible. If *one cent* had been put at compound interest at the commencement of the Christian Era, it would have amounted, at the end of the year 1827, to a sum greater than could be contained in *six millions of globes, each equal to our earth in magnitude, and all of* SOLID GOLD." Let the poor man ponder on these facts. Let him practise the art of saving here recommended, and he will have abundant reason to attest the truth of the adage—"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Hope.—Hope has the power of soaring with a strong and upstriving pinion from all that is dark and drear, into the radiant atmosphere of poetry. It takes us into a world of dreams, and causes the heart to wander among visions, it unfurls a dazzling scroll, and shows us engraven on it an immortal name. Its holy task is to exhibit to us, even when cares surround us and we are treading along a harsh path, a tune of dizzy joys, and to change into bright enchantments the stern realities of actual life. It boldly walks along with us, prompting the spirit never to repine—from the cradle to the grave. It is like the last bright spark of a dying candle, flaring up before all is dark. We all hope. In every one of us that passion finds an object to feed upon. We all form some *beau ideal*—we all sketch some fancy portrait which we fondly cherish, and hope to find the fair original. When hope first sheds its influence upon the heart, all one's roving thoughts are concentrated upon one object. All the alluring avenues of fame spread open before us. We burn to achieve some arduous enterprise which shall be worthy of the mind of man. Hope bids the thoughts of the poet to aspire; it breathes influence over his verses, and adds to the celestial fire. It makes the painter trace the genuine beauties of nature. It bids the sailor upon the waste of waters to taste ideal pleasures, and tread his native shores. It charms the lover's eyes with dear delusions, and strews upon his pathway flowers which he fondly thinks too bright to die. To all classes of people, and in every scene in life, hope is a radiant sunshine to the soul.

The necessity of a future life is sufficiently shown in the fact that so much is left undone of our proper performances in this.

It is only where there is light that there is shadow. Were there no sun there were no cloud; but without the cloud we should never see the rainbow. Our cares are the sources mostly of our best pleasures, as they are certainly of our noblest charities and virtues.

The angel who can feel no resentment, yet must envy the man who overcomes it.

The bier is the cradle of Heaven.

Immense natural bee-hive.—In a cavern on the right bank of the Colorado, about seven miles from Austin, Texas, there is an immense hive of wild bees.—On a warm day a dark stream of bees may be seen constantly winding out from the cavern, until it disappears.—The number of bees in this cavern must be incalculably great, probably greater than the number in a thousand or ten thousand ordinary hives. The oldest settlers say that the hive was there when they first arrived in the country, and it is quite probable that it existed many years previous to the settlement of the country. It is estimated that there are many tons of honey and wax in this immense hive; and if its contents could be extracted readily, they would doubtless be found more valuable than the contents of any silver or gold mine that adventurers have been seeking for years in that section.—*Mail.*

To men as to books, there are before and behind two empty covers—childhood and old age.

Balm for a Broken Heart.

A "broken hearted woman," as she calls herself—Mrs. Laura Hunt of Montgomery county, N. Y. notifies the public through the Amsterdam Intelligencer, that her dear husband, Joshua Hunt, has left her bed and board and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbids all girls, old maids and widows, to meddle with or marry him under the penalty of the law. She earnestly entreats all editors throughout the world to lay the foregoing information before their readers. Mrs. Hunt will please to perceive that we have complied with her request.—Cour. & Enq.

And we two.—[N. Y. Transcript.
And we three.—[Cincinnatti Mirror.
And we four.—[N. Y. Standard.
And we five.—[Western Methodist.
And we six.—[Zion's Herald.
And we seven.—[Maine Free Press.
And we eight.—[Missouri Free Press.
And we nine.—[Woodstock Whig.
Leave her bed and board; the villian, and we ten.—[National Eagle.
And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond, and we eleven.—[Albany Advertiser.
And we make up the dozen.—[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.
He left her bed! O! The Vagrant! and a Baker's dozen.—[Pittsburgh Statesman.
And we start him again.—[Miner's Journal.
Keep him moving. Salt River is too good for him.—[Jackson Courier.
May he have corns on his toes, and pains in his ribs all the days of his life.—Leave a woman's bed and board the graceless knave! We'll give him the sixteenth kick.—Carlisle Republican.
Oh, the vagabond! He deserves an additional kick and we will give him the seventeenth.—[Cleveland Herald.
Break a woman's heart, the fiend!—Take that too!—[Painsville Telegraph.
We underwrite the eighteenth endorser.—[Courier & Enq.
And we give the scoundrel the seventh shove.—[Eastern Argus.
And here goes the 20th.—[American Sentinel.
And we repeat her wrongs and his shame to our twenty thousand readers.—[Saturday Courier.
Pass him round! Start him again, the scoundrel, and here goes the twenty-first kick.—[Utica Daily News.
We give him the twenty-second. Brethren add your mite.—(Vergennes Vermonser.
Here's our—kick No. 23. Put it into the scamp thick and fast.—[Concord Freeman.
We'll break his back if he comes this way.—[N. H. Gazette.
Being a bachelor we'll HUNT the rascal to the ends of the earth.—[N. H. Saturday Messenger.
Go it, Mr. Messenger. That is about as dignified business as an old bachelor would be likely to engage in. No. 26.—Sandy-Hill Herald.
"Strayed!" Know, "broken hearted woman" that, all Oregon's white men, Indians, women, children, and Heaven-kissing trees mourn (?) as you mourn—Consolation 27!—Oregon Spectator.

Amusing Adventure.—At Vera Cruz lately, a French officer, from the fleet at Sacrificios, going to the city, at evening, found the gate closed and thereupon leaped the wall. He happened to light near one of the sentries. The shock was too great for poor Johnny Mexican; he threw down his musket, made one spring, and off he went, yelling out *los Americanos, los Americanos.* Such was the commotion that the town had nearly surrendered to an apparition.

☞ A watchmaker being asked the age of his youngest child, said he wanted just "a quarter of three."

Rules of Etiquette.—No lady vot bakes her pies in a cooking stove should think herself as good as she vot sends them to a baker.

No gentleman vot shaves himself should twirl his whiskers in the presence of him vot gets shaved by a barber.

Any gemman whose dog is named Pompey, ought not to expect to associate with the gemman whose dog is named Napoleon.

Any gemman vot takes his oysters at a stand in the street must not expect to stick up to the gemman vot goes down into a cellar and thumps on the table for a waiter.

Any gemman vot subscribes for a newspaper, and doesn't pay for it, cannot expect to receive the hand of the printer like one vot does pay.

'Pompey,' said a good natured gentleman to his colored man, 'I did not know till to day that you had been whipped last week.'—'Didn't you, massa?' replied Pomp 'why I knew it at the time of it.'