

POETRY.

From the Boston Olive Branch.
Off in the Silly Night.
 Off in the silly night,
 When bed-clothes seem too scanty,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of days when we had plenty:
 Each linen sheet,
 So white and neat;
 The quilts that I paraded;
 The blankets white,
 New this and slight,
 The comforts old and faded;
 Thus in the silly night,
 When bed-clothes seem so scanty,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of days when I had plenty.
 When I remember all
 The bed-clothes brought from mother's,
 I've seen around me fall,
 And could not purchase others:
 I feel the ones
 Who had been "done,"
 By wedding in a hurry,
 Whose youth was flown,
 Whose beauty were gone,
 And who were left to worry.
 Thus in the silly night,
 When bed-clothes seem so scanty,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of days when I had plenty.

MINING AND FIGHTING IN NORTHERN MEXICO.—In the Northern part of Mexico, as it is well known, there are numerous rich mines of gold and silver, several of which were worked many years since and yielded immense sums to the Mexican people. They were finally abandoned, in consequence of the hostility of the Apaches, Marikopa, Yuma and other tribes of Indians in that region, who, from massacres of solitary companies proceeded even to the depopulation of whole mining villages. Since the discovery of the placers in California, which attracted so many thousands of Sonorians from their homes, these old mines in the Northern extremes of Sonora became again known to them and again excited their cupidity. The result was, that hundreds, after passing a season in the California mines, returned home to try their luck in re-opening those in their own State. They knew the hostility of the Indians, which seems to have become hereditary and almost a part of their religion, and therefore they organized expeditions of considerable size, to dig, if unmolested, to fight if assailed. Their sagacity was not at fault, as we see by the last arrival from the Pacific. A battle had been fought between a band of Apaches, by Western frontiersmen, regarded as brave and better warriors than the Camanches, and Sonorians under Gen. Castillo, in the latter part of February, in which the latter were completely defeated, some two hundred of their best men being killed on the field, and losing over three hundred prisoners. The loss of the Indians was trifling.

We have often heard Gen. Conde, the Mexican Boundary Commissioner, observe that the gold and silver mines of Sonora were richer than any that had then been discovered in California, and it was strange that the American people, who had almost as much of a passion for Indian shooting as gold hunting, had not organized companies for that region, to dig or to fight, as the whims of fortune might decide. The testimony of Gen. Conde was reliable, as he had passed the earlier part of his life in Northern Mexico, in official capacities, and had visited many of the old mines, which had been abandoned in the height of their prosperity, and left with all their machinery, houses, &c., in such a condition as indicated that the Indians had come upon the miners in a surprise and had driven them away or had massacred them on the spot, fear preventing their places from ever afterwards being filled with other adventurers.

That these rich mines will one day, and probably not a remote, be resorted to by crowds of American fortune hunters, we doubt not. Expeditions, gotten up to treat with the Indians, if they were disposed to peace, or fight and whip them, if they were not, could readily be organized, and doubtless will be, as soon as the placers of California are so exhausted as no longer to afford compensation to the thousands who have no means to mine beyond the surface. In such enterprises they would have the approbation of the Mexicans, and if they chose, their aid. [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

It is estimated that the cost of the fuel annually required in the United States for mechanical and manufacturing purposes—mainly for the generation of steam—cannot fall short of fifty millions of dollars.

In Russia, the candles used in the mines are made of tallow mixed with powdered charcoal, which is found to increase the intensity of the light.

Innovation in Dress.

Some of the ladies of Syracuse, New York, are setting an example of innovation in dress, which may effect quite a revolution in the world of fashion. The New York Tribune thus describes the apparel adopted by them:

"We understand that it consists of full Turkish trousers, fastened at the ankles, and skirts coming down a trifle below the knees. The waist is made loose, and according to the tastes of the wearer. The lady editor of a paper at Seneca Falls, and several ladies at Syracuse, have lately adopted this style of dress, which they claim is far preferable to the street-wiping skirts now in vogue. A daughter of a distinguished philanthropist in the central part of this State has also adopted this new fashion, and on a late occasion appeared in public in such a dress, made of the most costly materials. The editors of the Syracuse papers speak glowingly of the beauty and effect of this novel innovation."

Whatever may be said of this style of dress, we will reconcile us to almost everything. What beauty, for example, is there in a boot made to extend two inches beyond the toes? What abstract use or grace in a hat nearly a foot higher than the head, with angular edges, with a brim not big enough to shade the nose, the greatest material being worked up where least needed and most burdensome? On what principle of common sense or good taste can anybody justify the use of an immense stock or cravat, compressing the blood vessels about the neck, and making the poor victim look as if he were in the stocks? And have you never had a glimpse of the absurdity of that profusion of white bosoms, which seem made on purpose to catch the water or grease that may drop from the too hasty mouth?

But we reconcile us to all these things, as well as to the mathematically cut coat, apparently designed to keep the wearer all the while in mind that he is a prisoner in broadcloth. We come to think them beautiful, and the more precise and stiff and constraining they are, the greater our admiration. Anything approaching to nature, we resent as an eccentricity.

So of woman's dress. Strange protruberances appear about the collar bone. The poor stomach is crushed within the smallest possible dimensions, as if it were a mere encumbrance. Heavy skirts are suspended on the hips, and away upon the lower part of the abdomen, seemingly intended to produce prolapsus. The largest portion of the bonnet is thrown on the back head, and the face left exposed to the sun, unless a veil be interposed, which, we suppose, is used to benefit the sight. Neck, bosom, and arms, are bared whenever a slight impression is to be produced, as at dress parties, for example, no matter how horribly wet and cold the weather. Immensely wide skirts are worn, of course, to conceal the form bestowed by Nature; and long skirts are used, to facilitate, we presume, the walk of the wearer, especially when climbing hills or steps, and also to catch the mud in rainy weather, and all the dust in dry weather.

So far as we can see, both sexes, are the victims of the absurd fancies of tailors and mantua-makers. There is no grace, or comeliness, or common sense, in the modern style of dress. But how are we to help ourselves, is the question. The clothes' agitators are an obstinate race of beings; they evidently think more highly of their own creations than of Nature's; the human form divine they regard as the raw material, and they never rest satisfied till they have worked it up into such queer shapes as you see in perfection only in the Fashion Plates. The ladies of Syracuse have undertaken a formidable reform. We hope they will not exclude the male gender from their benevolent enterprise. Is there any reason why both sexes might not compromise on the wide trousers and loose frock? [National Era.]

SHIP LOAD OF ELEPHANTS.—The bark *Regatta* arrived here yesterday from India, freighted with nine living elephants, a zebu, Burmese bull, sixteen enormous serpents, including a brace of box constrictors of 24 and 16 feet in length, beside a wilderness of monkeys, the fretted porcupine, and other live varmints, all consigned to Messrs. P. T. Barnum and Seth B. Howes, intended for the great Museum Caravan to be exhibited in Newark on Tuesday, the 9th. One of the most curious features of this Noah's Ark collection is a calf elephant, about nine months old, and weaned from his dam on the passage from Ceylon, being but three feet high, and as docile and playful as a kitten. Another is one of the native chiefs of Ceylon, who accompanies the show in charge of the elephants. This enterprise, the greatest, probably, since the days of the Flood, has been conducted and brought to a successful issue by Messrs. Stebbins, June, and Geo. Nutter. The elephants were hunted and caught in their native jungles by Messrs. June and Nutter, accompanied by 160 of the natives. Their capture was effected by driving 250 of them into a kraal, or rude pen, constructed in the jungle, out of which they succeeded in securing thirteen—two having died on the passage and another being stolen from the drove. The *Regatta* has made her passage home (13,000 miles) stopping at the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena, in 112 days. The elephant hunters were three months and four days in the jungle before they effected their object. [N. Y. Tribune, May 5.]

TOOTH DRAWING. Martin Carey was the boy sure enough for frolicking, fighting, dancing, or drinking. But sometimes Martin used to get so corned that it was totally impossible for him to define the extra difference between the full moon and a new cheese. It was on one of those nights, on which Martin desired to have a real thundering spree, that he found his way to the inn of "The Hen's Tooth and Cat's Feather," where around a table sat as merry a set of devil-may-care boys as ever beat an excise-man or thrashed the floor of a barn to the tune of "Indeed then you shan't." Down sat Martin and on went the spree for two good hours, but their money was run out and the little crooked nosed, crabbed-faced host would give out no more liquor until "scores" were settled.

In this dilemma a thought shone in upon the merry mind of Martin Carey. "Hurrah boys," said he; "is it money ye want?"

"Aye, it is,"

"Why, then, ye poor benighted set of Grecoes, sure it is easy enough to get all the money required to make us drunk as Bacchus' sow."

"How, Martin? Come, boy, tell us now."

"Whist—spake tenderly now," said Martin, leaning over the table, "sure ye all know old Doctor Strong?"

"To be sure we do, the bloody old resurrectionist!"

"Be aisy now and listen. Just you get a sack and put me into it body and bones, and carry me to Strong's; you'll get ready money for the body, and leave the rest to me."

No time was lost—the bag was got—Martin duly bagged, and the boys were not slow in conveying their funny burthen to Dr. Strong's. Arriving at the door, they cautiously knocked and were as cautiously answered by Mrs. Strong. The Doctor was from home. He was gone to Dublin and would not be at home for a week. The body would not keep, but rather than let it go, she would give them half a guinea for it. The bargain was settled, and the bag with its heavy contents conveyed to a small room at the back of the kitchen. The boys took their leave in haste, but waited at the corner to see the end of the spree. The door being cautiously closed after them, Mrs. Strong, who always had for her perquisite the tooth of her husband's subjects, which she sold to the dentist, approached the bag with her pincers—Martin, quite overcome with drink, and the jolting of his journey, had fallen asleep. Mrs. S. untied the bag, Martin's mouth was partly open; she thought she heard breathing, but no—it could not be—it was only her nervousness. With a desperate effort she thrust the pincers between his grinders and gave a tug—Martin jumped up and yelled out. Away ran the horrified Mrs. Strong, and way stumbled the bagged Martin after—She fainted. Martin came to, and getting out of the bag, he soon got out of the house and rejoined his merry comrades, and they had a wild jollification over that well-earned half guinea. Martin swore the Doctor's old woman gave him the tooth ache, but he managed to get glorious in spite of his teeth. Dr. Strong returned from Dublin next day, but on hearing the well-spread story of tooth drawing, he quickly disappeared with his disconcerted lady from the neighborhood of Martin Carey and the boys of Kilkenny.

LARGE HAUL OF FISH.—The Washington Republic says that a few days since upwards of ninety-five thousand herring, and fifteen hundred shad were taken in one haul, at Opposum Nose, about thirty miles down the Potomac.

A Negro was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, among other things, she said she had been in heaven. One of the servants asked her: "Sister, you see any black folk in heaven?" "Oh! get out—'pose I go in do kitchen when I was dar?"

FLOODING AT SEA.—The captain and mate of an American merchant ship, have just been tried in New York for flooding a sailor at sea. The captain was fined \$150, and the mate \$10, under the act passed at the late session of Congress.

It is supposed that the saving to the Post-office by withdrawing the mails from railways in Ireland, will amount to £7000 per annum.

To discover how many idle men there are in a place, all that's necessary is to set two dogs to fighting.

In the city of Rome, which contains 170,384 inhabitants, there are 34 Bishops, 1,240 Secular Priests, 1,693 regular Priests, 1,467 Monks.

The workmen of Cincinnati, at a late meeting, resolved that the legal profession can be dispensed with.

The "meditating gentleman" is in town.

The Press and the Printer.

If there is any one engine more potent for weal or for woe than all others it is the press; and if there is any one man to whom society is under greater obligations than any other it is the Printer. What is it that gives impulse and vitality to every movement that may be set on foot, for the benefit and improvement of society?—What is it that produces concert and harmony of action among the community, where it is necessary that there should be unity of feeling and effort, to ensure success? The answer is plain; it is the influence of the press. Is it necessary, or thought expedient that a rail road should be constructed between certain points?—Let but the press along these termini and along the proposed line speak in favor of the work, and it is half accomplished. Do the farmers want a plank road from their homes to market? let the press take the matter in hand, and the company is forthwith formed and the work commenced. Is any improvement needed in the city or country? let the press call for it with its trumpet-tongue and the call is certain to be responded to. Does the cause of education languish? let the press be heard recounting the benefits and blessings of educating the rising generation, and depicting the evils of ignorance, and the mental and moral atmosphere, soon becomes renovated and purified. In short, wherever the press maintains a high moral and intellectual tone, there will be found an intelligent, industrious, and virtuous people. The question now recurs, who is it that works and controls this mighty engine? while the answer comes up from the thousands of presses, all over the land, in every city, town, and hamlet, it is the Printer. And to him is due the gratitude of millions of those to whose happiness he ministers by his daily and nightly toils. [Hurlington Telegraph.]

OUR AFFAIRS WITH MEXICO.—A letter from Washington to the New York Express, says:

Mr. Letcher, the Minister to Mexico, is in this city waiting orders. He was brought here to be consulted with, and he awaits orders here. It is not probable that he will return immediately.

The Tehuantepec Treaty meets with so much opposition in Mexico, that there is much probability it will not be ratified there. The Mexicans dislike the extent of the grant of powers, and have jealousy yet, as well they may have, of the North Americans. The importance of this route depends much upon the harbors to be found on the Atlantic and Pacific sides, of which I have seen no good account; for if a harbor is to be run after by a railroad up or down the coast, so as to make it necessary to have a very long railroad, it is not at all probable that takers of such a stock can be found. The difficulties in making the short Panama and Chagres railroad have been found almost insuperable, and like difficulties probably exist on the Tehuantepec route, to be increased by its length. The Administration, however, take a good deal of interest in the Tehuantepec Treaty, and will be quite disappointed if the administration of the government of Mexico cannot induce its ratification.

The Mexicans have in the nursery a class of claims against the United States which threaten to be frightful in their growth. In the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, it is stipulated that the United States shall take care of and restrain the Indians within the limits granted to the United States, from any invasion of Mexico. To this stipulation in that treaty, Congress has paid little or no attention. The wild Camanches upon our soil have overrun, and they now devastate whole States in Mexico. Durango is pretty much under their subjection. The Mexicans there are so overawed by their invasions that they make little or no resistance. Meanwhile the Mexican Government has repeatedly demanded of our Minister in Mexico, that his Government cause to be executed in good faith that stipulation in the treaty. He has been able, thus far, it is stated from Mexico, to answer only in evasions.

The Government of Mexico, report says, has already gathered up claims to the amount of a million, and the aggregate, as things are going on in New Mexico and Texas, is more likely, in a short time, to be over than under ten millions. Congress, instead of enabling the Secretary of War to invigorate and supply the posts in Western Texas and in New Mexico, has so crippled him in the slowness of his appropriations, that he can hardly keep a respectable force in the field. This is the worst sort of economy.

A Negro preacher, referring to the judgment day, in his sermon, said:—"Brethren and sisters, in dat day de Lord shall divide de sheep from de goats; and bress de Lord, we know which wears de wool!"

The Secession Senators.

Secession in South Carolina is a species of revolution universally denounced in the North, but, notwithstanding, twelve of our State Senators seceded from their associates, in order to break up the Legislature and to incapacitate it for the transaction of public business. Under no circumstances, that we can fancy, can this sort of revolution be justifiable,—and if it is justifiable, or, if the people justify it, a deadly blow is struck at the principles of Republicanism, which, in the end will kill. Majorities constitutionally acting must rule,—that is all our Government stands upon,—and the question of the constitutional action is not to be decided by a minority in a legislative body,—but by the Judiciary, the tribunal of the last resort. In Albany, the spectacle was exhibited of a minority of 12 resorting to revolutionary action to combat and defeat a majority in a body of 32—and the only pretence for such violence that the minority offers, is that the majority was about to act unconstitutionally. If this be a good pretence, the Southern men were all right in calling the ayes and noes eternally to prevent a vote being taken upon the admission of California,—and if it be right, one fifth of the House of Representatives in Washington, by eternally calling the ayes and noes, can prevent any law ever being passed by the other four fifths, the majority. These Senators, therefore, in Albany, have set a most pernicious precedent: in a very trying time too for republican and constitutional principles,—and, if for no other reason than this, the public brand should be put upon them. From Abolition Barnburners of the ultra and non-school,—such as Mr. Senator Stanton, of Seneca, such action might be expected; but conservative Democrats never for a moment, ought to have given in to such pernicious revolutionary violence.

We had hoped, therefore, that in the vacant Senatorial Districts, wherever might be the opinion upon the enlargement of the canal, or upon the new policy now proposed for enlargement,—no fugitive Senator fled from State service, to which he was bound by his oath, would have his course sanctioned by a re-nomination, and that where Democrats opposed the canal enlargement, they would send back some man, not a runaway,—but a man that would not run away, and that would stand up to the rack. Here, we are now going into all the trouble and expense of elections in over one-third of the State, and the serious inconvenience and expense of an extra session,—and in most of the Districts, we have the runaways presented to us again for re-election,—with no security, however, that they will not re-runaway, again,—and that the State will not once more be subjected to the cost and trouble of another election, and another extra session of the Legislature. Where these men, therefore, are to be voted for, the people should have at least this assurance from them, on paper, so that they will not runaway once more. It is only a farce to be having elections just to be re-electing runaways to runaway again, and again. Where there is no pledge, whoever ought to be appointed with a post and a rope, to tie the fugitives up to the rack,—to make them stand firm.

But language aside,—it is seriously a farce to be voting for men, whose leading principle is, that if a legislative measure don't suit them, running away is their only duty. They were elected, just not to run away, and they are to be re-elected because they have run away! A legislator who abandons his legislative duty is just as delinquent as the soldier who abandons his post. When a legislator takes his oath to support the Constitution, after having accepted from the people a solemn legislative trust,—it is not fidelity to his oath to retire, to runaway, to abandon that constitution, and trust to the mercy of others, or to conspire with others to produce a miscellaneous running away. A Senator is elected to vote, not to run. He accepts office, promising in good faith to hold on to it,—not to resign it just as the Constitution requires his presence. It is expected of no legislator that he approve of every thing a majority votes to be law in spite of him,—but it is expected of every legislator, that he act in good faith with the majority, contribute by his presence to make quorums, and to keep the wheels of government in motion. Any other rule of action converts legislation into a game of "hide and seek." The swiftest of foot would often be the most skillful Senator. To be away would often be more important than to be present. Sneaking, running, hiding, would be better qualifications than tying the mark, or presence and constant attention and devotion to public affairs.

If our twelve seceders, therefore, are allowed by the people to establish a new principle in Democracy, and to date from this fugitivism, as their Hagira,—let us not have one word more from them against the contemplated secession of South Carolina. If secession in Albany is right in only one branch of a legislative body, in order to break up that body, it is more right in three branches of South Carolina, to break up the Constitution and Government. [New York Express.]

Language of Flowers.
 It is a beautiful thought to give to our these bright tinged things that God has so well adorned the world with, and use it as a guide. It is exceedingly the poet's language, and the language of the heart. The language of flowers is a language of love and sympathy. The language of flowers is a language of hope and courage. The language of flowers is a language of peace and harmony. The language of flowers is a language of life and joy. The language of flowers is a language of love and sympathy. The language of flowers is a language of hope and courage. The language of flowers is a language of peace and harmony. The language of flowers is a language of life and joy.

RAILROADS.—The whole extent of all the Railroads in the United States, including those which will be completed this year, amounts to not less than 10,618 miles. Those which will be completed in another year will increase this amount to 12,000 miles. More than half the circumference of the globe, and more than all the rest of the world combined.

A Rich Item.

We have just heard of the richest piece of villainy ever executed in these diggings. A very few days since two men in a wagon when within a couple of miles of Jonesboro, Union county, Illinois, asked a farmer who was the heaviest merchant in that town. The farmer mentioned some merchants, and among the number spoke of Mr. Dishon. They drove their wagon up to Dishon's store and requested him to permit them to place a box (which they had in their wagon) in his store for the night. After urging some objection, Mr. D. finally consented to take the box in his store room. The men then put their horses up for the night, and early on the following morning had their wagon at D's store door to get their box and start on their journey. Mr. D. then missed a box of fine broad cloth from his counter. His suspicion being roused, he examined his desk and discovered that five hundred dollars had been stolen during the night. He then told the men that the box must not be taken from the store until it was examined. They swore that he might go to hell,—for they would take their box, and as they rushed to take hold of it, Mr. D. stepped out of the door and locked them in. Having obtained assistance the door was opened and the men taken. The box of the box was knocked off, when a stout, daring looking man sprang forth, as a fiend from the earth, ready for any deed of desperation. He, however, turned "State's evidence," and declared he had long sought an opportunity to leave the other men; that to have left them voluntarily would have brought their deadly vengeance upon him; that he had been engaged in many such operations, but had never been detected before; that he remained with them only because he was compelled to do so to preserve his life; that there were six hundred men in the U. S. engaged in the same business, and the last time he was at the general money deposit station, the company had over fifteen hundred men on the job. He would not be put in the jail, but with the accomplices, trusting they would kill him. What is remarkable, the two men swore to the officers, that it was folly to put them in jail, for they had money, and friends, and it would take at least one hundred well armed men to guard them, and notified them that they could not possibly be detained three weeks.

We neglected to remark in the proper place that the box of cloth, money, and some pieces of silk, were found in the box, as well as a dark lantern and a set of false teeth. [Chicago Times.]

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