



I would not kiss the sweet lip Unless it kissed me too; As well as from the young rose bud slip The morning's clear cold dew.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES. An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys, but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances.

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES. Dim and mysterious is the early history of man on this continent. It is enveloped in thick darkness, never, it may be presumed, to be penetrated by human research.

A HAPPY PICTURE OF TOM CORWIN. The New York Herald's Washington letter-writer, in a communication dated the 22d, gives the following brilliant sketch of Tom Corwin.

SOME STATISTICS OF TOBACCO. The Dean of Carlisle has recently delivered a lecture in England upon the subject of tobacco, from which we gather some interesting statistical information concerning the use of the weed in that and other countries.

A "KEERFUL SHEPHERD" Mormonism, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, is still in practical operation amongst us. On last Friday a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburgh with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakewood, held forth as follows to an admiring audience at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completeness of his domestic felicity.

ADVENTURES OF DR. CALDWELL.

In a work, entitled Women of the Revolution, we find the following sketch—The Rev. David Caldwell, a Presbyterian minister of North Carolina, was very much subjected to the persecutions of the loyalists. At one time, while he was absent, a party of British came to his house and occupied it during the absence of Mrs. Caldwell out of doors, who was obliged to seek refuge in the smoke house, where she remained for two days with no other food than a little dried fruit.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment, that he was a hopeless dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy, always much readier for a "bicker," than apt at his lessons.

There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas relief and fresco work.

Mr. Corwin is some five feet eight inches high, and looks to be not over 50 years of age. He is a solid and robust man, with a round, full, jovial face, sparkling with fun and glowing with intelligence. There are half a dozen members in those benches. The usual occupants are crowded around Corwin and fazed with the Democratic party and the South Americans, for the first time this season.

It is calculated that the entire world of smokers, snuffers and chewers, consume 2,000,000 tons of tobacco annually, or 4,480,000,000 pounds weight—as much as the corn consumed by 10,000,000 Englishmen, and actually a cost sufficient to pay for all the bread corn in Great Britain. Five millions and a half of acres are occupied in its growth, the product of which, at two pence per pound, would yield \$7,000,000 sterling. The time would fail to tell of the vast amount of smoking in Turkey and Persia—in India all classes and both sexes indulge in this practice; the Siamese both chew and smoke; in Burma, the usual practice is to inhale three years old and of both sexes China equally contributes to the general mania; and the advocates of the habit boast that about one-fourth of the human race are their clients, or that there certainly are one hundred millions of smokers.

"When I first landed on the shores of the great Salt Lake I wasn't rich in weemen. I had but one poor old doe, 'but men is skeerce and weemen is plenty,' and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and our lovin' ways, and they kept pourin' in. They come from the North and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Afrikey, and a few of them come from Afrikey, and from bein' the miserable owner of one old yoe, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskin' and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more."

At one time, when he ventured home on a stolen visit, the house was suddenly surrounded with armed men, who seized him before he could escape, desiring to carry him to the British camp. One or two were sent to guard him, while the others were sent to get such articles of provision and clothing as could be found worth taking away. When they were nearly ready to depart, the prisoner collected being piled in the middle of the floor, and the prisoner standing beside it with his guard, Mrs. Dunlap, who with Mrs. Caldwell had remained in an adjoining apartment, came forward. With the promptitude and presence of mind for which women are often remarkable in such emergencies, she stepped behind Dr. Caldwell, leaning over his shoulders, and whispered to him as if intending the question for him alone, asking if it were time for Gillespie and his men to be there. One of the soldiers who stood near caught the words, and with evident alarm demanded what men were meant. The lady replied that she was merely speaking to her brother. In a moment all was confusion, and hurried questions soon followed; and in the consternation produced by this ingenious, though simple manoeuvre, the Tories fled precipitately, leaving their prisoner and their plunder. The name of Gillespie was a scourge and a terror to the loyalists, and this party knew themselves to be within the limits of one of the strongest Whig neighborhoods of the State.

What Dr. Arnold said of boys is equally true of men—that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. Given perseverance, and energy soon becomes habitual. Provided the dunce has persistency and application, he will inevitably head the clever fellow without these qualities. Slow but sure, wins the race. It is perseverance that explains how the position of boys at school is so often reversed in real life; and it is curious to note how some who were then so clever have since become so commonplace; while others, dull boys, of whom nothing was expected, slow in their faculties, but sure in their pace, have assumed the position of leaders of men. The author of this book, when a boy, stood in the same class with one of the greatest dunces. One teacher after another had tried his skill upon him and failed. Corporal punishment, the fool's cap, coaxing and earnest entreaty proved alike fruitless. Sometimes the experiment was tried of putting him at the top of his class, and it was curious to note the rapidity with which he gravitated to the inevitable bottom like a lump of lead passing through quicksilver. The youth was given up by many teachers as an incorrigible dunce—one of them pronouncing him to be "a stupendous booby." Yet, slow though he was, this dunce had a dull energy and a sort of beefy tenacity of purpose, which grew with his muscles and his manhood; and, strange to say, when he at length came to take part in the practical business of life, he was found heading most of his school companions, and eventually left the greater number of them far behind. The tortoise in the right road, will beat a racer in the wrong. It matters not though a youth be slow, if he be but diligent. Quickness of parts may even prove a defect, inasmuch as the boy who learns readily will often forget quite as readily; and also because he finds no need of cultivating that quality of application and perseverance which the slower youth is compelled to exercise, and which proves so valuable an element in the formation of every character. Davy said, "What I am I have made myself;" and the same holds true universally. The highest culture is not obtained from teachers when at school or college, so much as by our own diligent self-education when we have become men. Parents need not be in too great haste to see their children's talents forced into bloom. Let them watch and wait patiently, letting good example and quiet training do their work and leave the rest to Providence. Let them see to it that the youth is provided with free exercise of his bodily powers, with a full stock of physical health; set him fairly on the road of self-culture; carefully train his habits of application and perseverance; and as he grows older, if the right stuff be in him, he will be enabled vigorously and effectively to cultivate himself.

He don't believe that all lawyers are rogues, any more than he believes in a snare. He don't believe that the most industrious man likes to work except when he can't help it. He don't believe that two young lovers like to be caught with their arms around one another. He don't believe that a young lady ought to be married before she is twenty-one at least. He don't believe that young gentlemen should marry before they are able to support a wife. He don't believe in getting up early in the morning, without going to bed early at night. He don't believe a man is a fool because he can't make a speech. He don't believe that because both wise and windy begin with a W, that they end in the same thing. He don't believe that a lady is much the worse for wearing a bustle, though he decidedly prefers coffee-bags.

He don't believe that Corwin exercises a powerful magnetic influence on his hearers, nor accepting the fire-eaters. They indeed surround him like a body guard, and are listening as good boys listen to a kind, indulgent and competent teacher of a lesson which they are anxious to understand. He has reduced the House to a good temper—no man among them thinking of pistols or personal assaults while listening to Corwin. He is softening down one irrepressible conflict, while making the very best of defence that has yet been made of the anti-slavery doctrines of the Republican party. As Zack Taylor was a Whig, though not an ultra Whig, so Corwin is a Republican though not a Helper Republican. The cross examinations to which he is subjected by the Southern ultra, only serve to bring out his good points. He will not be embarrassed by sharp questions. They rather assist him in his line of argument, and in his pungent, but good-natured responses. But the House adjourns to give him a larger range to-morrow, for they do not care how long he holds the floor. His speech is a new feature in these debates. It is rich in excellent hits, amusing jokes and solid instruction. Douglas is a powerful debater, a convincing debater, but he lacks oriental imaginations, the wit, humor, fancy, poetry, and copious resources of learning and study possessed by Corwin. Douglas has studied the law, the Constitution, parties, politics, and the movements of parties, thoroughly. Corwin appears to have studied everything except the Cincinnati platform. Nor does he make a vain parade of the facilities at his command. They come to his aid spontaneously, and he does not hack them to pieces.

Mr. Smith, brother of Mrs. Clements, hearing the firing rushed into the room. A brother of Mr. Clements, who had also been attracted by the pistol report, fired at Addison Wither, a nephew of Vincent Wither, and inflicted a slight wound. Upon seeing his nephew shot, Mr. Vincent Wither again fired, striking Clements No. 2, and killing him instantly. At this stage of the sanguinary affair, Mr. Smith drew a bowie knife, but had scarcely unsheathed the blade when he was fired upon by a second brother of Clements, the ball taking effect in the shoulder, and producing a painful wound. Infuriated by his wound Mr. Smith rushed upon his antagonist, and with one powerful thrust of the knife completely disembowelled Clements No. 3, the unfortunate man falling dead on the spot. During the affray Mr. Samuel Swanson, a neighbor of Mr. Wither was also wounded. So that three persons were killed and three wounded.

THE APPEAL WAS IRRESISTIBLE. At the last accounts the fat woman with the calker bunnet had "sined in," and two sets of the bunnet were on the fence, with a decided leaning towards the "Keerful Shepherd."

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?—The N. Y. Express gives an account of the elopement of two children from Albany, week before last. The boy, James Maylis, is 12, and the girl, Ellen Shurrer, 13 years of age. They came to New York in a steamboat. The police had been notified to apprehend them, but the dispatch did not reach as soon as the boat, and so the young "lovers" landed before the police got to the wharf. It was, however, finally ascertained that the fast young lady had an acquaintance living on the Eighth Avenue; and the police, supposing that the couple could proceed there, watched the house, and caught them entering it towards evening. They were much surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and did not relish going to police headquarters. The girl said she had not become a wife, though wanting to be one, but supposed that for the present she would have to give up all hope, owing to the "great fuss" her folks had created; neither she nor "Jimmy" had been treated well at home, and they knew no better course than to come to New York, and seek their fortunes together. They had \$3 when they started, one of which they paid for a steamer-room, and the rest they had spent. The girl is a bright, intelligent little thing, quite pretty, but rather forward in her manners. The boy is a fine looking lad, and seemed to be alarmed, though the girl was not. Both were poorly dressed, and the supposition is, that having been ill treated at home, they took this means of redressing their grievances.—Truly, we are a fast people.

A LAWYER'S ORATION.—We remember once, when young, living in Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and a young lawyer was to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being as he had been told, unlawyer-like—a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience commenced: "Fellow-citizens—Five and forty years ago this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness."

He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. (Cries of "Good, good, go on.") "Here was the 'crab.' 'I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now.'"

SINGULAR TIME FOR A MARRIAGE.—A loving couple in Memphis, Tennessee, were last week married under the following singular circumstances: They were taking a carriage drive in one of the principal streets in that city, when they chanced to meet a Judge Hill, who was riding leisurely along upon a favorite donkey. They at once accosted him, and requested him to unite them in the holy bonds of wedlock. He acceded to the proposition, and, without dismounting, performed the ceremony, making the occupants of the vehicle one, and having for witnesses the nule and two or three persons who were passing at the time.

AN OLD POSTMASTER.—Mr. Samuel Milton, says the Charleston Courier of March 3d, died recently in Yorkville, South Carolina, in the seventy-second year of his age. He had served as Postmaster for thirty-eight years, under the Administrations of Presidents Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

LABOR CONVENT.—The Alton, Illinois, Democrat informs its readers that a large and splendid convent or seminary for the Sisters of Charity, is to be erected forthwith in that town. This will be the largest structure of the kind in the West, covering an entire block or square, and costing \$30,000.

A merchant who lived at Baton Rouge, La., and who was once worth \$150,000, was arrested for vagrancy last week, having in five years gambled away his entire fortune.

It is proposed to raise the Atlantic Cable, and to make an effort once more to link England and the United States.

Doing nothing is so near doing evil, that the space between them is scarcely discernible.

Some men's honesty and decorum are phantoms that feed on the air of opinion, and, like the chameleon, changes as often as their food.

Men don't generally like to be hampered, but, if you are going out to spend a week in the woods, you had better hamper yourself.

At a sale of real estate in London, the property sold at the rate of \$4,000,000 per acre.

The National debt, according to Secretary Cobb's showing, is \$60,202,277 66.