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POET'S CORNER.

FOR THE "LAWRENCE T. A. SOCIETY"
St. MICHAELS.

The pearly dew from Heaven serene,
That drops its gems on landscapes green,
Feeds both the rose and tulip love.
And shines with beams borne from above.

The gushing spring on mountain side,
That pours its pure perennial tide,
Sends life and health with ceaseless flow,
And spreads with charms the vale below.

The rain comes pouring blessings down,
And speaks its father's great renown;
The river with its silver band,
Begirts and gilds the teeming land.

But lo! yon dark volcanic clouds,
Whose gloom the noontide light enshrouds,
Proclaim aloud the tokens dread,
The fires, that burn the poor man's bread.

The *fruits* that nature gave for food,
Lose all their power to do us good;
Through art perverse to poison turns,
And many reckless victims burns.

Stop, man insane, those streams of woe,
Dry up the fountain whence they flow;
Dash from thy lips the murderous bowl,
Whelm not in guilt thy deathless soul!

Make this your guerdon,—lest you slip,
Your motto, "*Dont give up the Ship;*"
Make haste, before it be too late,
And murd'rous mis'ry prove your fate.

March 1844. K. A.

AMERICA.

An esteemed literary friend, who loves to explore the mines of German thought, has handed us a translation from Charles Beck, a poet of that land, which we have here at our friend's request, smoothed into English verse. The German poet's lofty (though romantic) ideas of our land, are well deserving of being recorded where American eyes may read them.—[*New Orleans Picayune.*

AMERICA (OF OLD.)

What does my eye behold? The new world!
See!
Where to the skies the eternal forests soar,
And where the savage, roaming o'er the lea,
Lives without house or home where monsters roar.
The dreadful war-shriek rises in the air,—
The cannibal gloats o'er his horrid food,—
Making a human skull with cursed care
Serve for his drinking-cup and goblet rude!
And there vain superstition darkly reigns,—
And the priest bows before its idol God.
Asking for human sacrafice and pains,
And bidding men to fall before his nod!
A human heart from which the warm tide drips,
Is given to the God to paint his lips.

AMERICA (AS IT IS.)

And now behold the same green land of pride
So late the hold of gloomy superstition,
Upon the full experimental tide
Of FREEDOM, and in glorious condition.
Across the watery desert from afar,
See now the banners of all nations come,
To float beneath the shining beacon star
Where LIBERTY at last has found a home.
Now rise the altars on that rocky coast,
That were forbidden in the olden clime,
And there the stripes and stars securely boast
The greatest triumph of all modern time.
ONE PEOPLE and ONE HEART, one shield and sword,
Each citizen a KING at his own board!

MISCELLANY.

The Happy Home.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

If happiness have not her seat,
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.—BURNS.

He who has a truly happy home, has almost every desirable earthly blessing. There are comparatively few happy homes on earth; and we desire by the following remarks to show our readers how this blessing may be most effectually secured.

Let us, in imagination, enter this splendid mansion on Beacon street, in Boston. It arrests the admiring eye by its massive grandeur. Passing through the spacious hall you enter, early in the evening, the parlor adorned with every convenience and luxury which wealth can furnish. The most costly painting, in rich gilt frames, ornament the walls. A brilliant chandelier is suspended from the lofty ceiling, illuminating with its clear flame, the whole room, with a radiance hardly surpassed by the noon-day sun. Imperial carpets are spread over the floor so thick and soft, that a velvet cushion would be hardly more yielding to the pressure of the foot. Crimson damask curtains, mingled in delightful contract with the finest embroidered muslin, hung in graceful drapery over the windows, glazed with painted glass almost as transparent as the atmosphere itself. Sofas and lounges, and divans of the luxuriant pattern, and of satin covering, invite to soft indulgence. Mirrors extending from the floor to the ceiling, reflect the light of this gorgeous apartment, and invest the whole scene with mysterious and bewildering magnitude. Italy and China have furnished vases to adorn the rich mantle. Statuary from the chisels of Greenough and Chantrey embellish appropriate niches. Plate of massive silver glitters on the sideboard. Costly engravings and books in the richest edition of the London Press, are lying on the centre table; and arm chairs of luxurious capacity and soft as down, entice to voluptuous enjoyment.

There are ladies moving about the apartment, ladies who were cradled in sumptuousness, and have ever been lapped in indulgence; and they are adorned with the richest fabrics of French and Italian looms. Each pleasant day the carriage is at the door, and they take their morning ride through the rural districts of Brookline and Dorchester, with obseqious servants obedient to every desire. There are children in this family, and in the bright and sunny mornings of summer, a careful servant draws them in their little carriage, rocking upon steel springs, along the gravelled walks of Boston Common, under shade of the overreaching elms. The owner of this magnificent establishment, and the father of this family, has property invested in all valuable stocks, and his ships are exploring every sea. The net annual profits of his business are perhaps fifty or sixty thousand dollars. "Surely," says the reader, "this must be a happy family. Here are all the ingredients of earthly joys." Such a family *may* be happy, but these *externals* do not make it so. We had almost said, they have no tendeney to constitute happiness.

Let us suppose that the passions of the members of this family are uncultivated and unsubdued. The father comes to his home in the evening, irritated by the petty annoyances of business. Always accustomed to domineer, he is the tyrant of his family, and when thwarted in any of his plans the ebullitions of his rage cast their gloom around his fireside, In his fretful humor, he stalks through his parlors, like the chafed hyena, and neither wife nor child can win from him a kind word. His children, accustomed to these outbreaks of petulence and rage on the part of their father, have lost all respect for him. They regard him with no reverence. They greet him with no kind attentions. Their only object is to teaze from him as much money as they can, to squander in extravagances. Brought up under such influences, they are heartless, empty-minded girls—mere fancy articles, and are strangers to any joy but that of outshining their rivals in the pomp and pride of life. They hardly know the meaning of the word happiness.

"Father," says one to another, "has come home to-night as cross as he can be. I do wish he would go to England again and stay there. There is no living in the same house with him."

The mother is perhaps a vain and weak minded woman. Her husband has so often detected her in petty deceit, to accomplish her wishes, that he treats her with the most contemptuous neglect. She is accustomed to be trampled upon at home, and though she dresses her face in fashionable smiles when her friends call, she passes many hours in moping melancholy.

Now and then the thoughts of death will force themselves—unwelcome intruders—to the minds of the members of this family.

They ride to Mount Auburn, and there is the emblished tomb, where moulder the remains of one, who a few days before, met them in the gay assembly, where "music's voluptuous swell" dispels, for a time, all thoughts of death and judgement. An acquaintance dies, and cold courtesy compels them to attend the funeral.—And there in the darkened chamber, and by the shrouded body of the dead, they cannot repel the terrible reflection that they must die. The gloomy thought sends faintness to the heart and paleness to the cheek.

They are living in the world without God. They are rejecting the Saviour. And death, the terrible foe to the unprepared soul, is coming with giant strides upon them. Thus are they truly joyless. All this external show of wealth and splendor, is but as the garnishing of the sepulchre. It but veils the desolation of an empty heart. We often read of misery in rags. There is also misery clothed in purple and fine linen.

From this scene of outward luxury and splendor, but of real wretchedness, let us, in thought, visit this log house, in one of the vallies encircled by the White mountains. The Saco river, there a little streamlet, ripples over its pebbly bed a few rods in front of the dwelling. The humble edifice is built of unhewn logs and contains but one room. Two rough pine boards nailed together, constitute the only door; and a wooden latch, raised by a leathern string passing through a gimblet hole, is the only fastening. A hole cut through two of the logs, filled with a rough sliding sash, containing a few panes of glass, is the only window. The fire place is rudely fashioned of stone, in one corner of the room, and a large, flat stone makes a smooth and pleasant hearth.

Two pieces of granite are used for andirons; and the bright flashes of an immense wood-fire, blazing on the hearth of a cool October evening, illuminate the whole apartment. The floor is composed of unplaned boards. A low bedstead, with a very frugal bed and bedding, is in one corner of the room, a white meal chest in another. A trap door opens in the middle of the floor to let you down in a hole, ten feet square, called a cellar. A pine table is before the fire with a few white crockery plates and cups and saucers upon it, with a cup of maple sugar and a tin teapot. Various articles of furniture are hung up by nails driven into logs which compose the walls, the interstices of the logs being filled with moss and clay. Among the articles of furniture, you see a spinning wheel and two or three straight-backed chairs, with the bottoms braided with the thin fibre of the ash tree.—There is smoking before the fire, in a small tin pan, a cake of Indial meal, which is to compose the supper of this family. Two little children, a girl of seven and a boy of five, are sitting in one corner of the spacious fire-place, building little bonfires with splinters of pitch-pine. The mother of these children is busily engaged in making ready the evening repast. The father, having just returned from the labors of the day, is sitting before the hearth, cheerfully talking with his wife, and by the glow of the rock maple fire repairing the bail of the water pail, which has accidentally got broken.

"Father," says little George, looking up with his rosy cheeks; "may Susan and I go with you to morrow and help you get in the potatoes?"

"Oh, yes, father!" exclaims Susan, "do let us go. George and I together can pick them up as fast as you can dig them. We can help you very much. Do let us go."

"Ah, you little chicks," said the mother, with a smile, "you are planning for some more rides in your father's wheelbarrow, I rather think."

"Yes," the father replies, "when they work for me I have a load both ways, and I hardly know which is the heaviest. I wheel the potatoes to the house, and then I find these two stout children in my wheelbarrow, and there is nothing to be done but for me to wheel them back to the field."

"Well, father, father, I do not think it tires you very much for to wheel us; for if it did, you would not run so fast with us as you did yesterday. It made us laugh so that George almost fell out of the wheelbarrow."

"I am inclined to the opinion, on the whole," replies the father, "that I shall be under the necessity of employing two hands to-morrow. But if you are going to work for me, you must be up early in the morning and help your mother get breakfast, while I am taking care of the cattle."

"O, this is good," says Susan to George, "we always have *such* good a time when we go with father."

They soon sat down to the supper table. A single tallow candle in an iron candlestick, gives a feeble light; which is almost eclipsed by the bright gleams of the wood fire which illuminates the room. A blessing is implored before this happy family partakes of its frugal repast. Soon after supper, the children kneeling at their mother's side, bury their faces in her lap as they repeat their evening prayer, and then retire for the night to the little cot bed which draws from beneath that in which their parents repose.

At an early hour of the evening, the husband and father takes the family bible from the shelf. With the strong faith of the experienced and confiding Christian, he reads a portion of the sacred volume, and commends in fervent prayer his wife, his children and himself to the care of his heavenly Father.

"O God," he says, "thou art causing our cup to overflow with blessings. Thou art feeding and clothing us, and supplying our every earthly want. And we pray that we may be prepared, in our earthly home, for the joys of the celestial mansions. We thank thee for their intelligent minds, for their affectionate hearts, and for their well-formed bodies. Wilt thou enable us to set before them such an example of consistent piety, that they may be won by the Spirit to the Saviour, and that we may all meet, hereafter, a happy family in heaven.

With such acknowledgements and supplications he gives utterance to the deep emotions of his own heart.

And soon all of this little household are peaceably reposing, enchanted with mercies. Their humble and solitary log house, in the midst of the mountains, is the purest contentment and joy. There are the external manifestations of poverty, but the heart is rich with heaven's choicest treasures.

These two pictures, which none will affirm to be untrue to nature, show that the possession of wealth is by no means essential to happiness. All will theoretically admit this sentiment, and yet its practical denial is the great bane of earthly joy, and is ruining millions of immortal souls. Money, money, is the god of this world. And in eager adoration of that deity, the true sources of enjoyment, which God has pointed out, are neglected. A man may enjoy the highest degree of earthly happiness; though his coat be of home-spun, though no carpet be spread on the floor, and though he have no other income but that which he can secure from the ground by the labor of his own hands.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A YANKEE TRICK.

Just before the Declaration of Independence a Yankee pedlar started down to New York, to sell a parcel of bowls and dishes, which he had made of maple. Jonathan travelled over the city, asking every body to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to buy wooden dishes. It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. So he got on a full naval uniform, by hook or by crook, (for history does no tell where he got it,) and strutting up town one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware, that the Commodore wanted a lot for the fleet. The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon, he could supply him. "Very good," said our naval officer, and out he went, *and cut for home;* and he had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage, before down came the merchant, who, seeing Jonathan had sold none of his ware, offered to take the whole if he would deduct 15 per cent.; but Jonathan said he'd be darned if he didn't take 'em home before he'd take a cent less than his first price. So the merchant paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which laid on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; and Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manœuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after that.

COLLECTING.—The Knickerbocker tells the following story:

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston, for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that a bill of $100 had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added, that if it was collectable at all, a tall, rawboned Yankee then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would annoy it out of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, Squire, 'taint much use trying, I guess I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill Monument as to try to collect a debt out of him. But any how, what'll you give supposin I do try?"

Well, sir the bill is $100. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half if you collect it.

"Agreed!" replied the collector, "there's no harm in trying, any how."

Some weeks after, the creditor happened to be in Boston, and walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here!" said he, "I had considerable luck with that bill of your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so it wasn't no use, not a bit. If he was at home, he was short, if he wasn't home, I could get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after going sixteen times, I'll fix ye; so I sot down on the door step and sot all day and part of the evening, and I began airly next morning, and about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me *my half and I gin him up the note!*"

Kindness.—Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? For my part, it seems to me to come with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years; as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds, which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts, which had chilled the blood and whitened the thin locks, had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art: it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all: the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of incrusting and whithering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and of the sources from whence they flow.

We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget how large a share of all is due to Christianity.

Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would our laws have been—what our civilization?

Christianity is mixed up with our very daily being, and our daily life. There is not a familiar object around us, which does not wear a different aspect because of the light of Christian hope.

"Boys," said Admiral Trunion, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe *Winter* approaching, I advise you to keep *a good fire.*"

Life is a picture, fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade—the first only is intrinsic ornament, but the latter, if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

The editors of the New York Sunday Mercury have introduced a new way of opening oysters. They say by sprinkling a handful of snuff over a pile of them, in a few moments they will sneeze themselves out of their shells.

RIVER WIT.—Here is the latest joke from the river:—

"Hallo, Captain! what's your passage to New Orleans?"

"Eight dollars, and we will make you comfortable."

"I've got eight mules;—what'll you take them for?"

"Six dollars a head."

"Well, Captain, will you take me in the lot, as a mule, at the same price?"

"No, but I'll take you as a jack, and charge you ten!"

EDITORIAL REMARK.—"How seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors who are really bred to the business." "Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is *bread* to the editors."

SLAVERY IN MEXICO.

The journals of the British metropolis and our own anti-slavery papers, will tell us that in Mexico there is no such thing as slavery; indeed that republic, as it is strangely enough called, is held up in contrast to ours, as one that is true to its professions of universal freedom. This is not so. As slavery, in every thing but name, exists there, quite as rigid and galling as that in our Southern States. The servants on the plantations are slaves, and by this ingenious process. All who work on the land receive barely enough to sustain themselves. A single man earns sufficient to support himself, but not sufficient to maintain a wife and children, but he marries on the estate where he labors, and the moment that a child is born, the master of the estate opens with it an account; he supples food and clothing, which are regularly charged and a debt begins to accumulate which, as may readily be seen, swells to a conisderable amount before the child becomes old enough to labor. Thus every boy commences life with a heavy debt upon him which he can never extinguish, for, as we have before said, his wages are barely sufficient for his daily wants—there is nothing laid aside for the extinction of the debt due the proprietor of the estate.

Now see how ingeniously the law comes in to sustain this deceitful and unjust system. No servant can leave a Mexican estate if he owes one penny to the master of it, without a written permit, just such an one as a slave at the South is required to have. He cannot move for a moment off the land he tills, and to which he in fact belongs, unless his master gives him leave. He cannot say "I will be idle to-day," as the free laborer may when he is not disposed to work. No—if well, he must toil; if sick, he is taken care of, and the expense goes to swell a debt which can never be discharged.

When a person wishes to purchase an estate, the first question he asks, is "How much do your people owe you?" and the greater the amount, the greater is the value of the estate. Can a more ingenious contrivance than this be thought of, to perpetuate slavery in fact where in theory it is abolished.

The persent laborers on Mexican estates were, the greater part of them, born under this system, and their children are growing up under it, and all are slaves, as their descendants will be. There is not for them the little chance of self-emancipation, which our blacks enjoy. They have no facilities to earn money with which to buy themselves out of bondage. While a servant owes his master one cent, he cannot move but as he is bidden, and that master, supported by the laws, takes care that no servant gets out of his debt.

Here is an important truth which our abolitionists appear to be ignorant of, or they would not call so loudly for the restoration of Texas to Mexico, on the supposition that then slavery would be extinct in the little republic.

It may be impolitic to increase slave representation to this government, and the North may therefore do wisely to oppose the admission of Texas, but do not let our sympathies be excited by arguments without foundation in truth. The recovery of Texas, by Mexico, will not emancipate the blacks.—The outward form of their serfdom may be changed to make it less obnoxious, but the great principle will be retained as it now is in Mexico. This fact should be generally known.

The progress of enlightened opinion, and the action of moral intelligence, will at no distant day produce a plan for the gradual extinction of slavery in this country. This cannot be doubted by the close observer of the times. The abolitionists, therefore, would do well to ascertain whether they would not more speedly achieve their object, so far as Texas is concerned by favoring instead of opposing the admission of that country to our Union.

N. Y. Sunday Times.

A WISE MAN.

A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, one of the wise men of Greece, with difficult questions sage, Miletus replied to them all without the least hesitation.

What is the oldest of all things? God, because he has always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space, because it contains all that has been created.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope, because it still remains with man, after he has lost every thing else.

What is the best of all things? Virtue, because without it there is nothing good.

What is the quickest of all things?—Thought, because in less than a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity, which makes a man face all the dangers of life.

What is the easiest? To give advice.

What is the most difficult? To know yourself.

FACE ACHE.—This common affection, so often supposed to be excited by a diseased tooth, although the latter fails to be detected; a rheumatic, chronic kind of pain, wholly different from that of tic-douloureux, is often speedily curable by muriate of ammonia. This salt should be given in doses of half a drachm, dissolved in water, three or four times daily. About four doses will be sufficient to test the potency of the remedy. At other times the iodine of potassium, in five or six grain doses is quickly effective towards a cure. The efficiency of the latter remedy renders it probable that the affection is of the nature of periosteal inflammation.

[*Dr. Watson's Lectures.*

SPECIE CURRENCY & BANK PAPER.

"In Denmark, the "circulating medium" is nearly all paper; notes of the denomination of eight cents are issued; THE LABORING CLASS ARE SERFS, AND ARE SOLD LIKE CATTLE.

In Russia, paper money of the denomination of twenty cents is issued; THE WORKING POPULATION ARE SLAVES, and are sunk in the lowest stage of ignorance and degradation.

In Sweden, paper money of the denomination of nineteen cents is circulated, and labor is worth from 6 to 10 cents per day.

In Austria, paper money of the denomination of three dollars circulates, and labor is worth a shilling per day.

In England, there is an extensive paper money circulation—labor worth one shilling and half per day; the laborer finding himself. One fifth of the population of Great Britain, are PAUPERS.

In Cuba, the circulating medium is entirely metallic; and labor is worth from ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, TO THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

The above facts have been, time and again declared upon the floor of Congress, and published throughout the United States and have never been contradicted. "One fact, is worth a cargo of arguments."

AN EARNEST OF VICTORY.

The democratic members of both branches of Congress held a joint meeting in the Senate chamber on Tuesday evening last; and we have learned, with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that a better spirit, or more cheering prognostics, never animated a public assembly.

Every party has its grumblers, but there is this peculiarity about the democratic party—that the strong, bold current of its great principles, once fairly in motion; sweeps on, swallowing up, or disregarding the petty eddies of personal or sectional discontent. Thus, on the occasion referred to, though we surely know that individual preferences in regard to the presidency, and shades of difference in regard to a tariff, had a place in the minds of some present, yet not a single element of discord arose thence to cloud, for a moment, the general harmony.

Measures were taken for the organization of an executive committee, whose business it should be to respond to that call of the people now, on the eve of a great political struggle, sounding up from every section of the country, 'Give us light!' On this subject, it was appropriately remarked by a distinguished member of the caucus, that what the democracy of the country want, to insure success, is not a mass of declamatory harangues, or of party raphsodies, but a judicious selection of authentic documents, drawn from the records of the nation, from the parliamentary history of Congress. They want to know—not by vague report, but by indisputable evidence, with date and page appended—what a whig Congress were about during their brief hey-day of power; the laws they passed; the laws they sought to pass, the professions they made, and the practice that followed these professions.

Another speaker justly observed that the policy of our opponents was to put us on the defensive; to revive calumnies that have been a thousand times disproved, and dress forth afresh the cast-off humbugs of 1840. But our true course, he added, was not to suffer them thus to evade a just responsibility. They have been in power. They had a majority of both branches. Their acts are on record. For these they are vulnerable at every point, and it is our duty to arraign them before the country for the misdeeds they have committed.

A stiring appeal was made by another member of the caucus, that found response in many a bosom. Once, he said—once, for a brief season, had fraud and folly triumphed over justice and reason. The wise and the good looked on with grief and shame, and honest men half despaired of the republic. Across these gloomy prospects, however, the successes of the very next year shot a gleam of light. State after State; awaking from a short declusion, showed, at the ballot-box their deliberate judgement of the party that had scrambled into power. A second time was the like issue to be tried—a second time was unprincipled intrigue to take the field in a desperate endeavor to sing and shout men out of their rights. Most fatal would be the influence, humiliating the spectacle, and deplorable the consequences, of a second success. But no such success was possible. The people—the masses—were already in advance of their would-be leaders. That was the peculiarity of our present situation. The people were dragging on with them those who sometimes assumed to guide them. Never did day dawn on a prospect more cheering, more encouraging, more filled, on every hand, with promise of triumphant success, than that now before us.

Several of the speakers touched upon their favorite points—this on a thorough reform of the tariff, that on the expediency of prompt attention to legislative business, a speedy adjournment of Congress; but there was no dogmatical laying down of these or any other topics. Good temper prevailed, light pleasantries enlivened the evening, and all separated with the conviction, that, let the smaller points of difference among democrats be as they will—let there be talk and variance of sentiment in the family circle beforehand,—yet, let the day of action arrive, and they are, against the common enemy, a united body, one and invincible.

The result of this caucus, cheering as it is, assumes yet greater importance, as an indication, safely to be trusted, of the unanimity and good feeling that may be expected to characterize the deliberations and the ultimate decision of that larger caucus which is to assemble in May next, at Baltimore.—*Globe.*

A man under trial a short time since for having two wives, stated in his defence that when he had but one she fought him, when he got two they fought each other.

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