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The Dying Wife to her Husband.

BY MARY NOEL McDONALD.
They tell me life is passing fast,
And Death's dark wing unfurled,
Will bear my spirit soon from earth,
To an unknown world.
I feel, beloved, it must be so—
I feel that even now
His hand is on my fluttering heart,
His shadow o'er my brow.
How shall I leave thee? how resign
Thy tenderness and care?
The pressure of thy clasping hand,
Thy blessing and thy prayer!
Together we have tasted joy,
Together wept in grief,
And the love that was so bright in bliss,
In grief was brighter still.
Will thou not miss me from thy side,
When twilight's hour hath come?
Will it not seem a desert place,
The paradise of home?
Then gather close, with brooding love,
Our children round thy knee,
And wipe with tender hand the tears
Which they will shed for me.
And soothe each little throbbing heart
That asks for thee in vain,
And say, that in the far-off heaven
Their mother lives again.
Link not my name with thought of death,
But point them to the sky,
And tell them, in the "Father Land"
They neither weep nor die.
Go with them to their lonely couch,
At evening's silent close,
And softly press each pillowed cheek,
And hush them to repose.
Or bid them kneel, with clasped hands,
Toisp their evening prayer:
Thou must unite a father's love
With all a mother's care.
A mother's care, a mother's love,
And must be never known,
How deeply in her "heart of hearts"
A mother's love may glow.
Will they yet bloom in girlhood fair,
While she who gave them birth
Lies all forgotten, far away,
In one lone spot of earth?
Forgotten, no, beloved one, not
Thou wilt remember still
The being who hath shared thy lot,
Alike in good or ill.
Thou wilt remember all her love,
With faithful, fond regard,
And but the faintest could not hide,
Thy heart will ever forget.
And thou wilt come to that lone spot
Where the green willow waves,
And lead our children's tiny feet
Among the quiet graves.
And read for them the captured stone—
Brief record of my life—
Then say how faithfully I loved,
As mother, and as wife.
How can I say farewell to thee?
How mark thy bitter tears?
Look up, beloved, we only part
For a few fleeting years.
They will roll o'er thy darkened path
Swiftly as shadows flee,
And in a world of holier love
Will our blessed meeting be.

The Blasphemer Destroyed.

A few years since, says a writer personally knowing the event, a party of ladies set out on a journey to Margate, (Eng.) to visit a place a few miles distant.
The animals were driven by the owner of them, who had entered a fine young boy, the son of a pious mother, to accompany him by way of amusement. When about half way, the party were obliged to have recourse to a farm yard for shelter, in consequence of a violent storm of thunder and lightning.
The owner, displeased at being some time detained, resolved to quit the party, and return with the animals to Margate, exclaiming, as he left the party, "D— all the lightning! it shall never prevent me going home." The expression hardly escaped from his quivering lips, when he was in a moment struck dead on the spot. The boy was much burned from the electric fluid, and taken home to his mother in a state of insensibility.
It is a remarkable circumstance that, apprehensive of the safety of her child's person, his mother was engaged in devotion and prayer to God for his preservation.
Leviticus, xiv, 13, 16.—And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death.
God Does a part, and the Sinner does a part.
We often hear this sentiment from a class of professors, who, if they give sufficient evidence of a work of grace on the heart, also evince a muddy head. The sentiment is happily illustrated in the following anecdote:
Some years since, in the county of C— and state of New York, a man deficient in good sense, offered himself as a candidate for baptism and church fellowship, professing to have been recently converted. He was permitted to relate his views and feelings to the church, but the brethren knowing his unfortunate situation, felt some hesitation, doubting whether he understood what he had stated. After some pause, one of the deacons said, "Well, Sammy, who did this work of which you have told us?" "Why," said Sammy, "I did a part, and God did a part." "Ah, and what part did you do, Sammy?" "Oh, God convicted me that I was a great sinner; I fought against him with all my might, and he did all the rest."—Am. Rep.

God Does a part, and the Sinner does a part.

A correspondent of the Wheeling (Va.) Times gives that paper a statement of a female in that vicinity who, at the age of eighteen, married a dower, the father of sixteen children; at his death he left her the mother of five more. She afterwards married another widower having eleven children; at his death he left her the mother of ten more; and the day she became forty-nine years old, she married another widower, having eight children; so that at forty-nine she had her mother and step-mother of forty-five children, some of whom are grandfathers and grandmothers.

Maj. Gen. Worth.

His MILITARY CHARACTER AND SERVICES.
General William J. Worth is said to be the handsomest and most soldierly looking officer in the army. His height is over six feet, and his person commanding. On horseback he presents a figure of unequalled grace. His nature is somewhat impetuous, like many brave and frank men. He is exceedingly popular among his soldiers. As one of the heroes of Monterey, as the victor at Molino del Rey, his name will go down to posterity second only to that of Scott and Taylor.

Worth, like many other able men in the army, has risen from the ranks. He began life as a clerk in a mercantile house in Albany, New York, the latter being his native commonwealth. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, however, fired with that patriotic ardor which is a leading trait in his character, he enlisted as a common soldier. Another clerk was his companion. Fortunately for Worth, his friend soon committed some indiscretion, for which he was placed under arrest. In this emergency he applied to Worth, who undertook to write a petition for him to the Colonel. This officer happened to be Scott, who, struck with the elegant style of the writer, enquired the name of the writer, and sending for him, made him his private secretary. He procured for Worth the commission of a Lieutenant in the 23d regiment of infantry. From that hour up to their unhappy difference in Mexico, the closest intimacy existed between Worth and Scott.

In the battle of Chippewa, Worth proved the correctness of Scott's estimate of character, by signaling himself especially; and was consequently rewarded with the rank of Captain. In the battle of Lundy's Lane, Worth, after several hours of hard fighting, received a dangerous wound. In consideration of this he was raised to the rank of Major. After the peace, he was, for a considerable period, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, a post which is always a guarantee of high ability on the part of the occupant. In 1824 he was appointed a Lieut. Colonel; in 1832 a Major of ordnance; and in 1838, Colonel of the 8th regiment of infantry, which is the rank he still holds in the line. Subsequently he was raised successively to the brevet rank of Brigadier and afterwards of Major General, the first for his gallantry in the Florida war, the last for his brilliant conduct at Monterey.

When Taylor, Twigg, and Worth met at Corpus Christi, before the Mexican war broke out, a difficulty arose as to who should command in case of Taylor's absence. Twigg claimed it, though only a colonel, because an older colonel than Worth. The latter claimed it also, because a breveted Brigadier. But Twigg asserted that a brevet conferred no right to outrank a full commission. The matter was referred to Taylor, who adopting the rule laid down by Jackson, decided against Worth. On this, Worth, following a precedent set by Scott, resigned his commission and hurried to Washington. During his absence the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought; on hearing the intelligence of which, Worth recalled his resignation and rejoined the army. Every one knows how gallantly he fought at Monterey! He was rewarded for that bloody day with the brevet rank of Maj. General.

When it was determined to besiege Vera Cruz, Worth, with most of the other Generals, was detached from Taylor's army, and placed under command of Scott. At the landing at Vera Cruz, Worth commanded the first division, and took the lead consequently, in leaving the ships. Having effected his disembarkation in the face of the enemy, he drew up his troops in gallant style, and awaited the arrival of other divisions. On the capitulation of Vera Cruz, Worth was at the convention that dictated the articles, and when the city was taken possession of by the Americans, rode in advance, at the head of a brilliant cortege, into the public square. He was now appointed Governor of Vera Cruz. When the army began its march for the interior, the van for a while, was under the command of Twigg, but subsequently, it fell to Worth again, who was the first to enter Puebla in consequence.

It was at this city that the unfortunate series of misunderstandings between him and Scott arose, which have interrupted a friendship of thirty five years' continuance. This is not the place to canvass the amount of blame rightly belonging to each party. Both, perhaps, have been somewhat in the wrong.

At the battle on Contreras, Worth was not present—the hero of that day was Gen. Persifer F. Smith. But at Churubusco, his division was engaged at the critical point, and fought, under his own eye, with astonishing intrepidity. It is the characteristic of Worth that he can inspire his soldiers with a portion of his own boundless valor, and thus secure victory. The march around the southern side of Lake Chalco was suggested by Worth, to whom the practicability of the road was commended by Col. Duncan, of Worth's division. The change in the route of the army thus induced, placed Worth again in the van. When Scott determined to storm Molino del Rey, he committed the almost desperate attempt to Worth. Owing to an insufficient reconnaissance the loss of the assaulting columns was immense; they were even repulsed at first, and would have been defeated but for the arrival of Cadwallader with the reserve. At Chapultepec the storming party was principally selected from Worth's and Pillow's regiments.

Throughout the whole war, Worth has carried himself in the field with a splendid gallantry that has fascinated the popular imagination. As an officer he may be said partly to resemble Marat, and partly to resemble Ney; for he has the dashing air of one, with the indomitable courage of the other!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Driftwood Johnson.

A very strange occurrence took place some years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many residents there, not by any means so old as "the oldest inhabitant," who knows all things. It is still told of a cold winter's night around a cheerful fire-side to many a wondering youngster, and the moral instilled into their young minds with greater force from the circumstance of its "being as true as gospel." The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in this place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late he was seen down by the river's side collecting driftwood, and toiled at it so incessantly day after day and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that Driftwood Johnson was making money; he had realized his little earnings well; and had realized large sums by fortunate speculations; but he still clung to his old business. He was mean in dress and very saving—all the money he ever spent, except for the merest necessities of life, being for the education of a most lovely daughter, for the old man had a wife and child. At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and much to the surprise of every body, furnished it elegantly and brought his daughter home from school to be the belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it, so it was. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family, and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a care-worn anxious look no one could account for. The beauty and accomplishments of the daughter soon brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand; but the father of all was a young merchant's clerk, connected with one of the most flourishing establishments in Cincinnati, and soon to become a partner. His suit prospered, and he hoped to make the daughter of old Driftwood his wife. He used to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits which were far from being "few and far between," he never could recall the old man, and all his inquiries after him failed to elicit any satisfactory replies, but knowing that the old man was what is generally termed "an odd fish," he never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning home to his store late one night, after a visit to his lady love, he was horrified upon opening the door at finding the mangled and bleeding corpse of a man, a stranger. He had apparently fallen from the second or third story through the hatchway, and been killed almost instantly. The watch were called in and the poor wretch was taken to the watch house, and a physician sent for to see the body. He had been dead for hours, and there was nothing left but to endeavor to find out who the man was, and hold an inquest over his body. There was no trace or sign about him that could possibly lead to a recognition—no paper, no mark on his clothes, and a bunch of skeleton keys, a box of matches and a small dark lantern were all that he had about him; so the inquest was held the next morning, a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered, and the body buried.

The next evening, upon visiting his intended, the lover found the family uneasy at the continued absence of old Driftwood, but he persuaded them that he had been suddenly called away on business, and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no clue to him could be obtained, and people at last believed that he had been murdered or carried down the Mississippi while gathering driftwood, and drowned. In this house there were a number of rooms, which had all ways been locked and the keys of which old Driftwood had always kept, and when it became necessary to settle his affairs, these rooms were forced open, and found to contain goods to a large amount of all sorts and descriptions: silks, satins, broad cloths, linens, shawls, watches, jewelry, in short all sorts of goods and valuables of every description—which had been stolen in Cincinnati from different places, at various times, for years. The secret was out. Old Driftwood had for years employed pedlars to sell goods through the Western country, sent them down in flat boats to points on the Mississippi below Cincinnati, and all of them he had himself, aided by any accomplice, stolen. The man who was found by the clerk a bleeding corpse was old Driftwood Johnson. The clerk however, convinced that the daughter of the old man was innocent and unaware that her father had pursued for years, a system of burglary and thieving, married her, and she is now a mother, surrounded by a numerous family.—Truth is stranger than fiction.

A Starling Fact.—Gov. Briggs, at the temperance meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening last, stated that the report of the committee appointed to inquire in regard to the idiots in the Commonwealth, showed that there were from 1,200 to 1,300 of that unfortunate class, and also the astounding fact that 1,100 to 1,200 of them were born of drunken parents.

A Texas Snake Story.

The subjoined snake story from the Texas Democrat, will compare favorably with the Sea Serpent of Cape Cod memory.—Texas is a great country, but as the most famous man said of Mississippi, they have some very great liars there for a new country. THE LARGEST SNAKE YET.—We are not in the habit of giving credence to snake stories in general, nor would we wish our readers to believe, from the fact of our giving publicity to the following, that we are entirely converted into willing believers. We give the statement exactly as it was made to us by Mr. Cruze, who resides at the stock farm of the Hon. Thos. F. McKinney, on Onion creek, about nine miles south west of this city. Mr. Cruze states that some time since he was informed by Melinda Mares, a Mexican, who now resides at San Antonio, that he (Mares) had seen about six years ago, very high up on the Colorado river, a snake or serpent of such enormous size, that it could easily destroy the largest animals found in this country; such as deer, bears, panthers, and even full grown buffaloes.—It was also represented that this large serpent, for the distance of five or six hundred yards could surpass in footness the fastest horse. The statement was corroborated by some Caddo Indians, who now live on or near the premises of Mr. Cruze, and from their willingness to accompany him to the place where they had stated they had seen the snake, Cruze finally concluded to go with them to the place designated. After travelling six days and a half up the west side of the Colorado, the Indians announced themselves in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the serpent had been seen. All were now busy in examining for "signs," and in a short time they came on a large track, or trail, which evidently had been made by something of the snake kind. Following this trail, which is represented by Mr. Cruze as being about four feet in width, they were soon led to a considerable water hole in a valley near the foot of a mountain. They then retraced their steps to the place where they had first discovered the trail, which they continued to follow; and at the foot or on the side of the mountain, which is about a mile from the waterside water hole, they discovered something resembling the entrance of a cavern, to which the trail evidently led.—After approaching within about six or seven hundred yards of the mouth of the cave, the Indians halted, and insisted that it was highly dangerous to advance any further; and on an intimation by Cruze that he was willing to make a farther advance, they positively declared that it would be impossible for him to escape if he should do so. They stated that some years ago there was a similar serpent discovered high up on Red River, that it pursued and caught an Indian who had always been acknowledged the fleetest of his tribe, and who could run nearly as fast as a horse.—They said this Indian had the boldness to advance within four or five hundred yards of the den of the snake. The fierce animal, on perceiving him, instantly darted forth in pursuit, and in a very short time overtook and devoured him. This they stated was witnessed by their chief and several others who had repaired thither on the fleetest horses they could procure, to witness the Indian's temerity. After this, the Chief gave orders for none of their tribe to hunt within twenty miles of the haunt of this terrible monster.

Mr. Cruze listened to their tale with some trepidation, but having more confidence in the ability of his horse (which was a fine blood gelding) to take him out of danger than they had, he advanced within about three hundred yards of the mouth of the cavern, where he halted, believing it unsafe to approach nearer.—From this position he could plainly see a huge mass lying in the entrance of the cavern, which he at once discovered to be something having life; for he could observe it slightly vibrate. It may seem strange that at the distance of three hundred yards the ordinary vibrations caused by the breathing of even as ponderous an animal as this; could be discernible to the naked eye—in truth, we were of the opinion that this part of the story emanated more from imagination than reality, but when we were informed that the view of the entrance of the cavern was wholly unobstructed, that the sun being on the decline, threw the full force of its light immediately on the portion of the serpent perceptible, we became less astonished at the statement, and readily believed that such a thing might be possible, inasmuch as the circumference of the snake was estimated at not less than seven feet. To use the language of Mr. Cruze, "it seemed as large or larger than the chest of a stout horse." As but a few feet of it were seen, in consequence of its position in the mouth of the cavern, its full length could not be even roughly estimated, but Cruze, judging from the usual length of snakes, in proportion to their thickness, supposed this could not have been less than sixty or seventy feet long. From the advantage given by the light of the sun, he was enabled to distinguish that the skin of the serpent was variegated with large spots or spots of black, and a dusky reddish color. The Caddo Indians stated that it was about a mile west of the present den where they first saw it; this led Cruze to believe that there were others of the same kind in that region; for it was evident that the present occupant of the cavern, or some other of a similar description, had inhabited it for a great while, as there was an immense quantity of the bones of different

Speech of Mr. Duer, of New York.

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and having under consideration the bill authorizing a loan for \$18,500,000—

Mr. DUER said: Mr. CHAIRMAN.—Some time ago, when the House had under consideration the message of the President, I desired to say something on the subject of the Mexican war. I was not, however, so fortunate as to obtain the floor. What I then wished to say, it would not, I suppose, be out of order for me to say now. But I do not desire to fatigue the committee by going over beaten ground. Many things have been said and well said, which, as I could not hope to give them either additional force or novelty, it would be useless to repeat. I shall, therefore, entirely omit the consideration of some of these questions which have been so fully discussed here; and with respect to others, I shall content myself with expressing my opinions without, at least in any detail, offering arguments in their support.

It seems to me unquestionable that this war had its origin in the annexation of Texas. It is a weak and incorrect mode of expression to say that the annexation led to war; the annexation was war. It is not necessary, to prove this, to refer to Grotius, or Vattel, or any other writer on the law of nations. It is capable of being made plain to the commonest understanding. It is in the nature of an axiomatic truth. It follows inevitably from indisputable facts. None, I suppose, will deny that, when the measure of annexation was consummated, Mexico and Texas were at war. What, then, became of that war? The separate existence of Texas was gone—her nationality became merged in ours. Unless the annexation of Texas operated so as to produce peace between Texas and Mexico, (which is absurd,) the war continuing, would continue only with us.—Sir, when we annexed Texas we annexed the war. We took her, and we took her quarrel with her.

Importance of Educating the Farmer.

It is calculated that the division of the occupations of men in the United States is nearly in the following proportions:
Engaged in Internal Navigation, 23,076
" Ocean " 50,021
" the learned professions 65,253
" Commerce, 119,607
" Manufacturers, 791,740
" Agriculturists, 3,719,951

Thus it will be seen that those who are engaged in agriculture are three and a half times greater in number than those in all other divisions. The agriculturists consequently have the physical and numerical power, and can at any time control every government in the United States, and give tone to public opinion. But do they? No, indeed, for however powerful they may be in number they are weak in influence, and this arises from a want of proper education. The sixty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-five, engaged in the learned professions, are intellectually stronger than the three millions, seven hundred and nineteen thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one, engaged in agriculture, and therefore rule them. If it were not so, seven eighths of the offices in the country would not be held by lawyers and doctors; nor would all the colleges and high schools be endowed principally for the benefit of the learned professions.

Farmers, when will you arouse yourselves to the dignity and importance of your calling, and educate yourselves to that height of intelligence which will make you the ruler instead of the ruled of the other professional. There is surely nothing to prevent this if you will only be true to yourselves. Look at the millions annually thrown away upon the horrid barbarities of war or the preparation for it, and the honors that are awarded to those who engage in shedding a brother's blood and compare these with the pitiful and downright contemptible sums which are grudgingly doled out for your benefit. Every occupation in the country seems to be bountifully provided for, save that of the farmer, and surely no one is to blame for this but yourselves, for if you choose you need only speak to your sermons, your rules, and a reform might be had at once. Ponder these things well, then, and in the legislature, assembled this winter, speak out and demand equal benefits with the most favored of the other professions.—American Agriculturist.

ELOQUENCE.—"Feller citizens," said a country candidate on the stump for the Legislature, "I am a candidate for the Legislature, and as all good republicans should do, I will give you my views of nature and things in general. The generality of mankind in general, generally speaking, are most generally in favor of a republicanism, and so am I. I am also in favor of a liberal appropriation of funds for the profane assium. I am in favor of the appropriation of money for the general scattering of the scriptures. Yes, feller-citizens, these are my convictions, and if there is no chick-a-ree used in the election, I am bound to be elected to the Legislature.

A terrible accident lately occurred in one of the French foundries. The immense receptacle for the melted iron was full of the metal infusion, when a hole broke through in the bottom and it ran out all around the place; several of the workmen who were not able to escape in time, had their feet covered by the ankle with the molten stream, and amputation was in every case considered necessary. Two had since died; six were at the hospital in a critical state, and some twenty more were confined to their houses.

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Importance of Educating the Farmer.

It is calculated that the division of the occupations of men in the United States is nearly in the following proportions:
Engaged in Internal Navigation, 23,076
" Ocean " 50,021
" the learned professions 65,253
" Commerce, 119,607
" Manufacturers, 791,740
" Agriculturists, 3,719,951

Thus it will be seen that those who are engaged in agriculture are three and a half times greater in number than those in all other divisions. The agriculturists consequently have the physical and numerical power, and can at any time control every government in the United States, and give tone to public opinion. But do they? No, indeed, for however powerful they may be in number they are weak in influence, and this arises from a want of proper education. The sixty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-five, engaged in the learned professions, are intellectually stronger than the three millions, seven hundred and nineteen thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one, engaged in agriculture, and therefore rule them. If it were not so, seven eighths of the offices in the country would not be held by lawyers and doctors; nor would all the colleges and high schools be endowed principally for the benefit of the learned professions.

Farmers, when will you arouse yourselves to the dignity and importance of your calling, and educate yourselves to that height of intelligence which will make you the ruler instead of the ruled of the other professional. There is surely nothing to prevent this if you will only be true to yourselves. Look at the millions annually thrown away upon the horrid barbarities of war or the preparation for it, and the honors that are awarded to those who engage in shedding a brother's blood and compare these with the pitiful and downright contemptible sums which are grudgingly doled out for your benefit. Every occupation in the country seems to be bountifully provided for, save that of the farmer, and surely no one is to blame for this but yourselves, for if you choose you need only speak to your sermons, your rules, and a reform might be had at once. Ponder these things well, then, and in the legislature, assembled this winter, speak out and demand equal benefits with the most favored of the other professions.—American Agriculturist.

ELOQUENCE.—"Feller citizens," said a country candidate on the stump for the Legislature, "I am a candidate for the Legislature, and as all good republicans should do, I will give you my views of nature and things in general. The generality of mankind in general, generally speaking, are most generally in favor of a republicanism, and so am I. I am also in favor of a liberal appropriation of funds for the profane assium. I am in favor of the appropriation of money for the general scattering of the scriptures. Yes, feller-citizens, these are my convictions, and if there is no chick-a-ree used in the election, I am bound to be elected to the Legislature.

A terrible accident lately occurred in one of the French foundries. The immense receptacle for the melted iron was full of the metal infusion, when a hole broke through in the bottom and it ran out all around the place; several of the workmen who were not able to escape in time, had their feet covered by the ankle with the molten stream, and amputation was in every case considered necessary. Two had since died; six were at the hospital in a critical state, and some twenty more were confined to their houses.