

The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME IX

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, JANUARY 29, 1848.

NUMBR 42

Published Weekly
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,
OR \$2.50, IF PAID WITHIN ONE MONTH AFTER THE DATE
OF SUBSCRIPTION.
A failure on the part of any customer to order a discontinu-
ance within the subscription year, will be considered in-
dicative of his wish to continue the paper.

THE THREE VOICES.

What sayeth the past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed:
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scars from our spirits God's holy ideal—
So, as a funeral bell, slow and deep,
So tolls the past to thee! Weep!
How speaks the present hour! Act.
Walk, upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor;
Let the great meaning enoble it ever;
Drop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing labor is gain.
What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face upward!
Look where the light fringes the far rising slope;
Day cometh onward.
Watch! Though so long be twilight delaying
Let the first sunbeam arise on the praying;
Fear not for greater is God by thy side,
Than armies of Satan against thee allied!

The Dove of the Storm.

BY DORA MONELLE.

Gently and quietly the night folded its wings over a pleasant home among the Green mountains where a happy circle were gathered around a blazing fire of maple wood. It was one of those old-fashioned households of which every one has a bright idea; tall trees bent over as if to shelter the young hearts that beat happily under the roof, and peacefully even as the birds that sung to them through the long summer days dwelt the little mountaineers in their secluded home. Their parents had been about a week on a visit to friends at a distance, though it was mid-winter and the broad evergreen forests were thickly covered with snow. They were not the people who spend in pleasure the loveliest season God gives us, for little thought could they take of journeying for amusement when the rich fruit and waving grain were ripening fast for them to gather.

It was the farmer's season for flitting, now; the harvest moon had long since waned, and left rich stores in barn and granary. There were stalwart boys to leave at home who knew right well what was needful—and the parents had not feared to leave the little band alone without any protection but their own innocence and the care of Him whom they trusted.

Trained as they had been to brave all storm and danger, caring lightly for either, the hardy children had enjoyed the freedom of being left to take care of themselves, as James Graham's expression is, and now they were recounting all the home duties they had faithfully performed, for the absent ones were expected home that night, and each little heart beat happily in the consciousness of having done right.

"Well, I guess father don't expect to find all the corn husked when he gets home," said James.

"No, nor the old shed boarded up so nicely," said Richard.

"What have you got to tell father, Annie?" said James to a little gentle creature, who looked like a white morning-glory with blue eyes.

"Oh, I shall tell him how good we've all been, and how I helped you to feed the lambs every day."

"You'll tell him we've all been good, too, won't you, cousin Marian?" asked Richard, for the roguish boy began to remember certain instances of his teasing and fun, which he thought might not sound so well in the account.

A gay and brilliant girl was cousin Marian, who had escaped from the dull restraint of city life for a little while to enjoy the freedom she loved. Oh, it was strange, strange how she could leave a sphere of gaiety and fashion, where she was the brightest star, to sit on that old stove hearth in the farmer's kitchen, and crack butter-nuts, or help pare apples, till her little white hands looked black enough; she so gifted and so kind, so winning to all; and then as James said, she was a first rate hand at making candy and popping corn.

But Marian Norville was not genteel—indeed she wasn't, for she had rather play the romping games of the country girls, or coast with James Graham of a moonlight night, than dance the bewitching Polka in her splendid city home; and why should she not? for the shadows of old bending trees trembled on the frozen lake, and the moon shined brighter there than in a crowded room, on beauty which God did not make. Perhaps, too, Marian had holier thoughts than those of mere enjoyment, for every night she had gathered the children around her, and repeated a prayer so earnest in its few simple words, that their young eyes closed reverently as they knelt, and all her gaiety was for a few moments forgotten.

Now as she sat on a rude, low seat, with Annie's sweet face resting on her lap, the glowing fire-light lit up her face with the truest gladness as she answered Richard—

"Yes, coz, you've been good almost all the time, and—"

While she was speaking, the whole group were startled by a low, distinct rapping on the window pane, and there, with its white breast pressed close against the glass, was a trembling dove, picking the frost covered window, as if he pleased for shelter from the driving storm. All the children ran eagerly to the door, and Richard laid the dove gently and carefully in Marian's hand. The flickering light of the candle shone far out on the lonely road, and dimly showed two figures all wreathed with the falling snow. It was unusual in that lonely place to see strangers passing thus at night, and the ever restless Richard exclaimed—

"You carry in the dove and warm it, and I mean to run out and see who they are." Beautiful looked the half frozen dove to the kind ones who had rescued it. As it nestled close in Marian's bosom, the gleam in its opening eyes seemed almost human—so earnestly it told of quiet, gratitude and content. They smoothed the ruffled white plumes, caressingly talking all the while to "Dove," as if it knew their meaning. They scarcely heeded the entrance of Richard till he said—

"Those folks were beggars, and wanted we should keep 'em over night, but I told 'em as father always does, that every town took care of its poor, and if they had staid at home, they needn't suffer."

"Who are they? how did they look? where did they come from?" inquired all at once.

"Oh, they looked bad enough; there was an old man, and a girl not so big as Marian, and they came from some place down below, that I never heard of before. The old coger said he was going to see his brother up North, but I guess he made up the story."

"Why, Dick, I didn't think you'd turn off an old man and a poor shivering girl, in such a night as this," and as James spoke he went to the window, adding, "I don't think father, and mother will come, it snows so; and if they are on the way, they will put up somewhere."

"The old man's breath smelt of rum," answered Richard, "and if he can buy that, he can buy lodging. I did pity the poor girl to be sure, for when I told them the tavern was two miles off, she said, 'Oh dear that seems a great way,' but then father says its only encouraging folks to drink, if you do any thing for them when they wander about so."

Richard did, indeed, repeat an oft-heard sentiment of his father's when he said this, for though a worthy man in most respects, Graham was one of those who "remembered the poor," only so far as the sufferers are good and virtuous, and struggle hard to support themselves.

But holier teachings of his wife had given the children other and better feelings, and Richard's conscience smote him when little Annie quietly said, "mother would have sent them away, if the man did drink rum."

"You promised us a story, cousin Marian," said Richard, glad to turn from a painful subject; "tell us one about old times; I like those best."

"Tell us about war," said James. "About Indians," said Fred. "About when you was a little girl like me," said Annie. "Tell us something you never told us before," said a quiet boy in one corner.

If the gifted Marian had one power in perfection, it was that highly-valued but rare gift of telling stories. There was a long low seat in the kitchen, which they called a "settle," it answered the purpose of a wood-box and sofa in the winter evenings, and being painted bright and varnished, it looked like a good-natured, laughing face, in front of the fire. On this the children used to sit for hours and listen to cousin Marian's enchanting stories, which were usually the thrilling realities of history dressed in her own glowing thoughts. Sometimes she recited an old fairy tale or some legend of early times; but to night the white plumed dove lay lovingly by her, and her eyes rested sadly on its trembling breast, as it uttered those low, moaning sounds, which nothing on earth equals in plaintive sadness. Marian's heart beat time to the mournful notes, for there were more noble feelings striving with her woman's fearfulness, thoughts of the poor sufferers in that wild storm, of their peril, and it might be the cause of their death.

She rose resolutely, and said, "I'm going to find those beggars," and as she spoke she began to wrap a shawl around her, while her lovely face glowed with courageous feeling.

"Don't go, you will be buried up in the snow," pleaded little Annie.

"God will take care of me, Annie," she answered, laying the blue-eyed dove in the child's lap.

"You shall not go alone, cousin Marian," said Richard, whose better feelings were all awakened by a little reflection.

"I'll carry the lantern," said James, for a rough boy as he was, he knew the peril of such an errand.

While they were hastily wrapping coats round them, they will follow the beggars on their lonely path.

"That house looked something like our old home, didn't it?" said the pale sad-hearted girl, as she looked back on the lighted house where shelter had been refused them. "Oh! how I wish we were back where we used to live," she added, as the old man walked on silently.

"You have forgotten, haven't you, that the old place don't belong to us now," he answered harshly; "don't worry about it, for we can't help it now."

"I know it," she said sadly, "we have no say where." Oh! how mournful those simple words were spoken, bearing the tale of a young heart crushed and blighted, of young hopes chilled forever. It touched even the heart of the hardened father, and he drew his motherless child close to his side, murmuring "poor dove, poor Isabel." Aye, the beggar-girl bore that proud name, and she had graced it in happier days, when her father was an honored and trusted man—when the noblest vessel on the broad lakes was his own—before rum had ruined a god-like intellect, and wasted a princely fortune.

It was dark now in those forsaken hearts, even as on God's earth, and their path was lost; faster came down the blinding snow, and in their utter desolation the wanderers at last sat down, unable to proceed and weary with exertion. And now the neglected Isabel lay folded in the bosom of the father whose fallen fortunes she had so devotedly shared, and hot tears fell from his eyes on her pale face. "Isabel, darling, can you forgive me that I deprived you of love and home, and everything on earth I can you forgive me for being a drunkard?"

"Oh, father, do not talk of those things now; I am happy in dying with you, dear, dear father!"

Shadowy phantoms gathered dimly around the repenting man, pointing far back to a lost home and character, to the grave of a brokenhearted wife, and to the last closing eyelids of his gentle daughter. Broken words of agony and contrition mingled with the hollow dirge, that the old trees sung over the dying.

Isabel's eyes were shut, the father knew it by bending his cheek down until it touched her's and he felt almost glad that he saw not the closing of those beautiful eyes; so many a weary day their light had cheered him since poverty and drunkenness had driven him out to beg for daily bread; they were clear and blue as the waters of their own beloved lake, and they ever looked kindly. Now they were closed—the eyes of her weary spirit were opened, and she saw such white winged angels as had often floated dimly through her dreams, and sun bright flowers and gushing fountains, and dwellings of wondrous beauty were before her.

There they are perishing—though Isabel had earnestly longed to die, as she revived a little from the death lethargy, she nestled closer to her father's bosom like an innocent dove, and feels it hard to lay down a young life there in the dreary tempest, so far from all human sympathy—and once more she gazed around and sees the wild storm-clouds parting, slowly, and one star trembling in its distant home. No, tis not a star—'tis a light, and there are sounding footsteps and voices are near.

The father roused himself at her hurried words, but they were too nearly exhausted to call for help. Marian heard a faint cry as of one perishing; it was just like the moaning of a dove. "Here Richard, this way with the lantern," she exclaimed, as she bounded over the snow drift, by which the wanderers lay. They saw a bright face bending tenderly over them, and felt that life was theirs. Marian seemed suddenly gifted with skill and energy to restore them, and the boys could hardly believe they saw their wild cousin in the snow wreathed figure before them. She pouted warm cordials on the colorless lips of the old man, while James took the light figure of Isabel in his arms, and wrapped her in his own coat. She smiled faintly in gratitude, and entreated him to go to her father, but he was already standing beside his preserver, anxiously inquiring for his daughter. And now the whole party heard the sound of approaching sleigh-bells, and Richard joyfully exclaimed, "The father and mother!" Though startled to see so strange a group by the roadside, the parents soon understood all, and the old man was comfortably placed in the sleigh, while the rest followed in its track homeward. James would not give up his rescued charge, and leaning on his strong arm, with cousin Marian's ever joyous words of hope in her ear, Isabel felt like one walking to new life.

It was late on that eventful night when the blazing fire went out on the hearth, and all were asleep. In vain they sought for the rescued dove; it had flown, none knew whither, for little Annie had fallen asleep while the others were away.

Morning brought new bloom to Isabel, but not so to her father. A few days he lingered, and those who watched tenderly by the dying, saw the flashing forth of a glorious intellect even in decay. When the next Sabbath sun was setting, his sun of life went down also.

And what became of the orphan, Isabel? They took the sweet bird to their own nest, and she became a gentle sister to the little Annie, a beloved daughter to her protectors and when five bright summers had flown lightly by, she became the happy wife of James Graham.

Never was a bridal graced by a fairer guest than the light hearted and lovely Marian; and though the white dove never returned to nestle in her bosom again, she always called Isabel in the language of her own heart—the Dove of the Storm.

From the Salisbury Watchman.
SHEEP, DOGS, &c.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION TO THE FARMING INTEREST.
Messrs. Editors:—It is high time that the industrious pains-taking farmer should take his proper stand against the evils of dogs. Sheep do more to reward the labor of the husbandman than any thing else he can have about him. How many of the wealth of other countries consists in sheep! They do more for manuring land than any other stock—in a bilious country like ours, the meat is, by far, more wholesome, and certainly more palatable than beef or pork. The climate is so mild here, that the sheep stand the winter very well upon a little hay and fodder, and are remarkably healthy when they are properly accommodated. But they do best to range in the woods part of the year at least. There is something in the tonic or stringency qualities of the buds of our undergrowth, that seems essential in the summer to prevent bowel disorder in most of our sheep. We have every advantage here in Rowan for rearing sheep, and yet there is not enough wool produced in the country to make filling for the coarse stuffs required for our slaves. Mr. Fries, the proprietor of a small woolen factory at Salem, told me a few months since, that he could not get a supply of wool in this State, but that he has had to obtain it, in a great measure from Tennessee and Virginia. Important, and even necessary as sheep are, and easily raised as they are, it is vexatious to attempt it in the present state of things. Worthless dogs—hounds and "curs of low degree" are more favored in our state of society than sheep. We have legislated wolves out of our country. But dogs are utterly unnoticed by our laws. This can only be accounted for by the fact that our candidates for office are afraid to make head against this evil; they are afraid of the clamor that a few irresponsible dog owners might make on the day of election. They have therefore failed to take the necessary steps to put down dogs. The fox-hunting gentry who live in towns and villages, and who have to get themselves appetites by riding through our fields, scarcely ever go out but they make more or less havoc in our flocks—killing some and scattering the remainder so that they are often lost to the owner. I need not be told that there are some packs that will not kill sheep; I know better than that; I know that young dogs wherever they come across it, and nine times out of ten, some older ones of the pack will join with them. The evil has become intolerable. And I again ask whether the laborious man, hard put to it as he is to make a living, with all the pains he can bestow—is to submit longer to have his difficulties increased, and his rights trampled under foot, by a class of people having so little claim upon the indulgence of the laws? We are not without remedy, if we will agree to stand up to our rights. Let us band together, and whole neighborhoods give notice, that we will sue for trespasses committed by fox-hunters; and let us make common cause in any and every such suit. Let us further set an example by killing every supererogatory dog about our own plantations. Negroes have extraordinary privileges in this respect, which a tender regard for their condition has too much extended. We should call meetings and instruct our members of Assembly, to take stringent measures to protect our interests in this particular—either by taxing all dogs beyond a certain number, or laying a heavy penalty upon the owner for every deprivation of this sort.

I hope others will take up this subject, and that the farmers of Rowan and the adjoining counties will show the spirit of men in this matter.

YADKIN.

Easy and Curious Methods of Foretelling Rainy or Fine Weather.—If a line be made of good whiptcord, that is well dried, and a plummet affixed to the end of it, and then hung against a wainscot, and a line drawn under it, exactly where the plummet reaches, in very moderate weather it will be found to rise above it before rain, and to sink below when the weather is likely to become fair. But the best instrument of all, is a good pair of scales, in one of which let there be a brass weight of a pound, and in the other a pound of salt, or of saltpetre, well dried; a stand being placed under the scale, so as to hinder it falling too low. When it is inclined to rain, the salt will swell, and sink the scale; when the weather is growing fair, the brass weight will regain its ascendancy.

Slick's Fable of the Spider and the Fly.—"Few things resemble each other more in nature" than an old cunning lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web into a corner, with no light behind to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like, there he waits in his dark office to receive his visitor. A buzzin', burrin' thoughtless fly, thinking of nothing but his beautiful wings and well made legs, and—rather near-sighted wretch, comes tumblin' head over heels into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly; "I really didn't see this net work of yours; the weather is foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, they ought to burn gas here all day. I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," says the spider, bowing. "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then he ties up one leg and then the other and furls up both his wings, and has him fast as Gibraltar. "Now," says spider "my good friend, (a phrase a fell-r always uses when he's a-gom' to be tricky,) I'm afeared you've hurt yourself a considerable sum; I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly; "excuse me: I'm obliged to you; I don't require it."

"Oh yes, you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says spider, laughing; "you must be bled—you must pay all damage," and he bleeds him, and bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, my good feller," says poor fly, "and I will pay you liberally."

"Pay!" says the spider. "You miserable uncircumcised wretch; you have nothing left to pay with; take that!" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death."

STATE OF SOCIETY IN MEXICO.
The following letter, addressed to Colonel Campbell, of this city, dated at the city of Mexico on the 29th of October last, will be found interesting. It was written by one of the most gallant officers from this State, who in the various battles on the line from Vera Cruz to the capital, reflected high credit on Missouri, as well as on himself. His description of the Valley of Mexico, the condition of the inhabitants, their present feelings, &c., &c., coming from an eye-witness, is worthy of an attentive perusal:

"Our long-expected reinforcements, and the mails they are presumed to bring with them, have not yet arrived. Both are anxiously looked for. It cannot be disguised that our position here, (an army of less than 7000 troops,) in the capital of a foreign country—a city of 200,000 inhabitants—is a critical one, the mass of the population hating us, as well as fearing us. For our safety alone, reinforcements are necessary, but absolutely requisite for military operations, should such be the policy and orders of our home government. I almost fear to touch upon things connected with this most unhappy, yet fertile and beautiful country. Your own papers have doubtless already furnished you with 'Mexican news.' Of the battles I shall surely say nothing, but of the manners, customs, &c., &c., a few words. To a soil, rich with all the products of the most favored portion of the earth, is combined a most delicious (yet I think an enervating) climate. A fire-plate is absolutely unknown in Mexico; crop succeeds crop in rapid succession, seemingly without exhaustion of the soil, or without regard to the times of planting; wheat has its most luxuriant growth upon the table-lands, and if planted upon a hill-side, and near the summit, (as is frequently seen) with larger fields of barley, the staple grain of the country, or larger yet of corn, adjoining the valley at its base, it lies smiling, rich amid the fruits and products of the tropics.

"It is a singular yet beautiful sight to us Northerners, to see the gradation of temperature and of climate clearly indicated by the growths of peculiar latitudes. The hot, the cold, even to the snow point, the dry, the moist, are found upon the same estate and in close proximity. Bananas, coffee, the palm, the cocoa-tree, the sugar-cane and the olive groves, and pine-apples, followed by orchards, (common to a higher latitude) of apples, peaches, pears, with frequent vineyards abounding in good grapes, and fields of northern grains, the stunted oaks and stately pines, and last, the everlasting snow, all occupying the same hill, and all within the vision of a single glance. Rich in historic reminiscences, and relics of a hardy, fearless, and conquering race, no answering emotion is excited in the breast of their unworthy descendants. The fires of freedom lie smouldering in the hills, and pale before the broad glare of superstition in the populous valleys. Enervated, they have yielded to the seductive influence of a delicious climate, abandoning to the hands of a few designing and madly ambitious men the conduct of a government, which if properly administered, might have set foreign invasion at defiance, and made the people prosperous, free and happy. Guided by a clergy reproaching the education of the masses, they have elevated an aristocracy of a most cruel, capricious and tyrannical character. Wealth is confined to the few, and to the churches; the poor are abject slaves—the rich, most imperious masters. The people of all conditions, are sadly wanting in honesty; robberies are committed at noonday without apprehension and without shame. Female honor and virtue exist only in name; the marriage vow is the publication of freedom from all restraints, and the avowal of abandonment to all licentiousness. To correct such a state of society, the axe must be laid to the root; the trunk rotten to the core, has already fallen, but the up-springing shoots will receive their nourishment from the same corrupted source, and grow, surrounded by the same malarial laws are made and annulled with every administration, each in direct opposition to the other, and with such rapidity as to entangle the whole judicial system, and render it an unintelligible mass, even to those of the learned profession. Enactments in favor of the poorer classes are never published, or if published, are concealed. Decisions of courts of all kinds, from the highest to the most inferior jurisdictions, are publicly and shamelessly sold to the highest bidder. Appointments by the chief magistrate of the nation to the most important and lucrative positions are bartered for in the same manner. In the agricultural districts, laws are made by every landed proprietor, applicable to, and enforced at his hacienda, in most cases contained in manuscript, conformable to his peculiar views, and administered by a steward or 'major-domo' residing on the estate. The labor is performed by 'peons' (nominal generals for all laborers,) who may be seen at sunset every evening returning from the fields in large gangs, with their rude implements of labor, and followed by an overseer on horseback with a heavy whip, in his hand. On every estate is a prison-house, with all the appendages of bolts, bars and shackles; these are applied to and crowded with persons who, happening to think that Mexico was a republic, and her citizens entitled to change their residences, or to seek for better wages, left the estates on which they were perhaps born, have been hunted down as criminals, and are confined every night in dungeons for the security of further services. I write from observation, and have seen these poor and most docile people smart under the lash, and never failing, when passing at night to the prison, to take off their hats to the wretch who stands by to count them. If legislative enactments have guaranteed to them any appeal for outrages, of the most atrocious character, their weeping wail for justice is never heard beyond the prison walls, or reaching the tribunals, without the never failing bribe, is unheeded, or laughed to scorn."—St. Louis Union.

The N. Y. Observer says that the Madison at N. Y. Church, of which Rev. Mr. Bagg was recently made pastor, have withdrawn from the 3d Presbytery, and adopted the Congregational form of church government. There seems to be a tendency toward Congregationalism in the City and Brooklyn, among those who have had their early education and attachments in New-England. A very large part of the population of these cities is of eastern origin.

How to have *Wara* forever.—Let the press offer increase to the heroes while the blood is fresh, and let the expenses be paid by loans and indirect taxes.

DRAWING.
Drawing may be considered as the ground-work or elementary part of painting, and is of all the fine arts the one most admired and followed. As a perfect acquaintance with the terms employed in drawing and painting is necessary for the proper understanding of the art, we will here explain some of those generally used.

Outline is the line that forms the boundary of any object, whether formed with a pencil, pen, or brush. The remote distance, or background, is that part of the picture farthest removed from the eye; the objects here represented should be small and obscure. The mid-distance is the space between the background and foreground. This is the part of a picture which requires most care and attention. Harmony of coloring, accuracy of drawing, and tasteful grouping, are here indispensable. The foreground is the part nearest the eye; it is to this that the boldest touches and warmest tints should be given. In the representation of small scenes or individual objects, such as groups of flowers, architectural drawings, interiors, &c. &c.; no extreme distance, and often no mid-distance, even is discernible. In some instances, also, we find these three distances gradually blended into one another, as in some of the landscapes of Claude, Wouvermans, and Wilson.

Breadth of light is the term used to express that part of a picture where the greatest portion of light falls.

Subordinate lights are those parts of a painting which, though bright and luminous, do not shine out as much as the breadth of light.

Catching lights are the bright touches applied to the edges, or minute parts of objects, to bring them out in relief.

Reflected lights are the lights which fall upon the shaded sides of objects by being reflected from water, glass, &c. &c.

Conflicting lights are the lights seen in a picture when it is illuminated by two different lights at the same time.

Shade is that part of a picture opposed to the light.

Shadow signifies the obscuration of light by any opposing object.

Keeping is used to express the proper proportion of light and shade according to distance.

Harmony describes any arrangement of lines; lights, shades, and colour which is conducive to beauty of effect.

Tone is the general effect or appearance of colouring.

Tint is the term applied to every gradation of colour from darkest to the lightest.

Half tint is the medium between light and shade.

Local tint is the colour of any object in a picture; where nothing interferes to effect its brightness.

Warm colours are those in which red or yellow tints predominate, and cold colours, those in which blue are most visible.

Having now given the terms in general use among artists, we will proceed to the consideration of the art itself.

In every species of drawing, a correct outline is of great importance, as a guide to the proper disposal of light and shade, as well for the form of an object. That portion which is nearest the light should be more delicately traced than those parts which are differently situated. In drawing outline, care should be taken to avoid forcing it by little bits at a time; every line ought to be done, as much as possible, by one sweep of the hand. A soft pencil can be used with more freedom, and will therefore communicate more spirit to a sketch, than a hard one.

Expression is the most important feature both of drawing and painting, and should be carefully studied; without it the finest work appears lifeless and inanimate, while in the hands of a skillful artist, a simple outline even may be made to convey the idea of any of the moving passions of our nature, such as joy, grief, fear, anger &c. &c.

Truth Beautifully Expressed.—If there is any art which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The feeble heart may be compared to a delicate harp; over which the breathings of early affections wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness.

It is music to the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of the fountains or the song of the Houris in the Moslem's paradise. But we for the delicate fashioning of that harp, if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings; and they will break one after another—slowly perhaps—but surely. Unvisited, unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the moans of the Egyptian statue before the coming of the sunrise.

Cure for Ill Temper.—A sensible woman of the Doctor's acquaintance (the mother of a young family) entered so far into his views upon the subject, that she taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly she had always small doses ready, and the little patients whenever it was thought needful took rhubarb for their crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always, as cause and effect.

A telegraphic dispatch from St. Louis, Missouri, dated Jan. 5, says that the Ohio River is fast falling at the mouth—and while nearly all the towns on the Ohio have been inundated, the levees at Cairo, although not completed, have proved efficient protection to the place from overflow.

The present flood, and that of the Mississippi in '44, are the two greatest on record. Hence the important fact is fully established of the practicability of building up a city at the confluence of those two great rivers.

On a recent trial, an Irishman, with characteristic obliquity of speech, after scratching his head, said, "Please your Honor, I do not remember—or if I do, I forget it now."

ANCIENT RUINS.—The men employed in digging the foundation of the new church at Jerusalem, it is stated, had to make their way through forty feet of remains of ancient buildings, before they came to the solid ground.