

POETRY.

THE SONGS OF YORE.

Alas! the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Carolina State,"
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Shushannah don't you cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned,"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest Mac,"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That makes each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the songs of "Hours that were"
I'll crave not what belongs,
To the list of "nigger"—pahaw! I mean
Of fashionable songs.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

First stands the lofty Washington,
That noble great, immortal one;
The elder Adams next we see,
And Jefferson comes number three;
Then Madison is fourth you know,
The fifth one on the list Monroe;
The sixth an Adams comes again,
And Jackson seventh in the train;
Van Buren eighth upon the line,
And Harrison counts number nine;
The tenth is Tyler in his turn,
And Polk eleventh, as we learn;
The twelfth is Taylor, people say;
The next we'll learn some future day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPEECH OF LOT DOOLITTLE.

ON THE BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF HEN-ROOSTS.

Mistur Speaker—I've sot here in my seat
and heered the opponents of this great nashual measure,
and expectorate again it, till I am purty nigh busted with indignat commotions of my lacerated sensibilities.
Mistur Speaker, are it possible that men can be so infatuated as to vote again this bill?
Mistur Speaker, allow me to pictur to your excited and deduded imagination some of the heart rending evils which arise from the want of purtection to hen-roosts, in my vicinity, among my constituents.
Mistur Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all natur am hushed in deep repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees, and nought is heered to break the solemn-choly stillness, save an occasional grunt from the hog pen!
I will now carry your imagination to that devoted hen-house. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates genly declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and maiesic roosts! Look at the aged and venerable and highly respectable rooster, as he keeps his silent vigils with patience and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless, and virtuous hens and pullets! Just let your eyes glance around and behold that dignified and maternal hen, who watches with tender solicitude and paternal congratulation over those little juvenile chickens, who crowd around their respectful progenitor, and nestle under her circumambient wings. Now, I ask, Mister Speaker, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned, as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting little biddies, from their agonized and heart broken parents?
Mistur Speaker, I answer in thunder tones, there am! Are ther anything so mean and sneaking as such a robbery? No, thar are not. You may search the wide universe from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars that grow upon the tops of the Himmalch mountains in the valley of Josephat, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwams on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be so much puzzled to find anything so mean, as you would to see the arth revolve around the sun once in twenty-four hours without the aid of a telescope.

Mistur Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obstinate member, of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to those foul proceedings, and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the law, as follows:
For the first offence he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs, with no salt on 'em.
For the second offence he shall be obliged to set on twenty rotten eggs, until he haterces 'em.

Mistur Speaker, all I want, is for every member to act on this subject according to his conscientiousness. Let him do this and he will be remembered everlastingly by a grateful posterity.
Mistur Speaker, I've done.—Whore's my hat?
The eloquent gentleman, according to the Boston Post's report, here donned his sealed-cap, and sat down apparently much exhausted.

ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN.

In the column of the National Intelligencer devoted to notes on New Books, we find the following chapter from a new work on etiquette:

In the intercourse of social life the importance of little things is very great. Trifles are capable of expressing a greater degree both of regard and disregard than larger actions. If you are attentive in trivial affairs it is said your regard extends even to the smallest considerations; if you are neglectful in light and unimportant matters, it is observed that you have not enough respect to be civil even in the minutest concerns. That person who picked up the hat of Mr. Madison at the flight of Bladensburg exhibited an abasement of flattery which it would have been difficult to exceed; and that minister who refused to take up Napoleon's when he dropped it in the council chamber as a test of the consideration he was held in, displayed a thoroughness of indifference which assured the Emperor that his fate was sealed.

We shall here set down, without order or connexion, some points of etiquette necessary to be known and practised by him who would be well bred in manner. At an evening party you should make a point of going all around the room, after you have saluted the lady of the house, and bowing to every lady with whom you are acquainted. If, also, in any public room, or place of exhibition, you see any person whom you know, you should go and speak to them.

If you meet ladies or gentlemen whom you do not know at a morning visit or a small evening party, where you sit next to them and are brought into contact with them, converse with them with the same readiness and ease as if you had known them all your life. Moreover, if, in walking with one whom you are acquainted with, there are others in the group whom you do not know, you should address them precisely on the same terms on which you speak to your friend. On such an occasion the topics should be wholly free from embarrassment. A shy or awkward demeanor towards strangers in such position is the certain mark of one not familiar with the great world.

If you are presented to a lady at an evening party you should call upon her soon after.

At an evening party never put a tea cup, wine glass, glass of water, or cup of lemonade back upon the same waiter from which you took it. That waiter will be handed to others, and it will be disagreeable to them to survey an array of half empty cups and glasses, and perhaps inconvenient to distinguish which are fresh and which have been used. Another waiter, in every respectable house, follows the first one, for the purpose of receiving the cups and glasses with which persons have done, and upon it alone should they be placed.

When the servants are engaged in handing tea or doing other special service, you should not withdraw any of them from that duty by sending them from the room for any thing else—as for a glass of water, a piece of ice. This is particularly important at a small party, where there are few servants; and where their absence will be more inconvenient.

If, in walking, you meet a friend, accompanied by one whom you do not know, speak to both. Also, if you are walking with a friend who speaks to a friend, whom you are not acquainted with, you should speak to the person; and with as much respect and ease as if you knew the party. If you meet a man whom you have met frequently before, who knows your name, and whose name you know, it is polite to salute him.

At dinner, there should not be much conversation during the first course, while the meats are receiving attention. At least, during that season the remarks which are made should be brief and quiet, and not upon earnest or exciting topics. Long stories should be avoided, for the listeners have other organs than the ear, which they are wishing to exercise at that time. At a later part of the entertainment, discourse is agreeable.

If you are at a small party where tea is made in the room, you should not enter into conversation with the lady who presides at the table, and you should not draw your chair close to her. She has need of all her attention in arranging and preparing the tea-waiters, and she also requires room for her arms.

When you take coffee, tea or soup at table, you should make no noise in supping, nor other unnatural smackings of the mouth, for this is decidedly vulgar.

George Buckhart of Harlan county, (Ky.) is one hundred and fourteen years old, and lives in a hollow sycamore tree.

Health of the Atlantic Cities.—The deaths in Philadelphia for the past week were 138—of which 13 were by consumption, and 8 by cholera asphyxia.

The deaths in Boston for the week were 77—of which 17 were by consumption, and 10 by scarlet fever.

The deaths in New-York for the past week were 270—of which 40 were by consumption, and 29 by cholera.

NEW WORK ON THE MEXICAN WAR.

H. Judge Moore, Esq. has prepared, and now has in the course of publication, to be issued from the Press of Nixon, in Charleston, a new work on the Mexican war. It will be ready for delivery to subscribers by the first of August next. We have not examined the manuscript of Mr. Moore, but entertain great confidence that his work will prove an agreeable and instructive one. We had the pleasure of receiving several letters from him whilst he was in Mexico as a Private in the Palmetto Regiment, and his talents as a writer were richly displayed in the fine descriptions of the events of which he wrote. Mr. Moore, we venture to say, has not neglected the lesser and more retired parts of the grand drama in which he acted a part, but his pages will be found replete with descriptions of manners and habits of the Mexicans, as well as with the more exciting topics of marches, sieges and battles.

Mr. Moore is a native citizen of Greenville, and a man of talents. We wish great success to his work. It must occur to many as something remarkable, that Greenville District has had two citizens Ministers Plenipotentiary to Mexico, and two who have written books of great celebrity already on that country, and now Mr. Moore will be the third author on Mexico who hails as a citizen of Greenville. We wish that he may eclipse the fame of both his predecessors, (the Hon. J. R. Poinsett and Gen. W. Thompson), eminent as they are, and wake up, after his book is published, some morning (as Byron did) and find himself famous, nor fail in a more substantial reward than glory. The time has passed when it can be said that glory alone is the reward of genius, and that those who deserve it scorn all meaner things.—Greenville Mountaineer.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.—A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Rome, gives an account of the release of the French prisoners of war, and the subsequent fraternal escort that was given them. The French had their swords returned to them, and were conducted into the town to a collation. Some of them expressed themselves with a good deal of feeling, and all were completely crestfallen. Gen. Avezzano shook hands with most, and they were embraced by many of the Italian officers. In a short time, General Avezzano went with his staff to join them in the Corso, where the French soldiers were collected, and in friendly conversation with crowds of Romans, some of whom were offering them cigars, some giving bread, and others taking them to drink wine. It was delightful to see with what good-will and alacrity the Romans responded to the generous and noble invitation of the government. The military band played the Marseillies, and then a Frenchman, who had a good deal of eloquence and writes for some of the French papers, was requested by the officers to address the people from the balcony of the restaurant; and he thanked them, in the most expressive terms, for the noble conduct shown to his fellow countrymen, and he was received with most rapturous applause from the people, and cries of "Vive la Republique Romaine!" from the French soldiers in the street. The late prisoners were then conducted in procession, most of them arm in arm with Romans, to the gates of the city; but as they passed by St. Peter's they went in of their own accord, and, before the grand altar, knelt down and swore never to serve again against the Roman republic.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

ALEXANDRIA, June 5—6 p. m. Much excitement prevails here this evening, originating in the recent division of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of slavery, and the organization of two official bodies.

This afternoon the only church of that denomination, in the city, was taken possession of by the officers of that portion of the church officiating with the church south, who claim to be the legal representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and entitled to the building.

The question will doubtless be thrown into court for adjudication. B.

Accident at Niagara Falls.—A distressing accident, is stated to have occurred at the Falls of Niagara, a few days ago, in consequence of three men attempting to cross the river in a skiff.

As they neared the middle of the river, the current which at present is unusually rapid in consequence of the projection of the coffer dams on either side, speedily overpowered their efforts to resist it, and rising, as if to view the inevitable death before them, they were swept, stern on into the rapids. Their boat, tossing from one rock to another, in a few moments was seen to capsize; the men rose, clinging to the gunwales, and were hurried on, until an opposing rock dashed the boat into fragments. Two disappeared at once; the other was seen erect, the water to his knees, but in a moment after he was hurled down and seen no more.

INDIAN CORN.

In the raising of Indian corn, some experiments have been made which have produced singular results. Mr. Fowler of Ohio, planted a half acre of ground with three different kinds of corn—half acre of China, half acre of yellow gourd seed, half acre of white flint. The result of the crop was seventy-three and a half bushels of shelled corn from the China, fifty-six and a half of the white flint, and fifty-four from the gourd seed. The result was beyond anything before raised in Northern Ohio, and so much in favor of the China corn, that he has every year since planted it. When he commenced with this corn, it was a flint corn, from seven years' use, it has become so closely allied to gourd seed that the kernel is very much dented, and the ears from 12 to 20 rows; the same remarks hold good in relation to the flint. From sixteen years' cultivation and acquaintance, it seems to bear no similarity to its species sixteen years ago; it was then an eight rowed flint corn; it is now some sixteen to twenty rows gourd seed; which demonstrates the fact that the climate changes the species of corn from one kind to that of another.—Pittsburg Visitor.

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE BRICKYARD.—A Gloucester (Eng.) paper says: "There is a lad in a brickyard who walks, or rather runs, over a space of ground equal to sixty miles daily. Nor is the space travelled, by any means, the most arduous portion of his task; for he has to carry, during thirty miles of his journey, a mould or hod, containing wet clay, weighing together more than 12 lbs., and for the other thirty miles he has to carry back the empty mould, weighing 4 lbs., and he has to stoop and pick up the mould no less than six thousand times! What is the gathering of a hundred stones in a single hour, compared to the unintermitting exertion of this poor over-worked boy, whose labor in running, stooping, and lifting, is continued for eighteen hours in succession, during which time he removes upwards of twenty-four tons of wet clay? Prodigious as all this appears, we have the authority of the boy's employer, that the fact is literally as stated above, and further, that it is not a solitary performance, but has been done for five successive days during the present week. The daily earnings by this amount of labor are stated to be half-a-crown!"

FATAL CASUALTY.—About six o'clock on Saturday, a distressing casualty occurred upon the steamer Chatham in our river. Messrs. William H. Gule and James Poince were together in the cabin of the boat, when the former, taking up a rifle standing in a corner for the purpose of examining it, not knowing that it was loaded or cocked, accidentally discharged its contents into the head of the latter, killing him instantly. We learn that the same rifle had been snapped several times during the morning and had not gone off, and that under all the circumstances not the slightest reproach attaches to Mr. Gule. It has been with him one of those great misfortunes which sometimes befall men, but for which they are not accountable. The verdict of the Inquest was of course—death by accident.—Savannah Georgian.

STOPPING NEWSPAPERS.

A class of conceited, touchy people, who stop a newspaper on account of any petty paragraph that displeases them, are cleverly ridiculed by an exchange as follows. The parable should be kept before the people:

"A certain man hit his toe against a pebble stone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see, 'the vast globe itself dissolved' and come to nought. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article appears in the newspaper touching him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency, he looks on to see a crush, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures, to no extent, any one but himself."

TROOPS TO THE RIO GRANDE.—The President of the United States has it is stated, ordered troops to proceed forthwith to the Rio Grande, to protect the inhabitants from the Indians, who, it will be recollected, have committed a number of murders and robberies in that section of country.

ATROCIOUS MURDER.—The Charleston Mercury of Monday last, says:

"James Morrison, a watchman at the West Point Mills, on the Southwestern border of the city, was murdered on Saturday night last."

A shoemaker may be considered as entirely done up who is compelled to pawn his boot trees, for he has then evidently come to his last legs.

Ninety Thousand Land Warrants have been issued to soldiers who served in the Mexican war, giving away to them as a bounty thirteen million eight hundred thousand acres. Estimating the value of this land at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, we have an aggregate of seventeen million two hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Europe in 1849.—Our regular Paris correspondent in a private note relating to some little matters of business, drops the following remarks: "This year will, I think, be more eventful and extraordinary in Europe than the last. Your commercial relations may be more and more disturbed. Never were the destinies of France more uncertain.—Jour. Com.

A GREAT STATE.—Horace Greely, writing from Ohio, says that fifty years ago the first white settlement was made in Ohio. She now has a population of two millions, and before the close of the present century, according to the present rate of increase, will have ten millions. Three-fourths of Ohio is yet a forest. Her mineral resources are untouched, and manufactures in their infancy.

"John," said his master to a man one day, "they really say that your wife beats you. Is it true?" "Yoy!" drawled John, with the most provoking coolness. "What do you mean by that, you lout? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam engine or an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you! What a blockhead you must be!" "Whoy, whoy," was the patient reply, "it pleases her, and it does me no hurt."

Calves Heads and Ox tails are in England considered as delicacies; and if our butchers would save them for sale, they would be certain never to lose money, as they would then make both ends meat.

Number of emigrants arrived at Boston week before last, was one thousand two hundred and ninety-five.

Not cholera sick, nor cholera dead; But from the flight of cholera fled.

The Virginia Legislature, alarmed at their own fears have adjourned to the Warrenton Springs.

Democratic Review.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICE, FROM \$5 TO \$3 PER ANNUM. Enlargement of the Number by one-fifth the reading matter. SINGLE COPY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. PROSPECTUS OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

The Twenty-fourth Volume of the Democratic Review proceeds to its readers under different auspices from those which have smiled upon its progress hitherto. New arrangements have become necessary, internally, as well as renewed exertions to promote its welfare externally. The unfortunate divisions of the party have resulted in a reverse more severe than any that has been experienced for many terms. The outgoing administration leaves the country in every position—politically, territorially, commercially and financially, more renowned, more extended, more prosperous, and in higher credit than it had ever before attained.—The prosperity which pervades the country, and the glory that surrounds its flag, are mainly, if not entirely, due to those sound principles clearly recognised by an American public, and carried to their fulfilment through the steady loyalty of the Democratic Party.

That schisms have been created by designing men, as dangerous to party ascendancy as to national welfare, affords additional reasons for more rigorous exertions, the cultivation of a spirit of forbearance, and that self-sacrificing patriotism which has for so long a period been a distinguishing feature of democracy.—For whatever of evil may spring from federal ascendancy, those who defeated the democratic party by heartless desertion in its hour of trial must be held accountable; and we doubt not that November, 1852, will witness a retribution that will be more terrible to false friends than to open foes.

The accustomed features of the Review will be continued, including Portraits and Biographies of distinguished Democrats—men whose patriotic principles and steadiness of purpose have won the confidence of the people.

We have to remind our readers that the low terms on which we furnish the Review makes it indispensable that the payment of the subscriptions should be in ADVANCE; and that the expenditure incurred to improve the work can be met only by the prompt remittance of subscriptions.

N. B.—All communications will hereafter be addressed to the Editor, office of the Democratic Review, 170 Broadway, New York.

THOS. PRENTICE KETTEL.

Look at this! The firm of Thompson & Keith having been dissolved, those indebted to it will do well to call and settle with E. M. KEITH.