

Selected Poetry.

STANZAS.

The setting of a Great Hope is like the setting of the sun.
Well did the poet say or sing
The setting of a mighty hope is like the close of day.

Miscellaneous.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S FRIEND.

The worthy Toby Sipton was the most upright of Quakers. Some years retired from business he inhabited a pretty villa in the suburbs of London, which surpassed all similar villas in the world by an additional grace it derived from the presence of his only child, a lovely girl of about seventeen, as good as she was fair.

to resist an armed man, he had no resource.—He quietly took out a purse containing twelve guineas, and handed it to the robber, who counted the pieces, while the victim, glad to have escaped so easily, passed at a quickened pace. But the bandit, seeing no resistance made to him, and kindled by the hope of a second booty, soon overtook the worthy Friend, a second time barred the way, and repeating the manœuvre with the pistol, like one well used to such proceedings, he cried—
"Your watch?"

the door, and asked to see Mr. Weresford.—The porter answered that he was not up yet. Now it was near noon—so here was another token of a busy night. The Quaker insisted on being admitted, as he had particular business, and soon found himself in the owner's bedroom. Weresford, who had just awakened, rubbed his eyes, and asked in an ill-humored tone, "who are you sir, and what do you want with me?"

Putnam as a Spy.—The following anecdote of one of our worthiest revolutionary patriots is full of the eccentricity which characterized the old "wolf exterminator."
Among the officers of the revolutionary army none, probably, possessed more originality than Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless; blunt in his manners—the daring soldier, without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his hissing, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

Freedom from Danger in Descending Wells.—Quite a number have lost their lives from gas by descending into wells for the purpose of cleaning them out, and the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald gives, account of a case which recently occurred, in Columbus in that State where four persons after being nearly deprived of life in a well, were only rescued from their perilous situation at their last gasp. The cause of death in such cases is carbonic acid gas, or as it is familiarly called, "choke damp."

The Palmetto Regiment.—From an article on "Scott's Battles in Mexico," contained in the August number of "Harper's Magazine," we extract the following account of the part performed by this regiment in the affair of Churubusco:
"Soon after the battle commenced, Scott sent Pierre's and Shields' brigades by the left, through the fields, to attack the enemy in the rear. On the causeway, opposed to them, were planted Santa Anna's reserves—5,000 foot, and 4,000 horse—in a measure protected by a dense growth of magtief. Shields advanced intrepidly with a force of 1,600. The ground was marshy and for a long distance—having vainly endeavored to outflank the enemy—his advance was exposed to their whole fire. Morgan, of the 16th fell wounded. The New York regiment suffered fearfully, and their leader Col. Burnet, was disabled. The Palmettos of South Carolina and the 9th, under Ransom, were as severely cut up; and after a while all sought shelter in and about a large barn near the causeway. Shields, in an agony at the failure of his movement, cried imploringly for volunteers to follow him. The appeal was instantly answered by Col. Butler, of the Palmettos: 'Every South Carolinian will follow you to the death!' The cry was contagious, and most of the New Yorkers took it up. Forming at angles to the causeway, Shields led those brave men under an incessant hail of shot, against the village of Portales, where the Mexican reserves were posted. Not a trigger was pulled till they stood at a hundred and fifty yards from the enemy. Then the little band poured in their volley, fatally answered by the Mexican host. Butler already wounded, was shot through the head, and died instantly. Calling to the Palmettos to avenge his death, Shields gives the word to charge. They charge—not 400 in all—over the plain, down upon 4,000 Mexicans, securely posted under cover. At every step their ranks are thinned. Dickinson, who succeeded Butler in command of the Palmettos, seizes the colors as the bearer falls dead; the next moment he is gladden himself, mortally wounded, and Major Glidden snatches them from his hand. Adams, Moragne and nearly half the gallant band are prostrate. A very few minutes more and there will be no one left to bear the glorious flag. But at this very moment a deafening roar is heard in the direction of the tele de pont. Round shot and grape, rifle balls and canister, come crashing down the causeway into the Mexican ranks, from their own battery. Worth is there—the gallant fellow—just in time."