

Let them lead the notes that in man's foot,  
Through the bright and glowing halls;  
While the American of the hair's bright curl,  
Bound the shoulder of beauty falls,  
And the crown of the eagle from the tree,  
And the high and blossoming tower,  
And the red and yellow towers,  
And the rustic greets  
As follows the Good Old Flow.

Full many there to the best of men,  
With a sad and a lowly pride,  
When the pleasure of his humble cot,  
With a soul that looks for pride.  
But I'd rather take a heavy shake,  
From his hand than to wealth I bow;  
For the clasp of his hand's rough grasp,  
Has made the Good Old Flow.

All honor be then to these gray old men,  
When at last they are bowed with toil;  
Their warfare done, or they battle no more,  
For they've conquered the stubborn soil;  
And the dusky each wears silver hair,  
And never shall the victor's brow  
With a laurel crown, to the grave go down,  
Like the sons of the Good Old Flow.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**How the Sea Became Salt.**  
The deep sea-sounding of Lieut. Maury resulted in the discovery at the bottom of the ocean, of a bed of microscope shell, un- mixed with sand or gravel. To an ordinary observer this discovery would suggest no extraordinary provision of nature. But Lieut. Maury demonstrates that these animalcules, in all probability, exercise a powerful influence in promoting a healthy change or circulation of the waters of the sea; that, if, as is supposed, these little creatures live at the surface and are buried in the ocean, we may view them as conservators of the ocean; for they assist to preserve its status by main- taining the purity of its waters. It is admitted that the salts of the sea come from the land, and that they consist of the soluble matter which the rains wash out from the fields, and which the rivers bear to the ocean. The waters of the Mississippi and the Amazon discharge immense quantities of this soluble matter. This matter cannot be evaporated, and as the rivers cease pouring in fresh supplies of it, it is argued that the sea must be continually growing more salt; and such, perhaps, would be the case were it not these microscopic animals are constantly at work extracting this matter from the sea water, and depositing it in the form of shell at the bottom of the ocean. Thus, says Lieut. Maury, the ocean is presented as a vast chemical bath, in which the solid parts of the earth are washed, filtered and precipitated again as solid matter, but in a new form, and with fresh properties.—Boston Journal.

### The Do-Nothings.

A meeting of this society was held yesterday evening.  
Sam Lacy took the chair.  
Bill Loferism was the Vice President.  
The Secretary made his report. He observed that at the last meeting nothing had been done, according to the constitution of the society.  
Jim Vacuum offered to make a motion but did not move from his seat. He observed that it was the destiny of man to work.—The present order has been founded for the encouragement of idleness. A new member was waiting to be initiated.  
The President said "Let him come in."  
The new member was carried in on a four post bedstead. After giving the pass word, *Es nihil nihil fit*.  
The President administered the oath of eternal laziness, and desired the candidate for admission into the order to repeat it after him. The candidate waited till the President had finished, and then said "Ditto."  
The Vice President asked the candidate whether he would take a drink.  
The candidate nodded and opened his lips.  
The Secretary will now read to you the rules of the society, said the President.  
The candidate shut his eyes and fell asleep in an instant.  
"He'll do!" said the President approvingly.

"Yes," said the Vice President, "he'll do nothing."

The member's name was enrolled, and he was aroused up to pay his subscription.  
He did nothing of the kind. Nothing else took place. Nothing more was said.—Nothing more was done. We know nothing more.

**HOW A MAN'S WIFE CAME HOME DRUNK.**  
A man and wife both one, asked the wife of a certain gentleman in a state of stupefaction as she was holding his aching head in both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.  
"Well then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."  
The husband comprehended the meaning of the question, and his wife did not come home drunk any more!

**VALUABLE APPLICATION.**—For wounds received from old nails, or cuts occasioned by broken glass, peach tree leaves well steeped and applied to the wound, will give immediate relief. By thickening the liquid from which the leaves have been taken with meal or bran, a good poultice is obtained, which will keep moist for hours. In case the leaves cannot be obtained, a tea made of young twigs of the peach tree, and thickened, will do as well.

"LACE CARE," read a father to his children, "when you find yourselves in the presence of a person who you see for the first time, to display the best qualities of heart and mind. They will always judge you under this first impression." This father knew the world.

...and the rope ladder was on the stairs in the world's opinion.  
So says somebody, and it may be all very romantic and new, but to lean over to this side of the question; but yet experience will show that when half a dozen brothers, four uncles, and a grey-headed father take the position above indicated, there is sometimes pretty good reason for it, and that if rope-ladders and horses without spavin, are effectively brought in play, the consummate folly will often be found in the end to have a different location from that which the paragraphist would give it. If doubt there be on this head, look, we pray you, at the divorces applied for, granted or not granted, and reflects also on the domestic unhappiness with which the world abounds. Rather than preach caution to the young and ardent on this score, than tempt them to yield to sudden impulses and passing whims, least the error of a moment prove the misery of a whole life. There are unreasonable relatives, to be sure—prejudices will exist, and cruel tharwatings do occur. But yet, when brothers, uncles and fathers are arrayed against a choice, if they be the proper sort of brothers, uncles and fathers, pause, we advise you, gentle maiden, and think deeply on it, before an irrevocable step is taken—your guardians and your friends have your happiness at heart, and they know the world, too. If they object, depend upon it that the ground you stand on craves wary walking, and that it is safest to move slowly, if indeed there be not ample cause to recede. Besides, there is perhaps time enough, and true love is none the worse for a probation. Reject the rope ladders, and the horses, and be sure you are right, before the fancy and the imagination are permitted to lead you on.

### Thomas Jefferson's Opinion of Farmers.

"Those who labor in the earth," he early declared, "are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit, for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire which otherwise might escape from the surface of the earth. Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators, is a phenomenon in which no one nation has found an example. It is the mark set on those, who not looking up to heaven, but to their own toil and industry, depend on the casualties and caprice of customers. Dependence begets subservience, and generally, suffocates the germ of virtue and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition. Thus the natural progress and consequences of the arts has sometimes perhaps, been retarded by accidental circumstances, but generally speaking the proportion which the aggregate of other citizens bears in the State, to that of the husbandmen, is the promotion of its un- sound to its healthy parts, and is enough barometer whereby to measure its degree of corruption."

### A Man Without Money.

A man without money is a body without life—a walling shadow—a spectre that affrights. His look is doleful, his conversation is languid and heavy. If he wishes to pay a visit, he never finds any body at home and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment in order that he may not finish the sentence, least he should end it by asking for money. He is avoided as a pestilence, and is considered a useless clog upon the earth. If he have wit he cannot display it, and if he has none he is looked upon as the most frightful biped that Nature can create. When in ill humor his enemies say he is fit for nothing, and those best inclined towards him preface their eulogy by a shrug of the shoulders. Necessity awaits him in the morning, and misery attends him to bed at night. The women find he is unmanly and vulgar and regard him with suspicion. Tavern keepers wish that, like the chameleon, he would live upon air; and tailors that, like our first parents, he would clothe himself with fig leaves. If he wishes to argue, he is not listened to; and if he sneezes, he is not heard; if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked to pay beforehand, and if in debt, he is considered a rogue.

### Never Treat Religion Lightly.

Impress your mind with a reverence for all that is sacred. Let not wantonness of youthful spirits, nor complacency with the im- temperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt that is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth than the reflection of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding it discovers a part and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the best of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious you are recalled upon to be more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and kindness.—It is a social, kind, cheerful—far removed from that gloom and superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, defects and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven, with an honorable discharge of the duties of this life. Of such religion discover on every proper occasion that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.—[Rel. Herald.]

Only Sixteen.—The census takers found great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring county, there were found twelve girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

...the least that you can do on the outside. With him the point of a pin is his head, whilst his head is made his heel. His head must be crapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may not even go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left, but figures are read from left to right. He eats almost nothing for breakfast about a quarter of eleven, but after the work of the day is done, sets down to a hot meal swimming with oil or better yet, boiled butter. His seat is with him, but the fowles of the house wait all his lordship is done. He rides his donkey while travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fire-places may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water like a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his home is on the sea-shore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

### HUMORIST'S OLIO.

**"Out Loose Again Mister."**  
A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods houses, was complimented not long since, in manner and form as follows, to wit:  
He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods not with any great hope of selling it; still there was some slight chance and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in fine style, praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light, vouched for its ultra-fashionableness, and in short, let loose a torrent of eloquence in which it was difficult to distinguish which was most flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic or the quality of the magnificent *mousse line*. Bumpkin's eye flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusions to himself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman. Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed, "Stop right here one minute!" and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds. Grosdenap stood, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had "frozen" in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman. Meantime this last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing girls out of a carryall which stood in front of the store, and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up to the front of him of the fluent tongue:  
"Gals! stand there—right there. Sally—and now, Mister, cut loose again! I just want the gals to hear you!"  
It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances, that our friend was utterly overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his life faltered in his utterance—to the great disappointment of the father and both daughters.—*Montgomery Mail*.

### Calling a Witness.

In most of our new settlements, where energy of character is of more value to the community than the refinements of the other States, public officers are occasionally selected for magistracies and executive employment, who would have no chance for the posts in older and more highly cultivated regions of the United States.  
One of the judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana held a court lately at St. Francisville, to attend to some local, but important business. Among the cases that came up was a protested draft, upon which the whole question of the laws of exchange came up. The lawyers made their points, which were duly noted by the court who being through the case, his honor called to the Sheriff—  
"Is Chitty in court?" "Chitty," said the perplexed officer, "who is he?" "Oh," said the Judge, smiling, "I meant Chitty's bill; please inquire Mr. Sheriff. That officer is much puzzled as ever, but unwilling to trouble his honor with further questions, when with a loud voice and in due form he bawled out, 'Chitty's Bill'—'Churry's Bill'—'OHITTY'S BILL'—under the impression that it was Mr. Chitty's black Bill who was needed in Court. An uproar of merriment at this mistake convulsed the members of the bar, which all their respect for the Sheriff and the Court failed to suppress.

### A Dutchman's Opinion of a Raring Night.

"Vell, lasht Friday night vash do vore sah never vash. I fought to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner I did vail, den de faster I stood still, for de tarkness vass so tick dat I could not stir it mit mine boots; and do rain, dander and bixam, in more den five minutes, raiset skin vas vet troe mine clo's. But after von leedle vile it stoppt quitting rain, something, so I kept feeling ov minceelf all de vay along—and ven I some to mine house to vailk in vat you tink I—Mine Got! it polong to some body else!"

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," a speaker replied, "It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

...himself having heard it delivered: "One of those bold preachers who drag illustrations from everything, and seize an opportunity to pass moral admiring of a moral, arrived at his log-church one morning quite late and took for his text: 'Marvel not, and then went on in the following strain, in his peculiarly drawing nasal, half-aching voice: My friends, the Scripture says: 'marvel not, and hence it is wrong to marvel.' As I was riding along this morning—or on my way to this place, I happened to look up, and I saw a parcel of boys—a playing marvel-er. There was a lean boy, so thin that it seemed as if he had been a little thinner the wind when it blew, would blow him away; and there was a fat boy there so fat that if he had been a little fatter he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer. And they were playing marvel-er; and I heard what he said.—And soon I heard the lean boy, so thin that it seems as tho' he had been a little thinner the wind when it blew would blow him away—or say, 'I'm fat.' And he lied; for he was no more fat than I was-er. And then they played ag'in-er; and I heard the fat boy, so fat that of he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer say 'I'm lean.' And he lied-er, for he was no more lean than I was-er, and there come up a boy very spry as a cricket-er. And he kept running about, and jumping, and shouting-er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while I heard him say, "By golly, I'm dead"—And he lied; for he was no more dead than I was-er. Now, my brethren, the Scripture says, 'thou shalt not lie-er; and you see marvellous leads to lying-er. And you see how very wrong it is to marvel. And therefore, I says again, 'marvel not-er.'—*Knicker*.

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Hon. William R. King, of Alabama, the Vice President of the United States, died on the 18th of April, 1853.

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