

the soil and the products of the soil from which the wretchedness of foreign lands are to find plenty and happiness. The climate is said to be good, and the Indians, except upon the lower parts of the Beni, peaceable and well disposed to the whites. In short, according to Don ———, the east of Bolivia affords the greatest sphere for trade and colonization.

For myself, I feel full of this vast subject, for I know that in less of one hundred leagues of me is the margin of those great solitudes; replete with riches, and occupying the wide space where millions of the human race might dwell in plenty and happiness; where nature annually wastes more than would support the population of China with comfort; and where the most luxuriant fruits and flowers bloom unknown and unnoticed. When I reflect on this, and on the miles of rivers rolling on in silence and neglect, I feel doubly the want of power and money to accomplish their introduction to the civilized world.

I think that the energies and influence of all the friends of South American internal navigation and colonization should be directed towards forming a company with a large capital, and to obtain the aid and support of the Congress of the United States. I know how difficult an operation it is to wring an appropriation out of our national legislature, for my purpose; but if the subject could be fairly brought before it, and some of the leading senators and representatives could be excited to take a patriotic interest in it, perhaps something might be done.

We must, on our side, do all we can, and by dint of perseverance we may succeed at last in accomplishing our object. Should we do so, it will be a proud satisfaction to ourselves; though the public may, and probably will, leave us to exclaim—

"Hic ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores!"

I shall continue working on and writing to you whenever I have anything of the least interest to communicate.

The greatest boon in the wide world of commerce is in the free navigation of the Amazon, its confluent and neighboring streams. The back bone of South America is in sight of the Pacific. The slopes of the continent look east; they are drained in the Atlantic, and their rich productions, in vast variety and profusion, may be emptied into the commercial lap of that ocean by the most majestic of water courses.

The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon and other South American rivers will be regarded by the people of this country as second only in importance to the acquisition of Louisiana.

Having traversed that water-shed from its highest ridge to its very caves and gutters, I find my thoughts and reflections overwhelmed with the immensity of this field for enterprise, commercial prosperity, and human happiness.

I can bear witness to the truth of the sentiment expressed by my friend, Mr. Maury, that the valley of the Amazon and the valley of the Mississippi are commercial complements of each other—one supplying what the other lacks in the great commercial round. They are sisters which should not be separated. Had I the honour to be mustered among the statesmen of my country, I would risk political fame and life in the attempt to have the commerce of this noble river thrown open to the world.—*Lieut. Herndon.*

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF ROBIN.—The *Traveller* states that on Monday morning, about eleven o'clock, the residents in the vicinity of Copeland Street, Roxbury, were delighted with the music of a large number of birds. The cedar trees were covered with common red-breast robins, which were skipping about and singing, as though it was spring. It is supposed they were invited to this vicinity by the cedar tree berries, which are abundant.—*Boston Traveller* of Feb.

BEAT THIS!—Who can?—Mr. George Healy, of Hartland, has a hen, that a few weeks since, laid in two consecutive days two eggs, weighing 8 oz. The largest measured 7 15-16, by 6 3-8 inches.—The smallest 7 9-16, by 6 1-4 inches. Pretty well for such cold weather.—*Vermont paper*, Feb.

The man who held out an inducement has had a sore arm ever since.

Thought
Lift him up
If he has done an error,
And can't do a few more,
Lift him up

If his face shows no shame,
Lift him up, lift him up,
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up,
Though their disgrace be his sport,
Let your daughters him court—
Lift him up.

Though he brings some disgrace,
Lift him up lift him up;
And bring the blush to your face,
Lift him up,
Society him needs—
Never mind his black deeds—
Lift him up.

WOMAN.

"If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.

If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down;
Redouble the smart—
Kick her down;
And if in low condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down."

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER'S WIFE, A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

He had always mingled pleasantly with society at Washington, but the tie which connected him most nearly to America, originated in a singular instance of "love at first sight." He was one day walking with a friend out towards Georgetown Heights, when he passed a boarding school for young ladies, and was attracted by a fair girl of sixteen, who stood swinging her bag, and talking with great animation to some of her companions. "Who is that beautiful girl? Who is she?" eagerly asked he, but his friend could not inform him. The door opened, and in she went to her books and slates, all unconscious of the daguerrotype that glimpee had left on the heart of the grave Russian Minister. The next day, and the next following, saw him taking the same walk, which subsided to a very slow step as he approached the building, and looked earnestly at every door and window. May Day was at hand, and was to be celebrated as usual, in the school, by the usual festivities, and the choice of a Queen from among the number, and this year the floral royalty happened to fall on Miss Harriet Williams, the very girl who had enthroned herself in the admiration of the foreigner. Just before May Day, the principal was surprised to receive a note from the Russian Envoy at Washington, expressing great interest in education, and begging permission to be present at the festival of May Day, which would give him particular pleasure, as a stranger to the customs of the country, to witness. Consent, of course, was very graciously granted, and the occasion was as charming as youth and flowers always make it. At the end of the term, Miss Harriet announced that she was not to attend school any more. "What! not graduated? oh, why not? Are you going away?" But she shook her head, laughed, and kept her own counsel; and in a few weeks was the wife of the Russian Minister. She had accompanied her husband once or twice to Russia, where she was very much admired, and known as the American Rose. Her face had regularity of feature, but was particularly distinguished for exquisite colouring. Nothing could surpass the chestnut brown of her hair, the bright grey blue of her eyes, nor the hue of the lily and the rose so delicately blended in her complexion. Perhaps the figure had too much *em bon point* for perfect symmetry, but she moved with grace and dignity. Although there was a great disparity of years, and a great difference in appearance and character, between herself and husband, it seems to have been a very happy union.—*Boston Transcript.*

A considerable sensation has been created in Paris by the announcement of two marriages; the first is that of Ferdinand Huddleston, Esq., with a beautiful and rich heiress, Md'le Roger du Nord; and the other that of the Marquis de Dampiere with Miss Corbin, a young American lady of large fortune, whose family have long been resident in Paris.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

CHARITY.

When fortune beams around you
And hearts with pleasure leap,
And hopes and joys surround you,
Forget not those who weep.
When friendship's smiles invite you,
To bless and to be blest,
When every charm delights you,
Oh think of the distressed.

When golden gales betide you,
As if by Heaven decreed,
And plenty lies beside you,
Forget not those who need.
When pleasure's cup seems endless,
On! prove it without end,
By being to the friendless,
In every hour a friend.

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

I'll never use tobacco, no!
It is a nasty weed!
I'll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reid.
Why, there was old Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame,
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And there would do the same.
He spent his time and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

"Oh no! I'll never smoke or chew;
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health it makes bad breath;
Said little Robert Reid.
"I'll never use tobacco, no!
It is a nasty weed!
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reid.

—*Religious Telescope.*

RETENTIVE MEMORY.—The historian Fuller, in 1607, had a most retentive memory; he could repeat 500 strange, unconnected words after twice hearing them; and a sermon verbatim, after reading it once. He undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheapside and back again, to mention all the signs over the shops on both sides of the streets, repeated them backwards, performing the feat with great exactness.

FROG AND RAT.—A desperate encounter took place between a frog and a rat, at a brook near the slaughter-house of Uriah Wiggin, in this town. A rat came down to the brook to drink, and discovering a frog, "with force and arms" made an attack upon him, by making a firm grasp with his teeth; no sooner did the rat make his hold, than the frog plunged into the water, dragging his antagonist with him, where he remained until the rat was compelled to let go, and made for the dry land, closely pursued by the frog. As soon as the frog appeared above water, he was again attacked by the rat, and a second time the latter became the subject for cold water bathing. This feat was several times performed, until the rat, from exhaustion and drowning, fell a prey. After the frog became assured that his antagonist was dead, he seated himself upon his carcass, with all the complaisance imaginable, where he remained for half an hour, exulting over his hard won victory.—*Dover Gazette.*

STOP THEFT?—A little criminal 15 years old, dug out of the new Whitty jail last week with a jackknife and nail. £6,000 profitably laid out! This is one of the jails we read of.—*Freeman.*

AN ESCOUNTER WITH A WOLF.—A few days ago, M. Louis, proprietor of an estate situate on the confines of the Ardeche and the Haute Loire, had gone to his bedroom, and was about to lie down. Having opened the window to close the shutters, he distantly heard the noise of an animal splashing in the river, the overflowing waters of which were beating against the house. Believing that it was the dog, he sent his son, a lad of 11 years old, across the garden to take him in. Hardly, however, had he given the order when he

longer he mistaken about the nature of the nocturnal visitor, wildly cried to his son not to advance. It was too late, the lad had already left the garden, the door of which was violently closed by the wind, and was thus left a prey to the ferocious beast. Indeed, the wolf perceived him, and was hastening towards his prey, howling most frightfully, which put in motion the whole household. The lad would no doubt have been torn to pieces had not the dog, understanding the danger of his young master, placed himself between them, engaging in a terrible struggle. Arrested in his leap, the wolf turned his fury towards his adversary. Defended by his collar, the dog opposed a fierce resistance, and bit his assailant most unmercifully. Meantime the lad tried in vain to open the door. The wolf, having at length succeeded in throwing down the dog, and was about strangling him by his weight and mortal huggings, when M. Louis appeared on the wolf with a loaded gun in his hand. He directed the shot against the ferocious beast, which wounded him in the forehead and rendered him still more furious. He tore in pieces the dog, and the boy would most likely have experienced the same fate if the door had not opened to him at that moment. On the following day the body of the wolf was found about 200 steps from the house, buried under a mass of snow which had fallen the same night. He was four feet long, exclusive of the tail, and weighed about 120 kilogrammes, (240 lbs.)—*Courier de la Drome et de l'Ardeche.*

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

SARAH-NADING EXTRA.

Vake lady, vake, the moon are high,
The twinklin' stars is beamin'
Vhile now and then across the sky,
A me-te-or are streamin'.

Vake, lovely one the sky are clear,
Refreshing is the breezes;
They blows my nose, vvhile I sits here,
A fid'lin' neath the trees!

Vake, Sally dear! the bull-frogs note
Are heard in yonder rushes,
And the warbling tree-toad swells his throat
Singin' in them 'ere bushes!

Vake, Wenus, mine! the vipperville,
Sings on the rail-fence, yonder,
Vhile the owl pipes forth his hootin' shrill—
(Vhy don't she vake, I vonder!)

Softly on the grassy lea,
The moon her beams are pourin';
The stars looks down and vinks at me—
(By gum! if Sal aint snorin'!)

Vake, Sally, vake, and look on me—
Avake, Squire Nobbins' daughter;
If I'll have you, and you'll have me—
(By Gosh! who throwed that water!)

Oh! cruel Sally thus to slight—
(Here comes the bull-dog now!)
"Bow-ow! bow-ow!" he's got a bite,
G-e-e-t-e-out! "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"

SAGE ADVICE.—Instead of saying to a young lady, "Please to take my arm," you should say in this polite age, "Will you condescend so far, as to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, by inserting the five digitals and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture, formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my animal frame."

THE MOSQUITO.—It is a curious fact, say some entomologists, that it is only the female mosquito that torments us. A bachelor friend says it is not at all "curious."

TOM MOORE'S BOX MORS.—The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favourite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as "a great celestial statesman out of place!"

Upon a man who was very fond of oysters, and died of a surfeit of them—

Tom O'Brien
Lies in these cloisters,
If at the last trump,
He should not jump,
Cry "Oysters!"