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POETRY.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me, in place of them all,
The girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your daudies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire;
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire!
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze the caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother,
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven, and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
My girl in the calico dress.

TO A LADY.

Too late I stay'd forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

CHOICE STORY.

THE DESERTER'S MOTHER.

In the year 1809, Perre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized part of Burgundy, known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades ever spoke of him as a "tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father being seventy years of age, and suffering under a patalytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was that as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field no leave of absence could be obtained.

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; then a second letter was received by the colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that he could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret—but earnestly imploring the colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! the regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pierre.

"For Austria," replied his officer.—"We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand and shaking it heartily said, "why do you not speak man, are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week, you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news—nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for your news, which I consider very good."

"I thought you would," said the officer. "But, captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?' was the reply; "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field."

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are, then, on the point of taking the field, and at such a time, I suppose, leave is not given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it.

"And you will do well," replied the captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle, an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphant entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of gens d' armes.

A court-martial was immediately called. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at that very moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried:

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters; you, who never incurred punishment or even censure from your officers you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you, for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not, perhaps, either to do or desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered:

"I have deserted without any motive; I do not repent. If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass the sentence."

Pierre Pitois heard the sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. He was warmly urged to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution should be delayed. He was carried back to the military prison, it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

In the middle of the night on which was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed on which the condemned was quietly sleeping, and after gazing on him a short time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes and staring a bout him said: "The hour, then has come at last!"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will very soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou know me, Pierre? No matter, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz—and bravely did'st thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival in Strasburg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee. And now that I have come I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a bad thought for a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with him some secret commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade,' replied Pietre.

"Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart—to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart? a sister? I never had either?"

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in arms."

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated, "my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name, for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

The tears would come—and tears do not become a man. Tears!" contined he—"tears, when I have but an hour to live! Ah! there would not be much courage in that."

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people, and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man, a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother! Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you, and you love her? Oh! then I may indeed tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and, however strange my feelings appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen then, for what you said just now is quite true: A man is glad, when about to die to have a heart into which he can pour his own. Will you listen to me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into this world I ever loved but one being that being was my mother. But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe I used to read her eyes, as she read mine. She was the—heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweet-heart or wife, I never had a friend my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of dispair I declared they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose—

"Pierre,' said she, 'you must go; it is my wish.'

"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'

"Pierre,' she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it, but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country, it calls thee:—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own It is thy country's. If its interests demands it lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears, but I should say, *He gave and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!* Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.'

"Oh! how precious those holy words; I have never forgotten them—'Do thy duty she said. Now, the duty of a soldier was always, and in all things to obey; and always and in all things I obeyed. It was to go straight forward—to face danger without hesitation—without second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation——without a second thought. Those who saw me thus seek, as it were, to meet the bullets, said "There is a brave fellow!" They might have better said, "There is a man who loves his mother!" One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill my poor mother!' I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence, it was not granted. I remembered her last words 'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.'—I submitted. A little after I heard she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me, at any risk I determined to travel to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother and as she loves you, and you love her, you will understand me. We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race. We have not received the instruction, not attained the knowledge that they have in the cities, but we have our beliefs, which the town folks call superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, I have them and clever would be the man that could uproot them Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower which blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead; or being forgotten.—Belief, how dear how sweet! With it hath no terrors, for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep and calm repose after a long toil That flower—I panted to see it bud—I panted to gather it? I abandoned my post, and went on my way. After ten days of long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet afresh—no flower, I waited. Six weeks elapsed, and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'For-get-me-not.' As I plucked it I shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; thet she had felt that I was near, and under the form of a flower, had given herself to my heart once more. There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—'do thy duty!' I sought the *gens d' armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' And now I am to die; and if, as you assured me I have in you a friend, I die without regret for you will do me the only service I require.

"The flower, which at the risk of my life, I plucked from the grave, is here in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother, and if I thought it would be broken—oh! I should not have the courage to die. Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise!" said the officer.

"Your hand that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me, and if Almighty God were in his Omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts.

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse and then, with his quick step, he walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him.

Pierre gazed at him and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. The officer who had visited his cell was the Emperor himself.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, 'remember your own words of last night.—God gives thee life a second time, devote it not to me but to France! she too is a kind mother! Love her as thou did'st thy first—thine own."

DUELLING.

The late duel between Messrs Dixon and Breckinridge, editors of New Orleans furnishes additional of

"How great the perils that environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."

And has driven us to the determination of either avoiding or correcting the evil, or withdrawing from so dangerous a profession, until we have made up our mind how to extricate ourselves from any possible emergency. "If any man doubts this, let him put us to our purgation."—Like Touchstone, we will be politic with our friends, smooth with our enemies, give the "*counter-check quarrelsome*" to no man, but be "sweet as summer" to all around us—meaning to find no quarrel, even on the seventh cause.

As german to the subject, reader, we recollect hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Gov. Giles, of Va., once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir:—I understand that you have called me a 'bob-tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning?

"Wm. H. Giles."

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir:—I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tail' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully,

"Patrick Henry."

* * *

Crimean Anecdotes.—The Commander-in-chief at Inkermann, as some one said, "rather liked being under fire." He was sitting on horseback, in the midst of a battery of artilery, watching our men working the guns. A heavy fire was being directed against this part of the field, both from the enemy's cannon, and also from small arms. One of the staff suggested the property of his not putting himself in quite so dangerous and conspicuous a place, especially as it appeared, from the number of bullets which came sluging by us, that he was a mark for the enemy's riflemen. Lord Raglan, however, merely said, "Yes, they seem firing at us a little, but I think I get a better view here than in most places." So there he continued for some time, and then, turning his horse, rode along the full length of the ridge at a foot's pace, and, consequently, exposed himself as much as ever. As a contrast' take this specimen of the coolness of a sergeant of the gallant Seventh. It was towards the close of the battle, and Lord Raglan was returning from taking leave of poor General Stragways, and was going up towards the ridge. A sergeant approached us carrying canteens of water to take up for the wounded, and, as Lord Raglan passed, he drew himself up to make the usual salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage cap off his head. The man calmly picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head and then made the military salute, and all without moving a musele of his countenance.—Lord Raglan was delighted with the man's coolness, and said to him. "A near thing, that, my man"—"Yes my lord," replied the man, with another salute; "but a miss is as good as a mile."—*From a Staff Officer's Letters.*

Intemperance.—Vile monster! What hast thou done? As a giant thou standest in the center of the earth, and wavest thy dark banner over the nation. Thou hast a heart of steel, else thou could not help weep at the ruin thou hast wrought. Thy throne is built of human bones, cemented with tears and blood. Pale and emaciate, millions of orphans and widowed mothers stand around thy throne and charge thee with the murder of their fathers and husbands. The nations tremble at thy foot tread, and the church weeps at the desolation of thy march.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE HABITS OF SHAD.

BY ROBERT L. PELL.

Shad spawn on gravelly bottoms.—They will never deposite their ova on a muddy or moveable surface, as they know well that they would not adhere Young shad on their way to the ocean are rarely seen on soft ground, but only in the vicinity of gravel bottoms and a rocky shore. I have seen hundreds of thousands passing down the Hudson in the months of July and August. Old shad commence ascenning Southern rivers in February and March, and the Hudson and Connecticut rivers, in April, May and June, coming directly from the deep sea in large shoals, searching for spawning ground, and immediately after the operation, swim with great rapidity near the bottom towards the ocean. and if taken, are found thin and unfit for the table. Full shad, when they leave the sea, migrate to spawn beyond brackish water, and usually continue up the stream if the bottom is suitable, until they are prevented by a dam or similar obstruction, which they never attempt to overcome, as salmon do. The young shad from spawn deposited by April run of spawners, when returning down the Hudson, on their way to the ocean in August, are about the size of large herrings. If our fisherman were experienced, they might meet the shoals at Sandy Hook, immediately on their arrival from deep water, and shorten the distance daily towards the spawning ground, by which means a vast number that now fortunately escape to spawn, would be destroyed.

There is no satisfaction, however, in enlightening this class of citizens; who are so selfish as to look only at present gain, and are unwilling to spend half an hour at the end of each fishing season, to plant the spawn of a dozen shad; each of which would produce fifty thousand fish towards the next year's supply. I have endeavored to induce our State Legislature to pass a law, making it incumbent upon all fishermen so to do; but have not been successful. If this plan were pursued for five years, our rivers would again teem with this delicious fish, as they always return, directed by instinct, to spawn where they were born. Some years since in my vicinity on the Hudson, two thousand shad were taken at a single haul of the seine, where now it is a rare occurfence to entrap three hundred. This fact plainly shows that if the present destructive system is pursued, the supply will soon fail to meet the demand. Two years since, I artificially impregnated the ova of shad. Thus: having partially filled a pail with water, I took a female immediately from the river in my left hand, and stripped her gently with my right, when the ova, some fifty thousand in number were forced into the pail. The spermatic fluid of the male was then in the same way caused to drop in the same pail, and when thoroughly mixed together, the color of ova changed from a glowing read to a beautiful straw color. They were then placed under fine gravel at the inlet of one of my breeding ponds, and running water was permitted to pass over them. At this time my microscope only indicated a single cell in the egg, containing a straw colored fluid. Forty days afterwards the microscope exposed to view thousands of different sized cells partially filled with blood. Two days afterwards I plainly saw eyes.

Within a week thereafter, thousands of young shad made their appearance, with small appendages attached to their bodies, but I could not discern with my glass either mouth or gills, but the blood vessels and heart were plainly seen. The eyes were large and the pectoral fins well developed. At the age of thirteen days the anal, dorsal and candal fins, devoid of rays, could be seen without the microscope as well as the gills and mouth. At this period the sack disappeared, snd they attempted to eat; were very lively, and concealed themselves when any person approached.

I have also caused old shad to spawn in a breeding pond, and kept them healthy by an occasional application of fine salt. Their progeny became fresh water fish.

Fecundated ova of the famous English sole, white bait, teach, carp, roach, dace perch and jack, wrapped in flannel cloths and packed in boxes of damp moss for me were lost in the ill-fated Arctic. I intended to plant the ova of the salt water fish in the little bays formed by the Hudson River Railroad, and have made arrangements with Monsieur Millet, of the French Societe Zoologique d' Acclamation, for another shipment during the present season.

I offered the Legislature of the State of New York, at its present sitting through the medium of Senators Kelly and Ferdon to stock all of the state with salmon at my own expense, if they would pass a law for the preservation of the fish until they should become well established in the different waters; but want of time will probably prevent its passage.

The growth of salmon has been thoroughly proved in the Scotch fisheries, by making the fish. The young fry in four months' time between the period of leaving their birth-place for the sea; and their return to spawn, have increased seven and a half pounds in weight.

☞ Answer to Enigma of last week—*Winnipiseogee.*

A WESTERN COURT.

The court is in session, the judges are on the bench, and the case of Smith vs. Brown, is called up.

"All ready" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for plaintiff does not respond.

"Who's for the plaintiff!" inquired the Judge, somewhat impatiently.

"May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity. 'Pikins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a sucker there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing set to ring in a cold deck in which case he will deal for himself four aces and his opponent four kings so that your honor must perceive he must raise the pessimons."

The look of impatience vanished from the face of his honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said with a sigh: 'Dear me, that's too bad. It happens at a very unfortunate time, as I am very anxious to go on with these cases.'

A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge.

'Bill,' said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pikins, who had spoken, 'you understand poker about as well as Pikins. Suppose you go over and play his hand."

A Beautiful Sight.—During the late severe weather the birds had hard trials to obtain food for subsistence. In passing the residence of Hon. Wm Samuel Johnson, in this village on Monday and Tuesday morning last, we saw more than two hundred birds of all species, from the robin to the wren, which had a bountiful table spread before them in the yard of millot and other (to them) delicacies of the season. It was really a lamentable yet beautiful sight! They looked like so many young turkeys, ducks and chickens. They partook freely of the hospitalities of the mansion, and then would fly from branch in the thick shrubbery around singing and chirping as though, like the organ-grinder, to pay for the bountiful repast which had been served up to them! They have found good quarters, and their numbers seem to be increasing, as though by instinct. They will be cared for.—*Albany (N. Y.) paper.*

MARKETS.

Tin Plates—flat.
Lead—heavy.
Iron—dull.
Rakes—not much inquired after.
Champagne—brisk.
Rhubarb and Sena—drugs.
Starch—stiffening.
Eggs—lively.
Butter and Lard—rather strong.
Paper—is stationary.
There is no life in dead hogs; but considerable animation in old cheese.
Hoops—The "bustle" continues unabated in certain "circles," but "holders" are fearful of a 'colapse.'

Quite Equal to Davy Crockett.—The Baintbridge Argus says Mr. Wm. Gregory, residing just below Ricoe's Bluff, on the Apalachicolo river, killed twenty-one bears last year, and says from the destruction of his pigs there appears to be no decrease in their number in his neighborhood. When he can spare the time from his crop, he expects to "pitch into them" again, and try to improve on his last year's operations.

To Measure Corn in the Ear—Multiply the length of the inside of the crib in feet and parts of a foot by the breadth, and this product by the height, then multiply this product by four and a half, and cut off one figure from the right of this product; the remainder will show so many tenths of a bushel over.

Tincture for the Teeth and Gums—Take Peruvian bark coarsely powdered, one ounce, and infuse it for a fortnight in half a pint of brandy. Gargle the mouth morning and night with a teaspoonful of this tincture, diluted with an equal quantity of rosewater.

Mixture for Caries, or Rotten Teeth—Make a balsam with a sufficient quantity of honey, two scruples of myrrh in fine powder, a scruple of gum juniper and ten grains of rock alum. Apply frequently to the decayed teeth.

Boarding House Scene.—"Margery, what did you do with that tallow Mr. Jones greased his boots with yesterday morning?"

"Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it."

"Lucky you did, Miss, I thought you had wasted it."

☞ A western paper advertises thus: "Run Away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

☞ An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease; while there is life there is hope.

☞ May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike: without grounds.