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The undersigned to pursue business, and will not advance on consignment in this market, or respondents in New-York, except, England.

From the Knickerbocker. ARISE AND FOLLOW ME. The ensuing graceful lines were sent by Mrs. James Russell Lowell in a letter to a beloved friend, whence they escaped into print.

When on my car your loss was knelled, And tender sympathy upburst. A little rill from memory swelled.

After our child's untrodden breath Up to the Father took its way, And on our home the shades of death.

Her little spirit's soft remove, This story of the Alpine sheep Was told to us by one we love:

They, in the valley's sheltering care, Soon crop the meadow's tender prime, And when the sod grows brown and bare.

To airy shelves of pasture green, That hang along the mountain's side, Where grass and flowers together lean,

Tell in his arms their lambs he takes, About the dizzy verge to go: Then hearken to the riffs and breaks,

TEXAS

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CHAUNCEY RICHARDSON, Editor. WHOLE NO. 74.

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