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"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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—TERMS—

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POETRY

From the Delaware Gazette.

CHAPTER ON NAILS.

Written by a member of the Franklin Lyceum, and pronounced before that institution on the evening of the 4th of July, 1838.

In days of yore, when sayings witty
Were much esteemed, in town and city;
And men of every rank and station
Some likeness had in representation:
There lived a man,* (we're told by sages,)
Who class'd mankind through all their stages
Like paper. Foolscap, Post, Retrieve and Waste,
Were each to suit some person's taste.
But I, (with your permission, ladies,)
Will do it different. For my trade is
To work in nails. So you'll not wonder
If in the attempt I chance to blunder.
The infant mind, if right I scan,
Is but the nail rod, the future man
Is made of, which worked to suit the maker's will
Gives signs of folly or of skill.
The dandy note with form erect,
Ensconced in stays, would claim respect
From all. And if you sneer, he's in a passion,
Forsooth his coat's the latest fashion
That's out. And then his locks
Comb'd down so sleek, why none but stocks
Could stand aloof and not admire
His splendid form and fine attire!
What's he, a nail? No, if you like
It better, ladies, he's a *spike*.
The Quack with puffs the papers filling
Of cures performed, and not of killing
His patients, which were nearer truth,
As might be got from every mouth
Whose friends had tried him. Pills on pill
"Take them" he cries, "they will not kill
Like Doctor stuff, but will do you good,
And purify your vicious blood."
Around him ignorant fools have hurried
Till in the grave their hopes were buried!
In this I think no one can fail
To call him right—a *coffin-nail!*
The Lawyer with his briefs and books
Is always right. By hooks or crooks
He makes his client think he's able
To gain his cause; but on the table
Must first be laid the ready tee
That he the case aright may see;
And when the suit he gains, by far
The greater portion is his share!
He's not a nail, though sharp, 'tis true,
He's better likened to a *screw!*
The Office hunter in great submission
A question asks, with your permission,
If you can vote. Because he's willing
A vacant office to be filling;
Not that he himself has any ends
To accomplish, but to please his friends!
He'll never want a name I'm sure
While *gimblets* are used for nails to bore!
Mechanics, Farmers, Merchants, Tailors,
With every lower grade, and Sailors,
Are shingle nails which bid defiance
To storms, and are our main reliance
In need, to roof the state and keep all sound;
So good no other nail is found.
The beauteous Maid whose virtuous smiles
The tedious hours of life beguiles,
Who from the kindness of her heart
Will take an absent person's part;
(By the Creator's bounty given
To bring on earth the joys of Heaven;)
Is like a golden rivit made
To bind life's sunshine with its shade!
Thrice happy he who calls her wife,
Without such rivits—what is life?
And now that you may all go home
And on another occasion come
To see us, we'll close, and you'll agree
That if in our first trial, we
Have pleased you, with what we've done or said,
We have struck the right nail on the head!

*Franklin.

From Boz's Oliver Twist.

MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY.

Mr. Bumble was still placidly engaged in this latter survey when Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself in a breathless state on a chair by the fireside, and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this ma'am? has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on—" Mr. Bumble in his alarm could not immediately think of the word 'tenderhooks,' so he said "broken bottles."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble," cried the lady "I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am," exclaimed Mr. Bumble, "who has dared to —! I know" said Mr. Bumble, checking himself with a native majesty, "this is them vicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful dreadful to think of!" said the lady, shuddering.

"Then *dont* think ma'am" rejoined Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," whimpered the lady.

"Then take something ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, soothingly. "A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney; "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right hand corner—oh!" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed distractedly to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, and snatching a pint green glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea cup with its contents and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness, and bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

'Peppermint,' exclaimed Mrs. Corney in a faint voice smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it; there's a little—a litlle something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips, took another taste, and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, exciteable, week creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am" retorted Mr. B. drawing his chair a little closer. "Are you a week creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs Corney laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said on either side for a minute or two afterwards; and at the expiration of that time Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all week creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble.

"I cant help it, said Mrs. Corney; and she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room ma'am, said Mr. Bumble, looking round. Another room and this, ma'am would be a complete thing.

"It would be to much for one, murmured the lady.

But not for two, ma'am rejoined Mr. Bumble, in soft accents. 'Eh Mrs. Corney?

Mrs. Corney dropped her head when the beadle said this, and the beadle dropped his to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney with great propriety turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket handkerchief, but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

The board allow you coals, dont they, Mrs. Corney? affectionately inquired the beadle, pressing her hand.

And candles, replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

Coals, candles and house rent free, said Mr. Bumble. Oh Mrs. Corney, what an angel you are!

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

Such porochial affection! exclaimed Mr. Bumble, rapturously. You know that Mr. Slout is worse to night my facinator?

Yes, replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

He cant live a week, the doctor says, pursued Mr. Bumble. He is the master of this establishment, his death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled up. Oh Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens. What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeeping!

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

'The little word?' Said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. 'The one little, llittle word, my blessed Corney!'

Ye--ye---yes!' sighed out the matron.

One more, pursued the beadle; compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms around Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

A TALE OF THE HEAD.

Tam cari capitis.

When a youngster, at one of the New Zealand Isles, our captain took a party of us to see his dun colored majesty at court. The monarch was seated in a mud, or rather clay building, nearly in a state of nudity, his only covering being an old uniform coat with a huge cocked hat, his queens—happy man! I think he had seventy—not quite so decently dressed as himself, were squatting, or laying down in different directions; several of them with such ornaments through their lips and noses, as would have answered the purpose of rings in the deck to have stopped our best bower cable. I heartily wish some of our court ladies could have seen this royal spectacle. We were ushered in through an entrance, on each side of which was a pile of heads without tails to them, most probably dropped in their hurry to wait upon the king. His majesty was a man of mild countenance, and most impurturbable gravity; behind him stood a gigantic looking rascal, with an enormous dragoon's sabre over his shoulder, by way of warning to his majesty's wives not to disturb his majesty's repose, or it was amongst the changes of royalty that he would shorten their lives, and their bodies at the same moment—a sort of summary process to make good women of them; and I began to suspect that some of those which we saw at the entrance had touched noses with his most disgusting majesty, for a filthier fellow I never set eyes on. You've no doubt, seen some of those curiously figured heads which grow upon New Zealand shoulders, for many have been brought to England. Our skipper, who was a sort collector of curiosities, was extremely desirous of obtaining one, but he was aware that it was only the head men who were thus marked or tattooed, and he had run his eye over the samples at the doorway, but could not detect one chief who had been deprived of his caput.—Nevertheless, by signs and through the means of a Scotch interpreter, (for the prime minister of Longchew-fish-cow was a Scotchman) his majesty was informed of the captain's wish; and in a short time several natives, handsomely tatood, were drawn up within the building; the skipper was requested to select the figures which pleased him most; and he, imagining that the chiefs had been exhibited merely by way of pattern, fixed upon one whose features appeared to have had pricked off upon them every day's run of the children of Israel when cruising in the wilderness. The chief bowed in token of his satisfaction at being thus highly honored, but before he could raise his head, it sprang away from his shoulders into the captain's arms, with thanks for the compliment yet passing from the lips; the life-guardsman of the King had obeyed his majesty's signal, and the dragoon's sabre had made sharp work of it.—*Bentley.*

THE CUTEST TRICK YET.

The following trick to raise a good bottle of wine 'free gratis for nothing' is the cap sheaf of all the pieces of impudence we have heard of lately. In the present instance a genteel looking loafer entered a store in this city where he knew they had a splendid article in the shape of wine, and at a time when he knew the master had gone to dinner and nobody but a small boy left in attendance. Entering with all the importance of a regular wholesale dealer, our loafer commenced with

'Is Mr. ——— in?'

'No sir, he's just stepped out—gone to dinner, sir.'

'What time do you expect him back, boy?'

'Not short of an hour, sir; it generally takes him an hour to eat his dinner.'

'Not short of an hour? Well, I'm told Mr. ——— has a fine specimen of old Madeira. He told me to call and taste it, but as he is'nt in and I am in something of a hurry I wish you would bring out a bottle as a sample and I will see what it is.'

'Yes sir,' said the boy, who immediately brought forth a bottle of the pure old stuff itself. The loafer took the wine held it up to see the quality and color, drew the cork, took a small sip, smacked his lips and enquired

'Boy, have you any ice?'

'No, we never keep any, sir.'

'Never mind, its about cool enough. Any thing in the shape of crackers and cheese about? They help to get a correct idea of the wine.'

'Nothing of the kind sir.'

'All the same thing—I believe I had some in my pocket. I always carry them when I am out purchasing,' at the same time taking out a paper of the abovementioned articles and commenced munching and drinking. 'This is a delicious article; what does your master ask for it?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Don't know, eh? Got much of it?'

'Considerable.'

'Well,' said the new sample of the Diddler tribe as he finished his crackers and cheese and the last of the old Madeira, 'well, I should like the lot. Just inform Mr. ——— that a gentleman has called and examined his wine and has a very favorable opinion of what little he has seen of it. Good afternoon.'

'Say, hadn't you better wait until Mr. ——— comes in?' He'll be along shortly.'

'No, I'm in something of a hurry now, but will call again.' So saying the loafer departed, and it is needless to say has not been seen since.—N. O. Pic.

A MAN-OF-WAR JOKER.

"He would freely risk his own life to save that of a friend, and perhaps the next moment chalk a blazing star upon his back. He once had the temerity to smut a fearful looking moustache upon the lip of our grave cater, when asleep. When he came on deck, at the customary call to quarters, he saw all eyes directed to him, and the suppressed titters of the men, with mute surprise. He looked his sternest to check what he deemed such ill-timed levity; which made him appear still more ridiculous, and a subdued laugh to his horror and astonishment, was heard along his whole division. Tudor thought his men all drunk, and after bestowing upon them various harsh epithets, he strode with indignant steps to the quarter deck, to report the fact. As he passed the other divisions, officers and men were in a broad grin. With a lofty air, he saluted the captain, and began making his report of the shocking breach of discipline, but was interrupted with a very undignified roar of laughter from the captain, who had striven in vain to preserve his gravity, which of course, much to the scandal of discipline, was re-echoed by the men. Tudor stood a moment, staring with blackest amazement. An explanation ensued, and boiling with rage he returned to his quarters, endeavoring to efface his sable ornament with his handkerchief, but in his embarrassment, curiously diversifying his expressive countenance with a variety of streaks and blotches. As soon as "retreat," he rushed down below to hide his confusion, and meditate vengeance. He knew to whom he was indebted for his shadowy moustache, and to be made ridiculous before the captain and the whole ship's company, was not to be forgiven. A challenge ensued. They went out and after two shots, both of which Spotswood, in his reckless generosity, fired into the air, Tudor consented to a settlement.—"*My Log Book.*"

BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Stopping at a place for breakfast in Savoy, a curious specimen of the fashion of the country presented itself. We were startled at seeing a tall fellow enter the room with a bundle of rods on his shoulder which he flung down upon the table. We stared at him for an explanation of this seemingly uncourteous conduct, not knowing whether it was himself or we were to make use of them; nor was it without some trouble that we made out that what we had mistaken for sticks was bread, rolled very thin and long before it was baked. The length of each piece is about four feet—We were amused at discovering that bread is here literally the "staff of life:" so taking our staves in one hand, and our cups in the other, we commenced our repast in merry mood, and, as we thought in a most singular fashion —*Rae Wilson.*

A CHALLENGE.

A little fop of a fellow, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him some wholsome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, 'sir, you are no gentleman, here is my card, consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction.' To which the other replied, 'sir, you are a *fool*—consider your nose *pulled*, and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street—and for fear that you may neglect to call, I'll just kick you a trifle now'—which he accordingly did—to the entire dissatisfaction of the challenging gentleman.

A singular incident occurred at the exhibition of the Giraffes the other day. A young lady came into the pavillion, having on a straw hat surmounted by a wreath of artificial flowers, among the colors of which green seemed the most predominant. While her face was turned the other way in conversation with a friend, one of the animals came up and casting a very inquisitive glance at the flowers, came to the conclusion to test their real qualities by the application of the taste. Accordingly reaching forth its long neck, the Giraffe took a gentle nibbling hold of the top piece, and the strings being loosed, off came hat, flowers and all, to the no small affright of the lady. After capering around the enclosure, and the taste not suiting, the hat was dropped uninjured near the feet of the fair owner with a graceful salutation from the Giraffe.—N. Y. Express.

Many years ago, when a law was bro't into the assembly to fine any person who did not 'keep the Sabbath day,' Doctor Mitchell said if they made any one of the commandments the law of the land, he was for making them all so, he would fine that man who would not labour six days according to the commandment—'Six days shalt thou labor,' &c.

ADVANTAGES OF REPUBLICANISM.

Judge Story remarked with great justice as well as force, in his speech in the Massachusetts Convention:——"In this country, the richest man is not above the people; the humblest is not below the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is dwindled quite as fast as it accumlates. No family can without its own exertions, stand erect, a long time under our statute of descents and distributions, the true and legitimate argrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea. One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss and is seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limits falls gently away, and is succeeded by another, which in its turn, breaks and dies away silently along the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office of our government; and the poor man who rocks his infant on his knee, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possesses talents and virtues, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition. It is a mistaken theory that government is founded for one object only. It is organized for the protection of life—liberty—property and all the comforts of society—to indulge in our domestic affection, and quietly enjoy our homes and our firesides."

AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

The year 1812 was probably the most eventful of any in history, ancient or modern. England was convulsed by the riots in the manufacturing districts; Mr. Percival lost his life, and at his death, commenced the detestable reign of Liverpool and Vansittiart; Wellington took the towns Cindad Rodrigo and Badjos, and won the battle of Salamanca; Spain abolished the peerage and the inquisition, and proclaimed her new constitution; all South America was in civil war; and Napoleon fought the battles of Wilna, Smolenski, Brodino, and Moscow and saw his mighty host perish in snow; the English likewise took Almarez and Seville, and witnessed disgrace and defeat from the Americans at sea and in the Canadas. In this eventful year no less than three millions of Christians, under the sanction of mother church and the holy priesthood, were armed for reciprocal carnage, and all Europe and America were made slaughter houses of the human race. It is supposed that more than one million of men women and children, were butchered, or otherwise sacrificed in this memorable year. What a picture of the spirit of Christianity is this! The only event of the year 1812, on which a rational person can reflect with satisfaction, is the spirit of freedom which in Spain destroyed the inquisition and established her glorious Constitution; and yet even this noble work, in two years, was subverted by the perjury of the most mean and execrable wretch in existence—Ferdinand the petticoat maker.

THE TOMATO.

Dr. Bennet, who recently delivered a lecture at the Medical College of Lake Erie Ohio, remarked of this culinary vegetable that it was one of the of the most powerful deobstruents of the Materia Medica, and that in the affections of the liver and other organs where calomel is indicated, it is probably the most effective, and least harmful remidial agent known by the profession.

HORICON *versus* GEORGE.

"In a pleasure party on board a new steamboat plying between Caldwell, at the head of the lake, and Ticonderoga, distant thirty miles, the following resolutions were offered by Ransom Clark, Esq. and adopted:

Resolved, That the name of HORICON be restored to the Lake now usually called Lake George; and that all editors, geographers, publishers and travellers, be requested, when speaking of this sheet of water, to use the Indian cognomen—HORICON.

Resolved, That we respectfully request the editors throughout the Union to publish these proceedings."

☞The sentiment contained in the above resolutions is very good, and we cheerfully comply with the request of gentlemen who have shown so truly an American taste. It is to be regretted that many of the old Indian names have been suffered to become extinct to give place to trans-Atlantic titles, when the primitive, as a matter of history, if for no other consideration, ought to be preserved. The word "Horicon," says the Baltimore Republican, signifies "the Lake of Silver waters." What could be more appropriate, we ask, in the present instance than Horicon? What more unmeaning than George?——*Worcester Spy.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following is said to be an extract of a letter from an Italian gentleman at Venice, to a friend. It appears plausi-