EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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AGRICULTURAL.

PRODUCING MUCH ON LITTLE LAND.—Instead of seeking as most farmers do, to add perpetually to the quantity or measure of their land, it would, in most cases, be much more expedient & profitable to make it their study, on how little land can I obtain the greatest quantity of produce, with all the labor and manure I can command? If, for example, he can, by a skillful course of culture, obtain 1000 bushels of wheat from twenty acres, 56 bushels per acre, how much better and more economical than to get the same quantity from 100 acres, or 10 bushels per. acre? In this observation, it may be said there is nothing new, yet seeing how universally it is disregarded, in the practice and habits of the country, it cannot well be too often repeated and enforced by every mode of illustration. The 100 acre field in the first place requires, for seed, 100 bushels instead of twenty: but the loss of this 80 additional bushels of grain for seed in the commencement, is scarcely worthy of regard, in comparison with other losses involved in the cultivation of 100 acres as compared with 20, to obtain the same result—not the vast difference in the amount of labor. There are 80 acres to be *frequently* ploughed and harrowed, as all land should be far more than is usual for it is impossible that the roots of plants should extract from the soil, completely all the food it contains for them unless, by being finely and infinitely separated and pulverized, it may be made, every particle of it accessible to the roots. The Roman who tilled his farm as many did only four acres, was not satisfied with less than nine times ploughing and harrowing for wheat. Then have to calculate the additional labor which must be employed in cutting over 80 extra acres, hauling it, and threshing five times as much straw to get a given quantity of grain!—We have said nothing about the additional fencing required, and taxes to be paid.—Hence we repeat that the farmer should economise as to his labor and other resources, and not on how much, but how little land, they should be bestowed to ensure a given result.

The average product of Indian corn, for example, is probably not more than twenty or 25 bushels to the acre. In all the old States there are well authenticated accounts of more than 100 bushels from an acre. It is, in fact, not easy to set limits to the capability of the earth under the most favorable circumstances.

HOW CORN SHOULD BE WORKED.—The cultivator is the best instrument for tilling corn, and no farmer should be without it. It goes deep enough to eradicate weeds, but not so deep as to turn up the manure which ought always to be applied to the corn crop. It almost dispenses with the labor the hoe. It should be passed through the corn three times in the season the first time as soon as the corn is far enough advanced for a row to be plainly distinguished. Those not having a cultivator can use a small plough the first time, turning the furrows from the hills. The second time, use a harrow narrow enough to pass between the rows furnished with handles. The reason for using the plough but once, is to prevent the cutting off of the roots of the corn which by the time of the second working have spread considerably. By any mode of culture, corn will pay well to be gone through three times.—Leaving the ground clean for the succeeding crop is no small item. The ground should not be heaped up around the hills but well stirred. Apply ashes and plaster mixed at the first hoeing.

Having said how corn should be cultivated, it may not be amiss to mention how it ought not to be. You ought not to defer the first hoeing until the corn is up, (or from its age ought to be,) knee high, and looks as yellow as though it had the fever and ague. There is neither sport or profit in witnessing a struggle between your corn and the weeds—and you would be excusable if you did not stand by, and wait to see fair play? for corn is a tender plant, less hardy than its vagabond antagonists and needs your help, which it will reward generously. You ought not to rest content with one hoeing, leaving the pigeon-grass and pig weed to ripen their seeds in your field. You ought not to rest satisfied with getting 15 bushels of shelled corn to the acre—no, nor 40.—Make up your mind that one acre well manured & well cultivated will bring more clear profit than ten managed in a slovenly way.

"I wonder," said a woman of spirit, why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point; he wishes to be master and so do I.

From the Boston Atlas.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES, BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

PENCILLINGS OF POLITICIANS.

Very few, indeed, of the countless multitude who visit the great world of London either for business or pleasure, omit to embrace the opportunity of attending the debates in the two Houses of Parliament, and of becoming acquainted with the personal appearances of those whose names, through the medium of the public journals, they have already been made familiar. But as there are many in this country, who never have, and in all probability, never will, cross the Atlantic, I have been induced, at the request of several readers of these Sketches, to introduce to them a few of the prominent speakers in the British Parliament, especially those whose names are familiar on this side of the water.

It is by no means, I am sorry to say, so easy a matter to procure admission into the House of Parliament in England, as it is to get into the Halls of Legislation in America. Unless an order from a member of the lower House be obtained, the doors of the 'Commons' are closed against the petitioner for entrance; and to enter the House of Lords, a Peer's order is necessary, and that is by no means easily procurable. Indeed, hundreds of Individuals are debarred the privilege of entry, from sheer inability to procure the necessary documents; and many will not incur the risk of a refusal, from a purse-proud member, or a haughty lord.

My first visit to the councils of the British Nation was paid before the old Houses of Parliament were burned down. I did not know as much about legislative assemblies then as I do now, and in my greenness supposed that the sitting of a Parliament was a very grave and dignified affair, indeed. Provided with an order from the Member in Parliament from my native city I presented it at the doorway of the gallery, and after sundry squeezings, and many vigorous efforts, I managed to wriggle into a back seat in the gallery allotted to the public, and from whence I had a tolerable view of the house and its members.

"What a bear garden!" was my exclamation of surprise, as I looked down on the honorable Hou e. It was an oblong apartment, ill lighted and badly ventilated; on the walls were hung old tapestries, which more resembled the refuse of a rag-shop, than anything else. In a chair, at the upper end, sat the speaker, grotesquely attired in a wig, and on either side of the apartment were arranged benches, placed parallel with the side walls—in the centre of the floor was an open space.

The members and supporters of the Government sat on one side of the house, and the opposition party on the other. Some were lolling listlessly on their seats; many were stretched, at their full length, asleep, on the back benches—some were conversing—and all, with the exception of the member addressing the House, had their hats on. A member was making a speech but not a word of his address could I hear, owing to the multitudinous noises which assailed my ears; it was to me all dumb show. Now an honorable member would imitate the crowing of a cock—then the barking of a dog would create a peal of laughter—cries of "oh! oh!" and "hear! hear!" were every moment heard—and what with all this, and the noises made by continually entering and departing members the confusion was such that all my ideas of the dignity of "Parliament" were at once scattered to the winds.

On that particular evening the celebrated Radical, COBBETT, happened to speak. I looked at him with great interest of course. He was a tall, well-built, portly man, with a good-humored face, a keen grey eye, and white hair. He was dressed in nankeen trousers, and had on a coat and waistcoat of some light material. On the bench, beside him, was his famous white hat. He spoke unaffectedly, and to the point, using no effort, and without any apparent attempt at display. No one, who was unacquainted with him, would have supposed him to be the bitter and vigorous political writer—and I believe it is generally acknowledged that he failed as a Parliamentary speaker.

HENRY HUNT was also in the House but he did not say any thing. I had but a slight glimpse of the celebrated mob orator, and should have retained, at the present time, but a very uncertain recollection of him, had it not been for the following circumstance:

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty three, I was staying with a friend of mine, a tradesman, at his house, in one of the market towns of Somersetshire—and one day, whilst standing at the door of his shop he directed my attention to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the street. The stranger was upwards of six feet high, with a fresh, country, pure red and white complexion, hair white as the driven snow, and a form, which, at one time, must have been very powerful. His face wore a pleasant smile and his bearing was quite gentlemanly. It was HUNT; he had then quitted Parliament, and was travelling on his business, he being an extensive manufacturer of the noted "Matchless Blacking." He called, in the course of the morning, at my friend's shop, and accepted his invitation to spend the evening—and a pleasanter time I had seldom passed; for Mr. Hunt's career had been a very eventful one, and he was full of anecdote respecting the various celebrated men of his day. He was very bitter against Mr., now Sir Robert Peel, and told us that on one occasion the latter had, in his place in Parliament, twitted him with being a tradesman. I was not in my seat, remarked Hunt, when the remark was said, but I soon after entered the house, and some one told me what Peel had said of me. So I rose and admitted the fact that I *was* a Blacking Manufacturer. And added, "I am the first of my family who ever was a tradesman, but the honorable member is the first of his who *ever was a gentleman!*"

He hated O'CONNELL with a perfect hatred, and said that he was the greatest hypocrite breathing. He averred that he knew it to be a fact that the Agitator had a little chappel in his house in Merrion Square, Dublin, in which was a painting of the Crucifixion—and that it was O'Connell's habit to suffer himself to be surprised at his devotions, by those whom he desired to impress with an idea of his sanctity. I forget now half of the anecdotes and tales he told us, but they were very interesting. He had a quick perception of the ludicrous and told a story well; but he was vain of his own deeds, and of the power which he once possessed. His description of the famous PETERLOO Massacre was very graphic; but it would possess little interest here, and I take leave of Hunt, only remarking, that in a few months after I met him he was struck down by appoplexy, whilst travelling in his chaise, and died in a few hours afterwards.

Since the burning of the Houses of Parliament, the place in which the business of the nation has been transacted was built for merely temporary use. During the great Reform Debates, I was fortunate enough to procure a Speaker's order; which admitted me to the body of the House, or at least to that part of it situated under the gallery, allotted to the use of the Public.—Occasionally, too, I ensconced myself in the Reporter's gallery, as I was intimate with some of the gentlemen connected with the morning journals, and I will venture to assert, that for genuine humor, real fun, and frollicking amusement, there is no place, during a dull debate, to be compared with the Reporter's quarters—during a brisk fight below, there is, of course time for little else than quill driving.

By far the best Reporters on the London Press are Irishmen; all of them, of course well educated, and many of them members of learned professions. Occasionally they play off their jokes on any unfortunate, who may enter on their sacred precincts—one of the best I have heard of I will just mention.

A few years since, a member of the Society of Friends, by some means or other got into the Reporters' gallery. In the course of the debate to which he was listening, a long pause occurred, and one of the Reporters broke the silence of the House by calling out, at the top of his voice, "A song from the Speaker!" Such an infraction of the rules of the House caused, of course, the greatest surprise; and on the motion of a member, the Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched to the Gallery, for the purpose of taking the offending individual into custody. On the officer's entering the Reporters' box, the wag who had been the cause of the disturbance, slyly pointed out the Quaker as the delinquent; and the disciple of Fox was immediately taken into custody, from which he was not released until an explanation of the affair was made.

Let us suppose ourselves in the House of Lords, during some interesting debate. We are crowded together below the bar, but, can, nevertheless, obtain pretty fair glimpses of the Peers The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham) wigged and gowned, is sitting on the woolsack, (a huge pack, covered with scarlet cloth,) and before him lies the mace, and, enclosed in its bag the great seal of England, of which by virtue of his office, he is the keeper. Near him sit the twelve Judges, all of them in their wigs, and scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine; and at his side are the lawn-sleeved Bishops. The Peers are dressed in plain clothes, as they always are indeed, excepting on the occasions of the Queen's opening, proroguing or disolving Parliament.—We may recognise several of them, by the resemblance they bear to certain personages in the carricatures of H. B. or Punch. For instance look at that tall, ungainly looking figure, which leans carelessly against the back of the bench. Mark those strapless trousers, of dark check—those unblacked boots—that rusty, ill-cut coat—that voluminous neck-cloth, in whose folds the chin is half buried;—glance at that hat, which covers the owner of those shabby habiliments, and, without a glimpse of the face beneath it, you cannot make a mistake about the Lord who is so busily employed in reading, perhaps a report of one of his own speeches, in the *Times*. Most probably he is, or fancies himself to be, misreported—for see how furiously his eyes twinkle, how nervously agitated are his brows—how his mouth describes all imaginable angles and curves, and how that "little proboscis" of his writhes, as if in mortal agony. See he springs to his feet, and having caught the Chancellor's eye, he raps the paper violently with the back of his right hand, whilst the words "breach of privilege," are over and over again uttered. It is Brougham—who else on earth can it be? "None but himself can be his parallel." And he vehemently pours fourth a denunciatory flood against, and empties all the vials of his wrath upon the unlucky print, whilst his compeers sit, regarding him with mingled admiration and amusement.

Lord Brougham's oratory would not at first strike a stranger. His voice is harsh, unmusical, and even grating. In action too he is far from being effective. But see him when he has well warmed up to his subject, and hear him, as he wields the terrible weapons of sarcasm and invective.—Then indeed is he great, and it may be added, I hope without being irreverent, "greatly to be feared." Like the lion he lashes himself into a fury, and then woe be unto those who shall fall under the severity of his merciless infliction. Yet in home life he is pleasant enough, and I had some slight opportunity, about two years since of seeing him in his parlor, at different times and for hours together. A young artist named Evans, residing at Newport, in Monmouthshire, was commissioned by the Mechan's Institute of that place, to paint a full length portrait of Lord Brougham for their large room; and the noble sitter having acceded to the request of the committee, the artist proceeded to London for the purpose of executing his commission. I was in town at the time, and accompanied the artist on four occasions to Lord Brougham's house in Berkeley square. During the sittings, his lady and daughter, (an only child,) were very frequently in the room, and I could not but observe and admire the exceeding gentleness of the father to his invalid. One could hardly have recognized in the anxious parent, the bellicose orator of the Upper House. During the progress of the picture he talked continually and very affably with the painter—made many inquiries respecting the iron districts from which he came—asked with much apparent interest, questions respecting the state of education there, and on other matters of interest his queries were numerous.

He was a bad sitter to an artist, and never kept in one position three minutes together. Now he would turn on one side, then on another—at very short intervals he would rise and examine the picture, and frequently make trifling remarks, or suggest improvements—the disposition of his stubby hair was a source of much anxiety to him, and he more than once had the position of the right arm altered. Frequently, whilst he was sitting, letters would be brought him, which he read with great rapidity, and to some of them he scrawled answers, with railroad velocity; indeed, he was continually on the move, and I believe my friend was heartily glad when he had accomplished his task. BROUGHAM very kindly commended the portrait, and furnished the artist with letters to some of his friends, which ultimately procured him commissions.

Now for a contrast. On the bench opposite to Brougham is seated a gentleman with folded arms, and a singularly intellectual countenance: a calm dignity is its distinguishing characteristic. It is a face which would at once attract admiring and respectful attention, if met with amongst a crowd of philosophers. There is a profoundness of thought evident in the expression of those deeply-set eyes, and firmness—great firmness—is indicated by the mouth. Notice the ease of his position—the quiet, deep attention he pays to what is going on. Mark the scarcely perceptible curl of his lip as some satirical allusion is made to his party. That is no common man. The son of an American portrait painter by the sheer force of his own transcendent genius he rose to the highest station which a subject can fill in England, in his profession—that of Lord Chancellor. It is Lord Lyndhurst.

I was once gratified and astonished by an exhibition of Lord Lyndhurst's prodigious powers of memory. When I was quite a lad, he was then, as Sir John Copley Recorder of my native city; & I remember his fine and dignified appearance, when on the Bench, as well as if I saw him but yesterday. At that time he was engaged in trying a person for murder. The case was one in which the evidence was purely circumstantial, and, as the crime was committed by means of poison, medical and chemical evidence, of the most complicated description; was adduced, both for and against the accused. During three days the trial proceeded, and, on the morning of the fourth, Sir John Copley was to sum up. Much anxiety was felt, as to his charge to the jury, and the court was crowded at an early hour. I was there, and occupied a place in the gallery immediately over the Judge's seat. At nine o'clock he entered the Court, seemingly as fresh and vigorous as if he had not, for the last three days, applied all the powers of his mind to the investigation and disentanglement of the web of evidence which had been woven by the counsellors for the prosecution and defence.

It is well known that Sir John Copley, when he sat on the Bench, took very few notes of what was transpiring, trusting chiefly to his memory. Such was his course in the present instance. Before commencing his charge, he looked for a minute or two, over a few sheets of papers which he brought into Court with him; and then, rolling them up, and taking them in his hand, he commenced his address to the jury. In the course of his charge, without referring, for an instant, to a note, (excepting, in two or three instances, for the purpose of ascertaining the name of a witness,) he recapitulated the evidence, commented on it, stripped the arguments of counsel of their sophistries, detailed the medical and chemical opinions, and divesting the evidence of the professional gentlemen of all technicalities, placed their testimonies in such clear light before the jury, that it astonished the doctors and the chemists themselves and then, having concluded the whole of the evidence, he went over and over it again, dissecting it with the utmost nicety, and stating how it bore for or against the prisoner—and concluded by some of the most solemn remarks, on the fallibility of human judgment, that I ever heard.

Will it be believed that this most luminous charge which occupied nine hours in the delivery, (with only half an hour's interval of rest,) was delivered without the aid of notes? Yet such, I solemnly aver, was the case. And so intensely interesting was it that none tired Yet this is but one of many instances, of Lord Lyndhurst's peculiar power. Many such might if necessary, be adduced.

Whilst dining at a friend's a few days since, in company with a highly intelligent clergyman of Boston, the conversation turned on the House of Lords. "When I was there" said the clergyman alluded to "I only heard one good speaker, and he was an American." And so far as his experience went he was right, for there are few better speakers in the House than Lyndhurst. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a stranger would miss hearing anything like a tolerable speech.

Lord Lyndhurst's voice is exceedingly pleasant, and his eloquence flows in one continuous stream. He never rants, or tears a passion to tatters; nor does he, by plausible arguments, or specious statements, produce his great effects. The moment he is "on his legs," the House always pays the most respectful attention. With his right hand placed in the breast of his buttoned coat, and rather ungracefully sawing the air with his extended left arm he commences in a low musical distinct voice—gradually his voice becomes louder and then in rappid succession, brilliant sentences succeed each other, until his lucid statements have half persuaded, even his opponents. He never suffers any interruption to ruffle his temper, & in this he is the very opposite of his great rival, Brougham, who becomes nettled to the quick at any interference whilst he is speaking. Lord Lyndhurst may be considered the first speaker in the House. As a debator Brougham must yield to him; and as a lawyer he is not to be compared with him. Both are men of vast acquirements, but Lynderhurst's intuitive knowledge surpasses that which has been acquired by his great rival.

Near Lyndhurst sits the Duke of Wellington—that is him in a blue frock coat closely buttoned up to his chin, with his left hand behind his ear, and placed their seemingly; for the purpose of assisting his hearing, by acting as a sort of trumpet. His right hand holds his hat which is placed on his knee. A very clever sketch of him recently appeared in one of the illustrated London papers. It represents him in this, his usual position in the House, and, as a likeness, I would rather have it than many costly engravings of him. The Duke appears quite the old man—but glance at his tough looking countenance—his determined looking nose and his firm mouth, and you will perceive that his frame has much stamina in it yet. His hair and whiskers are grey, but the fire of his eye is undimed. As a speaker, he does not particularly shine but what does say is to the point. All that firmness and decision is displayed which we may easily believe are distinguishing traits of his character. His speeches are curt and business like affairs. There is no more attempt at oratorical display than if he were giving the word of command, at the head of an army. If one did not know him to be the Duke, he would be set down as some little business attending to member of the Government, an excite scarcely a passing remark. But as the Duke, the greatest respect is shown him by all parties, and marked attention is paid to every word which he utters.

No one in London streets attracts greater attention than the Duke. Wherever he is recognized, every hat is touched, and if he happens to be on foot he is followed by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Hero of Waterloo. No stranger who visits London considers that he has seen all the "Lions," if he has has not caught a glimpse of the Duke. In illustration of this remark I may mention one circumstance. A lady of my acquaintance, on the morning of her intended departure from London, after a short visit, was walking with a friend in Hyde Park, near Apsley House one morning as early as 6 o'clock. As they walked along, she said, "Well, I have seen every thing I wanted to see in London, excepting the Duke of Wellington, and I would rather have seen him than all the rest." She uttered this remark in a loud, sprightly voice, little dreaming that any but her friend heard it. Immediately, however, a gentleman passed her, raised his hat and smilingly said, "Madam," I am happy to present him to you," and, again bowing, passed on, followed, at a little distance, by his groom. There was no mistaking the personage who spoke. It was the Duke himself, and I need hardly say, that the lady was, in spite of her confusion, not a little gratified by the incident.

It would be uninteresting to readers on this side the water were I to enter into any description of the personal appearances or mental qualifications of the Dukes of Devonshire, Richmond, Buckingham, & others of that class and order—indeed, the House of Lords must be singularly barren of interest to Americans. Nor shall I occupy time or space, by any notices of members of the bench of Bishops—they are generally portly looking gentlemen, well wigged, and dressed very much like old woman in black gowns and lawn sleeves. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, is the most knowing looking of the number—whilst the face of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the very patern of Ecclesiastical bearing and propriety.

The Judges are a solemn looking series of individuals—bound in scarle tand ermine. In Denman's face there is as much real dignity and majesty, as in that of any ancient statue which I ever saw. Williams's physiognomy is indicative only of a certain whipper-snapper sort of smartness. Maule's looks as if it was difficult for him to repress a smile Parke's is massive and solemn. Rolfe's full of benevolent acuteness; but Coleridge's is actually beautiful. Some months since in an article in Blackwood's Magazine—Warren, author of the Diary of a late Physician, described it I do not exactly remember his words, and I have not the work by me to refer to, but it was to the effect that Coleridge's features bore a most perfect resemblance to the faces of the Saviour which we see in some of the paintings by the old masters. I have looked on Coleridge's countenance often, and see fresh beauty in it at every new glance. As a Judge, he ranks high, but not higher than his deserv ings. With a heart brimming over with human kindness he possesses all the firmness requisite for his high position.—Once I heard him pass sentence of death upon a poor wretch—the judge's large full eye swam with tears, and his face was deadly pale. I question if the criminal felt more agony than his earthly Judge. He is nephew of the poet and philosopher, S. T. Coleridge whose genius seems to have been to a great extent hereditary.

But the Lords are "up," let us go down to the Commons, where Macaulay, they say, is now "on his legs."

The Knickerbocker for July contains a notice of the late THOMAS HOOD, and some extracts from his latest productions abounding in humor and wit. The following is one of them:

"Mrs. Gardiner" is a widow, devoted to the cultivation of flowers in her door-yard garden, who has the peculiarity of identifying *herself* with each variety. Hood, standing at the little gate compliments her on the appearance of her carnations; to which she replies, "Yes, I've a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness no body can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?"

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously snuffing at her stocks & the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned on to a rose-bush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

"Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy-washy pale sorts—[this was a fling at the white roses at the next door]—none of your provincials or pale pinks.—There's no maiden blushes about me. I'm the regular old red cabbage!"

And she was right; for, after all, that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens.

"And there's my American creeper.—Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lord bless ye! afore ever she gets up to her first floor window I shall be running all over the roof of the villa. You see I'm over the portico already."

New and Important Invention—A Magnetic Printing Telegraph.—The application of this hidden and mysterious power, to the purposes of the rapid transmission of intelligence is yet in its infancy. There is now in this city a telegraph moved by the power of electro magnetism, which performs that which in our boyish days, we would not have believed, if we had read in the Arabian Nights. We have seen a specimen of printing done with the usual letters of the alphabet, and as legible to a child as the clearest type, which was executed at one end of a magnetic wire, through a direction given at the other. It is true, as incredible as the statement may seem to be, that a man might, if the wires were laid, now sit at New York and, with more rapidity than our best compositor can set type, print at New Orleans a letter or despatch in the ordinary letters of our language.

In a few days this invention will be made more generally known, when we will be at liberty to speak of it more fully. At present arrangements are making for the perfection of the patents here and in Europe. The telegraph itself we have not seen, and in making the statements with regard to it are obliged to speak a little incautiously from heresay. But as far as our inquiries go, there is no reason to doubt the representations that have been made to us on this subject; and as the practicability of the thing itself, now that it has been discovered, carries no improbability upon the face of it, it need not be questioned. The effects of this invention can hardly be anticipated. The substitution of the usual alphabet for the hieroglyphics of Morse's telegraph, is an important and valuable improvement upon one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Being kissed to death by a pretty girl is "*capital* punishment!"

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