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# The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

THE Genius of Death is beautifully represented in the Gem as a Winged Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in the right hand. The style of the illustration, by the artist, George Croly, resembles one of our Elizabethan poets, and befits the design, being one of grace, not of gloom, and of tenderness rather than of terror. [London Lit. Gazette of 1830.

What is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge home, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink like upon the shore!
Storms shall never rouse them more!
What's the grandeur of the earth,
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wond'rous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died?
Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on;
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

[From the (Baltimore) Family Journal.]

## A TRUE WIFE.

BY L'INCONNUE.

MYRA ASPINWALL was left an orphan at that tender age when the companionship of a loving mother is most needed.

As the fatal close of a lingering illness was surely approaching, the subdued and chastened parent, with a heart full of love for the delicate bud of her soul, looked around her to find a place suitable for it to reach and blossom in.

Mr. Aspinwall had been dead many years, leaving but a scanty competence for the support of his family. The increased expenses incident to long sickness, had used up much of the principal, and Mrs. Aspinwall felt that she must leave her only daughter dependent upon the bounty of friends.

She had but few relations in the world and only one who was very near. This person was Mrs. Sumner, her husband's sister, who, although quite an amiable woman, was far from possessing those traits of character which the pious, devoted mother desired should ever surround her child. But after careful consideration she concluded it best to confide her flower to this garden, trusting that its innate qualities and sweetness would not be ruined by neglect: but rather that its softness would reflect upon and beautify all that surrounded it. She therefore, sent for her sister-in-law to come and attend her dying couch, and in a few short weeks she had ceased to be of earth and the frail tenement returned to the dust from whence it sprung. The weeping Myra then left home in the quiet village of Staunton, for a residence with her stylish aunt in the great capitol of our Union. It was a hard ordeal for the young heart to pass through, in leaving her youthful associates, her vine clad cottage and fields of wild flowers; but the most severe of all trials, was in going far away from that spot where the hallowed remains of her spirit mother rested. On the grave, in the little churchyard, she vowed to ever cherish with holy zeal the life-long precepts and dying advice of her who had gone before.

Mrs. Sumner lived in style befitting the wife of Judge Sumner, who held the high position of member of the chief council of our nation; and it was in this household that Myra Aspinwall received the advantages of a daughter.

This lady felt the importance of a sound education, and as her young charge was but fifteen, she kindly employed the best instructors to improve her already fine intellect, and the eager pupil determined that no lack of energy on her part should prevent her from being thoroughly accomplished.

In two years from this time she was introduced into society, and although no beauty, as the accomplished niece of secretary Sumner, she was soon surrounded by admirers. I said she was no beauty, and in truth her features were decidedly irregular: but there was a gleaming of superior intellect in her eyes, and a sereneness upon the brow, that told of a pure nature, which, if it did not attract instantly, won upon more intimate acquaintance the highest esteem.

Her uncle was a pompous old gentleman of the Virginia school, who loved to display his hospitality, and therefore encouraged the frequent visits of numerous friends, so that his mansion was ever the seat of life and sociability. He was a fine, robust looking person, and he admired the society of the young and gay. His wife, who was still very handsome, of late seemed disposed to be rather hypochrondrical, and spent much of her time in her own room. Consequently, as they had no daughter, Myra was called upon to exert herself the more in entertaining guests and keeping unsullied the social honors of the house. Yet amid all the splendor and dazzling efforts of fashion, by which she was encompassed, she still retained that simplicity of soul which was hers when she lay weeping upon her mother's grave.

Among her suitors was a young lawyer, son of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. For a long time he had been striving to gain her affections, and his cultivated mind and upright principles did not fail to impress her in his favor. Indeed her heart yearned towards him more and more from the day on which she learned that he preferred her above all others. But she had one great fear that she was not loved for herself entirely. She was afraid that the reflections of her uncle's high station, and perhaps a faint expectation that she would inherit a portion of his estate, had partly influenced the young man in choosing her for his wife. She was a noble girl for although each day her lover pressed her to name the time when all his hopes should be consummated and she felt her soul expand with complete reciprocation, she would not listen to him until she was sure that nothing was anticipated but the life-long possession of her own heart. She did not like to speak with her suitor upon the subject, but was firm in her purpose, and after a prayer to Heaven that she should have strength given her to bear the issue, whatever it might be, she repaired to his dwelling and called for Mr. Moore, his father. She was ushered into the library, and the genial old man stepped forth to greet her, saying:

"Why, Myra, my child, God bless you for coming out to see me this cold morning—come to invite me to the wedding?—Come sit here by the fire and tell me all about it."

Poor Myra could hardly summon up courage to answer him—her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth; but raising her eyes on high as if calling for help, she turned them full and earnestly towards the old gentleman, and said:

"It depends upon the result of this visit whether there is any wedding at all."

"Why?" quoth the alarmed father.

"Because," said she, "I fear when Rudolph finds that I am to be a portionless bride—that I am not to bring him one dollar, his feelings may change—his ardor all die out. My uncle will pass his whole property to his son—the orphan will have enough to be grateful for, in the generous support and protection she has enjoyed thus far from his hands."

"Sweet child! I love you better than before, and I know some one else who will set intrinsic value on so honest a spirit.—Rudolph is talented, and will soon rise in his profession, and in the meantime I will help you. There, go and God be with you," and the old man turned to wipe away the tears of sensibility that bedimned his vision.

How joyous was the meeting on that evening—two souls were assuredly chronicled on that scroll of light where angels delight to record the joys of the pure of earth.

The wedding soon followed, and was celebrated with much display. The President gave away the bride, and amid the congratulations of the most distinguished of the land, the young couple left for a short tour in the South.

When they returned, Mrs. Sumner issued cards for a large reception, and as it was to be a stylish one, she was very desirous that Mrs. Moore should appear elegantly attired. She knew her plain taste and her convictions on extravagance, for she had selected her marriage wardrobe with great economy, so she took one of her own hand-some head dresses, composed of white Ostrich plumes, and persuaded Myra to wear it, together with a magnificant brocade robe, on that particular occasion.

Not long after this Mr. Moore rented a snug house, and Myra soon showed him what a thrifty housekeeper was. A little incident which I will relate presently, will prove to my readers how well she managed. As their means were small, and they could not return invitations to parties they generally declined them; but as they were invited to select gatherings at the President's they of course felt obliged to go. Myra went simply dressed, caring nothing for the body's adornment, but seeking always in all her walks in society, to adorn the mind. The next day her husband asked her "why she observed such plainness the last evening—that her white plumed head dress would have added very much to the beauty of her attire."

She told him "that the article he spoke of belonged to her aunt."

He then presented her with a sum of money, telling her "to purchase one of the same description for herself."

She took it, and smilingly said, "that she would do everything that would insure the happiness of one she loved so dearly."

A week after he wanted to know if the feathers were bought. Myra replied that they were and that they were up in the attic.

"Up in the attic!" exclaimed he, "why, you surely cannot intend to wear them very soon to put them in such an out-of-the-way place!"

"It is the best place for them just now, though" said she, "and as I am going up stairs, I will be very happy to show them to you if you will accompany me."

So up tripped the light-hearted wife, and after her the excellent husband, (how could he be otherwise with such a helpmate?) and soon the feathers were brought to view for lo! the husband beheld a great bale of—not *ostrich*—but *live geese feathers!* He was taken by surprise, and exclaimed:

"Why, Myra, what does all this mean?"

"Why, it means this, dear Rudolph, that I thought it much better to have feathers *under* the head than *on* it. I knew that your income was too small to command superfluities, so I decided to expend my money to a more profitable manner than that which your kindness and generosity dictated."

"My precious wife!" and he folded her to his heart, feeling confident that with such a discreet and far seeing companion for life, his comfort was even sure of being attended to.

His practice grew large, and with the careful home management, he was soon enabled to buy a beautiful house, with a highly cultivated garden adjoining. The house was convenient and airy, and it seemed to please the taste of Mrs. Moore as well as his own, for they both concluded that it should be their *home*—that it should be the sacred spot where the flowers of affection should ever bloom until they were transplanted to the paradise above.

The *geese feathers* were nicely encased and used, being daily shaken and turned and carefully guarded from the destructive moth until at length their identity would hardly have been known, for they had spread and were so light, that they could easily have been taken for *ostrich feathers.*

Yes, the young wife began in the right way. The little ball of shining twine gradually increased in size as the thrifty hand spun and would, until it became too large to clasp. The owner soon had a superfluity of the golden cord, and give abundant girdels to tie up the flowing and tattered garments of the indigent. Husband and wife were blessed in seeing their children fashioned after their own minds: but the influence of this dutiful, loving Myra was not confined to the home circle alone but widened, as the ripples of water after a pebble has been thrown into it.

Oh Woman! You can make your husband what you will. Think of it, and feel the responsibility that rests upon you.—Pray and strive to root out all selfishness in your heart, and nobly fulfill your destiny by becoming A TRUE WIFE.

### Rarey Taming a Vicious Horse.

He entered the ring, neighing fearfully, snorting and rushing sometimes at and sometimes away from the Professor. He pawed the ground with impatience, which suggested to standers-by the expediency of keeping at a civil distance. His case was a perfect lesson; and was watched with intense interest. Mr. Rarey at first approached his intractable pupil slowly, gently but without fear, lecturing as he went along, and explaining the course of "gentleness" by means of which this proud spirit was soon to be brought to a state of submission. His left hand was on the strap, which peeped unobtrusively from his coat pocket, and his right—extended in a most conciliatory manner—in readiness for the preliminary caress. Cruiser the Second looked puzzled, then frightened, reared as if he meditated a sudden visit to the reserved seats, and then stood perfectly motionless. The master's eye was upon him, and his own quailed under the mesmeric influence. In a very few seconds Mr. Rarey was at his shoulder, the strap was on his foreleg, and the lesson commenced. The struggle that followed was probably as exciting and extraordinary an exhibition as was ever witnessed in a public theatre. There was no sham, no stage trick, no spell, no philter; it was a regular stand-up fight between the horse and the man, between strength directed by courage and intellect and mere brute having only its sheer bone and muscle to depend on. Sometimes the maddened animal reared and seemed as if about to crush the Professor, sometimes he sank prone upon his crippled foreleg, and, with head stretched out, blew up columns of sawdust by the violent respiration from the nostrils. Then he would make another desperate effort to rise, but only to be followed by another and more helpless prostration. He sweated, he panted, he quivered, his skin rose and fell in waves under the strong agony, and his haunches were marked with deep corrugations as he repeated his frantic attempts to break his, to him, mysterious bonds. But it was of no avail. The tamer all through clung so close to him as to seem a part of himself. He never got excited, never lost temper, never missed an opportunity of describing to the audience what he were doing, and why he did it. His gripe and pressure was as slow, regular, gradual, but as inexorable as fate, until, at last, the poor animal surendered at discretion, stretched himself at his length upon the arena, and seemed to experience an exquisite sensation of relief as the reward of his entire and unconditional submission. The panting now gradually ceased, the muscles all became relaxed, and the limbs lay helpless in the Professor's hands as he knocked the hoofs together or placed them successively on his own head to show how perfect was his confidence in the subjection of the horse. After a few minutes' rest the straps were taken off and the pupil was allowed to rise, when it was curious to observe that at first he kept his forelegs contracted, under the impression that the terrible ligatures still remained in their places. When he had completely recovered his equilibruim, Mr. Rarey mounted on his back, and rode him slowly out of the ring, amid loud and general applause.—*London Daily News.*

### Causes of Sudden Death.

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," says that very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from disease of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the Doctor says, the experiment has been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subjects of a thorough post mortem examination. In these cases only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six died from apoplexy, while there were forty six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The Doctor goes on to enumerate the causes that may produce congestion of the lungs. They are cold feet; tight clothing; costiveness; sitting still until chilled through after being warmed by labor or a rapid walk; going too suddenly from a close heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking; and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen out valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of a heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be incurable, and hence men may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," is buried at Tunis. The following lines are inscribed on his tomb,

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said,
"Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, Sweet Home'"

### A List of Wonders.

Among the thousands of marvellous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years, are the following, compiled in an abstract from the Patent Office Report:

The report explains the principle of the celebrated Hobb lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which prevent instruments used in picking from touching the real ones.—Moreover, the lock is powder proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosions will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam engine.—In an experimental trial, it froze several bottles of cherry, and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Dale's examiner's report we gather some idea of the value of patents.—A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another man had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patents are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and sticks them in papers in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that cannot be tipped back in any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fares. When a very fat gentleman gets in, it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap that throws away the rat, and then baits itself, and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine also, by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played on a piano forte. And in speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to 1,900 persons, and costing over $2,000,000.

### Hints on the Preservation of the Piano Forte.

The New York Home Journal has the following valuable hints on this subject:

The Piano should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the collection of dust, pins, &c., on the second board, and also to prevent the strings and "action" from the ill effects of sudden changes of temperature. Nothing injures a piano so much as extreme heat, whether arising from a bright fire in front of it, or, what is worse, the hot air from the furnaces in such general use: few pianos can resist the injurious action of the latter. Care should be taken to prevent moisture of any kind from getting between the keys, particularly when cleaning them, as it will cause them to stick. Moths are very destructive to pianos, and should be kept out of them by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in paper to prevent evaporation, in the inside corners.—Any hard substance placed on a piano, will cause a jarring noise, and if the top part is unprotected by a cloth cover, that also will often rattle. Young pianoists would injure the pianos less, if they would restrain from striking the keys with such force; a light touch, with a judicious use of the loud pedal, will yield a far better and equally as full a tone, as if they exerted all the force at their command. Were this fact more generally attended to, fewer strings would be broken, one cause of the piano remaining in tune would be removed and less injury would result to the "action" of the piano. These various annoyances are often attributed to inferior tuning or defective make, when neither is the cause.

Few are aware of the benefit to be derived from having their pianos regularly tuned and kept in order; every new piano should be tuned at least once a month, and none should be allowed to remain untuned over three. When a piano is half a note below "concert pitch," and it is required to be drawn up, it should be tuned twice, the second tuning about a month after the first or it will not stand well in tune. Always employ the tuner, unless, of course, he prove glaringly incompetent; but should his first efforts fail to give satisfaction, give him another trial, as he may not be in fault. As all music stores has one or more tuners, it would save annoyance if, when the order is left; the name of the person required be mentioned; and if the order were left two or three days before the tuner is actually wanted, it would insure more prompt attention. Many act, in this respect, as if there were half a dozen tuners eagerly awaiting the first order that came; whereas a good tuner always has as many orders as he can well attend to. It would be well to remember that the tuning of a piano consists only of tightening and relaxing the strings to the requisite degree, and does not include the regulation of the "action," the replacing of strings, and as many actually suppose—a general renovation of the instrument.

### The Bible in 1776.

In olden times—in the earlier, if not better days of the Republic—we see by a historical compilation in the 'Washington Constitution,' that the Fathers of the Republic did not hesitate, as do some in these latter days, to bring to bear the whole power of the Federal Government for the circulation of the Bible. The civil calamities of 1777 inspired the people of the United States with a profound religious reverence, and with a firm reliance upon Providence to protect them from the horrors of a civil war. Hence, there was then not only a prayerful disposition all over the land, but a particular desire to spread the Bible far and wide.

September 11, 1777, in the Congress then sitting in Philadelphia, a petition was taken up from Dr. Allison and others, to secure wider and better circulation of the Holy Bible—and on that day the Committee of Congress to whom the memorial was referred reported:

"That they have conferred fully with the printers, &c., in this city, and are of the opinion that the proper types for printing the Bible are not to be had in this country, and that the paper cannot be procured but with such difficulties and subject to such casualties as render any dependence on it altogether improper, that to impart types for the purpose of setting up an entire edition of the Bible, and to strike off 30,000 copies, with paper, binding, &c., will cost £10,272 10s. which must be advanced by Congress, to be reimbursed by the sale of the books; that, in the opinion of the committee, considerable difficulties will attend the procuring the types and paper; that, afterwards, the risk of importing them will considerably enhance the cost, and that the caculations are subject to such uncertainty in the present state of affairs that Congress cannot much rely on them; that the use of the Bible is so universal and its importance so great, that your committee refer the above to the consideration of Congress, and if Congress shall not think it expedient to order the importation of types and paper, the committee recommend that Congress will order the Committee of Commerce to import 20,000 Bibles from Holland, Scotland, or elsewhere, into the different ports of the States of the Union: Whereupon, it was moved that the Committee of Commerce be directed to import 20,000 copies of the Bible.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| New Hampshire: | | |
| Mr. Folsom, | aye | aye. |
| Mr. Frost, | aye | |
| Massachusetts Bay: | | |
| Mr. S. Adams, | aye | aye |
| Mr J. Adams, | aye | |
| Mr. Gery, | aye | |
| Mr. Lovell, | aye | |
| Rhode Island: | | |
| Mr. Merchant, | | aye |
| Connecticut: | | |
| Mr. Dyer, | aye | aye |
| Mr. Law, | aye | |
| Mr. Williams, | aye | |
| New York: | | |
| Mr. Duane, | | no |
| New Jersey: | | |
| Witherspoon, | aye | aye |
| Mr. Clark, | aye | |
| Pennsylvania: | | |
| Mr. Wilson, | aye | aye |
| Mr. Roberdeau, | aye | |
| Delaware: | | |
| Mr. Reed, | | no |
| Virginia: | | |
| Mr. Harrison, | aye | |
| Mr. E. L. Lee, | aye | aye |
| Mr. Jones, | no | |
| North Carolina: | | |
| Mr. Hamett, | | no |
| South Carolina: | | |
| Mr. Middleton, | no | |
| Mr. Heyward, | no | no |
| Mr. Laurens, | aye | |
| Georgia: | | |
| Mr. Brownson, | | aye |

THE TOMATO.—Dr. Bennet, a Professor of some celebrity, considers the Tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important medical properties:

1. That the Tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is probably one of the most effective, and the least harmful remedial agents known to the profession.

2. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it, that will supercede the use of calomel in the cure of disease.

3. That he has successfully treated diarrhœa with this article alone.

4. That when used as an article of diet it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion.

5. That it should be constantly used for daily food: either cooked, raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use.

A DELICATE REBUKE.—Mr. Webster wrote after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper, which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his paying his debts. He said substantially: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money.—One cause of this is, that I have not pressed those who owe me for payment. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note, made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

SINGULAR TUB RACE.—A race for $25 a side came off a few days ago, from the dock of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., across the Hudson, to the Poltz landing, in wash tubs, four feet in diameter, paddled by hand without bars. One of the contestants caved when about two-thirds of the distance had been gone over, but the other accomplished the feat in two hours and fifty five minutes, and won the wager.

## Wit and Humor.

### HOLD ON DEVIL.

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon; and the annual session of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of mad wags as could be found in the State; who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts or shows.

These lovers of mischief had established a *mock Masonic Lodge*, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good-natured athletic young man, about half simpleton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded, Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was peculiarly happy) had consented to act the rolle of devil, and to make the services more impressive had put on a false face and a large paper cap surrounded with horns, and with some chains in his hand, placed himself behind the screen, and told that he had then to confess all the crimes he had committed during his whole life.—The candidate confessed some trivial offenses, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding place, groaned and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared he had disclosed the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended devil became furious, the chains rattled and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out,

*"Hold on M-m mister D-d-devil, if I must t-t-tell you, I d-d-did k-k-kiss J j-judge G-g-grass' w-w-wife a c-c-couple of t-times!"*

The groaning ceased.

ENVELOPE POETRY.—The number of scraps of doggeral rhyme lately published, purporting to be the endorsement on letters sent thro' the Post Office, has induced some genius in or about this place, to immortalize his name after the fashion, by inditing the following direction on the envelope of a letter dropped in the Post Office, in this place, a few evenings since:—

"Send this, Post Master, if you are willing,
To Joe Miller, a darned old villain;
Let it go with Postage bounty,
To Philadelphia, in the same county."

We think this po-ick should try his hand again. Another such attempt to court the muse, would certainly bring Bonner of the *N. Y. Ledger* to our town, to secure the individual to "contribute *only*" for that paper.

"Well, lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather, alone?" asked an inquisitive land-lord in the north of Vermont, during the last war, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, as young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party.—"Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Your pension?" echoes the land-lord 'what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?' Minding my own business, and letting that of other people alone.' The land-lord sloped.

A certain Irishman received for his labor a one dollar bill on the Ohio Bank on which he was to lose ten cents discount. The next day he was passing down Main street and saw a dollar bill lying on the side-walk, and gazing on it he exclaimed: "Bad luck to the likes of ye—there ye may lie: divil a finger will I put on ye, I lost ten cents by a brother."

The battle of Kohu, fought between the Austrians and the Prussians, was lost by the latter. Their King, immediately after his defeat, meeting with a Prusian soldier who had received a severe wound in his face, inquired—"In what beer-shop did you get that scar." "In one," replied the soldier, where your Majesty *paid the reckoning.*"

A TOAST.—At the late celebration in Ellington, Conn., the following toast was the 12th regular toast:

Woman—the lover of union and the friend of annexation. Like our country, her manifest destiny is to spread her skirts.

The above toast was responed to by nine cheers and a whoop!

"Pray poleshman," said a saucy jade from the Emerald Isle "why do you wear that white thing round one of your wrists?" "To show we are on duty," was his reply. "Och, by the powers, I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left."

THE LOVER'S PUZZLE.—To learn to read the following, so as to make good sense, is the mystery:

I thee read see that me.
Love is down will I d have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you if

An exchange says, the best cure for the palpitation of the heart, is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy that can be produced, "we for one, say, let 'er palpitate!"

A letter was lately received at the Chicago post-office, directed "To an Honest Man." The chief clerk sent it to the dead letter department, with the candid confession that the man addressed did not live in Chicago.

An exchange begins an appeal to its delinquents with the touching sentence—"We must *dun* or be *done.*"

What disease do reapers often get on a hot day. A *drop sickle* affection.

Love, while it frequently corrupts pure hearts, often purifies corrupt hearts.

Why is flannel like mahogany? Because it is made into drawers.

When is a cherry like a book? When it is read (red).

When is Congress like a hen? When it's sitting, to be sure!

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