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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise—
True they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;
Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in the cold;
Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings, to thwart them who might dare;
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned:
With sword and lance and armor strong, they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them, they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old, who quite free from fear or pain
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold;
Oh! more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old, with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep;
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold,
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old, with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
For years they served their ladye love ere they their passion told—
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate—
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

THE LOVER'S RAPIDS.

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY CHARLES A. JANVIER.

ABOUT fifty miles from the mouth of the Susquehanna there is a part of the river which, passing in the course of half a mile down, a considerable descent, forms a wild cataract, apparently impassible for any species of boat, to which tradition has assigned the name of "The Lover's Rapid's." Wandering near this place one sunny afternoon, in the latter part of October, in the company of a friend who resided in that section of the country, after mentioning to me the romantic name of the spot, he offered to relate to me the legend which had procured it the title. I eagerly accepted his invitation, and, seating ourselves upon the fallen trunk of a tree, upon an elevated spot which commanded a charming view of the river, and the surrounding country, and leaning our guns against the stump, while the dogs lay tranquilly at our feet, we prepared, he as narrater and I as listener, for the story; which was, as nearly as I can recollect, what follows:—

Long before the white man's foot had ever trod the green banks, of the Susquehanna, or the sound of the settler's axe was heard echoing among the mighty trees which the lapse of centuries had left by its side, the Mattalahoes were a powerful nation, and dwelt by its placid waters. Their warriors were brave, their women were fair, and their hunting grounds were vast and well stocked. The Great Spirit had not then turned away His face from His red children, and nothing was wanting to make them contented and happy.

First among the warriors of the tribe—leader in war, and unexcelled in all the manly sports and games of peace,—was the young Waconda, son of the principal chief, and by birth, as well as unanimous consent of the tribe, the appointed successor of his father. Not more than twenty-two times had he seen the leaves spring forth and decay, and yet he stood unrivalled for strength, skill and agility. The scalps of many of his enemies, slain in open and honorable warfare, adorned his wigwam, and his hunting-dress was ornamented with the claws of more than one huge grizzly bear, which he had, unassisted, overcome. In short, he was the envy of all the men, the pride of his father, and the grand centre of admiration of most of the young women of the tribe, on whom his handsome face and form, his reputation for skill and courage, and his well known generosity and nobleness of disposition, could not fail to make a deep impression.

But up to the time of our story, Waconda had never thought of love—or, if he did so at all, it was merely with a feeling of contempt, as a passion fit only for girls, and beneath the notice of men, who could indulge in the nobler pursuits of war and the chase. More than one Indian Venus had in vain attempted to lure this young Adonis, who saw in woman's bright eye no charm of sufficient power to induce him to desert his men-engrossing employments.

One summer evening Waconda led farther and farther by the pursuit of game, found himself a long distance from the village, and in the territory of a hostile tribe. The sun had set behind the western hills, and night was fast throwing her dark mantle over hill and plain. Disposing his bow, arrows and hunting knife, so as to be within his reach, Waconda laid down at the foot of a large tree, and was soon wrapped in sweet slumbers.

Peacefully and swiftly the night glided away, till, just as the morning was breaking, he was awakened by a low growl near him, and glancing around, perceived thro' the dusky twilight the figure of a huge bear, stealthily advancing towards him. Springing to his feet, he seized his bow, and quick as thought buried an arrow to the very feather in the bulky side of his antagonist. But the bolt, though so truly sped, was not fatal, and served only to enrange the bear, which, with a loud yell of pain and revenge sprang upon Waconda, who so far from avoiding the encounter, seized his hunting knife, and attacked the bear with courage equal to its own. Long and terrible was the conflict which ensued. Man and beast rolled together upon the ground, the bear endeavoring to give the fatal hug which should at once put an end to the contest, and the warrior, seeking to plunge his knife into the heart of the bear. At last a well-directed thrust struck the proper spot, Waconda drove the knife with all his force into the body of his antagonist, which, relaxing its hold, fell dead upon the earth, while he himself, exhausted by the combat, and bleeding from numerous wounds, sunk insensible beside its carcass.

In this state he must have remained for several hours, for when consciousness returned to him, the sun was high in the heavens, and a lovely female form was bending over him, bathing his face and temples with cold water from an earthen vessel, which she bore in her hand.

"Where am I?" he faintly murmured; "have I indeed awakened in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit?—and art thou, sweet maiden, to be my companion in bliss?"

"Thou art still on earth, warrior," returned his deliverer, blushing deeply; "and I am no spirit, but an Indian girl, whom the Great Maneto sent just in time to staunch your blood and save your life."

"Of what tribe art thou, maiden?" said Waconda, now fast recovering his consciousness. "What is thy name, and how camest thou alone here, so far from any encampment?"

"I am called in my tribe, Altassa," replied the fair Indian; "and my father is chief of the powerful nation of the Pattawongas. I came from the village scarce an hundred steps from this place, to draw water at the spring which you see bubbling up near us."

"Alas, Altassa!" said Waconda, "I am of the Mattalaho nation—your tribe's bitterest enemies; and the Pattawongas are well acquainted with the name of Waconda. Led hither by the pursuit of game, I knew not that I was so near the encampment of my foes, and weak as I am from the wounds received in the conflict with that ferocious bear, whose carcass lies beside me, it will be impossible for me to escape. Besides, even if I should attempt to do so, you would doubtless give the alarm, and render my escape impossible."

"Never!" said Altassa, emphatically; "though as you say the name of Waconda is too well known to our tribe, and his hand is red with the blood of our bravest warriors, to betray a wounded foe is what Altassa will never do."

"Thanks, thanks, bright maiden!" cried Waconda, clasping her hands,—"for to thee can I never be more, and should I reach in safety my native village again, I swear to thee that peace shall be established between the Mattalahoes and the Pattawangas; and my brightest hope will be that the day may yet come when Altassa shall share my wigwam by the banks of the murmuring Octorara.

At this moment a noise at no great distance showed the approach of some third person, and Altassa assisting Waconda to rise, supported him to a cave in the side of a neighboring hill, which she informed him she had accidentally discovered a few days before, the mouth of which was so closely covered with branches and leaves as to render distinction almost impossible, and, with a promise to bring him supplies of food and water, hastened, back to the encampment.

For some days all went well. Waconda, who till now had never known the meaning of the mighty word Love, at last discovered that he who lives without it can never know what happiness in this world consists in. Throughout the day he lay hidden in the cave, gathering strength to make his escape, and at night, supported by the arm of Altassa, ventured forth to breathe stealthily the pure air of heaven.—She, yielding to his entreaties, had consented to fly with him to seek happiness among a strange people.

One fine morning the lovers stepped forth from the entrance of the cave, to view the scene for the last time which was so endeared to them both—to Altassa as her native wild; to Waconda as being the spot where he had first met her. The moon, rising above the forest trees, shed a silvery light over the hills and valleys, giving a chastened beauty to the whole landscape.

"Before another moon shall rise thus high, dear Altassa," said Waconda, "we shall be far on our path to the bright waters of the Octorara."

"Say you so?" said a rough voice behind them. "Be not too sure. Ye shall both see more than one moon rise and set in this place, though for thee, Waconda, they will not be many,"—and a stalwart warrior strode from behind the shade of a rock where he had been concealed.

"My father?" cried altassa, shrinking behind her lover, who boldly faced the intruder.

"The Mattallaho is a great warrior," said the father of Altassa; "he has slain many of our young men and warriors. He shall have a great torture, and shall die as a warrior loves to die. The sharp stakes shall tear his flesh, the whizzing arrow shall plunge through it, and the slow fire shall roast it from his bones."

"It is well," said Waconda. "Let your old men take counsel of each other, and invent new torments, for the cheek of Waconda shall not blanch nor shall his tongue utter a word of complaint, but he will sing his death-song while the slow fire consumes him, and will laugh at the Pattawongas when the flames crackle round him, and tell them they are old women, and do not know how to torture a warrior!"

"The Mattallaho shall have an opportunity of doing all he says," returned the rival chieftain, with a grim smile.

"Oh, father!" cried Altassa, rushing forward and throwing herself at his feet, "if thou hast one spark of love for thy daughter spare this warrior! Suffer him to escape, and he will make peace between our tribes."

"Begone, girl!" said the chief, repulsing her roughly,—"to thy wigwam! and leave man's affairs to me! Does the eagle surrender the prey his talons have borne off?—or the hunter the spoils which he has won? I have said it: he shall die the fiery death! It will be useless," he continued, turning to Waconda, "to attempt to escape, for we are surrounded by the warriors of the tribe."

As he finished speaking, he gave a peculiar whistle, which immediately brought a crowd of men around them, and Waconda, perceiving how fruitless any endeavor to escape must prove, submitted calmly to be bound and conveyed a prisoner to the village.

Days passed on, and the Indians made all the preparations for the torture which they were about to inflict upon the captive, who, true to the Indian warrior's creed of honor, suffered no murmur to escape him, as the time drew near at which he was to suffer. In the meantime, Altassa, returning to her old occupations, and apparently forgetting her lover, her father thought no more of her affection for the young warrior, or if at all, merely as a girlish fancy, which she had overcome. But under the guise of indifference and calmness, the heart of Altassa was throbbing as wildly as that of the young fawn, who sees her pursuer approaching, and not for a moment did she cease to devise schemes for the release of her beloved Waconda. Thus time passed on, as usual, with the tribe and the chieftain, and flew with swiftest wings to the two lovers, till the night came preceding the day on which Waconda was to suffer. The stake had been erected, in the centre of the village; a great mass of dry wood had been collected, and every thing was in readiness for the approaching solemnity.

Pinioned by heavy cords of birch-bark, tied so tightly as to sink deeply into the flesh, Waconda lay in an old wigwam, in too much pain from being so closely bound, to sleep, musing upon his past life, and the melancholy end which he appeared doomed to meet upon the morrow. But foremost in all his meditations stood the bright form of Altassa, and while he could not tell why he had never, since his capture, had any communication from her, he never for a moment doubted her truth or love. Indeed, it appeared to him possible that she was as closely confined as himself, for holding communication with an enemy of her tribe. But yet he could not help feeling—insane as such a thing appeared—a faint hope that Altassa would yet, even at the last moment, find some means of freeing herself and him. While he lay thus, half asleep and half awake, as the night passed slowly and drearily on, he was aroused by the loud chirping of a cricket, in a corner of the wigwam. To the ear of the Indian warrior, every sound which he hears seems to possess a peculiar significance; and fairly awakened, Waconda listened for the chirping to recommence, which it did in a few seconds, accompanied by a slight rustling in the corner, from which it appeared to proceed. Waconda now imitated the same sound. In a moment more, a slight form enveloped in a buckskin robe, crept through a small aperture in the side of the wigwam, and throwing off her mantle, his beloved Altassa stood before him.

Trained in the same school of Indian discipline, no sound escaped the lips of Waconda, while Altassa silently and swiftly cut the cords which bound him.

"The guards are sleeping on their post," whispered she. "I drugged their food last night before the watch was set. Hasten! and when the sun shall rise, we shall be far from the homes of the Pattawongas!"

Stealthily they left the wigwam, and passing safely by the sentries, who lay buried in sleep, they struck immediately into the woods, in the direction of the Susquehanna. But before they had gone any great distance, the chief who, fearfuld of his prey escaping him, visited the wigwam, to see that all was secure, found the guards sleeping and the prisoner gone. The alarm was immediately given, and the whole tribe, with loud yells of disappointed rage, joined in the pursuit of the fugitives.

The fear of being overtaken; the hope of escape, despair and mutual love, added wings to their feet, and they gained the bank of the river considerably in advance of their pursuers. Stepping into a canoe, which the forethought and care of Altassa had provided, they were soon in the middle of the river, straining every nerve to place as great a distance as possible between themselves and their enemies. But the swiftest warriors of the Pattawongas arrived at the shore but a few moments after the lovers had pushed from it, and though some time was lost by them in seeking for canoes, they were soon once more upon the same element, engaged in full pursuit.

Exhausted as they were by their rapid flight, and Waconda being still stiff and weak from his wounds, and the close confinement which he had suffered, their hope of escape seemed almost lost, and their only chance of safety appeared to be to run through the rapids, which they were fast approaching, there being no probability that any of their pursuers would dare to follow them there. No one had ever been known to pass through them in safety, but even should they be dashed to pieces, against the rocks, they would, at least die together, and even this would be better than to fall into the hands of their savage enemies;—but should they succeed in safety, liberty and happiness were waiting for them.

They were but a short time deciding what course to adopt, and in a few moments the little bark was plunging furiously down the roaring rapids. The warriors who, close behind, imagined that they were about to seize upon their prey, stopped and gazed with amazement at this daring deed, but were not desperate enough to follow. In the meantime, boldly and rapidly on rushed the little canoe with the speed of an arrow, down the angry torrent, now passing within a hair's-breadth of some dangerous rock, now dancing like a feather on the top of the surging waves. But at last, through rocks and rapids, and over unseen dangers the little skiff emerged triumphantly from the mighty cataract, and rode joyously and triumphantly from the bosom of the placid waters beyond.

"The Great Maneto has preserved them!" said the disappointed Pattawonga warriors, as abandoning the now hopeless chase, they retraced their steps.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy of the escaped lovers; it will suffice to say, in conclusion, that peace was soon restored between the Mattalahoes and the Pattawongas; that the descendants of Waconda and Altassa reigned for many generations in happiness and prosperity, over the former tribe, and that ever since the cataract has borne the name of the "Lover's Rapids."

A PEEP AT GUANO—WHERE GATHERED.—Having anchored at the North and Middle Island, at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck-heap. Pulling half round the Island to the landing place, which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience, our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count, with the old hands, as nothing; for they tell us that the shipping have driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down, or stooping on their prey. One of these, at this very instant, drops from his flock, as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but after a plunge, he is seen rising to the surface, with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch.

Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannetts, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano-birds and a host of others, whose names are unknown to the vulgar.—On the detached rocks, and lower edge of the Island, numbering a pretty numerous convocation, stand the penguin—the parson bird of the sailor—whose good name is fairly owned by its cut-away-black-coat, white tie, and solemn demeanor. His short legs planted far back, and his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock, just washed by the waters, apparently in such a deep absence of mind, that passers-by are attempted to approach, in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and hands are already out to grasp his neck, away he goes, head over heels, in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped.

Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and the next step in it up to our knees. The guano is regularly stratified; the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface.

On the surface it has a whitey brown light crust, containing eggs, being completely honey-comed by the birds, which scratch deep oblique holes into it, to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two in each nest, are deposited.

These holes, often running into each other, form long galleries, with several entrances; and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part, of the Island, without sinking to the knee, and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The egg shells, and the bones and remains of fish brought up by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus, in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the bird.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—The attention of the men of science, in Paris has been drawn to an extraordinary discovery made in a neighboring department. A grave-digger, in throwiug up some earth, came upon a body in a state of perfect preservation. On examination it proved to be that of an individual buried thirty-seven years ago. He had died from the effects of the bite of a mad dog. The shroud and coffin had fallen to dust, but the body remained in tact. This is the third exhumation made within twenty years, of bodies of the victims of hydrophobia, under similar circumstances; and it would really seem that they are beyond the reach of decomposition. The registry of deaths was consulted, and no mention of the embalement of the body was found.

THE NEW YORK BARNBURNERS AND HUNKERS.—The New York Democratic State Central Committee, which met at the Astor House, to arrange about the State nominating Convention, broke up, like Macbeth's feast, "in most admired disorder," in consequence of the Hunkers trying to make the Barnburners swallow resolutions endorsing the Fugitive Slave Law, The Barnburners ran away, and would not vote at all. This, it is suspected, is but the beginning of the renewed quarrel, which will break out again between the two factions, when the State Convention assembles.—*Sun.*

BEST TROTTING TIME ON RECORD.—A trot came off on the Union Course, L. I., on Thursday, between Tacony and Flora Temple. On the occasion the best time on record was made by Tacony. The conditions were mile heats, the best three in five in harness, the three first of which were won by Tacony in 2.28, 2.27, 2.29.

From the New York Daily Times.

CRYSTAL PALACE STATISTICS.

In pursuing the plan of classification adopted, no small amount of trouble arose, from applicants neglecting to specify distinctly the nature of their articles, and embracing in one application articles belonging to different classes, rendering a separation necessary, in order to carry out the system—For this reason, articles of totally different classes will be found together in the same case, it being impossible to divide the space allotted each exhibitor.

The total amount of space on the floor occupied by different countries for exhibition, exclusive of the naves, is about 152,000 square feet, of which 94,102 is on the ground floor, and 59,000 is in the gallery. This space is divided as follows:

	Gro'nd Floor.	Gallery.
England,	10,570	7,081
Switzerland,	1,458	2,970
Zollverein,	6,196	6,053
Holland and Belgium,	2,916	729
Austria,	1,458	729
Denmark, Sweeden & Norway,	2,916	1,315
Russia, &c.,	729	
British Guiana & West Indies,	1,093	
British Colonies,	2,369	3,429

The total amount of space occupied by foreign countries is 98,749 square feet.

The United States contributions occupy 34,585 square feet on the ground floor, and 19,945 square feet in the gallery,

The total number of exhibitors from abroad are 2,605. This list will be somewhat larger, from the fact that the local Committees of Canada have not yet sent in their list of contributors, and it does not include quite a number from British Guiana. A small number of Turkish and other contributors, are also to be added, making the sum total of foreign exhibitors not far from 2700.

In the United States the number of exhibitors is 1778, and applications have been received since the 1st of March amounting to over 400, which have not been acted on for want of space. The total number of exhibitors, both foreign and American, is 4,363.

About one fourth the number contributed to the London Exhibition. It would have been a very easy matter to have filled a building twice, or even three times, as large, and perhaps the only regret which has been heard from visitors is the size of the building, which, in every other respect, stands unsurpassed in beauty and effect.

SOLDIERS OF 1812.—*National Convention.*—A meeting of soldiers and others connected with the war of 1812, was held at the County Court House on the 15th inst., Capt. J. H. Fisler in the chair; Peter Hay and Andrew Morrison, Vice Presidents, and John H. Frick, Secretary. After an eloquent and interesting address from Judge Sutherland, comprising an account of the proceedings of the Convention of the soldiers of the War of 1812, held at New York, on the 4th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we learn with much pleasure that the Convention of officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, which assembled at New York on the 4th of July, have resolved to participate in the NATIONAL CONVENTION, to be held at Philadelphia on the *8th of January*, 1854.

Resolved, That from the pledges already received from other States, it is the opinion of this meeting that the Convention of the 8th of January next will be one of the largest and most respectable ever held in this city.

Resolved, That with a view to ascertain the whole number of persons in Pennsylvania, who served in the war of 1812, it is recommended that meetings be held for that purpose in the several counties of this State, during the session of their courts, prior to the 8th of January next, and that delegates be elected at said meetings, to represent them in the National Convention.

Resolved, That it is important that every soldier who served in the war of 1812, in any of the States of the Union, should obtain from his captain or other surviving officer, a certificate of his service, in order that he or his heirs may be in possession of satisfactory proof of his identity.

Resolved, That those who served on ship-board, and the sons of those who served on land or sea, as well as those who were imprisoned at Tripoli, be entitled to seats in the National Convention, and that they also be requested to obtain certificates of identity.

Resolved, That we adjourn to meet in this place on the evening of the *10th September* next the anniversary of *Perry's Victory.—Philadelphia paper.*

A WORD TO LITTLE BOYS.—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well; who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respect age, and who never get into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is dilligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT.—The New York Herald of Sunday says, that Yankee Sullivan has made a match to fight with Kroissey, the champion of California, about the middle of autumn, for $1000 aside.

Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are, the more they annoy you.

TRY THE EXPERIMENT!—The *Albany Cultivator* contains the following suggestion, which we commend to the attention of our farmers. We have, on repeated occasions, urged precisely the same thing, but we are satisfied it cannot be urged too often.

There has been no saying oftener repeated, and none more worthy of repetition, so far as farm economy is concerned, than "A place for everything, and everything in its place." One of the best modes for every farmer to apply this rule in practice, is to make a complete list of all his farm implements, from his wagons, carts and plows, down to awls, gimlets and screw-drivers.—Let every implement be immediately returned to its place after using, no matter how inconvenient this may be, instead of throwing it on the ground till forgotten, with the intention of replacing it when a suitable moment occurs to do so. Now, if any one is unprepared to adopt this plan, we would recommend the following experiment, in order to reduce its merits to the test of accurate figuring:—Let him keep an accurate record of all the time lost in one year by hunting for lost tools in times of emergency, adding in the losses occasioned by keeping other persons or teams in waiting, while the search is in progress, also adding the waste occasioned by the consequent exposure of such tools to the weather, or by finally losing them—and not forgetting to estimate the detriment to his crops and farming operations generally, by the delay, thus frequently occasioned. (He may likewise, if he chooses, keep an account current of the vexation caused by these frequent annoyances—unless he is so far gone that disorder and delay are matters of indifference to him.) We have no doubt that such an experiment as this, faithfully followed out, would greatly surprise him at the end of the year, and furnish satisfactory proof of the immense superiority of the plan first proposed by us. Who will be willing to give *both* ways a full trial?—*Ex.*

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS.—We saw, yesterday, the model of a machine for cutting corn in the stalk. It is partially upon the plan of Mr. McCormick's reaping machine, and is designed to cut two rows of corn at a time. Between two wheels there is an axle, to each end of which is attached a knife for cutting each row of corn. To the axle is also attached shafts for the horse which pulls the machine. The horse walks between the rows of corn, and the knife just on the inside of each wheel cuts the corn, which falls on a bed or place to catch it, in a manner resembling the operations of a wheat reaper. The bed which catches the corn, opens in the centre, at the pleasure of the operator, to discharge the corn in bundles. We are informed that with one man and a horse the machine will cut 20 acres of corn per day. It is an invention of a citizen of Illinois.—*Rich. Enquirer.*

BOSTON, July 20.

The Fisheries—A Change in Affairs—The Colonists Petitioning for the Removal of Restrictions Against American Fishermen.—The schooner L. McKenzie, from the Bay of St. Lawrence, the first of the mackerel fleet arrived at Gloucester, reports that the fish have not been plentiful this season. The Captain saw a number of armed vessels belonging to the British fleet. An officer from one of the Colonial vessels boarded him, and, in a very gentlemanly manner, stated that vessels having more than two guns or muskets on board were likely to be seized. He also said it was understood that American fishing vessels were not allowed to enter the Bay of Chaleur, and stated that when a vessel is seized for fishing within the limits, if the crew dispute the distance, it is to be measured

The Captain also states that most of the people of St. John's Island, Cape Breton and Gut of Canso, who formerly petitioned for official vessels to drive off the American fishermen, are now signing petitions to have the restrictions removed, as formerly the presence of American fishermen brought considerable business to these points, whilst now they will soon be in a starving condition, and obliged to call upon the Government for pecuniary aid.

AN OLD VETERAN.—There is at present incarcerated within the jail at Albany, an old man named McDonald, who has "stuck it" through one hundred and five years of existence, and at the present day looks, appears and acts the man of five-and-forty.—His flesh retains all of its youthful appearance, being fresh and full of vigor, and not emaciated, as is generally the case. His life has been one of extraordinary diversity, having been engaged in almost every avocation of calling. He was a participant in the battle of Cowpens, and, from his story, we infer he had done most efficient service. In the course of some remarks made to an acquaintance of ours, he said that he had knocked down Mad Anthony Wayne with a blow from his fist; but whether this is commendatory of the "old man" or not we cannot opine. The old man is confined for some petit offence, and does not seem to take his incarceration anyways uneasy.

SKINNING A WITNESS.—A blacksmith was summoned to a county court as a witness, in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied—"I told the fools to settle—for I said the clerks would take their coats—the lawyers their shirts—and if they got into your honor's court, you'd skin 'em."

Starch up, brush your whiskers, dress fashionable, and lay in a plentiful supply of soft nonsense, and the girls will call you a nice young man.

TO DRIVE AWAY BUGS.—Put a piece of assafœtida, about the size of a pea, in each hill of cucumbers will prevent them from being troubled with the striped yellow bug.

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