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POET'S CORNER.

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle and witty,
As any the world ever knew;
Talk not about Spanish,
Circassian or Danish,
Or Greeks, 'neath their summer skies blue;
But give me our lasses,
As sweet as the grass is,
When sprinkled with roses and dew!

Each lip like blossoms,
Each fair swelling bosom,
As white as the high driven snow;
With eyes softly flashing,
Like spring bubbles dashing
O'er hill rocks to valleys below;
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we for lovelier go.

O, ours are the fairest,
The sweetest, and rarest,
The purest and fondest I see;
Their hearts are the truest,
Their eyes are the bluest,
Their spirits so noble and free;
O give me no other,
True love, sister, mother,
Our own are the chosen for me!

MISCELLANY.

THE SUCCESSFUL GOING ON OF MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

PAINEVILL, Dec. 27, 1842.

Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir:—Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, as slick as a whistle, tho' it come mighty nigh being a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance. The fact is, I'd made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest come rite out with the whole business, but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind a blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But your'e a married man Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you about popping the question, as they call it. Its a mighty great favor to ax of a rite pretty gal, and to people as ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron and went over to old Miss Stanley. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all a sitting round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out—

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin when she put it over the door."

"No, I didn't—I didn't do no such thing now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as that's any charm in chicken bones."

I know'd that was a first rate chance to say somethin, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zactly to the pint, so I took up a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone, and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that bone now, Major?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia."

When I sed that she blushed worse and worse."

"Aint you shamed Majer?" says she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," ses Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stanly, "when I was a gal we used to hang up our stockins"—

"Why mother!" ses all of 'em "to say stockins rite afore———"

Then I felt a little streaked too, caus they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady—"what 'finement. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockins. People now-a-days is getting so mealy-mouthed that they can't call nothing by its name, and I don't see as they're any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockings and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kept laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "the Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean THAT," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a three bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I; "she ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enough to hold it and you'll find out what it is in the mornin."

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah and then whispered too her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spected somethin.

You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And you promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, caus I know you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and about nine o'clock I told 'em good evening and went home.

I set up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a great big meal bag hanging to the jise. It was monstrous unhandy to git into it, but I was tarmined not to back out; so I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag, but jest as I was getting in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stanley's grate cur dog, and here he cum ripin and tarin through the yard like wrath and round and round he went trying to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind began to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round aud swingin so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth ratlin like I had an ager. It seemed like if it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerfully I would froze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I tho't how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went into a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come upon the porch and began to smell bout the bag, and then he barked like the tho't he had treed somethin. "Bow wow, wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out," ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me; "Bow wow, wow!" ses he. "Begone! you bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I couldn't see whar bouts he'd take hold. "Bow, wow, wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it want no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when day-light was brakin, only by the chickens crowin, and was monstrus glad to hear 'em, for if I had to stay there one hour more I don't believe I'd ever got out o' that bag alive.

Old Miss Stanley come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

"What upon yearth has Joseph put into that long bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar, shivern all over so I couldn't speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My Lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"O, it's alive!" ses Kesiah, "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and let this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

"Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Major himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The gals laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushing off the meal as fast as they could, saying they was gwine to hang up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes, she blushed as beautiful as a moringlory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She rite out o' bed, and her hair was'nt fixt at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fotch me too. I tell you what, it was worth haugin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel so happy as I have ever since.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I had thawed. In the forenoon all the Stanleys come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that was ever seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down at the same table. Old Miss Stanley and mother settled the match and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about their ded husbands, caus they wasn't alive to see their children married.

It is all settled now, cept we aint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young gals always like to be engaged awhile, you know, so spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she says I must call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal trouble and botherashun to me, but if you could see her, you would'nt think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possible kin. I'll let you know. No more from your friend till death. JOS. JONES.

AN AMUSING COLLOQUY.

A journeyman printer lately set out on foot from the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hundred miles, with an old *brass rule* and three dollars cash in his pocket. He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being weary, called at the inn of a Dutchman, who he found quietly smoking his pipe, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Vell, Mishter Valking Sthich, vot you vant?"

"Refreshment and repose."

"*Supper and lodgings*, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, supper and lodgings."

"Pe you a Yankee pedlar, mit chewerly in your pack to cheat te gals?"

"No sir; no Yankee pedlar."

"A singing teacher, too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A cheenteel shoemaker, vot stchays till Saturday night, and laysh drunk in the porch hafter Sunday?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before this. But I am not disposed longer to submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and lodgings?"

"Torkely. But vot be you, a book achent, taking honest peopl's money for a little larnin' that only makes em lazy?"

"Try again, your worship."

"A dentist, breaking te people's chaws, at a tollar a schnag, and running off mit old Shambock's daughter?"

"No, sir, no tooth puller."

"A Kernolojus, den, feeling te young folks heds, like so many cabbitch, and charging 25 cents for telling their fortunes, like a blame'd Yankee?"

"No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excellency."

"Vell, den, vot de tifle are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of te best sassage for suppor, and stchay all night, free gratis, mitout charging you a cent; mit a chill of whiskey to sthart on pefore prekfast."

"Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy without further circumlocution, I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all arts—a typographer, at your service!"

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints nooshpapers! Oh! yaw! yaw! By Choopiter—aye! aye! Datsch it! a man vot prints nooshpapers—yaw! yaw! Valk up, valk up, Mishter Brinter! Cheems, take de chentleman's pack off. Chon, pring some junks to the fire. A man vot prints nooshpapers. *I vish I may be shot if I didn't dink you vas a tailor.*"

A COCK IN A CUPBOARD.

I remember passing a winter's night in a very strange manner. When I was about 18 years old, being quartered near a country village, I bought a fine game cock, not to fight, but to keep. He was as fine a feathered biped as ever strutted on a pair of legs. I had him carried home, where he and I arrived about five o'clock on a winter's evening. It so happened that another youth and myself were obliged for a time to occupy one small sleeping apartment. I had a full sized bed in it; my companion occupied a small travelling bed, which fitted him like a coffin, folded up into a portmanteau in the day, and was laid out at night by his servants. No sooner had I arrived than I was summoned to dinner; but what must I do with Chanticleer? I was puzzled; so I put him, *pro tempore*, into a dark wooden cupboard, close to the floor, among a parcel of old shoes and coats and pans, and shut the door. Chanticleer, no doubt, made the best of his quarters and went to roost. I went off to dinner, and, in the hurry and bustle of a party, forgot the cock as completely as if he had never existed.

Now it so happened that my friend's little bed was planted with the pillow end close to this same cupboard, the sleeper's ear almost touching the key hole, the cupboard not being bigger than a good sized box. About twelve o'clock I came home, got into my bed, and fell fast asleep, still unconscious of Chanticleer and all that was soon to ensue. My friend had been fast snoring in the arms of Morpheus for an hour gone.

How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was startled with a lengthened roar, which made me think some horrid convulsion of nature was taking place in the whole country. All aghast and half asleep, I listened, and presently was made fully aware of what had taken place, and would be persisted in; for these birds, be it known, crow full twenty minutes at a stretch, quarter minute time. I thought it quite unnecessary to awaken my friend, since to sleep was impossible.

"The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse him from his lowly bed."

These lines do not apply to my friend. On went the cock, yelling, at short stated intervals, more like a horse than any other noise I know. The cock was not aware that my friend's ear was only half an inch distant from his own beak.—Nor was he aware that the cupboard door acted as a perfect sounding board. So on he went roaring his orison in a style which set the furniture of the room in a state of tumult. I beg the reader will not fancy an abrupt, short, deep crow; there was nothing guttural in it; it was quite the reverse of the Tyrolese minstrels; every crotchet of it came from the throat, clear, angry, loud, and above all, long, very long. Presently I heard manifest proofs of uneasiness from my tenant in the truckle bed. On went the single again and again repeated. At last I heard a voice cry, "Oh Lord, what is that?" The cock was lent for a moment; till again he [illegible] angry pipe. "What is this Shrill Noise?" Again it was repeated long enough to tear down the house. "Pweek!"

I could bear it no longer; the desire to laugh was insupportable; so I crammed the bolster into my mouth. The cock continued his matins, my friend struggled with the horrid annoyance, and also with sleep, till at last Chanticleer, by one violent effort, upset a pan upon which no doubt, he was perched. The compound clamor raised my friend upon his legs. In a dreadful rage, mixed with amazement and curiosity, he flew to the tinder box to strike a light. When I saw the expression of his face puffing at the match it was insufferably comic. But it would require ribs of steel not to explode with laughter when his question to me of 'Oh dear, dear, what is this noise?" was drowned by a yell from Chanticleer; and to see his look, when after allowing the cock fully to finish, I replied as if waking them from a deep sleep, 'What noise do you mean?' At last, wearied with laughter, I told him all, showed him where the hero was deposited. Instantly he removed his bed. Determined upon vengeance he opened the cupboard door which was no sooner done than the terrified animal battered out the light with his wings, and escaped into some corner of the room. The candle was lost; so down lay my friend, grumbling. At break of day, Chanticleer again commenced but he was quickly assailed with boots and shoes and all kinds of missiles, from both beds, which silenced him till breakfast.

Such a night of restlesness and fun I never did pass before, and I fear never shall again—it is not often that one gets so hearty and so innocent a laugh, although, to be sure, my friend and Chanticleer were sufferers.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DANIEL O' CONNELL.—Daniel O'Connell was born on the 6th of August, 1775, at Carhen, near Caherciveen, in the barony of Iversaugh, and county of Kerry, (the very year in which British oppression forced the American people to seek security in arms, and commence that bloody struggle by which they established their national independence.) His father was Morgan O' Connell, Esq., of Carhen, who was married to Catharine, daughter of John O'Mullane, Esq., of Whitechurch, in the county of Cork.

His father's mother was of the Donoghues, (*dhuv*) or black chiefs of their tribe. Mr. O'Connell was educated on the continent, partly at Louvain, partly at St. Omers, and partly at Douay. On his return to Britain, he had to undergo the formality of studying his profession, the law, in England; for, to use his own words, "when he was prepared to enter Trinity College, Trinity College was not prepared to meet him." Having swallowed the regular number of legs of mutton at the Middlesex Temple, he was duly admitted to the Irish Bar, in Easter term, 1796. Mr. O'Connell married on the 2d of June 1802, his relative Mary, daughter of Edward O'Connell, M. P., of Tralee. He succeeded his father in 1809, and in 1815, by the death of his uncle, Maurice O'Connell, Esq., succeeded in the family estate of Derrinane. The O'Connell family are proverbial for living to a very old age. General Count O'Connell, Knight of the Cross of the order of the Holy Ghost, and Colonel of the late 6th regiment of the Irish Brigade, in the British service, was uncle to the Liberator; he died on the 9th of July, 1835, at Mendon, near Blois, in France. He was the youngest of the twenty-two children by one marriage; of whom over one-half lived to the age of 92, of which age this venerable patriot died; he was born in August, 1734, at Derrinane, the residence of his father, Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

GRAMMAR IN THE BACK WOODS.

"Class in Grammar come to the floor. 'Now, John commence. 'All the world is in debt.' Parse world.'

'World is a general noun, common metre, objective case, and governed by Miller.'

'Very well. Sam parse debt.'

'Debt is a common noun, impressive mood, and dreadful case.'

'That'll do. Read the next sentence.'

'Boys and girls must have their play.'

'Philip, parse boys.'

'Boys is a particular noun, singular number, uncertain mood, laughable case, and agrees with girls.'

'The next.'

'Boys ia a masculine noun, inferior number, conjunctive mood, and belongs to the girls, with which it agrees.

'School's dismissed.'

"Oh, dear, Mr. Foster! you jest when you say that my baby is the handsomest one you ever seen—you must be soft-soaping it!" Well, madam, I thought it needed soap of some kind."

Joseph Long has espoused Jane Wrunn, in Petersburg, Vt. Hope they will find life in the long Wrunn pleasant and prosperous.

National Affairs.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

WORK FOR CONGRESS.

The Federal Legislature will soon meet. What will it do? This is a grave question; and if we answered it according to experience, we should say that Congress would do very little, and if according to our ideas of congressional duty, that it would do much. Several abuses at home should be reformed, and some important foreign relations should be settled; and if Congress accomplish one half of the work that ought to admit no delay, they will do more than any preceding Congress since the peace of 1815.

Among the most important of our foreign affairs, is the dispute with England about the Oregon Territory. On this, as on the Canada question, our Government have committed a capital error in permitting it to be a subject of negotiation. We should have said in the beginning, that we admit no adverse claim; that we will not hold an argument about the right of ownership; that the territory is ours, and will be defended at all hazards; and that while we listen to any proposition for a purchase or cession, it must be made upon no other ground than full and explicit admission of our proprietary right. Had we taken and maintained this ground upon the Canada question, the British Government would never have made such bold pretensions, or supported them so insolently; for, notwithstanding all their parade of military preparation, in maintaining an army in Canada at an enormous expense, they dreaded nothing so much as a war with the United States. Upon this ground, we should have still retained the whole territory, or have sold, for an ample equivalent, a small fraction of it, comparatively useles to our natural enemy. But, by a timid and temporizing policy which allowed the British Government to persist in a groundless claim, and which, as if not satisfied about the justice of our own claim, referred the question to a third party, entirely under English influence, we encouraged that Government to persevere in its unjust demands, and finally to obtain for an equivalent without value, an important military station on our frontier. We have pursued the same timid policy upon the Oregon question. In 1828 Dr. Floyd, a member of the House from Virginia, introduced a bill to organize a Territorial Government in Oregon, upon which he could hardly obtain a respectful hearing. And yet he plainly saw, at that early period, the designs of the British Government upon this territory, with a view to its great project—the command of the Pacific Ocean. So the late Dr. Linn, Senator from Missouri, applied his powerful head and patriotic heart to this subject, and with the same success that followed the efforts of Dr. Floyd. Congress did not seem to look far enough into futurity, or scan sufficiently the policy of England, to comprehend either of these legislators. But since then our distinguished fellow-citizen, Peter A. Browne—one of those men of which Philadelphia produces more than any other of our cities; who keeping aloof from political life, employ their powerful intellects and extensive knowledge in developing some subjects of general importance—Congress is left without excuse for longer neglect of this important territory. The National voice will now proclaim thet Congress must take possession of Oregon—must organize a Territorial Government—must treat the English claim to Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, or Louisiana, as utterly preposterous, as thoroughly insolent—and must assert our national rights, and prepare to enforce them. No other mode of meeting England is safe. She must always be met in the very threshold of an unjust claim with a prompt and decided negative, and a show of the sword. This course, and this only, will insure peace. Any other will invite aggression, to terminate in submission or war. The British Government, in presenting claims, must always be met like a swindler with a pistol in his pocket—like a man intent on injustice, to be sought through fraud; and if that fail, through violence.

THE NORTH-EASTERN BOUNDARY.

The survey and demarcation of the boundary between the United States and the British provinces of New Brunswick and Canada, as defined by the treaty of Washington, have been advanced the past season, we understand from the Boston Courier, with much industry and with much success. No controversy or misunderstanding of any moment has arisen as to the line described in the treaty, and it is not at all probable that any doubt or difference of opinion can arise in the minds of the commissioners, respecting the remainder of the line to be marked. The whole is clearly defined by the treaty, and both countries are represented, in their commissioners, by intelligent, frank, and liberal minded gentlemen, who are above any petty cavil in the discharge of their important duties.

The boundary has already been surveyed and marked in such a way as to define the limits of jurisdiction of the respective governments, from the monument at the source of the river St. Croix, to the outlte of Lake Pokenagemoc, on the river St. Francis. No dispute or collission, as to the right of jurisdiction, can therefore hereafter arise upon this important portion of our frontier. It embraces the whole Madawaska settlement, which is by far the most populous portion of the line until it reaches the frontiers of Vermont and New York. Monuments of cast iron have been erected along the greater portion of the meredian line, at the distance of one mile apart, and the whole of that line will be thus marked before the close of the season's operations. The termini of the straight line between the outlet of Lake Pokenagamook, and the northwest branch of St. John, have been determined astronomicaliy, in latitude and longitude, and the greater part of the river St. John above the mouth of the St. Francis, has also been accurately surveyed.

The astronomical operations were still, however, going on north of the 47th degree of latitude, as late as the 5th November, notwithstanding the country was at that time covered with snow, nearly a foot deep. These operations are conducted on the part of the United States, by Major Graham, of the United States corps of Topograpical Engineers, assisted by Lieutenant Meade of the same corps, and on the part of Great Britain, by Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Pipon, of the corps of Royal Engineers. The labor of these gentlemen will probably close for the present season, by the middle of November.—*N. Y. Plebian.*

POLITICAL CHOWDER.—Daniel Webster has been treating his Yankee friends to a dish of political chowder. At a meeting of Whigs at Andover, in Massachusetts, he dealt out to his "blue light" friends his old speeches on a National Bank, warmed up as a "harsh;" but perfectly destitute of any spice or seasoning. He mounted the high tariff hobby and set off at full gallop. The New York Plebian has the following on the subject:—

WEBSTER'S SPEECH—THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

Daniel Webster may be set down as decidedly the greatest humbug of the age.—He humbugs politicians, humbugs capitalists, humbugs presidents, and but just now, has been humbugging the people of Massachusetts, by the delivery of a speech at Andover, which, for lack of argument, or sound reasoning, is positively beneath contempt.—Even the Whig press are ashamed of this puerile effort of the great "steam engine in breeches," as they *have* been fond of denominating him. The Whig Express of this city says of it:

"What we have, is Whig—Massachusetts Whig, Mr. Webster avowing that he shall give a Whig (Briggs) vote, but the speech has none of that fire, that vigor, that deep-toned, heart-born eloquence, which, in the glorious campaign of 1839—40, were wont to mark the efforts of Mr. Webster in the furtherance of the good cause; and to stir all true Whig hearts, like the sound of a trumpet. There is an evident restraint in the manner of expressing his views which belongs not to the character of the speaker; and which contrasts strikingly with the frank, open, and noble manner, in which he has hitherto addressed us on public matters.'

But what doss he say about national affairs? asks the politician. Why, dear reader, he is out as flat as a flounder for another National Bank, and to prove that he is of the same opinion now that he ever has been—*at times*, he quotes from his speech delivered at Faneuil Hall, 1839, and while exchanges never were as one in this movement, he calls for a National Bank to regulate them. He has evidently forgotten his assertion made at the same place two years since, that he was "a bullionist," and also that he not long since asserted that the question of a National Bank had become "an obsolete idea." But this was while he was in the cabinet. He forgot on Thursday while speaking to his Andover friends, that in coming out for a National Bank it was an implied censure (was it not intended as direct?) upon Mr. Tyler, whose confidence he meanly deceived that he might continue in office.

PARADISE REGAINED.

A Mr. Etzler, a German by birth, though a citizen of Pennsylvania, has published a book of which the aim is to show that "Paradise is within the reach of all men, without labor." We have not seen the book, but copy the following *programme* from an extract given in the Democratic Review:—

"Fellow men! I promise to show you the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where every thing desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance, *without labor and without pay*; when the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens; when he may accomplish, without labor, in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years; may level mountains, sink valleys, create lakes, drain swamps and intersect the land every where with beautiful canals and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons and for travelling 1000 miles in twenty-four hours, may cover the ocean with floating islands, moveable in any desired direction with immense power and celerity, in perfect security; may explore the interior of the globe and travel from pole to pole in a fortnight, and lead a life of continual happiness and enjoyments yet unknown &c."

To accomplish all these magnificent results, Mr. Etzler proposes to employ simply the powers of nature; and enters into grave arithmetical computations to show, for instance, that the power of the wind as it blows over the earth might be made equal to the performance of 80,000 times as much work as all the men on the globe could do. He has a mode of seizing upon this power, by erecting *fences* of high sails all over this earth and storing up in a reservoir, by raising a weight, or water, to some great height, the motive force of which may thus be used at pleasure. The tide is to be used in the same way and the power of the waves.—The ocean he promises to render equally inhabitable with the dry land, and new facilities for transportation, locomotion, &c., are derived to an indefinite extent.—Houses, rooms, and all the necessaries of life are to be beautified infinitely, and existence is to be made perfectly free from every thing that can render it in the least degree disagreeable or vexatious. About two hundred and twenty millions of dollars is all that is needed for the first experiment; and certainly every one must consider Paradise cheap at that. If we hear of "transactions" in this new stock we will endeavor to report them.—[*Courier & Enquirer.*

☞ A man observed to his wife that she was beautiful, dutiful, youthful, plentiful, and an armfull.

What a rarity—isn't it?

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