

POETICAL.



The following lines are the result of some of the author's reflections upon the spirit that prompted the formation of Native American Societies—1843, by one who had the misfortune to be born in a foreign land.

Awake my muse, and never tire— Inspire me with poetic fire; For of my country I would write— Of Freedom and of Equal Right This hallow'd day.

How can we on this joyful day Join with Columbia's sons and say, "We pledge our lives and honors dear, That we may live in Freedom here," If denied its boon?

For what did those patriots bleed and die, But to give liberty to you and I? No selfish bargain has been heard of yet, Between Washington and La Fayette. To exclude us.

Would you see this glorious fabric stain'd, Established here by that noble band? Invite to come from every clime, Freedom's sons, brothers of mine, Though aliens.

Spirit of Washington! draw near, And tell these modern patriots dear, You fought for the oppress'd of every land; For of such was composed your Spartan band, Through all the fight.

Was it for this that La Fayette came— Left his all and crossed the main, To establish Liberty for you here? And can you refuse to let his children share? No! oh, never!

Do each of you Natives claim to be An Aristocrat; and in aliens see Arnold's principles, plans and treachery? Designs diabolical, with lechery Of hideous meanness.

How fares Columbia's sons in foreign land? Why, some rise to be second in command. And nobly too, even in the most despotic, Do free America's sons, although exotic, Occupy high places.

Lord Lyndhurst a Bostonian. The Mayor of Liverpool was an American merchant; and many other instances might be named.

Miscellaneous.

A SCENE AFTER BATTLE. From an account written by a clergyman, of what he witnessed just after the battle of Solden, we quote a pretty fair specimen of what war is:

"At one o'clock," says he, "the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Solden, in order to learn to whose advantage the battle had turned out. Towards evening, seven hundred of the Russian fugitives came to Solden, a pitiful sight indeed—some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying, praising the king of Prussia; without hats, without clothes—some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up—some dragging along by the stirrups and others by the horses' tails.

"When the battle was decided, and victory was shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards me. I mounted him, and on my way for some miles and a half on this side of the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, sadly cut to pieces. The farther I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped upon one another.

"The scene I never shall forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Dear sir, water! water! water!' Righteous God, what a sight! Men, women and children, Russians and Prussians, carriages, horses and oxen, chests and baggage, all lying on top one another, to the height of a man! Seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire.

"The poor wounded (what a horrid exhibition of war spirit) were still lying on one another in the greatest exasperation! The field of battle was a plain two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded; there was not even room enough to set my foot down without stepping on some of them! Several brooks were so filled with Russians, that I do affirm it, they lay heaped upon one another as high as two men, and appeared like hills to the eye around!

"I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, 'Sir, you are a minister of the Lord and preach mercy; pray show me some compassion, and despatch me at once.'

Here is war—and the disciples of the Prince of Peace sanction such methods of settling such disputes between rational and civilized and Christian men—between nations any more than between individuals! In all this, what is there which the gospel can approve, or on which the God of Love can look with can look with complacency.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—At a recent coon mass meeting, held in Woodstock, Vermont, one of the orators grew amazingly eloquent, and to prove that Mr. Polk was not capable of filling the office of President of the United States, he exclaimed at the top of his voice— 'Who ever heard of a woman's naming her son after James K. Polk?'—and then made a long and significant pause, as if inviting an answer.

"I never did," exclaimed a beautiful democratic lady in the crowd, who had been married about six months previous, "but I know one that intends to!"

DEATH OF THOS. CAMPBELL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF 'THE PLEASURE OF HOPE.' It is with sincere regret we announce the death of this amiable man and celebrated accomplished poet, which took place on Saturday last at Boulogne sur-Mer, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health. Mr Campbell, we believe, was in his 64th year, and was a native of Glasgow. In early life he occupied the situation of tutor in a private family, residing on the sea coast of the island of Mull, and while there planned, and partly executed, his celebrated poem 'The Pleasure of Hope.' Mr Campbell afterwards removed to Edinburgh; and again, after a short interval, to London. He settled at Sydenham and devoted himself to literature. The success of his poem, 'The Pleasure of Hope,' procured his admission into the most intellectual society of London, and he was universally recognized as one of the brightest stars in that bright galaxy of poets who shed a lustre on the first quarter of the present century. The mingled eloquence and fervor of his style—the independence and liberality of his ideas—and the nobleness of his aspirations for the freedom and improvement of mankind—rendered him a great accession to the liberal cause in those days when liberalism was a greater merit, and less widely extended than it is now, and the warmest anticipations were indulged in of the future career of the young poet. He successively published the poems of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' which he himself preferred to the 'Pleasure of Hope,' and in which verdict the best judges of poetry agree; 'Theodoric,' various songs and ballads, and more lately 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe.'

This 'Theodoric' has found but few admirers; his 'Pilgrim of Glencoe,' written in the decline of his years and imagination, still fewer, but the universal voice of criticism has pronounced his lyrics to be without exception the finest in the language. There is nothing equal of their kind in the whole range of our literature to 'the Battle of the Baltic,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'Hohenlieden;' lyrics which, indeed, to use the words of Sir Philip Sidney, in speaking of the ballads of Chevy Chase, 'strike the heart like the sound of a trumpet.' Many others of his ballads and lyrics are scarcely inferior: 'Lochiel's Warning,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The last man,' 'Wreathen's Gentle Hind,' and others, rise before us as we recall them to our memory, and make us deplore that the poet who could write so well would write so little, and that he has left the world no more compositions like those—so fine in conception, so elegant and so vigorous in execution, so tender and so true in their sentiment. Mr Campbell, besides publishing a selection from the British poets, which has become a standard work, was the author of various prose compositions, which, had he not been so great a poet, would alone have gained him fame; but the merits of which were comparatively obscured by the greater blaze of that more difficult and more glorious renown which encircles the true poet. The principal prose work he wrote were, a 'Life of Mrs Siddons,' and a 'Life of Petrarch.' He also published 'Letters from Algiers,' whether he wrote for a short visit in 1832, and more recently edited a 'Life of Frederick the Great.' Mr Campbell was at one time connected with the Star newspaper. He afterwards edited the New Monthly Magazine, and on retiring from that office established the Metropolitan, which, however, he did not long continue to edit.

INK SPOTS.—Spots made by black writing ink, on the pages of a book, may be removed by washing them with a solution of oxalic acid in water. The spot must be afterward washed with clear water. In this way the writer has easily removed fresh ink and left the page white, and old spots have been nearly obliterated.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN EUROPE. A travelling New Yorker, writing from Florence to the editor of the New York Tribune, takes the following notice of some of our countrymen who have distinguished themselves by their talent and genius as sculptors: "The mantle of Michael Angelo seems to have been wafted over to the new continent which has derived its name from another Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci. Crawford, Powers, Greenough, Cleverger, and others, command the high admiration of even the fastidious Italians; and their genius and skill seem better appreciated by them than by their own countrymen. Crawford—who will hereafter be named with Canova and Thorwaldsen—is in Rome, and Cleverger has unhappily died with his first ideal work unfinished; but Powers and Greenough are still in Florence. In the rooms of the latter is the colossal model of his Washington, (the original of which is by this time too familiar to you to need any comment,) with many other statues and busts in various stages of progress, among which is a very finely-conceived and executed David, whose countenance and bearing admirably express his modest pride and subdued exaltation for the victory over the Philistine, upon whose sword he leans.

Powers has just finished his Eve. She is a perfect woman not of the girlish beauty which some might abstractedly prefer, but such as should be the mother of mankind. She stands erect, unlike all the Venuses of antiquity; for she feels no shame, and no necessity for any concealment. She is gazing at the apple which she holds in her right hand, and seems to be deeply pondering whether to eat it or not, forgetting that the woman who deliberates is lost. In her left hand are others of the fatal fruit for the benefit of her husband, when she has yielded to the suggestions of the serpent, who winds around a stump by her side. You will probably have the pleasure of seeing it in America, either as the property of Mr Preston, of South Carolina, or as an attractive and valuable object of public exhibition. An English gentleman has seized upon the sweetly pensive and gracefully constrained 'Greek slave' of the same artist. Some American sculptor secure in time his yet unfinished 'Fisher Boy,' a figure whose occupation is shown by the net and filler in his right hand, while with his left he holds a conch-shell to his ear in the superstitious belief that its murmurings will foretell to him

any approaching storm. It embodies very happily the well-known lines of Wordsworth, which describe "A curious child, applying to his ear The convolutions of a smooth lipped-shell, To which, in silence hushed, his very soul Listened intently, and his countenance soon Brightened with joy, for murmuring from within Were heard—honorous cadences—whereby, To his belief, the monitor expressed Mysterious union with its native sea."

The grace and beauty of the composition will probably attract the taste of some foreigner; and we may be deprived of its possession; for marble and labor must be paid for, and an artist is compelled to sell his works to the first fair bidder, however ardently he may desire to send them to his own country. But where individual wealth falls short, the combined public should come forward to supply its deficiencies, and each contributing his share to the organization of a public gallery of the fine arts, under whatever form may be found most efficient in procuring and preserving the best works of American artists. They would thus give the most powerful assistance to the development and success of native genius. W. M. G.

THE DYING WIFE.—There is an affecting passage in one of the letters of Mrs Grant of Logan, recently published, describing the death of Mrs Branton, author of 'Self-Control,' 'Discipline,' etc. Being for a long time without offspring, she signified herself by her tender care of the forlorn and helpless children of others. At length, after being nineteen years married, her only earthly wish seemed about to be granted. 'Why,' says Mrs Grant, 'should I tell you of our hopes and joys on this occasion? After three days of great suffering, she gave birth to a still-born child. She insisted on seeing it, held it in her hand, and said, 'The feeling this hand has caused to my heart will never leave it.' Shortly after, a relative came in, and spoke tenderly of her loss. 'There was nothing so dear to me as my child,' she replied, 'and I make my Saviour welcome to it.' She sorrowed most of all, as she lay upon her death-bed, for her bereaved husband, thinking sadly with the tender English poet:

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth, And then, more loved than ought beneath the sun, He had to leave me, and shall there then be none To comfort me, no gentle little one To clasp my neck, and lock remembrance in?"

DETERMINED TO PLEASE.—An Ohio merchant advertises that he has an elegant assortment of goods for the ladies, besides a handsome unmarried clerk. Of course the ladies will call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

A few days since, the Rev. Mr McClusky, Catholic Bishop of New York, was on a visit to one of the clergymen of his denomination in this city, and while here was invited to call on Governor Buck. Accordingly he visited the mansion of his Excellency, and after being introduced, the Governor, agreeably to his every-day salutation, inquired, "How is your wife and children?" The astonished bishop was a little surprised at first, but very good naturedly turned it off by asking the Governor to take a pinch of snuff, at the same time remarking that his friends were all well.—Albany Knickerbocker.

Miss Catharine Sedgwick has an antique ring, a relic of Napoleon, which was given to Gen. Devaux by Madame Bonaparte, as a memento of the ambitious conqueror, his particular friend. Cut on a cornelian stone is the head of an armed knight, and upon lifting the stone, a blue satin cover is discovered, upon which is a very minute lock of Napoleon's hair. The ring is a perfect bijou.—N. Y. True Sun.

TIME.—Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun poseth and the sand runs. In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the indifference which follows from good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it takes away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do not buy pleasure with expense of time; so it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. Time is a ship which never anchors; while I am aboard, I had better do those things which may advantage my landing, than practice such things as will cause my commitment when I come on shore.

LIFE AND ITS CARES.—In all this wide world there is nothing but suffering: the child cries in its cradle; it begins as it will continue. In all ranks there is the same overpowering misery: the poor man has all the higher faculties of his being absorbed in a perpetual struggle with cold and hunger; a step higher, and pretence comes to aggravate poverty; dig we cannot, and to beg we are ashamed. Go on into what are called the higher classes, and there we find ambition the fever of the soul, but there is no relief for them, and luxuries which have become as wearisome as wants. The feelings are either dull in selfish apathy, that excludes enjoyment, or sadly keen, till a look or word is torture. Then your philosophers, your poets, your men of science—what do they do but spread breathing and healthful life on wasting pursuits, in which the very excess only shows how worthless it is to succeed? The mind feeds upon the body's pale sickness, and early decrepitude, overmaster even its spiritual essence. Too late it discovers that this earth is its prison, and not its home: the heart beats, and its pulses are the clockwork of wretchedness: the head examines only to find that all is void and worthless.

CAPITAL TRIAL OF PIRATES AT HALIFAX.

The piratical crew of the ship Saladin, recently arrested at Halifax, were put on trial in that city before the Supreme Court, on the 18th ult. Four of them—Anderson, Travassos, alias Johnson, George Jones and Wm. Hazleton—were first put on trial on the charge of piracy. One of them pleaded guilty. The jury brought in, after fifteen minutes' consultation, a verdict of guilty.

On the next day the prisoners all pleaded guilty to the charge of the murder of Capt. McKenzie. Carr and Galloway were then tried for the murder of Capt. Fielding. The Court charged the Jury that the crimes of Fielding, who must have been the inducer to the original piracy, were no palliation of the guilt of his murderers. The jury, however, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

A similar verdict was returned after the trial of the same men for the murder of Capt. Fielding's son. THE CONFESSIONS.—The following is the substance of the confession of the prisoners: When the Saladin was about leaving Valparaiso, Capt. Fielding, whose vessel had been confiscated for a breach of the revenue laws of the country, applied to Capt. McKenzie for a passage to England for himself and son; and they were taken on board as cabin passengers. Shortly after getting to sea, Fielding occasionally spoke to the men unfavorably of Capt. McKenzie, told them of the valuable cargo that was on board, and questioned them as to their courage and resolution, if they were called on to act in desperate circumstances. All his disclosures with them were separately, he never speaking to more than one at a time.

He finally told them, still speaking in this cautious manner, to only one at a time, that the crew were about to destroy the officers, and take the ship out of their hands. That the one whom he so addressed had better join them, or his own life would be in danger. In this diabolical manner he succeeded in seducing them, one after another, into a conspiracy, before they were aware of the true state of the case; and in an incredibly short time after the first mentioned his plans, he succeeded in obtaining the engagement to take part with him of a sufficient number to carry them into effect. The whole of this was effected in 14 days; and those who were in the plot, besides the prisoners, were of one watch, and consequently, all being on deck together, they had no difficulty in putting the plans into execution.

The night of the 13th of April was proposed for the tragedy, but one of the mutineers not being in his place on deck, and perhaps the whole of them being yet deficient of that hardihood which alone prepares the heart of a man for such dreadful deeds, the thing was delayed. Previous to the next night, Fielding had an opportunity to further infuse his spirit into them, excited their fears, inflamed their cupidity, and got them fully prepared for the deeds of blood.

The mate's watch, including all the mutineers, were then on deck; and Fielding, pretending that he was irritated by an argument which he had with Capt. McKenzie, remained on deck, in conversation with the unsuspecting mate, who repeatedly asked him why he did not go down to the cabin to his rest. This he evaded, and still remained on deck. Finally, it now being near twelve at night, the mate went to the cabin to the helm, and told him to steer as well as he could, and as he was unwell, he would lie down a spell on the hen coop. Here, then, was a favorable opportunity for them; all their victims in their total power. The captain in sleep and fancied security in his cabin; and half of the crew who were not in the plot, reposing below in their hammocks, and the only object that was in their way had now laid himself down, and sunk into a slumber among them.

This opportunity they had but too well improved.—The work of death was commenced by Johnson taking an axe, and in darkness and silence approaching the sleeping man, buried the edge of it in his head. Animation was immediately suspended, and without the least noise, they threw the lifeless body into the sea. The next plan was to kill the captain, and Jones and Anderson were sent down into the cabin for that purpose; but the sleeping man's dog was keeping watch for his safety, while his brother mate was plotting his death. This dumb animal made them too fearful to proceed, and they returned on deck. Their plan was then temporarily altered; they proceeded aft and called up the carpenter, and as soon as his head was above the companion, he received a blow with a hammer which stunned him. One of the conspirators then placed his hand over his mouth and two others threw him overboard.

The contact with the sea probably restored animation, and he called out murder! This became the accidental cause of calling Capt. McKenzie on deck. On the drowning man's calling murder, Fielding, then near the entrance to the cabin, called out with a loud voice, "A man overboard!" when Capt. McKenzie, by the benevolent design of saving some of his crew, rushed up on deck, and no sooner had he got there, but he was attacked with an axe by Anderson.

The blow, however, did not take effect, and the assaulted man grappled with the murderer, who, it would appear, retreated, for it was some distance from the cabin stairs when he was seized by Hazleton; and Johnson, who was commanded from the helm by Fielding to assist, running to the scene of action, took hold of one of his captain's hands. In this situation, with three of the murderers holding him, Fielding gave him repeated blows on the back part of the head with an axe, which made him a corpse. All this was done in much short of a minute; no noise was uttered, and the only word spoken by their victim, was when Fielding was approaching with the axe; the whole intention then appearing evident, he cried out, "O, Capt. Fielding!" As soon as the fatal blows suspended animation, the body was cast into the sea.

After a short consultation, they again assembled aft, and by way of arousing the watch below, they lowered the jib; the noise which this made, together with the calls of Fielding and others, soon brought the poor wretches on deck; and with perfect security to themselves,

AMONG THE THOUSAND. Medicines advertised as "certain cures" for pulmonary complaints, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT stands alone with its path to public confidence has been paved, not with pills, but CURES; and the vouchers for its efficacy include an array of names which, for character and respectability, cannot be surpassed in this country. Dr. Jayne, being himself a Physician, does not profess to perform physical impossibilities; but he does assert, and he is borne out by well authenticated facts, that in all diseases of the Lung and Chest, which are susceptible of cure without miraculous interference, his EXPECTORANT will restore the patient to health. No other medicine will remove mucous matter from the throat so thoroughly as this. It effectually loosens the coagulated masses from the membrane which lines the trachea, and at every cough the patient will bring up portions of the disengaged matter. In all complaints of the Pulmonary Organs, even where nature seems to be making no effort to throw off the disease, Jayne's Expectant imparts vigor to the machinery of respiration, and enables the patient to encounter themselves of the obstructions which had impeded their free operation. It has restored hundreds to perfect health, after their physicians had given them up as incurable, with consumption, Coughs, colds, asthma, influenza, bronchitis, hoop cough, spitting blood, in a word, all diseases of a Pulmonary nature yield to this preparation, if properly administered.

Rev. J. S. Maginnis, Professor in Hamilton, (N. Y.) Literary and Theological Seminary, says: "I would not be without Dr. Jayne's Medicines in my family for any consideration. I have found them successful in cases where all other means have failed."

Mr Nicholas Harris, corner of Front and Lombard streets, Philadelphia, was cured of cough, asthma, and bleeding of the Lungs, under which he labored for many years.

Rev. L. M. Allen, late of this city, but now of New York city, says: "I have used Jayne's Expectant, and have more confidence in it than in all other medicines of the kind."

Rev. Wm. Laws, of Middletown, Va., says: "I have used your Expectant, and found it an excellent medicine for pulmonary diseases."

Rev. John Beckwith, of Eastport, Maine, says: "Your Expectant has just cured a man whom his physician had given up to die with consumption; and also another in the very lowest stages of bronchitis."

Messrs. Sisson and Williams, Booksellers, Oswego, N. Y., say: "Your Expectant gives universal satisfaction." Rev. John Ellis, of New York city, says that two bottles cured him of influenza, a hard cough, and apparent consumption.

Mr Adrial Ely, of Watertown, N. Y., says: "Many respectable people offer certificates in favor of your Expectant, and I believe that all your medicines are the best preparations that have ever been offered to the public, for the relief of the afflicted and the cure of diseases."

Daniel Henshaw, Esq., Editor of the Lynn (Mass.) Record, says: "Jayne's Expectant is a very valuable Symplic, which we have lately used to good effect in curing a cough and loosening and breaking up a cold."

Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, of Dartmouth, Pa., says that it cured his son of croup in a few minutes.

The Banner (Me.) Journal says: "A trial of Jayne's Expectant will satisfy all that it is a speedy cure for coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, hoarseness, and all kinds of Pulmonary affections." Mr Ebenezer Webster, of Providence, R. I., was cured of a severe asthma by using five bottles.

Rev. Simon Siegfried was cured of influenza, a hoarseness, and a hard dry cough, by one bottle.

Dr. B. Babcock, of Poughkeepsie, says that knowing Dr. Jayne to be a regular Physician, and having used his medicines for a number of years, he has no family, does not hesitate to commend them to the public, and eminently as good medicines, and a valuable addition to our Materia Medica.

Rev. Jonathan Going, D. D., President of Granville College, Ohio, says: "We have labored under a severe cold, cough, and hoarseness, and that his efficacy as a restorative is beyond all question. He himself is imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectant." Mrs. Dilks, of Salem, N. J., was cured of asthma of 20 years' standing, by using two bottles of this medicine.

Mrs. Ward, also, of Salem, was cured of the same complaint, by using three bottles.

AMONG THE THOUSAND. (Continued)

Lewis C. Levin, Esq., the distinguished advocate of Temperance, stated at a meeting of upwards of three thousand persons, that he should not have been able to address them, but for the use of "Jayne's Expectant." He said that he had been laboring under a hoarseness and severe oppression of the chest, that he had pursued some of the Expectant the day before, which had relieved him in a few hours, and he found himself, contrary to his own expectation, able to address the multitude.

The Proprietor could send hundreds of other names equally respectable, who recommend Jayne's Expectant as a superior medicine, and a certain cure for the cure of all the various Pulmonary diseases.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC:

From the Rev. George W. Eaton, Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1843. Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir: I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifested over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant, appeared, and has continued to grow, so that I have had cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has grown nearly as much as it had long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me.

Respectfully yours, &c. GEO. W. EATON.

From the Sumnerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some friends since I called upon Mr. Mason, of Sumnerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated Hair Tonic, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered, to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the young hair was starting luxuriantly, and thicker than ever, and much longer at the times I had used it, and that with so much success that I am well convinced of its virtue and efficacy.

The hair is now coming out on my head in places which were perfectly bald, and is still growing.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1838. Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your Tonic. I have used it for about three months, and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried all the various sorts now employed for the hair, without experiencing much if any benefit. Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH, M. D., No. 173 Chestnut street.

The above Medicines are for sale by S. J. HINSDALE, Druggist, Fayetteville, May 11, 1844.

Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes, sir." [Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out and finds his horse missing.] "Where's my horse, boy?" "He's run'd away, sir."

"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No, sir; you tell'd me to keep my eye on him, and I did, till he got clean out of sight."

THE GRAHAM OYSTER.—Take young green corn and grate in a dish. To one pint of this add one egg well beaten, a small teaspoonful of flour, half cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix them well together. A table spoonful of these will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a little brown, and when done, butter them. Cream, if it can be procured, is better than butter.

An old woman, who on looking in her glass, found it too faithfully reflected her sunken eyes, wrinkled face, and faded complexion, said: "They do not make mirrors now as well as they used to do."

Mr Elkins, who resides in Willow street, Brooklyn, while standing on the dock at Nantucket, saw what is commonly called a Quohog clam, and a lobster mackereing around it. Presently the lobster picked up a large pebble and dropped it in the clam shell, which prevented it from closing, and then set about devouring its prey. This, says the Brooklyn Advertiser, certainly shows the lobster capable of drawing an inference and a clam out of its shell at the same time.

Mr Jekyll being told that Mr Raines the barrister was engaged as counsel for a Mr Hay, inquired, if Raines was ever known to do good for Hay?

"I never did," said Mr Raines. "No, Catherine," said Patrick to his wife, "you never catch a lie coming out of my mouth."

"You may well say that," replied Kate; "they fly out so fast that no body can catch 'em."

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