

ASTONISHING

AMONG THE THOUSAND MEDICINES advertised as "certain cures for pulmonary complaints," JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT stands a plain, reliable path to public confidence has been paved with pills, but CURE'S and the vouchers for its efficacy include an array of names, for character and responsibility, cannot be surpassed in this country. Dr. JAYNE, being himself a Physician, does not profess to perform physical impossibilities, but does assert, and he is borne out by well-authenticated facts, that in ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND CHEST, which are susceptible of cure without misadventurous interference, his EXPECTORANT will restore the patient to health. No other medicine will remove mucus or pus from the throat so thoroughly as this. It effectually loosens the congealed 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 EXPECTORANT imparts vigor to the machinery of respiration, and enables them to disengage themselves of the obstructions which have 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, Hooping Cough, Spitting Blood, in a word, all diseases of a PULMONARY nature yield to this preparation.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

December 4, 1783. Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be, And freedom find no champion and no child, Such as Columbia saw arise, when she sprang forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefield? Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild, Deep in the upturned forests, 'midst the roar Of cataracts, where nursing nature soiled On infant Washington!—Has worth no more Such seed will win her breast, or Europe no suchshore! [Byron.] The revolution was over. The eight years conflict had ended, and warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings—for, alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want and disease. The country had not the means to be grateful. The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and the oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier, at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other than that of the camp—their situation can be as well imagined as described. A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieutenant Colonel Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron: "For myself, I could stand by it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them. Come, come, said the Baron, don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters. When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude; for he left them all he had. In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburg, apparently in great distress. What's the matter, brother soldier? Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now Congress has no further use for me. The Baron was absent a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar which he had borrowed. There, it is all I could get—take it. The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said— God bless you, Master Baron. These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view, at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rock Hill, in November, 1783. And being now to conclude these, his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he had so long had the honor to command, he could only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene will be closed forever! The closing of this military scene, I am about to relate: New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days after, he notified the President of Congress that body was then in session, at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence, and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them more than seven years before. The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had charged in the heavy fight under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer—the manly firm and the dignified countenance of the great captain was henceforth to live only in their memories. At the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

General Dearborn, of Massachusetts, in a lecture delivered the last winter, before the farmers of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, declared that sixty seven out of every one hundred persons who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, failed, or died insolvent.—He was contrasting agricultural with mercantile pursuits, and said, that rich men should instil in their sons a love of agriculture. He declared that he would prefer a cottage in the country, with five acres of ground, to the most splendid palace that could be erected in the city, if he must depend upon the success of merchandize to support it. He then went on to say, "that having been some fifteen years in the custom-house in Boston, he was surprised to find at the close of his term, an entire new set of men doing business there. This induced him to look into the subject and he ascertained, after much time and research, that ninety-seven out of every one hundred who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, failed, or died insolvent. He then submitted his calculation to an old merchant of great experience, confirmed it in every particular.—The statement, however, appeared to me so startling, so appalling, that I was induced to examine it with much care, and I regret to say I found it true. I then called upon a friend of mine, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me, that in the year, 1830, he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf, and that in 1840 (which is as long a period as a merchant continues in business) only five in one hundred remained. They had all, in that time either failed or died destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union Bank, (a very strong bank;) he told me that the bank commenced business in 1798; that there was then but one other bank in Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the bank was so overrun with business, that the clerks and officers were obliged to work until twelve o'clock at night, and all Sundays; that they had occasion to look back a year or two ago, and they found that of the one thousand accounts opened with them at starting only sixty remained; they had, in the forty years, either all failed, or died destitute of property. Houses, whose paper passed without a question, had all gone down in that time. Bankruptcy, said he, is like death, and almost as certain; they fall single and alone, and are thus forgotten; but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fall young. Another friend told me, he had occasion to look through the probate office a few years since, and he was surprised to find, that over ninety per cent. of all the estates settled there, were insolvent.—And within a few days, I have gone back to the incorporation of our banks in Boston. I have a list of directors since they started. This is, however, a very unfair way of testing the rule; for bank directors are generally most substantial men in the community. In the old banks, over one third had failed in forty years; and in the new a much larger proportion. I am sorry to present to you so gloomy a picture, and I trust you will instil into your sons, as Gen. Dearborn recommends, a love of agriculture; to rise in mercantile pursuits, they will fail, to certainty. N. Y. Express.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly upon the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and move to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found in jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry.—His true friend expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly said his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After some months' attentions, he asked her hand in marriage. She replied: "Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection, which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks." This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration on the subject, and left her. Her course to him was the same as ever—his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks, he went and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant and regarded the terms proposed as insulting to his honor, and avowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady who it is not necessary to name, in passing there to her home not far off, beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, which he looked at, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed:—"Great God! who left this with me! Who placed it on my face? No one knew. He dropped his glass, exclaiming: "Enough! enough!" He retired instantly from the grocery, forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief or the lady—vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks. To meet Miss G. was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot, he would dodge the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to the house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her she still bore affection for him, he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:—"My conditions now are what they ever have been." "Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them." They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, the patriotism and renown, live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, her country, and the relative of La Fayette. Temperance Advocate.

VIRTUE OF THE "DIVINING ROD."

The singular statement below is copied from the New Orleans Bee of April 23, and we suppose is unquestionably true. Mankind have for ages been divided upon the question whether the divining rod were real or fictitious. Philosophy has too precipitately rejected the theory as a vulgar superstition. It is quite as unphilosophical to reject rashly, because we cannot account for or explain, as it is to believe credulously, because it is agreeable to a lively conformable to fancy or an inherent propensity in human nature to superstition. After the unquestionable evidence which the world possesses of the power of Egyptian sorcerers to exhibit reflected to you from the limpid stream the face and perfect features of any one you may desire thus to behold whether long since mingled with the dust, or whether living thousands of miles distant—a power which is supposed have descended to them from the age of Moses—and after the equally well ascertained and equally inscrutable wonders of Mesmerism even Baconian induction would seem to be at liberty to believe in the divining rod. Singular Recovery of Hidden Treasure.—The following singular circumstance was related to us yesterday on good authority as having occurred on Wednesday night. A short time since an individual who had been confined for a number of years in the Parish Prison being at the point of death, informed a friend that at a certain spot near Clark's House, on Bayou Road were buried three kegs of gold and silver. The person to whom this was made known employed seven or eight negroes, who for the last ten days were busily engaged in digging in and about the designated place. On Wednesday evening, the person to whom the information was imparted despairing of success, abandoned further search and drew off his frock. Soon after he had evacuated the premises, two other persons who had been for some time observing the previous operations made their appearance on the spot, accompanied by a Miner from Galena, Illinois, who with his "sledding rod" in hand was soon enabled to point out the spot where the treasure was to be found—which singularly related, was one of the identical spots where the previous search had been made and which had been excavated to the depth of four feet, in accordance with the instruction imparted by the deceased prisoner. One of the new parties in search recollecting the great amount of alluvial deposit in that part of the city caused by the crasse which occurred at Maccarty's Point several years since, continued a further excavation of four feet when a large keg of great weight was discovered and after being disembodied was placed upon a tray in attendance and removed with great precipitation from the ground to Paris unknown. As to the nature of the contents of the keg, we are entirely ignorant but as to its discovery and removal a number of old and highly respectable citizens who were present will testify. That the search has been going on for a number of days has been no secret. His Honor the Mayor and a number of the city and municipal officers having at times been present, and witnessed with interest and curiosity the operations going on. MORE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS. Wilners News Letter states there is an announcement in the Mechanic's Magazine, of the 12th ult., of a plan invented by Mr. W. H. James, for the rapid transmission of letters and light dispatches through tubular passages, at certain distances in which he proposes to place exhausting machines, which will establish a perpetual current or artificial hurricane, by means of which spherically shaped elastic vehicles or bags, will be blown at inconceivable speed from station to station. The first cost is estimated by Mr. James at \$2,000 per mile, and the working expenses as from \$300 to \$500 per annum for every fifty miles. It is also alleged that a wonderful engine called the air engine, has lately been constructed by Professor Reinegale, who is securing patents in every civilized country of the earth. The power, which is self-produced in the engine, is obtained from condensed air, which, though easily manageable, begets an immense force, the present engine, which stands on a space not exceeding two feet square, a power equal to five hundred and sixty-eight horses. For pumping water out of mines it is gravely proposed to use a 10,000 to 20,000 horsepower, in order to do the work promptly. It is stated that with the present small engine, two hundred and twenty tons can be propelled at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles per hour. The description of the action of the machine is very vague but it is said that several very eminent and scientific men have examined it and expressed their astonishment. Professor Faraday, having seen the drawing and heard the theory and practice of this invention explained, complimented the inventor by declaring that he had discovered perpetual motion of the most terrific description.

SANTA ANA'S LEG AT LONDON.

A correspondent of the Courier des Etats writes from Paris: "At the time of the attack upon Vera Cruz by the French, Santa Anna had a leg carried away by a cannon shot. The limb, triumphantly borne to Mexico, was preciously embalmed and deposited in a splendid mausoleum in that city. At the period of the last events which have resulted in his down-fall this relic of ex-president experienced the fate of its former proprietor; the monument under which it reposed was destroyed, and the unfortunate leg after a promenade through the streets of the city, was thrown into a cistern.—A street porter who had followed it during the day picked it up and sold it to an Englishman; the latter sent it to London, where it is exhibited in the

LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in a recent letter, gives the following interesting notice of the documents, never before published, from which Rev. Calvin Colton is preparing a Memoir of Mr. CLAY. The work will be looked for with great interest: "Mr. Colton has passed the winter with Mr. Clay, and obtained all the documents necessary for a complete life, while no man is more able to put them into shape and order than he. Added to this, Mr. Clay has given up all the papers relative to the great 'bargain and sale' question. They alone form a hundred pages of notes, proving the statements made in the text. These documents, Mr. Colton tells us, make developments that are perfectly astounding, and go to show that all the bargaining was on the side of Jackson and his friends. It is proved by them that Buchanan came to Mr. Clay from Gen. Jackson with a direct offer, and that Houston also went to Kossuth with another direct offer. The snarl into which gets Buchanan, Jackson, Eaton, &c., is perfectly laughable. Jackson, in his after attempts to get out of the dilemma, when he found that Clay was too noble to be bought, annihilates Buchanan, and Buchanan in consequence threw the burden from his shoulders, drives the General to the wall, while Gen. Eaton eats them both up. The disclosures exhibit the Jackson men of that period who surround their favorite candidate, in a most ludicrous light, while it fastens a blot on Buchanan's forehead which he will find it impossible to wipe out. Hitherto Mr. Clay has refrained from making these disclosures out of regard for Buchanan. But now his life is to be written for posterity, and he is to take his true position in the constellation of good and good men, and his own life is drawing so close, the call for every thing that is needed to draw his character from the superstitious mists of a too loud and impetuous to be disgraced. His very forbearance shows how well his magnanimity while they allowed a charge to be brought against him they could at any time destroy."

PLANTING CORN.

Messrs. Editors:—Through the columns of your valuable paper, I hope to make known an experiment which I adopted last season in the culture of corn. In the first place, I ridged my land on the first of May then I took one bushel of lime, one of plaster, one of salt, and one of ashes, and mixed them all well together—then I dug the hole for the hill, and in each place I put as much of the composition as you could hold in one hand; then I put the corn on top, and covered it lightly with earth. The effect produced was astonishing. It is also a preventive against the grub and all other insects which inhabit the corn-field. I would recommend to those who should happen to try the above process, that if they could not spend time sufficient to put it into the hill, to place it on the surface as soon as the corn begins to show itself; and if the land is in a tolerable condition I will warrant them an extra crop. In planting the corn, in which I tried the experiment, I slipped now and then a hill in which I neglected to put the composition; and it was perceptible as far as you could see over the field. I think there was not a hill missing in the whole field where I put the composition, but where neglected it, was destroyed by the grub, in a great measure. This composition draws from the atmosphere, carbonic acid gas, which is one of the most essential properties of matter in the growth of all vegetable productions. It also absorbs, on average, four times its weight in water. Upon a dry, sandy soil, it will prevent, in a great measure, the effects of the drought which we are subject to the months of July and August—when moisture is very necessary for the setting of the ear.—Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

From a report recently submitted to the Legislature of New York, it appears that the Railroads finished, over which cars are daily running, present a line of 632 miles, and cost \$20,736,931 20. There are roads commenced and being constructed which will extend the line 420 miles further, at an estimated cost of \$10,104,000. There are now depending before the Legislature applications for 490 miles of railroads at an estimated cost of \$11,854,000.

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