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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

THE FREED BIRD.

Among the superstitions of the Senecas, is one which, for its singular beauty, is already well known. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave in the belief that it will not fold its wing, nor close its eye, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the "loved and lost." It is not unfrequent, says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosed at once, over one grave."

—

Speed away! speed away! on thine errand of light! [to-night;
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming
She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved,
Who pine upon earth since the "DayStar" has roved: [stay;
She will ask if we miss her, so long is her
Speed away! speed away!

Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone, [stone;
That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth
That his tomahawk lies, all unnoticed the while, [smile,
And his thin lips wreathe ever in one sunless
That the old chieftain mourns her, and why will she stay?
Speed away! speed away!

And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing;
That she standeth alone in the still, quiet night, [light,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
Speed away! speed away!

Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
Stoop not thy bright pinion on yon mountain's brow;
But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young "Day-Star" ere night close again,
Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay;
Speed away! speed away!

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye two had not birth!
Oh, loving and forbearing—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgiving—
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never ending strife.
Oh, harsh and unrepenting—
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not nor forgave!

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o'er us
Whene'er by passion crost,
And, angel-like, restore us
The paradise we lost.

Miscellaneous.

From the Narrative of an officer in the Texan army at the battle of San Jacinto.

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ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.—BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

The Mexicans advanced so rapidly that they were upon us, before we were aware of it, and we were compelled to retreat, leaving the garrison of the two forts to their fate, and a right melancholy one it proved to be.

One morning, news was brought to Goliad, that a number of country people, principally women and children, were on their way to the fort, closely pursued by the Mexicans. Fanning, losing sight of prudence in his compassion for those poor people, immediately ordered a battallion of 500 men under the command of Major Ward, to go and meet the fugitives and escort them in. The Major and several of the officers doubted as to the propriety of the measure; but Fanning, full of sympathy for his unprotected country-women, insisted, and the battallion moved out.—They soon came in sight of the fugitives, as they thought, but on drawing nearer the latter turned out to be the Mexican dragoons, who sprang upon their horses, which were concealed in a neighboring island of trees, and a desperate fight began. The Mexicans, far superior in numbers, received every moment accessions to their strength. The Louis Potosi and Santa Fe cavalry, fellows who seemed born on horseback, were there. Our unfortunate countrymen were hemmed in on all sides. The fight lasted two days, and only two men out of five hundred escaped with their lives. Before the news of this misfortune reached us, orders had been sent to Fanning to evacuate the fort and join us with six pieces of artillery. He received the order and proceeded to execute it. But what might have been practicable for 860 men, was impossible for 360. Nevertheless, Fanning began his march through the prairie. His little band was almost immediately surrounded by the enemy. After a gallant defence, which lasted 12 hours, they succeeded in reaching the island, but scarcely had they established themselves there, when they found their ammunition was expended. There was nothing left for them but to accept the terms offered by the Mexicans, who pledged themselves, that if they would lay down their arms they should be permitted to return to their homes. But the rifles were no sooner piled, than the Texans found themselves charged by their treacherous foes, who butchered them without mercy. Only an advance post of three men succeeded in escaping.

The five hundred men whom he had left in San Antonio de Bexar, fared no better. Not being sufficiently numerous to hold out the town as well as Alamo, they retreated into the latter. The Mexican artillery soon laid a part of the fort in ruins. Still its defenders held out. After eight days fighting, during which the loss of the besiegers was tremendously severe, the Alamo was taken, and not a single Texan left alive.

We thus, by these two cruel blows, lost two-thirds of our army, and a little more than seven hundred men remained to resist the numerous legion of our victorious foes. The prospect before us was one calculated to daunt the stoutest heart.

The Mexican General, Santa Anna, moved his army forward in two divisions, one stretching along the coast towards Valasco; the other advanced towards San Felipe de Austin. He himself marched in the centre. At fort Ben, twenty miles below San Felipe, he crossed the Brazos, and shortly afterwards established himself with about fifteen hundred men in an entrenched camp. Our army under the command of Gen. Houston, had retreated to Harrisburg, to which place the Congress had retreated.

It was on the night of the twentieth of April, and our whole disposable force, some seventeen hundred men was bivouacking in and about an island of sycamores. It was a cloudy, stormy evening; a high wind was blowing, and the branches of the trees groaned and creaked above our heads. The weather harmonized well enough with our feelings, which were sad and desponding when we thought of the desperate state of our cause. We (the officers) were sitting in a circle round the General and Alcade, both of whom appeared to be uneasy and anxious. More than once they got up and walked backward and forward, seemingly impatient, and as if they were waiting for or expecting something. There was a deep silence throughout the whole bivouac; some were sleeping, and those who watched were in no humor for idle chat.

"Who goes there?" suddenly shouted one of the sentries. The answer we did not hear, but it was apparently satisfactory, for there was no further challenge, and a few seconds afterwards an orderly came up and whispered in the ear of the Alcade. The latter immediately hurried away, and presently returned, spoke a few words to the General, and then to us officers. In an instant we were upon our feet. In less than ten minutes, the bivouac was broken up and our little army on the march.

All our people were well mounted, and armed with rifles and bowie knives. We had six field pieces, but we only took four, harnessed with twice the usual number of horses. We marched at a rapid trot, the whole night, led by a tall giant figure who acted as our guide, and kept some distance in front. I more than once asked the Alcade who this was.

"You will know by and by," was his answer.

Before day-break we had ridden five and twenty miles, but had been compelled to abandon two more guns. As yet no one knew the object of this forced march. The General commanded a halt, and ordered the men to refresh themselves by food and drink. While they were doing this, he assembled the officers around him and the meaning of the night march was explained to us. The camp in which the Mexican President and General-in-Chief had entrenched himself, was within a mile of us; General Paza with two thousand men was twenty miles further to the rear; General Filasola, with one thousand, eighty miles lower down on the Brazos; Vei Ca, with fifteen hundred, twenty miles higher up. One bold and decided blow, and Texas might be free. There was not a moment to lose, nor was one lost. The General addressed the men.

"Friends! Brothers! Citizens! Santa Anna is within a mile of us with fifteen hundred men. The hour to decide Texas Liberty is now arrived. What do you say? Do we attack?"

"We do!" exclaimed the men with one voice cheerfully and decidedly.

In the most perfect stillness we arrived within two hundred paces of the enemy's camp. The reveille of the sleeping Mexicans was the discharge of our two field pieces loaded with canister. Rushing to within twenty-five paces of the entrenchment, we gave them a deadly volley from our rifles, and then throwing away the latter, bounded up the breast-works, a pistol in each hand. The Mexicans, scared and stupified by this sudden attack were running about in the wildest confusion, seeking their arms, and not knowing which way to turn. After firing our pistols we threw them away as we had our rifles, and drawing our bowie knives, fell in with a shout upon the masses of the terrified foes. It was more like the boarding of a ship than any land fight I had ever seen or imagined.

* * * * * * * *

I was hurried forward with the rest, toward the centre of the camp, where the fight was the hottest.

About five hundred men, the pick of the Mexican army, had collected round a knot of staff-officers, and were making a most gallant defence. General Houston had attacked them with three hundred of our people, but had not been able to break their ranks. His charge, however, had shaken them a little, and before they had time to recover from it, I came up. Giving a wild hurrah, my men fired their pistols, hurled them at our enemies' heads, and then springing over the carcasses of the fallen, dashed like a thunderbolt into the broken ranks of the Mexicans.

A frightful butchery ensued. Our men, who were for the most part, and most times, peaceable and humane in disposition, seemed converted into perfect fiends. Whole ranks of the enemy fell under their knives. Some idea may be formed of the horrible slaughter, from the fact that from the beginning to the end, it did not last above ten minutes, and in that time nearly eight hundred Mexicans were shot or cut down. "No quarter!" was the cry of the infuriated assailants; "Remember Alamo! Remember Goliad! Think of Fanning! Ward!" The Mexicans threw themselves on their knees imploring mercy, "*Miscricordia por el amor de Dios!*" shrieked they in heart-rending tones; but their supplications were not listened to, and every man of them would have been butchered, had not General Houston and the officers dashed in between the victors and vanquished, and with the greatest difficulty, and by the threats of cutting down our own men if they did not desist, put an end to this scene of bloodshed, and saved the Texan character from the stain of unmanly cruelty.

* * * * * * * *

Santa Anna could not be found among the prisoners.

This was a terrible disappointment, for the capture of the Mexican President had been our principal object, and the victory we had gained was comparatively unimportant if he escaped. Indeed, the hope of putting an end to the war by his capture, had more than any thing encouraged and stimulated us to the unequal conflict.

The moment was a very critical one.—Among our men were thirty or forty most desperate characters, who began handling their knives and casting looks on the prisoners, the meaning of which it was impossible to mistake. Selecting some of our trusty men, we stationed them as guard over the captives, and having thus insured the safety of the latter, began questioning them as to what had become of their general. They had none of them seen Santa Anna since the commencement of the fight, and it was clear that he must have made his escape while we were getting over the breastworks. He could not now be very far off, and we at once took measures to find him. A hundred men were sent off with the prisoners to Harrisburg, and a hundred others, capitally mounted on horses found in the Mexican camp, started to scour the country in search of the fugitive chief. I accompanied the latter detachment.

We had been twelve hours in the saddle and had ridden nearly a hundred miles of ground. We began to despair of finding the game we were in quest of, and were thinking of abandoning the chase, when at the distance of about seventy miles from the camp, one of our most experienced hunters discovered the print of a small and delicate boot upon the soft ground leading to the marsh. Following this trail, it at last led to a man sunk up to the waist in the swamp, and so covered with mud and filth as to be quite unrecognizable. We drew him forth from his hiding place, half dead with cold and terror, and having washed the dirt from his face, we found him to be a man of about forty years of age, with blue eyes, of a mild but crafty expression, a narrow high forehead; a long thin nose, rather fleshy at the tip, projecting under lip, and long chin. These features tallied too exactly with the description we had of the Mexican General, for us to doubt that the prisoner was Santa Anna himself.

The only thing that at all tended to shake this conviction, was the extraordinary poltroonery of our new captive. He threw himself on his knees and begged us in the name of God and all the saints, to spare his life. Our reiterated assurances and promises were insufficient to convince him of his being in perfect safety, or induce him to a demeanor more consistent with his dignity and high situation.

The events which succeeded this fortunate capture are too well known to require more than a brief recapitulation.—The same evening a truce was agreed upon between Houston and Santa Anna, the latter sending orders to his different Generals to retire on San Antonia de Bexar and other places in the direction of the Mexican frontier. These orders, valueless as emanating from a prisoner, most of the Generals were cowardly or weak enough to obey, an obedience for which they were afterwards brought to trial by the Mexican Congress. In a few days two-thirds of Texas was in our possession.

The news of this success bro't crowds of volunteers to our standard. In three weeks we had an army of several thousand men, with which we advanced against the Mexicans. There was no fighting however, for our antagonists had had enough, and allowed themselves to be driven from one position to another, till, in a month's time, there was not one left in the country.

The struggle was over, and TEXAS WAS FREE!

MAELZEL'S CHESS PLAYER.

An interesting disclosure has been made in Paris, by one Monsieur Mouret; who was Maelzel's player in Europe, and who reveals the secret of the manner in which the games were played by the automaton chess player, now at the Museum in this city.

"The concealed player was seated immediately under the automaton's chess board, and may be supposed to be looking up to its under surface. He there sees a representation of that board, each square painted to correspond with the square above, the only difference being that, while on the automaton's board some of the squares are occupied by chess men, and others are empty, every one of the squares beneath is numbered and furnished with a small iron knob suspended by a short thread. Every chess man on the automaton's board contained a small magnet. Now, suppose the game about to begin: thirty-two chess men are on the automaton's board; of course, each one having a magnet, the thirty-two iron knobs beneath are drawn up to the board. As soon as one of these chess men is taken up, the knob, being released from the attraction, *drops*, and the concealed player knows at once which square is vacated. As soon as it is placed upon another square the knob beneath is drawn up, and thus indicates the play that has been made. The concealed player repeats these moves on a small board of his own, and then sets in motion, by strings, the arm of the automaton; and thus the game goes on.

"Maelzel's player in this country was a German, named Slomberger, who died some three or four years ago. Before Maelzel was a year in this country the secret which had baffled the ingenuity of all Europe for half a century was detected and applied in the fabric of a second automaton. The Yankee machine was played by Henry Coleman, since deceased. Maelzel bought it out of the way, as we are told; and if so, he probably destroyed it."

From Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser.

FANCY NAMES.

Few things are more remarkable as well as universal, than the tendency to supply fancy or nick names to individuals or States, unless it be the tenacity with which these appellations adhere, and the extent to which they displace the proper title. I have known individuals who have been so long and so generally known by nick-names, as to be at times unconscious who was meant when called by their true names. I saw an instance of this one day in a court house, where the sheriff called repeatedly the name of a person present, bearing a fancy name, that was not made aware he was referred to, until reminded of it by an acquaintance.—Mad Anthony and Old Hickory are names more familiar to the community at large than those of Gen'ls Wayne and Jackson who were hardly known by any other appellations than these in the region of their exploits—John Bull, the world over is the designation of England, as Jeon Crapeau is that of France.

I have complied the *flash* or *fancy* names of the States, or rather of the inhabitants of our respective State sovereignties, known as the United States of America. I believe it to be the only *complete* list ever published:

The inhabitants of

Maine, are called	Foxes,
New Hampshire,	Granite Boys,
Massachusetts,	Bay Staters,
Vermont,	Green Mountain Boys,
Rhode Island,	Gun Flints,
Connecticut,	Wooden Nutmegs,
New York,	Knickerbockers,
New Jersey,	Clam-catchers,
Pennsylvania,	Leather-heads,
Delaware,	Muskrats,
Maryland,	Crow-thumpers,
Virginia,	Beagles,
North Carolina,	Tar-boilers,
South Carolina,	Weasels,
Georgia,	Buzzards,
Louisiana,	Cre-owls,
Alabama,	Lizards,
Kentucky,	Corn-crackers,
Tennessee,	Cotton-manies,
Ohio,	Buckeyes,
Indiana,	Hoosiers,
Illinois,	Suckers,
Missouri,	Pewks,
Mississippi,	Tadpoles,
Arkansas,	Gophers,
Michigan,	Wolverines,
Florida,	Fly-up-the-Creeks,
Wisconsin,	Badgers,
Iowa,	Hawkeyes,
N. W. Territory,	Prairie Dogs;
Oregon,	Hard Cases.

Cents or Coppers are generally known in the West as, "Cincinnati Bullion."

The World in a Bab Way.—The Nauvoo Neighbour "gives up" the world, with the following diagnosis of its present condition:

"Disease incurable; chills and fever in America; palsy and debauchery in Europe; consumption and the gout in Asia; and plague and leprosy in Africa! As with Israel, so with the world—the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint, and die it must! And Mormonism, eternal Mormonism, will witness the dying struggle; the last gasp, when the earth quakes, and triumphs over death, hell, and the grave. So let the old world go."

MACHINE POETRY.

The loud wind roared, the thunder rolled,
Fierce lightning split the sky,
And all the west seemed fringed with gold
As I was reaping rye.
I laid my sickle down to view
The grand and awful scene,
But I didn't stay to see it through—
Oh no—*I warn't so green.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

A farmer, of Howard county, Missouri, whilst quarrying stone on a hill side, accidentally discovered, by striking the earth with a hoe, that a spot on the declivity was hollow. He forthwith commenced digging there, and in a short time came to a regular wall, evidently built by human hands. He tore down a portion, and found that it had blocked the mouth of the cave, which has since been explored a distance of three hundred yards, and a branch from this main passage has been penetrated some two hundred yards. About thirty yards from the entrance is a magnificent room, with a ceiling of a hexagonal form, presenting a shining surface, as if crusted with diamonds. Near the entrance is the statue of a horse, the head, neck, body, and one hind leg finished, the neck formed by three pieces dovetailed together, the rest being solid. In another portion of the cavern, where the walls are smoothe, are numerous hioroglyphics, letters, and figures, which appear rather illegibly, though whether graven or painted we are not told. The figures 1, 2, 6, and 7, are plain. Just above these figures the letters D O N and C A R L O are legible. Further on, the letters J H S appear on the wall. Of the arm of the main cavern which has been discovered, and has been explored some two hundred yards, a writer says:

"The walls and ceiling of this extraordinary cave are pretty much the same as in other rooms. The walls have a peculiar and extraordinary brilliancy, occasioned, I discovered, from the fact that, instead of stone, as we first believed, we found them to be of a metal very much resembling sulphate of iron, but more of a silvery appearance. We had not proceeded very far before we heard a rumbling noise that occasionally broke upon our ears in notes the most thrilling and melodious I ever heard. We stood for a considerable time in breathless silence to catch the most enchanting sounds that ever greeted the ear of man, and it was only at an interval that we could summon courage to explore its source, which we did, and we were much surprised to find it proceeded from a gushing spring in the side of the wall. The sounds we heard we found to be produced by the fall of the water, and varied by the current of air before alluded to, which we then found to be very strong. We each took a hearty draught of the limpid water of this gushing spring; and, after surveying the diamond walls of the greatest natural curiosity in the world, we commenced retracing our steps to its mouth, when we found it to be quite dark and eight o'clock at night."—*Missouri Statesman.*

[From the Knickerbocker.]

A HEARTLESS PERSECUTOR.

The following affecting sketch comes to us in the hand-writing of a correspondent in Boston, to whose pen our readers have been indebted for many a pleasant communication.—We call upon our friend for *the name* of the persecutor in the case referred to. We desire to assist in handing it down to perpetual infamy: "There are scenes occurring almost daily in our Police Court that are well worthy of more than a passing record, if but for the glimpses they give us of poor humanity under some of its more melancholy phases. A week or two since, I happened to be present when an Irish woman was brought before one of our police justices on a charge of stealing. She was young, had a pleasing and rather handsome countenance, was clad very tittidly, and altogether looked like one who had seen better days, and still in poverty preserved some of the pride of that more happy period. In her arms she held a little boy of some three or four years, with a profusion of light curly hair clustering about his temples, but whose pale cheek and lustrous eyes told too plainly that Disease and pinching Want had, even thus early, marked him for their own. The mother was charged with stealing bread from the door of a grocer. The complainant, a hard-featured shrewd looking man, with a long nose, and sharp, restless eye, was called to the stand.—He told a straight-forward, circumstantial story, the substance of which was, that his baker was in the habit of leaving bread for him at his shop door before it was opened in the morning. For several days he had missed part of it, sometimes a whole roll, sometimes more, and once only *part* of a roll. In order to put a stop to these depredations on his property, he one morning lay in wait for the trespasser; when, about daylight, he saw the prisoner come out of her miserable under-ground abode, leading her sickly boy by the hand. Pressing by where the witness was concealed, she stopped at his door, took up a roll, and breaking it in two pieces, gave one to her boy, and restored the other to its place. She then turned back, when the complainant seized, and hurried her immediately to the watch house; taking care in the meantime, to snatch from the half famished boy the moiety of the loaf he was so eagerly devouring. The witness here produced the piece of bread, and pointed to the marks of the child's teeth, in part corroboration of his testimony. After hearing the story, the judge turned to the woman, and asked her if she had any thing to say in denial of the truth of the charge. 'Nothing, nothing, your honor,' replied the poor woman, laying her face on her boy's head and straining him to her bosom, while her body swayed to and fro in the agony of grief: "I am guilty, guilty!" But it was not for meself I took it. Ah, Sir! I'm a poor lone woman, and work hard when I can get work. But for the last ten days I have had nothing to do, and my money was all gone; and since yesterday morning we hadn't a morsel to eat. I am used to it meself; but I *couldn't* hear little Dennis cry for bread and not give it to him! The Judge was evidently touched at the woman's distress, and, turning to the complainant asked him if, under the circumstances he should persist in the prosecution. 'If,' said he, 'you will withdraw your complaint it will be performing an act of mercy which I should be very glad to second.' Vain appeal! Though the eye of every man in court was fixed upon the prosecutor with looks that pleaded for his victim, no emotion stirred the repose of his hard and selfish features. He kept no account with Mercy. The right of property had been violated, in his eyes the most sacred of human rights, and he claimed the penalty of the law. 'This is a cruel case,' said the Judge; 'and really, I feel loth to punish this poor woman for an act so venial, crime though it be in the eye of the law. But although this plaintiff might have pursued a very different course, without doing any injury to the cause of justice, or impairing in the least degree whatever title he may have to the love and respect of his fellow men, still *my* duty in the case is imperative; the law allows me no discretion. I would it were otherwise. Put her down for one month in the House of Correction, Mr. Clerk.' 'Oh, Dennis!' exclaimed the poor woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as she strained her boy still closer to her bosom, and bathed him with tears; what'll you do *now*, my poor child, when you've no mother to look after you, and keep you from harm's way? 'Don't grieve yourself about *that*, Mrs. Mc Ginnis, said one of her own country-women, who had hitherto stood in the back ground, but now came forward, and took the prisoner by the hand; 'don't grieve for the likes of that Ma'm; *I'll* take care of your boy; and while I've a *petaty* in the pot, he shall have his mouthful.' 'God bless you!' exclaimed the mother, wringing the woman's hand, 'may the Holy Virgin smile on you!' 'Come, step along, Ma'am,' said the officer, as he put the mittimus in his pocket; 'don't stand growling here; the cart is waiting for you.' The woman slowly and mechanically obeyed, followed by little Dennis, with one hand clasped in that of his new friend, and the other pulling at the skirts of his mother's dress. Arrived at the outer door, the little fellow was resigned 'with many tears' to the care of his kind protector; the mother went slowly and droopingly down the steps, without again lifidig her head, or looking back upon her half-weeping, half-wondering boy, and in a moment more she was seated in the covered hearse like a wagon that was to carry her across the bridge of sighs' to the felon's home."

COMMON SCHOOLS.

We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion that there is to be an education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, or a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as merily upon the poor man's home, as upon the rich man's palace? have not cotter's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it on the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty that his lot is to crawl, not climb?

It is not so. God has not done it. Men cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bounds of time or place, of rank or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not unfit it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor chandler's son sits up all the night to read a book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall add new provinces to the domain of science, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies—the common school is COMMON, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to be the best school; and in all good works the beginning is one half. Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the instruction of the common school; for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—*Bishop Doane.*

MANURE MAKING.

There is one means of making manure on every farm, which is too commonly overlooked, or not availed of; we mean from the wash and waste liquors of the house. Cart a load of loam near the outlet of your sink, and carry the spout on to it; shovel over the heap occasionally, and in six or eight weeks the mass will be enriched, and a fresh lot may be brought to undergo the same process. Thus, in the course of the year, several loads of manure may be made at a trifling cost, and of a quality hardly inferior to that from the barn-yard. This hint is worth something. *N. E. Farmer.*

A dentist was lately making a speech in one of the interior counties. "What do you ask for pulling a tooth, Doctor?" exclaimed a loafer in the crowd. "I will pull your tooth for a shilling, and you nose for half the money," replied the speaker.

☞It is stated that an old lady in Iowa, while recently in the woods was bitten on the end of her nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died! Coroner's verdict—*Poisoned by Snuff.*

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