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POET'S CORNER.

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

[For the Star.]

I NEVER KNEW MY MOTHER!

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

I never knew my Mother!
Alas! I was too young,
To call her fondly by that name,
Though to me oft she sung.

I never knew my Mother!
For tender were my years,
When her bless'd spirit fled away
And left me lone in tears.

I never knew my Mother!
Although her watchful eye
Was often fondly bent on me,
Ere she faded but to die!

I never knew my Mother!
Nor felt how near her heart
I was to her—she was to me,
Ere death summoned us to part!

I never knew my Mother!
Yet round my heart still clings
Some treasured token of her love,
And pleasure oft it brings.

I never knew my Mother!
Yet oft by faith I see
Her image mirrored in my mind,
And think her near to me.

I never knew my Mother!
But her cherished name to me
Is like the star that guides the barque
To it's haven o'er the sea.

I never knew my Mother!
But Heaven has been kind
To scatter flowers in my path,
And soothe my infant mind.

I never knew my Mother!
But the promise has been given
That the *faithful* here on earth
Shall meet again in Heaven.

Yes, meet to part no more,
In that bright world above,
Where death can never intervene
To break the bond of love.

CAROLINE.

BY BON GAULTIER.

Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!
Easy, breezy, Caroline!
With thy locks all raven shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love has bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep?
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hooked nose,
Pulling of my hair?
Where, then, if thou dost love,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Tricksy cousin Caroline?

When a sudden sound I hear,
Much my nervous system suffers,
Shaking through and through—
Cousin Caroline, I fear,
'Twas no other hand but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
Springing such a mine!
'Twas no other but yourself,
Wicked-tricked, little elf,
Naughty cousin Caroline!

SOLOMON SWALLOW,

—OR THE—

WOMAN TAMER.

SOLOMON SWALLOW was a bachelor, and a rusty one too, but nevertheless he had made up his mind to one thing; that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the sublime art of taking care of a wife. 'All the married men are dolts,' was Solomon's constant assertion. There, for instance is my neighbor Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of a three legged stool of him; she moves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him, and walks on him as if he was nobody in the house; while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I were only Tom Tangible; I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles; and if Mrs T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and mayhaps brighten her ideas, touching her conjugal duties, by the application of a good cowhide. And there again are Everett Easy, Dick Snooks, and a host more of them in the same condition; but I'm the boy that will set them all right if they will only follow my example, after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow.

Brave Solomon Swallow.

'Well, Solomon,' said a neighbor to him one morning; 'as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married?'

'Why, because I have not quite perfected my system! You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence Mrs. Everly makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically. I begin by studying the erudite works of Zingubrazo, 'On the philosophy of a woman's holding her tongue.' I then read several treaties, 'on the effect of bread and water discipline in making of good wives.' Shakespear's 'Taming a Shrew,' furnishes me with a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all their systems into one, which shall carry the sway in all future generations and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so,' added Solomon, 'my rules for the regulation of women, (I intend to publish it) shall be completed, and then I shall take me a wife.'

And Solomon was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty five, (feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons) he got married. At this important period Solomon was a puffy, comfortable looking little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the heels of his boots, he was of proportions that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a lord mayor; and his gait, (especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman,) was as pompous as a Sultan's while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his 'worser half,' was apparently a lamb like creature,' so that the chances were very fair that she could not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.

Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady's sayings and doings, on the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed especial authority on the morning, he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up. 'And,' he added, 'when breakfast it ready, you may call me, but be sure and not burn the toast.'

'Breakfast and toast,' said Mrs. Swallow 'why what do you mean?'

'Why, my dear, I mean madam, that I have begun my system.'

'And won't you get up too?'

'Yes, when breakfast is ready, and my stockings aired!'

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.

At eight o'clock everything being ready Mrs. Swallow called Mr. Swallow.

'Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow.'

'Is the toast made?'

'Yes.'

'Not burned?'

'No.'

'Are my stockings aired?'

'Yes.'

'You'll do,' quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went, having first received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing.

The breakfast however did not turn out to be the thing it had been cracked up, for the toast was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough, the slop bowl was at the long end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.

'These things call for improvement, observed Mr. Swallow.

'The servant has'nt been here this morning,' answered Mrs. Swallow.

'Servant,' returned Solomon, 'I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife, too?'

The lady was again posed, and she said nothing, but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the words 'servant' and 'wife' in the same sentence.

The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, coupling the remark with the suggestion that she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefitted nothing by his soft insinuation, for at the moment she either was, or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.

'Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow, quoth Solomon.

But alas! a slightly conscious snore was the only response from Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish spot with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. 'What says my system on this head?' said he to himself musingly, 'It says that a lazy wife who lays abed in the morning, may be very profitably reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a corcon pin.' And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain pan, than he inserted the point of a large pin in the right arm of the sleeper. As might be expected, the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as tho' she had been thrown from it by an earthquake. But alas! her agility was too strikingly manifested, for she not only all but annihilated poor Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever from the nail which suspended it to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.

'What a dreadful dream,' ejaculated Mrs Swallow, pressing her left hand on her wounded arm.

'What a dreadful reality,' ejaculated Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished time-piece.

Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.

'Now, Mrs. Swallow,' said Solomon, 'seeing that I can't always be awake to call you in the morning, or eat burnt toast, or drink raw tea, &c. &c., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties.

'And what are those, Mr. Swallow?'

'Be silent, madam, if you please, not to talk, but to listen is one of the most important of them.'

'Proceed, sir.'

And Mr. Swallow looking daggers at her for the second interruption, proceeded,

'From six till eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash tea things, make beds, rub furniture, and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market and prepare dinner. Twelve to two devote to dish washing and sweeping up, and rubbing furniture. Two till six, spining, mending clothes, darning stockings. Six to seven, tea. From that time till nine, a second course of mending stockings and darning, and then go to bed. —And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum and obedience, may in time, enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow.'

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end, and then mildly inquired,

'And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?'

'To be sure I do,' responded the spouse.

'Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing.'

'No?'

'No!'

'I've a way to make you.'

'How!'

'Spoon diet, chain, locks, and cowhide.'

'Mr. Swallow!'

'What?'

'You're a brute.' And Mrs. Swallow threw herself back, and looked desperate.

Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fire-side, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of Matrimonial Observations, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion to his royal will, that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever.

'You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow.'

'I did, Mr. Swallow.'

'A brute?'

'A brute!'

'I'll go mad, and break things, Mrs. Swallow.'

'As you like, sir.'

And Mr. Swallow did go mad; but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table—an old plate with a crack in it —and dashed it in a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he was in tremendous passion.

'How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?'

'Vastly, Mr. Swallow; try it again.'

And again he did try it—for he had become desperate—and demolished the cream jug.

'Now,' said the lady, 'it is my turn,' and jumping up, she sent the slop bowl to keep company with the tea table companions.

This was, of course, too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the last remaining chord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive terms—right cheek; but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame seized the teapot, and shivered it into atoms against the head of her devoted Mr. Swallow. Nor was this all; for as he was rolling heels over head from the effects of the awful collision, she applied to him the remainder of the tea things, until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of butter toast.

Unable to carry the war any longer for that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, his hands in his pockets, then commenced whistling a jig, to the tune the old cow died of, looking as if he could bite a piece off the griddle without setting his teeth on edge. His good lady determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matters besides delf breaking, placed another chair back with Solomon's, and after providing herself with a novel, sat herself down and began reading away, as if there were no such things as beds to make, or stockings to mend, in all Christendom.

Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent on sitting the other down, and ruminating the while upon their relative position. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain; for independent of Solomon's mangled head, and parboiled neck and shoulders, he saw as clear as mud that the watch dial and the crockery must be replaced; so that the reducing of the first chapter in this voluminous system of practice must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars.

'This being the case, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,' thought he, and with that he rose from his chair, stole softly from the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

The turning of the key made her aware of his intention, when she rushed to the door; but it was too late.

'Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow.'

'Not until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water,' returned the victorious Solomon, and he went his way rejoicing.

But alas, how fleeting is human greatness! In about half an hour he returned to see how matters were going, but he had scarcely put his eyes to the key-hole, when he began roaring like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts, that on his back excepted, into pieces, to make a rope to let herself down from the window; nor was this all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed linen, &c., into a dirty yard, to make her descent safe and commodious.

O! chop fallen Solomon Swallow.

The archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of this eventful day; but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blanket, and said, 'Mrs. Swallow, dear, is'nt time to get up?'

'Yes,' returned the lady, 'and you may call me when you have lit the fire, and put on the kettle.'

Poor Solomon! There was no alternative; so he set about his work with an alacrity that showed that he had the terror of a broken head, demolished body and linen, running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man.—That day he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, &c. The next his assistance was required in the rubbing of furniture and the making of beds, and before the week was out, he was initiated into the mystery of washing coarse towels.

Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the little Swallows began to gather round him, it was whispered that his better half,—and she was his better half—used to employ him in yet more conjugal offices.

But for this we have no proof other than the fact he was the only nurse that Mrs. Swallow would trust with the children:

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.

'You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow,' said the friend.

'He shan't,' said Mrs. Swallow.

'He must,' returned the friend, 'and so must you.'

'I may, but he can't,' replied the dame, 'for he must stay at home with the children.'

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the play, and Solomon stayed at home.

O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow.

The moral of this authentic tale is that 'bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice, and that a managed wife is better than no wife at all. Had Solomon treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end; but as it was, he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence, and he had to take the consequences.

☞A French officer being a prisoner at Portsmouth, (England,) was permitted to walk about the town on his parole, and accordingly went one Sunday morning to church, when he saw the Mayor's daughters, two very handsome girls.

"Ah!" said Monsieur, when he came home, "two vera fine young ladies vare at de church dis morning!"

"Who were they?" inquired the landlady.

"Me have forget the names; but wat be dat ting dat nibbee de grass?"

"Oh!" said the landlady, "a cow."

"No, no!" eagerly interrupted the Frenchman.

"A sheep, perhaps," said she.

"No."

"A bull, then."

"No."

"Perhaps you mean a horse?"

"No, no; not de horse; but wat be de horse's vife's name?"

"A mare!"

"*Oui!* de mare's two daughters vare at church dis morning; two vera pretty young ladies; *dey make de water in my mouth!*"

HOOD.—Not long before Thos. Hood's death, one of his literary friends wrote him of a severe illness from which he had himself been suffering. Hood's characteristic reply was—"I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed, as for me, I have been *so near Death's door*, since I saw you, that *I heard the creaking of the hinges.*"

QUAINT.—Some philosopher gives good advice in the following quaint style:

"Ye who are eating the apple dumplings and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are sucking the herring bone of poverty."

It is proposed to have the laws printed on India rubber paper, so they can be stretched a bit, when a rich culprit is to be hauled over the coals.

A lucky Newspaper publisher.—A publisher in France says he cannot receive any more subscribers for his paper. He now sends out 20,000 and he cannot mail any more. He promises, however, that should any vacancies occur, he will supply those who first place their names on a list prepared for the purpose? This is quite encouraging.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—*A Rich Scene.* The following rich scene is related by the Knickerbocker as having occurred in New York a few days ago, in taking the census of that city:

"*Is the head of the family at home?*" asks the inquiring Marshal.

"Here's the devil with his books again for the *d'rectry*," shouts a junior of the family to the maternal head above stairs, who presently appears. "Is it the head of the family ye want sure; but last week ye wanted our name for yer *d'rectry* an' now ye want our *heads!* A free country this, sure, when one's head is not safe. Be off, and bad luck to ye and all like ye." After some explanations the questions in order are asked.

Who is the head of the family?—"Ann Phelim, yer honor, the same in old Ireland and forever."

How many Males in this family? Three *males* a day with prateys for dinner an'—

But how many men and boys?—"Och, why there's the ould man an' the biy, and three childer who died five years ago, heaven rest their dear souls, the swatest jewels that iver"—

But how many are now living? "Meself and me daughter Judy, ye see them, and a jewel of a girl she is indeed."

But have you no males in your family? "Sorra the one, the ould man works hard by the day and Patrick is not at home at all, but to his males and his bed."

How many are subject to military duty? "Niver a one; Patrick and the ould man belongs to the *Immits*, and sure finer looking soldiers were never born; did ye not see them when the old General was buried, 'twould have made your heart bate to see two such fine lookin', gintale, well behaved biys."

How many are entitled to vote? "Why the ould man and meself and Judy, and wan't it we that bate the Natives an' the Whigs an' all, and elected ould General Jackson over thim all. Sorra the day when he died and disappointed us all, for a fine man he was.

How many colored persons in your family? "Nagers, did you mane Nagers?—Out man and don't be insultin' me. Out with ye, an' niver ask for me *sense* agin' —don't ask about me *senses*—whither I have nagers in me family! Yer out of yer senses yerself; begone and don't bother me."

MR. BUCHANAN.

This distinguished gentleman, who now occupies the first place in the Cabinet, was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, in April, 1791. He is consequently, now, in the 56th year of his age. He commenced the practice of law in Lancaster, in the spring of 1813. His first public address was on the occasion of a meeting of the people of Lancaster, in the fall of 1814, for the purpose of adopting measures to obtain volunteers to march to the defence of Baltimore then threatened by the British army. He was among the first to register his name as a volunteer, and as a member of a company of dragoons under the command of Capt. Shippen, marched to Baltimore and served until the company was honorably discharged.

In October, 1814, he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and in that body gave an active, energetic and cordial support to all proper measures intended to sustain government and bring the war to a happy and honorable conclusion. Although at time professing to belong to the federal party, having been raised and educated amongst federalists, he was far from participating in the anti-American sentiments and feelings then so prevalent amongst the leaders of that political association. On the contrary, he was always ready with zeal and alacrity, to aid in the defence of the country against the common enemy, either by his personal services in the field, or by his vote and influence in the Legislature of his State.

In 1816 he was again elected to the Legislature, and during the session of that year was led to examine the question of the constitutionality and expediency of the Bank of the U. States, then one of the most prominent subjects in Congress. The result was a conviction that Democratic doctrines and principles were those best adopted to the security and perpetuity of our republican institutions, and from that time he has been constant and unwavering in their support.

Mr. Buchanan was first elected to Congress in 1821, and served in the House of Representatives for ten years. He was then appointed Minister to Russia, by Gen. Jackson. Immediately on his return from Russia, in 1834, he was elected a Senator from Pennsylvania, and has since been twice re-elected to that distinguished and honorable station.

From 1821 to the present time, a period of 24 years, Mr. Buchanan has thus enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the citizens of his own State, and has borne a prominent part in all the eventful political contests which have, during that time so agitated the country. His course throughout, has been such as to win a very high reputation for ability and fidelity to democratic principles amongst the members of his own party, and at the same time the respect and personal esteem of his political adversaries. In the Senate he was always regarded as one of the most stalwart champions of the democratic faith, and in a body composed for the most part of acknowledged intellectual giants, there were none whose speeches were listened to with more attention, or had greater weight in influencing the public mind.

During the long period of his public service, his most violent political opponents could find no charge against him except that in his youth he had adopted the Federal creed, a mistake which was rectified very soon after he had entered upon his public life. The expression that has been attributed to him, however, 'that if he thought he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would let it out,' is an absurd falsehood. It has often been refuted in Lancester, where the words are said to have been used, and where Mr. Buchanan has always resided, when at home, it is universally regarded as a stale and futile calumny.—*Louisville Democrat.*

REMOVALS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The Whigs still keep up the cry of proscription, whenever a new appointment is made by the administration. Yet, they, themselves, compose the only part in this country, which has ever yet carried out the practice of removing individuals from office to an extent, or for reasons which should properly be called proscriptive. In every State, county and municipal corporation, where they have the power, they invariably turn out every Democrat, if any should happen to occupy official station, down to the most petty offices which can be held. Yet when a Democratic administration comes into power, they whine most piteously at every removal. The Democratic party has never either adopted or practiced the doctrine of proscription. When Mr. Jefferson was elected, he found all the public offices monopolized by the Whigs, and notwithstanding the number of Democratic administrations which have since managed the reins of Government, a majority of the offices have always remained and still remain in their hands. Had the Whigs possessed power during the same length of time, there would scarcely be found a Democrat holding office throughout the land. At the end of Mr. Van Buren's administration, there were more Whigs than Democrats in office, but when the Whigs of 'forty came in with their "no proscription" banners, such a career of proscription was never before witnessed. Nothing saved the expulsion of every Democrat from office, but the want of time to decide between the claims of a host of applicants for the succession. So long as they had the power, the guillotine of proscription worked day and night, until it was checked by their own vindictive and savage contentions for the spoils.

Mr. Polk has yet done but little to repair the havoc of the Whigs in 1840. Nothing has been done to incur the charge of proscription, and we presume nothing will be. —We have no desire to see the mercenary motive of the spoils, an active element of our party in its contests, nor do we desire to see such a motive encouraged by an indiscriminate removal of all opponents, immediately on the accession of a Democratic administration. Still, we hold that Democrats are as much entitled to hold offices as Whigs, and a Democratic administration will be better sustained by giving offices to its friends than by conferring them upon its enemies.

We hold, also, that when a man has enjoyed an office for a number of years, he has no reason to consider his removal an act of proscription. Suppose he be honest and capable, there are a thousand others as honest and capable as he is. If the office is any benefit to the individual holding it, he has already received an advantage not enjoyed by the multitude of others in all respects as much entitled to it. But these Whigs, when they get into office, seem to imagine that it becomes a part of their individual property, and if removed they make a terrible outcry about the bread being taken from their distressed wives and families. Why, these offices were not instituted to supply "wives and families" with bread. If they were, each individual should have his turn. It would be the greater reason that after one man had enjoyed a good fat office for five, ten or fifteen years, he should go out and let others come in for their share.

It is altogether a false notion to suppose that any man is injured by being removed from an office, unless it is done under circumstances reflecting discredit upon his character. The simple fact of his removal, should not be regarded as an injury, or as proscription, either by himself or others, and as to the loss the public may sustain by being deprived of his services, it is not often that any is experienced. It is said that old incumbents are better acquainted with the duties of their offices, &c. That may be true, but then experience proves that they are more apt to be negligent or corrupt. Upon the whole, frequent changes are more beneficial than otherwise; and there is not the least danger to be apprehended that the country will suffer from the removals and changes likely to be made by our present administration.—[Louisville Dem.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

A blade of grass contains mysteries that no philosopher can unravel. Should the nature of the Creator of the Universe be less mysterious than that of a blade of grass? Look at yourself. You are a world of mysteries. What is your body? You cannot answer. What is your spirit? You are still more unable to reply, and can no more comprehend your own spirit, than you can the God of Heaven. How does the spirit act on matter? Your limbs move at the direction of your mind. Still you can give no satisfactory statement. You are engulphed in mystery. Does nature consist of a body and spirit merely, or do a body, an animal soul and an immortal spirit, unite in you? Even this you cannot answer, nor tell whether you yourself are compounded of two or three distinct parts or principles. Let man then comprehend and explain his own nature, before he endeavors to unfold that of the Infinite God; then it will be soon enough to doubt the divinity of Jesus, because it is a subject fraught with mystery.

☞The late William Legget expressed his opinion of Gen. Jackson in the following terms. However extravagant they may seem, we believe no man now lives, or has recently died, who answers the picture so well:—

"My veneration for Andrew Jackson is very deep. I look upon him, not as one of the great men of the day, but as one of the greatest men of all time—as a man who, in several of the highest and noblest qualities of the human character, has never been surpassed—who has done more for the cause of equal liberty than any other man that ever lived."

Why is man's head like a lumber wagon? Because the less it has in it the more noise it makes.

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