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From the Burlington Free Press.

TUNE—"Rory O'More."

Now Paddy, my darlint, just listen to me,
While I give ye some hints that will help ye to see
The wiles that the Lokies are laying to take
The sons of owld Erin, who're not wide awake.
If a can of good whiskey, they show you the sight—
(And, faix! its not bad, on a could winther' night!)
Then Paddy, my boy when they urge ye to dhrink,
Just be prudent, my lad, and tip 'em the wink—
Don't heed 'em, the blackguards' they're full of desate,
For your votes at the election they're lying in wait;
Now Paddy, my darlint, just listen to me,
And I'll teach you some sacrets of Dem-ocracy.

Och, Paddy, my boy, of their promises fair—
It's meself that's in arnest, would bid ye beware.
They'll trate ye and chate ye, and laye ye at last
To go to the dogs—when election is past.
Sure, ye know, Paddy darlint, our faith was a scorn
To the tyrants who ruled o'er us, where we were born,
So we left our dear Erin and came to the shore
Where the flag of the Freeman shall wave evermore,
And we'll fight for our freedom in this land of our choice,
We'll fight with one heart, and we'll vote with one voice,
Then Paddy, my darlint, just listen to me,
And I'll teach ye some sacrets of Dem-ocracy.

They'll tell ye, my lad, in the old Granite State,
There's a candidate there who cannot be bate,
They'll puff him and praise him, and shout and holloe,
But, Paddy, my jewel! don't let 'em fool you!
He's a spalpeen, belave me, who faints in the fight,
While brave men are falling, he shows feathers white.
When true men are urging the widows' fair claim,
On the negative vote you will find Pierce's name;
Worthy son of New-Hampshire, the only free State,
Where our sons, to hould office, must be apostate!
Then, Paddy, my darlint, just listen to me,
While I teach you some secrets of Dem-ocracy.

They'll tell you his merits, which loudly they'll shout,
For unless they did that, they would never take out;
He once on a time gave a whole cint away,
So his heart must be open and gin'rous as day!
But Paddy, my darlint, don't be caught by a toy,
I'll show you a jewel—He's just the owld boy,
To win all the hearts of Green Erin's bowld sons;
Then let's give Scott a volley from true Irish guns,
We have not forgotten the caution he gave us,
When he sought from the cords of the British to save us,
That the brogue don't betray us, 'tis silent we'll be,
Lest we fall in the snares of false Dem-ocracy.

Paddy's Expedient.—An Irish weaver just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock, the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival.

His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

'And plaze ye,' returned Pat, 'is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that ye put the fine on us?'

'By the number of holes, to be sure.'

'And a big hole and a small one is the same price?'

'Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little.'

'Then give me a hold of the piece, replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small holes into one, and exclaimed, 'by the hill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling, any how!'

Found Dead.—During last week, an old lady, named Mack, resident of Lower Mt. Bethel, Pa. She left the residence of her son about two weeks before, and during the time she was missing was seen but once, and was then engaged picking berries. The body was found in a corn field, much decayed.—*Bel. Intel.*

Grain Revived in Africa.—Letters received in Paris, from Cheschell, in Africa, have announced that the ancient seed of flour, grain, and corn, which was used during the time of the kings of ancient Egypt, have been sown in the garden of a farmer and produced several ears, which offered a new species entirely unknown to modern agriculture. It appears that these grains of corn, which have been taken out of a coffin from the Pyramids, offer the appearance of a large ear in the centre, around which are six or seven smaller ears, like the branches of a tree. The length of the ear is ten or fifteen centimetres. The leaves are bearded and larger, as well as more rough than those of the ordinary corn. Each ear contains from seventy to ninety grains. No donbt, this new corn will be adopted all over Europe, for it produces three times the number of grains of the other kind of corn.—Every grain is nearly as big as two of the other.

A Broken Heart.

The interesting case of a literally broken heart we subjoin, was related by Dr. J. K. Mitchel, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, to his class last winter, while lecturing upon the disease of the heart.—It will be seen, on perusing that it the expression, "broken hearted," is not merely figurative:

In the early part of his medical career Dr. M. accompanied as a surgeon a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather-beaten son of Nuptue, but possessed of uncommonly fine feeling and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's state-room, the captain opened a large chest and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M. surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years, he had been devoutedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to greater exertions; and finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion that without her society life was not worth having, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage, from which in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage; and the doctor often observed a tear glistening in his eye, as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride.

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen, who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hand to his breast and fall to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned; but before he reached the poor captain he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, add life was at an end. The heart was broken.

The Schoolmaster and his Pupils.

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, in what continent—the Eastern or the Western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent, but the people sir, are all of 'em down South.'

"What are its products?"

"Africa, sir, or down South?"

"Africa, you blockhead!"

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing.'

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir; by drawing their breath!"

"Sit down, Joseph!"

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat Thomas. William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gits on a bust, and runs agin the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face!"

"Class is dismissed."

There were 196 marriages in Trenton for the year ending June 1st, all of which except 31, were between young people.—The number of births was 405, of whom 180 males, and females.

'Tention, Squad.

The editor of the Albany Microscope is a captain in the militia, and made the following spirited address to his company at the last general review. Hear him: *Friends, Countrymen, and Sodgers!*

'Tenshun, squad! This is a great country, and has got a great start among the white nations and Injuns of the airth. What makes it great? Where does the conglomerated elements of its greatness cum from? I answer—just bring your right foot into line, Sargent Snike—I answer in a voice of harsh thunder—*The Militia.*

Stop your darned cheering men; *don't* applause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out if you do. Yes, the militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable consarn, but for the military. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic fervosity. I'm attached to it, myself. I think its rich. The system *can't* be bettered.—Folks call it a farce. I don't see nothin' to laff at in it. It's a plaguy solemn piece of business, when you come to hug down the naked reality on't. 'Taint everybody that can put on the regimentalities, and look like old Mars, the god of war, with a decided touch of Julius Junias Brutas Ceahezer thrown in for effect. No sir-*ee!* There ain't a bigger nor more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all riggid up in the full catouterments of glory with straps to his breecherloons, epelets upon both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver stars shinin on the tail of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawed sword in his hand. Such a site's enough to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie!—'Tis indeed!

I believe the prelucent delirium of this destined Republic is centred in its militia. It can't stand without it. Without, its proud motto is, '*Divided we stand, united we fall.*'

Stop cheerin'—you put me out—

General Washington belonged to the militia—so did Sippio Afri-cane-us—so did Boneypart—so did the Wizzigoth that ravished all Europe and burt its fences and its stone walls—and so also, sodgers, do *I!*

I believe if all the out doors should burst threw the parafurnailye of the animal economy, and slide down the greased plank of oncestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad savanners of this smillin' land of asses milk and untamed honey, that nothin' astir could put 'em out but the militia! That are a fact! Three cheers for the militia in general, and the 9999th regiment in partickler. Sodgers, ground arms!

Who's afraid? Where's Mexiko, Kaliforniko and Oreegon? Who's afeerd of *them?* The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that are yaller, half Spanish varmint, that Mexico, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is, "Liberty and death, now and forever, and and inseparable!" Whooray for Mexas!—Down with Texico! Let's licker?

The First Saw-Mill.—The old practice in making boards was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy thing to persuade the world that it could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the 15th century; but so late as 1555, an English Ambassador, having seen a saw mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amuzing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public out-cry against the new fangled machine, was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever a Dutchman did before. The evil was thus kept out of England for many years, or rather generations; but 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interest, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces.—Such patriotic spirit could not always last, and now, though we have nowhere seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw-mills are used in England.

The Sacrifice of Life.—There have been during the present year twenty-one steamboat accidents, involving loss of life. The number of persons killed and drowned is 728, and injured 100.

Unity of the Races.

Bayard Taylor, in his last letter from the Numidian Nile, gives a very interesting account of some of the old Egyptian monuments he there encountered. The following extract relates to some colossal sculptures made in the remote era of Remeses the Great.

"The sculpture on the walls of the grand hall are after those of Medeenet Abou, and on the exterior wall of the Karnak, the most interesting I have seen in Egypt. On the end wall, on either side of the entrance, is a colossal bas relief, representing Remeses slaying a group of captive kings, whom he holds by the hair of their heads. There are ten or twelve in a single group, and the figures, though they are not colored, exhibit the same distinction of race as I had previously remarked in Belzoni's tomb, at Thebes. There is the Negro, the Persian, the Jew, and one other form of countenance which I could not make out—all imploring with uplifted hands the mercy of the conqueror.

"On the southern wall, the distinction between the Negro and the Egyptian is made still more obvious by the coloring of the figures. In fact, I see no reason whatever to doubt that the peculiar characteristics of the different races of men were as strongly marked in the day of Remeses as at present. This is an interesting fact in discussing the question of unity of the origin of the race. I have as yet, though deeply interested in the subject, not looked into it sufficiently to take either side; but, admitting the different races of men to have had originally one origin, the date of the first appearance of man on the earth must have been near fifty thousand years ago.

"If climate, customs and the like have been the only agents in producing the variety of races which we find so strongly marked nearly four thousand years ago, surely those agents must have been at work for a vastly longer period than that usually accepted as the age of Man. We are older than we know, but our beginning, like our end, is darness and mystery.

"I spent some time contemplating these grand and remarkable memorials of the greatest age of Egypt, and left with my feeling for Egyptian arts even stronger than before."

How to reform a Balky Horse.

If you have one, harness him into a good single tree, then fasten him, tail to tail, to a well harnessed team of good strong horses attached to a pair of double trees, start him, he'll back—then immediatly strat the others and let them pull him backward for a hundred yards or more, two or three such lessons will perfectly cure him of all his crawfishing propensities.

'I will not strike thee thou bad man,' said a Quaker one day, 'but will let this billet of wood fall on thee;' and that precise moment the 'bad man' was floored by the weight of a walking-stick that the Quaker had been known to carry.

The Bangor Whig tells of a remarkable crop of wheat, grown in that State, and averaging one hundred bushels to the acre.

We don't believe it. That amount of wheat was never grown upon one acre of land since the world began.

How Indigo is Prepared.

The Indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which, at the harvest time, about the month of August are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid into great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid upon them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and everything depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposite separates itself from the water which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

New Dictionary.—Gentleman—Anybody—Gratitude—The art of forgetting favors. Owl—A species of bird. It is frequently denominated a common council man Duel—An interview between a pair of fools.

Hotel Building.

The New York Tribune of Thrusday last says:—The Metropolitan Hotel, built by P. S. Van Ransselaer, Esq., on the site of Niblo's Garden, under the supervision and for the tenancy of the Messers. Leland, late of Clinton Hotel, will open on Wednesday, Sept. 1st: and as making a step forward in the Social transformation which so many blindly revile, but are impotent to arrest or avert, we have given it a careful examination with a view to a suggestive description.

This Hotel extends three hundred feet on Broadway and two hundred on Prince street; is built of brown stone, six stories high, but three-fourths of the first story is surrendered to stores, leavong only seventy-five feet in the center for a spacious office, baggage-room, &c., with two reception rooms for guests, (one of them for ladies) who have just arrived and are waiting for rooms to be assigned to them. The house has five entrances, two of them for ladies and their attendants, two for servants, besides the main entrance from Broadway. It has three dining-rooms besides the servants'—that for ladies being calculated to seat two hundred and fifty persons, amid every appliance for the satisfaction of the palate. The third dining-room is for children and nurses. The public parlors near these, supplied with every fitting auxiliary to comfort and elegance. The privat suites of rooms on this floor include parlor, one, two or more bed-rooms, bath, dressing-room, store-room, &c., and are superb in all their appointments, as they may well be, since the most eligible are charged from $75 to $100 per suite per week, and are eagerly taken up at those rates. Thence to the uppermost story the rooms diminish in size and expense, those in the sixth story being let at $2 per week. The price of board is uniformly $7 per week, and of board and lodging to transient guests who do not require extra accommodations, is $2 per day. One dazzling suite of rooms is fitted up for bridal parties. The furniture is all of solid oak, thoroughly polished; the beds are all spring and hair mattresses; all of the suites and some of the single chambers have private baths, store-rooms, &c., while the cheaper single rooms have wardrobes, Croton water, &c., immediately at hand. The house is lighted by gas and heated by steam throughout, though any guest may have a coal fire in his own room if he sees fit—the steam-heat being diffused through the halls. Ample provision is made for ventilation everywhere. The chandeliers and brackets are of new patterns, some of them of a darker bronze which seems an improvement on the bedizened lacquer-work generally in vogue. One wing of the house is devoted to families and ladies; the other to bachelors or gentlemen transiently in town. No lady need see or be seen by half a dozen persons out of her own set in the course of a winter unless she chooses to be.

The numbered rooms are 353, of which perhaps 100 are parlors, and 250 bedrooms, though many are both. The house is calculated to entertain in perfection about five hundred guests, though one thousand, including servants, might be comfortably lodged under its roof. In the basemeut are the general store rooms, receiving rooms for provisions, &c.,—all bought at wholesale, after a careful scrutinty as to quality, &c.,—bakery, laundry, ice-room, kitchen, &c., with two boilers of twenty-five horse power each, and a steam engine which works the mangle, turns the spits, forces water into reservoirs at the top of the house, and will doubtless saw the wood and churn the butter whenever there are any of these jobs to do. The Range is the poorest feature of the establishment, wasting in stewing out the cooks' eyes, a good deal of heat which ought to be served for cooking the food.—It may be that there are no better in our city: if so, we should send persons to Paris to learn how to construct ranges properly. It is a gross barbarism to cook the kitchen-maids when only the victuals are to be eaten.

Here, too, amid congenial gloom, are the groggery and smoking-room, for smoking is not allowed to make hideons the office, halls, reading-room, &c. The groggery looks afraid of daylight and ashamed of itself, as it well may, and evidently ready to bolt at the first appearance of the expected Maine Law. Heaven grant that it may not have very long to wait.

The Metropolitan will be opened to the public on Wednesday, September 1st, and already a great portion of its rooms are engaged, and its books have been open but a day or two. Some idea of its extent and thoroughness of appointment may be gathered from the fact that its glass alone cost $37,000, and its plumbing over $70,000. It is a great Hotel, but it suggests hotels still larger and better. Its steam-engine takes up baggage at the entrance, and deposits it quickly and carefully on the third, fourth, or any higher floor; but guests must tug themselves up the stairway, which is absurd and transitional.—In the next hotels they will step into a car on their own floor and glide quietly to the dinging-room or to the street door. The Metroplitan files its Journrls from every State in the Union; the next advance will give its guests telegraphic dispatches from every point of interest, sent in manifold to each guest who chooses to order and to pay for them. Every step ahead indicates and makes plain the step that is to follow.

When, Oh when, will some capitalist build a hotel for the poor? The needy, miserable wretches who now cower among filth and vermin, exposure to the elements and the seed's of pestilence, in Cross and Little Water streets, are paying enough for lodgings to secure them pure air, cleanliness, adepuate space, and everything essential to comfort, if houses were built with due regard to their wants and the best means of satisfying them. How long must truth so obvious need to be dinned into the public ear before ever it shall be acted upon?

Artesian Well.

We received, some time since, the following interesting communication from Alabama, which contains many intems of interest to those who may find it important to obtain a copious and constant supply of water by deep boring. There is an Artesian well in this city however, which is much deeper than any of those mentioned in the following article. At Belcher's Sugar refinery, there is one in progress which has now reached the depth of 1350 feet, and will be continued to 2500 feet unless a pure sand-stone formation is previously found.—*St. Louis Paper.*

Messrs. Editors:—Enclosed I send you a short account of the famous Artesian well, recently completed on the plantation of Mr. Matthews, in Dallas county, Ala. It may prove interesting to some of your readers who reside in the prairie parts of Missouri, and suffer for want of springs or running wells, who would like to profit from our experience. The geological structure of Missouri may be so different from that of central Alabama, that the same result may not follow from deep borings; but the experiment, if it has never been tried, certainly deserves being made. For many years the richest portion of Alabama was uncultivated, owing to the complete want of water in summer months, there being neither sap-wells nor springs for fifteen or twenty miles. At length, a Mr. Cooper, a native of Vermont, an ingenious artisan and mechanic, conceived the idea of penetrating the solid crust of the earth, in the hope of meeting of subterranean wells or lakes. He invented and patented augers and instruments for the purpose, and at length, some twenty years since, succeeded in the county of Marengo, at the depth of five hundred feet in finding a stratum of sand, which supplied a never-failing stream of water, which rose some five feet above the level of the ground. His success and the value of the discovery led others to go into the business of boring for water, till now it is a regular business, employing numbers of men, and at a moderate compensation.—The prices paid are usually 25 cents per foot for the first 400 feet, and 50 cents for the next two hundred, and 75 cents a foot for all below; or in regions where wells are already abundant, they frequently insure water for $100

There are in the counties mentioned, from eight hundred to one thousand Artesian wells, varying in depth from 200 to 900 feet, from 3½ to 9 inches in diameter, supplying from 3 to 1300 gallons per minute, and rising from 1 to 25 feet above the surface of the ground.

The water rushes up with so great violence that some wells form the most beautiful jets d'eau, perpetual fountains cooling the air and affording every comfort and convenience that can be imagined or devised from the sparkling element. In most cases however, instead of being made ornaments, in the flower grounds of the proprietors, they only furnish water for stock, and are found in the deep ravines or low grounds, where the boring will naturally be shallow-lowest.

Dr. Withers, of Greensboro, Alabama, is at present enganed in preparing an essay on the Artesian wells of Alabama, which promises to be very interesting to the geologist. He will doubtless give any information to any gentleman in Missouri requesting it, as to the practical details of boring these wells, now very well understood in this country.

☞The Lynchburg Virginian, states that Mr. J. Dickens, of Pendleton county, Ky., after some three years study, has discovered the principle of perpetual motion. Mr. D., has written on to Congress and steps will soon be taken to apply it to machinary. He has been offered as high as five hundred thousand dollar for his discovery, but will not sell it.