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BY JAMES CLARK: [CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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POETICAL.

[From the New York Mirrorr]

AUTUMN.

The flowers begin to fade, and soon
The leaves will sear and fall--
For paler grows the summer moon
That glimmers through the hall.

And darker clouds are floating past
The golden-tinted sky,
And colder sweeps the fitful blast,
Like sullen spirits, by.

How brief and fragile is their lot,
Those bright and fragile things,
Which yester were, to-day are not,
Like dreams with rapid wings.

It scarcely seems an hour hath flown
Since Spring was here in bloom;
Yet, half of summer's glory strown,
Lies mouldering for the tomb.

But flowers and leaves revive again
When Spring anew appears;
And only man, mid grief and pain,
Has no renewing years.

Each Spring and Summer with their light,
Each Autumn darkly chill,
Each Winter with its robe of white,
But makes HIM frailer still.

God grant there is a gentle Spring,
A golden Summer-time,
Where we shall have an angel's wing,
And live in childhood's prime. CLARA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

ON THE ROAD TO THE WAR, Aug. —, '47.

Mr. GALES & SEATON:

My Dear old Friends:—I spose you'll be amazingly disapinted to find I'm away off here, pushin on to the seat of war, and didn't call to see you when I come through Washington. But you must'nt blame me for it, for I could'nt help it; the President would'nt let me call; he said I was getting quite too thick with you, writing letters to you and all that. And when he spoke about the letters, he looked kind of red, and showed considerable spunk.

Says he, Major Downing, I have put a good deal of confidence in you as a friend of my admnistration; and if you are a friend to it, you must let Gales & Seaton alone; keep out of their way, and have nothin' to do with them; they are dangerous mischief-making fellers, eternally peckin at my administration, all weathers. Let me try to keep things ever so snug, and lay my plans ever so deep, they are sure to dig them all up, lug them into the Intelligencer, and blaze 'em all over the country. Confound their pictures, they are the most troublesome customers an administration ever had; they've come pretty near upsetting me two or three times. So, if you are my friend, I warn you not to be so thick with Gales and Seaton.

Well, says I, Colonel, you know I am a friend to you and your administration, as much as I ever was to the old Gineral and his administration; and I shall stand by you and do every thing I can to help you out of this scrape you've got into about the war. But I don't know as that need make me break with Gales and Seaton. We've been old friends so long, it would be kind of hard for me to give 'em up now; and I don't hardly think they are quite so bad as you think for. They may not mean to do you so much hurt when they put these things into their paper, and only put them in cause they think folks want to know what's goin on. Mr. Ritchie sometimes puts things into *his* paper that folks think don't do you no good.

The President gave two or three hard chaws upon his cud of tobacco, and says he, Yes, Major, that's too true, it must be confessed; and it annoys me beyond all patience. But then I have to forgive it and overlook it, because Mr. Ritchie don't mean it. The old gentleman is always sorry for it, and always willing to take it back. And then he's such a tuff old feller to fight the federalists, I can't have a heart to scold at him much about his mistakes and blunders.

Well, says I, Colonel, being you've named federalists, I want to know if any of them animals is really supposed to be alive any where in the country now-a-days. Seeing such awful accounts about 'em in the Union paper all the time, I inquired all the way along through New England, where they used to be the thickest, and I couldn't get track of one; and when I asked the folks if there was any federalists anywhere in them quarters, they all stared at me and said they didn't know what kind of critters they was. When I got to Downingville I asked uncle Joshua about it. He said in his younger days there used to be considerable many of 'em about, but they wasn't thought to be dangerous, for they never was much given to fighting. But he said he guessed they'd all died or [illegible] hadn't come across one this twenty years. So now, Colonel, says I, how it they are so thick in Mr. Ritchie's paper all the time!

At that he gave me a very knowing kind of a look, and lowered his voice down almost to a whisper; and says he, Major, I'll tell you how that is. When Mr. Ritchie was a young man he used to fight a good deal with the federslists, and took a good deal of pride in it; and now the fancies and scenes of his youth all seem to come back fresh to his mind, and he can't think or talk about any thing else. You know that's often times the way with old people. As he always used to have the name of a smart fighter I give him the command of the newspaper battery here to defend my administration. But 'twas as great a mistake as 'twas when I sent Tavlor into Mexico; I didn't know my man.

No matter what forces was gathering to overthrow my administration, Mr. Ritchie somehow didn't seem to see 'em; no matter how hard they fired at me, he didn't seem to hear it; and when I called to him to fire back, he would rouse up and touch off a few squibs with about as good aim as the boys take when they fire crackers on the 4th of July, and did about as much execution. At last I found out a way that I could make the old veteran fight like a Turk and hold on like a bull-dog. It was by giving him a notion at any time that he was fighting with federalists. Since I made that discovery he's been more help to me. Whenever I see an enemy entrenching himself around me, and bringing up his batteries to fire into my administration, all I have to do is to whisper in Ritchie's ear and say, "Mr. Ritchie, the air smells of federalism; you may depend upon it there is federalists abroad somewhere." In a minute, you've no idea with what fury the old gentleman flies round, and mounts his heaviest guns, and sets his paper battery in a roar. His shots fly right and left, and sometimes knocks down friends as well as foes. To be sure they don't make a very great impression upon the enemy; but then there's this advantage in it: if he don't kill or beat off the enemy, he keeps the administration so perfectly covered up with smoke that the enemy can't see half the time where to fight at us. On the whole, Mr. Ritchie is a valuable man to my administration notwithstanding all his mistakes and blunders.

Just then the door opened, and who should come in but Mr. Ritchie himself. As he opened the door he ketched the sound of the two last words the President was saying.

"Mistakes and blunders!" says Mr. Ritchie; 'what, have you got something more of Scott and Taylor's blundering in Mexico?

Nothing more to-day, says the President. I was only telling Major Downing how their blunders there have come pretty near ruining the country, and now it is absolutely necessary to get the staff out of their hands somehow or other before they quite finish the job.—I'm going now to try one more plan, Mr. Ritchie; but be careful that you don't say anything about it in the Union, or it will blow it all up. I tried once to get Col. Benton on for the same purpose, and Congress blowed that up. Then I sent Trist on for the same purpose, and Scott has blowed him up. Now I'm agoing to send Major Downing, not as a regular Chaplain, but as a sort of watch upon them, you know, to work round and do the business up before anybody knows it. He isn't to go to Scott nor Taylor, nor have anything to do with 'em, but to work his way into Mexico, and go right to Santa Anna, and knock up a bargain with him. I don't care what he gives. The fact is, Mr. Ritchie, the country needs peace, and I'll have peace, cost what it will.

An excellent idea, says Mr. Ritchie; an excellent plan, sir. I'm for peace at all hazards, if it is to be found anywhere in Mexico—that is, if we can get hold of it before Scott and Taylor does.—And I think Major Downing is just the man for it—a true staunch democratic republican; and whatever he does will go for the benefit of the Administration. Now the country's shins are aching pretty bad with the war, and if we can fix up a good smooth peace right off, and not let Scott and Taylor have any hand in it, who knows, Mr. President, but it might make our Administration so popular, that you and I might both be elected to serve another four years! But when is the Major to start!

Right off to-night, says the President, or rather in the morning before daylight, before any body in Washington finds out that he has got back from Downingville. I have forbid his calling at the Intelligencer office, and I don't want they should find out or mistrust that he has been here. If they should get wind of the movement, they should be sure to throw some constitutional difficulty in the way, and try to make a bad botch of the business.

The President shot me into his room, and charged me not to leave the house, while he sent for Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Marcy to fix up my private instructions. While he was gone, Mr. Ritchie fixed me up a nice little bundle of private instructions, too, on his own hook, moddled, he said, on the Virginia Resolutions of '98. Presently the President came back with my budget all ready, and give me my instructions, and fill'd my pockets with rations, and told me how to draw whenever I wanted money; and before daylight I was off a good piece on the road to the war.

To-day I met a man going on to carry letters to the Government from General Scott's side of the war, and I made him stop a little while to take this letter to you; for I was afraid you might begin to think I was dead. He says Scott is quite wrathy about the Trist business, and wants to push right on and take the City of Mexico, but Mr. Trist is disposed to wait and see if he can't make a bargain with Santa Anna's men. I shall push along as fast as I can, and get into the city of Mexico if possible before Scott does, and if I only get hold of Santa Anna, I have no doubt I shall make a trade.

I don't know yet whether I shall take Scott's road or Taylor's road to go to the city of Mexico; it will depend a little on the news I get by the way.—Two or three times when I have been stopping to rest I have been looking over my private instructions.—They are fust rate, especially Mr. Ritchie's.

I remain your old friend, and the President's private Embasseder,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

PRESERVING EGGS.—This is the season to put up a store of eggs, against "time and need." There are various modes of preserving them. Lime-water has been found to answer well. Mr. H. A. Parsons, of Buffalo, informs us that he has been successful in preserving them with salt. He takes large stone jars, or tight kegs, and packs the *eggs on the small end, first* putting in a layer of salt, and then a layer of eggs, taking care that the eggs do not touch the keg or jar. In this way the vessel is filled to near the top, when it is carefully covered over and placed in a cool, dark place. Mr. P. has kept them in this way, perfectly good for three years. It is important that the eggs should be new, not more than ten days old, when put up, if it is intented to keep them a great while.

SPEAKING ILL OF A NEIGHBOR.—Never place confidence in a person who makes it a practice to run down his neighbor and his neighbor's goods, because he is in the same line of buisness. There are those who are so destitute of moral principle—so mean and selfish that they cannot endure the thought of the prosperity of their neighbors and when they are out of certian articles which they know their neighbors have in abundance, they do not hesitate to tell the purchaser he cannot obtain in the town what he is in pursuit of. Such a course may answer for the time being, but eventually results to the injury of the liar. When the character of such are found out, their customers gradually leave them, believing that, if they lie in one case they will in another—and not only lie but cheat also. The most dangersous men to deal with are those of this description. You never hear the truly upright man speak ill of another. With double dealings and dissimulation he is an entire stranger.—[*Port. Tribune*

A GOOD ONE.—Two grave members of the Bar encountered a dead pig on the sibe-walk, and soon after encountered the Coroner; whereupon one of them remarked to him that his services were required to sit upon the body.

"Do you make the suggestion," inquired the Coroner, "that you may pocket the juryman's fees!"

"Oh no," interrupted the third party; "H. could not serve, for the law precludes the *relatives of the deceased* from sitting upon the jury."

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

SCRIBBLES.

BY SCRATCH.

A POPULAR DELUSION.

FOR a number of years it has been generally believed, and settled as a matter of fact, by antiquaries and scientific men, that the custom of wearing long hair, yclepd (that is *uncut*—Dic.) soap-locks, originated in the following manner: They trace it back to a fellow who was convicted for stealing sheep, (no doubt a disciple of Shakspeare,) and was condemned to have his ears cut off for the offence. And they say this fellow to hide his disgrace, as well as cover the disfigured auricular organs, permitted his hair to grow very long; and then, changing his calling a little, he set up for a dandy. Strange to say many adopted the fashion, and long hair became *the* 'bon ton.'—This story is but the modification of the true version, which is after this manner:—This custom had its origin no doubt during the time of the terrible persecutions under the bigoted Laud. Prynne was the man, who, worthy even of a better cause, became the unconscious originator of this nice fashion. "*We* would not have a sheep extractor for *our* pattern, would we!" No, we look to the Martyr Prynne, who died with fortitude for his Religion!' Bancroft throws light on this long obscured point, and speaks thus,—"Four years after Prynne had been punished for a publication, he was a second time arraigned for a like offence. I thought, said Lord Finch, that Prynne had lost his ears already; but, added he, examining the prisoner, "there is something left yet;" and an officer of the Court *removing the hair* displayed the mutilated organs."—Tradition varying and changing from time, and prejudice brought down the former story.—Like all others of importance, this is a vexed subject. And if the too precise and exclusive Antiquary should think our solution of the mystery, not to savour enough of the shadowy and musty antique, we would offer for his meditations a tradition, (from the very oldest system of Mythology now extant,) viz:

Apollo and Pan had a contest together,
To try which could conquer in singing;
And Phrygia's King, though as fickle as weather,
Determined to judge of the winning.

King Midas the victory ascribed unto Pan,
Which Apollo, so much did harrass
That he stretched out the ears of the poor, simple man,
To the very extent of an ass.

Midas tried to *conceal the disgrace with his hair*,
But he found that his barber must know it;
So he got him to promise, by threat and by prayer,
That to no one on Earth he should show it.

So weighty a matter the barber soon found
Was not easy fo him to contain,
Then a deep and round hole he dug in the ground,
Where the secret might safely remain.

He put down his mouth and whispered these words,
"King Midas has got Ass' ears."
And covered it up from man, beast or birds,
Then in this manner banished his fears.

But tall, slender seeds grew out of the hole,
Which in every breeze that did pass,
Would move and utter a sorrowful dole
"King Midas hath the ears of an Ass."

As a matter of course in this age of freedom of conscience and opinion, each person can decide for himself. Further comment is unnecessary.—Documentary Evidence.

HITCHING THE CUSSED THING.—The New Haven Register gives the following account of an incident on the New Haven and Hartford Road, soon after it went into operation. The train stopped at Meridan to wood up, and a fidgety gentleman, who was probably for the first time in his life, in a railroad car, and who held on to his seat with both hands, from the moment the cars left Hartford, looking as though he expected every moment to be shook out of the window, suddenly stepped out on the platform, and took a rapid look at the locomotive. "Anything the matter?" inquired a wag who had greatly enjoyed the countryman's perturbation. "Any thing the *matter!* I should think there was something the matter, if you ever noticed it! Why they've stopped right in the middle of the road, and *ha'n't hitched the cussed thing!* 'Spose an' it should start! hey?" A roar of laughter from the passengers in no wise altered the man's views of the superior safety of his position, "*in case the cussed thing should start.*"

USE OF CORN.—A Yankee passing through the Miami valley, made his inquiry of a young farmer, who had just been replenishing the inner man with a drop of consolation— "I say, mister, what is the *staple* product of this 'ere section of country!" "Corn, sir," was the reply—"corn; we raise here seventy bushels to the acre, and manufacture it—hic—into whiskey, to say nothing—hic—of what is wasted for bread."

TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

BY H. C. WRIGHT.

A man in New Jersey told me the following circumstances respecting himself and one of his neighbors:

"I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up; but, one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipt their wings so that they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged that he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much.—I determined at once to be revenged—to sue him, or in some way to get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I had become more cool, and thought perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way being sure that it would be better.

"After dinner I went over to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in great fury—

"You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined."

"'I am very sorry for it,' said I. 'I did not wish to injure you, and I now see that I made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'"

"The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up at the sky—then down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club—and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing."

"'Tell me now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or anything else."

"'*I'm a great fool*,' said the neighbor. 'The damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine.'"

Problem for Newspaper Dealers.

It is a common remark that "figures won't lie." This may be true, in one sense; but we witnessed an instance, at a railroad depot, the other day, in which a newspaper dealer declared that figures didn't exactly tell the truth at all events.

"What do you ask for your papers?" said a wag to a little curly-headed newsboy.

"Four cents a-piece, sir," replied the boy.

"Well," said the wag, "I'll take one; here is a five cent piece; give me one cent back."

The boy took the money and returned the paper and one cent.

"But what do ask for two papers?" inquired the joker.

"Six cents," said the boy.

"Well," said the joker, "I have given you five cents—now here is one more, that makes six—give me another paper."

The little boy looked confused—half pulled out the second paper—then returned it, and exclaimed, "No you don't! You can't come the *double cypher* over this child that way."

"Why, what's the matter?" said the wag; "I have given you six cents, and I want two papers."

"Yes, said the boy, with his brain evidently in a snarl, "but one cent was mine before."

"True," said the wag, "but you gave it me for change, and then 'twas mine, wasn't it."

"In course it was," said the boy, "but I gin two cents a-piece for these papers, and how can I sell them for one and make money? I don't like your kind of cypherin', mister—so jist give me back my paper, and take your money, and *begin again*."

The wag consented, and the little newsboy soon got his fingers straightened out so he could understand them but we saw him a few minutes afterwards, sitting down on a curb-stone, with a cent in one hand and a five cent piece in the other trying to puzzle out how it was that the man had bothered him so.—[*City Crier.*]

☞ The Boston Times says:—Our bakers have so far improved the size of their bread, that a child cannot swallow a ten cent loaf entire without danger of choking.

Wadleigh's Trial for Sleeping in Meeting.

Justice Winslow.—*What* do you know about Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

Witness.—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

Justice.—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

Witness—(Scratching his head.)—Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh is a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing; and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy-leaves. So it stands to reason that Wadleigh would naterally be a very sleepy sort of person. Well, the weather is sometimes naterally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sarmons is sometimes rather heavy-like.

"Stop, stop!" said Justice Winslow. "No reflections upon Parson Moody; that is not what you were called here for."

Witness.—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I knew about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and its my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, naterally have a tendency—

"Stop, stop! I say," said Squire Winslow; "if you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you to the cage for contempt of court.

Witness.—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

Squire Winslow.—Well, go on and tell us all about that. You wern't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

Witness.—That's what I'm trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting; especially when the sarmon—I mean especially where they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sarmon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of a waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh; I've generally noticed that if he begins to gape at the seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly up to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife. SEBA SMITH.

☞ AN OLD TOPER, in the last stage of dropsey, was told by his physicion that nothing would save him but being "tapped." His son, a witty little shaver, objected to the operation, saying:—"Daddy, don't submit to it, for you know there was never anything 'tapped' in our house that lasted more than a week!"

Treason to Discuss the War.

In a speech before the anti-war meeting, in Faneuil Hall, Theodore Parker said:

"Treason, is it?—treason to discuss a war which the government made, and which the people are made to pay for? If it be treason to speak against the war, what was it to make the war—to ask for 50,000 men, and $50,000,000 for the war? Why, if the people cannot discus the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under Heaven can? Whose business is it, if it is not yours and mine?—If my country is in the wrong, and I know it, and hold my peace, then I am guilty of treason—moral treason. Why a wrong, it is the only threshold of ruin. I would not have my country take the next step. Treason, is it, to show that this war is wrong and wicked? Why, what if George III, any time from '75 to '83, had gone down to Parliament, and told them it was treason to discuss the war then waging against these colonies? What do you think the Commons would have said? What would the Lords say? Why, that king, foolish as he was would have been lucky if he had not learned that there was a joint in his neck, and, stiff as he bore him, that the people knew how to find it.

"I don't believe in killing kings, or any other men; but I do say, in a time when the nation was not in danger, that no British King, for two hundred years, would have dared to call it treason to discuss the war—its cause, its progress, or its termination!"

A publisher was lately relating how a literary Jeremy Diddler had "bled" him. "My dear sir," said Gas, who happened to be present, "that is nothing—it is only another illustration of the triumph of *mind* over *matter*."