

MACHINE POETRY.

We have found it necessary—in order to keep up with the intelligence and improvement of the age—to go into the manufacture of Poetry. To enable us to turn the article out with facility, we have, with the assistance of a friend, put together a machine, that, so far as we can judge at present, is likely to work to admiration. It will, very naturally, work a little rough at first, but after using it a short time it will wear smooth, and our readers may expect a weekly treat in the way of poetry, that we are satisfied no other office in the West can offer.

In order to test the capabilities of our machine for grinding old poetry into new—the most difficult part of the business—we selected a piece of "Sir Isaac's"—having previously set the pegs to the measure—and in three minutes and seventeen and a half seconds, the following was produced, which must answer for this week. Every one who has read "Sir Isaac's" production will acknowledge that our machine works "to a charm."

And this is the knight—most glorious knight!
Thou art no common mortal; let me be
A sharer in thy fears and far delight—
Using up Bill Typo like a flea.

The knight has closed his labors; round each
peg
In the side walk's verge—men and reptiles are
spread.

The spirit of the press, has raised his leg,
And the bugs join in chorus. 'Neath his tread
The fiercest snakes have howed their lofy
head,

And pismires yield their terrors to his sway.

The polished sparrow breaks through them;
deep and dired

The thunder's peal rolls as his bogies play,

And men and reptiles give back and clear the
way

His walk majestic, leg exquisite, hat new
And broad brimmed, and well brushed; set as
knew

To let his eye turn heavenward—too haughty
To look on earth; If bugs will be so naughty
To leave their holes and run across his track

When he walks; with acorn he'll trample on
their back.

There is grandeur in thy stalwart heel;

Thou terror to all creeping things. I hear
Thy fainter echoes o'er the pavement steel

Dying away in distance; far and near,

Fire, sparkling flies, vivid, keen and clear,

Struck forth cold by that heel, from stone or
brick

By a stamp, that's mortal to bug or tick.

And the thunder follows—from afar

The peal of its approaching strikes the ear.—
Thy war.

Strikes man, beast and reptiles—e'en Tadpoles
quake with fear.

The varmints are the heralds of thy way;—
Brick-bats and stones along thy pathway shine,

And twirling frightfully as round they play

To man a caution and death to little swine

What mortal hand thy limits may confine?

Not he who yields a common grey goose quill;

Thou mockest e'en the utmost power of Bill,

Well might the Howser lay before thy shire,

The worship of a prodigy—for power,

And grandeur, and sublimity are thine,—
And all things mortal fear thee. From the
power.

That yields its frail leaves to the summer shower.

Up to Bill Typo, all things speak thy sway.

But in the silence of the midnight hour

When thy dread tramp attends the wild winds

laid

Well might he deem a God was coming—or a
dray.

MINE HONOR IS REDEEMED."

Proudly may Pennsylvania thus speak:
On the 14th day February, the State redeemed

her plighted faith, and that day the canon

was made to roar around Philadelphia,

in token of the great civic triumph. The

rejoicing was general. The men of the Key-

stone State looked as they felt as if a great

and good work had been accomplished for

them and their State.

The picture presented at the Pennsylvania

Bank when the payment began, must have

been one of thrilling interest. "Among the

creditors who pressed within its wall to re-

ceive their own from the long delinquent

debtor, (says the American) were many wo-

men, whose care worn faces then lighted up

in the fulfillment of a hope so long deferred

and were silent though powerful witness to

the virtue of the act which called them thither.

The great poverty of many a widow

l orphan, and the infirm, was relieved,

once more they felt, that competence

support was theirs. Happy day was it

all such! Glorious the occasion for the

te!

Our Philadelphia friends cry, "all is safe

. The interest is paid up, and what is

the, Pennsylvania will never be de-

ment!" And the Gazette, as if the pay-

ment of the interest of the debt were no un-

common affair, good humoredly hits the fel-

l who "long time ago" masked—tabooed—

that the word? the 'man in drab.' It

is very innocently:

"A friend has mentioned to us that the in-

terest on the State debt will be paid to-day,

the Pennsylvania Bank. Our compliments

to the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the Can-

ons of St. Paul. We hope he will hear one

of the canons from Bush Hill, fired in hon-

or of the event."

—A very destructive fire occurred at

New Castle in this State, a few days since.

Here is a right good thing from Wil-
lis, urged to justify the propriety of the bene-
fit tendered to Gen. Morris. It is worked
into one of those editorial colloquies which
form a peculiar feature of the Evening Mir-
ror. The General is fearful that it may be
considered in bad taste for him to accept a
public offering of the kind, and bluntly puts
the question to his associate—"Isn't your
pride wounded for me?" Willis answers in
the negative, and then proceeds to lay down
this sage apothegm, which not only fully
bears out the propriety of the benefit, but
involves a truth habitually overlooked by the
multitude, to the great disparagement of the
press. "Editors," says the prose poet, "are
the pump-handles of charity, always helping
people to water, and never thought to be
thirsty themselves." How true a thing is this! The good-natured public have come
to believe, with unexampled unanimity, that
editors are indeed but "pump-handles."—
No enterprise of utility, benevolence or
pleasure, can be projected, that a rush is not
at once made to some attic sanctum, and the
"pump-handle" seized incontinently to be
worked *ad libitum*. If the enterprise be
of a public nature, the whole town feel at
liberty to ply the editor for his support; if it
be a private one, the concourse may be less
numerous, but the few who do approach,
work with a pertinacity which fully makes
amends.

It is quite as reasonable to ask a merchant
to give his goods, a lawyer to grant his ser-
vices, the mechanic to proffer his skill and
labor to a public charity and improvement,
as to demand of an editor to surrender his
columns and types to such uses. Yet all
other professions are paid for contributions
to these objects, whilst editors write them in
favor and pay for the printing besides.—
Taking into consideration the thousand and
one schemes of private charity and public
improvement—many of them yielding fat
salaries to those that manage them—which
the press espouses and sustains without
remuneration, no class of men contribute so
largely to works of this description as the
proprietors of newspapers; and yet, as a
class, none are less able to give alms.

The following is the thirteenth anniversary of the Columbia
Typographical Society of the city of Wash-
ington was celebrated on the 4th of January.
The Hon. JONY QUINCY ADAMS was present
as an invited guest, and, after a sufficient
quantity of technical toast and sentiment
had freely circulated, addressed the Associa-
tion in his usually eloquent and appropriate
manner. The following epitaph was re-
ceived during its recital, with frequent ex-
pressions of applause, which, at its close,
reached a high pitch of uproarious laughter
and applause. To the members of the craft
it is a mirth moving affair, indeed.

Let every young husband who loves his
wife, and who would keep her happy, and
thus preserve an amiable temper, remember
the case here cited, and steadily avoid the
error pointed out.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—DAVID S. DANOLD-
SON, Esq., has purchased the "Wabash Ex-
press"—and is now announced as the Edi-
tor and Proprietor of that paper.

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME."

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

This beautiful prayer—we have published
it before but it will be read again—must
have been breathed by BARRY CORNWALL's
heart, while sitting at his quiet fireside, look-
ing in the face of his sweet wife, and rock-
ing the cradle of his "golden tressed Adel-

ade." Touch us gently, Time:
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three:
One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time:
We're no proud and soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in little things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime,
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

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The Printer's Epitaph.
Here lies his form in pi,
Beneath this baulk with briars overgrown.
How many cases, far unworthy, lie
Neath some imposing stone!

No column points our loss—
No sculptured caps his history declare;
Although he lived a follower of the cross,
And member of the bar.

The golden rule he prized,
And left it as a token of his love;
And all his deeds, corrected and revised,
Are registered above.

The copy of his wrongs—
The proof of all his piety—are there;
And the fair title which to truth belongs,
Will prove his title fair.

Though now in death's embrace,

A moulder heap our luckless brotherlyness,

He'll re-appear on Gabriel's royal chase,

And fresh to the skies.

MARRIED.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. V. DONGE,

PERRY SWIFT, of New Harmony, to

Miss MARTHA P. WARTH, of this coun-

try.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE undersigned will offer for SALE at

his residence in Union Township, Van-

derburgh County, Indiana, on the 15th day of

March next, to the highest bidder the following

tracts of land, to wit:

The East half of the East half of Fractional

Section nineteen, the West half of the East half

of said Fractional Section, also, the North East

Quarter of the South West Quarter of Section

eighteen and the South East Quarter of the

North West Quarter of said Section, all in con-

gressional Township No. 7 South of Range No.

11 west.

TERMS OF SALE.—A credit of nine months for

the first half and fifteen months for the last

of the purchase money will be given, by the pur-

chaser giving bond with approved security.

Feb. 20, '45 31st SIMEON V. LONG, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.

ON the 4th Monday of March 1845 between

the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. & 4 o'clock

P. M. at the Court House door in Evansville I

will sell by virtue of a decree of the Probate

Court of Vanderburgh County, a part of Lot No

29 old plan of Evansville, being forty feet

of the older end of said Lot, containing forty feet

on Vine Street, and seventy five feet on the al-

ley and general width from back to front as

the property of the Estate of WILLIAM R MOR-

GAN, deceased.

TERMS OF SALE.—half in six and half in twelve

months with note and security, and waiving all

benefit of appraisal laws.

DANIEL MORGAN, Administrator.

Feb. 20th, 10th p. m. fee \$2.

NOTICE.

REGULAR WABASH PACKETS.