

An original Glee for the Fourth of July.
OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

How often we sing of our forefathers' deeds;
Of their wondrous exploit every citizen reads;
Upon them we confer all the glory.
But now for a while let our gratitude pause;
Let us think—if our mothers have not a just cause
To figure alike in the story.

'Tis true, that our forefathers only bore arms—
They themselves in the battle field met the alarms;
But fought they the whole of the fight?
In the meantime, our mothers, in penance, alone,
To benevolent deeds of humanity prone,
Devoted their time and their might.

When our fathers went forth, heavy laden with tea—
And the dearly bought treasures threw into the sea—
Was the sacrifice truly their own?
They destroyed, but the cordial that solaced their
Their sisters and mothers—and not for their lives,
Would their bottles have overboard thrown.

And when our brave soldiers went out to the field,
Had the partners they left no assistance to yield—
No toil did their hands undertake!
Alas! with their tears they oft mingled their blood,
And cheerfully suffered for other's best good—
Nor did they their labors forsake.

And the men-soldiers, too, were desirous of glory—
They hoped before long to be honored in story—
Ambition inspired each heart;
But their partners confined to a small neighborhood,
Without hope of reward went about doing good,
And thanklessly acted their part.

Then let us be just to their merits, and true,
And give honor to those to whom honor is due;
The deeds of our mothers we'll own;
Our fathers went forth, and in battle they bled,
From the wounds of the flesh—but our grandmothers
shed.

Their heart's blood in silence, alone.
Boston Statesman.

From the New York Mirror.

THE ADDRESS-WRITER.

One evening last winter, I called on George Sillers, and found him seated at a table, a cigar in his mouth, a glass of whiskey-punch beside him, writing with a velocity which would have astonished old Lopez de Vega himself. He threw down his pen, as I entered, and pouring out for me a glass of the beverage which appeared to serve him for inspiration; he asked, "what do you suppose I am writing?"

"A letter, I suppose, and the old formula—'Dear father, please send me fifty dollars immediately; all well, your affectionate son, George.' Why don't you have it stereotyped?"

"You was never more in a mistake. Does this appear like a letter?" and he held up a manuscript of some ten or fifteen pages.

"I think you are writing memoirs of your life, although I am sure I cannot see how you could spin them out to a dozen pages."

"I am writing—allow me to help you to another glass of this punch; delicious, is it not? I am writing a—temperance address."

"A what?"

"Temperance address."

"Temperance address!"

"Yes; you have heard of temperance societies, have you not?"

"Yes, I think I have; people who get together, and agree not to drink whiskey-punch. Great fools don't you think so!"

"I will thank you to refill my glass."

"Great fools, indeed!" echoed George, as he complied with my request.

"And you doubtless, are striving to convince them of their error. You had better send each of them some of this. It would have more effect than the cloqueme of a Demosthenes."

"Oh! it would be a terrible waste of liquor; they would not touch it. But listen."

He opened his manuscript, and after considerable research, selected a proper passage. Putting himself in a suitable attitude, he commenced. I did not pay very particular attention, till aroused by "detestable poison," "liquid damnation," and a few other equally mild and classic phrases! Really, I had seldom heard such a tirade of bombast and nonsense.

"This, I suppose, is to be read before the society of good-fellows, over which you preside?" I said, as he laid down his manuscript and resumed his glass.

"It is to be read before the Aquatic Temperance Society," he answered; and seeing that I still looked incredulous, he handed me a letter. It was from the secretary of the Aquatic Temperance Society, "on the Saturday evening preceding the full moon in January." This was proof indubitable.

"But what is your object, George?"

"A sweetheart."

"A sweetheart! I thought you had one. Your Emily does not belong to the temperance society, does she?"

"No; but her father does, and is a deacon of the presbyterian church, to boot. And the little pride seems to think I am making love to him, rather than to her."

"And this, then, is to gain the old gentleman's good opinion!"

"Exactly so. Never did a knight of old perform more impossibilities to win the fair hand of his lady-love, than have I. She is perfectly surrounded with enchantments, and guarded by fiery-dragoons, and indomitable giants; and as for the enchantments through which the old knights of chivalry were compelled to wade, sword in hand, they were mere boy's-play compared to the temperance societies, conference meetings, tract societies, sewing societies, and the thousand other things which stand between me and Emily, or rather between me and her orthodox father, Deacon Pellingham. He thinks his Emily is a little piece of perfection, and he is right enough there; but the inference that he draws therefrom, namely, that none but those of the most orthodox stamp should look at her, I consider a very false conclusion drawn from a very true premise.

"Why, my dear fellow, you cannot conceive of the sacrifices that I have made to gain this same Deacon Pellingham's good-will. In the first place, I have left off smoking," here he took a cigar from his mouth, and let out the smoke in those long, delicious puffs, which only your true smokers understand. "And in the second place," finishing the fourth glass of whiskey-punch, "I have abandoned all kinds of ardent spirits, from brandy downward. Nothing is now left to me but simple cold water, and how long that will remain, heaven and the deacon only know. And now, to cap the climax, comes this temperance address."

"It must be confessed," I replied, "that you bear your privations with a most becoming resignation. In the affairs of cigars and whiskey-punch, particularly, you manifest the spirit of a martyr."

"Why, to be sure, I am not yet much accustomed to it, but I am breaking myself of the habits rapidly. Let me fill your glass. I think the affair will not get out here, do you?"

"I hope not. But why all this bombast?"

"The truth is, Emily gave me to understand that the prevailing taste of the village required a little elevation of style."

"Well, if 'elevation of style' is what they want, you cannot fail of being admired. But I suppose I am interrupting you, and as your punch is all gone, I will bid you good evening. Should you be in want of hard words, I will lend you Johnson's quarto."

"I thank you. May I depend on your company, on the Saturday evening preceding the full moon in January?"

"Certainly."

The important evening preceding the full moon in the city of Adrianople was destroyed by fire on the 24th of February.

in January arrived. We left town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and drove up to the church door, at the rate of about two and a half. George, having determined to gain a reputation for steadiness, feared to ride up in gallant style, under the eye of Deacon Pellingham. He entered the church with a sanctimonious look, which would have done credit to the parson, by whose side he seated himself. I could not but observe, however, a certain mischievous expression about his mouth, as he passed the deacon's pew. And Emily half returned the glance, but the next moment relapsed into as grave an expression as her sunny face would allow. Her father sat as immovable as the pillars which supported the roof of the church.

A general buzz ran along the benches as George passed, and the girls, dear creatures! were convinced, by one glance at his handsome face, that he would deliver a most eloquent address.

The preliminary ceremonies were soon over, and George, taking out a cambric handkerchief, proceeded, *secundum artem*, with "When we take a survey of the universe, and examine the black catalogue," etc.

It was evident, from the very moment he took up the cudgels, that the "monster intemperance" had no quarters to expect. He pommeled it right and left. He showered upon it the most tremendous epithets, and hurled at it huge and indomitable words. Indeed, several of the ladies came very near being choked, merely by attempting to swallow some of the huge words which rolled from his lips, and fell rumbling and crackling among his audience. Sleep was entirely out of the question, and an old gentleman, who had been in the habit of dozing in his pew from time immemorial, solemnly protested that he had been unable to get a wink of sleep, after the amen of the parson's first prayer. As the orator proceeded, he waxed warmer and warmer; his epithets became more and more furious, and his words longer and longer, till finally he concluded by a magnificent figure, in which he compared intemperance to every thing horrid that ever existed, either in reality or in imagination; and in all of which there was not one word of less than five, and, very few less than seven syllables. This was the very climax of eloquence. The language was considered capable of nothing farther.

After the meeting was dissolved, the members crowded around the young orator, to congratulate him upon his success. But one opinion was expressed of the address. The ladies declared that it was beautiful. A judge of the court pronounced it "a most powerful effort." The sleepy gentleman who had been kept awake, said that "it was an arousing appeal;" and even Deacon Pellingham observed that Mr. Sillers was "a young man of very orthodox principles." The good deacon insisted upon our stopping at his house, where he regaled us with a history of the old presbyterian controversy, and the progress of the temperance reform, up to the present moment. At parting, he "hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing us often," and expressed a wish—poor, innocent man! that "the young folks might become better acquainted," in both of which he was gratified to his heart's content.

KENT.

It was quite amusing a day or two since to see a white man sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving the directions in the following strain:

"Lif' dat tick a little furder to de middle ob de ore; stop, stop, put dat-lic on de top & saw dem bo togidder. Lif' up dat log up out de gutter. Make hase. Saw away fasser, you laze rascal, you dont arn da salt ob your porridge."

A gentleman just then stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which [the black] had been engaged to do?

"Cause me 'play him for de job!" And how much do you give him?"

"Four and sixpence."

How's that! you are to have four shillings, the usual piece.

"Oh, 'neber mind, its worf sixpence to be a gom-man."

BOST. ECO. GAZETTE.

"I'll Consult my Wife." This is what old Judge Thatcher, of Massachusetts, said to Blount of North Carolina, when they were members of Congress at Philadelphia; and when the latter challenged the Judge to mortal combat—"I'll consult my wife, sir," replied the Judge, taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a bow; and if she is willing, "I'll favor you with a meeting." This makes me think of Nible, or rather Madame. A day or two since, when a proposition was made to him to enter into some arrangement in regard to the disposition of his garden for a future gala—"I'll consult my wife," was his inconsiderate reply. Now, that shows what it is to have a good wife—that one year.

Incomparable Medicine.
DR. BLOODGOOD'S ELIXIR OF HEALTH.

IT is six years since the proprietor, from investigating and seeking for a remedy for that formidable disease, Dyspepsia, discovered and prepared a remedy, to which he gave the above name. From its complete success in this and a number of other chronic diseases, and the earnest solicitation of many who had been relieved by the Medicine, he was induced, three years since, to publish and take measures to bring it into more extensive use,—determined at the same time that it should rise or fall by its own merits.

Independent of the evidence in its favor, from the increased demand and rapid sales in every place in which it has been introduced, it has taken the utmost pains to learn its effect in the cure of diseases, and he is happy in being able to say, that it has far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, in relieving the afflicted. It has proved satisfactory in more than ninety cases out of a hundred, and he is now prepared to say, that no medicine ever offered to the public, has proved so salutary and efficacious as this Elixir, in curing all diseases which have their origin or primary seat in the Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Intestines, or any of the digestive organs.

It cures Dyspepsia, or Indigestion with its catalogue of Concomitants; such as pains and oppression of the Stomach after eating, pains in the Side, Shoulder and Head, sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Grawing Sensations in the Stomach when empty, Costiveness, or perhaps alternating with Diarrhoea, Dizziness in the Head, not unfrequently cold hands and feet, lowness or dejection of Spirits, disturbed Sleep, Hystericks, Hypochondria, &c. &c. It also cures Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Bilious habits, Cough which proceeds from the Lungs sympathizing with a diseased Stomach, Dropsey from the same cause, or debility.

For Cystic habits it is a never failing remedy. For delicate and weakly females and children it is well qualified to restore health. In ague and fever, if taken according to directions, it effects a permanent cure, thoroughly eradicating the disease from the system. It is a sovereign remedy in all those complaints for which Dr. Hooper's Female Pills are recommended—removing all obstructions and restoring bloom to the silvery and sallow cheek and plumpness to the body.

It is highly valued as a preventive of all Bilious diseases. Its action is upon the whole system; a diseased state of which causes most diseases. It removes all morbid bile and other morbid secretions from the system, restores all the secretions and excretions to health and activity, and promotes a healthy action in the stomach and all the digestive organs.

From its power of cleansing the stomach and bowels from all morbid accumulations, it is adapted to a great variety of diseases on account of which it is highly valued as a family medicine; and as such is adopted by many of the most respectable families; who have no such confidence in its virtues, that they adopt it almost as an universal medicine.

Persons residing in bilious districts will find it to their advantage to make a slight use of it through the sickly season, and those of bilious habit should use it during the Spring, as it excites the liver to a healthy action and purifies the blood from all gross humors.

It is entirely botanical in its composition, and may be taken by all ages and both sexes in every condition with perfect safety, without any alteration in diet.

For a full theory of the medicine see the wrapper on the bottle, where you may see also a great number of certificates of its unparalleled cures from the most respectable sources.

Prepared and sold whole sale and retail by H. EASTMAN, the sole proprietor, at his dispensary, Zanesville, where all orders will be promptly attended to and by appointment, by J. R. LIPFITT & B. T. & J. WHITAKER.

For sale by the dozen or single bottle by E. FERD. RIS, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

"I thank you. May I depend on your company, on the Saturday evening preceding the full moon in January?"

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"The important evening preceding the full moon in

Prospectus of a New Volume.
The first number of which will be issued July 4th.

The New York Mirror,
A popular weekly Journal, devoted to Literature and the Fine Arts, embellished with splendid and costly Engravings on steel, copper and wood, and rare, beautiful and popular music, arranged for the piano forte, harp, guitar, &c. George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay and Nathaniel P. Willis, Editors.

This work is devoted to articles from the pens of well-known and distinguished writers, upon every subject that can prove interesting to the general reader, including Original Poetry—Tales and Essays, humorous and pathetic—Critical notices—Early and choice selections from the best new publications, both American and English—Scientific and Literary Intelligence—Copious notices of Foreign Countries, by Correspondents engaged expressly and exclusively for this Journal—Structures upon the various productions in the Fine Arts that are presented for the notice and approbation of the public—Elaborate and beautiful specimens at Art, Engravings, Music, etc.—Notices of the acted Drama and other amusements—Translations from the best new works in other languages, French, German, Italian, Spanish, etc.—and an infinite variety of miscellaneous works on steel, copper and wood, and rare, beautiful and popular music, arranged for the piano forte, harp, guitar, &c. etc.

In announcing the appearance of the thirteenth volume of the New York Mirror, almost the only duty which devolves upon its editors, is to tender their most cordial acknowledgments to their old friends for the continuance of their support, and to offer to the numerous subscribers, whose names have been added to their list during the past year, their thanks of this mark of their confidence and approbation. To the former they can only reiterate the assurance so often conveyed, that as the Mirror has now succeeded in preserving their good will through the arduous period of its infancy and its youth, so in maturity it will endeavor still to deserve the applause which its earlier efforts received. To the latter they would observe, that no expense shall be spared, and no exertions relaxed to render it at least as attractive and popular as any of its contemporaries. The experience of past years will give confidence to those who have watched our career; while the volume that will soon close will be an earnest of that which is to come, to our more recent friends, so that the reputation already secured to our publication may be maintained and enhanced.

To both we beg leave to declare, that in the Ornamental Embellishments of the Mirror, the best native talent has been engaged; that many painters have received commissions from us for the execution of subjects of national history and national scenery; and that engravers of the first merit have been secured to render these works fitting illustrations of our numbers. However beautiful may have been the preceding works of art which have ornamented our pages, and however loud and frequent has been the applause which has greeted their publication, we have no slight satisfaction in being enabled to state, that these in preparation surpass any thing of the kind ever known in the United States. No literary periodical published in this country has ever attained such an extended circulation as the Mirror; which is of course the best proof of its congeniality to the national taste, and an unequivocal approval of its system, and the principle of its management.

In the course of the volume Four Splendid Quarto Steel Embellishments, designed, painted and engraved by the best and most eminent artists in the country, will be published, together with numerous Wood Engravings, illustrative of curious and interesting scenes, incidents and antiquities, with about Fifty pieces of French, German, Italian, and British Music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c.

The same taste which has presided over our Musical selections, will superintend those hereafter to appear, and the principles which guide us in this department will be, as we have hitherto been, novelty and excellence, the beauty of the poetry and the melody of the accompaniment.

The character of our Foreign Correspondence is too well known to be described upon here; it is sufficient to state, that the choice writers have promised their co-operation in the home department; and that notwithstanding the enormous expense we have incurred, we shall continue to appropriate all available talent, and if possible increase the claims of the Mirror to public sympathy.

It will be a compliance with the law in this respect, to pay the money to the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, or to his credit in any one of the deposit banks. The receipts should state by whom the payment is made, and for what object.

As a service to effect this was published on the 3d of October last, sufficient time has elapsed for it to be known to those interested. Therefore, fees for patents may be sent to the Secretary of State, or Superintendent of Patent Office, after the first of May, will be returned.

Fees for copies of patents, specifications or drawings, or for recording assignments, should be transmitted to the Superintendent of the Patent Office, in coin, where they amount to less than five dollars, as bank notes under that sum will not be received.

JOHN FORSYTH.

April 1, 1835.

LAW NOTICE.

GEORGE H. DUNN & PHILIP L. SPOONER have

entered into partnership in the practice of