

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures vanish fast;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they last:
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure—
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll:
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
That ray will light it still.

From Hood's Sayings & Doings--New Series

IMAGINARY INVALIDS.

'Chamomile tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please,' said Mr. Crosby; 'I have had five pints of water gruel since bed time. I cannot bear any more.'

'Just as you choose, my angel,' said Mrs. Crosby; 'Caroline dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour. Your papa is going down.'

Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate.

'I'll take a little ether,' said Mr. Crosby, 'before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby.'

'Indeed, my life!' said the lady; 'I can assure you I have not suffered a little myself, an attack of my old peripneumony did not meliorate the pains of my lumbago. Nor am I quite easy about my erysipelas.'

'Come, dearest,' said the invalid husband, 'lend me your arm—ring for Richard to put the pillows in my chair—bring down the book, and let us see what's to be done next.'

And in this order of march, proceeded Mr. & Mrs. Crosby to the breakfast parlor, which had been previously hermetically sealed by the assiduity of Caroline.

'It was July, the tea-urn steamed upon the table, the room had a southern aspect, and the sun shone full into it—Mr. Crosby had just taken ether and his lady had just been rubbed with Steers' opodeldoc. Caroline proceeded to do duty at the breakfast table.

'Oh,' said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down—'what a sudden pain at the back of my head.'

'Gracious me!' cried Mrs. Crosby, 'at the back of your head, my life—A leading symptom of apoplectic tendency.'

'And my feet are cold, hot as the weather is,' continued Mr. Crosby.

'When the extremities are chilled,' Caroline, muttered Mrs. Crosby to her daughter-in-law, 'the book says death is approaching.'

'Yes,' said Caroline half smiling, 'towards the end of a long and wearing disorder, but not surely in papa's state of health.'

'Health, child,' exclaimed Mr. Crosby, 'why neither that suffering angel, nor myself, have had half an hour's health since—since—'

'Since,' interrupted Caroline, 'you have devoted yourself to the study of Dr. Buchan; indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large.'

'Tis an admirable book, child,' said Mrs. Crosby; 'and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians.'

'And has cost you thousands which you have paid to the apothecaries,' said Caroline. 'Only hear what cousin William says about it.'

'Who quotes me,' exclaimed cousin William opening the door.

'I,' said Caroline, 'and her bright eyes sparkled as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance: upon the old subject of that odious book.'

'What,' said the young guardsman, 'making fresh war upon the Buchaneers.'

may call us what you please, but the discovery of our disorders in time, tends to the salvation of the constitution.'

'Truly so, my dear uncle,' said Captain Morley, 'provided you do discover them, but since disorders generally begin with fever, the incipient symptoms of all must naturally more or less resemble each other: & thus fancy, which like conscience, doth make cowards of us all,' eked out the rest of the prognostics, & we think ourselves suffering under a combination of ills, by which in fact we are not in the slightest degree assailed.'

'Look at Caroline's cheek, William,' said Mrs. Crosby, 'what do you think of the flush which you see upon it at this moment.'

'Think,' said Morley, 'that it rivals the virgin rose.'

'Oh William,' said Caroline. 'There,' exclaimed her mother, 'see she flushes still more.'

'Health, pure health, by the gods,' exclaimed the Captain, heightened by native modesty.

'Health,' say Mrs. Crosby: 'How can you talk such nonsense, William; why, the child's pulse is at seven—health—hectic—are you hot, Caroline?'

'Very hot indeed, mama,' said the lovely teamaker.

'No wonder, aunt, Morley; the glass is at ninety-two, in the corner of the room farthest removed from the influence of the tea-urn.'

'Poor child,' said Crosby, who was reading Buchan, & drinking Doctor Colander's British infusion, 'poor Cary—yes—so it is—my angel is right.'

'Oh, my dear father,' interrupted Caroline, 'do not make yourself uneasy about me, I assure you I am in perfect health; but you make me laugh with your top anxious fears so that I can hardly eat my breakfast.'

'Difficulty of swallowing,' sighed Mrs. Crosby, 'is a most awful symptom.'

'And so, if I chose, might I indulge my reader with fifty schemes—fifty such dialogues, which occurred at meal times, the only periods at which the family met and so it was, that owing to the addition to Dr. Buchan, this once happy couple moped & physicked their lives away in a dull house, in the dullest part of Cambridgeshire, unenlivened by visitors whose habits and amusements might, they apprehended, interfere with the regimen and medicine absolutely necessary as they thought to their existence, secluded from society and its innocent gaieties, by the fear either of catching colds or fever, or surfeits, or over-feeding, or over-exercising themselves; nor amongst the other agreements of their seclusion should it be forgotten that the physic closet was situated at the head of the great stair case, and flavoured the whole internal atmosphere, which never had an opportunity of escaping, except indeed through the windows of Caroline's boudoir, the only apertures ever open for its egress after the family were up for the day.'

The Yankee.—A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe; and you might know him, if you met him on the 'mountains of the moon,' in five minutes, by his nationality. We love and honor him for it, where it is not carried to a blinding prejudice. He remembers his school house, the peculiar mode of discipline in which he was reared, the place where he played, skated & bathed in his blithe morning of life, where are the ashes of his forefathers, and where he was baptised and married. Wherever he 'trades and traffics,' on distant seas, rivers or mountains, he will only forget his native accent and his native spot, when his 'right hand forgets

its meaning'—for which he has such an undeserved celebrity.

Flint's Western Mo. Rev.

The Southerner.—The southerner is such over the whole globe. You may know him by his olive or brown complexion, on which the sun has looked in his wrath. You may see in his countenance the tinge of bilious impress, and that he has inhaled miasma and breathed morning & evening fogs. You may note in his peculiar gait, and in his erect and lofty port, that he has compared himself with an inferior race of human beings, as they have walked before him to their daily task. His generous disregard of expense and economy as he travels, his spirits, ardent and yet generous, 'sudden and quick in quarrel,' his proud preference of his own country, his peculiar dialect, his reckless disregard of consequences, & a variety of mixed traits, seen in a moment, and yet difficult to describe, mark him, even to an unobservant eye, as a Southerner in the streets of New York.

An Inference.—A servant who had lived many years with a clergyman, his master took occasion to say—'John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you will be able to preach a sermon as well as I.' 'O no sir,' said John, 'but many an inference I have drawn from yours.' 'Well,' said the clergyman, 'I will give you a text out of Job, let me hear what you can infer from it; & the asses snuffed up the East wind.' 'Well,' replied John, 'the only inference I can draw from that is that it would be a long time before they would get fat upon it.'

Spiritual Heroism.—On the day of the battle of Bunker's Hill a yankee captain, who considered "discretion the better part of valour" chose to remain at Cambridge, instead of exposing himself on the bloody heights of Charlestown. He however permitted those of his men who were willing, to meet the foe in deadly strife. One of them, who was "in the fore front of the hottest battle," & escaped unhurt, met his valourous captain many years after, and recognized him, tho' now clad in the sable garments of a clergyman. After a few salutations our quondam captain observes, "since we last saw each other I have become an altered man. I now fight with spiritual weapons against the powers of darkness." "Indeed!" replies the veteran, "I am surprised that a man who is afraid of gunpowder should dare to fight the devil."

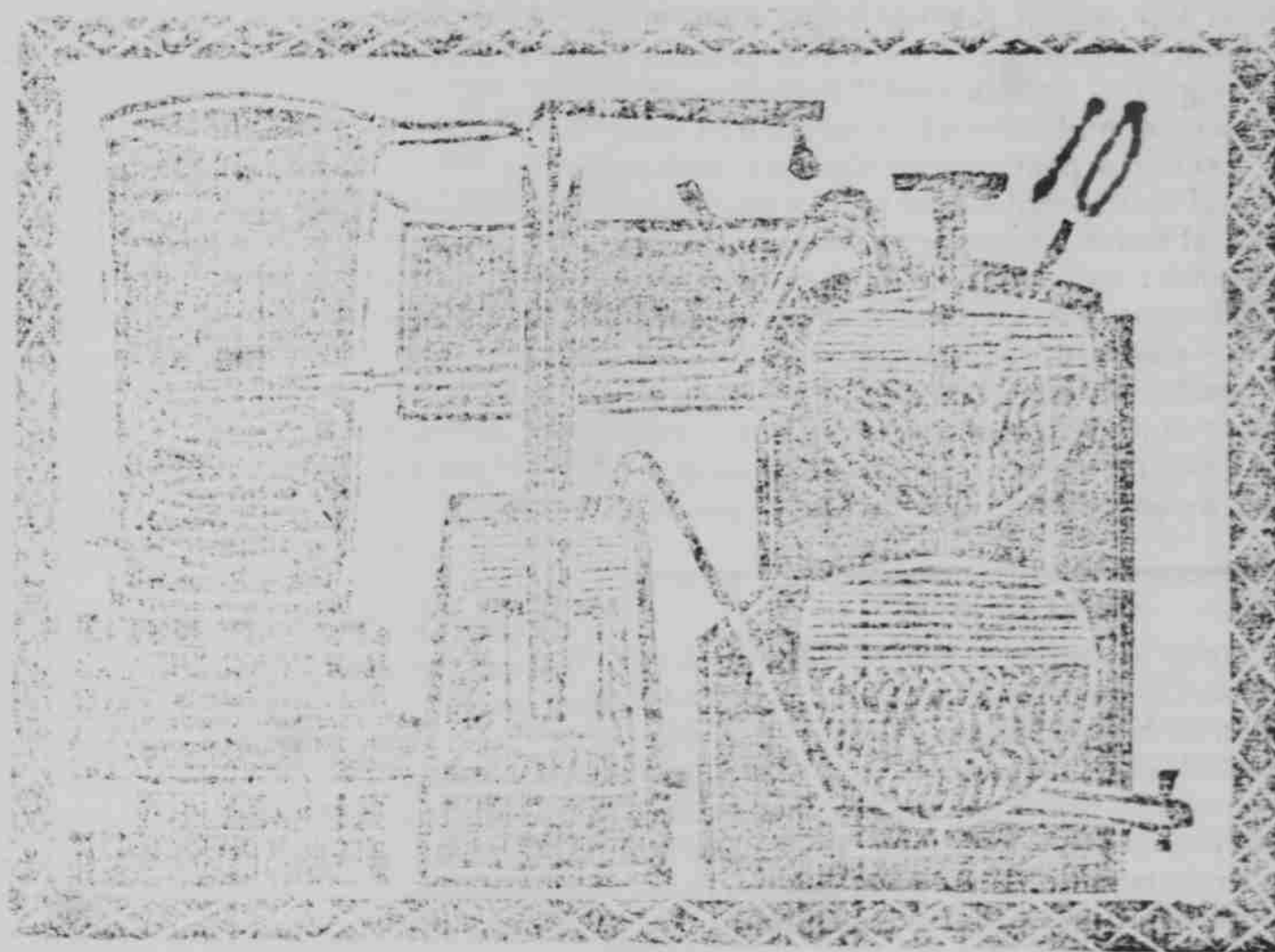
We desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated, we desire something else and begin a new pursuit.

However rich or powerful a man may be, says Lord Lyttleton, it is the height of folly to make personal enemies from any, but particularly personal motives; for one unguarded moment may yield you to the revenge of the most despicable and malicious villain among the vast assortment that besets mankind.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

Be not very anxious to make a great fortune, nor set your heart upon a country house and retirement.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences.



JAMES LUSK'S Improved Steam Distillery.

THAT Distillation has been much improved of late years, will hardly be denied. And that it is as well calculated to promote the Farming interest, (particularly on the Wabash river) as any other mode of transporting their surplus grain to market, appears to me to be equally true. Therefore the Inventor submits the above plan of a Distillery to the public, believing that they will do justice to its merits.

One of my IMPROVED STEAM DISTILLERIES is in successful operation in Knox county, Ia. the property of Thomas Emison, Esq.—Capt. Joseph Warner, of Daviess county, has one in successful operation also—and Mr. Alexander Massey, and Col. Robert Buntin, jr. of Knox county, Ia. four miles north of Vincennes, have another in operation. These gentlemen will give any information that may be wanted by those who feel it their interest to adopt my plan. I might here present to the public a number of Certificates, from gentlemen of the highest respectability in Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, but deem it unnecessary, as an examination of those in operation, will afford the best evidence of their utility.—Persons wishing to adopt my mode of Distilling, in the counties of Knox, Sullivan, Vigo, and Purke, Indiana, will apply to NOAH ASHLEY, Esq. of Knox county, who has purchased the exclusive right of my patent for the above four counties.

ALEXANDER MASSEY, Esq. is also authorized as my AGENT, to make use of, and vend to others to be used, the exclusive right and liberty of my improvements, in the counties of Orange, Washington, Clark, Floyd, Harrison, Crawford, Perry, Spencer, Warrick, Vanderburgh, Posey, Gibson, Pike and Dubois, in the state of Indiana—also in the counties of Lawrence, Wabash, Edwards, Wayne, Hamilton, White, Gallatin, and Pope, in the state of Illinois, as granted to me by Letters Patent, dated the 22d day of December, 1827, and recorded in the office of the Secretary of State of the United States. Any person wishing to adopt my Improved Steam Distillery, can apply as above, or to me. Gentlemen wishing to purchase the right of one or more counties, or a state, will be attended to on accommodating terms, by the subscriber.

Vincennes, September 17, 1828.
Captain Joseph Warner, has purchased the right of the above Improvements, for Martin and Daviess counties, Indiana.

NOW notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern THAT by virtue of the authority vested in me, I will sell, for HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, or LAND, the right of the above improvement, either single, or for county or counties—and will also contract for the erection of Distilleries on said plan, on accommodating terms.—On hand, and for sale, two sets of apparatus.
Knox county, September 19, 1828.—33-1f

WANTED—in exchange for MERCHANDIZE, CORN RYE, and HOGS—apply to
MASSEY & R. BUNTIN, JR.
Knox county, July 10, 1828. 23 1f