

Poetical Assistant.



THE EAGLE.

Mr. Clayton of Delaware, in his speech on the Revenue collection bill, said:

"The shaft which shall stretch the American Eagle bleeding and lifeless in the dust, must be feathered from his own plumes."

We find this sentiment thus embodied in the New York Commercial.

Our Eagle tow'ring in its might,

No foreign dart can sting;

The shaft that checks its onward flight,

Is 'feather'd from its wing.'

But where is he—the wretch—O where?

Who mally brands his name,

By speeding such a shaft—to share

An Arnold's traitorous fame.

He does not live!—Proud Bird attain
The height to Glory giv'n—

Our Union bind with Golden chain,

And give the Clash to Heav'n.

S.C.

19th February, 1833.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mirror.

A GOOD JOKE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, colonel ——

(Blank—a queer name, is it not?) and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful fire-kory fire, enjoying their *etiam cum dignitate*, without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable.

The colonel was sitting cross-legged, in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking chair—sitting as straight as an arrow—knitting. Close at her feet was Miss Puss, her paws folded gracefully under her, dosing very composedly, and evincing her satisfaction by murmuring forth a monotonous, though rather musical purr—while Mr. Mario was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master sound asleep.

At length, the colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said—yawning at the same time most pathetically—

"I wish Henry was here, to help me a bout my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him, then?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master's face, wagged his tail a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door, and as he could not very well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it to him. The colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog, announcing the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the lower door was violently opened, and a young man gayly entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Miss Patty.

"Harry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you!" said the colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of his hand. "Pray what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"Do tell," said Miss Patty, pecking over her spectacles.

"Oh! I don't know," said Henry. "It's rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all come on."

"Well, I'm indeed glad to see you—sit down," said the colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

But Harry, instead of doing as he was bid, sauntered out of the room, but soon hopped in again, with a bottle in each hand, and giving one of them to the old lady, he said:

"There, aunt, is a bottle of first rate snuff for you—and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the colonel. "Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"A'd mine too," said his sister. "What did you have to pay for this snuff?"

Here Carlo began to jump upon him; so he was not obliged to hear the question; but busied himself in keeping off the dog.

"Down Carlo!" shouted the colonel, somewhat sternly; and down went the dog, so humbled and dejected that the colonel began to feel sorry that he had spoken so cross. So, stretching out his hand, he patted the dog affectionately on the head, saying—

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you need not feel so bad; I only wanted you to be a little more polite."

Carlo pricked up his ears, and showed signs of returning animation, though he did not immediately recover his spirits. But he looked up with an expression which seemed to say, "You need make no

apology, sir," and seated himself in dignified silence, under his master's chair.

In the mean time, Henry, (anxious either to help his uncle or himself, I can't say which) had broken the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drawn the cork, while aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in Boston? any thing happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Yes," continued he, as soon as he recovered himself. "I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life."

"No!" exclaimed the old man with animation.

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, taking a pinch of snuff.

Now the colonel was noted for his extraordinary relish of a good joke, even though he was a sufferer by it himself.

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling the glass.

"La suz," said aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, hardly able to keep from laughing, "that while I was in town I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age; here he stroked his beard; a confounded clever fellow, very good looking, but as poor as poverty!"

(Here he thrust one hand into his pocket, and commenced jingling at his pen-knives, keys, pocket-comb, and half cent pieces.) "About two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl and wants to marry her, but dares not, without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as C. W. S. —do take a little more cordial!"

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to marry?"

"O yes! but there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'll be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal, in every thing else, suspects every young lady, that pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old rip," said the colonel, "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Henry.

Puss got up, stretched herself, and began to sneeze.

"Scat!" said Miss Patty—and away went puss.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the colonel.

"Why," said Henry, laughing, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do—but go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful intelligent accomp'lished!" exclaimed the colonel, "play what objection could the old fool have to her?"

"Why—she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge," said the colonel; "I wish I had been in the old chap's place; but how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good natured if he went home and offered to assist him. So, home he went—taking with him a parcel of oranges. By the by—that puts me in mind—I bought some at the same place, but have left them in the hall."

So skipping out of the room, he returned with a handkerchief filled with some

of the finest oranges that ever came over;

and handing one of them to his aunt, he laid the rest on the table beside his uncle.

The old gentleman smiled in every

corner of his face, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Why didn't he marry her at once, and leave the rest to chance?" asked the colonel.

"Why—you must know that Bill loves his uncle as well as if he had been his own father; for the old gentleman has been as good a father to him. So he couldnt bear the idea of getting married without trying to get his consent. And then, you see, he could be married at home, and that would just suit his uncle, for he is mighty fond of a good frolic now and then."

He deserves to have her for that one

thing," said the colonel with emotion.

"Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been his

uncle. Don't you think so Carlo?" addressing the dog who was just coming from under the chair.

"Yes, sir," said Carlo—or rather seemed to say: for he looked up with an ex

pression so intelligent, that it conveyed

the meaning as plainly as though he had spoken it in words."

"La suz!" said Miss Patty.

"Positively, Colonel, I think you have got the finest dog in the country," said Henry, patting Carlo.

Now, if there was one thing that the

old gentleman liked better than to be

called colonel, it was to have his dog

praised. So he grew warmer, and pre-

sently pulled out his pocket book.

"Well," said he, "did he give his con-

sent? what comes next?"

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you need

not feel so bad; I only wanted you to be

a little more polite."

"Why," said Henry, "the old gentleman

was mighty tickled to see the oranges.

So he bade him a hearty welcome, and

asked him all about every thing, and eve-

ry body in town. This was just what

Bill wanted. So, after answering all inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket, and handing it to his uncle, asked how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman so handsome as that, and Bill might have her."

"Hal!" shouted the colonel. "The old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of; but was she so really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry. "But you can judge—He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at. Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time filling his glass."

"Do tell!" said aunt Patty—getting out of her chair to look at the picture—

"Well now, if that ain't a beauty!"

"You may say that, sister," said the colonel. "Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it, why didn't you get the girl yourself, Henry?"

"The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece."

"Would you?" said Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," said the colonel, "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand—shoot me, if I wouldn't!" and the colonel wiped his eyes.

"Do tell!" said aunt Patty.

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

And so he did; and in due time they were married.

PROVERBS.

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent.

Nothing should be done in haste, but catching fleas.

A maid that laughs, is half taken.

It is a good horse that never stumbles,

And a good wife that never grumbles.

A woman that painteth, puts up a bill that she is to be let.

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he lies, the dirtier he is.

A lass that has many wooers, often fares worst.

Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all.

Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.

THE FARMER.

THIRTY-FIVE MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR

JUNE.

A cheerful face is the index of a good heart—Socrates reckons cheerfulness among the moral virtues, and advises parents to cultivate and foster a cheerful mind in their children. He considers such a disposition the most amiable, and one which is the most naturally inclined to virtue.

Do we not every day witness the truth of what this old philosopher says? The man who is always peevish, morose, ill-natured and dissatisfied, is not only a very disagreeable companion, but you will generally find him a cruel father, a bad husband, and a disobliging neighbor.

He is not only unhappy himself, but dampens the pleasures of all around him. He seems to possess a malevolent heart, and to bear malice against the whole world.

The cheerful man, on the contrary, generally possesses a benevolent, benevolent and amiable disposition. Being easily pleased himself, he endeavors to please and oblige others. His company is sought after by all who know him, because they are always happy in his society.

He is believed by his family and friends, because he contributes so much to their social pleasures. In short, a family where cheerfulness, order and harmony reign among all the members, is a little paradise.

The cheerful always find something to admire—something pleasing in almost every object around them. The wonders of creation, the beauties of the landscape; hills, valleys and rivers; trees, vines and flowers; the sunshine and shower, the growing crops, and the endless variety of beauties which at this season of the year court the eye in every direction, all conspire to gladden the heart, and fill it with gratitude towards the great and good Being, who has created us for so many sources of pleasure.

Thrifty, who is a pattern of good nature, and the father of the most cheerful and happy family in the country, frequently takes a walk with his family, to enjoy the luxury of such rural scenes

—He says it gives a pleasure and happy turn to the thoughts, and leads to habits of cheerfulness, religion and virtue.

NOTICE

Mr. Lewis James—Sir—Take notice,

that I shall, on the 10th of June next, proceed with the county surveyor to relocate and perpetuate the corners of forty-eight acres of land purchased by me of you, being part of Fractional Sections thirteen (13) and fourteen (14) Township seven South, Range ten West, in the district of land offered for sale at Vincennes.