

## S' PILLS.

ROUGH CURED OF  
ACH COMPLAINT.  
Earl of Aldborough,  
in 21st February 1845

FOLLOWING.  
I have been the possessor of this medicine for some time, and I am enabled to state that it has cured me of my ailment, and I am now as well as ever.

ALBANY, N. Y.  
OF DROPSY OF THE TAIL.

Thomas Taylor (the 17th April 1845).

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## PAY THE PRINTER.

Life is honest, honorable men,  
Go ye and PAY THE PRINTER.

MY READERS:—There are many seeming trifles in this world which you are apt to overlook on account of their unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands in the deepest mire of misery and sunk their characters into inextinguishable degradation. Among these trifles is the most common, and attended with the worst consequences. It takes off all the silt of the fine thread of feeling; it requires a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart; it kills off all the cream that chances to rise on the milk of generosity, and makes man look as savagely upon his brother man as does a dog upon one of his own species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. I have always observed, that he who owes a man a dollar, is sure to owe him a grudge; and he is always more ready to compound interest on the latter than on the former. Oh, my friends, to be over head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as a person ought ever to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep of nights, without being haunted by the ghost of some impatient creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia; make him bite a wheelbarrow; cause it to run mad; and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

My dear friends: the debt that sits the heaviest on the conscience of a moral—provided he has one—is the debt due the printer. It presses upon one's bosom more than nightmare; galls, soul-traits, and chafes every ennobling sentiment; squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart and leaves it drier than the surface of a roast potato. A man who wrongs a printer, can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

He will be sure to go down to his grave ere time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery blossoms of age, and the green leaves of hope shall fall before the bud of enjoyment has been expanded. Its true, mushroom of peace may spring up during the short night of forgetfulness; but they will not wither beneath the scorching of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness to cheat the printer, when he labors all the day in doing good for you? He has poured into the treasuries of your minds some of the most valuable gifts that anything short of God can bestow; eyes, riches with which you would not part for the possession of the whole world and mortgage on a small corner of heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of human understanding; dispelled the darkest ignorance and lit up knowledge and wisdom—mighty engine! the press, surrounded by a halo of glory, and its effulgence extends all over the broad empire of mind, illuminating the darkest avenues of the heart; and yet the printer—the man who toils at the lever of his soul enlightening instrument, is often robbed of his hard-earned by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage, and placed in a paradise to laugh and grow fat upon the fruits of his labor!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts softened with the dews of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose accounts are not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society like the giant; be respected by the wise and good; free from the tortures of a guilty conscience; the mortification of repeated duns; and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow, because there is no to-morrow; it is a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises; an addled egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope, and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, don't suppose you will ever pay the printer, as you have no reputation to cultivate. But let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from the brambles; your children will die with the dysentery; yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had despaired of. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared. I enquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with the printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said, he believed he owed him something like two dollars and fifty cents which he desired to have paid before he bid farewell to the world. His desires were immediately gratified; and from that moment he became convalescent; he is now living in the enjoyment of peace with his own conscience, his God, and the world. Let this be an example for you, my friends—Patronize the printer, take the papers, pay for them in

advance, and your days will be long on earth, and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

Dow, Jr.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The fact, that a man can (and occasionally) sit in his office or counting room in New York, and converse with his friend in Buffalo, several hundred miles distant at the same moment, is an achievement, few persons would have dreamed a few years back. Admitting all the wonders claimed for this wonderful agent, still to insure its regular and permanent utility, some improvements are required, which future experience may supply. 1st. Complete or at least more perfect isolation, is wanted in the whole length of the wires. Frequent interruption is not only annoying to correspondents, but must seriously interfere with the receipts of the lines. 2d. To make the use of the telegraph as available to all as possible, the tolls should not only be uniform, but as low as fair business profits will permit. From Wheeling to Pittsburgh, we understand, the toll for 10 words costs some 20 cents. From Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, 50 cents for 15 words or less, and from Philadelphia to New York, 25 cents for 10 words. Now, it is said, to get ten words from Wheeling to New York costs 90 cents. This we conceive to be too high. We should like to see all the companies agree upon uniform rates of charging; and the best method for this purpose would be to charge two, three, four or five cents for each word in a communication, and leave it to the writer to send as many or as few as he pleases. The telegraph is all powerful and competent to the immediate despatch of brief communications; but to enable it to act with electrical celerity, it is necessary to give it matter it can grasp. Condensation becomes absolutely necessary. For instance, could the President's message be condensed for transmission to one-fourth, or one-tenth its bulk, every one must see that the telegraph itself, as well as the public, would be benefited. So of commercial news. When the contemplated telegraph lines are completed to the eight or ten principal commercial cities, to get ten daily market reports, without condensation, would prove both voluminous and too expensive. A gentleman of this city has invented a system of short hand writing for commercial reporting, which works successfully. It comprehends the whole circle of figures, and enables a person to report receipts, exports, stocks, sales, and prices with great brevity. Our readers will have observed the telegraphic reports of markets in our columns. Those from Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans, have been supplied in ten words each. Those from Albany and Buffalo, giving markets, freights and receipts in fourteen or fifteen words each. We have been assured by merchants that these market reports, so far from depriving the lines of business, have added much which they would not otherwise have received. Their extreme condensation, enables an operator to send one through in from three to five minutes. They are composed in plain, simple English words, which secures correctness by the fact, that if the telegraph sends a word not English it is known to be incorrect. The system of abbreviation is so formed, that if a word happens to get wrong, its meaning can generally be understood by the words preceding and following it. As some words are more frequently used than others, they soon become familiar to operators, and hence lessens the danger of mistake. Commercial reporting, is likely also to be a more regular business to the telegraphs, than miscellaneous news. A merchant stated that reading the despatches referred to from Buffalo, had caused him in some instances to send messages of inquiry or conditional orders, over the line, that he would not otherwise have done so that these brief despatches actually created business for the telegraph. To invent an abbreviated system for commercial reporting cost the gentleman alluded to much mental labour and expense, and we therefore regret to learn that the question has been agitated with some of the companies of abolishing the use of all systems of abbreviations on their lines. We are sincere friends of the telegraphs, and wish them all possible success; and one of the best modes of securing this end, will be the exercise of much liberality as is consistent with their interest. We are gratified to hear that a gentleman in Philadelphia has succeeded in contriving a plan for relieving the telegraph from interruption by atmospheric electricity. We hope it will answer; yet we are led to believe the surest means of protection can best be secured, by coating the wires with non-conducting materials for their entire length. This would in the outset cost more money, but yet it might be the cheapest in the end, as the companies acquire means, it is probable they may build such lines. Considering the novelty of the enterprise, the limited amount of capital owned by those engaged in building the lines, for the heavier capitalists, this, as in most other new and important enterprises, stood aloof—they, with the inventor and patentees, deserve the highest credit. We consider the whole thing as yet in its infancy, and that it is calculated to still further

astonish the world. As to their preventing thunder storms or accidents from lightning, as is said to be claimed for them by Professor Olmstead, it is more than we can yet believe. The wire posts, trees, &c., are frequently struck along the lines of the telegraphs.—New York Herald.

## POETRY.

## HAVE I PAID THE PRINTER?

When the cold storm howls round the door,  
And you by light of taper,  
Sit closely by the evening fire,  
Enjoying the last paper—  
Just think of him whose work thus helps  
To wear away the winter;  
And put this query to yourself—  
Have I paid the Printer?

From east to west—from north and south,  
From lands beyond the water,  
He weekly brings you "lots of news,"  
From every nook and quarter;  
No slave on earth toils more than he,  
Through summer's heat and winter;  
How can you for a moment, then  
Neglect to pay the Printer?

Your other bills you pay,  
Wherever you do go, sir—  
The butcher for his meat is paid,  
For "sundries" is the grocer;  
The tailor and the shoemaker,  
The hatter and the vintner—  
All get their pay—then why neglect  
To settle with the Printer?

## THE YEARS.

The Years roll on, the Years roll on;  
And shadows now stretched o'er the lawn,  
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn,—  
The morn of mortal life;  
The dusky hours to me have come,  
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,  
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,  
With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path  
Whereon I've walked 'mid woe and wrath;  
I look, and see how much I hath  
Of bitterness to tell;  
But life's hard lessons must be learned;  
By gooding care is wisdom earned—  
Then onward let the years be turned,  
And all earth's scenes are rife!

On old the Years, the swift, still Years;  
And as they pass, how feeling scars—  
How driest up the front of years—  
Emotion's fire grow dim;  
This pulse of life no longer can last,  
And as the years go hurrying past,  
The blooms of life are earthward cast,  
And withered heart and limb.

The Years, the Years sublimely roll!  
Unfurling like a lettered scroll—  
Look on! and garner in thy soul  
The treasures of their love!  
It is God's Writing there we see;  
O read, with deep intensity;  
Its truth shall with thy spirit be  
When years shall roll no more.

THE FARMER, AND HIS VISITORS.—A friend of ours has several relations who are wealthy farmers in the vicinity of Northwich. One of these informed him, a few days ago, that he had received a visit in the preceding week from a party of Liverpool gentlemen, who requested permission to go through his potato fields. He directed them to extensive broadlands of the favourite root, flourishing in green luxuriance.

They went through the fields, said he, pulling up first one set and then another, and looking at 'em all over through a barnum glass (meaning a magnifier) and then they threw 'em down again as if they couldn't find what they wanted. At last I asked one of 'em what they were looking for? Oh, said he, we are looking for a 'Fides' ('aphides'). A 'Fides'! I thought—what's a 'Fides'? I never heard tell of such a thing. At last I asked a servant lad, as was walking behind 'em, what they were looking for? They're come to look for a vast tater ('vastator') as I heard 'em say. 'A vast tater,' says I, 'that's a big 'un,' I suppose; but they cannot expect to find any big 'uns' yet.' So I said to one of 'em, 'If it's a big potato you're looking for, 'em.' No, said he, we're looking for the potato disease. Oh, said I, you'll find none of it here, thank Heaven! Only look at 'em and see how they are growing; it does one's heart good to see 'em. But they did not seem over much pleased either, and they went on pulling up and looking and turning over, till at last they found one with rusty spots on the leaves, and a black spot on the stem, such as I have seen many a time 20 years before the potato disease was heard of, and so they seemed satisfied, and they pock-

eted that chap and walked off with it.—Liverpool Albion.

## THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS.

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at a village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, of returning home, should do the first thing his wife told him; in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as related to the payment of the bill. The next morning, Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance.

Walker began first:  
You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire gave but a glimmering light, I came near walking into a pot of batter, that the pancakes were to be made of the next morning. My wife was so dreadfully out of humor at setting up so long, she said to me sarcastically,

Do put your foot in the batter!  
Just as you say, Maggie, said I, and without the least hesitation I set my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed.  
Next Joe Brown told his story:

My wife had already retired to rest in our sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly well, you know I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and in no very pleasant tone she bawled out,

Do break the porridge pot, Joe!  
No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the tail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jam, broke it into a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture all night for my pains.

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:  
My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for as I was blundering about up stairs in the dark, she cried out,

Do break your neck—do, Tim!  
I'll be cursed if I do, Kate, said I, as I gathered myself up, I'll sooner pay the bill. And so, landlord, here's the cash for you. This is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

## HORRIBLE EMBRACE.

The following terrific narrative is given by a slaver—I had taken a hasty leap over a small hut, and alighting on something slippery fell prostrate. Ere I could recover myself I felt something twist round my body and roll my over and over. In a moment it occurred to me that I was within the coils of a serpent. I was squeezed so tightly that I had only time to give one loud scream for assistance, and intuitively raised my arm upwards to defend my head and face; being aware from what I had heard from others, that the serpent would endeavor to make a twist round my neck. I could hear the monster hissing and playing his head round my face, but could not see, either through pain or horror at my situation. I gradually felt my ribs bending beneath his cruel gripe and imagined that all was over with me, when to my inexpressible relief, I heard the voice of my friends, one of whom, with his cutlas at one blow, severed the monster's head from its body. It still, however held me firm in his gripe, but speedily two or three of my faithful attendants threw themselves on the tail of the animal, whilst another cut about two feet off from its extremity. Instantly I felt relieved, but was quite unable to stand or speak. Fortunately water was nigh at hand, and I soon came to myself though quite unconcerned about pursuing an antelope or any other game, for that day at least.—The snake which proceeded either from the breath of the serpent or from its fluids when cut under was so suffocating, and when relieved from its folds I was covered with blood and slime. As near as we could make out its dimensions the serpent was about sixteen feet in length, and at the thickest part it was about the size of the leg of a stout man. It was a box constrictor, and its bite was not poisonous; at least it left a mark on me which did not wear off for some years. For many days afterwards I shuddered at the sight or even at the mention of a snake of any description and for a long time after I occasionally screamed out in my dreams. Nor have I altogether got quite rid of my horror even at this day.

TEETOTALERS AT FAULT.—In Edinburgh last week a person brought his wife to the police office on a charge of habitual drunkenness. "The wife, stung by the complaints of her husband, retorted, 'You're no sober yourself, man.' 'Me no sober' exclaimed the man; 'it's four months the poor sin' joined the Teetotal Society, and I only fell through last week a wee; but you wasna joined a week, woman, till you began to

smuggle, and you've scarcely ever been sober since. There's waur members of the society than me; but as for you, you're a disgrace to a connected wife.' 'Haud your wheisht man; I keep it steady enough till I got hand o a drop o your ainone Sunday, that ye had hidden in a corn r, whaur ye thought I wad na look for.' 'Eh, Jean, was it you that stalt that? That's waur then ever—ye deserve to be sent to Bridewell for that isel—lock her up policeman.' The police, however refused to interfere, and dismissed them both.

Improvement in Steam Boilers.—An ingenious individual in Memphis, Ten., Mr. James Montgomery, has invented a new description of steam boiler, for which he has obtained a patent—the advantages of which are thus stated: 1st, the reducing the quantity of water used in the boiler; 2d, prevention of explosion; 3d, the saving of at least one-third in fuel; 4th, the saving of one half the space usually occupied by the best class of locomotive boilers.

Numerous scientific and practical men have certified in behalf of the great utility of this invention, and speaks of it as accomplishing all its intended purposes. Prof. Renwick remarks, "I have seen one in action, and found it fulfilling completely the views of the inventor; it must completely counteract the danger to which the use of steam is now liable, and promises to render the duration of iron boilers almost indefinite."

Experiments have shown that the perpetual motion of the water prevents the incrustation of the boiler, that the sparks and smoke are consumed, and that, instead of two and a half tons of coal used and thirty pounds pressure obtained from the tubular form of boiler, this has given seventy pounds pressure from the use of only one half the fuel during the same time. Any one of these advantages would seem to warrant its immediate and universal adoption.

## A YANKEE PEDLER.

A Yankee pedler, one of that great tribe who have learned the art of skinning a flint, entered the store of a Yankee merchant in Lowell, and wanted to sell him some razor strops. The merchant declined having anything to do with him, and ordered him out. A Yankee pedler is not got off so easily.—There's no getting rid of him, while there is a chance of wearing your patience, until you make a purchase. He's like the immortal Jim Bags. He knows the value of peace, and questions, and won't leave off his noise, unless he is well paid for it.

## CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

In 1747, a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for highway robbery, and not having friends to bury his body, when the executioner concluded that he was dead, he gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre, and subject to lecture on. The things, legs, and arms of this unhappy wretch had been broken, yet on the surgeon coming to examine him, he found him surviving, and by proper application of proper cordials, he was soon brought to his speech. The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation and the loss of blood, he recovered, and, in this situation, the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging. His situation was on a roadside, close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him.—To his youth, he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot. A driver returning from market where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity.

[Remainder on fourth page.]