THE DELAWAREAN,

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' ADVERTISER.

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THE DELAWAREAN,

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' ADVERTISER

Is issued every SATURDAY MORNING, by ENOCH E. CAMP, Editor, Publisher and Printer, at Wilmington, Delaware. Office adjoining Capt. Henry Reed's, (late Collin's (Denny's) Hotel, in High street, third door from Market.

☞ All letters and communications for insertion, or business, must be directed to the "*Editor of the Delawarean*," and the postage paid.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum—half payable in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of the year.

☞ *Any person obtaining five subscribers and forwarding the advance money will be entitled to a copy gratis.*

☞ *Companies of ten will be entitled to the Gazette for $1 75 per annum.*

Subscribers to this paper neglecting to give notice for discontinuance previous to the expiration of their year, will, in all cases, be considered subscribers for the ensuing six months.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid.

☞ No subscription taken for less than six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Advertisments not exceeding twenty lines will be conspicuously inserted four times for a dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Persons wishing to advertise by the year will be accommodated on reasonable terms.

JOB PRINTING

Of every variety, done with neatness and despatch, at the lowest rates.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, New-Castle Delaware, OCTOBER 1, 1836.

A

Thomas B. Armstrong.

B

Rhoda Bateman, William Beals, Elizabeth Bartlet, Bernard Bradley, Wm. Bate, A. C. Bush, Joshua Brown, Wm. Booth, Francis Brown, Mary Brown, Matthew Baird.

C

Benjamin Clark, Horatio Chase, Rich'd. or Cornelius Collins, Hannah Carson, John Cundy, Capt. A. Childs.

D

Bernard Duffy, Patrick Duffy, Martha A. Draper, Adam Deihl, Wm. B. Downs, Augustine Dancer, Mrs. Darby, Wm Driscol.

E

Eliza Fisher, Theodore W. Frost, Hamilton Fulton.

G

Charles Gulager, Ferdinand Goehler, Sarah Elizabeth Ginn.

H

Jeremiah Haine Wm Haines, Wm. Huston, Nunis W. Hudson, Mrs. C. Hammond, Isaac Hudson, George Hutchison, William Howard, Mrs. Hollingsworth.

J

Charles Irwing, Matilda Jenkins.

K

Eliza Ann Kem.

L

Ferdinand Lechler, Samuel Laws, Sec'y. Mechanics' Lodge, Dan'l. Livermore, Edward Leach.

M

Syrus Marvel, Mr. Marble, Loyd Mitchel, Elizabeth Marvel, John Morrow, Wm. Miller, jr. Wm. Morton, John Morris, Zachariah More, G. W. Moore.

N

Capt. Simon Newlin.

O

David Orr.

P

John Purden, John Poulson, Timothy C. Palmatory.

R

Robert Reed, Jacob Richter.

S

Ann Sivle, Wm. H. Stayton, John Stoddard, David Stidham, James Star, Wm. B. Scott, John Spencer, Wm. Shute.

T

Henry Talman.

V

Wm. P. Veach.

W

Dale Watt, Sarah Ann White, John Wright, Daniel T. Weeks, Mary Ann Wright.

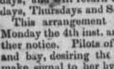
Persons applying for letters whose names are on this list, will please say they are advertised.

H. RITCHIE, P. M.

Oct. 1, 1836

PHILADELPHIA

Steam Tow Boat Company.



The Steam Tow Boat Pennsylvania, Captain Puleski, will tow vessels to Bombay-Hook, Reedy Island, and intermediate stations, leaving Philadelphia at 8 o'clock A. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and will return to the city on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

This arrangement will commence on Monday the 4th inst. and continue until further notice. Pilots of vessels on the river and bay, desiring the aid of the boat, will make signal to her by hoisting the ensign at the main.

Merchants wishing their vessels towed down, will send their orders to the Secretary's Office, No. 7 Walnut street, stating the name and register, tonnage of the vessel, the name of the master, and the wharf at which she lays. Such orders will be entered in a book kept for the purpose, in rotation as they are received, and those first on the list will have preference accordingly.

D. B. STACEY, Secretary.

April 9.

POETRY.

THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

A PARODY.

Air—"*Alice Gray.*"

They're all my fancy painted them,
They're lovely, they're divine;
But they're destined for another's mouth,
They never can be mine.
I loved them as man never loved,
Yet dare not touch or take;
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

The dark brown cake is laid upon
A plate of spotless white,
And the eye of him who tasted it,
Now flashes with delight.
The cake was buttered, not for me,
Of it I can't partake,
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake.

I've revelled at the pastry cook's,
But I have ate my last,
If I can't get cake I will have none,
My eating days are past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
They'll say, who pity take,
"Oh, his heart, his heart was broken,"
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

SONG.

O, breathe no more that simple air—
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
Is cold despair!
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone—
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is—where?

How have those well-known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed
With fairy flowers!
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is—where?

Can I then love the air she loved!
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again,
Calm and unmoved?
And thou to blame my tears forbear;
For while I list, sweet maid, to thee,
Remembrance whispers, "such was she,"
And she is—where?

TO MORROW.

Whate'er the grief that dims my eye,
Whate'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us weeping to the sky
And say, "we'll smile to-morrow."
And when from those we love, we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
"We'll meet again to-morrow."

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that morrow too is past,
(A yesterday of sorrow;)
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last
With visions of to-morrow.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Away with grandeur, pomp, and gold;
Away with childish ease:
Give me but strength my plow to hold,
And I'll find means to please.

'Tis sweet to toil for those we love;
My wife and darling boys,
Both tend to make my labor prove
The sweetest of my joys.

The humble morsel I procure,
When labor makes it sweet,
Is eaten with a taste more pure
Than meats which monarchs eat.

'Tis mine—yes, 'tis my happy lot,
From cares and avarice free,
To own but this secluded cot,
Sweet friends, and liberty.

Thus I no monarch on the throne
Can grudge his destiny,
Let him his weight of care bemoan,
Whilst I am truly free.

Now tell me all ye gouty train,
Who have what fortune gives;
Is not the cheerful country swain
The happiest man that lives?

SECRECY.

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise;
To show how trusted, they their power display;
To show how worthy they their trust betray;
Like pence in children's pockets, secrets lie
In female bosoms—they must burn or fly.

MORAL.

SUMMER'S GONE.

The sear and yellow leaf is now the object that meets our eye. The leaves fall and rot; so do we. Man must die—and rot; but will the soul—the spirit given by our God also be a nonentity? No—but who can witness the fall of autumn leaves without a sigh for "auld lang syne"—who can forget the "sighs and tears" of boyhood's years?—who will fail to remember the friend of his youth? to visit the grave of the departed dead with reverence and awe. Though melancholy yet it is pleasing to stand near the grave of a departed friend. To think over again the scenes that were once acted, the youthful gambles, the playful tricks, the unceasing merry-making, all pass rapidly through the imagination—and there is left the contemplation of the little mound. It is at a time like this that all the holy, sentimental feelings of the heart are brought into action. The death bed—the last, long, lingering look, the fervent pressure of the hand, the quivering lip—the last words, "for get me not"—all rush upon the fancy and consecrate the scene.—*Ky. Gaz.*

DEATH-BED REPENTARCE.

It has been my lot to witness the agonies of many a bed of death; but I have never witnessed one, where repentance has been delayed to the last hour, upon which the faintest ray of hope has beamed. There has been confidence—there has been self-righteousness—there have been ejaculations, and entreaties, and prayers—there has been an apparent trust in Christ, and sometimes even a desire to partake of his Sacrament—but notwithstanding all these appearances, there has never been that calm, well-grounded, spiritual consolation, by which alone in that hour the true christian can be distinguished. God forbid, that I should speak of these things, with any other view than to warn you my christian friends of the terrible danger of deferring your repentance for a single moment. Believe me, and it is from mournful experience that I speak—believe me, that a repentance begun in the hour of death, is of all human calculations the most hopeless and unsafe. It is trusting to the frailest thread. It is speaking peace to the soul when there is no peace.

A THOUGHT.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, and in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind; again the sound will come booming across the ocean of memory gloomy and solemn as a death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of a river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness. It is in moments like these that the pious mind rises from the sordid interests of this sublunary world and ascends to full communion with its maker. The past will flit across the memory, mournful and sweet, like the low and lingering tones of distant music; the present, like the rush of the mighty winds yet noiseless as the slumber of an unawakened echo; and the future spreads the soft and downy pillow of the tomb, when the spirit is to leave its tenement of clay and enter the portals that open to the felicity of an eternal immortality.

HOME CHRISTIANS.

These are the true Christians. A late divine being asked what he thought of a certain pious individual remarked, "I have never lived with him." This is the true test. That man who is what the Bible requires him to be, lets his light shine at home even more brightly than it does before the world.

It would be better for society if the memory of the giver were transfered to the receiver, and the oblivious forgetfulness of the obliged were consigned to the breast of him that confers the obligation.—*Lacon.*

Every body speaks well of his heart, but no one dares speak well of his head.

LADIES READING.

A TEST.

Persons who are desirous of procuring country girls for servants, and are afraid of being imposed upon by city girls under false colours, may satisfy themselves by setting the applicant at crumbling a bowl of bread and milk. If she be a city girl, she will put in so much bread that the milk will be nearly absorbed by it. On the other hand, if she be what she pretends, a country girl, she will merely sprinkle the pieces of bread on its surface, like a fleet at sea scattered by a gale.—*Gadsby.*

BEAUTY.

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile.—let me see in her kind and benevolent disposition—a heart that can sympathize with distress—and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in "ruby lips," or "flowing tresses," or "snowy hands," or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of Time, but those ever enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of Time, and grow brighter and fresher, as the ages of Eternity roll away.

A MAN OF PROPERTY.

A young man of Nuremburg, requested a lawyer to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visiter, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed, but the father of the young lady asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any man to cut off your nose, if he should give you $20,000 dollars?" "Not for all the world," replied the young man. "Very well," returned the lawyer, "I have a reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered and refused $20,000." This induced the old man to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place, though it is said in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

From the Figaro in London.

LONDON CITY FASHIONS.

Ladies' Dress.—Morning dress, a gown; walking dress, a gown and a bonnet—sometimes a shawl is added; but when it is not worn, it is of course not added. Hats are worn with full brims; and in warm weather, pots of porter are full in the brim likewise. Flounces are coming in again, and green boots are very fashionable, especially on the other side of Waterloo Bridge. It may be necessary to observe, that when the gown is white it is not black, and when it is black it is not white. The little boys' fashions are particularly neat; pinafores of stout Holland, and little blue jackets to correspond.

Gentlemen's Dress.—Walking D. Coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, hat and gloves; the coat of cloth, the waistcoat of ditto, and the trowsers of dusk, or some other light article. Evening dress the same as the walking dress, but no coat; in the very warm evening, no waistcoat. Young Hobler, who is perhaps a bit of an ultra exquisite, has gone so far as to add, no shirt in the skittle ground in particular. No shirt is a pleasing and agreeable fashion, which is much followed by some of the young nobs of the Cockney aristocracy. A cap of elegant brown paper is sometimes worn, but this is considered full dress, and is only to be met with at some of the tip top beer parties in the city.—Pocket handkerchiefs have gone quite out, and long nails have come in as an elegant, and certainly a most convenient substitute. Socks are also very much worn, and, among others, Lord Winchester wears his socks six weeks together without changing them. Garters have come in again. They are of various materials, but list seems to be the favorite.

There are new kitted garters worn, and these have a pleasing motto upon them. Scales, junior, has had, a splendid pair prepared for him, with the words "go it my young un" richly emblasoned on some line worsted. The shoes most in fashion are the 'strong boys,' at about 4s. 6d. the pair.

RECIPES.

To detect the Mixture of Arsenic.—A solution of blue vitriol dropped into any liquid in which arsenic has been put will turn it green.

Cure for a Burn.—Make an Indian meal poultice large enough to cover the burn, cover the same with fresh soaked tea leaves then apply it.

Cure for Polipi.—A small piece of lint, wet with a solution of sulphate of zinc, and applied round the polypus each day, and allowed to remain for a short time, will, in a few days, cure the disease.

Potato Balls.—A lady of our acquaintance recommends the following preparation. Mix mashed potatoes with the yolk of an egg—roll them into balls—flour them, or egg or bread crum them, fry them in clear dripings, or lard, or brown them in a Dutch oven.

The Whooping Cough.—Parents ought to know that the following is an immediate and effectual remedy for the whooping cough;—fumigation of R. *Olibani*, liq. 2, *Benzoes*, Sir, Galamilæ, aa, lib, 1, 2, Flor. Lavend, Rosar, a a. dr. q j. It has cured cases of nine months standing.

Remedy for poison by dogwood or ivy.—Dr. Richardson, of South Reading, Mass. has authorised us to state that he has ascertained by actual experiment that copperas (sulphate of iron) is a perfect specific against poison by dogwood or by ivy. Dissolve one-fourth of an ounce in a pint of water, and wash the part affected.

Scarlet Fever.—As this disease is becoming prevalent in the country, we would mention a valuable remedy [illegible] throat. If the patient is old enough to use a gargle made of vinegar and cayenne pepper, it will seldom fail to remove the disease and phlegm from the throat, and consequently, aid nature in its work of cure.

To extract Oil from Cotton.—As soon as possible after the oil has been spilt, take the article on which it fell and immerse it in clean cold water. After soaking awhile, the oil will begin to float upon the surface, when this takes place change the water frequently during a few hours, the oil will be gradually and completely removed without rubbing or washing and when dry, iron it, and no vestage of the oil will remain, nor any change of color be visible.

Cure for the bites of serpents, &c. &c.—It is said that the essence of spirits of turpentine applied externally will cure venomous bites. A Mons. Tschiflelly who resided some time in Brazil, has made a communication to the French Academy, in which he states that he cured fourteen negroes bitten by venomous serpents in that country by the application continued for an hour. He cures by the same remedy the stings of scorpions, and suggested that it may be efficacious for the bite ot mad dogs.

Soda for Washing—This is one of the improvements of the day which any one may practice without incurring additional expense for machinery or patent rights. The practice was introduced into this country only a year or two since, and so well has it been approved of that it has been introduced very generally, with complete success. We published the receipt about a year since, but as we have lately had several applications for it, we again insert it, well knowing that the thanks we shall get of those who have to toil hard at least one day in the week, will amply repay us for our pains.

In the first place put in the wash kettle five gallons of soft water, add a pint and a half of soft soap, and two ounces of sub-carbonate of soda.—[Some add to this half a gallon of lime water, but most families now dispense with it.]

The clothes should be put into clean water over night; and when the above mixture is at the boiling heat, put in the clothes, merely rubbing such parts parts with a little as are much soiled. Boil them one hour. They are then to be taken out and drained, rubbed and rinsed in warm water, then in warm water, then in the indigo water as usual, and they are fit for drying.

They can be washed in this manner with a saving of about half the soap commonly used, and of more than half the labor. The expense of that soda is only ninepence and may be found at the apothecaries.

From the Philadelphia Mirror.

THE BEAUTIFUL CONVICT.

This singular story is actually true.

Rose Mac Orne was a rare sample of Scotch beauty. Her eyes deeply blue, as Loch Lomond; glowing cheeks; hair light and glossy, parted over her broad forhead, like folds of flax colored satin; features which a shrewd and active mind had strongly developed, a tall muscular frame, of stately proportions and a firm, elastic, rapid tread, which she had acquired in early days, when.

Down the rocks she leaped along
Like rivulets in May.

Her youth was unfortunate, for her mother had died during her infancy; and her profligate and selfish father had abandoned her before she had reached the age of fifteen.

Many were anxious to take Rose into their service, for she was neat and thrifty as a brownie, and had the obsequious manner of her countrymen, united with their provebial knowledge of the most direct road to favor and fortune. Her greatest misfortune was her beauty.

Often after the most unremitting efforts to please, poor Rose was accused of a thousand faults, and dismissed by prudent and careful mothers, lest she should become too dear a servant. Scotch discrimination soon discovered the source of the difficulty, and Scotch ambition resolved to make the best of it. To lovers of her own rank, she was alternately winning and disdainful—determined that none should break her chains, yet dealing out her scorn to each, as their characters would bear. With her superiors she played a deep and insiduous game. Trusting to her own strength of pride she resisted their arts, while she almost invariably made them the victims of her own. In all this, Rose was actuated by something more than a mere girlish love of triumph; she was ambitious and had formed her hopes of opulent marriage. Many a Cantab and Oxonian, many a testy bachelor and gouty widower had got entangled in her toils, and been extricated only by the early interference of proud and prudent relations. At length, notwithstanding her modest manners and apparent artlessness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne become as proverbial as her beauty; she could obtain no service in any family where there was a youth to be facinated, or wealthy old age to be cajoled.

Hearing that an east Indiaman was about to sail, with many ladies on board, Rose resolved to seek employment among them; and succeeded in being appointed dressing maid to an elderly lady, who was going out to Calcutta to reside with an invalid. India, match making India! opened prospects to Scotch ambition. Rose took unexampled pains to please her new mistress and in two days she was a decided favorite.

No wonder the gypsy began to feel proud of her power for she never tried to please without decidedly effecting her purpose. But when was inordinate ambition known to be a safeguard either to talent or beauty? In two days, Rose was to leave England, and her mistress having granted permisson to attend the races, she as the last act of kindness to one of her lovers consented to accompany him Rose was very fond of ornaments, and it chanced that her heart was particularly set on a pearl pin which her mistress had said she seldom wore, on account of its antique fashion Rose had more than once signified how pretty she thought it; and wondered if she was rich enough to buy pearls, whether they would become her full and snowy neck. She dared not to ask for it outright; and she never in her life had thought of taking anything dishonestly. But vanity—that foolish and contemptible passion which has slain its tens of thousands, and that too among the fairest and brightest of God's works, prevailed over the better feelings of Rose Mac Orne. She took the envied pin, wore it to the races, heard James Mac Intyre praise it, told him her new mistress had given it to her, and then dreading the discovery of the fact, began to devise schemes for exchanging the bauble. The path of sin is steep, and every step presses on with accumulated power. Rose had already committed a second crime to conceal the first; and now the hope of security urged her to commit others. She sold the breast pin and bought a ring with the money, in hopes the pearl would never be inquired for this side of India. But in this she was mistaken; that very day the lady missed the jewel; and Rose went even deeper in falsehood than was necessary to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every step of this shameful struggle. It is sufficient to say that the thief was discovered; and Rose instead of sailing for glorious match making India, was in a few weeks hurried on board a vessel, in which sixty-two other convicts were destined for Botany Bay. This was a painful reverse for one so young, so beautiful, so inordinately ambitious She looked back upon England with mingled feelings of grief and burning indignation, contempt of herself and hatred of the laws by which she suffered. And for what had she endured this conflict, which first and last had given her more unhappiness than had been crowded in the whole of her previous existence? Why nothing but the foolish vanity of wearing a cast off pearl!

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elastic and vigorous; it soon rebounded from depression. She looked around among her companions, most of whom were tall and robust; some of whom were handsome women. She counted them and counted the men. There were sixty convicts and fifteen men. Before they were half across the Atlantic, Rose had laid a plan daring enough to the helmeted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of her inspiration. She communicated the plan to the women which they entered into heartily and warmly. Rose might have found lovers enough on board, notwithstanding the strict orders of the officers, but she chose but one, and that was the pilot. Glances and tender notes soon passed between them, unperceived by others; for the artful Rose was like a glacier when the eye of the officer was upon her; and her lover was capable of playing as deep a game as she.

At length the important hour arrived; every precaution had been taken; all were in readiness. The vessel stood for La Plata to exchange cargoes and take in refreshments.—They entered the huge arms of that silvery river, and cut its waters with the arrowy flight of a bird. At length Buenos Ayres lay before them in the distance, with the broad, clear, bright moonlight spread over it like a heavy robe. The wind died away, and the vessel lay gently moving on the bosom of the majestic river, like a child playing itself into slumber. Midnight came—Rose had an eye like a burning glass, the crisis was at hand, and all looked to her for direction. Her lover according to promise, had taken his turn to be pilot; and all slept save him and the convict. He set on the helm looking out at the waters, and listening to the 'silence audible.'—There was a slight motion in the sails; then sounded the whistle of the pilot. In twenty minutes, every man was bound fast and gagged, the convicts were armed, and the vessel was in full sweep for Buenos Ayres where it arrived a prize to the prisoners! Great noise was made about the vessel seized by women, and brought triumphantly into port. The 'Lady Shore,' for that was the vessel's name, was crowded with South Americans. The bravery of the women was loudly applauded: and in three days the richest young Spaniard in the city offered himself to the beautiful Rose Mac Orne. Her promise to the pilot was forgotten. The ambitious Scotch woman now wears pearls and diamonds in plenty, and most of her sister convicts are now at the heads of respectable familes in Buenos Ayres.

BRIDGET'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DENTIST.

'Well, Bridget,' says Margery, 'How did you get along with the docthur—what did ye say til hem, and what did he do til ye?'

Bridget. It's nothing he did til me, nor I to hem, that's all—only says I 'Och docthur, docther, docther dear, it's my tooth that aches intirely, sure it is; and I've a min to have it drahn oot, and it plaze ye,' 'Do it pane ye,' says he till me. "Och Murther, can ye ax me that now? No, the divil a bit could I keep it up in me mouth, though its far from the likes of me to be drinking the brandy without extrame provocation, or by accident.' So thin the docthur took his iron intruments in a hurry, with as little consarnment of mind as Barney would swape the knives and forks from the table. 'Be aizy, docthur,' says I—'there's time enough, you'll no be in such a hurry when your turn comes, I'm thinkin.' 'O, well' said the docthur,' and yer no ready now, ye may come the morrow.'—'Indade, docthur, I'll no stir from this sate wid this ould tooth alive in me jaw,' says I; 'so ye may jist prepare, but ye nade not come slashing a poor Christian body, as if ye woud wring her neck aff first, and draw her tooth out afterwards. Now clap on yer pinchers, but do ye get hold of the right one—ye may aizily see it by its aching and jumping.' 'O,' says he, I'll get the right one,' and