

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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**From the Bath Enquirer & Advertiser.**  
**PRINTERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES ARE REQUESTED TO COPY THIS.**

**WHOM WHO CANBEST UNDERSTAND IT?**

He who has left his youthful bride  
 And children young and fair,  
 To float on Fortune's doubtful tide  
 Whom he knows not where,  
 Whose presence may so kindly spare  
 The tears the Wanderer's return.

Yes! the unwilling heart forgive  
 That dares to trouble thee;  
 I would not seek to make thee grieve  
 But for these babes of mine;  
 Their smiles seem to rise from above  
 A pledge of our mutual love.

For them I plead—I speak not now  
 Of what my lot has been;  
 Nor how for thee I left my home  
 And sought a distant shore;  
 And sweet the distant hills of A—  
 For aught with thee were even they.

I hailed the mountain's proudest swell,  
 The forest's darkest pride,  
 The heathen rock, the ragged dell,  
 The thorn that wreath'd my side,  
 And earth's worst wilderness is dear,  
 In faith, when those we love are near.

But thou hast left thy dark-eyed boys,  
 In distant parts to roam;  
 A gambler's life for thee has joys,  
 But not, alas! thy home;  
 Thy children weep and sigh for thee,  
 And I am far more fond than they.

Our ladies for very want of bread,  
 Have been complaining;  
 And now we public beauty feed,  
 And put a precious man home;  
 Who's he who should their guardian be  
 Has left them to their misery.

My face, the eldest and the first,  
 The margin of his eye,  
 Will be the sign of sorrow here,  
 And this my crown of woe;  
 "Without once mother I tell me when,  
 My father will come back again."

Yet go, thou false deserter get  
 And from my heart depart;  
 Has kneaded in thy breast the glow  
 Of love's delicious flame,  
 Oh, how we'll never see thee more,  
 But still we'll never love like me.

And oh, thou selfish little lie,  
 It is your own my word,  
 That I may to fore resign,  
 When all is all I know,  
 And leave me not without a word,  
 To fade and die with hope deferred.

Then leave to Penny's bitter rant,  
 Thy love, thy love, thy love;  
 To mourn for woman's weakness part,  
 And don't be so foolish;  
 Mayst thou never know the smallest part  
 Of that which brings a heaving heart!

ALMIRA PORTER H\*\*\*

**HIGH PRICE OF LABOR.**  
 The high price of labor in this country is argued by some as an argument against emigration in the culture and manufacture of silk, and supported by some to present an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of a successful competition with countries where it is more depressed. Though there is much plausibility in this argument, yet experience has long since devoted its fallacy. It is true some writers on political economy have adopted this theory; but those who have penetrated the furthest into the sources of national wealth have exploded it as untrue. Barton Dupin, whose talents and resources entitled him the opinion to great weight, asserts, "usually that in the most civilized branches of manufacture, the most decided superiority has been obtained by people with whom the price is dearer than with their rivals." In proof of this position he adverts to the cotton manufactures of England, which are furnished better and cheaper than by any other part of Europe where labor is cheaper. He also notices the fact that the linens of Belgium and Holland are better and cheaper than those of Brittany though the price of labor is considerably lower in the latter place. The same he says is also true with respect to the fine woolsens of France, compared with those of Spain, though the price of labor is much in its favor.

Experience has also proved that low priced labor is far from being the most profitable to the employer. Every farmer and mechanic knows that the wages of laborers are always regulated by the skill, ability, and disposition to apply themselves, which they bring with them, and it is immaterial whether their wages be high or low, provided it be proportioned to the services rendered. In countries where labor receives its full reward, it is performed with cheerfulness, and the amount rendered is always greater in proportion to the price paid, than in countries where it receives an inadequate remuneration. This familiar principle is peculiarly applicable to the manufacture of silk. The skill necessary to the perfection of fabrics will ever be, in all countries, the scale by which the wages of the operative must be graduated, combined with labor, give a richer reward than in the United States. And it is equally true that no manufacturer whose labor is performed by skillful and faithful workmen, can fail of success, unless he embarks in a visionary project. Such is of the manufacturing of silk.—*Geneve Farmer.*

**White Mulberry Trees.** as well as the *Morus Mutilica*, are in great demand this spring. One gentleman in this town, who owns near thirty thousand trees has been offered \$30 per thousand and refused it. Some white mulberry seed will be sown this spring so far as we can learn from different quarters, than has been planted for five years. As an article of profit, aside from the design of raising cocoons, we know of no more lucrative investment. They can be sold any hour for Cash, and the expense of cultivating them is compara-

tively nothing. In this season of scarcity of hay and grass, had our farmers occupied part of their grounds with mulberry trees, rather than grazing cattle, the difference in their favor would be immensely great. The large silk companies going into operation this spring will consume all the trees which can be purchased. The supply is not half equal to the demand. And whether the trees are sold or not, is not a matter of much consequence. The value of a farm with Mulberry trees standing in all the waste places, around outhouses and fences and in every unoccupied spot must increase its intrinsic value immensely.—*Northampton Courier.*

Paris, Jan. 31 1836.

The joint Councils of Agriculture, Manufactures and Trade, in Session since the 5th, inst., have been called upon to give their opinion respecting the more or less protection, it behoved the Government to grant to Manufacturers of Sugar, extracted from the beet root. This production offers one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern industry; Napoleon made immense sacrifices to encourage it; but its vicissitudes have since been great, and strange to say, that now important branch of national riches, was on the point of being crushed, at its origin, by the sarcasms and gibes of all kinds, to which it was exposed. A. M. Achard, the first to vindicate the extraction of sugar from that plant on an extensive scale, established a manufacture, in Silesia at the beginning of the present century. In 1809, Napoleon caused several to be formed in France, but all, saving that of M. Crespel at Arras, shared the fate of the Imperial Government. At present, there are nearly 400 in operation, which will this year produce upwards of 30,000,000 weight of sugar, or about one half the consumption of that article for the whole Kingdom. The growth of that root is not to be considered alone on account of the sugar it affords; it interests agriculture in general. What remains of it, after the process of extraction, serves to feed cattle and is employed as manure; and it has been proved that with a capital of about 3,000 francs, sugar works can be got up on the smallest farms. The simple instruments first used for the extraction and purifying of the substance, are found to answer better than the costly apparatus lately adopted, and M. Crespel, who stuck to the old method, has until now succeeded the best, and been enabled to sell for 49 francs (100 weight) what the others cannot give less than 54.

The increase in the quantity of home made sugar, has occasioned a considerable reduction in that of Colonial importation, and consequently in the receipt of the treasury. The government anxious to supply the deficit is now seriously thinking of a tax on that article. The discussion in the Councils bore principally on that point. Most of the members opposed it inasmuch as they did not conceive the new industry in a sufficiently flourishing condition to support the tax. M. Mathieu de Dombasle, a very competent judge in those matters stated that about one-third of the beet sugar refiners were doing well; that another third as yet merely covered their expenses; and that the last third, having been recently established were still losers, and living in the hope of doing better. There is however a greater obstacle still to the laying a duty on that branch of industry. Most of the members of the Chamber of Deputies are land proprietors and, as such, being particularly interested in the success will not readily consent to drain by taxation a source of such profit. The same thing has already occurred in respect to the iron question, it may consequently be expected that the government will fail in its attempt to tax the beet sugar. This remains the Colonial difficulty. The French West Indies exist only by the sugar they sell to the mother country, and they are rather shackled than protected by the present import duty of 49 francs 50 centimes per 100 kilograms. That duty, which formerly operated as a protection has had of late quite a contrary effect, for it has enabled the beet root sugar, freed as it is from that duty, to develop itself freely and without any obstacle, and to enter with advantage into competition with the cane sugar. In the course of last year, the great consumption of the former occasioned a fall off of 15 millions of francs in the duties and the Colonial article. In 1836, the diminution will probably exceed 20 millions.

The following table will show the consumption of both sugars respectively, during five different years in kilograms.

Years	Cane Sugar	Beet root Sugar	Total
1828	61,255,222	4,000,000	65,255,222
1831	67,542,792	10,000,000	77,542,792
1832	62,969,638	15,000,000	77,969,638
1834	66,951,151	20,000,000	86,951,151
1835	69,000,000	20,000,000	89,000,000

The Sovereigns of Prussia and Austria are also intent on encouraging that industry in their dominions, and they have sent persons purposely to France to acquaint themselves with the process of manufacture in our establishments. *Albany Adv.*

From the Vermont Courier.

As the time is nearly arrived when Maple groves are taxed for their quota of our luxuries, I will give, for the benefit of those concerned, a few facts, which experience has taught me relative to making

## MAPLE SUGAR.

In the first place, it is obvious, the buckets and spouts should be perfectly clean and sweet. Then before the sap is put into the kettles a little lime should be put in, in order to neutralize the vegetable acid which it contains. A tea spoon full would be sufficient for two barrels of sap. It should be stirred up and then allowed to settle. The object is to prevent the acid from decomposing the iron which gives the sugar a black appearance. The kettles should also be washed white warm with

whirewash and be allowed to dry before putting in the sap. Then the sap should be put in and kept boiling till it is sugared off as it is called. If several kettles are used as it boils down, the syrup should be dipped into one kettle in sufficient quantity to make from 20 to 30 lbs. This quantity can be sugared off in about two hours, in a common cauldron, after it became a pretty strong syrup, say, as strong as it is usually made before dipping out to settle. The lime makes a thin coat over the surface of the iron and helps to prevent a decomposition of it. Sugar made in this way is whiter than any N. O. Sugar. The black coloring matter is all derived from the buckets, kettles, tubs, &c., as it is proved from the fact that syrup or molasses made from maple sap by freezing is wholly colorless. The principle object in making nice sugar should be to prevent its being colored with coloring matter. I have made many experiments and the above is the result. The kettles should be set so that the fire cannot reach within 8 or 10 inches of the top, for if it does the sugar formed on the sides is apt to be burnt by which the whole batch is spoiled. *SACCHARINA.*

## From the Knickerbocker.

### THE SINGING MASTER.

Methinks I see him now, standing as was his wont, behind the little desk in front of the pulpit, in the street church. The same suit of rusty black when, for the last twenty years, has on Sundays encased his six feet two inches of skin and bones, still hangs upon him. The long, thin face, the smoothly-combed hair, the upturned eyes, the subdued look, the meek expression, and withal the proud humility of manner of Obed Parsons, while in the discharge of his duties as leader of the choir, are now before me. I can see him standing with his huge palm-book in his left hand, held at the extremity of his out-stretched arm, while his right, keeping the time, moves up and down with the regularity of the walking-beam of a steamboat—every time it strikes, touching the book, and, while it rests for a moment upon the fingers, rising and falling with a short, uneasy motion. I can see the peculiar and ridiculously tender expression which his features for a moment assume as his eye glances to the pew, at the right of the pulpit, occupied by Deacon H—, and his pretty daughter Grace; and never shall I forget the mingled look of sadness and despair which overspread his countenance the last Sunday he appeared in church, while, partly turning toward her, he sang the following lines of the psalm which had been selected for the conclusion of the services of the day:

"My heart, like the grass that feels the blast  
 Of some infection wind,  
 Does languish so with grief, that scarce  
 My useful food I find;  
 By reason of my sad estate,  
 I spend my breath in groans;  
 My flesh is worn away,—my skin  
 Scarce hides me starting bones."

The two last lines, in the spirit which he appeared involuntarily to apply them, were but too true. His flesh was worn away to such a degree that his "skin could scarcely hide his starting bones." Poor Obed!—this was indeed an unhappy fate. Nature, in forming this unsexedly person, it is true, gave thee a mind in some respects peculiar; but she also endowed thee with sensibilities as keen and tender, and with a heart as susceptible, as she ever bestowed upon the most lovely of her creations. If the pen of one who loved thee, with all thy peculiarities—who knew thee well, and prized the abundant good that was to be found in thy simple and unpretending nature—can do aught to rescue thee from that oblivion into which thy name and history are fast sinking, the effort, at least, shall not be wanting.

Obed Parsons was one of those characters marked from the cradle for a particular vocation. Born in Italy, he would have been a *Barbigo*; but born as he was in the western part of Connecticut, he lived and died a Yankee singing-master. Most truly could Obed Parsons have been said to have been a psalm singer by nature. The propensity (as I believe craniologists call it) was developed in him during his most tender years, not where they find it, on the head, but through his mouth. His infant cries were metre, and while he yet lay upon his mother's breast, instead of crying a "woful sound by which babes first manifest their sense of enjoyment, the notes of "O! God's hand!" droned from his lips. The good Presbytery's psalm which he sang, which his venerable grand-mother every evening sang him to sleep, in the morning were recognized in his first waking cries. As he grew in years, he grew in musical power. On his first attendance at meeting, the music of the choir affected him as sensibly as it did the Ettrick Shepherd's dog, and like that susceptible animal, he instinctively raised his voice, and added his infant notes to the song of praise that went forth thro' out the congregation. He soon after became conspicuous in the neighborhood for his skill in psalmody; and before he was thirteen years old, he taught a singing-school in his native town. His life, for the next ensuing fifteen years, would present little of interest to the reader, and I shall therefore take the liberty of passing over it with the single remark, that it was characterized by the usual spirit of change and enterprise to be found in those migratory sons of New-England, who, from the earliest times, have devoted themselves to the duties of public instruction. After making the tour of most of the towns and villages in what are denominated the Northern States, and becoming at different periods a sojourner in each of them, at the age of twenty-eight, a bachelor, poor in the goods of this world, and poorer still in flesh, but rich in his melodious powers—long, hard, and extensive in person, but with a wardrobe scanty and stint—he arrived in the city of New-York. Through the influence of some natives of the town of his birth, then holding the elevated stations and perform-

ing the high functions of deacons in the street church, he was appointed the leader of a choir. The close of his first year found him the teacher of a school for the improvement in psalmody of the junior members of the congregation.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," says Shakspeare, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Byron extends the remark to women, and observes that there is also "a tide" in their affairs, and I doubt not that he was correct in the observation. For my own part, I have observed, that in the lives of both sexes, there are periods which seem marked by events that exercise a controlling influence over their after existence. The hue and tenor of their lives are changed; different feelings are aroused; different cares vex them; new anxieties arise, and sources of joy and sorrow are opened which had before been closed to them. This, in an especial manner, was the case in the instance of my friend Obed. The singing school in the city was an epoch in his life, for here he could date a changed existence. Let me here remark, that it very frequently happens, that incidents which at first appear so trivial and insignificant as hardly to be worth our attention, are subsequently found to have been the moving causes of the greatest changes in our character and circumstances. The life of Obed Parsons most happily illustrates this observation. Among the pupils in his singing school was a cherub looking little creature, of the name of Grace, the only daughter of one of the principal deacons of the street church. Although possessing a person of almost perfect loveliness, her only attraction in the eyes of Obed was her voice. It was, indeed, of the most clear, soft, and bird-like tone; and from the moment it first struck the ear of her teacher, he was so enamoured of its sweetness, that he at once determined to employ much of his time in its cultivation. He did so, and the hours he devoted to the instruction of Grace, soon became the happiest of his existence. His delight seemed for some time to be without earthly alloy, and to consist entirely in training to the more perfect praise of his Maker, a voice of such peculiar melody.

It was a rare and singular contrast—that of the master and scholar, while engaged in their exercises: he bending his long, thin, bony form, and gathering up his rambling limbs, to get his face down to hers—she with her petite figure, and compact and delicate proportions, standing by his side;—they looked like a willow switch and a grape vine forming a vegetable alliance.

After the lapse of a few months a change was observed to have taken place in the character of Obed. The self-complacency which had hitherto been observable in his every look and motion, particularly his lively engaged in the performance of his official services, appeared to have given place to an air of fretfulness and unhappiness. He would occasionally sing out of time, and by leading the congregation astray, cause the most fearful discord in the exercises. On one occasion, I particularly remember, he named "Kings-bridge" as the tune we should sing, and just as the congregation had commenced industriously on that, he himself struck upon "Denmark." At length this wandering from his duties became so frequent—his manner so absent and flighty, and his mistakes so ludicrous, and occasionally so annoying—that it was found necessary to suspend him from office. He was soon afterward taken ill, and at last was confined to his bed, from which he never arose.

It was at this period, that my intimacy with Obed Parsons commenced. From his peculiar appearance and manner, together with the singular traits of character I had observed in him, he had early become an object of interest to me. On learning his serious disposition, I called to see him; and finding that I could be of service to him, continued my visits. They ended on with his life; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I contributed to soften the last moments of one of the most singular and eccentric, and yet the most harmless of human beings. A few days before he died, he confirmed my suspicions, and acknowledged that his unfortunate and unrequited attachment had been the cause of his unhappiness, and finally of his death. He informed me that I would find the progress of his feelings detailed in the latter part of a journal he had kept, and which he desired to leave in my hands.

This journal, which I examined after his death, I found to be voluminous, and for the most part filled with memoranda relating to his early life. From that portion of it which was written during his residence in New-York, and more particularly from those entries which have reference to his feelings for Grace, I shall, as they better illustrate some of the peculiar features of his character, make a few extracts. His emotions, it will be seen, frequently find vent in sacred verse, slightly attended, at times, to suit his peculiar condition. His psalm book was his *salle-mecum*, and all his ideas of heaven-born inspiration, in the matter of poetry, were gathered from its pages. The first passage which I shall present from my friend's journal, runs as follows:

October 21, 18— At length my school is established, and I am, after a long and weary wandering, fixed, as I hope, for life. It is a most comfortable feeling that permanent settlement produces. I was fearful that there would never be an end of my journeying, and that,

"Like Noah's weary dove,  
 That sought the earth around,  
 But on a resting place above,  
 The cheerless waters found."

I should travel over the wide world, and never find the rest that is granted unto others.

October 30, 18— Methinks I never heard so sweet a voice as that possessed by Grace. It is a pleasure for me to teach her to sing. It cannot be but that God all sounds of worship are equal; but it always seemed to me, that the voice of

childhood raised in prayer, and that the song of praise breathed in the sweet, musical voice and soft accents of a pure and lovely girl like Grace, must be more acceptable to him than that which poured forth in the rough and coarse voices of men.

"November 11, 18—I fear my mind is dwelling too much on Grace. And yet it is but natural. I have always loved to contemplate the beautiful, whether of the animate or inanimate of Nature's works; and of a surty, Grace is most lovely. Her name, even, is melody. What saith the Psalmist?

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to the ear,  
 Heaven with the echo shall respond,  
 And all the earth shall hear."

"December 3, 18— I love her! Yes!—that is the feeling which has made me so uncomfortable of late; and last evening, while I was teaching her the difficult parts of 'Reading,' she smiled so sweetly and kindly upon me, that I could almost believe that I, even I, homely and lowly as I am, might find favor in her sight. O that it may be so! Could she but look into my heart, and see the purity, the intensity, the almost idolatry of my affection, she might forget my awkward manner, my unsightly figure, and my ungracious gait. But this cannot be, and yet I will hope;

"My soul, wait thou with patience  
 For Grace, and Grace alone;  
 O'er her dependeth all my hope,  
 And expectation."

"December 27, 18— I think people begin to observe the state of my feelings toward Grace. It is quite likely; for I cannot always control myself. And why should I care if all the world know that my affections flow out into one who is all loveliness? I do not:

"My tongue shall be as quick  
 Her praises to indite,  
 As is the pen of any scribble,  
 That doeth fast to write."

Let it pass from mouth to mouth, from tea table to tea table, that Obed Parsons had the folly, if they will call it so, to love one far above him, "in every good and perfect gift." But as for thee, dear Grace,

"O keep me in thy perfect way,  
 And bid temptation flee;  
 And let me never, never stray,  
 From happiness and thee."

January 25, 18— The people laugh at me, and the youth of our congregation, on whom God has showered blessings of every kind—wealth, health, and all the comforts of life—think it a matter of sport and laughter that one as poor, lowly, and unlovely as I am, should possess the same feelings, the same tenderness, and susceptibility, as themselves. They jeer at me, and tell all manner of lies, to make me appear ridiculous. I am a subject of mirth and merriment with them, and not unfrequently an object of scorn and contemptuous treatment. Often, too,

"Forsok by all am I,  
 As dead and out of mind;  
 And like a shattered vessel lie,  
 Whose parts can ne'er be joined."

I am sorely tried, and sometimes, I think, overmuch. My life, I hope, has not been a sinful one, nor my thoughts such as should call down such a punishment as this:

"O Lord! I am not proud of heart,  
 Nor cast a scornful eye;  
 Nor my aspiring thoughts employ,  
 In things for me not high;

"With infant innocence thou knowest,  
 I have myself demand'd;  
 Composed to quiet like a babe,  
 That from the breast is wean'd."

February 9, 18— Even Grace turns away from me, and treats me coldly. The injurious reports which my revilers have put in circulation, have not been without effect:

"False witnesses with forged complaints,  
 Against my peace combined,  
 And to my charge such things they laid,  
 As I had ne'er designed.

"The good which I to them had done,  
 With evil they repaid,  
 And did by malice undeserv'd,  
 My harmless life invade."

"February 23, 18— I have spoken to her, and now all is over with me. My suspense is ended in a manner that I ought to have expected. O that I could exchange the certainty of misery for the hope I once enjoyed,—even that hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick! Yet why should I wish that?

"While I conceal'd the fretting sore,  
 My bones consumed without relief,  
 All day I did with anguish roar,  
 But no complaint escap'd my grief."

"March 10, 18— I cannot bear the sight of my fellow creatures. I do not like to go to church any more, and my duties as leader of the choir, once my pride and delight, have become hateful to me:

"In like a pelican become,  
 That dies to feed his young,  
 Or like an owl that sits all day,  
 On barren tree forlorn;  
 In washings or in restless moan,  
 The night by me is spent,  
 As by those solitary birds,  
 That lone some trees frequent."

"March 27, 18— \* \* \* My heart is broken, and I shall soon be at rest, in a place where the enmity of those who revile me cannot penetrate, and where their persecutions cannot reach me.

Obed was buried, at his own request, in a church yard near the outskirts of the city, where the grass grew and the sun shone upon his grave. I have erected a neat little monument to his memory, on which I caused to be cut an inscription, which for comprehensiveness and touching simplicity equals, I think, the celebrated one of "My Mother," in Trinity Church-yard. It is as follows:

### HUMILIATING APOLOGY.

A young man in Bradford, Massachusetts, lately sent a letter to the editor of the Essex Banner, enclosing an advertisement purporting to come from a young lady of

Bradford, who was anxious to enter into the estate of matrimony. Some pitiable feeling towards the young woman induced the letter; but the sequel must have been like vinegar to the author of it. He was ferreted out, and obliged by the friends of the lady, to make a public confession, in the following lowly manner. He gives himself a beautiful character:

"Whereas an unauthorised, false and malicious advertisement, purporting to be subscribed by Hannah Hill, was inserted in the Essex Banner of last week, I, Nathaniel Holmes, Jun., of Bradford, hereby confess that I was the author of it, and that I have thereby wronged Miss Hill most cruelly, and without the least provocation or reason. I therefore penitently ask her pardon and also take this method of informing the public, that there never has been any impropriety of any kind on her part, which could justify said advertisement, but on the contrary, that her conversation and conduct have been at all times correct, virtuous and inoffensive, and that in causing said advertisement to be sent to Mr. Farnsworth, through the post office, in a letter, enclosing two dollars for its insertion, I was actuated by a blind infatuation, and a reckless disregard for principle, honor and humanity. I therefore beg leave to express my sorrow for my barbarous insult upon Miss Hill, and to solicit her, and Mr. Farnsworth, the Editor of the Essex Banner, and the public generally to forgive me.

NATHANIEL HOLMES, JR.  
 Bradford, March 9, 1836.

### DEFINITIONS.

**MONEY**—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

**THE GRAVE**—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but takes uncommon pains to keep out of.

**MODESTY**—A beautiful flower, that flourishes in secret places.

**SENSIBILITY**—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

**A YOUNG MAN OF TALENT**—An impatient scoundrel, who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech-maker.

**LAWYER**—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from you enemy, and keeps it himself.

**MY DEAR**—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

**WATCHMAN**—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the open air.

**HONESTY**—An excellent joke.

**DENTIST**—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out other peoples.

**PEE**—The shadow of hope.

**RURAL FELICITY**—Potatoes and Turnips.

**PROSPECTS AND INDOX**—Appendages to a literary work; the former showing what it ought to be, the latter what it is.

**GENTILITY**—Eating your meat with a silver fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

**TAKE A FRIEND'S ADVICE**—An expression used by a man when he is going to an imprisonment.

**UNBIASED OPINION**—An opinion, selfishness of which is concealed from the world.

**THE MOST INTELLIGENT CHILD** THAT EVER WAS SEEN—Every man's own child.

**AMUSE**—Our readers will remember that some time ago a Mrs. Hunt advertised her runaway husband, with a request that "Editors throughout the world" would do justice to her case. Forthwith they opened upon the delinquent like a pack of hounds in full cry, and epithet followed epithet as to the twenty-first second edition of the original and the N.Y. Courier. The Northern Banner, republishing the whole list of Editorial curses on Mrs. Hunt, for his negligent conduct, observes—"we knew something about this business. Mrs. Hunt, it is true, left home under the following circumstances: he had been married a few months, lived with his better half until the subject of "ways and means" compelled him to "make a stiff"; he did so and returned after a few weeks absence to the embraces of a "tender-hearted" wife,—and for aught we know is enjoying all the blessings of double felicity. In justice to Mrs. Hunt, therefore, we publish this note, and send it on after the other, in hope that in turning some short corner it may overtake and stop its course."

In compliance therefore with the request of the Banner, we give it a further shove ahead, hoping that Mr. Hunt will in future as conduct himself that Mrs. Laura Hunt will find it unnecessary ever again to advertise for the restoration of her stray dear.

**TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.**—The bill to incorporate the Albany Tunnel Company has become a law. The bill provides that the Tunnel, for a distance of 300 feet from and east of the pier, shall be twelve feet below the lowest low water mark, as defined by the U. S. survey; and that the crown of the arch shall be eighteen inches below the bed of the river. It will of course pass by a gradual elevation, from the place of the greatest depth, to the shore at either termination. The clear interior width of the Tunnel will be about 24 feet, and the height 12 feet. The site is of course not yet decided; but the general impression seems to be that its entrance into Market-street will be through Maiden lane, which, having been recently widened, is admirably adapted to the purpose.

The directors named in the bill are Joel B. Nott, Stephen Van Rensselaer, jr., James Stevenson, James Vanderpool and John Townsend.

Facts and estimates, we have reason to believe, will soon be presented to the public, showing its entire practicability, at an expense that will warrant the undertaking, upon a scale commensurate with the magnitude and importance of the object.