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Nov. 21, 1844.

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The Eagle Age.

Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People.

VOLUME V. WOODSTOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1845. NUMBER 253.

From Neal's Cazette.

THE OLD PAUPER'S BURIAL.

Bury him there!
No matter where!
Hustle him out of the way!
Trouble enough
We have with such stuff—
Taxes and money to pay.

Bury him there!
No matter where!
Off in some corner, at best;
No matter for stones
To mark his old bones—
Nobody'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there!
No matter where!
None by his death are bereft;
No body'll ask!
Finish your task!
We still have enough of them left.

Bury him there!
No matter where!
Off in some corner, away;
Trouble enough
We have with such stuff—
Taxes and money to pay.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Woodstock, Vt.

INNS AND OUTS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I'm out of cash, and so, of course
Have pocket room to let;
I'm out of patience, just because
I'm never out of debt;
Besides I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt,
Which is the greater evil, that
Of being in or out.

I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun;
And if I wasn't out of funds,
I'd pay him out of fun,—
He always gave me "fits," he said,
But heaven bless his eyes!
'Twould put him in a fit, I guess,
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out at elbows, in distress—
Ah! mine's a sorry tale!
I'm out of favor, out of sorts,
But then I'm out of jail.
My landlord says my time is out,
And thinks I'd better "shin;"
I'm such an "out-and-outer" he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get put in some day;
If I don't run for something soon,
I'll have to run away.
I'm out of spirits, and I'm out
Of more than I can think,
I'm out of temper—hang the pen!
Ye gods!—I'M OUT OF INK!

St. Albans, Vt.

From the London Punch.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM a native of Africa; but my parent ostrich having been hunted down for the property he carried with him, I was, many years ago, shiped at the Cape of Good Hope for London; in which magnificent city I have lived a life of many changes In my time, I have tossed my head above the noblest of the land; and now—

But I will narrate my edventures in order as they befell me.

My duty to my parent demands that I should champion him against the surpercilious sneers of the world—that I should vindicate his memory from the ignorant slander of mankind.

I will confess it, when, after a race of some twenty leagues, with the horses close at my parent's tail, I beheld my honoured sire thrust his head into a bush, believing, as it was too plain he did, that because he could see nobody, nobody could see him—I do confess, despite of filial love, I felt a fluttering of indignation not unalloyed—may I be pardoned the sin!—with contempt. The world has taught me better wisdom. Experience hath made me tolerant. Since I have seen men, praised, too, for their excelling prudence, commit the self-same folly as my unfortunate sire, reproach has subsided into sorrow, and contempt become softened by regret.

But I come of an outraged, a slandered race. What bouncing fibs have been written of me, by sand-blind philosophers, and glibly repeated by gossips of all sorts at their firesides! How venerable does a lie become by length of years! Truth is never a babe, and never a hag. As at the first, so at the last; full-bloom yet young; her eyes lustrous through ages, and her lip ruddy and fresh as with the dews of Eden; upon her brow sits an eternity of beauty. Now Falsehood is born a pulling, roaring thing; its very infancy is anticipative of its old age, and stamped with the grossness of mortality. Day by day it waxes bigger and stronger; hus increase of reputation, crowds of clients; until, at length, its unrighteous hoariness makes it worshiped by multitude for no other reason save this—it has gray hairs. And so the wrinkled wizard keeps his court, and words his mischief-dealing, paralyzing spells, untill Truth at some time turns her sapphire eyes full upon him, and as a bubble at a finger's touch Falsehood is gone.

For thousands of years my ancestors have born the weight of lies upon their backs. And first, for the shameless scandal that the family of ostriches wanted the love which even with the wasp makes big its parental heart towards its little ones

'The ostrich, having laid her eggs, leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun.'

Such is the wickedness that for tens of centuries has passed among men for truth; reducing the ostrich to a level with those hollow-hearted children of Adam, who leave their little ones to the mercies of the world—to the dandling of chance—to the hard rearing of the poor-house.—There is Lord de Bowelless; he has a rent-roll of thousands; is a plumed and jewelled peer. Look at him in his robes: behold 'lawmaker' written on the broad tablet of his comprehensive brow. He is in the House of Peers; the born protector of his fellow-man. How the consciousness of high function sublimates his nature! He looks, and speaks, and lays his hand upon his breast, the invincible champion of all human suffering—all human truth. Turn a moment from the peer, and look at yonder biped. There is an old age of cunning cut and lined in the face of a mere youth. He has counted some nineteen summers, yet is his soul wrinkled with deceit. And wherefore?—Poor wretch! His very birth brought upon her who bore him abuse and infamy—his first wail was to his mother's ear the world's audible reproach. He was shuffled off into the world, a thing any way to be forgotten, lost, got rid of. In his very babyhood, he was no more to men than the young lizard that crawls upon a bank, and owes its nurture to the bounty of the elements. And so this hapless piece of human offal—this human ostrich deserted in its very shell—was hatched by wrong and accident into a thief, and there he stands, charged with the infamy of picking pockets. The world taught him nothing wise or virtuous, and now, most properly, will the world scourge him for his ignorance.

And thus, because man, and man alone can with icy heart neglect his little ones—can leave them in world's sandy desert to crawl into life as best they may—because Lord de Bowelless can suffer his natural baby to be swaddled in a workhouse, to eat the pap of pauper laws—to learn as it grows nothing but the readiest means of satisfying its physical instincts—because his lordship can let his own boy sneak, and wind, and filch through life, ending the life the peer did him the deep wrong to bestow upon him, in deepest ignominy, because, forsooth, his lordship is capable of all this, he must in the consciousness of his own depraved nature, libel the parental feelings of the affectionate ostrich! Oh, that the slander could perish and for ever! Oh, that I could pierce the lie to the heart; with a feather pierce it, though cased in the armour of forty centuries!

Again, the ostrich is libeled for his gluttony. Believe what is said of him, and you would not trust him even in the royal stables, lest he should devour the very shoes from the feet of the horses.—Why, the ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes in the desert; his choicest food a bitter, spikey shrub, with a few stones—how rarely can he find iron, how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petræa, have the luxury of a ten-penny nail—to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet! And yet common councilman Prawns, with face purple as the purple grape, will call the ostrich glutton!

For how many centuries did the stately rajah, the elephant, move about the earth, mankind all the while resolutely denying to him the natural joints of his legs! Poor fellow! although thousands and thousands of times he must have knelt before men—going upon his knees that his rider might tell the truth of him—they nevertheless refused to him the power of bending. But the elephant has become a traveller—has condescended to eat cakes at a fair—has shown the combined humility magnanimity of his nature, by going on his marrow-bones on the boards of a play-house and the world has at length passed a truthful sentence upon him—at length the elephant has joints!

I have endeavoured, feebly enough I know, to vindicate the character of the maligned ostrich. Let that pass—my purpose in the following chapters is to tell what I have seen in my eventful, ever-shifting existence, as a feather among men. An Ostrich feather! Consider my mutations; and give courteous ear to my history.

CHAPTER I.

MY ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND; MY VISIT TO SHADRACH JACOBS', OF THE MINORIES.

MY voyage from the Cape to the port of London I would fain pass with the fewest words. I had at least this consolation—I was an unwilling traveller. Otherwise, I had deserved all the miseries of ship-board—the darkness, the fetor, the hubbub and violence of the prison. I have some pity for any that in its ingorance of salt-water first trusts itself to its mercies; but none for the food that ventures twice. There may be some Eden-like spots even in a coal-mine; but the hold of a ship—ugh!

I remember being once present at a party of the Bishop of Fate'thelands.—The conversation turned upon the bountifulness of the sea, ordained, as it assuredly was, for the facile communication of man with man. Poor simpletons! It is my inherent faith that the ocean was expressly created to keep nations as much as possible separate; but that the courageous wickedness of man has set at nought the benevolent design of Nature, and—to her astonishment—has triumphed in the very teeth of sea-sickness. Nay, have I not on my side the wisdom of law-makers? For were they not of my faith, would they tax silks and pepper? On the contrary, would they not take to their bosoms the adventurous men who are tossed to and from the far East for rare commodities to cloth the limbs, and tickle the palates of their fellow-bipeds! And what is the fact? Why legislation, as a check to the presumption of man, makes him—in a hundred different modes—pay for the temerity. The sea was intended to keep people to themselves; but the human heart is wicked, and men became shipbuilders.

Let me here advise the reader of one of my besetting faults. I am now and then apt to give up the thread of a narrative, that I may run after some butteryfly thought starting up before me: however, if the reader have patience, he will find that I always return to my story. If he have not, let him make clear the history and utility of the Pyramids, and at once lay down the feathery tale before him. I am conscious of this infirmity of falling into idle chit-chat. Consider, however, the prejudices of my early education. Consider the time of life at which I was taken to court—consider the society amidst which I passed my whitest days, and you will pardon the small-talk of this my forlorn, ragged, mortified old age.

However, to begin the history of my adventures in merry, miserable England:—I found myself the property of the third mate of the Jupiter, who had purchased me, with other of my companions, of a Kaffer, for a twist of a pig-tail; my new master rejoicing himself exceedingly at the cultivated intellect which enabled him to trick the savage. He never, I am certain, felt so much of an Englisman as when he had fobbed the Hottentot.—Jack Lipscomb, for so was my new master named, combined in his nature—at least so he thought—all the courage of the sailor, with the prudence and foresight of the experienced merchant. With this belief he had the deepest contempt for every man of every nation, save of England. He believed that the blessings of arithmetic were wholly confined to his own beloved country and her darling sons hence, in his small traffic with Chinese, Malay and Hottentot, he would insist that two and two made seven, five and seven fifteen or twenty, as he might feel it convenient to arrange the figures. In a word, he considered every foreigner to be produced by benevolent nature for this one purpose—to bestow profit and pleasure on a freeborn Briton. It was this consciousness of superiority that made him vote himself 'honest Jack Lipscomb'—a man as was above a lie, and didn't care who knew it. He'd no deceit in him, not he: no—he never did nothing that he need hide from nobody.' It was doubtless, this fine principle that induced the ingenuous sailor to pack myself and some sixteen companions between his shirt and jacket ere he quitted the Docks. Doubtless, there was no need of such an arrangement, no other than the whim, the caprice of honest Jack Lipscomb.

On leaving the Docks, Jack took his way towards the Minories; and in a short time smote the hospitable door of an ancient Hebrew, known among his people as Shadrach Jacobs, and still more familiarly recognized by his intimates as 'old Fluffy.' Shadrach was a dealer in the pomps and vanities of life, turning the honest penny by such commodities, and still benevolently deploring their existence. He would employ an hour, persuading a poor wench that ear-rings of very questionable metal were of the purest ore, pocket the girl's quarter's wages for the small commercial deceit, and then sigh for the promised innocence the pure felicity of the New Jerusalum.—This was the tradesman who, for the past four voyages, had purchased the merchandize of honest, knowing Jack Lispcomb.

'Vell! if it isn't Mr Lispcomb—if I didn't dream on you last night—If I dind't dream you was come home, captain, don't never believe me, that's all!' Such was the salutation of the Hebrew dealer, as Jack stood revealed at the door-step. 'This vay, Mr Lispcomb—this vay;' and old Fluffy fluttered down the passage, and mounted the narrow staircase, shaking at least twenty years from his heels, with the expectation of sudden gain. Jack was speedily conducted into the Jew's room, crammed and littered as it was with exotic produce. Shells, feathers, birds, bamboo-sticks, Indian hammocks, war-swords, canoe-paddles, with half-a-dozen screaming parrots and macaws, enriched the commercial sanctuary of the Hebrew.

'If I didn't dream you was captain, Mr Lipscomb!' repeated the Jew as Jack droped himself upon a chair.

'Captain!' cried Jack, affecting a contempt for such vain dignity.

'Vell, then, first-mate,' said the Jew, as though his dream comprehended even the second rank.

'Ugh!' cried Jack, 'a pretty first-mate we've got—yes, a good 'un, he is—just knows a bowsprit from a umbrella, and that's all.'

'Bless me! vell!' sighed the Jew, and then rubbing his hands, he turned himself towards Jack, and with an affected look of anxiety, said, 'In course, Mr Lipscomb, you comes back second?'

'I tell you what old Fluffy,' said Jack stung by the feeling of unrewarded personal merit, 'I tell you what—I'm just what I was—honest Jack Lipscomb—third mate of the Jupiter,—and I'd like you to show me a more straight forwarder honester, cleverer fellow!'

'Ha! it would do good to my eyes to see him as could,' said Shadrach; and then, in a tone of sympathy, 'only third mate—vell, this is a vorld, to be sure!' Having thus delivered himself, Mr Jacobs proceeded to the first business of his life; namely, to business itself. He had thought it merely prudent to learn the condition of his old acquaintance, wheth-improved or not since they last met.—This, it must be owned on the part of the Jew, was really respectful to station in the abstract, for if Mr Lipscomb were Captain Lipscomb, Mr Jacobs, of course knew too well what was due to rank to offer to a commander, or even to a first or second mate, that which in the trader's own opinion, was merely due to the third. 'Vell, and vot have you brought us, Jack?' asked the Jew, with the old familiarity of an old friend.

'In the first place,' answered the sailor, 'feathers;' and he produced me.

'Feathers,—vell, I don't know,' mused the Jew, 'as for feathers, Jack, they're down to nothin'. There's no vonder the vorld's vot it is, for feathers is quite gone out. Look at them shelves, there; look at them boxes—all full—not sold a feather this six months. I don't know vot's come to people. Some say it's edication—I don't know; if it is, it ought to be put down, for it makes the feather trade nothin'—nothin'—nothin'.' Thus spoke the Jew, his voice deepening on each of the last three words, until he sounded what seemed the very bass-string of despair.

Indeed, the Jew and the sailor might have made a picture. Shadrach had, in his youth, rejoiced in luxuriant locks of more than golden: they were, in the intense signification of the phrase, red gold. These, in the storms of life, had become thickly specked with gray and white; yet remained there a departing ray among them to indicate the glory that was past. Shadrack's face was lean and pointed; his eyes quick, and, as at times they seemed, trembling with excess of light—a light reflected as from guineas. His nose was boldly bowed, indicating the true son of Israel; and whilst the corners of his upper lip were twitched by muscular emotion—(how mysteriously is fashioned the civilized man when there is a connection between the seat of the pocket and the seat of the mouth)—emotion, due homage to the spirit of gain, his under lip hung down, lapped over with the weight of responsibility, or sensuality, I cannot here decide. His sharp face, quick eye, faded yellow hair, and ardent complexion, gave him to the eye of fancy, the visage of an old fox, grown venerably gray on the blood of stolen geese. And thus Shadrach sat and gazed at Jack Lipscomb.

And Jack received the looks of the Jew with the stalwart manner of a British tar, chewing the while that sweetest condiment—pigtail tobacco?

CHAPRER II.

I am sold to the Jew.—Miriam the temptress.—The Family-Watch.

There was a pause of some two or three minutes; Jack Lipscomb fully apprehending the purpose of Shadrach Jacobs, yet at the same time feeling somewhat humiliated by the consciousness of his inferiority to the Jew. How had Jack in his innermost heart crowed and triumphed at the hard bargain which had made me his property! With what profound contempt had he contemplated the intellectual degredation of the Kaffer who sold me, tricked, cheated, as the poor savage had been, by the mixed lying and bullying of the sailor. Such had been Jack's emotions; but as he sat, and silently chewing, gazed at the Jew, he half-seemed to himself to change his condition with the barbarian he had gulled—he felt, in its fullest force, the supremacy of the Jew;—he shrank beneath the influence of a subtler nature. Thus, Jack Lipscomb remained doggedly silent—and thus the Jew was at length compelled to be a talker.

'I tell you, Jack, feathers is nothin.'—If, now, you've a little bag of gold dust, or any nicknack of that sort—vell, you hav'n't. Vell, vell—more's the pity, Mr Lipscomb.'

'Then we sha'n't deal eh? asked Jack sulkily, and throwing a significant glance towards the door. 'Well, there's Barney Aaron yet—that's one comfort.'

'Vell, I didn't think it of you, Jack; to threaten me with that sarpent—that disgrace to the synagogue. Vot if feathers is a drug, do you think, Lipscomb, that I'd let you be robbed? Vy, I should think the roof would fall upon me if I let you go out of this house to be cheated.'

'Humph! I don't know,' said Jack, a little mollified—'perhaps you ar'n't the worst of the sharks.'

'I vish I vos—yes, Mr Lipscomb, I vish I vos,' said the Jew, earnestly, 'for then I shouldn't be the beggar vot I am. Ha! this is a vorld! Vell, vell, ve must take it as it is till the better one comes.'

'In course,' responded Jack, philosophically; and then counting my companions and myself before the Jew, he asked, 'how much for the lot?'

'I don't know vot to do vith'em,' answered Shadrach, despondingly, looking down upon us, and sighing deeply. 'As I'm an honest man, I shall only keep 'em,' for the moths. Vot money have you in your pocket, Jack?'

'Something within hail of five pounds,' replied the sailor.

'Vell, let me see,—vun, two, three,—yes, fourteen feathers—'

'Seventeen, you griffin,' growled Jack.

'Vell, vell—I didn't see; ven you have looked upon the vickedness of the world as long as I have, Mr Lipscomb, you'll have some feeling for an old man's eyes. Let me see, six—no, yes—seventeen—vell, seventeen feathers, and you've got seven pound in your pocket!'

'Four pound' fifteen shillings,' said Jack in correction.

'Now shall I tell you what I've long thought of Mr Lipscomb? I've often said to myself, vot a pity it vos that a man like you, Lipscomb, didn't show the face you ought to the vorld.'

'What do you mean, Mr Jacobs?' asked Jack, very seriously.

'Vy, you see,' continued the Jew, in his blandest manner, smiling upon the sailor—as an epicure smiles upon a dish he purposes very pleasantly to incorporate in his system—'vy you see, vot does it go for if you're the best sailor as ever swum—the honestest, jovialest, goodlookingest young man as ever von the vink of a wirtuous young voman—vot does all your goodness go for vith the vorld, if you don't vear a votch?'

Jack Lipscomb, with increasing gravity, sawed the back of his hand across his chin, and looking upon the floor, seemed as if the interrogative of the Jew had awakened a dormant feeling of vanity—had, in a moment, solved to his entire satisfaction a great social mystery. 'I don't know if you ar'n't right,' said Jack, after a pause.

'As the vorld goes—for it's made of wanity, Jack—a man's nothin vithout a votch.'

'There may be something in it,' agreed the sailor.

'I'm an old man, my tear friend, and know the vorld vith all its crooked bits, and nasty blots, and I talk to you, Jack, like my own flesh and blood.'

'Come, avast there!' exclaimed Jack, suddenly; 'none o'that—I am a christian, and loves pork.'

'To be sure, vy not?' answered the Jew, in no way disconcerted: he then returned to the charge. 'I talk to you as I'd talk to my own son, and if it vos the last words I had to speak, I'd say, Jack Lipscomb, do justice to yourself and get a votch.'

'Advice is plentiful as sprats,' said the sailor. 'Any fool can say, get a watch; but he isn't such a fool, who shows how it's to be done.'

'My tear friend,' said the Jew, 'vait a minute.' Shadrach then unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a large metal watch, exposed it, with a light laugh, to the sailor.

'It's a big un,' said Jack Lipscomb, gravely.

'It's a beauty,' exclaimed the Jew; 'but you hasn't seen half, Jack, look here.'—Shadrach then wound up the watch, and the picture of a ship fixed in the dial-plate was set in motion, rocking very regularly over grass-green billows, under which was written the legand—'*Such is life.*'

'She carries a good deal of canvas for such a sea,' said the sailor, glancing at the toy with a purely professional eye.

'To be sure—vonts nothin,'' answered the Jew, casting his gleaming looks in the weather-beaten face of the doomed purchaser.

'Humph! I wonder how long them standing-sail booms would stand in a trouth of the sea like that? They'd snap like claypides; if they wouldn't, I'm—'

'Never mind, my tear friend,' cried the Jew quickly, 'sixpenes will paint it out.—Vell, vot do you say to that, Jack?' asked Shadrach, now holding the watch to the sailor's eyes, now withdrawing it, and now turning it in his hand, as though he held a magic mirror to dazzle and confound the looker's senses. 'Vot do you say to that, Jack?'

Jack spoke to the Jew's understanding a whole volume; albeit he really uttered not a word. For he slowly wiped his lips with the cuff of his jacket, the while he gazed at the cronometer; again he wiped away, what to the Jew seemed the water rising to the sailor's mouth, brought thither by strong desire of making that watch his own.

'For six pound with them feathers,' and here the Jew threw an affected look of contempt upon myself and companions prostrate at his feet, 'the voch shall be your'n.'

'Is it gold?' asked Jack.

'Vot! vell!' exclaimed the Jew, and he advanced two indignant steps towards the drawer, as if about to consign the watch forever to its keeping—then paused, and looking sorrowfully up into the face of Jack Lipscomb, asked him, in most pathetic tones, 'vot he thought of him?'

'No offence, I hope,' said Jack Lipscomb, deferentially.

'As if I'd sell my best friend any thing but the very best gold. Ha! Mr Lipscomb, you don't know me—no, you don't; you've cut me clean to the heart; but to show you I bears no malice, I'll take all the money you have for the votch—'

'Without the feathers?' asked the sailor.

'No, my tear friend, with the feathers; though they're of no use to me—quite none, still, for principle, my tear friend I must have the feathers.'

Jack turned his tobacco in his mouth, looked at the watch, as the cameleon fixes a fly, ere, with its long thread of a tongue he consigns it to his jaws,—then, throwing forth his right hand, seized the timepiece, almost immediately emptying his pocket of four pounds, fifteen shillings.

'You've a bargain, Mr Lipscomb, you've a—vell, bless my heart, don't go,'—said the Jew, as the knocker smote the street door,—'it's only an old acquaintance of your'n, my daughter Miriam.'

Saying this the Jew quited the chamber, and in two minutes from his departure, Miriam, a more than plump Jewess, with vast black eyes, a profusion of black hair (a very net for sailor's hearts), large rosy lips showing every one of her brilliant white teeth, and her massive face polished over with smiles, swam into the room.

Poor Jack Lipscomb!

This may be a proper place to observe that a sentimental affection had, for three past voyages, grown up between Jack Lipscomb and Miriam Jacobs. If, however, it was not strictly between them, 'twas all the same—Jack thought it was. There was, unfortunately, what at first promised to be an inseparable bar to the happiness of matrimony—namely, the religion of Miriam; Jack sticking for it, most lustily, that his wife must be like himself, every inch a Christian.

'Ha! Miriam, what a pity it is you're a Jew!' This was wont to be the frequent complaint of the orthodox Jack; and at length Miriam, worked upon by her lover's affection—for sure we are his many presents had nothing to do with it—promised, after a fair exercise of thought on the subject, to give up the synagogue.

Miriam Jacobs and Jack Lipscomb are together. Shall I betray the language of lovers? I will not. I will content myself, and I trust the reader too, by stating that Miriam (having seen the watch) promised to become a christian wife in a weeks time: in token of which promise, she received said watch as a gift of her expectant husband.

Jack Lipscomb, nothing the better for the alcohol sold in the Minories, quitted