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“ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY.”

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BY R. T. VAN HORN.

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THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

One of the very sweetest of Burn's songs is one that we have seldom or never seen quoted.

There was a lass, and she was fair, At Kirk and market to be seen;

And ay she sang sae merrily, The blithest bird upon the bush;

But hawks will rob the tender joys, And frost will blight the fairest flowers;

Young Robie was the bravest lad, The pride and flower of a' the glen;

And he had owen, sleep and kye, And wanton naggies nine or ten;

He had wi' him the best of the best, He danced wi' Jennie on the down;

As in the bosom of the stream, The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en;

And now she winks her mamma's work, And ay she sings her heart and pain;

Or what would nae' her weel again, But did nae' Jeanie's heart be light;

As Rabbie told a tale of love, The sun was sinking in the west;

His cheek to her's he fondly pressed, And whispered thus his tale of love:

O' Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; O' canst thou think to fancy me?

Or wilt thou leave thy mamma's cot, And learn to tend the farm wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt nae' dreege, Or heading else to trouble thee;

But sure among the heather-bush, And tent the waving corn wi' me;

Now what could artless Jennie do? She had nae' will to say him no;

THE ELEPHANTS.

The following account of a foot race between a Kentuckian and a half-breed Indian, who ran seventy miles in eleven hours, we believe exceeds anything of the kind in human endurance, on record.

The following related is literally true. Maj. John Dougherty, the Kentuckian mentioned, is still living in Clay county, Missouri, which he has represented in the Legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian agent.

In the year 1819, the Council Bluffs Company had a post just below Council Bluffs, named Fort Lisa, after the gentleman who established it.

Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued even more growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in everything.

When he came to the river he observed six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore.

The pluck of the other was roused in an instant, highly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying, proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also.

"I don't talk with my gun but with my knife." The pluck of the other was roused in an instant, highly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom.

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"Talk of the vanity of woman! Is there no vanity in man! Show me one girl with her pretty head stuffed full of conceit of her own beauty and consequence, and I will show you fifty youths, upon whose lips the small down, by much coaxing, has ventured to appear, and a hundred hair-dandies, exulting in a tall facial crop of spontaneous growth, who are more perfectly possessed with a self satisfied estimation of their own irresistible charms than any miss in her teens.

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Not a few of our readers, West and South who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognize the irresistible story he used to tell of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge.

"Many yea's ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one fault.

"Where did you get your liquor?" "At Sterri's."

"Did ye get none nowhere else?" "Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?" "Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor, said the Judge, 'do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. That liquor of Sterri's is mean enough to make a man do anything else. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterri's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I Adjourn the Court."

A FOX'S REVENGE.—The Rev. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, tells the following story:

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot wild geese.

"In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the geese had been buried, and threw out the earth. The geese could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.

A JUGVILLE PROFESSOR.—The new professor of Teratology in the Juggville Thaumaturgic and Autologistic College, when about lately to take a walk in the fields, borrowed a stick from the professor of Hippo-sandology, and said, 'Resolved to perambulate these graniferous enclosures, and supported by this ligneous auxiliary, I make an exodus from my domicile, in defiance of multifarious adversaries, asserine and asinine, masculine and feminine, equine and porcine, canine and feline, ursine and vulpine, serpentine and murine, ovine and bovine.'

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Moleville, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, wherever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the depth of 63 feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger 5 feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its exarication, the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being affected neither by rains or droughts.

There is a grocer in a certain town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

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fact the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self-possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decisions were not what Judge Brown had been noted for.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

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A few years ago a medical man named Phillippe, died in a village near Paris, where he resided many years, and had acquired a great reputation for skill and probity.

When that was done, the door was locked on the inside. The landlady being curious to know what was going on, listened at the door but the conversation was carried on in a language which she did not understand.

Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued even more growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in everything.

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At Lewiston Falls, Me., last week, by the attention of Mr. Loring White, we had an opportunity of witnessing the new process of making bricks by steam, at the establishment of Messrs. Woodworth & Moore, of Boston, located at that place, for which Mr. Wing has just completed all the machinery.

The clay is ground up, pulverized, and Lotted, as fine as meal. In this State, entirely dry except moistening the moulds to prevent adhesion, the clay is turned into boxes of the size of the bricks, and they undergo a pressure of 800 lbs. The machinery then raises the bricks and pushes them forward, while the moulds are filling; and then another revolution produces 8 more.

Seven revolutions are made in a minute, producing 56 bricks, so that when taken from the machine, they weigh nearly 100 lbs. or more, and are packed up in regular boxes, varying then in the least. The bricks came from the kiln with a beautiful, smooth and straight surface, equal to any pressed bricks we have seen brought to our market.

This machine is the only one in the country—and the first product will soon be for public exhibition. It is desired to make not only a great improvement in the manufacture, but also to add much to the beauty of structure to which bricks are used.

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A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I did not go in ter post," was the placid answer.

The man who hung himself with a chord of music has been cut down with a sharp, sheer wind.

It thou wouldst live long, live well, for fully and wickedness shorten life.

'Tis false as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

There is no half-way passion. A person either likes you or dislikes you—this thing of loving a little is like blowing up a powder mill a little; it can't be did!

A country editor says that Columbus is not entitled to much credit in discovering America, as the country is so large he could hardly have missed it.

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