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See Advertisement on last page.

POETRY.

UP, BROTHERS, UP.

BY C. D. STUART.

Up, Brothers, up! the light begins
Along the Eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh:
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound,—
And Freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And old Oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands
More fearless and more free,
And loud rings out the common shout,
"No more we'll bend the knee!"

From smithy forge, from fisher's cot,
From plows that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites and igh-tier
Sweeps on, and ever on,
The tyrant's day, the vassal's task,
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, Brothers, up! and share the light—
Rejoice, the day has come,
When Freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home; [ties
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening
The new born heart and mind,
To keep the boon and pass it on
To all of human kind

Rejoice, that ye have broke at length
The thong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the guerdon back,
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

SPEAK NO ILL.

Speak no ill of erring kindred!
Breathe no slander on the name
Of thy brother, unbefriended,
Tarnish not his humble fame.
Let thy lips for e'er be sealed
'Gainst the weakness of another,
Till thine own frail heart is healed,
Utter nought against thy brother.

Lips may check, aye, blight forever,
Ardent hopes and joyous hearts;
Poison-tip'd, the tongue may sever
Idol-friends by cruel arts;—
Or, harmless, it may firmly fasten
Kindred souls with golden coil,
And may, cheerful, aid and hasten
Youth to fortune from his toil.

Hard the heart that seeks its glory
On the crush'd heart's funeral pile;
Weak the tongue that lends its story
Only to its kind revile.
Such a spirit sinks our nature—
Tramples on the law of love—
Spurns the blessings of our Maker,
Sent in kindness from above!

MYRICK'S TIDE WHEEL.

EXPLANATION.—This invention is calculated to produce an immense power from and ordinary tide current, or river current without either head or fall of water. We could find no mode of representation whereby its various peculiarities could be so well illustrated, as by a transverse sectional view as here represented. A A are two boats or floats by which the frame work and machinery are supported; and these letters also designate the surface of the water. Over these boats a scaffold B B is supported by posts and braces, and over this is a horizontal beam C C. The keels of the two boats are connected by a horizontal plank or platform, on the centre of which is a concave block D, in the cavity of which is placed a semi-globe, which serves as a bottom bearing of a vertical inclined shaft E, on the head of which is mounted a gear-wheel F. From the shaft E, above the surface of the water, a series of ten or more arms project in different directions, but only two of them are shown in the engraving. To these arms are attached a series of large float boards G, H; and the shaft being adjusted in an inclined or oblique position, the float boards become immersed on one side, as G, while those opposite are raised above the surface, as H. The shaft has its upper bearing in the block I, which is attached to a circular horizontal platform I J resting on the scaffold B B, and to one side of the platform is attached a lever which terminates at K, and by means of which the platform is occasionally made to revolve on its centre. A small upright

shaft M, is mounted upon the centre of the platform, and supports a small gear wheel N which is driven by the wheel F. It will be seen by this arrangement, that the position of the tide wheel may be changed, by means of the lever K, revolving or changing the circular platform, yet without disconnecting the two gear wheels. In this representation the direction of the current is supposed to be such as to propel the float board G from the eye of the spectator; but when the tide current changes, the lever K is carried round to O, by which the float board H becomes immersed, and the motion of the wheel will be the same as before; and when the mill is to be stopped, the lever being moved to a position between these points, the current will have no influence on the wheel to move it in either direction. The boats A A are to be securely moored so as to allow the water a free passage between them. The shaft M may support and carry the mill stones of a corn-mill, or the motion and power of the water wheel may be conducted by a long shaft or belt, to a mill or machinery on the shore. This mill has been recently invented by Mr. Freeman F. Myrick, of Lynn, Mass., who intends to apply for a patent forthwith. The proper size of the water-wheel is from 40 to 60 feet diameter, and the float boards 6 feet wide; and we believe its superiority over any plan heretofore introduced, will be readily admitted by those who are acquainted with the power of tide and river currents.

Afraid of the Bilers!

During the height of the opposition between the steamboat lines running from the Kennebec to Boston, last summer, and just as the rival boats were making ready to start, a wagon hove in sight, in which was an old lady, with an accompaniment of band-boxes and bundles, evidently equipped for a journey. The respective agents of the two lines sprang towards her. "Take the Marshall, marm?" fine boat. "Try the Penobscot, new boat, built last summer commanded by the favorite of every body, Capt ———," &c., &c. The boys and loafers around echoed the claims of their favorites in concert. "Hurrah for the Penobscot." "Go the John Marshall." The old lady who had probably never seen a steamboat before, and whose chief notion of the varminths was connected with their boiler bursting propensities, was almost beside herself with terror, at the hubbub.

"O, Lordy! I wish I'd never stirred a step—if I'd known there was to be such an awful time as this I'm sure I would'nt. The pesky bilers—I know they'll burst—everybody's looking after me, and nobody's attending to 'em.—There, go right away, all of you. I'm going straight back. I could'nt rest a wink for fear of them pesky bilers." "You need not give yourself any anxiety on account of the boilers

in the Marshall"—(said the agent of the M.) "they are new and sound, and could'nt be made to burst." "Are you sure of it," said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards the Marshall—"you ain't a tryin' to practice on the credulity of a poor lone woman I hope."

"No fear of me."

The old lady was about descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when agent No. 2 stepped up.

"Madam," said he, in a serious tone, "no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound enough, but the best boilers are dangerous things. We knew that a great many people had been killed by them—especially of late—and took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago."

"You did," said she, "that's the boat for me, then," and down she got and went on board as quick as possible.

Great Invention.

A machine has been invented for the accommodation of the turnkeys in one of the Pennsylvania Penitentiaries, whereby the operator may seize a refractory convict, and drag him forth on any special occasion. It is a sort of gigantic corkscrew attached to a long pole, which hooks into the prisoner's clothing, and holds him fast. This is literally "putting on the screws."

LIST OF PATENTS

ISSUED FROM THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,

For the week ending June 5th, 1847.

To Samuel Bailey, of Kerr's Creek, Virginia, for improvement in Threshing Machines. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Benjamin F. Shelabarger of Mifflintown, Pa., for improvement in making candles.—Patented June 5, 1847.

To James Napier, of Shacklewell, England, for improvement in the process of reducing Copper Ores. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Henry S. North, of Middletown, Conn., for improvement in Fire Arms. Patented June 5, 1847.

To James Black, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvement in Rotary Steam Engines. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Asa Barber, of Stephentown, New York, for improvement in Mills for Grinding. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Uriah Atherton Boyden, of Boston, Mass., for improvement in Water Wheels. Patented June 5, 1847. Ante-dated Dec. 5, 1846.

To Willis W. Cawling, of Richmond, Virginia, for improvement in raising ice from ponds, &c. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Edwin Wesson, of Northborough, Mass., for improvement in Fire Arms. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Joseph Rowland, of Hancock, Md., for improvement in Fenders for Canal Boats. Patented June 5, 1847.

To Henry B. Sommers of Greenfield, Indiana, for improvement in Turf Ploughs. Patented June 5, 1847. Ante-dated Dec. 5, 1846.

DESIGNS

To Henry Biggins, of New York, for design for Fire Place Grates, (having assigned his right to James L. Jackson.) Patented June 5, 1847.

RE-ISSUE.

To Anson Atwood, of Troy, New York, for improved Cooking Stove for Summer. Patented June 30, 1838. Re-issued June 5, 1847.

Hurly Burly.

There are some people who are always on the clip jumping at nothing. Those are the kinds of people that always commence building a house at the top, leaving it to stand there. In case of fire, the first thing they do is to throw the china out of the window and carry the feather bed slowly down stairs. Give us the cool energetic man, who never has his work to do. He always can help his neighbors and get through the world in good season.

Legal Wit.

Henry Erskine, the famous Scotch Barrister a great wag, was once pleading before a funny Scotch Judge with whom he was on the most intimate terms; and happening to have a client, a female, defendant in an action, of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following strain:

"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord."

The auditors were almost driven into hysterics of laughter by the Judge replying—

"Tickle her yourself, Henry—you're as well able to do it as I am."

Yankee Calculation.

"I reckon I lov yer," said a Yankee accountant to his sweetheart. "How on airth, Johathan, do you arrive at the calculation," inquired the fair one? "By simple addition," replied the ready reckoner, "for when I have you hanging on my arm, I guess my sum of human happiness is complete."

Pope's Skull.

Stolen by a grave-digger, and sold for fifty pounds sterling, adorns the cabinet of some craniological vampire in England.

A great assemblage of German singers is to be held at Bremen, which is to be attended by nine hundred vocalists.