

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE REER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn, I see the Yankee's trail— His foot on every mountain pass, On every stream his sail.

He's whittling round St. Mary's Falls, Upon his loved wand; He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks, His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mine, The axe-stroke in the dell, The clamor from the Indian lodge, The Jesuit's chapel bell.

I see the swartzy trapper come, From Mississippi's Springs; And War Chiefs, with their painted brows, And crest of Eagle's wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe, The steamer smokes and raves; And city lots are taken for sale, Above old Indian graves.

By Forest, Lake, and Water-fall, (Use the peddler's show; The mighty mingling with the mean, The lofty with the low.)

I hear the tread of pioneers Of Nations yet to be; The first low wash of waves, were soon, Shall roll a Human Sea.

The rudiments of Empire here, Are plastic yet, and warm; The chaos of a Mighty World Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon Its fitting place shall find— The raw material of a State, Its muscles and its mind!

And Western still the Star which leads The New World in its train, Has tipped with fire the icy spears Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon Are kindled; on its way; And California's Golden Sands Gleam brighter in its ray!

Historical.

ADVENT OF COL. ARCHIBALD YELL.

LIFE IN ARKANSAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

The first morning of the first Monday in November, 1835, broke on the mild meridian of Arkansas, with a sun of almost oriental brilliancy.

A clear sky as a crystal bent its blue arch over an atmosphere soft and warm as the balmy breath of May. It was a godsend of golden weather to the gathering crowds of human beings that from an early hour came pouring into the streets and public square of Van Buren, a new but flourishing village, situated on the river from whence the state derives its name, and in the immediate vicinity of the Cherokee line.

Men, women and children, white masters, black slaves and wild painted Indians, with plumes nodding from their swartzy brows, continually swelled that living sea, all burning with impatience to witness their favorite show, to enjoy, one might say, their only popular amusement, the common pleasure alike of every class—for on that day the district court opened its regular sessions for the large county of Crawford.

Persons ignorant of the economy of social life in the backwoods could not even imagine what a strong and strange passion those far western people manifest for the excitement of the forum, and more especially for the concomitants and consequences which always attend or follow in its train. But we should remember that, in the paucity of other means of gregarious amusement, it is to them church, theatre, gymnasium; newspaper and telegraph—the sole local point of reunion, where all orders, and not infrequently both sexes, go to see and be seen. The court-yard is also the frontier preparatory school of party politics, in which the young athletes of ambitious genius learn to exercise their tongues to dart danger-words of bitter denunciation, and their hands to wield red daggers, pistols and shot-guns.

This, too, is the battle-ground where the old heroes, whose laurels have been culled on many a bloody field, meet to measure arms. This is the constituted place for the decision of all matters in dispute of every name and description. The paper pleas of record form but a small item of the multifarious issues to be tried here. Has the fair fame of a woman been soiled by the poisonous lips of slander, it is here, near the door of the forum, and within hearing of the judge and jury, that the father, brother, or husband but a small item of the multifarious issues to be tried here.

Has a private quarrel occurred between bullies, attorneys, doctors, teachers or divines, be sure it is here, in the public court-yard, before the gazing, shouting, agitated multitude, that the parties will fight it out.—Such is the common law of custom and the prescription of immemorial and sanguinary usage.

Here, also, is the chosen rendezvous of rogues, drunkards, whiskered gamblers, horse jockeys and all office hunters and demagogues. It is for reasons such as these that the docket of a frontier court is never cleared of its cases; for every old one adjudicated, at least two new ones are added to the list and thus the accumulation goes on increasing from year to year.—This makes it the elysium of lawyers.—There is a sad drawback, however, on their felicity. The litigants, witnesses and spectators are mostly loaded down with deadly weapons, and are equally ready to use them on the slightest show of insult. Hence none but fearless fighters need hope for success at the bar. Under such a state of circumstances, it is easy to conceive the scenes of wild strife, confusion and outrage exhibited in a frontier forum, where the judge is forced by necessity to be either a tyrant or a slave, and the counsel are always bullies.

It was, therefore, the anticipation of violent excitements in the shape of actual tragedies that drew such eager and hurrying throngs to the court house in the village of Van Buren on the occasion first alluded to. The human panorama presented a view animated and busy in the highest degree.—Out of a hundred houses, forty-three were groceries, with every door and window wide open, and so densely crowded that it required half-a-dozen clerks in each establishment to supply their thirsty customers. Beside the counter might be seen a group of well dressed gamblers, ringing together their full wine glasses before the sparkling champagne disappeared beneath their beards. In the centre of the room stood a rude mountain hunter, with his rifle in one hand and a huge quart measure in the other just raised to his parted lips. One instant more and the nectar of fluid fire shall melt on his great red tongue. But no! It is stopped in transitu by the strong arm of a mongrel Indian, who snatches the overflowing vessel and flings away through the throng. Click! bang! What sound was that? The deafening roar of the hunter's rifle, followed by a death yell of fearful agony as the Indian falls a corpse!

Yonder, under those beautiful shade trees of gorgeous evergreen, where the sun-light trembles through like ten thousand diamonds, bevy of bright-eyed women are seated on a carpet of grass—the daughters smiling at the accomplishments of their beaux, and the mothers smiling to hear the prattle of their children.

At nine o'clock, a group of lawyers, doctors, and politicians—colonels all—were engaged in earnest conversation around the New World in its train, Has tipped with fire the icy spears Of many a mountain chain.

"It is the hour for calling court," remarked Reub Reynolds, Esq., "and yet our new Judge has not arrived."

"If he's smart, he won't arrive at all," said Gen. Smoot, cutting figures in the air with a showy sword-cane which he applied as if ad arma to the shoulders of a new judge lately resigned. Gen. Smoot, was the "My Lord Coke" of Arkansas. He had amassed a handsome fortune in the brief space of five years, and by universal consent, ranked at the head of his profession. It is true he had not worked his way up to this proud elevation by learned and laborious research, nor had he soared there on the pinions of impassioned and peerless eloquence, nor had intellect, or imagination, or purity of feeling aided in his ascent; he had simply bewed his way through all obstacles with the sharp edge of an immense bowie knife, which few save himself had sufficient strength to wield. We to the luckless witness that gave him a cross answer. Wo to the opposing counsel that did not cover before his thunder! And a deeper wo to the presumptuous judge who dared to check his brow-beaten insolence, or who assumed the right to determine one point against him!

When therefore, the bystanders heard the duelling general utter his oracular language in reference to the new judge, every body comprehended the implied threat, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"I reckon I ain't nuthin' else," replied the unknown, proudly.

Smoot—"What sort of a man is he?" Unknown—"He's a man."

Smoot—"Will he fight?" Unknown—"Yes, he'll fight everything and anything from the devil on his burnin' throne up to a sassy lawyer with his skull empty of brains and his pocket full of pistols."

Smoot—"Have you ever seen him fight?" Unknown—"Lord! haint I seen him give it to the old he bears? He didn't mind their teeth as much as you or me would the scratch of a blind kitten."

The comparison was accompanied by another choking fit of merriment.

Smoot (angrily)—"I do not doubt Mr. Yell is a perfect hero in a bear fight, but can he fight men—Eh?"

Unknown (indignantly)—"Why bless my soul case, that's his regular trade, whilst bar fightin' is only fun to keep his hand in practice! I wish you could have seed him whip old Hoss Allen? You know as how they were both bully lawyers, but Archy Yell was allers the cutest, and that made old Hoss tarral mad, and he thought he'd scare the other off the track; but he might as well have tried to scare a steam engine. Archy dodged two bullets, and beat without weapons himself, cotched old Hoss by the throat and began to squeeze away like a cotton press. Then old Hoss jerked out a big knife and began to tickle Archy's ribs, but he couldn't make him laugh, nor let go on his windpipe neither. He cut out his intrels, but Archy held them up with his left hand and choked harder than ever with his right. At last old Hoss lost his breath; his eyes turned red as blood and his face black as a buck nigger's; and he fainted till the knife dropped from his fingers. Archy picked it up, but he didn't strike it into the enemy's heart! No, by—General Jackson! He wur too brave for such a coward's trick as that! He hollered—'Here boys, throw some water in old Hoss's face to bring him to, while I go to a doctor's shop and get my intrels sowed up!'"

"You are a capital story teller," said Gen. Smoot with a sneer. "Will you be so good as to favor us with your own name?"

"They call me good-natured Bill Buffum," replied the giant, with an obstreperous roar, such as a red tiger might emit could he be provoked to the amusement of laughter.

The bystanders, however, felt no disposition to unite in Bill's explosive cackling, for Col. Leeper, a Tennesseean, and well acquainted with Judge Yell, having come up in time to hear the narration of that singular combat, substantially confrimed the tale, bating only the figurative flourishes of his rhetoric.

"The new judge is a real hero, then?" inquired Reub Reynolds, Esq.

Col. Leeper answered—"He is the bravest among the brave. I must own that, although we two are sworn and eternal enemies."

This avowal elongated to a most lugubrious stretch a dozen viages, and caused even the duellist, Gen. Smoot, to ground his sword cane. Little time, however remained then to speculate on the consequences of the astounding fact, for, at that instant "good-natured Bill Buffum" yonder with his inseparable chuckle—"Shouter comes Archy, God bless his brave soul!"

With this exclamation every eye was turned towards the door, through which a man of most striking appearance was seen entering, with a bow of dignified courtesy and a smile of irresistible sweetness. Of tall, slender, but sinewy frame, and a shape elegant and symmetrical as a woman's; his blue eye beaming with a brilliant yet calm light of a soul full of passion's fire, but thoroughly self-possessed, his whole person wearing the indescribable air, and his face the countenance of a gentleman to whom popular manners had grown a sort of second nature; dressed in rich but plain clothing—the stranger looked the double personification of one born to power, yet educated to please, and therefore sure of command, because he would excite in others the will to obey.

"His blue eye wept like a flash of mill storm lightning around the circle of small round gazers, his fine head almost imperceptibly nodded, and his winning smile seemed to melt into every separate heart."

He had held out his hand to only a single acquaintance, for he had but one there who was a friend; but the greeting he gave that one acquaintance made him a hundred new friends—"My dear Buffum, how happy I am to see you! Hearty as a buck, too, and looking good natured and brave as ever!" His voice was clear as the tones of a silver bell, with a ringing echo of soft music that lingered on the ear and penetrated the soul.

The giant Bill Buffum grasped the proffered hand with a gesture of awkward bashfulness. He blushed; he did not or could not speak; but one great tear of joy, pride and pleasure rolled from his wild black eye and fell on the judge's fingers. Aye, that was a grateful tribute of a rude but faithful heart!

That trivial incident caused an immense sensation, and was fruitful of consequences. A loud murmur of backwoods voices swelled up—"He's a gentleman! He aint ashamed to shake hands with leather hunting-shirts! He bows to common folks!—He's the right sort of judge! We'll fight for him!"

Then the face of General Smoot was like the convulsed face of a demon, and all his legal myrmidons turned pale with silent rage.

Judge Yell immediately proceeded to his seat on the bench, and ordered the sheriff to open court. The bland smile on his handsome features was replaced by an expression of serene but determined majesty. The light in his blue eyes grew stern and steady—A something to be feared as well as loved. His charge to the jury was a masterpiece for that meridian. After a brief definition of species of crime, he began a general lecture on the necessity, importance and duties of courts. His clear tones, at first low and persuasive, gradually rose, rang, vibrated and thrilled the air, filling the ample forum and rolling far out over the public square, till crowds came rushing from every grocery, thronging the doors and darkening the windows, all anxious to see and hear. They stood breathless, fascinated, wonder-struck, yet delighted; while there stood the blue-eyed majestican, weaving the spell words which held them like a voice of steel.

And yet strange to say, his eloquence had no profundity of learning, no polish of rhetoric. He never used a trope, and had no power of logic, seeming incapable of copulating premises with a view to keen argument; but still that eloquence was incomparably insinuating. It wound around the soul, pierced through the heart and riveted every thought like a fine thread of golden wire. It aroused no sudden cheers, no boisterous burst of feeling. Its effect was not admiration; it was conviction.—Men did not exclaim, "What an orator!" but they murmured to themselves, "How true!"

The Judge concluded by alluding to the dangers incurred by himself in the administration of even justice; and his last sentence uttered in a terrible voice, thundered forth the fearless avowal—"I will deal out to every one—jurors, witnesses, parties and counsel—the full measure of legal right appertaining to each, and no more; and I will maintain the majesty of the law and the dignity of my own person, or leave the best blood of my heart here on this bench, my own place!"

His face was illuminated by the glowing fire of passion, his eyes literally blazed and his very teeth appeared to shine with savage-gleaming radiance through half parted lips rigid as iron with the energies of indomitable will. Then the insolent sneer which had produced that final paled from the countenance of Gen. Smoot, as he whispered to his myrmidons—

"By heaven! I think he'll fight, and I mean to try him before the day is an hour older!"

"His pockets lie smooth; I don't think he's armed," suggested Col. McBall, by way of encouragement.

"I wonder why he carries that cane, for it would aid him but little in a combat," remarked Reub Reynolds, Esq.

"That cane, apparently so light, is a powerful weapon of solid iron," said Col. Leeper. "With it, one might fell an ox."

"So much the better," muttered General Smoot, "it will not then be asserted that I attacked an unarmed man."

"Go ahead; we'll all back you," whispered McBall.

Can the reader comprehend this scene? Can he imagine why this clique of lawyers should harbor such deadly hatred against the unoffending stranger? The singular problem is easily explained. Some of them were unsuccessful aspirants for the office he would hereafter be a dangerous competitor for future places of profit and honor under the state government about to be organized.

This painful consciousness was aggravated to madness by the extraordinary impression which their supposed rival had already and so obviously produced in the minds of the people. Hence nothing remained but to test his courage to the last extremity—an awful ordeal to which every professional man must submit who carries his ambition to the perilous market of the backwoods.

The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was an old case that had been in litigation for five years. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an overbearing tone—

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore I demand that the cause be continued till the next term in course."

"Do you doubt my word as to the fact?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed, sharply, and involuntarily raising his sword-cane.

"Not at all, replied the judge, with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the courts have no power to annul the law, nor any will to see it unfulfilled."

The judge's calm and business-like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword-cane in the direction of the bench—"Whatever may be the law, I, for one will not learn its principles from the lips of an upstart demagogue and coward!"

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning, but he only turned to the clerk and said quietly—"Mr. Clerk you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against General Smoot, as I see him named on my docket for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had scarcely enunciated the order, when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him, brandishing his sword-cane, all his features writhing with murderous wrath, and pallid as a corpse.

Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the judge, for all wished to know how he would brook the coming of the duelist's force assault. But none, however, could detect the slightest change in his appearance. His cheeks grew neither red nor white; not a nerve seemed to tremble; his calm eyes surveyed the advancing foe with as little sign of perturbation as a chemist might show when scrutinizing the effervescence of some novel mixture. He sat perfectly still, with that slight smile of painted iron in his right hand.

Smoot ascended the platform and immediately aimed a tremendous blow with his enormous sword-cane at the head of his foe. At that blow five hundred hearts shuddered, and more than a dozen voices shrieked, for all expected to see the victim's skull shivered to atoms! The general astonishment, then, may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve as the great sword-cane flew from Smoot's fingers and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall! The baffled bully uttered a cry of wrath wild as that of some wounded beast of prey, and snatched his bowie knife from its sheath; but ere it was well poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve and the big knife followed the sword-cane. He drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger, his arm was stricken down powerless to his side.

And then, for the first time, did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath it, and shouted in trumpet tones—"Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name as a foul disgrace from the roll of attorneys. Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail!"

The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued that no pen can describe. The bravos and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered around to obstruct the Sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their opportune aid to sustain the authority of the court—Menaces, screams, and horrid curses, the ring of impinging and crossing steel, alternate cries of rage and pain, all commingled with the awful explosion of fire arms, blended together a vivid idea of pandemonium. But throughout all the tempestuous strife, two individuals might be observed as leaders in the whirlwind and riders of the storm.—The new judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life; while "good natured Bill Buffum," imitating the clemency of his honorable friend, and disdaining the employment of knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed down all opposition, roaring at every furious blow—"This is the way to preserve order in court!" a sentiment which he accompanied with peals of wild laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the judge triumphed, the clique of Smoot suffered a disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was born away to prison.

Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas; and from that day his popularity as a man, as a hero, and as a politician, went on rapidly and brilliantly increasing, till it eclipsed all the oldest and most powerful names. Within the first year of his emigration he became a candidate for the Governor's chair, and notwithstanding the bitterest opposition, he was elected by nine-tenths of the votes polled. At the end of his term he canvassed for Congress, and again swept the State like a hurricane. He continued to serve with success in the supreme councils of the nation until the period of the war with Mexico. He then resigned, hurried home to Arkansas, and raised a regiment of volunteer cavalry, with which he made all possible despatch for the scene of action.

The writer of the present sketch saw him on his line of march to coalesce with the grand army of occupation, and never will he forget the evening passed by his hospitable camp-fire on Red river, within the limits of Texas. The prophecy of his farewell words still rings in my ear with mournful distinctness.

"Go," said he, with a look of fire, and in tones of thrilling emphasis, "to make a fame that shall be co-existent with the length and breadth of the Union, or to extinguish life itself in a blaze of glory!"

He kept his word: he did both. He arrived on the gory arena in time to witness the magnificent storm of the great day of Buena Vista; and where is the true child of American birth that cannot name the three transcendent stars of chivalry who fell quenched in blood that day?—aye, who fell, but as they fell shed a parting sunburst of everlasting life light over that field of glory and of graves! Dost remember! Hardin! Clay! Yell!

We have only space remaining to glance *coram obitu* at the striking character of Gov. Yell's genius. It stems from his childhood to have been a triple compound of courage, prudence and love of approbation. Although born of very poor parents, he was distinguished even when a boy alike by his daring, his thirst for practical knowledge, and the refined courtesy of his manners. As a lawyer, judge and statesman, he was far from being profound. He never sought for central problems embodying first principal; he had no skill for the analysis of causes; but he had an eye for consequences near and remote piercing and far sighted as the eagles.

That he had faults, we do not deny, but whatever their nature or number, we will not discuss them now.

They were all amply expiated by that heroic death—the rich libation of blood poured out on the altar, too, at the same hour, on the same point of the ensanguined field, before the same sweep of fire and whirlwind of battle, fell another sacrifice humbler, but not the less acceptable to the genius of our glorious father-land—we mean him who has figured in this sketch as "good-natured Bill Buffum." He was always the inseparable companion of Col. Yell. He carried a standard through that storm of steel and lead. He was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and the colors of his country dropped over him like a shroud. Poor Bill! he shall laugh or weep now nevermore till the last mornin'! Glorious Bill! he died near his idolized friend, and the banner of thirty stars was his winding sheet!

ORIGINAL AND TRUE.

Mr. Franklin A., who was a gentleman of good qualities and infinite good humor, used with much pleasantry to relate the following anecdote as having occurred to himself when a young man.

A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and he had commenced paying his addresses.—During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of mush and milk, and being of a serious turn was generally invited to say grace over the meal.—The supper did not taste amiss, as the family of the fair one was in moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired such domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied provided he could gain his fair dulcinea.—The course of true love, it is said, "never runs smooth," and Frank chanced to have a rival much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spiced with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one spied Frank's rival riding up. Immediately a change came o'er the substantial meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and naught remained to tell the tale but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common called "short cake." When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A.—was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction:

"The Lord be praised, How I'm amazed To see how things have mended; Here's short cake and tea, For supper I see, When mush and milk was intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace, Frank never returned to woo his lady love, but he left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HAVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child; B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind; B sure you make matter subservient to mind.

B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true, B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.

B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine.

B careful of conduct, of money, of time.

B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceable, benevolent, willing to learn; B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust!

B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith, B active, devoted; B faithful till death.

B honest, B holy, transparent and pure; B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

TARRING AND FEATHERING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—At Yorkville, S. C., on the 16th, Jackson Averts was taken in custody, tarred and feathered, rode on a rail, and ordered to leave the State, with an intimation that if found within its borders again he would be hung.

His offence was disobedience to an order here, before issued by a "committee of vigilance," that he should leave the State—some abolition declarations which he had made having been offensive to the citizens.

HERAM POWERS, the American sculptor, has completed a grand allegorical figure of his country. The statue, a female, has a diadem beneath her feet, and in her hand a cap of liberty. The figure finds her support on the fasces—indicative, it is said, of the fact that justice is the foundation of a free Commonwealth. The destination of the statue is reported to be Washington.

A VEIL of Black Lead has recently been discovered on the line of the Housatonic Railroad, in Connecticut. It is estimated that the mine, if it may be so considered, will yield from two to three tons of lead per day, worth \$50 to \$150 per ton, at a cost of not exceeding \$10 per ton.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—We find the following useful hints to housekeepers in a pamphlet issued by Mr. Geo. J. Henkles, proprietor of the fine furniture establishment, 173 Chestnut street:

DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANING AND RE-POLISHING FURNITURE, which apply only to the best quality, where superior Varnish is used, and the grain of the wood is thoroughly filled up with varnish, rendering it impervious to water. First, if there is any paint or grease on the surface, with a woollen rag moistened with spirits of turpentine, rub it gently until the blemish is removed; next, with a soft rag rub the turpentine entirely off.

Gov. JOHN A. QUITMAN has called a special session of the Legislature of Mississippi, to be convened on the 18th of November.

NEW PLATFORM.—A candidate for office in Michigan, thus announces his platform: I am, sir, in favor of the next war—opposed to the cholera—in favor of high salaries—opposed to uncurrent funds and poor brandy.

The County Court of Jackson, Missouri, has directed a popular vote to be taken in that county in the month of October, on the question whether the Court shall subscribe \$100,000 to the Pacific Railroad, on behalf of the county.