SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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NEW STORE AT HOLLOWING RUN.
At the Cross Roads, near J. D. Conrads, Lower Augusta.

J. B. KAUFFMAN

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received and opened a new stock of goods, which he now offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. His stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
such as
Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Merinos, &c.
Summer wear of all kinds—Muslins, Calicoes, Ginghams, Checks, &c.
ALSO:
An assortment of Hardware of all kinds, most generally in use.
ALSO:
Groceries of all Kinds,
As Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Spirits, &c.
ALSO:—Queensware and Crockery ware, a full assortment.
Also—Silk Hats, Chip Hats, and Straw Hats.
ALSO:—An assortment of liquors, viz:
BRANDY, WINE, WHISKEY, &c.

Besides a variety of other articles, most generally used and in want by farmers and other persons, all of which he will sell to purchasers at a saving of ten per cent. by calling on him.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, April 26, 1851.—tf.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth and Boys, at such prices as have never yet been known in this City, at GEORGE CULIN'S CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, South-East Corner of Market and Second Streets, Philadelphia, embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,
Habit Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c., &c., together with a great variety of
Boys' Clothing,
Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests and Round Jackets made of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpaca, Kersmimer, Deeskin, &c., &c.

Particular care has been taken to procure the new styles for Men and Boys' Summer Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, &c., to which he would invite special attention.

Furnishing Goods,
Consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, &c.; all of which are offered at the *lowest possible cash Prices*, and as cheap as any other Clothing Store in the Union.

Parents who desire Boys' Clothing are earnestly invited to examine the Stock.

Country Storekeepers can be accommodated at very low rates.

GEORGE CULIN,
E. Corner of Second & Market Sts. Phila.
April 19, 1851.—tf.

Teas! Cheaper than Ever!!!

100 Half Chests Rose Flavor Black Tea,
15 " " Oolong " "
15 " " Ning Yong " "

THESE Teas are better for the price than were ever offered before in Philadelphia, especially the Rose Flavor, which is of the very best quality and finest flavor, and families that want a Half Chest or less by sending soon will get a first rate article at a very low price. They will be well packed up and sent to Depot or cars free of charge.

DAVID PEASE,
Tea Dealer and Grocer,
S. W. Cor. 6th & Arch Sts.
Philadelphia.

May 10, 1851.—3mo.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
SHAMOKIN,
Northumberland County, Pa.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Hotel in the town of Shamokin, Northumberland county, on the corner of Shamokin and Commerce streets, nearly opposite to the House he formerly kept. He is well prepared to accommodate his guests, and is also provided with good stabling. He trusts his experience, and strict attention to business, will induce persons visiting the coal region to continue the liberal patronage he has heretofore received.

WILLIAM WEAVER.

Shamokin, April 19, 1850.—tf.

JAMES H. MAGEE

HAS removed from his old Stand, No. 118 Vine street, to
No. 52 Dillwyn St., (bet'n Col'hill & Willow,)
where he has constantly on hand,

BROWN STOUT, PORTER,
Ale and Cider,
FOR HOME CONSUMPTION OR SHIPPING.

N. B.—Coloring, Bottling, Wire and Bottles, Vinegar, &c. For sale as above.

Philadelphia, April 12, 1851.—1y.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.

DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same.

Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

JUSTICES' FEE BILLS. For sale by H. B. MASSER
Sunbury, April 26 1851.

SELECT POETRY.

The Wife's Appeal.

I'm thinking, Charles, 'tis just a year—
Or will be, very soon—
Since first you told me of your love,
One glorious day in June.

All nature seemed to share our bliss—
The skies hung warm above—
The winds from opening roses bore
The very breath of love.

We sought the still, deep forest shades,
Within whose leafy gloom
Few ardent sunbeams stole, to kiss
The young buds into bloom.

The birds caught up our tones of love,
In songs not half so sweet,
And earth's green carpet, violet flower'd,
It scarcely felt our feet.

But, *apropos* of carpets, Charles,
I looked at some to-day,
Which you will purchase, won't you, dear,
Before our next *soiree?*

And then remember you, how lost
In love's delicious dream,
We long stood silently beside
A gently gliding stream?

'Twas nature's mirror; when your gaze
No longer I could bear,
I modestly cast down my eyes
Yet but to meet it *there.*

And *apropos* of mirrors, love,
The dear gift of your mother,
Is quite old-fashioned—and, to-day,
I ordered home another.

Ah, well do I remember, Charles,
When first your arm stole round me;
You little dreamed how long your *soul*
In golden chains had bound me.

But *apropos* of chains, my own,
At Jones' store last week,
I found the sweetest love!—so rich,
So tasteful and unique;

The workmanship is most superb—
The gold most fine and pure—
I quite long, Charles, to see that chain
Suspend your miniature.

I heard sad news while you were out,
My nerves are much affected;
You know the navy officer
I once for you rejected?

Driven to despair by your success,
Made desperate by my scorn,
He went to sea, and has been lost
In passing round Cape Horn.

Ah, *apropos* of capes, my love,
I saw one in Broadway,
Of lace as fine as though 'twas wove
Of moonlight, by a fairy.

You'll purchase the exquisite thing,
'Twill suit your taste completely.
Above the heart that loves you, Charles,
'Twill rise and fall so sweetly.

A Historical Sketch.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S EXPLOIT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Many years ago, when we were a mere boy, we used to sit upon a log stool, at the feet of Commodore Samuel Tucker, and hear that old veteran relate the incidents that had come under his own observation during our last struggle with Great Britain. Among the thousand and one stories that we have heard fall from the lips of that ocean warrior, the following has remained fresh in our memory:

On the western shore of Penobscot Bay, between Belfast and Camden, there was a small club of fisherman's cots, inhabited by a hardy set of men, who had, from infancy, been brought up amid the music of the breaking waves, and who knew no fear beneath the power of mortal man. Foremost among these hardy children of the sea, and occupying the station of a sort of ruler among them, was a middle aged man, named Enoch Nightingale, or, as he was generally called, Captain Nightingale; and never was a man better fitted by nature for the post he held by general consent than was he. Powerful and athletic in his physical mould, bold and fearless as the forest monarch, and frank and generous in his social relations, he was beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was a jolly fellow too, and often, as his small grey eyes twinkled in his merry mood, a close observer might have seen a keen love of practical joking lurking in their gleaming depths.

At the time of which we write, the fisherman dared not venture far out to sea, for a close blockade was kept up along the coast, and so they were forced to forego the advantages of their best fishing grounds; but a new idea had taken possession of their brains, and they had thought of fitting out a privateer against the English. For two weeks had this matter been talked over, and all the arms necessary to personal warfare had been procured, but no vessel suitable for the enterprise could be obtained, nor could they raise guns heavy enough for sea use, even had they possessed the vessel. Of pistols and cutlasses they had enough, and that was all, unless we add one old iron six pounder, which served as a kind of signal gun in cases of heavy fogs and stormy nights.

It was just at nightfall that Obed Nightingale's shallop (Obed was the old man's son,) came up the bay, and as the young man came on shore, he reported that there was an English topsail schooner, a clean clipper built craft, lying off and on between Manhegan and the Ledges. She was heavily armed, and seemed to play about in the water as though her heels were made for running.

Now Capt. Enoch Nightingale had *said* but very little about the various projects that had been set on foot with regard to the privateering expedition, but he had *thought* a great deal, and as soon as his son communicated the above intelligence, his thoughts came to a focus. A plan of operation was clearly marked out in his mind, and he at once set about the work of putting it into effect. The man who stood second to Capt. Nightingale, mate, was Jabe Haskins.

"Jabe," said the captain, "did you know there was a British clipper just outside?"

"Yes."

"Well, s'pose we go out and take her?"

"Do *what?*"

"Take that Englishman."

"W-h-e-w!"

"But I'm in earnest."

Jabe looked at Nightingale in utter astonishment.

"I can go out in my little Rhody an' take her before she knows where she is.—Now, will you help me?"

"I'll foller yer cap'n, ef you go t' thunder," was Jabe's hearty response, as he saw that the old man was in earnest.

Capt. Nightingale took his mate by the arm and led him off. The night was dark, but still there was a busy scene on board the schooner Rhody, which was the heaviest fishing vessel in the place. Torches were gleaming to and fro all night long, hammers and saws were sending forth their music, and when the morning dawned the Rhody was ready for sea. The old iron signal gun was hoisted on board, and placed on a rude sort of carriage amidships, the cod-line buckets and bait boxes had been cleared away, and, take her all in all, she bore some faint resemblance to an embryo pirate or privateer.

She was manned by twelve men, of whom Jabe Haskins took the command.—The people wondered where Capt. Nightingale was, but Jabe set their hearts at rest by telling them that he would get outside as soon as the schooner did.

In an hour after daylight the Rhody hove up her anchor and made sail, and in less than five hours she poked her blunt nose into the waters of the blue Atlantic. Shortly after the schooner had passed White Head light, the Englishman was made out about two miles distant, to the south'rd and west'rd, just off the Ledges, and hauling his sheets flat aft, Jabe brought his vessel up to the wind, which was fresh from the north'rd and east'rd, and stood off toward the latter point. This looked amazingly like trying to run away—at least, so the Englishman thought—and consequently the clipper was immediately put in full chase, and though she was somewhat to the leeward, still, it was evident that she would not be long in overhauling the Yankee.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Englishman came almost within hailing distance, and fired a gun. As the shot came whizzing over the fisherman's deck, Jabe Haskins at once hove too, and ere the clipper came up.

"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello!" returned Jabe.

"Do you surrender?"

"Wal, ef you want t' take us, I s'pose I can't help myself."

The clipper hove her fore-topsail to the mast and lowered a boat, and in some five minutes afterwards her commander, followed by fifteen men, came over the Yankee's side. The first object that met his gaze, as he stepped upon the deck, was the old iron gun amidships, and though the thought of an American pirate made him feel sore, yet he could not help laughing at the almost ridiculous scene thus presented to his gaze. The twelve green looking fishermen, together with *that* gun, *did* present rather a ludicrous appearance.

"So you are on a piratical expedition?" tauntingly remarked the British officer.

"I dono," returned Jabe, with an offended air. "I s'pose if I'd cum across one o' your cratts 'at I could 'ave took, I should have done it; but I dono as I should a been pirating enny more 'n you are now."

"How many men have you got?"

"Here's twelve on us, an' ef *you're* got twelve men 'at ken lick us, I'd like tew see em."

"Never mind about that, Jonathan.—We'll take you into Halifax, and there, perhaps, you will find your match."

The schooner was searched fore and aft, but all that could be found were a dozen old pistols, and about as many swords, which were in the cabin, while in the hold they discovered nothing but an array of empty boxes and barrels. The Englishman left twelve of his own men to take charge of the prize, and took six of the prisoners on board his own vessel, leaving the other six under the command of the officer who had been appointed to the command of the Rhody, and also left orders that the schooner should be kept close in his wake during the night, as he intended to see her safely out of reach of the Yankee coasters.

Until nine o'clock at night the Rhody stood on after the clipper, with all sail set, while the latter only carried her mainsail and two jibs. The six Yankees who had been left on board were secured in the long boat, while the lieutenant in command and five of his men had the first watch. When the clipper struck two bells, the vessels were not more than two cables' length apart, the prize being a little to windward, as owing to her bad sailing, the lieutenant wished to keep the weather-guage. The night was quite dark and the wind, which had fallen some since sundown, had veered slightly to the northward.

While the prize makers were earnestly engaged in keeping up with the clipper, a very novel scene was being enacted in the hold. One of the boards, which seemed to form a part of a stationary floor, was lifted from its place, and the head of captain Enoch Nightingale appeared through the aperture. In a moment more another board was removed, and ere long forty stout fishermen, all well armed, had come up from their place of concealment. It was but a moment's work to leap on deck, and ere the thunderstruck lieutenant could see from whence came the enemy, he was bound hand and foot, and so were his men, while the poor prisoners were set free from the long boat. Obed Nightingale took the helm, and his father, pointing a cocked pistol at the head of the English officer said:

"Do you think we are in earnest or not?"

"I should think you where," replied the trembling officer.

"Then if you do not obey me, you will get a bullet through your head in an instant. Now hail the clipper."

"Scorpion ahoy!" shouted the lieutenant, as if for dear life.

In the meantime the Yankee had been left off a little to the wind, so that she was not within a little more than a cable's length of her captor, while the bold fishermen were nearly all crouched beneath the bulwarks.

Some one from the clipper answered the call.

"Tell them the schooner has sprung a leak, and that the cussed Yankees must have thrown the pump breaks overboard."

The poor lieutenant looked first at the stern face of the old man, and then at the muzzle of the pistol, and then stretching his lungs to the utmost he obeyed the order.

"Now tell them heave to, and you'll run alongside."

The frightened officer obeyed, and on the next moment the clipper's helm was put hard down and her main boom shoved over to windward.

Seven of the Yankee fishermen were stationed along the lee rail, with stout graplings in their hands, and in less than five minutes the Rhody's bowsprit loomed up over the clipper's weather quarter. Obed shoved the helm down, and letting go the sheets fore and aft, the Yankee schooner shot gracefully alongside.

"Why in —— didn't you come up under our lee quarter?" shouted the English captain, as the fisherman thumped against the side of his vessel; but before he could utter any more of his wrath, with which he was literally boiling over, he found his deck swarming with strangers.

The whole thing had come about so unaccountably, and, withal, so suddenly, that hardly a blow was struck by the astounded Englishmen, and before they were fully aware that they had been captured by their own insignificant prize, they were securely bound and most of them stowed away by a strong guard.

"Wall, capt'n," said Jabe Haskins—who had been released from durance vile—as he came aft to where that functionary stood by the side of Old Nightingale, "when dew you think of takin' us into Halifax?"

The Englishman *looked* very hard at his uncouth tormentor, but he disdained any reply.

"I say, capt'n," continued Jabe, in *very* unfeeling manner, I raather guess as how that are explore o' yourn won't amount to a great deal, will it? But look here, don't, for mercy's sake, go home an' tell your king 'at yeou goot took by Penobscot codfisherman, 'cause it might hurt his feelins."

This time the Englishman's answer was more wicked and unfeeling than had been Jabe's for he not only swore terribly, but he even wished that every Yankee in christendom was in the immediate kingdom of that horned and hoofed individual who is said to reign somewhere beneath the earth.

Before the sun had set on the next day, the English prisoners were all landed at Belfast, and Capt. Enoch Nightingale found himself in command of as handsome a privateer as floated on American waters, and until peace was declared and the embargo raised, he carried on a most destructive *trade* among the British merchantmen.

From the London Athenæum.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

Fifty-three millions! Two centuries ago there were not quite three millions of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language at the present moment in Europe, than there were in Europe and America of this conquering and colonising people in the time of Cromwell. How vain, then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races! Sixty years ago the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 17,000,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles. Thirty years ago it counted only thirty four millions; being altogether only three millions and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe. In 1851 it is ahead of every civilised race in the world. Of races lying within the zones of civilisation, the Sclaves alone are more numerous counted by heads; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth, energy and cultivation they are not to be compared with the Frank, the Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength. Of all races which are now striving for the mastery of the world—to impress on the future of society and civilisation the stamp of its own character and genius—to make its law, religion, manners, government and opinion prevail—the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful, and active. The day when it might possible have been crushed, absorbed, or trampled out, like Hungary or Poland, by stronger hordes, is gone by forever. That it was possible at one time for this people to be subdued by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt. In 1650, the United Provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history than England. Their wealth, activity, and maritime power were the most imposing in Europe. They had all the carrying trade of the west in their hands. Their language was spoken in every port. In the great Orient their empire was fixed and their influence paramount. England was then hardly known abroad. Her difficult idiom grated on foreign ears, and her stormy coast repelled the curiosity of more cultivated travellers. Had the thought of a day arriving when any single European language would be spoken by millions of persons, scattered over the great continents of the earth, from New Zeland to the Hebrides, and from the cape of storms to the Arctic ocean, occurred to any speculative mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue to which he would have assigned the marvellous mission. Yet Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxon has risen in the scale of nations.—Her idiom is now acquired by few. Her merchants conduct their correspondence and transact their business in French or in English. Even her writers have many of them clothed their genius in a foreign garb. On the other hand, our literature and language had passed entirely out of this phase of danger. Dutch, like Welsh, Flemish, Erse, Basque, and others idioms, is doomed to perish as an intellectual medium, but whatever may be the future changes of the world, the tongue of Shakspeare and of Bacon is now too firmly rooted ever to be torn away. No longer content with mere preservation, it aims at universal mastery.—Gradually it is taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; isolating all rival idioms—shutting them up from intercourse with each other—making itself the channel of every communication. At a hundred points at once it plays the aggressor. It contends with the Spanish on the frontiers of Mexico—drives French and Russian before it in Canada and in the northern Archipelago—supersedes Dutch at the Cape and Natal—elbows Greek and Italian at Malta and in the Ionian islands—usurps the tight of Arabic at Suez and Alexandria—maintains itself supreme at Liberia, Hong-Kong, Jamaica and St. Helena—fights its way against multitudinous and various dialects in the rocky mountains, in Central America, on the gold coast, in the interior of Australia, and among the countless islands of the eastern seas. No other language is spreading in this way. French and German find students among cultivated men; but English permanently destroys and supersedes the idioms with which it comes in contact.

The relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon states is noteworthy. In 1801 the population of Great Britain was 10,942,-646; in 1809, that of the United States was 5,319,762—or not quite half. In 1850, the population of the United States is two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851—at this moment, it probably exceeds it by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than fifteen per cent—while in America it is about 35 per cent. In the great continental states the rate is considerably lower than in England. According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the larger population in 1870—in 1890, they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a transatlantic power numbering 100,000,000 of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.

GROWTH OF POULTRY.—Great attention is now being paid in this vicinity to the cultivation of poultry. Several of our citizens, men of enterprise and property, are making extensive preparations for the growth and traffic in the various kinds. Experiments are being made in importation, and in crossing breeds. We learn that one gentleman, has recently made a purchase of a cock and and hen, for which he paid the nice little sum of forty dollars. And of another we learn that from one pair during the past twelve months, he has realized six hundred and fifty dollars. Not a hard story to believe, when it is known that the pairs were sold at five dollars. It is beginning to be well understood that poultry can be raised and sold fully as cheap, if not cheaper than beef or pork. This result is attained, of course, by including the eggs, which can be had at all seasons of the year, by a a proper selection and cultivation of the improved breeds.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THEY cultivate the blackberry in the neighborhood of Boston. An old pasture is broken up, the sprouts are planted in rows in October, and kept clear of weeds and otherwise treated like raspberries. The Agriculturist says that the fruit thus produced is of a size and flavor which surprises those who are only acquainted with the wild blackberry. Our readers may not all be aware that the American species has a more agreeable flavor than the European. There are also different varieties of the American fruit, even in its wild state, from which a selection might be made.

MISS FANTDLING says the first time she locked arms with a young man she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic [illegible] young William [illegible]

A PACK OF CARDS.

A nobleman in the city of London, who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamester. Jack, was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentlemen ordered him to be searched; when behold a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared persist in an untruth?—"My Lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle found in my pocket is my Almanac."—"Your Almanac, indeed! then I desire you will prove it." "Well, sir, I will begin.—There are four suits in the pack, that intimates the four quarters in the year; and there are thirteen cards in each suit, and there are thirteen weeks in a quarter.—There is also the same number of lunations. The twelve court cards call to my remembance the twelve months that compose the year, and the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year. There are fifty-two cards in a pack: that directly answers the number of weeks in a year. Examine them more minutely, and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year. These multiply by twenty-four, and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year. Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my Almanac; and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it my Prayer Book also. I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions; Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Paganism. The twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve articles of the Christian faith. The King reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The queen of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollections the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their vices. The nine reminds me of the nine muses, and the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes, the eight attitudes, the eight persons saved in Noah's ark, the eight persons mentioned in the scriptures to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven seals wherewith the book of life is sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; and the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man; hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists; and the four seasons of the year.—The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three hours our Saviour was on the cross; and the three days he lay enterred. The two reminds me of the two testaments; and the two contrary principles struggling in man, virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship and serve; one only faith to believe; one truth to practice; and one good master to serve and obey." "So far is very well," said the nobleman; "but I believe you have omitted one card, the knave." "True, my lord; the knave reminds me of your lordship's informers." The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged the informer.

MOST SUBLIME.

Can any one of our readers peruse the following touching appeal, and retain a dry eye? If they can, they must be hard-hearted.

Oh! Sally dear, the ev'nin's clear,
Thick flies the skimmen swallier,
The skies is blue, the fields in view,
All faded green and yaller.

Come let us stray our toilsome way,
And view the charms of nater—
The barkin dogs, the squelin hogs,
And every roasted tater.

MR. BECKET, who recently purchased the Bonaparte place at Bordentown, N. J., has demolished all the old buildings, and is about erecting a splendid mansion in the rear of the old buildings. The grounds are to be much improved.

PETER SKY, one of the warrior chiefs of the Onondagas, died at the Castle, on Monday last, at the advanced age of 96 years.—The deceased was a true and faithful friend to the United States.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.*

A BRUTAL teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hand of a little girl who sat next to him at school; after which he asked the child, "why he squeezed the girl's hand?" "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty, I could not help it." What punishment did the teacher deserve?—*Ex.*

We would like to fix that fellow's head in a vice—put the prettiest female face we could find within six inches of his own—and strike him between the eyes every time his lips moved or his mouth watered.—*Buffalo Republican.*

AMERICANS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Mr. Greeley, in his last letter to the New York Tribune, says:

Within the last few days, a very decided and gratifying change has taken place in the current of opinion here with regard to American invention and its results. One cause of this was the late formal trial of American (with other foreign) Ploughs, in the presence of the Agricultural Jury; which trial, though partial and hurried, was followed with immediate orders for American Ploughs, then tested (Starbuck's) from Englishmen, Belgians, and Frenchmen, including several Agricultural Societies.

If a hundred of these ploughs were here, they might be sold at once, in their absence, the full price has been paid down for some twenty or thirty, to be shipped at New York and be thenceforth at the risk and cost of the buyers. And these orders have just commenced. The London journals which had reporters present, (some of which journals ridiculed our farming implements expressly a few weeks ago,) now grudgingly admit that the American Ploughs did their work with less draft than was required by their European rivals, but add that they did not do it so well. Such was not the judgment of other witnessess of the trial, as the purchases, among other things, attest.

Mr. J. S. Gwynne, of our State, whose "Ballanced Centrifugal Pump" made a sensation and obtained a gold medal at our Institute Fair last October, is here with it, and proposes a public trial of its qualities in competition with the rival English pumps of Appold & Bessimer for $1,000 to be paid by the loser to the Mechanic's Society. Mr. Gwynne claims that the English Pumps (which have been among the chief attractions of the department of British machinery) are palpable plagiarism, from his invention, and not well done at that. He, of course does not claim the idea of a Centrifugal Pump as his own, for it is much older than any of them, but he does claim that adaptation of the idea which has rendered it effective and valuable. I am reliably informed that he has just sold his Scotch Patent only for the comfortable sum of £10,000 sterling, or nearly $50,000; and this is but one of several inventions which he has found ready market for here at liberal prices. He is one of the several Americans who have recently sold their European patents here at high figures.

Even my New York friends, whose toadyism in exhibiting a capital pair of Oars inscribed "A present for the Prince of Wales," I have already characterized as it deserves, yesterday informed me that he sold $15,000 worth of Oars here since the Fair opened.

OHIO now sends by way of Dunkirk, over the New York and Erie Railroad, her chickens and turkeys to the New York city markets at a considerable profit to the enterprising owners, the prices of chickens in Ohio bring a dime, and in New York from thirty-one to fifty cents. Three cents covers the cost of transportation. This is not the only profit: the western chickens are so elated at the different value set upon them in the eastern cities, that they lay eggs every day on their journey out of gratitude to their owners.

FISHING LINES FROM FIBRES OF THE ALOE.—A St. Agustine, Florida, paper describes a beautiful specimen of fishing line, made by the fibres of the so called century plant, which abounds there. The line has the smoothness and lustre of silk, and great strength, and is well adapted for cordage of every description. The plant is grown upon the poorest soils, and attains an immense size. The subject of introducing its cultivation for cordage is well worth attention.

DISHONEST SLAVE.—A slave named Spencer was arrested in New Orleans on the 4th inst. He belonged to a merchant named John R Shaw, who, confiding in his honesty, sent him to Bank with $4500 to deposit. He ran off with the money, and was not taken for a week. In the meantime, he had sent $3000 of the money to "Rev. Henry Dandridge," a colored preacher of Boston formerly a slave in New Orleans. $1155 of the money was found in Spencer's trunk, and $200 in the hands of a white man, named James Dyson. A telegraphic despatch has been sent to secure the amount sent to Boston.

THE Colored Convention, which recently met at Indianapolis, passed a resolution recommending the colored population to emigrate to Canada or Jamaica, in preference to Liberia, provided the laws of Indiana become too stringent to allow them to remain in that State.

TO BE MARRIED AGAIN.—A letter from Kentucky, says that Sallie Ward, the queen of western beauty, who was once Mrs. Lawrence, is soon again to be led to the altar.—The happy (!) individual who is about to take sweet Sallie by the hand, is Dr. Hunt, a near relative of Henry Clay.

FATAL ACCIDENT FROM CAMPHENE.—Mrs. Eanis, who resided not far from Petersburg, Va, died night before last, in consequence of injuries which she received, a short time since, from an explosion of this most dangerous fluid.

THERE was an eel in Cincinnati market last week as big as an anaconda. It sold for $3.

THE BLOOMER is the title of a new paper to be started at Hagerstown, Md.