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,
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SUNBURY, PA.

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SUNBURY, PA.

WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all professional business, in Northumberland Union counties. He is familiar with the man language.

OFFICE:- Opposite the "Lawrence House," doors from the Court House.

nbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—1y.

ING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

VERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth Boys, at such prices as have never yet been en in this City, at GEORGE CULIN'S OTHING ESTABLISHMENT, South-East ner of Market and Second Streets, Philadelembracing a choice of the best, most desira and fashionable

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

ilt Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c., together with a great variety of

Boys' Clothing,

sisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkets, Vests and Round Jackets made of ed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpaca, Kersa-, Doeskin, &c., &c.

articular care has been taken to procure the ts 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 Prices*, and as cheap as any other Clothing in the Union.

ts who desire BOYS' CLOTHING are earnvited to examine the Stock.

ntry Storekeepers can be accommodated at low rates.

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

LIGHTNING RODS.

HE subscriber has constructed a LIGHTNING ROD on true Philosophical princi, by which buildings supplied with them are dered perfectly secure against destruction by ning. The connection and insulation of the as well as the preparation of the ground rod, n an entirely new plan, making a more perconductor than any heretofore in use.

easures have been taken to secure Letters ent for the improvement.

ersons desirous of securing their lives and perty from destruction by lightning, can have ductors put up to their buildings in the most fect and substantial manner, by applying eiher personally or by letter, to the undersigned, at the following prices:

For 40 ft. with a good *silver* plated point $10,00
For 40 ft. with *gold* plated point, *platina tip*, 12,50
And twenty cents for every additional foot over forty.

T. S. MACKEY.
Milton, Sept. 6, 1851.—1y.

Alden's Condensed Reports of Penna.

JUST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the *Second Volume* of Alden's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the last three volumes of Yeates' Reports, and two first volumes of Binney's Reports. The first volume of Alden, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes; and Yeates' Reports, volume 1, is also on hand, and for sale. The above two volumes are complete within themselves, and contain all of Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yeates' Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes of Binney's Reports. The third volume is ready and will be put to press immediately.

H. B. MASSER, Agent.
Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—

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 Cal'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.

INK—Boureau's celebrated ink, and also Congress ink for sale, wholesale and retail by
December 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

TOO POOR TO PAY.

We were so poor when baby died,
And mother stitched his shroud,
The others in their hunger cried
With sorrows wild and loud;
We were so poor we could not pay
The man to carry him away.

I see him still before my eyes;
It lies upon my bed;
And mother whispers through her sighs,
"The little boy is dead."
A little box of common pine
His coffin was—and may be mine!

They laid our little brother out
And wrapped his form in white,
And as they turned his head about,
We saw the solemn sight,
And wept as little children weep,
And kissed the dead one in his sleep!

We looked our last upon his face,
And said our last good bye,
While mother laid him in the place
Where those are laid who die;
The sexton shoved the box away,
Because we were too poor to pay.

We were too poor to hire a hearse,
And couldn't get a pall;
And when we drove him to the grave,
A wagon held us all:
'Twas I who drove the horse, and I
Who told my mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,
And felt so lone and drear,
That oft our tears came trickling down,
Because no friends were near.
The folks were strangers—selfish men,
Who hadn't lost a baby then.

We reached the grave and laid him there,
With all the dead around—
There was no priest to say a prayer,
And bless the holy ground.
So home we went in grief and pain,
But home was never home again.

And there he sleeps without a stone
To mark the sacred spot;
But though to all the world unknown,
By us 'tis ne'er forgot;
We mean to raise a stone some day,
But now we are too poor to pay.

A Sketch.

THE MECHANICS' WIFE.

OR THE RESULTS OF PERSEVERANCE.

"Well, Augustus," said Marianne, as the former entered a little room which, without carpet, curtain or ornament of any kind, served as kitchen, sitting room and nursery, "we are really settled down at house-keeping. Don't it seem comfortable, after so many privations?"

"Yes," answered the young husband, trying to smile, as he glanced first at his handsome wife, and then at the neat little pine supper table, and then at the cradle, where slept a little charming boy of six months, "but mine is such a life of toil that I have no time to enjoy anything—not even to play with Fred."

"But it seems to me," returned the wife, very thoughtfully, "that it need not be just so. We are not in debt; we both have health, and I am willing to be very economical, in order that we may have time for enjoyment and improvement, too. Say, shall we try the experiment?"

She handed him a cup of tea as she spoke, and looked up into his face with a sweet and hopeful smile; but his face was deadly pale, and an unbidden tear stood in his eye as he answered moodily—

"I don't know how that can be. Every moment taken from my labor, is so much taken from our scanty income. We cannot afford to attend places of public amusement; in our present low style of living, we cannot mingle in the first society, and I will never consent to enter any other than good society, if we live alone; and as for improvement, my education was so neglected in my childhood, that I have little taste for reading, and besides, we have nothing to read."

"O, yes," said the wife, "we have enough to begin with. Here is our beautiful new gilt Bible, which we must read every morning and evening; and here is our newspaper, with good improving matter enough to last one or two evenings in a week, and you can easily have a share in a public library to fill up the rest."

"But how shall I find time, my good planning wife."

"Thank you, Augustus, for the compliment, and now I will plan on: We will rise early, and work diligently all day.—Then, if you think you need to work longer, you can bring your work into my room, or I will take Fred into the shop, and one of us will read and tend the baby while the other works. Won't that be a good plan?"

"I rather think it will," said the husband, beginning to show a little more interest, "but I'm thinking also, that my hesitating and blundering manner of reading will not be very edifying to you. I shall make but sorry work of it."

"Well, suppose you do. I have a Webster's Dictionary, and we will have that open before us, and look out every word of which we do not understand the meaning. If our progress is slow at first, we shall have nobody to laugh at us, and we shall soon find ourselves improving rapidly."

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seemed disposed to encourage his wife to go on. You are indeed a noble planner; but what shall we do on the Sebbath? I suppose you expect to advance fast in the 'march of mind,' when we have a whole day to ourselves.

"Yes," said Marianne, "I think we may; though our arrangements must be somewhat modified. You know we have a seat in Dr. C—'s Church. You must join the young men's Bible Class, and prepare the lesson in the morning, while I attend the meeting. Then I will stay in the afternoon, and let you go to the afternoon service and the Bible Class. In the evening we will read."

"I've no objection to that, but as a compensation for my Bible Class, you must join the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and I will take care of Fred one afternoon in the week, to let you go."

"Thank you, dear husband, I will gladly accept your offer, if you will let me stay alone one evening in the week, while you attend our excellent Lyceum Lectures.—And now let us begin this very evening, I feel that every moment is lost till we do. We have much encouragement. Only think of the many learned men who have educated themselves, and risen to respectability and usefulness, wholly through their own exertions, even after they were somewhat advanced in life. Roger Sherman for instance, and Elihu Burritt, and a host of others."

The young wife became quite enthusiastic as she proceeded, and would have spent the whole evening in her disquisition upon self-education, had not Freddy, awaking from his nap, required some maternal attention.

Augustus took up the Bible, and read a good chapter in Proverbs, on the practical duties of life, and declared that he had never before read such a chapter. The plan was fairly begun.

Augustus was a pale, spare young man of nine and twenty. His education, as he said, had been sadly neglected in his youth. He had been bound apprentice to a rough shoemaker in the country, and had unhappily settled the question in his own mind, that he was doomed to ignorance, and a low and degrading employment for life.—He had imagined, also, that his relations were willing to lose sight of him, and his sensitive nature was stung to the quick.—After a few years of vexation and toil, he wandered far away from home and friends and familiar associations; and a wonder it was, that he was not hurried away by the awful whirlpool of error and vice, and dashed upon the rocks of utter destruction!

He had, however, been favored with the instructions and prayers of a christian mother, and had seen examples in his own family, of high purpose and noble and successful effort. He had, therefore, preserved an unsullied reputation, had acquired a little property, had married an intelligent, cheerful, healthy girl of twenty summers, had removed to a 'city of shoemakers,' where his occupation was honorable, and where his aspiration after respectability and independence might hope to be realized.

But on the afternoon preceding his conversation, he had been unusually annoyed. He had suffered some embarrassment in getting settled in his humble tenement—had sustained some losses, and heard a bitter sarcastic remark from an aristocrat of that place, which crimsoned his pale cheek and sent him home through a cold rainstorm, wearied in body, depressed, vexed in spirit, and almost determined never to make another effort.

He was, and supposed he ever must be a poor shoemaker of L.

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family group were arranged around a marble centre table, in the parlor of a magnificent house in the city of L——. A gentleman of some fifty years, had just divested himself of his outer garments, and dressed in a rich velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat reading the journals of the day. A lady some years younger, sat by his side, her face beaming with intelligence, benevolence and gratified pride, as she gazed at her dignified and honored husband, and then at the lovely group of children around the table.

One was a noble youth just returned to spend his college vacation at home; another was a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, who had finished a long recitation to her brother, and was preparing to cheer the circle with her ever welcome music on the piano. A bright boy of twelve was performing a problem in mathematics, and a little cherry-cheeked girl was drawing pictures on her slate, and teazing every body to teach her.

Presently the door bell announced a visitor. A person entered and presented a subscription for religious charity.

"Put me down a hundred dollars," said the good man, and the collector departed blessing the giver.

When he was gone, the gentleman said—"my dear, did you think to send the coal and flour to the poor woman on the corner?" Yes, and Frederick and Mary have been to see that sick family, and carried the clothes and the medicines." "Yes papa, said little Kate, looking up from the house she was drawing, "they carried away my new stockings." "Shall I send and get them back again?" said the father. "O no, indeed," said the child, "I sent them. Poor little Charley's feet were cold and bleeding."

The father now remarked that it was time for family worship. In a moment all was silent—books, slates, papers and work were all laid aside. A neat gilt bible, bearing the marks of constant usage, was brought. The son read an interesting portion. The whole family joined in a familiar hymn, and the father led in prayer, and worshiped the Father of mercies in spirit and truth, from the fulness of a grateful heart.

After an interval of silence, the son looked up as if from a reverie and said—"Father, I think I have heard you say, that your youth was neglected, that you were once poor, illiterate, almost an infidel and entirely discouraged. It would be extremely interesting to us to learn by what means the mayor of this good city, the honored trustee of our college, the superintendent of our Sabbath school, and the deacon of our church, has arisen from so unpromising beginnings, to his present station."

The eyes of the good man filled with tears, his lip quivered, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and for some time no whisper was heard from the astonished audience around him. He was thinking of the poverty and ignorance of his early days—of the religious errors which had well nigh caused his destruction—of the way in which a kind watchful Providence had led his thoughtless steps, amid all the dangers around him—of the blessing he had received in his lowly, admirable wife, of the days of toil, and nights of hard study, in which she had shared, and cheered him on like an angel of light and love, and honors which now surrounded him. At length he uncovered his face and amid stifled sobs said to his wife, "tell the children, dear, the conversation we had together, just twenty years ago to-night, around our little pine tea table."

He was the shoemaker of L——.

IS NOT THIS TOO TRUE.

"The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom."—BRYANT.

A few friends will go and bury us—affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our grave—in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we ever lived upon earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest value to any living being.

O'CONNELL'S LAST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—D'Israeli describes this scene in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck:"

"He sat in his usual place—in that generally occupied by the leader of the opposition, and spoke from the red box, convenient to him from the number of documents to which he had to refer. His appearance was of great debility and his voice was very still. His words indeed only reached those who were immediately around him, and the listeners sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful attention which becomes the occasion.—It was a strange and touching spectacle to those who remembered the form of collossal energy, and the clear and thrilling tones that had once disturbed and controlled senates.—Mr. O'Connell was on his legs for nearly two hours, assisted occasionally in the management of his documents by a faithful aid-de-camp. To the house generally it was a performance of dumb shew, a feeble old muttering before a table; but respect for the great parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric; and although not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken the next morning that the country should not loose the last, and not the least interesting speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations.

THE SECRET.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile, for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, D.," he replied, "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence then hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

INDUSTRIOUS TRIO IN CALIFORNIA.—Near Forman's ranch, about ten miles south of this place, may be seen daily working in a gluch, with commendable perseverance and energy, a trio composed of two American ladies and a gentleman. While the gent picks and shovels, one of the ladies—whose costume is a silk dress covered with a man's coat, as near, we suppose, as she can imitate the Bloomer in the mines—carries the dirt in the rocker, where the other lady sits working with all the assiduity of an old miner.—We wish California was well supplied with such ladies as these, who, instead of harrassing their husbands about "woman's rights" and "Turkish costumes," would wash as well as rock the *cradle*.

DEATH OF A MILITARY DOG.—The Dutch papers announce the death of Nestor, a dog, who has followed the fifth division of infantry, now in garrison at Maestriet, in all their marches since 1827. He was with the regiment in their last campaign, and at the siege of Antwerp lost a claw by a shot from a howitzer. Returned to Maestricht, he spent there the last twenty years of his life, and died in his twenty-fourth year. He was solemnly interred under the wall of the fortress

THE best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT IN FIRE ARMS.

We had an opportunity on yesterday, of inspecting the self-loading rifle, recently invented and patented by Col. P. W. Porter, of Tennessee. Our attention had been drawn to this subject some weeks since by observing the proceedings of the Tennessee legislature, in which this fire-arm was spoken of in the strongest terms of commendation, and in which the governor of the State was instructed to call for the use of this arm for the use of the militia of Tennessee, instead of the musket. After examining the gun for ourselves, we have arrived at the same conclusion of the members of the Tennessee Legislature and the prominent military men of that State. We regard it as the most important improvement made in small arms for years and one of which the government ought to avail itself.

The rifle is used either as a revolver or a self loader. As a revolver, it fires eight times in succession, and may be immediately converted into a self-loader, when it fires from thirty to sixty times in succession, according to the size of the magazine used.—As a revolver, it can be discharged sixteen times in half a minute; and as a self-loader, from thirty to fifty times in a minute. It is a beautiful gun, and is light, and easily handled. The principle may be applied to the shot gun and pistol, and we are informed by Col Porter that he is having finished one of each, which will be exhibited in a short time. The rifle shoots with as much accuracy as the ordinary rifle, and with greatly more force; whilst it can be used with efficacy in any kind of weather.

Col. Porter is having his rifles manufactured at Taunton and Worcester, in Massachusetts. Both these manufactories are extensively prepared for this business.—*Washington Union.*

A SINGULAR DREAM.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each one tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipation.

One morning after returning from the annual festival, Mr. Archbald B., having retired to bed he dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and he was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered with trees, and forming part of the city—when a stranger whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, while he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who plunged his spurs into his horse attempted to fly but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth as he expected, he found himself still falling, falling—falling still, as if sinking in the bowels of the earth.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger, and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound 'to hell! to hell! to hell!'

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze! but instead of the cries, the groans, and lamentations which the terrified traveler expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, was a scene! No amusement, employment, or pursuit of man on earth but there was being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swarm through the maze of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the goaded race! There, over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song or maudeling blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead, and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D——, whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requested her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But, with the cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil at on those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever burning flame. These they said, were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom. In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but, as he quitted him, he said, "Remember, in a year and a day we meet again."

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, then they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again; and resumed his former course of life; and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table, when the president rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary." &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts, till, in the gloom of a winter's morning he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards, his horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road side, about half way between the city and B's house, whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

This is a true story and no fiction; the circumstances happened as here related.—An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were brought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative was printed.—*Mrs. Crow's Nightside of Nature.*

THE PRINTERS AHEAD.

At the printer's Festival, given last week in the city of Boston, Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post*, in responding to a toast, alluded to the honesty and good character of practical printers. He said he esteemed it an honor at all times to appear as the representative of the Press, but he felt it more highly when called to be its representative among a company of Printers. He might state a reason why he made that distinction.

Some six or seven years ago he had the honor of being the inspector of Prisons, and he visited Sing Sing more than once. It was part of his duty to observe the interesting features of the interior of that institution and to notice their difference from the features of the exterior world. There were nine hundred prisoners there of every nation age and sex, as well as of every color. He found represented there every grade of character, calling and pursuit, with one exception. There were tradesmen, mechanics, doctors, ministers, all represented, but he never knew a practical printer to be an inmate of the State Prison, nor had one been known for a quarter of a century previous. That was a very creditable fact, and he would conclude by proposing—

"The memory of that honorable calling which was unrepresented in the State Prison."—Cheers.

TIME AND ETERNITY.—We step the earth—we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived—and knew but a small portion.—They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust.—And so to teach us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, or an hour shall seem long. As we grow older the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

THE amount of freight received from the east is now very large. The agents of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, Covode and Graham, yesterday received fifty wagon loads, one of which contained probably the greatest weight ever brought to Pittsburgh in one wagon—viz: 11,871 pounds.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

TO CLEAR a well of foul air, put a quart or two of unslacked lime in a bucket and before lowering it into the well, pour a sufficient quantity of water on the lime to slack it; then let it down to the water but not so as to go into it. In a few minutes the well will be cleared of foul air, the slacking lime either taking up the noxious air or forcing it out of the well.

DUTCH DANCING IN OLDEN TIMES.

An antiquarian correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine, has contributed a reminiscence of by gone days, which shows that the polka was not unknown among the early Dutch settlers of the Jerseys, although its concomitants of dress, as well as the 'poetry of motion,' have been somewhat etherialized since the days of 'Old Diedrich.' The correspondent of the Knickerbocker says:

"All the girls in the neighborhood came in wagons late in the afternoon, each accompanied by an old Dutch negro, to 'take care of the horses and young missus.' The boys arrived rather later, and found the girls seated close together on one side of the room, and each a blaze of gaudy colors!—Could chromatography have been known in those days! Red boddices with sky blue skirts, and green ribbons around the waist; artificial roses in their hair as large as the one that used to surmount the haggis at Mistress Nicholson's on a Burn's festival, and cheeks as red almost as the boddice; blood-red cornelian beads around the neck, and occasionally pea green gloves! The boys wore their hats with a new pipe in the hat-band, and nails in their shoes, which had a pyrotechnic effect when brought in collision with the sand on the floor.—I really believe that some of these nails, must have been made of steel, for they made the fire fly tremendously, about the time they took off their coats to dance in earnest.

After the boys had gio slings all around, and offered the last gill in each glass, with an extra dose of nutmeg, to some favorite girl, the dancing began. The first boy that threw a sixpence in the fiddler's hat was entitled to the first partner. He usually selected her by a wink; but such a wink!—All the upper part of his body winked, hat included; and after putting the end of her finger into her mouth, and throwing her head a little on one side, to show a proper degree of coyness, up rose the fair partner; and her father's best negro, usually crouched in the corner of the fire place, would sometimes call out: "Dat's my young missus; can't she dance, dough?" And so she would; for with a shuffling step, both she and her partner seemed intent on tiring each other out. When the parties became really fagged, off went the boy's coat, and then the nails in his shoes were brought to bear on a fresh handful of white sand thrown on the floor for his especial benefit.

FORMATION OF HABITS.

Success in life depends in a great measure on the early formation of our habits. Whether our grand object be wealth or fame, or that nobler one, exalted virtue, we must shape our habits to that object or we fail.—What enabled Franklin to obtain the highest honors of philosophic fame; to stand, as he expesses it, "before kings," and what is better, to live in the memory of his countrymen? The early formation of good habits. The persual of his auto-bigraphy, which no young man should omit, will show what those habits were. What made Girard the richest citizen of our country, and the benefactor of his race? The formation of early habits of frugality, disinterestedness and self-denial.—Such habits are not formed in a day, nor will they result from a few faint resolutions.—They are the result of continued effort.

A TAR growing sick of his business, deserted his ship and went into the country and hired himself out to a farmer. He was immediately set to plowing, with a yoke of oxen and an old mare, called Jin.

The sailor being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, sheets, and bow lines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stays, by turning the yoke, threw Jin and the oxen all down in a heap together.

Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked, "What is the matter?"

"Matter! matter enough," by conscience, replied Jack, "The larboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jin has got foul in the rigging, and they are all going to the bottom stern formost."

ICING FOR CAKES.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a high froth; then add a quarter of a pound of ground or powdered sugar; beat it well till it will lie in a heap; flavor with lemon or rose. This will frost the top of a common sized cake. Place what will be sufficient on the top of the cake, then dip a broad-bladed knife in cold water and spread the ice evenly over the whole surface.

BREAD WITHOUT CRUST.—When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to "rise," take a small portion of clean lard, warm it and rub it lightly over the loaves. The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout; this is not guess work.

I PITY the unbeliever. He sees nothing above, around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of omnipotence, and while gazing upon the dazzling throne of the Eternal, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and DENIES THERE IS A GOD.—*Chalmers.*

FRAUD IN GOLD PIECES.—It is stated that a number of ten and twenty dollar gold pieces are in circulation at Pittsburg, having holes first bored through them, and then so nicely filled up as to render detection very difficult.