# SUNBURY

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.



# AMERICAN

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Dewspaper-Devoted to Politics, Afterature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES VOL. 5. NO. 8

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1859.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 34

### TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday TWO DOLLARS per amount to be paid bull yearly advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages a paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to
the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address, \$5.00

Seven D+ Do 10.00

Firecan Do Do 20.00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American. One Sounte of 16 lines, 3 times, One Square, 3 months, One Square, 3 months,
Six months,
One year,
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,
Merchants and others, advertising by the
year, with the privilege of inserting
different advertisements weekly.

Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-

thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. Refer to: P. & A. Royoudt, Lower & Barron, Philad Somers & Snodgrass

Reynolds, McFarland & Co.,

Spering, Good & Co.,

JAMES J. NAILLE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. SUNBURY, PA.

WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all professional business, in Northumberland and Union counties. He is familiar with the German language. OFFICE :- Opposite the "Lawrence House,

a few doors from the Court House. Sunbary, Aug. 16, 1851,-1y. HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD

TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP .- Wood Turning in all its branches. in city style and at city prices. Every variety of Cabinet and Carpenter work either on hand o turned to order.

Bed Posts, Balusters, Rosetts, Slat and Quarter Mouldings, Table Legs, Newell Posts, Patterns, Awning Posts, Wagon Hubs, Columns, and or Octagon Chisel Handles, &c. This shop is in STRAWBERRY ALLEY, near Third Street, and as we intend to

done, it is hoped that all the trade wil' give us a Ten-Pins and Ten-Pin Balls made to or

der or returned.

The attention of Cabinet Makers and Carpen ters is called to our new style of TWIST MOULDINGS. Printer's Rights at \$1 per 100 W. O. HICKOK. February 7, 1852 .-- 1y.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS Nos. 31 & 33 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscribers would call the attention buyers to their stock of Hardware, consisting of Table and Pocket Knives, Guns, Chains, Locks, Holloware, &c., &c. We would recom

Endless Chain Pumps, new article now getting into general use which we can furnish complete at about one half the price paid for the old style Pumps, also a new aricle of Janus Face Door Locks, each Lock suited either for right or left hand doors. with mineral or white knobs.

Our stock of Guns is large and well selected, comprising single and double barrels, English and German make. All goods can be returned chants would do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.
Wheelwrights and carriage makers supplied with goods suited to their business, by calling on W. H. & G. W. ALLEN,

Nos. 31 & 33 Market Street, Philadelphia. February, 21, 1852 .- 6mo.

WM. McCARTY, Bookseller, BROADWAY, SUNBURY, PA. HAS just received and for sale, Purdons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of

So I, price only \$6,00.

Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commer taries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10,00. and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low

1851, price only \$6,00.

A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania re specting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$4,00. Kossuth and the Hungarian war : comprising complete history of the late struggle for freedom

of that country, with notices of the leading chiefs and statesmen, who distinguished themselves in council and in the field, containing 288 pages of interesting matter with authentic portraits,

Kossuth's address to the people of the United
States, with a portrait, printed on broadcast, and put on rollers after the manner of maps, price only 50 cents. Washington's farewell address,

uniform style with the above. February, 21, 1852,-tt.

SPRING MILLINERY GOODS JOHN STONE & SONS.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS, No. 45 South Second Street, Philadelphia A RE now prepared to offer to their customers and the trade a large and well selected as-

ortment of iks, Ribbons & Millinery Goods, Confining themselves exclusively to this branch of the trade, and Importing the larger part of heir stock, enables them to offer an assortment insurpassed in extent and variety, which will be old at the lowest prices and on the most favor-

March 13, 1852 .- 2mo. Alden's Condensed Reports of Penna. UST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the Second Valums of Alden's Conensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the st three volumes of Yeates' Reports, and two st volumes of Bioney's Reports. The first vol-me of Alden, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 vol-mes; and Yeates' Reports, volume 1, is also on and, and for sale. The above two volumes are suplete within themselves, and contain all of slias' Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yeates' sports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes Binney's Reports. The third volume is ready

d will be put to press immediately. H. B. MASSER, Agent. Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851 .-

coming Mutual Insurance Company R. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumber-Icounty, and is at all times ready to effect stances against fire on real or personal proy, or renewing policies for the same.

(K.—Boureau's celebrated ink, and also Con-gres ink for sale, wholesale and retail by December 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

## SELECT POETRY.

A COURTING SONG.

BY MISS LISLIE.

\$500 The parlors both are occupied, and every other spot, By couples who a-courting seem-and yet perhaps they're not; There's some that court on taborets, placed lovingly together,

And lovingly they whisper low of fashion or Some court within the outer porch, and some upon the stairs.

1000 And many court on ottomans, and very few

ing done, No matter whether on it shines the gas light or the sun; nd so desirous are they still the state of

The more that visitors come in, the more they will not move; But there they sit and persevere, in spite of hint and glance, And people that on business come, have very

things to prove,

little chance. And some court at the checker-board while others court at chess, Though chess-players cannot be in love so

much as they profess.)
There are some that at backgammon court, half hid behind a column, And some would even court at whist, were not the game so solemo.

There are some that promenade, as never meant to stop, And some that think it policy to institute a hop.

This courting of the young folks is a pretty sight to see, But the courting of the married ones had better never be; Success to all whose hearts are fixed on ob-

jects right and true; We wish, with them, that they could make a shorter courtship do; I'm always glad when any friend invites me out to tea-

For its's very dull to stay at home, with no one courting me.

### A Select Cale.

PIERRE PITOIS, THE DESERTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PRENCH.

then quartered in Strasburg. He was a na- execution of Pierre should be delayed. him as "a tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation ged his shoulders and made no reply. of liking but two things in the world-the smell of powder and the whistling of bul-

which he applied for leave of absence to which the condemned was tranquilly gerously ill. He added that his father beng seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not if not found to be as represented. Country mer- be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should

> be restored. Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight then ?" elapsed; and then a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last bless-

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's Cap- for a man about to die that thee has not a I saw a little blue flower-Forget me not. received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as

the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow." "Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place may I ask you?" said

"For Austria replied the officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow. Pierre Pitois made no reply ; he seemed

lost in deep thought. The Captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily he said: "Why do you not speak, man? Are

than a week, you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good name-I have never said it my heartnews; nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart, for your news, which I consider very

"I thought you would," said the officer. "But, Captain, is there no chance of obaining the leave of absence ?" "Are you mad ?" was the reply. "Leave

d absence the very day before taking the "I never thought of that," said Pierre.

We are on the point of taking the field. and at such a time I suppose leave is never given ? "It is never even asked."

"It is quite right-it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more: I will try and get on without it." | dearly." "And you will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany and the next-Pierre Pitois

regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was maerre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back | not laugh at me !"

to his corps by a brigade of gens d'armes. A court martial is immediately called .-Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted | pathy." at that very moment when his regiment court presented a singular spectacle. On

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest censure from your officers; you could not sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend And openly, without disguise, is all this court- gladly have it in its power-if not to acther to do or to desire-at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy." On the other side stood the accused, who Pose."

answered : "I have deserted without any reason, without any motive : if it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve deathpass sentence."

And then came some witnesses who de-"Pierre Pitois is a deserter. We know

it is a fact, but we do not believe it." And others averred-"Pierre Pitois is mad: the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced, then, not to death, but to the lunatic

asylum." This alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the deser- away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" tion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singu- Go, now, and if thou love thy mother, do lar occurrences beyond the range of human thy duty.' Oh! how precious those holy admit as a fact, no one can account for, or thy duty,' she said. Now, the duty of a comprehend. The accused, however, plead- soldier was always, and in all things, to ed guilty most positively, and was most obey; and in all things and always, I obeypertinacious in his demand for the just pen- ed. It was to go straight forward-to face alty of the law to be inflicted on him. He danger without hesitation, without second so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, thought. Those who saw me thus, as it continually repeating that he did not regret were to seek to meet the bullets, said, it, that at length his firmness assumed the 'There is a brave fellow!' They might character of a bravado, and left no room for have better said there is a man who loves clemency. Sentence of death was there- his mother!

fore pronounced.

given him to press for pardon. He shrug-

was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned to and see his aged mother, who was dan- sleeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him. Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about

nim, said: "The hour, then, is at last

"No. Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come." "And what do you want with me until

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre? thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre. "Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy weetheart?-to thy sister ?" "A sweetheart? a sister? I never had

"To thy father?" "He is no more. Two years ago he died n my arms."

"Thy mother, then ?" "My mother !"-and Pierre, whose voice uddenly and totally changed, repeated-"my mother! Ah, comrade do not utter that name, for I have never heard that without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks, if I were to speak

"What then ?" "The tears would come-and tears would not become a man. ———. Tears!" con-tinued he—"tears when I have but a few hours to live! Ah! there would not be

nuch courage in that !" "Thou art too stern, comrade, I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I to speak of

my mother." "Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?" "When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me much; and 1, too, love her

"She loves you? and you love her?-Oh! then I may, indeed, tell you all. My heart is full-it must have vent; and, however strange my feelings appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then; for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour king its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pi- out his own. Will you listen to me and mother! Love her as thou didst thy first- people, including the Sheriff and Grand Jury, likely; I was fifteen years a Colonel in the

man must ever excite compassionate sym- ed him till he was out of sight.

was to meet the enemy face to face. The into this world, I never loved but one be- field of Waterloo. ing-that being was my mother. But her the one side stood forth the accuser, who I loved as none loved - with all that was in | shout in his death pangs : me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine ; men in the army; you on whose breast I guessed her thoughts and she knew mine the star of honor yet glitters; you, who She was the heart of my heart, and I the never incurred either punishment or even heart of hers. I have never had either have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some I was summoned to take up arms; and powerful motive to impel you! This mo- when they told me I must leave her, in a tive the court demands of you : for it would | paroxysm of despair I declared they might drag me limb from limb, but never should quit you, which it ought not, perhaps, ei- they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole pur-

"'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go-it is my wish-"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will

go, mother.' "Pierre,' she adeed, thou hast been good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee-obey! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own; it is thy country's. If its interest demand it, lay it down cheerfully. It it be the will of God that thou should'st die pefore me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears; but ssibilities, which every one is forced to words! I have never forgotten them. 'Do

"One day later brought me the tidings Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read she was ill-my own poor mother! I longwith the utmost unflinching gaze. They ed to go to her. I asked for leave of abwarmly urged him to plead for mercy, but sence; it was not granted. I remembered he refused. As every one guessed that at ber last words-if thou love thy mother, geant in the 12th regiment of the line, strange mystery, it was determined that the latter I heard that she was dead. Oh! then answer.) my senses forsook me; at any risk I detertive of that half-savage, half-civilized part He was carried back to the military pris- mined to travel to the country. Whence of Burgundy, known under the name of on, and it was announced to him that, as a preceded so ardent, so impetuous a desire Morvan; and his comrades ever spoke of mark of special favor, he had three days to see once more a place where my mother had just died? I will tell you: and as you have a mother, and as she loves you, and as In the middle of that night on which you love her, you will understand me.

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple How lovely "mashed" they does repose, and confiding race. We have not recieved Now, one day our friend took it into his softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer the instruction, nor attained the knowledge Roasted! what incense thrills the nose, ead to address a letter to his Colonel, in advanced to the side of the camp-bed in that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the townfolks call superstitions. What matters the name? they superstitions or beliefs, we have them. and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief how dear how sweet! With it, matter-I know the well. I saw thee at death has no terrors-for death, without Austerlitz-and bravely didst thou bear forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had sleep, but calm repose after a long toil .ing to her only child, and in which he for thee a regard no less warm than sin- That flower-I panted to see it bud-I again solicited leave of absence, saying cere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Stras- panted to gather it! I abandoned my post that "he could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret"—but ear- tion. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who long and weary march, I reached my monestly imploring the Colonel not to deny is a relation of mine, to allow me to see ther's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh His companion saw it, and said : thee. And now that I have come, I would -no flower appeared. I waited. Six say to thee Pierre, it is often a sad thought weeks elapsed and then one lovely morning tain merely said-"Pierre, the Colonel has friend near him to whom he might open As I plucked it, I shed glad tears, for mehis heart, and intrust with some sacred com- thought that little flower was my mother's mission to discharge when he should be no soul; that she had felt that I was near, and more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to that under the form of that flower had given herself, to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in "Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?" the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge-do thy duty! I sought the gens d'armes, and I said

I am a deserter-arrest me.' . . . . . . And now I am to die: and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life, I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my smaller in size; and two boquets, of the size heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken-oh! I should not have the courage to die. . . . . . . Say, do you promise to do what I ask of

"I promise," said the officer,

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted. The next day had dawned. They arrived at the place of execution; and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmer that ran through the ranks. changed into almost deafening shouts-

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live he Emperor !" He appeared, dismounted from his horse and then, with his short, quick step, he walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him "Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not thine own." He then turned to depart, under him. Schars.

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying and greeting shouts of admiring love follow-Some years after this, a Captain of the

"You must not know that since I came | Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the | Amid the din of battle, he was heard to "Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! My mother!"

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

"It was Pierre Pitois!

and he hates quackery.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has re commended him to take a little. Mr. B. because his doctor orders him not,

Mr. C. takes a drop because he is wet Mr. D. because he's dry. Mr. E. because he feels something rising bis stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking his stomach Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend

off to Oregon. Mr. H. because he's got a friend come

home from California. Mr. I. because he's so but

Mr. K. because he's so cold. Mr. L. because he's got a pain in

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in Mr. N because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miser-

Mr. T. because he isn't. Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends

Mr. W. because he's got no friends and njoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a leg-Mr. Y. because his aunt out him off with-

out a shilling. Mr. Z. (we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was ser- the bottom of this affair there was some do thy duty.' I submitted. A little while him, he was found to be too drunk to

MACHINE POETRY.

BY A. F. BANKS.

Without thee, mutton dryly goes, Potatoes !

Potatoes Whether in "jackets boiled," or cut in slice. And shoved in frying pan and "done up or cooked (they can be in a hundred ways,)

To tempt the enraptured palate, glad the gaze, They is the very leveliest fruit I knows. Fate grant I find when heavenward I goes.

IRISH WIT .- A couple of Irishmen, who had not been long in this country, met at an inn and called for dinner. As it so happened, there was a dish of horse raddish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon put a large spoonful into his mouth The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Pat, what is the matter !! 'I was thinking of my poor father that was hanged in swate Ireland, answered

But Jemmy soen filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes

also, Pat says : What's the matter-what has happened

'Ah!' says Jemmy, 'I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was,"

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN has given to the mage of Our Lady of Atocha an imperial crown of tine gold set with diamonds and Brazilian topages, the whole worth \$750,000; to the image of the Saviour, at the same shrine, a similar crown, though of course of a man's hand, of pure diamonds. For these things, the Queen paid the jeweller Lovia the enormous sum of \$1,500,000. The statues have been adorned with them and placed on an altar where the public can see them; four soldiers constantly keep guard before the shrine.

ETIQUETTE.-The National Intelligencer has resumed its hints on etiquette, and the Telegraph makes the following deductions : A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his subject is beneath your notice.

A visit must be returned in like man even though no intimacy is intended. A smiling countenance is pleasant, but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to sup-

pose himself derided by it.

Whispering in company is always offensive, and often for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subjects of it. A Dutchman, who had a brother hung in

this country, wrote to his relatives, informing them that his brother had been placed in a public situation by this government, and to me, but to France! She too, is a kind at the time of his death had several thousand ty very large, innocently replied, "Very

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING.

A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road knowledge in the minutest detail. All mat- years of age, to pester the old lady, and ters in the perspective were anticipated, dis- hear her scold, would occasionally speak cussed and arranged, and satisfactorily dis- rather lightly of Mr. N-, her minister. posed of by Caleb long before they took | Happening in at the house of Mrs. Hplace. If a neighbor rushed into a store to one day, the old lady began, as usual, to recent piece of news, he would have the rather too hard, after hearing her through, conceit taken out of him by being told by said: Caleb that he "had heard it a week ago." --Events of the past, present, and future, were preach as well," all the same to him; his ubiquitous know-

they were all 'stale news." A small bet was made one evening, be- see if I can't preach." tween Si Stevens and Joe Stubbins. Si bet that Joe couldn't nonplus Caleb with any ble, said Mr. H-, "if you do, you may piece of intelligence, real or imaginary .- take any text you please." lowing evening, Si and Joe, accompanied by is without a price-ain't that in your two or three more of the "boys" of the vil- bible ?" lage, who were to "help the thing along," and "fill in," proceeded to Caleb's store .there, on barrels, boxes, &c., Si opened the a price." evening's amusements by asking, in a manner, that indicated he was continuing a con- Aaron, and, after dividing the subject versation commenced before they entered into two or three heads, commenced as

"So you say, Joe, that they caught him ast night ?"

"Yes sir, about seventeen minutes past ight." "Well, Joe, how far up the creek is it ?"

a quarter, or perhaps a half up the said none-" creek." Caleb, who had not lost a word of the seized the broomconversation, dropped his sugar scoop with "Aaron," said she, "you are an impudent astonishment, and opened his ears, for the brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt boys were talking about a matter in which you with the broom handle." he was not "posted up." The conversation

continued: "Well," says Si, "that couldn't been far from Deacon Hunt's ?"

"Jest so," answered Joe, "it was about eighty rods from Deacon Hunt's hog pen, in Aaron now started for home, saying to a slanchwise direction." as solid as two gravestones; "I hearn tell soon,"-and, as it proved, he was not mistathat they got well nigh upon sixty bar'ls ken in his prediction.

The wags observed that Caleb was getting exceedingly uneasy, and then "piled it "Well, Silas, the insect was about eighty

wo feet long, and twenty-eight feet, odd inches, broad, and very thick in propor-

"I thought, Joe, that there was two on

"That's a fact, there was a pair of 'em, but they only caught the he one.' At this point in the dialogue, Caleb became so desperately excited that he could ontain himself no longer, and snappishly

demanded to know "what'n thunder they were talking about ?" "Why," said Joe, with well-feigned astonhment, "don't you know about their catch.

ing that are-"

"Why, that are whale !" seriously answered Joe Stebbins. "A whale !" exclaimed the bewildered Caleb, "have they caught a whale up the

creek !?? 'They haven't caught anything else,' said the imperturbable Joe. "And how much ile did they get ?" innired Caleb, as he recovered his wits.

"Ninety-two bar'ls," replied, Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously men-"Well," said Caleb, with slow deliberation, and a satisfied look, "I am glad they borrow one,"

caught the whale, for I heard they were arter

Joe paid the bet .- Boston Carpet Bag. TAILORS DEFENDED .- A tailor possesses

1st. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth. 2d. As a gardener, he is careful of cab-

4th. As a play-actor he often brandishes a bare bodkin. 5th. As a lawyer he attends many suits 6th. As an executioner, he provides sus-

3d. As a sailor, he sheers off, whenever it

enders and gallowses for many persons. 7th. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose. 8th. As a sheriff's officer, he does much sponging.

9th. As a rational and scriptural divine

his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of himself. Mother, I would not be surprised if our Susan gets choked some day " "Why, my son ?" "Because her beau twisted his arms around her neck, and if she had not kissed

her the other night." A militia officer being told lately by a phrenologist that he had the organ of locali-'local militia." ))

him to let her go, he would have strangled

A SERMON THAT DID NOT SUIT. Mrs. H- was a very religious woman, and perhaps came as near worshipping Mr. near Woodchnek Creek, Scragg Hollow, in N-, her favorite minister, as some of our the village of Hornville. No occurrence had big bugs do Kossuth, the Hungarian ; but be ever taken place, of all the particulars of that as it may, she was continually hammerwhich Caleb did not possess a thorough ing Aaron, a shrewd lad of some sixteen

communicate what he believed to be a very chastise him, and Aaron, thinking she put on

"I am as good as Mr. N-, and can

"Preach !" said the old lady, "you don't ledge grasped and covered them all-to him know one single word in the bible." "Well, give me a text," said Aaron, "and

"You don't know anything about the bi-Joe "took all such bets as that." The fol- "Well, " said Aaron, "a virtuous woman

"Yes," said Mrs. H-, "and it shows that women are better than men, for the bi-After being comfortably seated here and ble don't say that a virtuous man is without "Well, we will see about that," said

follows: "The scarcity of an article, in all cases, governs the price, but when an article cannot be found, it cannot be had at any price, and for that reason it is 'without a price.'-Now, if there were any virtuous women, "On a careful consideration, I should say there would be a price and a high one, too,

was about three miles, or three miles and by reason of the scarcity, but as there is At this stage of the discourse, the old lady

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence "they are without price," as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable

himself as he went along, "I guess the old "Did you hear, Joe," asked Si, with a face woman will not chastise me again very

> THE following prophecy is from a rare old printed book : When Legislators hold invade The laws which they themselves have made; When the parson 'gainst the Bible preaches,

And modest virgins wear the breeches: When women scorn domestic cares And bold intrude on men's affairs, Aspiring with mistaken pride The warshorse of the world to ride Then will wild chaos come again, And Eve with her old serpent reign, A second time will pay the price Of wit, lost by Paradise The world, tail foremost, will advance, Like freedom in degenerate France;

By going backwards will come right, And men grow blind by too much light. Is AN UMBRELLA PROPERTY !-- Ponch told the story some years ago, of a man who loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman "That are what?" peevishly snarled in the street, on a wet, nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet, disagreeable day, he called tor it, but found his friend at the door going out with it in his

"I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed

"Can't help that," exclaimed the borrow er, "don't you see that I am just going out "Well-yes,"-replied the lender, aston-

ished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but-but -but what am I to do ?" "Do ?" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off ; "do ? Do as ! did,

Assignability of Land Warrants .- In his interpretation of the act of Congress of 28th September, 1850, authorizing the issue of non-assignable bounty land warrants, the he qualities of nine men combined in one, Hon, A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, as will be seen by the following observa- decided that the soldier, after locating his warrant, could not make a valid title to the land so located, until after the issue of the patent. The question has been submitted to the Hon. Rufus Choate, whose view is, that the conveyance may be made after the issue of the warrant, and before the issue of the patent. The phrase in the law "prior to the issue" having reference to the warrant, and

not to the patent. TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE, -- On Tuesday, a train of cars, numbering forty-four, passed through Carlisle, freighted with 209 head of cattle, consigned to S. H. Baker, of Philadelphia, by S. M. Baker, of Ohio. The entire train was drawn by the locomotive 'Tiger," and contained an aggregate weight exclusive of cars, of 251,300 pounds-being an average of 1202 to each steer. This train will be kept employed by Mr. Baker for several weeks yet.

Eveny woman was made for a mother, consequently babies are as necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If you wish to take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother."

Dr. Young says that man and wife are like soul and body; always at variance and yet loth to part.