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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Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—1y.

J. STEWART DEFUY.

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AT 223 North 2d street, above Wood, (Burnt District) Philadelphia, would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public in general, to his large and well selected stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Window Shades, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

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April 10, 1852.—6m.

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☞ This shop is in STRAWBERRY ALLEY, near Third Street, and we we intend to please all our customers who want good work done, it is hoped that all the trade will give us a call.

☞ Ten-Pins and Ten-Pin Balls made to order or returned.

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W. O. HICKOK.

February 7, 1852.—1y.

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

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

Endless Chain Pumps,

a 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 article of **Janus Face Door Locks**, each Lock suited either for right or left hand doors, with mineral or white knobs.

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W. H. & G. W. ALLEN,
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February, 21, 1852.—6mo.

WM. McCARTY, Bookseller,
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HAS just received and for sale, Purdons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only $6.00.

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Kossuth's address to the people of the United States, with a portrait, printed on broadcloth 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.—tf.

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.—

WANTED TO BORROW

TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in two sums of six hundred dollars each, for which good free-hold security will be given. Address H. W.

Sunbury, Feb. 28, 1852.—tf.

INK—Bouveau's celebrated ink, and also Congres ink for sale, wholesale and retail by

December 28, 1850. H B MASSER.

From the London Weekly Times, of May 23, 1852.

HORRIBLE FATE OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.

Her Majesty's ship Portland,
Valparaiso, February 21, 1852.

Sir,—Enclosed is Captain Morshead's report of the death by starvation of Commander A. Gardiner and the whole of the party sent out by the Patagonian Society in September, 1850, to Picton Island, the southern extremity of America.

Their lordships will deeply deplore the fate of these devoted missionaries; but this lesson of experience will have its effect.—The earnest application of sanguine minds for the propagation of Christianity must, in a climate like Cape Horn, first consider the locality where existence can be insured. I have desired Capt. Morshead to carefully pack the remnants that he has collected, and they will be forwarded to the Admiralty by the Daphne. Such as can be transmitted by the mail are sent herewith.

I have, &c.,
Fairfax Moresby, Rear-Admiral
and Commander-in-Chief.

The Secretary of the Admiralty.

Her Majesty's ship Dido, at sea, lat. 65.58 S., long. 66.0 W., Jan. 22, 1852, Cape Horn West 30 miles.

Sir,—In compliance with orders from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated October 25, 1851, directing me to ascertain the fate of Captain Gardiner and his missionary party in Tierra del Fuego, on my way to the Atlantic, it is my melancholy duty to report, for their lordships' information, that the whole party have perished by starvation.

Having received information from the Rev. G. P. Despard, of Redland, Bristol, honorary secretary to the Patagonian Missionary Society, I learnt that the party, consisting of Capt. Allen Gardiner, R. N., superintendent; Mr. Maidment, catechist; John Erwin, carpenter; John Badcock, John Bryant, and John Pearce, Cornish fishermen, left England in September, 1850, in the bark Ocean Queen; also learnt that stores had been forwarded to them in June last *via* the Falkland Islands; and should the party be unable to maintain their position at Picton Island, Beagle Channel, being provided with partially-decked launches, that they would fall back on Staten Island. Having called at the Falkland Islands, and embarked these stores, consisting of thirty casks, cases, &c., I sailed thence on the 6th of January, 1852, and stood along the north coast of Staten Island with large ensigns flying at the mast-heads to attract attention, and fired shotted guns into the mouths of St. John's Harbor, Cook's Harbor, and New Year's Harbor, and, observed a flag-staff erected with a flag on it in New Year's Island, I came to anchor under it at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, the 11th of January. The next morning, January the 12th, I sent Lieutenant Gaussen in the cutter to ascertain the cause, and went myself at the same time into New Year's Harbor, and found a ship's long-boat lying hauled up on the beach, with "Aladin Aperirade" on her stern. She was fitted with oars cut from trees on the spot. By a tally on the beach, I found the schooner J. E. Davidson, of New York, W. H. Smyly master, had called here on the 16th of October, 1851, on her way to Picton Island, to relieve the missioners. I returned to the ship at the same time as Lieutenant Gaussen, who reported that pieces of wreck were on the island, but, excepting the flag which he brought on board, there were no indications of how or where any vessel could have been lost. It blew a perfect hurricane that night off the land; and, being unable to heave the ship up to her anchor, I fully expected to be blown off with the anchor and cable; but the ship held on with ninety fathoms of chain in twenty-two fathoms of water.

I sailed the next day, but could not attempt the Straits of Le Maire, as it still blew fresh from the southward. Having passed Cape St. John, I stood along the south coast of Staten Island, and got a good view of Port Vancouver, the only harbour on the South side of Staten Island, and seeing no signs of the party being there, I made direct for Picton Island till the 17th when the weather proving very thick and hazy, with squalling baffling winds, I was compelled to bear up, and stood along the east and south coast of New Island, getting a good view of Richmondroads. I endeavored to beat up to Picton Island through Goree-roads, and got well up, so as to open the Beagle Channel, when the wind failing, and a current setting to the southward, I bore up and anchored in Goree-roads for the night.

The next day, Jan. 18, it blew a heavy gale from the southward, but the ship rode well with two anchors ahead and 100 fathoms of chain.

Jan. 19.—The wind having moderated in the night and shifted to the northward I weighed at four in the morning, and beat up through Goree-roads and stood along the south-west coast of Picton Island, passing Cape Maria, beat up the north-east coast of the island. The wind again failing light, it was late before we could tow the ship to her berth in a cove formed by an inlet on the coast, called by Captain Gardiner "Banner Cove," and the scene of his early troubles.

The following day, Jan. 20, was devoted to scouring the coast and the adjacent islet; and after many hours of fruitless search, without a sign of the party, and when on the point of giving them up, some writing was seen on a rock across a river, which we instantly made for, and found written, "Go to Spaniard Harbor." On another rock adjoining we read—"You will find us in Spaniard Harbor." On a third piece of rock we read, "Dig below," which we instantly did, but found only a bottle, without any paper or directions. On searching one of the numerous wigwams in the neighborhood we read on one of their poles, "A bottle under this pole," but we could not find it, although we sent for shovels and crowbars, and dug deep and carefully for it; but it was evident, from some fragments of stores found on the spot, that the mission had rested here.

Accordingly, the next morning, Jan. 21, I sailed early for Spanish Harbor, and entered it on the same evening at seven o'clock. Our notice was first attracted by a boat lying on the beach about one mile and a half inside of Cape Kinnaird; it was blowing very fresh from the south, and the ship rode uneasily at her anchor. I instantly sent Lieutenant Pigott and Mr. Roberts, the master, to reconnoitre and return immediately, as I was anxious to get the ship to sea again in safety for the night they returned shortly, bringing some books and papers, having discovered the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment unburied.

From the papers found Mr. Maidment was dead on the 4th of September, and Captain Gardiner could not possibly have survived the 6th of September, 1851. On one of the papers found was legibly, but without a date, "If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbor, on the south side. Delay not, we are starving." At this sad intelligence it was impossible to leave that night, although the weather looked very threatening; neither the aneroid barometer nor sympiezometer being very unfavorable, I held on for the night.

I landed early the next morning (Jan. 22,) and visited the spot where Captain Gardiner and his comrade were lying, and then went to the head of the harbor with Lieut. Gausson, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Evan Evans, the surgeon. We found there the wreck of a boat, with part of her great stores, with quantities of clothing with the remains of two bodies, which I conclude to be Mr. Williams (surgeon) and John Pearce (Cornish fisherman,) as the papers clearly show the deaths and burial of all the rest of the mission party.

The two boats were thus about a mile and a half apart. Near the one were Captain Gardiner was lying was a large cavern, called by him "Pioneer Cavern," where they kept their stores and occasionally slept, and in that cavern Mr. Maidment's body was found.

Among Capt. Gardiner's papers, which I will notice presently, I extract the following:—"Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed till noon, and I have not seen him since." Again, on the 4th of September, alluding to Mr. Maidment, he writes,—"It was a merciful Providence he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body."—Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and, being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it. We were directed to the cavern by a hand painted on the rocks, with "Psalm xlii., v. 58," under it.

Their remains were collected together and buried close to this spot, and the funeral service read by Lieut. Underwood; a small inscription was placed on this rock, near his own tent; the colors of the boats and ships struck half-mast, and three volleys of musketry, were the only tribute of respect I could pay to this lofty-minded man and his devoted companions, who have perished in the cause of the Gospel for the want of timely supplies; and before noon the Dido was proceeding safely on her voyage.

In looking over the papers found in the cavern, I am enabled to trace out the wanderings and many of the sufferings which beset the party up to the time of their unhappy end. Some of the papers are on private affairs, unconnected with their position, and some on religious subjects, but I quote only from those which bear upon their fate.

Having arrived at Picton Island on the 5th of December, 1850, they landed and pitched their tents on the 6th, but were compelled to re-embark in consequence of the annoyance of the natives, until their boats could be got ready. Their boats were named the Pioneer and Speedwell; and they finally disembarked, and slept in them on December 18. The ship sailed the next day, and their troubles seem to have commenced.

Both boats immediately got under weigh for the opposite shore, on the south coast of Tierra-del-Fuego, to a place they have named Bloomfield Harbor, as the natives annoyed them; but before clearing the anchorage the Speedwell got on the rocks, lost her anchor, and injured her rudder; it appears to have been blowing fresh, as both boats swamped their dingies and lost them. The Pioneer reached Bloomfield harbor, but returned again the next day, and joined the Speedwell. Both boats then weighed for Bloomfield harbor, but on this occasion the Pioneer grounded, and the Speedwell having been out all night, rejoined her the next morning. On January 6, I find both boats in Lennox harbor, where they had gone to beach them and stop their leaks, but in tacking the Pioneer was thrown by a squall into a nest of rocks, and she was not afloat till the 17th of January. They left Lennox harbor on the 20th of January for Bloomfield harbor to refit their boats, but, finding the natives, there in great force, they bore up for Spaniard harbor, which they reached on the 24th of January.

Here they seemed to have experienced many vicissitudes from the surfs and storms till the 1st of February, when the Pioneer was driven on the rocks, her bow stove in, and irreparable. The party in this boat then took to a cavern, but finding it damp, and the tide washing into it, they hauled the wreck of the Pioneer higher up on the beach, and, covering her with a tent, they made a dormitory of her, the Speedwell being higher up at the mouth of a river, which they named Cook's river, after a lady and benefactress to the mission.

Feb. 18.—The tide rose higher than usual, and I find the following remark by Captain Gardiner:—"The box which contained my most valuable books and papers was floating about in the surf, and the beach strewn with its contents in all directions." By this unforseen accident I lost a reference Bible, my private journal, and some useful memorandums, chiefly on missionary subjects, which I have been collecting for years, also my rings, and a purse containing 8/. 8s. all the money I possessed, with the exception of 5d. in copper. All my warm clothing was washed away, but providentially, thrown up again by the tide in the course of two or three days."

Feb. 28.—Mr. Williams is unwell in the boat, and Captain Gardiner removes to a tent to make more room.

March 13.—This tent, named a hermitage by Captain Gardiner, is burnt down.—It appears that two casks of biscuits and and one of pork had been buried at Picton Island to disencumber the boats, and nourishing food being wanted, as Mr. Williams and J. Badcock had got the scurvy, they resolved to go to Picton Island for it, which they reach on the 23rd of March, intending to remain there till the expected vessel arrives from England with stores. Having got these provisions on board, and finding the natives still troublesome, they painted the notices on the rocks mentioned above, buried some bottles, and returned to Spaniard-harbor on the 29th of March.

In the beginning of April another of the party (J. Bryant) gets the scurvy, and the disease gaining on the others, they become enfeebled in consequence.

April 23.—They have provisions enough to last for two months, but some are very low; and, a fox pilfering from them, they kill him by putting a piece of pork opposite the muzzle of a gun attached by a string to the trigger; and, as they can only issue pork three times a week, they dine off this fox, and salt the remainder; altogether they appear to have been very frugal with their supplies. I find a notice of five large fish caught, and an account kept of the number of ducks shot, as their powder having been left on board the ship and a flask and a ball being all they have they kept it for emergencies.

May 12.—Is a note of the biscuit being short, and altogether as they have not supplies for more than three weeks, all (but the sick) go on short allowance.

May 19.—The preserved meat is out, and Mr. Williams appears to be failing.

May 22.—Set apart for special prayer on behalf of the sick, for supplies of food and the arrival of the expected vessel.—Frequent mention is made of the tide washing into the cavern, carrying away their stores, and endangering their sleeping boat, which they endeavored to counteract by building breakwaters of stones; but in the night the surf washes away their work of the day. On one occasion I find Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment have to escape from the cavern to save their lives, and, and taking refuge on a rock washed by the sea, they kneel down in prayer.

June 11.—J. Erwin and another of the party take the scurvy, and misfortune seems hovering around them. Their fishing net is swet away, and J. Badcock dies on the 28th of June, and is buried on a bank under the trees at Cook's River.—After performing the last offices they retire to their boat for prayers.

July 4.—Having been seven weeks on short allowance, and latterly even this having been curtailed the party are utterly helpless. Everything found in the shape of food is cooked and eaten—a penguin, a shag, a half devoured fish washed upon the shore, and even the salted fox, washed out of the cavern, is thrown up again on the beach, and used for food. Captain Gardiner writes:—"We have now remaining half a duck, about one pound of salt pork, the same quantity of damaged tea, a very little rice (a pint) two cakes of chocolate, four pints of peas, to which I may add six mice. The mention of this last item in our list of provisions may startle some of our friends, should it ever reach their ears, but, circumstanced as we are, we partake of them with a relish, and have already eaten several of them. They are very tender, and taste like rabbit."

July 22.—They are reduced to living on muscles, and feel the want of food, and sometimes the craving of hunger is distressing to them. Captain Gardiner writes,—"After living on muscles for a fortnight, I was compelled to give them up, and my food is now muscle broth and the soft part of limpets."

July 28.—Captain Gardiner writes of the party in the other boat,—"They are all extremely weak and helpless; even their garden seeds used for broth are now all out."

August 14.—Captain Gardiner takes to his bed, but a rock weed is discovered which they boil down to a jelly, and find nourishment from.

Aug. 24.—John Erwin dies.

Aug. 26.—J. Bryant dies, and Mr Maidment buries them both in one grave.

John Pearce, the remaining boatman, is cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind, but Mr. Williams is somewhat better.

Sept. 3.—Mr. Maidment has never recruited from that day of bodily and mental exertion. The remaining remarks I transcribe literally; they must speak for themselves.

Sept. 3.—Wishing if possible to spare him (Mr. Maidment) the trouble of attending on me, and for the mutual comfort of all I purposed, if practicable, to go to the river and take up my quarters in the boat. This was attempted on Saturday last, feeling that without crutches I could not possibly effect it. Mr. Maidment most kindly cut me a (two forked sticks,) but it was with no slight exertion and fatigue, in his weak state. We set out together, but soon found that I had not strength to proceed, and was obliged to return before reaching the brook on our own beach. Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed until noon, and I have not seen him since, consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body, or injoying the presence of the gracious God whom he has served so faithfully. I am writing this at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.—Blessed be my heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy—a comfortable bed—no pain, or even cravings of hunger; though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed—at least a very great exertion; but I am by His abounding grace kept in perfect grace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall see fit. Whether I live or die may it be in Him; I commend my body and my soul to His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings, comfort, guard, strengthen, and sanctify them wholly, that we may together in a brighter and eternal world praise and adore His goodness and grace in redeeming us with His precious blood, and plucking us as brands from the burning to bestow upon us the adoption of children, and make us inheritors of His Heavenly kingdom.—Amen.

Sept. 4.—There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow-laborer has ceased from his earthly toils, and joined the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Lord, whom he served so faithfully; under these circumstances, it was a merciful Providence that he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body. He left a little peppermint-water, which he had mixed, and it has been a great comfort to me, but there was no other to drink; fearing I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some. He graciously answered my petition, and yesterday I was enabled to get out, and scoop up a sufficient supply from some that trickled down at the stern of the boat by means of one of my Indiarubber overshoes. What combined mercies am I receiving at the hands of my Heavenly Father; blessed be His holy name.

Sept. 5.—Great and marvellous are the loving kindness of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food without any feelings of hunger or thirst."

These last remarks are not written so plainly as the previous day's, and I concluded that they were the last; but I find another paper, dated September 6, addressed to Mr. Williams, and written in pencil the whole being very indistinct, and some parts quite obliterated, but nearly as follows:—

"My dear Mr. Williams.—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst though . . days without food . . .—Maidment's kindness to me . . heaven.

"Your affectionate brother in . .

"ALLEN F. GARDINER.

"September 6, 1851."

From the above extracts I must therefore conclude that the two bodies found at Cook's River were those of Mr. Williams and J Pearce, and, considering their weak state, it is unreasonable to suppose they could have survived Captain Gardiner, who could scarcely have lived over the 6th of September, 1851.

I will offer no opinion on the missionary labor of Capt. Gardiner and the party, beyond it being marked by an earnestness and devotion to the cause; but, as a brother officer, I beg to record my admiration of his conduct in the moment of peril and danger, and his energy and resources entitle him to high professional credit. At one time I had him surrounded by hostile natives and dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire, and the savages, awed and subdued by the solemnity of his party, kneeling down in prawer. At another, having failed to heave off his boat when on the rocks, he digs a channel under her, and diverts a fresh water stream into it, and I find him making an anchor by filling an old bread cask with stones heading it up, and securing wooden crosses over the heads with chain.

There could not be a doubt as to the ultimate success of a mission here, if liberally supported; but I venture to express a hope that no society will hazard another intrusting their supplies to practical men acquainted with commercial affairs, who would have seen at a glance the hopeless improbability of any ship not chartered for the occasion sailing out of her way, breaking her articles and forfeiting her insurance for the freightage of a few stores from the Falkland Islands. Painful and unsatisfactory as my report of the fate of the party is, I trust it may be considered conclusive by their lordships, and setting at rest any further anxiety on the part of their sorrowing friends

I have, &c.,
W. H. MORSHEAD, Captain.
Rear-Admiral Moresby, C. B.

Her Majesty's Ship Dido,
Valparaiso, Feb. 21.

Sir,—In reference to my letter of the 22nd of January last, relating to Captain Gardiner and the missionary party, I have the honor to enclose two unfinished letters written by Captain Gardiner shortly before his death (found in the cavern, and addressed to his son and daughter,) for immediate transmission to England to await the disposal of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.—The remaining books, papers, and other articles found near the boats are enclosed in a case, awaiting any opportunity you may deem desirable for sending them. I enclose a list of these effects to the case, one packet addressed to yourself as my commander-in-chief, being the original documents on which my letter is founded, and I suggest it should be retained until you should be satisfied with the correctness of the substance of the above letter, dated the 22nd of January, 1852, and, as none of these articles can be claimed by the Missionary Society, I also suggest the propriety of their being forwarded to the Rev. E. G. Marsh, Aylesford Vicarage, Maidstone, Kent, friend and executor of Captain Gardiner.

I am, &c.,
W. H. MORSHEAD, Captain.
Rear-Admiral Moresby, C. B.

A list of articles belonging to the late Captain Gardiner, enclosed, viz:—A mahogany case, containing two silver pencil-cases, two halfpence, a piece of a thermometer, a half crown, a silver watch, a memoranda regarding his effects; a spyglass, a piece of a quadrant, a leather case, containing letters and papers, a sketch book, two pocket books one Patagonian vocabulary (manuscript), manuscripts, three memorandum-books, twenty-two books, a few pamphlets and periodicals, an atlas and chart. Eight letters addressed to the mission party, in Captain Morshead's care, all having been exposed to the air and sea for months, are nearly valueless in themselves, but may prove of interest to their friends.

W. H. MORSHEAD, Captain.

EXAMINATION OF THE ALPHABET.—Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees.

Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas.

The are the most fond of comfort? The Ease.

Which are the most egotistical letters?—The I's.

Which are the longest letters? The Ells.

Which are the noisy letters? The Ohs.

Which are the leguminous letters? The Peas.

Which are the greatest bores? The Tease.

Which are the most sensible letter?—The Wise.

HENRY CLAY is gradually declining—like the bright setting sun slowly sinking beneath the western hills, he is expected soon to be seen and heard no more. But the memory of the good lives and speaks. The recollection of the long line of Christian patriots who have acted so nobly and so heroically, is next to the revelation from above, our country's richest treasure.

IMPORTATION OF NUNS AND PRIESTS.—Among the passengers who arrived at New Orleans on the 12th inst., in the French ship Belle Assize, from Havre, there were twelve nuns and twenty-seven Catholic priests. Their destination is Texas and Missouri. There were in the steerage of the Belle Assize 291 passengers.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love; there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

SNOOKS says that there is a marked difference between birds and women. As an illustration of this he cites the fact that a bit of looking glass on a fruit tree will frighten away every bird that approaches it, while the same article would attract more fair ones than a load of cherries.

BARK BOUND TREES.—Scrape with a knife and wash with very strong soap suds, once or twice during a season, and the cure will in all probability be effected; if not tie long straw around the trunk of the tree, which is said to be an effectual cure.

CHOKED CATTLE.—A correspondent of the Mass. *Ploughman* says—"Warm a small quantity of lard, and mix with it a small quantity of gun-powder, and pour into the throat. I *once* prepared a second dose, but had no occasion to use it."

THE other day one of widow B.'s admirers was complaining of the tooth-ache.—Mrs. B.'s smart boy immediately spoke up "Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts 'em back whenever she wants to." A few minutes afterwards, the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

ANECDOTES OF FAT MEN.—Dr. Beddoes, the English antiquarian, was so enormously corpulent that a lady of Clifton used to call him the "travelling haystack." He was once requested by a butcher to give it out that he bought his meat of *him*, as it would rebound to the credit of any shop to have the feeding of such a Falstaff. At Cambridge resided a huge professor, and the paivours were wont to exclaim:—"God bless you sir!" when he chanced to walk over their work. In the Court of Louis XV. lived two lusty noblemen, who were related to each other. The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulency, "I suppose you take little or no exercise." "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning.

COULDN'T help laughing the other day, at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had over-persuaded a guest greatly against his inclination to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging away quietly, and walking off—but in attempting it he waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

"How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest.

"Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply.

"No," said the other.

"Wal, then he ain't half through," whispered the boy, and composed himself again to his nap, whereupon the guest bolted at once.

A MAIDEN LADY suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs? "Oh no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only *me* singing a psalm?" "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, "with *psalms*, but let's have no *hims*, Betty, I have a great objection to *hims*." Betty courtseyed, withdrew, and took the hint.

'I SAY, landlord,' said a man in a country village to a tavern keeper, 'how many liquors can I get for two long bits?'

'Five,' said mine host.

'Well, fork 'em over. Come up, my boys and drink.'

The liquoring completed, he pulls out two old worn out bridle bits, which were long enough in all conscience. It is needless to say how savage the landlord looked when his customer walked coolly out amidst the shouts of the crowd.

IODINE.—This substance, which a few years since was thought to be confined to a few marine plants, has been gradually traced through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and its general diffusion throughout nature is rendered exceedingly probable. At the Paris Academy of Science M. CHATIN recently read a paper in continuation of his researches on the presence of iodine in the air, the water, the soils, and products of the Alps of France.

A COAL MINE has been discovered in Kentucky, which appears to be inexhaustible. The coal burns like gas, imparting great heat. It will as readily ignite as a candle, and the steamboat men use it for torches, instead of pine knots. Its quality is supposed to be far superior to the undiscovered coal mines of Japan, in search of which the Administration has sent a large naval force.

ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.—A writer at the South gives the following advice to wives:

"Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will many of you, to chastise your husbands, you shall perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, and not with the handle."

IT is remarkably pleasant to return from California with fifty thousand dollars in—experience and just fifty cents in your pocket. The moment one touches the wharf, with his well worn portmanteau, he becomes a landed proprietor,—that's a consolation however.

THE longest known current of modern lava on the earth is in Iceland, extending 60 miles; while from the foot of the largest volcanic cone on the southern limb of the moon, diverging streams of lava flew to the distance of 600 miles.

"WHAT did Mr. ——— die of?" asked a simple neighbor. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe a complication, my good sir?" "He died," rejoined the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary and a surgeon."

A Yankee pedler, recommending a scythe, said that one of the same kind of scythes was so sharp that they hang it on a tree, in Kentucky, and its shadow cut a man's leg off!

Dr. W. A. ALCOTT, the Vegetarian, lately reported dead, has written to the Boston Journal, saying that he is not dead, but has lived a quarter of a century beyond his time already.

SCENE—Hotel dining room. Actors—Waiter and old Gent. Waiter—Will you have some sallad sir? Old Gent, (gruffly)—No, I won't, I say, I won't have any. I've no notion of making a *Nebuchadnezzar* of myself.

Good intention is not reformation.