NEW SERIES VOL. 6, NO. 13

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY. PA., EATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 39

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid built yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are TO CLUBS

Due Source of 16 lines, 3 times, ne Square, 3 months, One year,
Business Cards of Five lines, per amon,
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 Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. Refer tot P. & A. Royoudt, Lower & Barron.

Somers & Snodgrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co., Spering, Good & Co., HENRY DONNEL. ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa. Prompt attention to business in adjoi

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW SUNBURY, PA.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA. December 4, 1852,-tf.

CLINTON WELCH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. LEWISBURG, PENNA.

WILL practice in the several Courts of Union and Northumberland counties. REPER TO Hon. James Burnside. Bellefonte. James T. Hale, E. C. Humes & Co. Hon. A. S. Wilson, Lewistown.

Sunbury. Hollidaysburg A. Jordan, Saml. Calvin, Lewisburg, April 30, 1853 .-- tf. DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES.

OFFICE on Broadway, near the Episcopal Sunbury, April 14, 1853,---tf.

LAWRENCE HOUSE SUNBURY, PA.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened the "Lawrence House" and will do his best endeavors to please the public.

SAMUEL THOMPSON.
Sunbury Feb. 26, 1853.—tf.

Dilworth, Branson & Co. IMPORTERS OF & DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C No. 59 Market St., 1 door below 2d St. PHILADELPHIA.

Where they always keep on hand a large stock every variety of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. Wm. Dilworth, Henry D. Landis, Samuel Bransen, October 16, 1852.—1y.

R CORNELIUS. I. F. BAKER. W. C. BAKER. Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFATURERS OF

Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c. STORE NO. 176 CHESTNUT ST .. Manufactory No. 181 Cherry St., PHILADELPHIA. April 10, 1852,--tf.

New Wall Paper Warehouse. BURTON & LANING, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

No. 124 Arch Street, second door above Si PHILADELPHIA. WHERE may be found the largest and best selected stock in the City.

COUNTRY PURCHASERS may here be

accommodated without the inconvenience of looking further, and may be assured that they will receive the advantage of their money.

BURTON & LANING, 124 ARCH Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia March, 12, 1853 .- 3m.

WM. M'CARTY, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

TUST received and for sale, a fresh supply EVANGELICAL MUSIC er Singing Schools. He is also opening this time, a large assortment of Books, in every pranch of Literature, consisting of

Poetry, History, Novels, Romances, Scientific Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both Also just received and for sale, Purdons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851,

Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commen taries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10,00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6,00. A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania re-

specting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only 34,00.

Travels, Voyages and Adventures,—all of which will be sold low, either for cash, or coun-

February, 21, 1852.—tt.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the D above Insurance Company, in Northumber-land county, and is at all times ready to effect nsurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same. Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

EMERSON'S ARITHEMETIC Nos. 1.2 3, and Poster's Rhetorical Reader, just received and for sale by WM. McCARTY. Sunbury, May 1, 1851.

Doctrn.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran

They greased the lead before it fell. And then, by sounding through the night-Knowing the soil that stuck, so well, They always guessed their reckoning right

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim, Could tell, by tasting, just the spot, And so below he'd "dowse the glim".— After, of course, his 'something hot." Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock.

No matter how his craft would rock, He slept-for skipper's naps are sound! The watch on deck would now and then Run down and wake him, with the lead : He'd up, and taste, and tell the men

This ancient skipper might be found;

How many miles they went ahead. One night t'was Jotham Marden's watch, A curious wag—the pedlar's son— And so he mused, (the wanton wretch,) "To night I'll have a bit of fun.

We're all a set of stupid fools, To think the skipper knows by tasting

What ground he's on-Nantucket schools Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting And so he took the well greased lead, And robbed it o'er a box of earth That stood on deck-a parsnip bed-

And then he sought the skipper's berth. Where are we now, sir? Please to taste. The skipper yawned, put out his tongue, Then opened his eyes in wondrous haste, And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair, Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden Nantucket's sunk, and here we are Right over cld Marm Hackett's garden!"

A Select Cale.

FOILING A RIVAL.

'The critter loves me! I know she loves me!' said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespeare always said it-rather roughly. If Sukey Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-shankes, stammerin', shy critter, Gusset, just case he's a city feller, she ain't the gal I took her forthat's surtain. No; it's the old folks-darn their ugly pictures! Old Mis. Peadody allers was a dreadful highfalutin' critter, full of big notions, and the old man, a big soft head, driven around by his wife just as our old one eyed rooster is drove about by our if I don't spile this fun my name aint Jonathan. I'm goin' down to the city by the rail road next week, and when I come back wake snakes, that's all.'

The above soliloguy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the tlay of the land,' in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided. Mr. Jonathan Doubikins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Penbody's, one Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods store in Hanover street, Boston, had suddenly made his appearance in the field, and commenced the 'cutting out game,' Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city and returned; of his business there he said nothing, not even to a pumping maiden aunt, who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's, but labored in his cornfield and garden, patiently awaiting the result of his

The next day Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their darter, in the best room of the Peabody's mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened and in rushed a very cirty and furious Irish woman.

'Is it there ye are, Mister Cornelious! she screamed, addressing the astonished Gusset. 'Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! is that what ye promised me afore the praste, ye hathen nager--Runnin' away from me and the childerforsakin' yer lawful wedded wife and runnin' after the Yankee gals, ye infidel.'

.Woman, there must be some mistake here,' stammered Gusset, taken all aback

by this sudden charge.
Divil a bit of a mistake, ye sarpint. Oh wirra! wirra! what, is it for the likes of ve I sacked little Dinnis McCarty, who loved the ground I trod on, and all because ve promised to make a lady of me, ye dirty thief of the worruld! Will ye come along with and without Engravings,—and every of variety of Binding. Proyer Books, of all kinds.

Patrick, because he was too sick wid the Patrick, because he was too sick wid the small pox to come any furder, or will ye

wait till I drag ye? 'Go-go-along,' gasped Gusset; 'gogo, and Pil follow you. He thought it best to temporize.

'I giv' ye tin minits' said the virago.-If ye aint there, it's my cuzzin, Thaddy Mulgruderry will be after ye, ye thief.' And away went the unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammer-ing out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door opened, and a little black eyed, hatchet faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head,

avaded the sanctity of the parlor. 'Is he here?' she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream. 'Ah, mon dieu! le viola! Zere he is. Traitre, monster! Vat you runs away from me ! dis two three year, I nav-

- comme

'Who are you? cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

you vere respectable old gentilmone! hear him vat he ask. Who I am, perfide! ah, I'm your vife !

'I never see you 'fore-s' help me Bob!' cried Gusset energetically. Don't you swear ! said Deacon Peabody. ef you do, I'll kick you into fits, by golly!

I won't have no profane or vulgar language used in my house." old man tell him he must come viz me, with a lie upon his lips. Tell him I have spoke to ze constable. Tell

him-' sobs interrupted her utterance. 'It's a pesky bad business!' said the deayou are a rascal.' 'Take care, Deacon Peabody, take care!'

said the unfortunate shopkeeper. 'I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've gone and married two wives, and that 'ere's flat burglary, et I know anything bout Revised Statoots. 'Two wives?' shrieked the Frenchwo-

'Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary,' said the deacon.

'Now you clear out of my house-go away to the station, and clear out into Boston; I won't hev nothin' more to do with

'But, dencon, hear me.' 'I don't want to hear ye, ye sarpint!' cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands. . Marryin' two wives and comin' courtin' a third. Go 'long! clear out! Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror, and in utter despair he fled to the railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant Frenchwoman.

The same afternoon, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Jonathan Doubikins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast going horse before his Sunday-go-to-meeting chaise. He reined up and accosted her. 'Hallo, Suke! get in and take a ride.'

the young lady, taking a seat. 'I say-you,' said Jonathan grinning, 'that 'ere city feller's turned out a pooty pup, aint he?

'Don't care if I do, Jonathan,' replied

'It's dreadful, if it's true,' replied the young lady. 'You had a narrow escape, did'nt you? pursued the old lover. 'Indeed,' she answered.

But he warnt never of no account any way you could fix it.' 'Well he warn'to replied the young lady.

What do the old folks think about it ? 'They haint said not one word since he cleared out.' 'Forgot that night I rode you home from

ngin' school?' asked Jonathan, suddenly breaking off. 'No I hain't,' replied the young lady, ushing and smiling at the same time.

Remember them apples I gin you?" Well, they was good-was't they ?

'First rate, Jonathan.' Got a hull orchard of them kinder fruit. Suke,' said Jonathan suggestively. Susan was silent.

'Galang?' exclaimed Jonathan, putting he braid on the black horse. Have you any idea where we are going to go. Suke !

'I'm going to the village,' 'No, you ain't; you're going 'long with

Providence. And you don't come back till you are Mrs. Doubikins, no how you can fix it Susan.'

'How you talk, Jonathan.' Darn the old folks!' cried Jonathan outting on the strap again. Ef I was to eave you with them much longer, they'd be tradin' you off to some old feller with

half a dozen wives already.' The next day as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said confidentially-

'May as well tell you now, Suke, for I haint any secrets from you; that Gusset never seen them women afore the day they came stompin' into your house and powed him out. I had though. Cost me ten dollars, by thunder! I teached 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well Old Gusset may be a sharp store-keeper, but if he expects to get ahead of Jonathan Doubikins he must get up a plaguey sight earlier o' mornings.'

A CELEBRATED COMEDIAN arranged with is green-grocer, and Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his ac count long before the quarter was due. The comedian, on wrath, called upon the

that his credit was doubted: "I say, here's apretty mul, Berry; you've sent in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Ber- er it be good or evil, and in a place of misery ry ; your father, the elder Berry, would not for the wicked." have been such a goose, Berry But you need not look black, Berry, for I don't care a

INFLAMATORY RHEUMATIAM. - A gentlema wishes us to publish the following for the relief of humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time : "Half an ounce of pulverized saltpette, put in half pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, then a sound cure will speedily be effected .- [Lynchburg (Ve.) Ex-

knowledgements to a marriad pair for their he would have told me. Neither do 1 remembrance of him upon the occasion of believe he had any hand in it. These are their wedding. The "remembrance" came my dying words." air see you, navair, and my heart break in the shape of a bottle of ginger beer and two hard boiled eggs.

EXECUTION OF ARTHUR SPRING.

'He asks me who I am. O, ladies! O, and Honora Shaw. During the twenty four four, when he awoke and commenced to law, and especially by hisspiritual advisers, to and bursting into a passion of tears. induce him to make a confession of his crimes; but all these appeals were in vain. Up to the last moment of his earthly existence he exhibited no token of contrition, and refused to acknowledge his guilt. He lived 'O, bless you! bless you! respectable a bold, bad, blasphemous wretch, and died

On Thursday the matron of the prison visited him in his cell He received her in his blandest manner. The lady, with kind macon, chafing with unwonted ire. Gusset ternal feeling, expressed her gratification at his having exonerated his poor boy from the dreadful charge of killing the women, which she had the pleasure of reading in the paper. At this his great power of self-control almost failed him; but the working of his countenance showed the inward struggle. As calmly as he could, he said that was the thing he did not do-he could not clear his boy. The lady, with tears, expostulated with him on his unwillingness to clear his boy from a charge so horrible. "O, Aithur,

as a mother, I ask you why you can not say your poor stricken child did not do that murder. A few more hours will see you standing before the righteons Judge, to give account for all-but poor child, he most remain in this world of tears and grief; and O, Arthur, what a heavy burden he must bear if you do not unbind it." But even a weeping woman could not move him to spare his son, any more than the weeping woman who said spare my life !!!

Among those who visited him during the day, was Mrs. M. L. Caley, a lady who was on a visit of mercy to the two young men, Capie and Emmos, and who had on a former occasion visited him, requested to bid him farewell. She entered his cell, her countenance beaming with christian love, the law of kindness on her lips. In a few well chosen words: she bade him farewell! After she retired, he said, 'O I wish that dear good woman had prayed with me."

Two gentlemen, for whom he had sent, and who had on a former occasion befriended him, also visited him; and as his wish to see them was to assist him again in procuring, if possible, Executive elemency, they were requested to assure him of the utter hopelessness of his case. They did so, and bade him farewell.

The Rev. John Street and Rev. Mr. Kensil mained with him until near midnight. Shortly before their departure, after having one into a lengthy detail (like that so often old) about his son going down to Mrs. Shaw's and Mrs. Lynch's at midnight, and bringing home the money, he then in positive terms, declared he was in bed on the night of the murder; and that although the son broughthome the money and put it in the pocket book, yet he declared that he believes his son had no hand in the nurder of the woman, and that he is entirely clear.

After having got through this statement, e then commenced to joke and laugh,-Although reminded of the necessity of being solemn, he said-"I have got a long journey to take in the morning, but I don't think they will get me off until after dinner, as I want to lay in a good stock of provisions; and he then went on to relate an anecdote in relation to two men swimming a race; that one of them took a week's provisions on his back, and when the other saw this, he gave up the bet;" and then he would laugh again until reminded of his condition. He said he could worship it as he was so glad to get off-In answer to a remark that every person in the community believed him guilty, and that his spiritual adviser believed it also, he said -"You must think I am a Greek !" and thus he went on from one thing to another until he was left to take his last sleep previous to

awaking in eternity. The following statement in reference to what occurred just prior to the departure of Mr. Street and Mr. Kensil, has been furnish ed for publication:

PRISONER'S CELL, NEAR MIDNIGHT. Thursday night, June 9, 1853.

After religious services, Spring was asked how he felt. He answered, "I never felt better in my life; I never murdered no person, and I expect to die a Chiristian; I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that He alone can forgive my sins, and wash my soul in his blood-and that he alone can save me, and I never did believe in any thing else. I also believe in the Resurrection of the body, and in a judgment to come, and Life everlasting green-grocer, laboring under the impression after death, and that every man must give an account of every action of his life, wheth-

To a question put to him, with the open Bible in his hand, "Do you feel that God, for straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till May, Christ's sake, accepts you and forgives you?" He answered -"I trust he does, and death does not trouble me," To a question put to him, "Do you, in the fear of God, before whom you will appear in a few hours, forgive every one who has in any way injured you?" He answered "I do and I trust He will forgive, as I forgive them." His last sentence was-

"Although the boy brought home the money, he never told me that he murdered the women; neither do I believe he knew any-An editor in South Carolina returns his ac- thing about the murder; for if he had

> REV. JOHN STREET, REV. R. S. KENSIL.

The chaplin returned to the prison at On Friday, the 10th inst., Arthur Spring half past twelve, and found him enjoying a you and I have done. Before God, who sees suffered death for the murder of Ellen Lynch | calm sleep, which continued until half past you and in whose presence you are soon to hours immediately preceeding his execution, pray in a more rational and devout manner clear of the murder of these women. every effort was used by the officers of the | for mercy, praying for his son most fervently,

> He asked the name of the lady who had any more than I have. visited him, and being told that it was Mary -"O," said he, "that is a sweet name. O, why did she not pray for me?" On being told that she was then on her knees praying for him, with great energy, he exclaimed "Lord Jesus Christ, hear Mary's prayers!" He mentioned with great feeling what Mr. Street had told him about what the people said to him when he informed them that he was going to stay with him all night; "What," said they, "are you not afraid that he will kill you?" "O dear, dear, but they most think me a bad man!" He had remested the Sheriff to come early to take his rons off, that he might move about a little o exercise his limbs, lest he should not be able to walk. This request was complied with. On being asked, "Well, Arthur, do you think you will be able to play the man to-day," he answered, "O this is a

heavy day-a heavy day !" "Arthur," was the reply, "let this day be devoted to truth-truth to-day-for the God of truth will be present to-day. Let not a thought come into the heart, nor a word from the lips, but truth. Not only the people will hear what you say, but there will be a recording hand, unseen, transcribing all you utter, and the record may be the first thing von behold after the spirit has taken its flight! If ever you spoke the truth, let it be to-day.

"Give me your hand," said he; "I hope God will enable me to speak nothing but

He expressed a wish for some hot coffee, saying that he intended to eat a good breakfast. The prisoner ate, accordingly, a hearty breakfast, and afterwards joined in prayer with the reverend gentlemen present. Sethe truth and save the reputation of his son, but all in vain. Up to the time of leaving his cell he declared his own innocence, and intimated the guilt of his son.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the following letter, from the Governor, was reed directly to the prison, and read it to Spring. Its contents made no particular impression upon the crimnal :-

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

HARRISBURG, June 8, 1853. Wm. B. Reed, Esq.-Dear Sir,-Thinking quite possible that the wretched man, Arthur Spring, has so long persisted in denying his own guilt, and fixing it on his son, through belief that such a course might change to his fate, I have thought it best, for the sake of his son, as well as for the public, that you hould make known to him that there is no earthly room for hope-that no exigency can now possibly arise which would demand a nitigation or postponement of his fate. This you can say to him as coming from me nd if it aids in the slightest degree in inducing him to disclose his knowledge of the dreadful crime, I will feel greatly relieved. On the very verge of eternity, and most assuredly without grounds for hope, he should, n such an awful moment, feel willing to do

this simple act of justic. Your obt. serv't. A few minutes before 11 o'clock, the Sheriff entered the cell of the culprit, for the purpose of preparing him for the gallows .-He said that he was not ready and desired more time. An officer had to speak to him sterny before he would stand up. To the official who addressed him, he quickly returned an excited, crabbed, and insulting reply. He wanted the minister present to pinion his arms. Soon afterwards he was brought out and led to execution. The prisoner was dressed in his ordinary garb, except a straw

The procession was formed on the avenue in the following order:

An officer-Keeper of the Prison-Execuioner-The Prisoner, supported by the Rev. Messrs. Alexander, Street, Kensil, and Allen -High Sheriff and Deputies-Marshall of Police and Recorder of the City-Sheriff's Jury-Special Deputies of the Sheriff-Board of Police-Reporters of the Press.

The rear was closed by the persons appinted by the Sheriff to assist at the execution. The number of these was much larger than usual.

On the way to the gallows, a hymn was ung by the Clergymen. On approaching the scaffold, the Rev. Mr. Allen read the beautiful service for the dead of the Episcopal Church, commencing with -- I am the Resurrection and the life," &c.

The felon ascended the scaffold with firm step, and exhibited scarcely any emotion whatever. The Rev. Mr. Street, addressing the crim-

inal, said: Arthur Spring, you have been convicted

and sentenced for the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lyuch. The execution of this sentence is now to take place. We have not ceased to warn you night and day to make your peace with God. Are you guilty or not guilty of the murder of these women. Spaing-No, sir, no, sit! I am not.

STREET-It has also been alleged, that the Grand Jury have brought a true bill against you in regard to the murder of Mr. Rink .-Are you guilty or not guilty.

Spaing-No, sir, I never saw the man in

STREET-I have one more question to ask stand, is your son, Arthur Spring, jr., entirely Spring-I believe he is, gentlemen.

believe he has nothing more to do with it

STREET-May God have mercy on your soul! It is all I have to say. A fervent prayer was now made by the Rev. Mr. Kensil.

Mr. Street then said : Gentlemen he tells us that his son-Spring then interrupted him by saying,

"My son is innocent." Mr. Street continued : he reiterated it to me last night in his cell, and he now declares before this multitude, and let it be proclaimed to the world, that the stain of blood is not upon the skirts of his boy.

Spring-Gentlemen, I will go farther and

Here it was intimated to him. in an under one, by the officers and ministers who surrounded him, that it would be better for him

not to sneak. He replied: "I will say nothing more about it."

Mr. Street said, he wishes me to say-Spring interrupted him by saying :- Gentlemen, I went to bed that night about 7 o'clock, not waking till I was called to breakfast next morning, and never knew anything of the murder until the officers came

and called me." These were his last words. The white cap was then adjusted over the head of the condemned, and the rope fixed about his neck. The Ministers, Sheriff, Marshal, and others shook hands with him, and descended from the scaffold. For a moment, the felon was left standing alone in his fearful position. His firmness was astonishing, and his indifference dreadful to behold,

At a given signal, a cord was pulled, and the wretched murderer, in an instant was dangling between heaven and earth. His death was instantaneous. A slight quivering veral appeals were made to him to confess of the extremities was all the evidence of the struggle of nature.

Dr Troubat and Drs. Burden and Wall were the physicians in attendance.

After hanging twenty-six minutes, the bo dy was taken down, and removed to the Prison Green House, where it was delivered ceived by the District Attorney, who repair- to the Rev. Mr. Street for burial, in accordance with the wish of the son, who departed from the city previous to the day of execu- virage and mep.

Before the corpse is interred, a post morten examination will be made by Drs. Kirkbride and McClintock, with the special view of a

critical dissection of the brain. An immense crowd was drawn to the vicinity of the Prison, and much excitement get a glimpse of the execution was intense. of pork and beans in an edifying state of pro-Attempts were made to scale the walls; large trees around the buildings were climbed houses .- Philadelphia Papers.

THE WESTERN MAN.

He rolled the prairie op like cloth, Drank Mississippi dry, Put Allegheny in his hat, A steamboat in his eye. And for his breakfast, buffaloes Some twenty-one did fry.

He whipped the whole Camanche tribe One day before he dined ; And for a walking cane he took A California pine; And when he frowned he was so bleak

The sun it couldn't shine He whipped a ton of grisly bears One morning with a fan, And proved himself, by all these feats,

To be a Western man JAPANESE MANUFACTURES. The King of Holland has sent to the Dub-

lin Exhibition a number of specimens of Ja-

pan manufacture :

Among the things, specimens of silks and velvets, said to be equal to any of Eupropeau manufacture; also, silken cords of various thickness, painted wax candles, toilette cubinets, and parasols; of these latter articles, the part that is made of silk with us, is of paper, creased into many folds; the ribs are of thin spliced bamboo, they open and close with great ease, and are a much better defence from the sun than shades of semitranslucent silk. Specimens of coins, of gold and silver, are found in the collection; the far gest gold cein is worth £50, of an oblong shape, with rounded corners. But more interesting than these are the printing types, which are of wood, the body of the type be ing cylindrical with the letter at one end .-The warlike instruments are not very formi dable, the fire arms are long and heavy swords are short with daggers attached, the whole enclosure is clumsy cylindrical sheaths; the armor is a woven fabric, sufficiently thick to resist the thrust of an arrow or spear; there is also a highly finished Japaned shield, which projects in the centre, from which an arrow or any hand missal would glance aside. The Japan ware is more hardly finished than that which we ever find in commerce; in the collection is a tea-set of this ware, and other articles to be used in contact with hot water; from the uses to which many of these articles are applied, it is evedent their varnish must be of a superior quality and unaffected by liquids.

THERE are fifteen Lodges of Odd Fellows Langaster city and county, which number, ogether, about 1400 members; 600 of whom bulong to the three City Lodges, viz; Lancaster, Monterey and Fulton. The Order is in a flourishing condition in that District.

THE WONDERFUL IMAGE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY CHARLES

The mother heard the daughter say "I fain would go to church and pray
Before an image there."
For holy thoughts had moved that day
The maiden young and fair.

Oh child! for thee my bosom bleeds, The Scriptore curses all such deeds

God's word thou should'st believe.

'I will help thee in the greatest need, These idols but deceive. The idol, mother, let me say, Which draws me to the church to-day,

Is not of wood or stone;
It is a youth, right brave and gay, Well built of flesh and bo Such idols have the power, 'tis said, To draw to church both man and maid.

And oft by them unsought, Without the slightest holy aid, Great miracles are wrought. CHAPTER ON HOUSEKEEPING.

I never could see the reason why our smart house-keeper must, of necessity, be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months

with one of this genus. I should like to have been the adventurons spider that would have dared to ply his conning trade in Mrs. Carrot's premises .-Nobody allowed to sleep after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed an hour earlier than the rest of her neighbors', "Go ahead" was written on every

broomstick about the establishment. She gave her husband his breakfast, butoned his overcoat, and put him out of the front door with his face toward the store, in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatched up the six little Carrots, scrubs their faces up and down, without regard to their feelings, till they shone like a row of milk pans.

"Clear the track" was her motto on washing and ironing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash tubs were turned bottom upwards again, and every article of wearing apparel, sprinkled, folded, ironed, and replaced on the backs of their respective owners. It gave me a stitch in the side to

look at her. As to her "cleaning days," I never had the courage to witness one. I used to lie under an apple tree in the orchard, till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not have frightened me so much as that

You should have seen her in her glory on baking days; her armpits, and long check apron swathed around her bolster-like figure, the great oven glowing, blazing and sparkling, very suggestive to a lazy sinner like myself. The interminable row of greass d pie plates, the pans of pervaded the multitude. The eagerness to 'Rough and Ready' ginger-bread, and pots gression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheat bread. To the innocent to a perilous height; and scaffolds were liquiry whether she thought the latter would erected on the tops of some of the adjacent "rise," she set her shining arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side and asked If I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by loaf of bread!" The way I settled down in my slippers without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer scept cal on that point.

Saturday evening was employed in winding up every thing that was unwound in the house, the old entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning, she was devoted to her husband and her Sabbatical exercises All I have to say is, it is hoped that she carried some of the fervor of her peculiar employments into those haloyon hours. - Fanny Fern.

A QUICK REPARTER .- The following anecdote of Gov. Morris is related by a corres-

pondent of the New York Times. He had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran : A dinner was given by some one of Governor Morris's friends, when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and turning to Bishop Moore,

said to him: "My reverend friend, I have bequeathed you my whole stock of impudence." Bishop Moore replied :

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very merous; you have left to me by far the argest portion of your estate." Mrs. Moore immediately added

"My dear, you have come into posses

of your inheritance remarkably soon " MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE .- The following rtificate was duly granted to the parties therein named, and signed by an embryo jue.

ice of the peace, in Peoria co., Ill. "To all the world greetin, know ye John Smith and Peggy Myers, is hereby certified o gu together and do as other folks does, anywhere in corporass preciot, and when my commission comes I am to marry, em good and date 'em back to kiver accidents.'

BUSINESS OF THE COLUMBIA RAILROAD .-The increase in the business on the Columbia Railroad this year has been very large. The number of cars going eastward from Columbia during the mouth of May was 5,710, against 4,568 last year, and the tetal freight for the month 39,989,200 lbs., egainst 30,485,700; being an increase of 1,42 in the number of cars, and 9,503,500 lbs in freight, or about 25 per cent.