The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and Columbia.

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NEW DRUG STORE!

WEISER & BRUNER,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

Market St., next door to E. Y. Bright's Store,

SUNBURY, PA,

OFFER to the public the largest and best selected stock ever opened in this section of country, consisting of

FRESH AND PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, Chemicals, Ground Spices, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, Window Glass, Patent Medicines, together with a complete assortment of Paint, Clothes, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shaving Brushes, Dressing, Side, Neck and Pocket Combs, Fancy Soaps, Shaving Creams, Tobacco, Segars, Port Monias, Stationary, Confectionaries,

PURE WINES AND BRANDIES

for Medicinal use, English, French and American Perfumery, Fancy Goods of every description, in short every article kept by Druggists generally.

☞ *Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.*

GEO. B. WEISER,
WM. A. BRUNER.

Sunbury, May 13, 1854.—

WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL

FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,

Northumberland county, Pa.,

WHERE we have very extensive improvements, and are prepared to offer to the public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of Iron and making Steam. Prices of Coal are:

LUMP, } for Smelting purposes.
STEAMBOAT, } for do. and Steamboat
BROKEN, }
EGG, } for Family use and Steam.
STOVE, }
NUT, } for Limeburners and Steam.
PEA, }

Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arrangements are made to load boats without any delay.

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.

J. J. Cochran, Lancaster.
C. W. Peale, Shamokin.
Benj. Reinhold, Lancaster.
A. Baumgardner, do.

Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, receive prompt attention.

Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

LEATHER.

RITZ, HENDRY & CO.

No. 29 *North Third Street, Philadelphia.*

MOROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER &c.

Feb. 17, 1855.—w 1y

Files and Rasps.

NEW STREET FILE WORKS,

PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber is constantly Manufacturing for Wholesale and Retail, Files and Rasps, every description, and having been practically engaged in the business more than Thirty Years, warrantee his work at the lowest prices. Manufacturers and Mechanics, can have their files re-cut and made equal to New at half original cost.

J. B. SMITH,
No. 61 New street, (between Race and Vine and 2nd & 3d Sts.

Phil'a. Feb. 3. 1855.—w 3 mo. 3

Sole Agency for

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S

celebrated Dolce Campana Attachment

PIANO FORTES.

Chestnut Street opposite U. S. Mint,

PHILADELPHIA.

Also—117 Market Street, Wilmington, Del

JOHN MARSH.

Phila., Jan. 24.—3m. C.

Do you want a Bargain?

IF SO, THEN CALL AT

YOUNGS' STORE,

WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Cedarware, Fancy Articles, Stationary, Confectionaties, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash of country produce.

Bread and Salt by the sack or bushel.

Sunbury, Nov. 4, 1854.—

Just New Goods in Sunbury.

I W TENER & Co.,

HAVE just received another large lot of new Fall Goods to which they respectfully call the attention of their friends and the public, they will be sold cheap as heretofore.—Among them will be found some good

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Gentlemen's Garments for sale.

I. W. TENER & CO

Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.—

Select Poetry.

MACKAY'S NOBLE SONG.

If he to whom this toast we drink,
Has brought the needy to his door;
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink,
From the abundance of his store;
If he has soothed the mourner's woe,
Or helped young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow
In honor of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care;
If to the famished he has given
One loaf that it is hard to share;
If, in his poverty erect,
He never did a deed of shame,
Fill high! we'll drain in deep respect,
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part;
If he ne'er failed his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart;
If emulation fire his soul
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame;
Fill high! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honor of his name.

Select Tale.

BENEVOLENCE GOOD POLICY.

"Well," said Major Henry, an affluent citizen of Auburn, to his amiable lady, one morning after his faultless cup of coffee and his usual glance at the morning news, "Mary, we will for the present trade with young Williams & Co., on Walnut. Please send the servants there."

"What! leave Simpson & Co., where we have traded so long to our entire satisfaction? What can have occurred to offend you?"

"Nothing my dear; they are truly honorable men, and politely attentive to their customers——"

"And *so respectable*, Major, such an old, well established firm. Why all the *elite* trade there," said Mrs. H., interrupting him.

"There is no reason in the world, Mary, why we should leave them, but I have an object in bestowing our patronage elsewhere."

"Please explain yourself," said she, "for you are perfectly inexplicable at present."

"Well, my dear, Williams & Co. are worthy young men just established in business, and I suspect the sweet breezes of popular favor do not blow that way any too strongly. Perhaps we can aid in giving proper direction to the current.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. H., with slight petulance; they can take care of themselves as other firms do. Surely, we are under no obligations to exchange old friends for strangers—you are capricious."

We *are* not *obligated* in the sense you use the term," said he. "*Heaven* is under no obligations to *earth* that call for the bestowal of the daily and unceasing blessings ever vouchsafed. But, Mary, listen to a chapter in my early history that will illustrate the question:

"My parents, you know, were in limited circumstances, and I commenced life dependent upon my own exertions. I accepted a clerkship at first, with a small salary. By conscientious devotion to business, this was gradually increased, until, with frugality, I was enabled to accumulate a sum that I thought would warrant commencing for myself. I opened a store in Pearl street, with a limited stock in trade, but with large hopes for the future. But customers did not throng my counters. Day after day I spent wistfully looking at the crowds that hurried by, yet scarcely deigning a passing curious look within. It was a *new arrangement*, and few cared to patronize the novelty. All had other places of trade. This state of things continued until trouble came up before me. Rents and payments for stock yet on my shelves were coming due. Visions of bankruptcy hovered before my eyes daily, and dreams of ruin and disgrace tortured me nightly. All the fruits of my past years of toil and self denial would be consumed. I became so nervous that the entrance of a casual customer was painful instead of cheering. I could not meet my acquaintances with habitual cheerfulness, and their friendly enquiries concerning my business were like daggers to my sensibility. I shall never lose the taste of that bitterness of feeling that welled up from my full breast with my forced replies. But the crisis—the pay day came. Stock all on hand, but no *cash*. With little faith in success, but as drowning men catch at straws, I determined to state my case to a certain wealthy citizen, well known, for his eccentric acts of benevolence and request a loan. I did so.

"'Humph! I'll see about that; call again,' was his only reply, and he resumed the reading that my entrance interrupted.

"I was already forgotten, thought I, as I departed in no enviable state of mind.

"The next morning I received a note from Bank, stating that the cashier had been requested to notify me that two thousand dollars had been deposited to my credit there.—I was saved temporarily, at least. I well knew my benefactor. How intense my gratitude, how earnest my vow some day to prove it, it is vain to attempt to describe. I drew the amount, met my obligations punctually, and established an unlimited credit, which, by the way, I very sparingly used. Again I rejoiced in hopes. But I have yet to tell you of the greatest favor that worthy man conferred upon me. A few days after the grant of the timely loan, a carriage drew up at the store, and in the lady that alighted I recognized with joy the amiable wife of my benefactor. She made a large bill, and I augured well from it. I prided myself upon my taste in selecting goods, and had some exquisitely-beautiful patterns. Mrs. Chedell, for that was the lady's name, your very good friend, Mary, was a fashionable example, even to the ton in those days, and she took particular pains to associate our name with her purchases. The consequence was, when my next pay-day came, my cash account was in such a favorable state, that I met my engagements easily; and, henceforth, the road to my present position was natural and easy. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C., under Providence, for my fortune. I fully believe. In that day, when good and evil seemed so equally balanced, favor thrown into the financial scale decided the question. Since that I have sympathized with young aspirants for the favors of trade, and extended, when I could, the helping hand. Now, my dear, am I capricious?"

The expressive countenance of his listener replied eloquently and well.

At that moment Mr. Chedell himself entered the room, and was warmly welcomed.—But the reception he met could not remove from his countenance marks of trouble plainly perceptible there.

"Major Henry," said he, with an effort, "I did you a favor once. Have you forgotten it?"

"*Never!* my dear sir!" said he, emphatically, and smiling conformation to his word, while no trace of discontent at the remainder distracted from his sunny expression.

"Now I am in trouble, continued Mr. C.—"My son is seriously embarrassed by the state of the money market, and some heavy demands unexpectedly made upon him through the imprudence of a foreign agent. We cannot meet those drafts, and accommodation is denied us at the banks. Hence I came to you.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of proving to you how grateful I am for that old favor," said the Major, proceeding to his desk for the purpose of complying with his request. He hastily attached his signature to a blank check, which he requested Mr. C. to fill with the required amount.

"Come again," said the kind-hearted Major. "Come again; if this be insufficient, command my utmost means."

"How short-sighted," said Mr. C. feelingly, "are they, in reference to their true interest, who neglect opportunities of doing good. I have never yet performed a trivial act of kindness, in a judicious way, that did not eventually overwhelm me with returning benefits."

Then you think all your benevolence *good policy?* and your disposition to do all the good you can evidence of shrewdness rather than virtue, by you?" said the Major, jokingly.

Happy-hearted men. The rewards of virtue are many and great. The lowering clouds of care, that of late hung so darkly over the spirits of the one, were suddenly dispelled by the sunlight of the other's gratitude.

The world is not all selfishness—the usury of kindness not always ingratitude.

Mrs. Henry was deeply affected by what she had seen and heard, and thenceforth she needed no persuasion to induce her to join her husband in his plans of charity and benevolence.

Nor will any who read aright the moral of this tale be slow to follow in the pleasant life-path to which it is a guide.

MR. SAMUEL P. COLLINGS.

The new American Consul at Morocco, reports some interesting manners and customs in that country. In Tangier the streets do not exceed eight feet in width and are full of filth and carrion. There is not a wheeled vehicle or wagon in Morocco. The only means of transportation is on mules, asses and camels. The donkey is the chief beast of burthen in town. The only amusement is riding on horseback, but there are no roads.

In speaking of the cookery there, our Consul says "it is awful dirty and filthy, but we get used to it. The butter is churned in pig skins and is the filthiest looking stuff you ever saw put into a cart wheel. The beef is poor, tough and stringy. The bread fowls and eggs tolerably good."

The old Assyrian art of dyeing, brought into the country three thousand years ago, is still preserved in Morocco at a place about 12 days journey in the journey in the interior. The Moors use it in coloring wool which they manufacture into the most splendid rugs from seven to ten yards in length and two yards wide, thick and well made. They cost from $20 to $25.—*Star of the North.*

ABOUT SNAILS.—A short time ago, when an importation of snails into France was announced, it was asked "Who wants snails, and what are they used for?" Mr. J. Lochen, of New York, replies through the *Scientific American*, as follows:

"A certain kind of snails are consumed in Switzerland, as we consume oysters here.—The kind I refer to has a shell about one inch and a half in diameter near the aperture.—They are all about two and a half inches long when creeping on the ground; their color is grey. They are found about hedges, and are only eaten in autumn and winter, when in their dormant state. Monks and those professing the Catholic religion, are very fond of them, as they are allowed to eat them upon fast days, when flesh meat is prohibited. In some of the convents they have regular snail pastures, where they are raised in large quantities. They are boiled or roasted, and eaten with butter; their taste is excellent.

BIG THOUGHTS.—The "Doctor," a great Webster hater, was sitting upon "Matt's bench," talking against Webster, as was his custom:

"Ralph Waldo Emerson's ideas," said he, "will live forever, while Webster's ideas will die with him: Emerson's ideas have force, have power, but not so with Webster's.

"That's a lie," said Matt, "and you know it. If one of Daniel Webster's big thoughts got into Ralph Waldo Emerson's head, it would split it open like a pitcher with ice in it!—Now get off that bench, for you can't say anything more against old Dan in this shop."

NEW CAR BRAKE.—A new car brake has been invented by Mr. William Longbridge of Woversown, Ind., which has been tried, and the inventor claims for it the following merits:—1. The brakes are operated by the engineer in three seconds, effecting the hindmost brake in the train first. 2. The power can be graduated at the will of the engineer. 3. No trouble in coupling. 4. If coupling breaks, each end of the train can be taken care of by means of the brakes. 5. The engineer, by this contrivance, is enabled readily to apply the exact amount of power required to avoid a collision, descend a plain, or stop for passengers.

A NEW KIND OF COAL.—An Elmira paper notices a new kind of coal which has appeared in that village, found in Rainsor, Pa. which, for stove purposes—for the Franklin kind especially—is superior to Anthracite, and little inferior to Cannel or Briar Hill. It is harder than Blossburgh, and softer than Anthracite; burns brightly, throwing out a great heat, and perfectly consuming, no slate being found. It is destined to become a favorite coal for parlor and house use, and supersede wood.

HOW TO MAKE GUANO.—Save the manure from your hen-roost.

1 bushel of hen manure.
4 quarts of plaster.
4 " " ashes.
2 " " bay salt.

Mix well together. Now is the time to do it. This is equal to any guano that ever was transported over the big waters. Try it and satisfy yourself, and it will save a great expense to the farmers.

LIBERAL BEQUEST.—It is reported, says the Boston Transcript, that the late Miss Elizabeth Pratt, of Boston, who died a few days since, has bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to the Massachusetts General Hospital

BARNUM'S BABY SPECULATION.

When Barnum published his Auto-biography, in which he gloats over his career of successful swindling, the Mirror promptly denounced the thing as a disgustingly vicious volume. Since then our opinion has been emphatically repeated by the honest portion of the American and English Press; and recently elaborated in a scathing article in "Blackwood's Magazine."

[From the Commercial Advertiser.]

We neither Know or care to know with whom this gross, disgusting, debasing, sensuous, animalising idea originated—who first conceived the project of offering such premiums for the finest breed of the human stock, the fattest specimen of the human young, the most remarkable illustrations of the fecundity of the human animal—for our nature revolts from such associations. We are morally certain that it did not originate with a woman. It must have had its birth in a coarser nature than ever woman inherited.

* * * * *

We did not think that we should live to see humanity so animalized and brutified in this city as it will by such an exhibition. We did not expect ever to hear of the man who would dare offer such an insult to the refined and civilized people of this Empire City; who would venture to add to his wealth and his notoriety by an attempt to obliterate everything that distinguishes the young of our species from the young of swine and beeves; who, for the sake of drawing visitors to his show, would deliberately tempt women to confine, and cram, and fatten up, their offspring into bloated disease, as men do the offspring of hogs, and sheep, and cows, for the market and the shambles. We never expected that "to this complexion should we come at last" in this city where we boast of cultivating intellect and elevating mind; of our infant schools and of our christian infant training. And we shall blush for our refined and educated women, for the mothers in our proud capital, for the husbands and sons of those mothers, for our population generally, if they in any degree sanction by their participation in it, such a violation of delicacy and decorum, such a retrogression in all that is human, and intellectual, and elevating, and permit any man to derive a pecuniary benefit from an exhibition in itself so coarse and brutish and in its tendencies so inevitably animalizing and degrading.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Strange to say, there have been found women in New York, who have been duped into lending the sanction of their names to this impudent proposition. Two of them are wives of well known hotel keepers; another is a literary lady who has written "The Women of the Revolution," and now may contemplate a work on "The Babies of the Nineteenth Century;" another is the wife of a publisher of humbug books; another that of a hat-maker who has always striven, with a small capital of brains, to achieve the success of Barnum at gulling the people; while two others are unknown to fame, except perhaps in the narrow sphere of Mr. Barnum's circle in New York. The ladies are to be the "judges" of the babies, which happily are to be exhibited in that temple of monstrosities, the American Museum, in Broadway. These weak-minded women would be much better employed in nursing their own babies, if they have any, or at least in attending to their domestic duties, which are usually found sufficiently onerous for all except the Jellabys of the times.

It is to the American Museum, then, that American women are expected to carry their offspring—the future mothers and fathers of Americans—to be exhibited in stalls and cases, like swine in an agricultural show, the largest litter winning the highest premium. They are to be ranged among the waxen horrors, the pickled mermaids, the stuffed sea-lions and the frightful pictures of that conservatory of deceptions.

[From the New Bedford Mercury.]

Whoever has read Mr. P. T. Barnum's life has probably a sufficiently low estimate of the honor and delicacy of that great showman.—But Mr. Barnum, like Triuculo, considers that with a new monster on hand "not a holiday fool but would give him a piece of silver," so that he is ever on the qui vive for new prodigies. Therefore he advertises for "quartetts" and "triplets," or four and three babies at a birth, and offers prizes for them and for 'fat' children, as complacently as if the human race were like unto the beasts that perish, and childhood was only lovely in proportion to its avoirdupois weight, even as are the Suffolk piglings at our county fairs.

There may be mothers so silly and so vulgar as to expose their children for the benefit of the Prince of wooden nutmegs. There may be women who are ready to appear before the public as the monstrous parents of those human litters. Fools there will be, holiday fools who will rush to gape and wonder in the Halls of Humbug, and doubtless Barnum will reap his profit from it, as he would by any other indecent exposition.

But we are on one account glad to hear of this intended show. The thing in Barnum's hands has reached its proper level. Exhibited babies will now take rank with Feejee mermaids, with 'woolly horses,' (not such as have for trotting courses the nursery floor,) as Joice Heths and as a plaster-of-paris antediluvian remains.

We are sorry for the innocent little one.—Think of living, dear reader, with the life-long stigma that you were 'exhibited' at Barnum's! To be laid on a door step in unconscious babyhood, to be hung up in a basket to some hospital bell-pull, might be endured, but to be exhibited in a museum as the "fattest child under sixteen," with a premium of $50!! The best use you could make with the prize would be to buy a rope with it and annex yourself to the first convenient and secluded bough.

ERICSSON, the "Caloric Ship" inventor, has spent, it is said, all his fortune on his experiment. That is not the worst part of the story. According to report, he has spent the fortunes of other people in a scheme, which, if he knew anything, he knew was contrary to well established principles of natural law. $400,000 of other people's money is said to have been spent by Ericsson in his experiment. This, instead of proving that inventors are always meeting with obstacles from the world's ignorance, shows a very generous support on the part of the public, and the failure must be attributed to the ignorance or charlatanry of the inventor himself.

PERSONAL.—The health of Martin Van Buren, jr., who is now in Paris with his father, (Ex-President Van Buren,) is in so precarious a state from confirmed consumption that but little hopes are felt that his life will be much longer preserved.

YANKEE "NOTICE TO QUIT."—In Maine, the legal voters of one of the towns requested an unpopular lawyer to leave the place at his earliest convenience.

JOSEPH HUME, THE ENGLISH DEMOCRAT.

This eminent politician, the Father of the English House of Commons, and the most liberal of British liberals, is just dead. He was the son of a poor apple woman in Scotland, and his rise in life is due to a rather romantic affair—the freak of a nobleman. Lord Panmure, the father of the present English war Minister, was one day driving along the streets of Perth, when he upset the apple stall of a poor woman. Still he drove on, but night brought reflections on the injury he had done, and the next morning he sought the person he had injured, and after reimbursing her for the fruit, he asked about her family, and found her a widow with one child—a boy. This lad he resolved to educate, and the future politician eventually chose medicine as a profession. Proceeding to India, he there amassed a small fortune, but he quickly discovered that politics were his *forte*, and on returning to his native land, he was elected to represent the town of Montrose in Parliament, which he continued to do until his death. He was always marked for strong liberal tendencies, and being one of the greatest statisticians of the age, was the continual terror of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. Spite of his liberalism he was respected and liked by all parties, and the name of Joseph Hume will long be venerated, not merely amongst his own countrymen, but whenever the English language is spoken, and especially in America, for such men are thought to be exceptional in a country, where aristocracy is so time-honored (!) and powerful.

Poetry.

SONG.

"O LOVERS! WHEN RARE LIPS SAY NO!"

I woed her 'neath the Linden's shade,
And Bess was shy and half afraid;
And when I asked—what?—lovers know!
Her heart said Yes! her lips said No!
O lovers when rare lips say No,
Let not your hope grow less, grow less;
For oft 'tis so, that simple No,
Is meant for Yes, is meant for Yes!

Half hidden by a silken tress,
Her eyes were brimmed with tenderness;
And still she listened, till, ah Bess!
Her heart, her soul, her lips said Yes!
O lovers! when rare lips say No!
Let not your hopes grow less, grow less;
For oft 'tis so, that simple No,
Is meant for Yes, is meant for Yes!

A WORSTED TRADESMAN.

A man, some six feet three inches in height, and of herculean build, went into the place of one of the Worcester shop keepers, and asked if they had got any "whirlers,"—that is stockings without feet.

"No," said the shop-keeper; "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's have a look at 'em," said the man.

The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair and said—

"What's the price of them?—

"Four shillings and sixpence," was the rejoinder.

"Can you cut the feet off of them? was the next query.

"Oh, certainly," said the shop-keeper.

"Then just cut them off, was the laconic direction.

No sooner said than done. The long shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price of 'em now?" asked the 'customer' with all the composure imaginable.

"Price of them now!" echoed the "worsted" merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; "why, four shillings and sixpence to be sure!"

"*Four shillings and sixpence!*" exclaimed the purchaser; "I never gave but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of 'whirlers' in my life."

And he laid down the amount upon the counter.

"Well," replied the tradesman, chopfallen and fairly outwitted, throwing the mutilations at him, "take them, and be off with you! You've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your rogtish gang shall do it again, as long as I live."

THE ENGLISH AND THE DEAD LION.

The shocking exhibitions of joy witnessed at some of the English theatres on receipt of the news of the Russian emperor's death, have their parallel in higher quarters. Some of the sober news journal could scarcely conceal their exultation, and out of doors and in the print-shop windows there have been shameful displays of the same feeling. A recent letter from London says:

"The street ballad singers have been reaping a harvest the present week out of a new song on the death of the czar. The next best thing to beating the czar while alive, which they failed to do so, is to abuse him, now he is dead, which the English are doing to their heart's content. Some of the publicly exposed pictures represent a large plume-nodding hearse, pall bearers, mutes and attendants, with the devil as a solitary mourner following to the grave, the motto of 'one sincere mourner for the emperor.' Mr. Catrich's singers, after touching with a vigorous rather than a graceful hand the scene of the dissolution, thus *truthfully* complete the story:

"And the English digged him a hole also,
And they buried him in Edinburgh."

But worse than all this are the gross brutalities of London *Punch*, the organ of the wits of the higher classes. In the number for March 10th, the leading illustration is a frightful picture representing Nicholas in the clutch of Death, who is in the guise of "General Ferrier." In another place it is stated that a fitting epitaph for the Czar would be "*The Right Man in the Right Place.*" In the burlesque Parliamentary proceedings it is stated that "In the Lords, the Foreign Secretary, and in the Commons, the Premier, made the announcement that the wickedest man in Europe had been suddenly summoned to the Judgment." This may all be good taste and decency, according to the English ideas, but it is inhuman and brutal, according to the notions of uncultured Americans.

"My son," said Mr. N., (a Yankee whose conversation is reported in the N. H. *Register*) "how can you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—and if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd had to have hired an Irish girl to take care of her."

Profit is the cream of labor.

THE HEN FEVER.

A Mr. Burnham, of Boston, who rivals Barnum in the art of humbuggery, has just published a book exposing the manner in which simple-minded poultry fanciers were imposed upon, by him and his associates, a few years ago. We clip out the following extract, which affords a key to the whole book:

"Will it be credited, that during the summer of 1850, I had dozens of full grown men—gentlemen—but enthusiastic hen-fanciers—who had contracted the fever suddenly—who came to my residence for Cochin China eggs, at one dollar each, and who upon being informed that I had not one in the house, would quietly sit down in my parlor, and wait two, three, and four hours at a time, for the hens to lay them a few, that they might take them away with them? Such is the fact, however it may be doubted.

I subsequently sold the eggs at ten dollars a dozen; then at six dollars; and finally, the third and fourth years at five dollars. This paid me, because I sent off a good many.

But they didn't hatch well after being transported away and shaken over in the hands of careless and ignorant or careless express agents. Thus the buyers came again. Many of the earlier fanciers tried their experiment over and over again, but with similar ill-success; and when they ban expended ten, twenty, or thirty dollars perhaps, for eggs, they would begin at the beginning aright, and purchase a few chickens to rear, from which they finallally could procure their own eggs, and go forward more successfully. But all this took time to bring it about. And meanwhile somebody—I don't say who—was 'feathering certain nests' as rapidly as a course of hid-minded and honorable dealing with his fellow-men would permit."

One day in the height of the epidemic, he was visited by a Southern gentleman, who became a purchaser, in the manner and at the price below related:

"A five-year-old stag mounted the fence at this moment, and sent forth an electrifying craw, such as would at that period, have taken a novice 'right out of his boots,' and a beautiful eight-pound pullet showed herself beside him at the same time. The stranger turned round and said—

"'There! What is your price for such a pair as that for instance?'

"'Not for sale, sir.'

"'But you will sell them, I s'pose?'

"'No sir. I have younger ones to dispose of; but that pair are my models. I can't sell them.'

"The gentleman's eye was exactly filled with this pair of chickens.

"'What will you take for those two fowls?'

"'One hundred dollars, sir. I replied.

"'I guess you will—when you get it,' he added. 'Name your lowest price, now for those two. I want good ones, if any.'

"'I prefer to keep them, rather than to part with them at any price,' I insisted. 'If, however, a gentleman like yourself, who evidently knows what good fowls are, desires to procure the choicest specimens in the country, why, I confess to you that these are the persons into whose hands I prefer my best stock should fall. But I will show you some at a lower figure.' I continued, driving this pair away from the fence.

"'Don't you! Don't drive 'em away!' said he—let's see. 'That's the cock?'

"'Yes sir.'

"'And this the hen?

"'Yes.'

"'One hundred dollars! You don't mean this of course,' he persisted.

"'No. I mean that I would rather keep them sir.'

"'Well—I'll——take them,' said the stranger. 'It's cruel. But, I'll take them,' and he paid me five twenty-dollar gold pieces down on the spot, for two ten-months old chickens, from my 'splendid Royal Cochin China fowls.

"He had a tender spot somewhere, that I hit during the conversation, I presume. He took the two chickens into his carriage, and I have never seen or heard from him from that day to this. I trust, however, if these few lines should ever meet his eye, that his poultry turned out well, and that he himself is in good health and spirits."

TREATMENT OF FRUIT TREES

MR. EDITOR:—I herein propose giving you the manner of treating fruit trees, particularly the peach and plum, so as to make them bear, and if suitable to appear in your well-prepared columns, you are at liberty to use it.

The following treatment of fruit trees was communicated to me, by a lover of good fruit, who has taken great pains to have plenty of fruit, and that which is good. In the beginning of the month of April, take a handfull of rock salt, and put around the roots, close to the trunk of the trees. Then leave the trees until the first of May, when a good coat of lime should be applied to the bodies of the trees. At the same time, make a strong decoction of hickory wood ashes and water, by boiling them together, and apply this plentifully to the roots of the trees, by pouring it around them while in a boiling state. This will kill the worms and insects, or prevent them from injuring the trees. After trees have been acted on a few times in this manner, the bark becomes smoother, and the knots of young trees which are found particularly on the plum, will disappear. The trees grow more thriftly, and bear double the quantity of fruit they would without the application.

It is often a complaint among many farmers, that their peach and plum trees will not do any good, but if they will try this simple application, their complaints will cease. One of my neighbors who had several plum and peach trees and who had tried various ways to make them bear, without effect, determined on cutting them down; but after some persuasion, last spring, he was induced to give this mode a fair trial. The result was that his trees were loaded with good fruit, and instead of having to buy, he had considerable to sell.

Let each of your readers try it, and see if it does not produce the desired effect.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

COURTSHIP.

Jennie sighed, and Robin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then with outstretched arms he seized her
Half reluctant form, and——and——

"Loose me!" but he clasped the tighter—
"Jennie, say, wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other soundly,
And——I left them in that fix.

Seventeen Peers died in England, during the year 1854, and the changes in the House of Commons amounted to 47, or about 7½ per cent on the number of members.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. A. Rodgers, of Franklin, Ohio, died of hydrophobia last week. It appears he was bit by a mad dog some thirty years ago, from the effects of which he recovered, although at irregular intervals he felt a peculiar and unpleasant sensation. Being a man of powerful physical frame, weighing near two hundred pounds, it is probable that the strength of his constitution kept the effects of the virus in his system subdued. On the January, however, a small, half starved dog bit him on the hand, when he intantly remarked to his wife he never felt such a pain. It seemed to thrill his system like an electric shock. Nothing further, however, occurred at that time beyond a very severe headache and a slight nervous fever. The Dayton Gazette says:

The same dog was known to have bitten several hogs, but not until the hogs became rabid, which was several weeks after, was the dog supposed to have been mad. When Mr. Rodgers became acquainted with these facts he at once felt that, under his peculiar situation with the virus of a former bite in his system, his case was a hopeless one, and immediately set about closing up his business, and made his will, communicating his apprehensions to no person, not even his family. He enjoyed usual health up to Wednesday before his death, when the symptoms of hydrophobia began to manifest themselves, causing him, however, no serious inconvenience until Friday morning, when on attempting to wash his hands and face he found himself unable to get his hands into the water.

He ate but little breakfast and in a short time went to bed. About 12 o'clock Friday night he was seized by a most fearful spasm which lasted for some time. After the spasm passed off he became calm, and conversed almost incessantly, and assured his friends that he would not harm them in any way. His next spasm was on Sunday morning, and more violent than the former. The last spasm seemed to rack the sufferer with the most excrutiating agony and was dreadful in the extreme, even to witness. During all his sufferings to the moment of his death he was conscious of his condition, perfectly rational in all respects, and seemed to take particular care to harm no one during his raving fits, although he was in no way secured, and in the same room with his friends and attendants.

It is certainly contrary to usual experience that the virus should remain so long in the system, and give no more decided manifestations of its presence. But the case, though a remarkable one, is by no means an isolated one

SMART BUTTER.

"Why is it, my son, asked a mother of a ten year old, one day; "why is it, that when you let your bread and butter drop, that it is always with the buttered side down?"

"I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this is the strongest butter I ever seed in all my life."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunts churning."

"Did she churn it? Why, the great lazy thing."

"What, your aunt?"

"No; this yere butter. To make that poor woman churn; it's strong and rank enough to churn itself."

"Be still, Ziba; it only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I was you, when I did it, 'd put in lots and gobs of 'lasses."

"You good-for-nothing fellow, I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses.

"Well all great people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you. What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter is taking the skin off my tongue, mother."

"Riba don't lie. I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with it marm: I'll keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over and die as soon as they touch it."

"Riba, don't exaggerate; go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."—*Exit* Ziba.

RATHER A MEAN MAN.—There was a man who came into a country store with an egg, which he wished to exchange for a darning-needle. To oblige him, the storekeeper agreed to the trade. The bargain over, the egg-dealer asked—

"Don't you treat when you've dr... a trade?"

"Not for so small a trade," answered the merchant.

"A trade's a trade, whether it's for an egg or a thousand."

Aghast at the man's meanness, the storekeeper complied, and asked—"What will you take?"

"I'll take a glass of wine, with an egg beat up in't," answered the mean man.

The storekeeper said nothing, but took the egg which he had just received from the man and broke it. It happened to be a double-yolked egg.

"There!" exclaimed the mean man, "now you must give me two needles, 'cause that's a double egg I gin you."

This was going a little too far; the storekeeper declined to give his customer the second needle.

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYING.—When a man seeks advice and won't follow it, they compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper."

The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light in a sick bed-room."

If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks."

The father who neglects his child, is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail."

The picture of Ambition is "a Mandarian trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail."

Mock philanthropy has been described by one of the greatest poets; as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse warning us of the little water that passeth underneath."

AMAZING BLESSING.—A late telegraphic despatch, received in London from the East, stated "that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had left Constantinople in a *terrible fright*," and guesses as to the cause were thick and wise—until it turned out that it was in the *Terrible* frigate.

A FORTUNATE FAMILY.—A family, named Lawrence, living in Watertown, Mass., have been declared by the English Court of Chancery, to be the heirs of a fortune of one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars.