The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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

TO CLUBS.

Five copies to one address,	$8 00
Ten Do Do	16 00
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Twenty dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square of 14 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	500
Do 6 months,	800
Do one year,	1000
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly,	1000

☞ Larger Advertisements as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING.

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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PEA, }

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

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.

J. J. Cochran, Lancaster.
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☞ Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

EXCELSOIR EATING SALOON!

CHARLES D. WHARTON

HAS taken the Saloon formerly occupied by J. W. Washington,

In Market Square, Sunbury,

where he will be happy to dispense to his friends and the eating public generally, all the delicacies of the season, including Oysters fresh and spiced. The bill of fare will include substantials and delicacies, calculated to satisfy those who are hungry, and those who desire merely to save their palates tickled. It will be open at all hours of the day, and all reasonable hours of the night. Give us a call and taste for yourselves.

☞ Families and parties supplied on short notice.

Sunbury, Sept. 22, 1855.—

LEATHER.

FRITZ, HENRY & Co.

No. 29 *North Third Street, Philadelphia.*

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

Feb. 17, 1855.—w 1y

F. H. SMITH,

PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, AND

Dressing Case Manufacturer,

N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Always on hand a large and varied assortment of

Port Monnaies,	Work Boxes,
Pocket Books,	Cabas,
Bankers Cases,	Traveling Bags,
Note Holders,	Backgammon Boards,
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Also, a general assortment of English, French and German Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razor Strops and Gold Pens.

Wholesale, Second and Third Floors.

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N. W. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philada.

N. B.—On the receipt of $1, a Superior Gold Pen will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail;—describing pen, thus, medium, hard, or soft.

Phila., March 31, 1855.—ply.

DANVILLE HOTEL,

JOHN DEEN, JR.,

Market Street, Danville, Pa.

THIS is one of the largest and most commodious hotels in the interior of Pennsylvania. It has been recently fitted up, in excellent style, with all the modern conveniences.

Danville, Sept. 22, 1855.—

TO GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

BUY your goods from first hands and save 20 per cent. The undersigned has in store and offers for sale at the lowest price, with a discount of 3 per cent. for cash,

ALMONDS,	RAISINS,	FIGS,
WALNUTS,	CURRANTS,	ORANGES,
CREAM NUTS,	CITRON,	LEMONS,
FILBERTS,	PRUNES,	SWEET OIL,
GROUND NUTS,	DATES,	CASTILE SOAP, &c.

All orders by mail promptly attended to

THOMAS BOND,

418, Water Street, Philadelphia.

Phila. Sept. 15, 1855.—1mp.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

1000 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. Y. Bright, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Sunbury, October 6, 1855.—tf

HARDWARE.—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws' Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO.

Sunbury Dec. 2, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by

WEISER & BRUNER.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

WINES and Liquors for Medicinal purposes at WEISER & BRUNER'S.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

BLACK Putty—a good article—for sale by May WEISER & BRUNER.

Select Poetry.

MY CHILD.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be filled.
A gentle heart, that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love,
Has hushed its weary throbbings here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
Her trusting soul has fled,
And yet we bend above her tomb
With tears, and call her dead.
We call her dead, but ah! we know
She dwells where living waters flow.

We miss thee from our home, dear one,
We miss thee from thy place,
Oh! life will be so dark without
The sunshine of thy face;
We wait for thee at eve's sweet hour,
When stars begin to burn,
We linger in our cottage porch
To wait for thy return;
But vainly for thy coming step
We list through all the hours—
We only hear the wind's low voice
That murmurs through the flowers,
And the dark river's solemn hymn,
Sweeping among the woodlands dim.

The bird we loved is singing yet
Above our cottage door,
We sigh to hear it singing now
Since heard by thee no more;
The sunshine and the trembling leaves,
The blue o'er-arching sky,
The music of the wandering winds
That float in whispers by—
All speak in tender tones to me
Of all life's parted hours and thee.

I do not see thee now, dear one,
I do not see thee now,
But even when the twilight breeze
Steals o'er my lifted brow,
I hear thy voice upon my ear
In murmurs low and soft,
I hear thy words of tenderness
That I have heard so oft:
And on my wounded spirit falls
A blessing from above,
That whispers, tho' thy life is o'er,
We have not lost thy love;
Ah no! thy heart in death grown cold,
Still leaves us with a love untold.

No need of fame's proud voice for thee,
No need for earthly fame,
Thou art enshrined in fond hearts,
And that is all the same;
Ay, full of faith, and trust, and hope,
We tread life's troubled sea,
Till the last throbbing wave of time
Shall bear our souls to thee—
To thee, oh! it will be so sweet,
With all our sins forgiven,
To mingle with our loved and lost,
In our sweet home in heaven,
To spend with all the blest above
An endless life of perfect love.

MATILDA.

A Short Story.

BRIDES FOR SALE.

A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MARTS IN CAIRO.

We had learned one fact, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The kawajee was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidence.—We told him what we wanted. The great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of birdcages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny, fellat woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look toward the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women to resist us.

We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellat woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm.—Where they came from, we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old, ugly women, of nondescript appearance.—How they screamed, and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted, and where we come from, and where we expected to go to! Our answers consisted of handful piasters and parahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored, and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman, in a white woolen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her averice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed if we would only make haste, to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment, opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small anteroom, we found ourselves, in each case, in a nice chamber, furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand, ready to serve her. The first lady received us sulkily, and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome by-the-way—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had probably been already in some Cairo harem, and were for sale, either as a punishment, or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one of two young girls, very innocent looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too much occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the expedition; for in that light we regarded the place; a magnificent young woman, with dark, dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forehead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many fold shawl round her waist, and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jape, because it is fastened round below the hips, and falls in double folds to the ankles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockened feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what, and why she was made a show to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence; a circumstance that did not seem at all pleasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labor, and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir, just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce looking jellabs, armed with clubs, and headed by an old man with a white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place, and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused; so many people spoke at once, that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground; all to denote that we had unjustly violated his domicile; and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres, when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humoredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd.—Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

A SWISS ROMANCE.

In the thirteenth century, Bourcard had an only daughter of surpassing beauty, who appears to have captivated the heart of Rudolphe de Wadiswyl, the youngest, the bravest, and most amiable of the Dukes of Zahringer, at some tournament. Despairing of overcoming the hatred of the Baron to his race, and of obtaining the hand of Ida in a peaceable way, he formed the design of carrying her off by force. Soon after, in consequence of the absence of her father, a favorable opportunity offered itself, and he eloped with the fair Ida, who, it appears was not unwilling to accompany him to his quarters at Berne. This piece of violence only served to increase the Baron's rage, and became the occasion of sanguinary wars which devastated the country between Berne and Interlaken. Rudolphe, generous as he was brave, at length effected by stratagem what he could not accomplish by force of arms. Fatigued with glory, and tired of battle-field, he sought an interview with his enemy. He presented himself, unarmed, at the castle, accompanied only by a page, and by bribes obtained an entrance. He bore in his arms the little boy which his Ida had lately given birth to, and addressed Bourcard—now grown sad and gray from the loss of his beloved daughter—in the most respectful and submissive terms. The old man, who recognized at a glance the features of his long-estranged child in the object now before him, burst into tears, grasped the helpless babe in his trembling arms, and freely forgave the past—yea, more; he bequeathed by will and deed, to the boy, Walter Rudolphe, named henceforth Bourcard, the whole of his large possessions and domains. It was this Walter who at his death left his heritage and lands to the convent of Interlaken.

A spindle-shanked Dandy is palpably a vagrant, inasmuch as "he has no visible means of support."

THE HAPPY TYPO.

A cheerful temper is a natural gift, the desirability of which cannot be questioned, but seldom do we meet with a spirit so thoroughly saturated with good nature that no disappointment, no poverty, deprivation or combination of adverse circumstances can break it down or overcome its geniality. But yesterday morning a man made his appearance before Justice Brennan, who seemed to have a perfect fountain of undiluted contentment somewhere in his composition, which no depressing influence of care or accident had been able to exhaust or adulterate—a typo, a modern editor of Mark Tapley—a human barrel of jolliness, without hoops on. He was arrested for being intoxicated. He gave his name as Gettyphat Take, and said he was a printer, and hailed from 'The Gem of Science' office. He is a short man, of a beer cask figure, and a face as rubicund as if he slept in a room with red curtains. His answers to the questions of the authorities showed his contentment under all shades of fortune. The Justice being also in a genial humor, was inclined to banter the deciple of Ben Franklin, and accordingly addressed him as follows:

Judge—Well, Mr. Take, it seems you have thrown aside the 'composing stick,' and gone to getting drunk for a living. I'm afraid you're a 'bad case' and stand in need of 'correcting.' I think I shall send you to 'quod.'

These technicalities, which were uttered in a sort of you-see-I-know-your-trade-as-well as-you-do air, which seemed to give Mr. Take that assurance which printers seldom lack, but of which the solemnities of a Police Court might temporarily have deprived him, and he answered:

Prisoner.—Well, at any rate, I'm glad we've no 'galley' in this country, or I suppose you'd put me there, and well 'leaded' at that. But bless you, sir, going to jail's nothing; the last time I was there I tamed a rat and taught him to chew tobacco, besides inventing three new steps for a fancy hornpipe—it's a good deal better than setting 'solid minion,' more than three-quarters 'figure work' and getting only a 'price and a half' for it. Lord bless you 'Squire I'd a great deal rather go to jail ten days than not. I've got sick of work just now, and I'll have a chance to get the ink off my stomach.

Judge.—You seem to take it easy; how do you propose to spend your time this trip?

Prisoner.—Well, Corporal, I'm undecided whether I'll learn to whistle the opera of the 'Bohemian girl,' practice standing on my head, or undertake to acquire the elegant accomplishment of balancing straws on my nose. If I could get a cat, I'd teach her to play the fiddle, if I thought the strings wouldn't remind her unpleasantly of intestinal discords, after her feline body has been nine times slain.

Judge—Mr. Take, you seem particularly happy under the circumstances; have you got a wife?

Prisoner—Not now, Lieutenant; I had one, but she run off with a bowlegged cobbler; I was so glad about it that I sent her dresses, and quit claim deed of her person, which I signed in capital letters. She left me one boy; but he was a 'foul copy,' not a bit like me. I found him 'practice to the types' sticking business, but the first day he quarrelled with the regular 'devil,' knocked over the 'bank' pulled a 'form off the composing-stone,' and 'pied' five columns. He dropped the 'shooting-stick' into the 'alligator press,' and, in the evening, he and another hopeful boy were caught rehearsing a broad sword combat with a couple of 'column rules;' the foreman 'battered' him with the 'mallet,' and when he got home to me he had a 'fancy head,' if there ever was one.

Clerk—Where is he now?

Prisoner—He ran away with the circus, and the last I saw of him he was in the middle of a saw dust-ring trying to tie his legs in a bow-knot round his neck, I've been jollier since then than ever before.

Judge—You seem to be always very jolly.

Prisoner—So I am; I laughed when my father turned me out of doors at eleven years old, laughed when I broke my arm, and made funny faces at the doctor while he was setting it; the happiest day I ever spent was one time when I hadn't but one shirt and a pair of pants to put on, had spent all my money, and gone hungry for forty hours. I never was really unhappy but once in my life, and that was when I fell down stairs, fractured my collar-bone, and skinned my leg so badly I couldn't get down on my knees to thank God I hadn't broke my neck.

The Judge relented, and let Mr. Take go, and that rotund individual left the room trying to whistle and sing at the same time, and also dance an independent jig with each leg to a different tune.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STANZAS.

The summer flowers are dying, dead;
'Tis time to gather in the grain;
The faded leaves are round us spread,
But yet the autumn fruits remain.
Then yield we not our hearts to grief;
The fruit is better than the leaf.

Nor may we, though our youth be past,
With all its buds and bright-eyed flowers,
Send forth our sighs upon the blast,
And cloud the sky with tearful showers.
Oh! rather shall our minds mature
To fruits of worth that shall endure.

So, when the winter of our life
Shall creep all coldly on,
And summer, with its lighter joys,
Shall faded be and gone,
We'll turn us to our winter store,
Nor sigh to think the summer o'er.

TO STOP POTATOES ROTTING.

An experienced agriculturalist informs us that about six years ago he applied slacked lime to potatoes that were partly rotten, and that it immediately arrested the decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied remained as they were, the progress of the rot being stopped, while potatoes to which the lime was not applied continued to rot and were lost. Since then he has made it a constant practice to apply slacked lime to his potatoes as he takes them up.—He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over the potatoes—about every ten inches as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, and he has never had a rotten potatoe since he has practiced it; and he believes also that potatoes thus used are rendered better by the action of the lime. We advise the farmers to try this plan, as it can easily be done by them all.

A NEW STATE.—A new star is likely soon to be added to the American constellation.—The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act providing for the formation of a new State or Territory of Superior. Michigan gives part and Wisconsin another part to form the new Commonwealth.

Poetry.

DREAMS OF EARTH ARE FADING.

BY MISS H. M. NUNES.

The night is dark, the wind is high,
The clouds are heavy in the sky;
And oh! the bright and lovely moon,
With all the stars have gone to soon!

I sit and watch them oft from here,
As one by one they disappear,
And then I think with aching heart,
'Tis thus the joys of life depart.

Thus fade our hopes of earth away,
Thus die our dreams from day to day,
Thus, as the moon and starry night,
Have passed away on this lone night.

Thus the seed with care we nourish,
Thus the flower we fondly cherish,
When Winter's blasts come sweeping by,
Will droop the head, will fade and die.

The golden fancies which the mind,
In early youth will hope to find,
Not long the book of life doth ope,
Before it learns how vain is hope.

In the distance youth views pleasure,
As a bright and fairy treasure,
And oh! the faint and thirsty soul,
Pants, alas! to reach the goal.

But once, ah! once, the goal's attained,
And soon the sparkling cup is drained,
While there within, the dregs all rest,
Like disappointment in the breast.

And the heart is left alone in gloom,
To weep above the silent tomb
Of wasted hours—or spent in vain,
For that which brought us in no gain.

All things earthly fade and perish,
The soonest those most we cherish;
In this cold world there is no stay
That will not sink to dull decay.

Then wherefore puts the heart its trust
In fading flowers—in things of dust?
Oh! rather let it soar above,
And place its faith in Heavenly love.

WORKING GIRLS.

Happy girls! who cannot love them? With cheeks like the rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work.

Our reputation for it, such girls make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread they eat, nor what they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion.

Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them wincing along, or jump a dozen of feet to steer clear of a spider or fly; they have no affectation or silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to 'show off' to better advantage; and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not a painted or fallen angel.

If girls know how sadly they mar it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skin, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for a situation of working girls, who are so far above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything. Be wise, then you who have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf, and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in an address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School, of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy in a cold night, with no roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian to guide, to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with a blessing.—These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he had reached the ideal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted, he gained it, the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house *"that orphan boy stands before you!"*

FRIENDSHIP.—There is nothing more becoming any wise man, than to make choice of friends, for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art; let them therefore be wise and virtuous, and none of those that follow thee for gain; but make election rather of thy betters, than thy inferiors, shunning always such as are needy; for if thou givest twenty gifts, and refuse to do the like but once, all that thou hast done will be lost and such men will become thy mortal enemies.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

CONVENTION OF HUSBANDS.—The papers state that a convention of husbands is to be called shortly at Syracuse, N. Y., to adopt some measures in regard to fashion. They say that since they have to support the expenses of fashion they have a right to regulate its caprices. It is also said that a proposition to raise boys only, in future, is to come before the convention. The members are to resolve themselves into a husband's rights party.

CORK TREE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The cork tree, which flourishes natural in the south of Europe, is an evergreen, about twenty or thirty feet in height. The substance denominated cork is the outer bark, which sometimes grows two or three inches in thickness. From the Patent Office the seed has been distributed to a number of States, to test its adaptation to our climate.

A Lady was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat upon his knee, while in a crowded sleigh. "No, thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

FROM SALT LAKE CITY—BRIGHAM YOUNG GETTING EXCITED.

The Salt Lake News has late advices from Mormondom. Brigham Young's ninety-six wives seem to have no power over his spirit in subduing its fierceness. He is full of wrath against the followers of Belial, the United States soldiers, who, last winter, seduced the Mormon girls to taking sleigh rides and other little peculiarities not considered moral and unbecoming in that chaste community. Hear him:

I say again that the constitution and laws of the United States, and the laws of the different States, as a general thing, are just as good as we want provided they are honored. But we find judges who do not honor the laws yes, officers of the law dishonor the law.—Legislators and law makers are frequently the first violators of the laws they make. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn," and when the corruption of a people bears down the scale in favor of wickedness, that people is nigh unto destruction. We have the proof on hand, that instead of the laws being honored they have been violated in every instance of persecution against this people; instead of the laws being made honorable, they have been trampled under the feet of lawyers, judges, sheriffs, governors, legislators, and nearly all the officers of the government; such persons are the most guilty of breaking the laws. To diverge a little, in regard to those who have persecuted his people and driven them to the mountains, I intend to meet them on their own grounds. It was asked this morning how we could obtain redress for our wrongs; I will tell you how it could be done; we could take the same law they have taken, viz: mobocracy, and if any miserable scoundrels come here cut their throats. (All the people said, Amen.) This would be meeting out that treatment to wicked men which they had measured to innocent persons. We would meet them on their own ground, when they will not honor the law, but will kill the prophets and destroy the innocent. They could drive the innocent from their homes, take their horses and farms, cattle and goods, and destroy men, women and children, walking over the laws of the United States, trampling them under their feet, and not honoring a single law. Suppose I should follow the example they have shown us and say, "Latter Day Saints do ye likewise, and bid defiance to the whole clan of such men?" Some who are timid might say, "O! our property will be destroyed, and we shall be killed." If any man here is a coward, there are fine mountain retreats for those who feel their hearts beating at every little line and cry of the wicked, as though they would break their ribs. After this year we shall very likely again have fruitful seasons.

Again, he says:—

Up to this time we have carried the world on our backs. Joseph did it in his day, besides carrying this whole people, and now all this is upon my back, with my family to provide for at the same time, and we will carry it all and bear off the Kingdom of God. And you may pile on State after State, kingdom after kingdom, and all hell on top, and we will roll on the kingdom of our God, gather out the seed of Abraham, build the cities and temples of Zion, and establish the kingdom of God to bear rule over all the earth, and let the oppressed of all nations go free. I have never yet talked so rough in these mountains as I did in the United States when they killed Joseph. I there said, boldly and aloud "If ever a man should lay his hands on me and say, (on account of your religion,) you are my prisoner, the Lord Almighty helping me, I would send that man to hell across lots." I feel so now. Let mobbers keep their hands off from me, or I will send them where they belong. I am always prepared for such an emergency.

LAUDABLE FREAK OF A SAILOR.—A man-of-war's-man, a regular 'British tar,' stepped into the Cork Post Office, and addressing one of the clerks, asked, 'Do you know Jim Jenkins, A. B. of the Bulldog?' 'Not I,' replied the clerk, surprised, 'why do you ask?' The sailor replied, 'Because I wanted you to give a letter to him,' saying which he produced an epistle. 'Very well,' replied the clerk, 'the letter will be sent to him, but you must put a stamp on it.' 'How the d— can you send a letter to Jim Jenkins unless you know him?' inquired the tar. 'Oh, that does not matter,' answered the clerk, 'I can send the letter but it will cost you a penny for a stamp.' 'Stamp!' cried the sailor, 'show me one.' A stamp was accordingly shown to him, when he exclaimed, 'No, shiver me if I put Jim Jenkins off with a penny, for he often spent a crown upon me; hav'n't you got anything handsomer than this? The clerk remarked in the affirmative, and showed him a two-penny stamp. 'Well,' cried the other, 'this looks decenter, but hav'nt you got anything better?' The clerk then showed him a shilling stamp, which Jack inspected with an expression of approval, saying all right, put five of them on the letter; d—n my limbs, I will never send Jim Jenkins less than five shillings worth.' Saying this he threw down five shillings on the counter, took the five shilling stamps and stuck them on the letter, which he then threw into the letter box with expressions of satisfaction at having spent a crown's worth on Jim Jenkins.

"THAT LASTES FOR ME."—A rather amusing scene was witnessed at the Columbus, Ohio, post office, the other morning. A rough, uncouth-looking customer inquired for a letter general delivery. He received one, and not sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him. The postmaster, with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows:—

"Dear S——. This letter comes a hopin', I take my pen in Hand to inform you that we are awl well, and hope you are enjoyin' the same blessin'.

I am sorry to here you have been on another drunken spree——

"Stop," shouted the attentive listener, "stop, I say; that 'ere letter's for me; here's your five cents, and fork that 'ere document over!" And amid a general laugh of the bystanders, he vanished.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street."

"Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced pantalettes that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me."

Mrs. Dogberry spoke of the 'sin of vanity and the beauty of decorum,' and walked off into her chamber.

CAUTION TO MECHANICS.—A person in Mobile, Ala., has brought suit against a shoemaker, for failing to comply with a promise to have a pair of boots made at a specified time. Should the plaintiff in this case obtain judgment, it may be a salutary lesson to mechanics in general, amongst whom want of punctuality is of too frequent occurrence.

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

A recent work on science gives the following novel experiment, which settles a question of some importance in philosophy. Two hundred pounds weight of earth was dried in an oven and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth or dust blown to it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of small holes suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for five years, the tree was removed and found to weigh 169 pounds and about three ounces; The leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven and afterwards weighed; it was afterwards discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus 164 pounds of woody fibre bark and roots, were certainly produced, but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of solid elements at least.—This statement may at first appear incredible but on slight reflection its truth is proved, because the atmosphere contains carbonic acid, which is the compound 744 parts by weight, of oxygen, and 338 parts by weight, of carbon.

Miscellany.

STOP THAT BOY!—Stop that boy! A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk independence in his face, a care for nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town and higher than the President. Stop him! he is going too far. He don't see himself as others see him. He don't know his speed.—Stop him ere tobacco shatters his nerves, ere pride ruins his character; ere the leafer master the man; ere good ambition or manly strength give way to low grossness and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion, the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, and the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church, the bridegroom signed the register with this x mark." The pretty young bride did the same, and then turning to a lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes, "she's a dear fellow, Miss, but cannot write yet. He's going to learn of me, and I would not shame him for the world."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her: she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as I do, and she has so many pretty toys."

"I can't help that my dear," responded the foolish anti-American, her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she isn't a shoemaker."

The *Albany Argus* tells a story of a man buying oats, a few days since, who gave a fifty dollar bill in mistake for a five. On discovering the blunder, and hastening to have it rectified, he found the recipient of it deliberately rubbing out the cipher on the bill, in order to make his cash account square with his funds. An exchange of a "five" for a "fifty" saved the latter from further defacement, and fully satisfied both parties.

A Young Lady, who had vexed her many summers at the sun dial, was accused of dyeing her hair, which is of a raven black. She declared in the most indignant manner, that there was not the slightest truth in the accusation—more than this, she generously offered to let any one examine her hair, to see how false it was!

Until a young man is married he is tossed about from one degree of ungallantness to another, till his health, strength and character are completely busted up and done for. Tell about your Congress water and sea bathing! There is nothing the Lord ever invented for the health equal to a virtuous woman.

PRIZE FOR DIAMONDS.—Mr. Alphens Beers, while fishing one day last week in a brook at Stratford, Ct., discovered and has in his possession what purports to be a diamond of the best water. It is said that he is offered $2000 for his prize.

AN OLD VESSEL CONVICTED.—Joel Schooner was convicted last Wednesday at Auburn, N. Y., of arson in the second degree, and sentenced to the State Prison for two years.—This Schooner is 98 years old!

AN INDIAN LAWYER.—Col. Rogers, a half-breed Cherokee, has commenced an argument before the Court of Claims in the celebrated Cherokee case, in which Cherokees, claim the sum of $170,000, under the provision of the treaty of 1835.

DEATH OF AN OLD CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Wm. Case, the oldest Wesleyan minister in Canada, who was thrown from a horse and had a leg broken, some weeks ago, died, a few days since, aged 75 years, at Alnwick, Canada West.

Immense beds of magnetic ore have been discovered within a few days in Wolcottville, Conn., on the Naugatuck railroad. A company for the quarrying business has been formed.

The Madison, Indiana, Banner says everybody in that region is engaged in building corn-cribs. The like of the crops in Indiana and Kentucky was never seen before. The farmers have their hands full.

BONNETS ARE BIGGER.—The present style of bonnets is certainly not of a Malthusian character, for since they came into use there have been more babies apparent than ever.

A western editor is grieving over a late frost, because it was a smashing stroke on the tomato vines!

Anthony Nicol, committed suicide in the Schuylkill county jail, on Thursday morning. He was well to do in the world, but had two wives.

DETROIT, Oct. 25.—The Hon. Charles W. Whipple, Justice to our Supreme Court, died in this city this evening.

In Madison, Iowa, apples are selling for five cents a bushel.

Pleasure may be a shadow, but it uses a heap of substance.

To forget and forgive is a good man's revenge.