The Sunbury American.

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 16. NO 32

The Sunbury American, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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I. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

References in Philadelphia: Hon. Job R. Tyson, Chas. Gibbons, Esq., Somers & Snodgrass, Linn, Smith & Co.

以西西西西西西西部 LATEST ARRIVAL,

Largest and Best Assortment CHEAP, HANDSOME & DURABLE THE subscriber takes pleasure in informin his customers and the public generally that he is now in receipt of an unusually large and Splendid Assortment of New Goods.

To endeavor to enumerate the one hundreth part of the articles would be useless. Suffice it to say, they have been selected with the greatest care, and they will be disposed of at as low prices as the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. My motto is

"Quick Sales and Small Profits." He takes this method of presenting to the public his thanks for the liberal patronage extended to him, and by strict attention to business, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. It will be advisable for purchasers to call and examine his assortment before purchasing elsewhere. All kinds of produce taken in exchange. EDWARD Y. BRIGHT. Sunbury, December 1, 1855 .-

U.S. OF A. "God and our Natice Land." SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U.S. A. holds its stated sessions every Mondat evening in their New Hall, opposite E. Y. Brights store, Sunbury, Pa. Initiation and regalia, \$2,00.

D. O. E MAIZE, W. C. En't Wilvent, R. S. Sunbury Jan. 12, 1856.—oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M. SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A. M. meets every Trisnay evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sanbury, Pa. Members of the erder are respectfully requested to artend. P. M. SHINDEL, C.

A. HOOVER, R. S. Sunbury, Oct. 20, 1855.

J.S. OF A. WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19 J. S. of A holds its stated meetings every Saturday evening, in the American Hall, Market Street,

H. CLEMENT, P. Henry Y. Friling. R. S. Susbury, January 5, 1855 .- tf.

Cheap Watches & Jewelr WHOLESALE and Retail, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry,

PHILADELPHIA. Good Leyer Watches, full juweled, 18 carat cases, \$5 od Legine fisk. \$21 00 Fine Silver Spectacles. Silver Lop. full jewiled, so food Bracelets, Silver Lover, full jewild 12 tadies! Gold Pencils, Superior Quartiers, 7 Silver Fea spoons, set, 2,001 Superior Quartiers, 7 Silver Tea sp. Gold Speciacles, 7,000 Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Holder,

Gold Finger Rings, 375 cents to \$80; Watch Glasses, plain, 124 cents; Patent, 184; Lunet, 25; other articles in proportion. All goods war ranted to be what they are sold for.
STAUFFER & HARLEY,

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices. Sept 6, 1855 .- 1y.

F. H. SMITH, PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, Dressing Case Manufacturer, N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA. Always on hand a large and varied assortment of Work Boxes, Port Monnaies, Cabus. Pocket Books, Traveling Bags, Bankers Cases, Backgammon Boards, Note Holders, Chess Men, Port Polios. Portable Desks. Cigar Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Memorandum Books Also, a general assortment of English, French and German Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery,

Enzors, Razor Strops and Gald Pens. Wholesale, Second and Third Floors. F. H. SMITH, W. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philada N. B.—On the receipt of \$1, a Superior Gold Pan will be sent to any part of the United States, mail; describing pen, thus, medium, hard,

Phila., March 31, 1855 .- ply.

FOR SALE! PTEAM ENGINES 90 Horse power each with boilers. Would make excellent pump-ing ongines, together with 2 large blowing cylinbers, suitable for a blast furnace. Apply to HENRY LONGENECKER & CO. Shamokin Iron Works,

Shamokin, Pa. Shamakin, July 21, 1955,-

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE. the Cheap Store of E. Y. Bright, for which the highest market price will be paid. Sunburv, October 6, 1855,-if

STOVES-FOR RALE an excellent second-hand Cook ing Stove, also several Cylinder Coel

Select Poetry,

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought Upon life's common ways. Should other men the gain have caught, Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find, While folly plunders fame. To thy rich store the crowd is blind, Nor knows thy very name.

If then art true, yet in thee lurks
For for fame a human sigh, To Nature go, and see her works, That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets, Is full of germs and seeds : Nor glorifies herself, nor sets Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between, She loves untrodden roads; Her richest treasures one not seen By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson, Look not for Reward : from out thee chase All selfish ends, and ask no more Than to fulfil thy place.

A Thrilling Sketch

From Putnam's Magazina. A DIVER'S TALE.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

The life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea, is not more perilous than exciting events renders it dear to its professor. Not to the common-diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander with impunity, for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for, in his memory, he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver-a diver from choice-and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however— but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred not long ago, upon the wildest part of the const of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but amid the crowd of said to bit follows. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel bad sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly struck a hid den rock, and had thus been, in one moment destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in ma king the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured apon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and a presence of mind of which the others were destitute. As two persons were needed, in order to explore the Marmion I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a culm and pleasant day, but the outhern and eastern wind looked deceitful,-Small suspicious clouds were gathered there. ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hang dog fellows," as my comrade, Rammer, remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky but boldly prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's must remained above the surface to point out the resting-place of the Marmion We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed our helmets tightly. and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me. "Oh," I replied gally, "it's only a little mist,

-all right "Ah?" He uttered a low exclamation. which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

they however, could not easily distinguish .-Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain sloping downward toward the south, and rising slightly towards the north. Looking forward then, dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock. I mentioned to Rimmer that we should

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensa-tion felt by one who first walks the bottom of which still glared like the eyes of the manine,

no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the plash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace, for this armor which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practiced

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no mat-ter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us.

they raced and chased one another in every direction. Here a shoal of perposes tumbled along in clumsy gambols, there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of sealler fish floated post us, there some huge ones with ponderous forms floated in the water lazily.—Sometimes three or four placed themselves dire tly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain, till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But fi had been increasing though I had not noticed it and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by these swells.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled assunder.—That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shricking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out.

our beat slewly moving onward upon the surovering form of that ebony rock which had soon a round, black object became discernable, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more

A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of

his hand. I looked up and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our scarch? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signalized to Rimmer to go forward; and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and fascinating. The charm of terror hangs nameless ocean vegetation. We passed on-around it, and the interminable succession of ward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer. The Marmion-there she lay upright, with

everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position, among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at the wharf. We rashed eagerly and clambered up her side -There was a low mean in the water, which went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight room. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

onthe that appeared. When I speak of hur. side, this movement of mine was quick; I rushed

upwards. I sprang out on deck. He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and inted to the cabin.

attempted to go there. He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck oul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainvisible, and no voice is heard. I could not e his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask glowed like coals of fire. "I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from

him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful

as to paralyze the soul of a practised diver? I will see for invself. I walked forward. I came to the cabin

loor. I entered the forward saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence— oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloen, which had echoed with the shricks of the frowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which re only felt by those to whom scenes of suionity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked o the after cabin and entered-

"Ob. God of Heaven!" Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convul-sive. I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people-men and women -caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had ound him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waves of the sea had been "All ready," I cried in a loud voice, which crowd of people, heaped upon one anotherwas one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there holding on to an iron pest. So strong was each convulsive grasp. their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically at the

door. To the door-good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes.— Eyes in which the fire of life had been discite the astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times.

All around us lay the plain. with no expression. They froze me with their All around us by the plain, covered by wa-ter; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air for the water, in the distance the distance, grew opaque, and seemed to with the cold and glassy eyes, made their va-fade away into misty darkness. There was cancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more flendish than the others; for his long black hair disheveled and floated horri bly down-and his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh. what woe and torture! what unotterable agonies appeared in the despairing glunce of those laces—faces twisted into -pasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling

with a start, they would durt away.

All this time we were waking onward, along the bottom of the sen, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled My weights could not be loosened-I pulled at them with frantic exertion, but could not

face of the water. And now, not more than loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown a hundred yards before us, we could see the stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet, down. The tube, also was lying down still we could not be certain that this was the in my passage way through the machine place where the Marmion had struck. But rooms, I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had re-turned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer

had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine room, to go back so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through the passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for it all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful

Back-fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs into the lower hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had descended. It was dark; a new feeling of borror shot through me; I looked

up. The aperture was closed.

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight blindly thrown down the trap door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin, thet demon who sprang towards me-

I started back in terror, But I could not wait here; I must go; nust escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder and tried to raise the sounded warning y in our ears, and told us of a swift approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We harried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I door. It resisted my efforts, I put my head it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept strongly empanded by close wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron and tried to pry it np: I mised it slightly but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around and found some blocks: with these I raised the heavy door a little; plicing a block into keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had it raised four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The sub-

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I harriedly ascended the deck by the first Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its merged vessel felt its power, and recked .iv, I speak of the quantity and from the deck move, to ble, when covered with so much armor. But try and from the own. Dut when I came to the outlet. I knew it was impossible, for the tube would not permit me to go so far. and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the

cabin. I returned to the fallen door: I sat down despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was to trin her over. She creaked and groaned, and labored, and

then turned upon her side. I rose : I clung to the ladder : I pressed the trap door open while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground -I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went over back again,

Then, with a last effort. I twisted the iron fastenings of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell .a moments I was floating on the waterfor the air which is pressed down for the divers' consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat with my bold brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved

Rimmer had fled from the borrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me I still go down but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

TERRIPLE SUFFERING AND DEATH FROM Cold.—Our Minnesota exchanges give an account of the death of Dr. F. N. Ripley. of Shakopee, and the sufferings of Mr. Mc-Clelland, his companion. Dr. Ripley and his companion, on the first of March, got lost; the cold was intense and Dr. Ripley becoming too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly unable to go further, sank down in the snow. grasping the table, others the side of the ca-McClelland attempted to rouse him, but his commenced with him a period of suffering manufactured with coal alone as fuel. days he lay in the cubin, with feet so badly frozen that he could not walk a step, unable the cabin only partially covered, and with no door to keep out the wolves, there he lay until he was found by a surveying party and taken to Shakopce. The amputation of his legs was deemed inevitable. The bones of Dr. Ripley were found picked clean by the wolves. His shawl and other parts of his lothing were also found Dr. Ripley was 28 years old, a native of New York, where he was respectably coenected

INDIAN RAVAGES .- The Indians have been ravaging several of the frontier towns of Mexico. At New Camargo, they killed one or two men and carried off several women, besides robbing the ranches and driving off the stock. They encamped nearly all of one day in the neighborhood of Mier, and did not appear to have the least fear of the inhabifor life. It was not certainly known to what I heeded not the dangerous sea which event tribe they belonged, but they were supposed when we touched the steamer, had slightly to be Lipona

Poetry.

LOLLIE LORN.

From the Kaleld-scope.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

Lollie, sweet bewitching creature, Lollie Lorn, I sing-Beautiful in form and feature, But the strangest thing !

If you kindly speak to Lollie,
If you strive to woo,
Soon will you repent your folly, Never more to sue Lollie, Lollie, was there ever Such a wilful maiden? Never.

Lollie's voice is low and tender, And her eyes of blue Rival, in their depth and splendor, Heaven's brightest huc; Never such a saint-like sinner Wielded Capid's dart, But the very Devil's in her,

Nestling in her heart.
Lollie, Lollie, was there ever
Such a wicked maiden? Never. Lollie's lovers seldom number

Less than half a score, And the beauty seems to wonder Why there are no more; But she loves no human being, Nothing but her cat : And her lovers marvel, seeing How she cares for that. Lollie, Lollie, was there ever Such a selfish maiden? Never.

Lollie'll die an ancient muiden, Sallow, wrinkled, spare, With her wig and sorrows laden, None will mourn or care. She who lives unloving, only Heedless of herself,

Soon will wither, cold and lonely, Laid upon the shelf. Lollie, Lollie, was there ever Such a maiden? Never, never.

Farmer's Department.

Cultivation of Plums

In most sections the cultivation of plams has been greatly abridged by the ravages of the curculio, and indeed the injurious conse-quences resulting from its insidious attacks. have been so great, that very many who had entered quite extensively into the enterprise, have been compelled to abundon it altogether, Whether there exists, at present, any efficient and reliable remedy for this evil, is a question admitting, perhaps, of some doubt. Still, by a propper system of suitable soil, and who can afford the exquisite amount of attention. may derive no small profit from the cultivation of any or all the numerous varieties ordinarily grown upon our farms. The soil which appears to be the most genial to these fruits, is a light, demand resil ligam, approaching fully, and enriched by durad, be manure, but never with such matters as will ferment strongly. A compost of forest leaves, clay and rotten wood, chip manure from the wood ed, leached ashes, hime, gypsum, and an is much better than animal excrement, and if thrown luto a heap the year previous to its application, and occasionally wet down with sap suds and urine, with a turning now and then during the season, to mix the materials thoroughly, it will operate with great efficien-

ey, and induce a rapid and healthy growth.

Solt is perhaps one of the best of all known fertilisers for the plum. In its native state -that of the beach plum-it is always found in situations where it is copiously freignted by salt-water, and is there never infested by the evils which so greatly lessen its value in a cultivated state. Probably an occasional sprinkling of salt and water made about as strong as the sea water is, and applied by an ordinary garden syringe, to the limbs and leaves, would tend somewhat to mitigate the evils resulting from the carculio, if it did not wholly prevent them. Washing the bark, frequently with soap suds, urine, or weak ley and splitting the bark from the roots upward to the junction of the larger limbs, have a good effect. All green and immuture fruit should be carefully destroyed as soon as it falls. It contains the egg of the fly while pro-

luces the curculio, as may be seen by inspect-ing it as it comes from the tree. I think that very many who attempt the ultivation of plums, are enforcing them too The pear blight, in my opin is attributable to the same course. times when pears were set in apple orchards, there was no complaint as to their blighting. The disease was, indeed, wholly unknown, and has only been developed of late years, whan it is thought that the forcing principle, so pernicionaly applied in our human "nurseries of knowledge," is equally desirable in ne-celerating the materation of vegetables, and pushing "Dame Nature" ahead of herself, to the detriment of her more important characteristic and powers. - Germantown Tel.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF Line.—It has been a question whether as good an article of quick lime could be made bin -there they stood. Near the door was a efforts were unavailing. His knees, one foot from the carbonate, with stone and coal alone. and lips were frozen, and he would frequently as with wood, or with coal and wood combisome on the floor, others pushing over them lie down in the snow. He begged MrC. to ned. It is a known fact that considerable —all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There leave him and hasten for help and return, water is contained in wood, while there is ned. It is a known fact that considerable They parted no more to meet on earth. The very little in coal; about 400 gallons of water latter succeeded in reaching the camp after are required in the manufacture of every 1000 dark, on the third day from starting, when he bushels of quicklime. It appears that at an so fierce the struggle of each with death, that arrived with both feet badly frozen. Now establishment in Pennsylvania lime is now almost without a parallel. For seventeen top is burned with authracite, and the arch with bituminous coal; under a grate is a cold blast driven by a steam engine; and at the to make a fire, his matches having got wet. top of the eye and over the bituminous coal with but one plut of rice and one pound of is a pipe introducing into the arch a constant with but one pint of rice and one pound of is a pipe introducing into the arch a constant cheese for food during the whole time, with jet of steam from the engine, which can be regulated as to quantity at pleasure.

RAIN WATER CISTERNS .- We would advise those who are about to dig cisterns, to hold rain water, to considder whether it is worth their consideration to make their cisterns above ground. Make a heavy trussel work, then a heavy frame work of the sions desired-board that up, line with lead, cover with tin roof painted, and direct the water into it from the roofs. It will last a quarter of a century with care; and by it you have only to turn a cock to let water run, instead of pumping it up with much labor. If well put up, it will never leak.

The first cost of this kind of cistern may be greater than those dag in the ground, but they are handler and better, and with a little care in winter there is no danger of freezing.

The wheat crop of Virginia is said to look very thriffy, and stands well upon the ground,

Anecdotes of Dr. Franklin.

At the age of seventeen he left dis native

city of Boston, and after a somewhat tedi-ous voyage, arrived at Philadelphia about 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning. Soon as the boat struck the place of landing, Ben put his hand into his pocket and asked what was the damage? The boatmen answered, "nothing," which was very well for him, as his whole stock of cash amounted to but little more than a dollar. Having parted with the companions of his voyage, he walked up market street in search of some thing to eat. He had gone but a short distunce before he met a child bearing in his arms that most welcome of all sights to a hungry man—a fine loaf of bread. Ben eagerly asked him where he bad got it. The child, turning round, lifted his little arm, and, pointing up the street, with great simplicity and sweetness said, "Don't you see that little home, that little white house way up yonder?" "" said Ben. "Well, then," continued the chile, "that's the baker's house; there's where my mantay sends me every morning to get bread for all we children!" Ben blessed his sweet lips of innocence, and hastening to the loose, bolely called for three pence worth of bread. The baker threw him down three large rolls. baker threw him down three large rolls.
"What, all this for three-pence." inquired Ben, with surprise. "Yes, all that for three-pence," replied the baker, with a fine yankee snap of the eye, "all that for only three-pence." Then measuring Ben from head to foot, he said, with a sly, quizzing sort of an air, "pray, now, my little man, where may are different the property of the pence."

Gulf of Paria, near the Port of Spain, in 1797, at a time when they were blockaded by the wre recovered by divers. During the operations, two six-pounders of brass, in a remarkable state of preservation, were also rescued from the deep. Their surface was covered with pitch, and their bores were filled. you have come from?" "From Boston." re-plied Ben. "Plague on't." replied the man of dough, "and why didn't you tell me that mens of preservation, pieces of pitch pine in at first, for you know you couldn't have got almost perfect state, having resisted the neall that bread in Yankeetown for less than a good fourpence." "Very cheap," said Ben, "three large rolls for threepence; guile dog sheap." So taking them up, he began to per and pitch pine having resisted the effect stow them away in his pockets, but soon found it impossible for the want of room; so, placing a roll under each arm, and break. ing the third, he began to eat as he walked

along up Market street.

On the way he passed the house of that benutifal girl, Miss Deborah Reed, who, happened to be at the door, was so diverted at the droll figure he made, that she could not help laughing outright. Very little idea had she, at the time, that she was presently to be up to her eyes in love with this young gawky, and, after many a deep sigh and heartacle, was to marry him; and yet all this actually came to pass, as we shall presently see, and we hope greatly to the comfort of all virtuous young men who, though they may be sometimes hughed at for the eddities, yet, if like Franklin, they will but stick to the main chance-EUSINESS and EDcome at the last, and render themselves the admiration of those who once despised

But our hero is in too interesting a part of the story for us to lose a moment's sight of him; so, after this short moral, we turn our eyes on him again, as, band 'enting, and his bundles inching the acrners of the streets, gazing, and inching the acrners of the streets, gazing, and turning the street had become Rai" of well-dressed people, all going the same that the street had become same way. He therefore cut in and follow-ing the line of march, was thus incorably led parson spoke, and a Deacon volunteered, it to a large Quaker meeting. Sans ceremonie he pushed in and sat down with the rest, and, looking round him, soon felt the metic if not of a devout, jet of a pleasantly, thoughtful spirit. It came to his recollection to have heard that people must go abroad to see strange things. And here it seemed to be verified. "What, no pulpit! Who ever saw a meeting house before without a pulpit?"
He could not for his life conceive where the preacher was to stand. But his attention was quickly turned from the meeting house the congregation, whose appearance, particularly that of the young females, delighted him exceedingly. Such simplicity of dress, with such an air of parity and neatness. He had never seen any thing like it before, and yet all admirably suited to the gentle harmoy of their looks. And then their eyes! for ekness and sweetness of expression oked like dove's eyes. While indulging these and such like soothing sentiments libent any sound of singing or preaching disturb him, and tired nature's softest anguer stealing over him, he sunk insensibly ato sleep. We are not informed that he was visited during slumbers by any of those benevolent spirits who once descended in the dreams of the youthful patriarch as he slept in the plains of Bethel. But he tells us himself that he was risited by one of that henevolent sect in whose place of wership he had been overtaken by sleep. Waked by some gentle hand, he opened his eyes, and lo, a femule countenance, about middle age, and of eachanting sweetness, was smiling at bim. Rossed to a recollection of the impropriety he had been guilty of he was too much rubbed his head for a moment, in a kind of confused to speak, but his reddened checks brown study, "I swow, I've forgotten the gentold what he felt. But he had nothing to tleman's name !" fear. Gently shaking her head, though without a frown, and with a voice us sweet as music, she said to him, "My son, thee coght not to sleep in meeting." Then giving him the look of a mother as she went out, she bade him farewell. He followed her as well as he could, and left the meeting house much mortified at having been caught asleep in it; but deriving, at the same time, great pleasare from the circumstance which gave occasion to the good Quaker indy to give bim "that motherly look."—Waxn's tife of Frank. THE DRUNGARDS WILL -1 leave to society ruined character, a wretched example, and memory that will soon rot.

I leave my parents during the rest of their yea, no much sorrow as humanity, in a feetile nd decrepid state, can sustain, I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, and to weep ever ny premature death. I give and bequeath to each of my children care of Heaven: "Who gives you your daily overty, ignorance, a low character, and the bread?" asked she. "Dod," replied the child; overty, ignorance, a low character, and the membrance that their father was a mon-

A CONFIRMED MISER -A man of seventy three years of age recently died in the India na penitentiary, of an affection of the heart. He was a miser, was incarcerated for a forgery of \$25, and has left a fortune of \$100,-

He dealed himself the smallest luxury beyond the prison fare, and at the time of his arrest he was tendered counsel. pledged themselves to clear him of the charge for the fee of Sattl. To this the old man replied, that "if convicted, the sentence would only be for two years, and he didn't think he could make his expenses and two hundred and fifty dollars a year out of the penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much any-

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY,-Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful

allegory : "When God, in his eternal counsel, conceived the thought of a man's creation, he called to him three ministers who called constantly upon his throne-Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them. 'Shall we make man? Then said Justice, 'O, God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws,' Truth make answer also, 'O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries.' But mercy dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, 'O, God, make him: I will watch over him with my care through all the dark pathes be may have to tread."

"Then God made man and said to him, 'O. man, thou art the child of mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

A New Importation .-- The schooper Leansville, arrived at New York, from Trinidad, on Saturday, loaded principally with old iron guns, and an anchor, from the remains of Spanish men-of-wer, that were, burnt in the Gulf of Poria, near the Port of Spain, in 1797 of the water almost entirely.

Humorous Column.

An anecdote is told of Finney, the revival ist: He was holding orth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day came across a beatman who was swearing fariously. Going up he confronted him, and abruptly asked.

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"
The unsuspecting boatman innoceally replied that he was a going up the canal on the hoat "Johnny Sands."
"No sir, you are not." continued Finney, "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for the property of the partnered the

ment for a minute, and then returned the question: "Sir, do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven." "No sir, you are going in the canal?" And suiting the action to the word he tack Figwaters, where he would have drowned had he

not relented and fished him out. At a Kansas meeting lately held in New was announced that Miss Mary Dutton gave

twenty five dollars for the purchase of a rifle to be used in a contemplated civil Shoulder arms! Miss Mary Dutton-Your knapsack buckle tight;

Your anger breeches put on. And show 'em how to fight ! Quick murch upon the foes!

(A Bible in your pocket.) Hold up your head and turn out your toes! Present you rifle-cock it! Take aim, and sight it well: And now the trigger-pell it-And send a slaveholder to hell-

With every whistling bullet !-

Boston Post. Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter

with my child's nose? she keeps a pickin' of Yes, marm; its probably an irritation of the gastric muccus membrane communicating a sympathetic tittillation to the epithelium

of the echoerian! "Thar, now ; that's jest what I told Becky; she 'lowed it was the worrums!"

An prehin of ten summers, was sent to school for the first time. The teacher to test his acquirements, asked him, "Who made you?" The boy couldn't answer. The teacher told him the propper answer, and desired the hoy to remember it. Some hours after, the teacher repeated the question. The hov

Why are kisses like the creation? Recause they are made out of nothing, and are very The perpetrator of the above was senten-

ced to kiss fifteen young lidies, as punishment for his offence. He took the matter very early, saying that he considered kissing copi-Nimrod can you tell me who was the first

"Adam semebody His father wasn't no-body, and he never had a mother, on account of the scarcity of women, and the pressure of HASTY .- A gentleman recently addressed a passionate billetsi ox to a lady, to which was added the following postserist - Pleaso

send a speedy answer to this, as I have somebody else in my eye!" A very excellent lady sought to instruct ber grandchild in relation to the provident

"but Uncle Peter puts the butter and sagar "Bob, you may that you believe most diseaes are contagious. How long have you en-

pulpitation of the heart." --An Inca. - 'I'm glad that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder, at breakfast.

tertained such notions ?" "Ever since I sat

along side of a blue-eyed girl and caught the

Why ?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever set-

"Among other blessings," said Dr. Frank-lin, "a man should thank God for his vanity becouse it makes him feel Laupy.