

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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THE POOR.

BY WM. ELLERY CHANNING.
I do not mourn my friends are false;
I dare not grieve for sins of mine;
I weep for those who pine to death,
Great God! in this rich world of thine.
So many tears there are to see,
And fields go waving broad with grain,
And yet—what utter misery!
Our very brothers lie in pain!
Those by their darkened hearth-stones sit,
Their children shivering by round,
As true as I wish God, I were fit
For these poor men to curse the ground.
And those who hie to bread have none,
Half starved, the long, long winter's day,
Food pressing on their young,
Too wholly sad one word to say.
To them it seems their God has cursed
This race of ours since they were born;
Willing to toil, and yet deprived
Of common wood, or store of corn.
I do not weep for my own woes,
They are as nothing in my eye;
I weep for those who starve and freeze,
Do curse their God and love to die.

Dark-eyed Beauty of the South
DARK-EYED beauty of the South!
Mistress of the rosy mouth!
Doubt thy heart dears thy duty;
Doubt thy blood tells thy beauty;
Art thou false, and art thou cold?
Art thou sworn to wed for gold?
On thy forehead smelt pride,
Crowned with scorn and falcon-eyed,
But beneath, methinks, thou wast
Stern smiles that seem divine.
Can such smiles be false and cold?
Canst thou—willst thou wed for gold?
We, who dwell on Northern earth,
Fill the frozen air with mirth—
Soar upon the wings of laughter,
(Though we droop the moment after)
But, through all our regions cold,
None will set their hearts for gold.

FATTENING OF HOGS.—We would here re-
mark, that the putting up hogs for fattening,
should not be delayed until cold weather, as
they gain much faster under the influence of
heat than cold. When confined in their pens,
they should have allowances of charcoal, rot-
ten wood, ashes, and salt, given them every
few days; be provided with fresh water at
least twice a day, and supplied liberally with
such materials, as mould and leaves from the
woods, marsh, mud, the scrapings of the road
and yard, cornstalks, refuse straw, and offal of
every kind, to be converted by them into ma-
nure. Beside their regular feeds of corn, it
would be well, every few days, to give them
vegetables of some kind, as they tend to keep
their system cool, and promote the regular e-
vacuation of their bowels.

TIME FOR FRUIT TREES.—In the autumn of
1841, we laid bare the roots of a number of un-
fruitful apple and peach trees, and left them ex-
posed during the winter, returned the dirt in the
spring, and applied to the roots of each tree
about half a bushel of gas lime. Last year the
trees seemed greatly improved, and the peaches
were more than three times as much as they
did the two previous years, and the fruit seemed
improved. Ashes are a good substitute for lime,
and ordinary lime would probably do as
well as the gas lime.—Delaware Farmer.

A NONNE DON.—A Halifax paper states that
a child was playing with a Newfoundland dog
on Rouch's wharf, Halifax, a short time since,
and by some accident slipped over the end of
the wharf into the water. The dog immedi-
ately sprang after the child, (who was only six
years old,) and seizing the waist of his little
trunk, brought him into the dock where there
was a stage, and by which the child held on,
but was unable to get on top. The dog, seeing
it was unable to pull the little fellow out of
the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, and where
a little girl of nine years of age was hanging up
clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and
notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he
succeeded in dragging her to the spot where
the child was still hanging by the hands to the
stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child,
the dog released her in rescuing the little fel-
low from his perilous situation; and after lick-
ing the face of the infant it had thus saved, it
took a leap off the stage, and swam round to
the end of the wharf, and immediately return-
ed with its hat in its mouth. It is said that the
father of the child—to whom the dog belongs
—when leaving the country where he formerly
resided, rescued it from the hands of some
persons who were about to execute the poor
animal for hitting a sheep.

CHEYNE.—George Cheyne, a Scotch physi-
cian, when a person was talking about the ex-
cellence of human nature, exclaimed—"Hoot,
hoot, man! human nature is a rogue and a
scoundrel, or why should it perpetually stand
in need of laws and of religion?"

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JERFAXON.

By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Nov. 4, 1843. Vol. 4—No. 6—Whole No. 162.

From the New Mirror.
Recollections of John Randolph,
OF ROANOKE.

It may be remembered that in the year 1822
it was by no means certain who would be the
favorite candidate for the Presidency. Several
distinguished men were talked of—Crawford,
Adams, Lowndes, Clay, King, &c.

The night before Randolph sailed he was
invited to spend the evening at the hospitable
mansion of the late Mr. Coddon. A select few
of the literati were invited to meet him, and he
was very talkative until politics were intro-
duced; he then became silent, and seemed to
take no interest in the conversation. The sub-
ject of the next Presidency was freely canvassed
by the other gentlemen, and at length a learned
physician present, turning round to Mr.
Randolph, rather abruptly said:

"And pray, Mr. Randolph, who is the most
talked of in Washington as the most happy
man?"

"His name, sir, is 'Legion,' replied Randolph,
in his most formal manner, soon after which he
withdrew.

Mr. Randolph never wished to have any to-
pic of conversation forced upon him. He was
very arbitrary in his taste, and the surest way
of securing an intellectual treat from him was
to permit him to introduce the subject, and
change it as often as his fancy dictated. We
soon discovered this peculiarity of tempera-
ment on board the ship, and indulged him to his
heart's content. Sometimes however, our
young Virginia passenger would oppose him
purposely, to show his independence, and
Randolph would retaliate by lavishing the most
unmeasured abuse upon the Russians, amongst
whom the Virginian intended to pass the next
two or three years of his life.

Your father, sir, will regret the day he has
permitted you to go among the demagogues
to learn the art of war; or, to butcher your
fellow-creatures; more correctly speaking, you
will lose your love of liberty, sir. You will
be taught to consider *virtus, virtus*; and all the
landmarks of morals, sir, will quickly be effaced
from your youthful mind. In after years, sir,
you will have to mourn over 'time mispent
and talents misemployed.' On my return to
Washington, sir, I give you fair notice, I shall
try to persuade your father, my old friend, to
recall his prodigal son."

Four fellow: he now lies in the cold grave.
His career was a brilliant though short one.
His letters of introduction procured him a most
favorable reception at the court of Russia. He
quickly rose in the army, and became a favorite
in the very highest circles. His death occur-
ed several years ago, after a short illness, in
the prime of life.

On the fifth of April we made the land about
noon. The wind had changed since Randolph
predicted that we would strike "Nico head,"
and we first saw the high mountains of Don-
egal. The atmosphere was beautifully clear,
and we ran along the coast near enough to see
the houses, &c. Towards night, Randolph
said to me:

"Well, sir, I now believe the anecdote relat-
ed by Arthur Young. In his notes on Ireland,
he says that one day a farmer took his son, a
young boy, some distance from home, in the
country Meath. They came to a tree; the boy
was astonished, stopped and asked, 'Father,
what is that?' never having seen one before:
Here have we been sailing along the Irish coast
for a whole day, and not a single tree have I
seen!"

It was too true. Barren are the mountains
of Donegal. No trees are to be seen; and it
is no wonder that an American should be struck
with astonishment, just arriving from his own
well-wooded shores.

The moon was shining brightly when we
came up with the island of Rathlin, or Rag-
hery, but the tide ran so strongly against us
we passed it very slowly, notwithstanding we
had a stiff breeze on our favor. As Mr. Randolph
gazed upon its rugged shore, he said:

"That island I have wished much to see, sir.
I suppose you are aware that its inhabitants
are a most peculiar race. They look down
with contempt upon the 'continent,' as they
call Ireland, (only three miles distant!) and
the greatest curse known to them is, 'May
Ireland be your latter end!' They have
their own laws and usages, intermarry
among themselves, pay great deference to
their landlords and priests, smuggle a little
for an honest livelihood, and the severest pun-
ishment practiced among them is banishment
to Ireland!"

Next day we run down the Channel, passing
and meeting hundreds of vessels, from the state-
ly Indianan to the small fishing-smack. The
American ships were easily discovered from the
British by their white canvases, bright red
and sharp bows. It was a very exciting scene,
and Randolph was in fine spirits. The sight of old
England brought back the 'olden time' to his
memory, and he shed tears of delight.

"Thank God," exclaimed he, "that I have
lived to behold the land of Shakespeare, of Mil-

ton, of my forefathers! May her greatness in-
crease through all time!"

It was past eleven o'clock at night when we
reached the dock, and we remained on board
till next morning. Before parting Randolph
said to me:

"I don't wish you to tell any one that I am
here. I do not covet any attentions at present,
sir. I have come to England to see, and not
to be seen; to hear, and not to be heard. I don't
want to be made a lion of, sir. You understand
me. I have formed a friendship for you, which
I hope, will be continued, sir; and when you
come to London, you must instantly inform me
of your arrival; there is my address, sir. God
bless you; and remember you tell your father
not to give you whiskey punch or novels."

I only remained two days in Liverpool, and
the morning I embarked for Dublin I called to
say good-by to Randolph at his lodgings. I
found him in conversation with a venerable
looking gentleman. The moment I entered
the room he turned around and said:

"I am delighted to see you, sir; and at this
moment, 'above all days in the year,' as McRory
says, because it enables me to make you ac-
quainted with the finest specimen of the old
Virginia gentleman now in England, sir, the
friend and countryman of Washington, from
whom he received his present appointment, the
beloved of all Americans who visit England—
Mr. James Maury, United States Consul; and,
Mr. Maury when I inform you, that this young
gentleman's grandfather received from General
Washington a gold ring, containing his like-
ness, as a mark of his personal respect, I am
sure you will give him the right hand of fellow-
ship, sir."

Mr. Maury blushed, and so did I; but his
truly warm reception after this singular intro-
duction soon put me at ease, and I passed a
most delightful half hour with him and Ran-
dolph. We listened to an epitome of the history
of Virginia since the Revolution, from Ran-
dolph, who took it for granted that he could
not in any way so much amuse his ancient
friend as by detailing to him all the principal
events that had taken place since his departure
from the 'ancient dominion.' But I was obliged
to tear myself away, and, once more bidding
Randolph good-by, and thanking Mr. Maury for
his very kind invitation to the hospitalities of
his house, I went on board the steamer 'Water-
loo,' bound to Dublin. After a rough passage
of fourteen hours, I found myself alongside the
'Quay,' in the river Liffey, about midnight,
and in another hour was fast asleep in a com-
fortable bed on shore; for, to tell the truth,
that the same steambath would have received
no patronage on the Hudson river—a small,
dirty, comfortable boat—and all the passengers
were glad enough to leave her.

Egyptian Archeology applied to Agricul-
ture.

The universality of the application of Nilotic
researches is aptly exemplified in the following
extract from the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury:

WHEAT THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—
Four years ago a friend of the Earl of Hadding-
ton having occasion to unroll an Egyptian mummy,
was surprised to find a few grains of wheat en-
closed along with the body; and having made
a present to his Lordship's Countess of
four seeds, it was sent to his Lordship's mag-
nificent seat of Tynningham, in East Lothian,
and sown in a favorable spot in the kitchen-
garden, on the 1st of November of last
year. Through the kindness of his Lord-
ship's worthy and excellent gardener, Mr.
Ford, we have been favored with a sight of
the produce of these highly interesting seeds,
and as rather an imperfect account of them has
appeared in a contemporary, we venture to
lay before our readers the following brief de-
scription of them: Although there may be
nearly a hundred stalks, ranging in length from
nearly five to upwards of six feet, the leaves
are broader than usual, and fully an average
as to length. The grain is in two rows, or
triplets, and one or two that we counted, con-
tained twenty triplets on a side, or forty on the
ear. The ear contains a few barbs or awns on
the upper end, and is open and distant between
the grains. It flowered neatly a fortnight be-
fore any of the varieties sown at the same pe-
riod in the neighboring fields. A few rains of
the modern Egyptian wheats were sown along
with it, and certainly no two articles can be
more entirely dissimilar. The modern is
dwarf—not more than four feet high—closely
set and barbed in every part of the ear, and its
general appearance is to its ancient progenitor,
is not far different than that of barley to wheat.
It might be needless to add that Mr. Ford looks
forward to his harvest with infinite anxiety, and
has cost him no little care to protect them
from the legions of antiquarian blackbirds which
beset it trying every opening in the netting
with which it is enclosed, seemingly determi-
ned at all risks to compare the food of the an-
cient blackbirds in Egypt with that of the mo-
dern ones in Tynningham.—Scoteman. [The
other day, in one of the rooms of the Derby Ex-

hibition, we observed growing in flower pots,
several healthy stalks of Egyptian wheat ap-
proaching to maturity. Of the appearance al-
together of the wheat, we could not supply a
better than the preceding description. The
seeds from which it was produced, are said to
be three thousand years' old, having been ob-
tained under the same singular circumstance
as the above.—Eds.]

With regard to the wheat in this mummy
being actually 3000 years old, we would re-
mark, that the age of the mummy is indefi-
nite. Mummification dates from times anterior
to the Pyramids down to the days of St. Augus-
tine, in the fifth century after Christ. The
age of this wheat may be only 1200 years! E-
gyptian wheat found in the tombs of the 18th
Dynasty, i. e. from B. C. 1822 to B. C. 1476—
has germinated when sown in Germany. It is
frequently found in the tombs of Egypt, as may
be seen on reference to Sir J. G. Wilkinson's
"Manners and Customs."

From the Medonian.
Captain Stockton and the Steam Man-of-
War Vessel, the Princeton.

We publish the official report made by Capt.
Stockton to the Secretary of the Navy, of the
trial of speed made between the Princeton and
the British steamer Great Western. The re-
sult was such as to make it a proud day for
Capt. Stockton, and the country proud of hav-
ing such a son. The Great Western has long
been a favorite vessel on both sides of the At-
lantic, and took precedence with the public
over all the ocean steamers for speed, skillful
command, &c. The act of challenging a ves-
sel with such an established character to a tri-
al of powers with one which was still, in a mea-
sure, but an untried experiment, was an act of
daring which few would have ventured on, and
none who are not actuated by that noble spirit
of chivalry, for which Captain Stockton is so
eminently distinguished.

There is not any thing whatever new, but
only improvements in the arts, as applied to
ship-building, machinery, and steam power.
The model of the Princeton is said to be as
perfect as any thing that ever floated on the
water. Every one who sees her, is struck with
admiration at her perfect symmetry and grace-
ful appearance. The machinery is said to be
of the most perfect character, in design as well
as in finish. The ship, the machinery, and
every thing connected therewith, has been
originated by, and constructed and executed
under the immediate superintendence of Cap-
tain Stockton. To him belongs all the credit
of success, and the renown which it sheds on
the country, for these extraordinary improve-
ments in the arts; as, in the event of a failure,
he would have been obliged to have borne all
the odium consequent thereto. This, after the
expectation of the public had been elevated to
the highest point, would not have been either
light or measured. Captain Stockton's profes-
sional as well as scientific reputation was staked
in the result of the experiment. Thus far he
has succeeded, and triumphed far beyond, it ap-
pears to us, what his most sanguine expecta-
tions could have ever anticipated. In this he
reaps a rich reward. The country, which he
has long gallantly served, derives the benefits.

This is not all. The armament and its char-
acter are yet to be spoken of. Two wrought
iron guns of greater weight than history gives
any account of having ever before been forged.
The smaller one, thirteen or fourteen feet long,
and carrying a ball weighing 240 pounds—the
larger, sixteen feet long, and carrying a greater
weight of metal—these, also, the original in-
vention of Captain Stockton. The experiments
that have already been made prove, we under-
stand, that these guns discharge a ball with
the accuracy of a rifle and with more a terrific
effect. The union of these tremendous en-
gines of destruction with steam power, by which
the ship can be propelled, either backward or
forward, and against wind, tide, or current, will
lead to an entire change in the mode of naval
warfare. A vessel of this character will be
wrought before ten years shall have passed
over, we venture to predict, than that produced
in the mode of travel since the application, by
a vessel, of steam power to propelling boats and
locomotives.

The name of Stockton is destined, in all fu-
ture time, to adorn the pages of history as a
splendid contributor to the glory of his country,
by the improvements in science and the arts,
for which she is so eminently indebted to his
public spirit and brilliant genius; that name
will also stand among the highest of those who
now are destined, hereafter, to occupy a niche
in the temple of fame. Brave, prompt, en-
ergetic, generous, kind, benevolent, and chivalric,
the country rejoices in having, and offers ho-
mage to such a son.

WATER LOST.—Capt. a waterman, laid a wa-
ter that he and a big dog would both leap from
the centre arch of Westminster bridge and
land at Lambeth within a minute of each other,
he jumped off first, and the dog not being in the
secret, immediately followed, laid hold of his
master by the neck, and dragged him on shore
to the amusement of the spectators.

SPANISH EPIQUETTE.—A Spanish soldier
who entered the apartment of the king's sister,
and saved her from the flames, was tried and
condemned to die for intruding upon her. The
Princess, however, concended, in considera-
tion of the circumstances, to pardon the offen-
der and very benevolently saved his life.

SOMETHING NEW.—A novel mode of pres-
erving for a wife's has been adopted by an in-
habitant of Danbury, Oxfordshire. A daguerro-
type portrait of the gentleman is placed in a
ship, with the following notice underneath:—
'Wanted, a female companion to the above—
apply within.'

A BLYNDERING FOOTPAD.—Gilbert Burnet,
after having been robbed of his watch and purse
by a footpad, was obliged to exchange costs
with him, as the thief took a strange fancy to
him. Not long after, Bishop Burnet put his
hand into one of the pockets of the robber's coat,
where he found his watch and purse, and in the
other a considerable quantity of gold.

U. S. STEAMSHIP PRINCETON,
Philadelphia, October 21, 1843.
HOB. DAVID HENSHAW,
Secretary of the Navy:

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that I
left the Delaware on Tuesday, the 17th inst.,
to try the Princeton at sea, and returned to this
place last night to finish her equipment. The
Princeton has performed so well under all cir-
cumstances, that too much cannot be said in
praise of her. We arrived at Sandy Hook on
Wednesday, in 2 1/4 hours from Newcastle.—
We went up to the city of New York to show
ourselves and to give notice to the Captain of
the English Steamer Great Western that I de-
signed to have a trial of speed with that ves-
sel.

On Thursday the Western came out of the
East river, and the trial took place, from the
Battery to the sea, in which we gained a most
glorious triumph in the presence of many thou-
sands of our fellow-citizens, assembled to wit-
ness the useful and exciting contest. The
following account which was made at the time
by two gentlemen who came on board for that
purpose, I prefer to send you rather than
trust my own pen on the subject. You will
allow me, however, to add that the Princeton
is now admitted to be the fastest and most beau-
tiful, as she will hereafter be admitted to be
the most formidable ship afloat:

At 38 minutes past 2 o'clock, P. M., whilst
the Princeton was lying in the North river, the
Great Western was seen passing the Battery,
under a full head of steam, blowing off strong,
and with her fore and aft sails set, the wind
blowing fresh from the westward. The Prince-
ton immediately started her engine, gave chase
and coming up astern of the Great Western
soon passed with no sails set, and the yards
square. The Western then set her square
sails, and the Princeton following her example,
made sail also, and continued to widen the gap
between the two vessels.

When the Princeton had arrived at the
Booy of the middle below the Narrows, she
was more than a mile ahead of the Great West-
ern. Here the latter stop, to make good the
distance she had lost, took the "Swash Chan-
nel," which is three miles shorter than the ordi-
nary ship channel which the Princeton had
taken before she was aware of the intention of
the Great Western. Notwithstanding the
greater distance she had passed over, she met
the Western again at the Black Booy on the
Outer Bar, and there passed under her stern
about two lengths distant, then hauled up on a
line parallel to her. When coming alongside
Captain Stockton wished Captain Hosken a
pleasant passage, and the crew of the Prince-
ton gave the Western three cheers. The
Princeton then rapidly passed ahead of the
Western, in two minutes crossed her bow, and
then hauled up for the Capes of the Delaware.

From the time that the Princeton passed
Castle Garden till she finally left the Great
Western was one hour and fifty-six minutes,
during which time she had beaten her three
miles.

The Princeton occupied one hour and thirty-
one minutes in going from Castle Garden to
Sandy Hook Point, a distance of more than
twenty-one miles; thus showing her speed to
have been more than fourteen miles per hour,
and that against the flood tide, and proving her
to be the fastest sea-going steamer in the world.

The Great Western accomplished the dis-
tance to the Bar in considerably less time than
she had ever done before, having been well
prepared for the occasion.

The Princeton had her full compliment of
coal in her bunkers, &c. also the greatest part of
her water and stores, and a quantity of coal on
deck equal to the weight of her armament.

Your obedient and faithful servant,
R. F. STOCKTON.

THE DOUBLING FRENCHMAN.

"I shall get some sleeps, nevaire."—Mons.
Morbleu.
In years by-gone, when Rockaway was the
focus of fashion as a watering place, and before
Sarstoga and Ballston had superseded it, the
Half-way House, at Jamaica, used to be filled
with travellers on their excursions, who gener-
ally stayed there over night, and pursued their
journey to the sea shore in the morning. One
warm summer's evening, when the house was
unusually crowded, an Englishman rode up in
a gig, and asked for accommodations for the
night.

Landlord.—I'm very sorry I cannot enter-
tain you, Sir, unless you will accept of supper
and lodging with a French gentleman up stairs.
Traveler.—No, I won't sleep in the same
room with any d—d Frenchman, and off he
rode with all the glum looks of a real John Bull.
In about half an hour, however, he came back
and said he believed he 'must put up with it.'
But this expression about the Frenchman, had
by some means reached that gentleman's ears,
who had determined, being a stout man, upon
the course of his conduct towards his civil vis-
itor. The Englishman stalked into the room—
the Frenchman was all smiles and bows—John
Bull slightly nodded and set down as grum as a
bear.—About an hour elapsed without either
speaking, when the Englishman got up and
gave the bell cord a pull.—The Frenchman
started also from his seat, and gave the string
two pulls. Up came the waiter, (who had re-
ceived his cue before) and awaited orders.

Bull.—Waiter, cook me some supper.
Frenchman.—Yes, vaitaire, you cook me
two suppers!!
Bull started, and looked grim—the French-
man elevated his eye-brows, and took a huge
pinch of snuff.—Supper being ready, the fol-
lowing scene took place at the table:

Bull.—Waiter! bring me a bottle of wine.
Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here,
you bring me two bottles do wine? Bull knit
his brows—Monsieur elevated his, shrugged
up his shoulders, and took another pinch of
snuff.

Bull.—Waiter, bring me, ah, what the d—d I
do you call it, a pie or tart?
Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here, you
bring me two, vat is de diable you call him, ah!
two pie! two tart!!

Bull growled, and starting from his seat,
rung the bell. The Frenchman jumped to the
string and gave it a desperate pull. The wait-
er (who was almost convulsed with laughter)
came hurrying in, when Bull roared out, 'wait-
er, go down stairs and bring me up a boot-jack
and a pair of slippers!'

Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here—
you go down stairs, you bring me two slippers!
two boot-jack! The waiter soon returned with
the articles, when Bull roused to the highest
pitch, thundered out, 'waiter, bring me up a
candle, and show me up a pair of stairs, into a
room with one bed in it.'

Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here—
you bring me up two candle, show me up two
pair stairs, and give me two room vid two bed
in—eh he!

Bull could stand it no longer—he kicked the
boot-jack out of his way—upset the candle on
the table—banged his head against the door in
the dark—pitched the waiter down stairs, and
then rolled after him to the bottom, and darting
into the bar room, ordered his horse and gig,
swearing he would never sleep in the house
with a mad Frenchman.
'Ah ha!' exclaimed Monsieur, 'no like de
d—d Frenchman. Vol, Morbleu, I shall get
some sleeps to night, all alone by myself. C'est
fait'—and he went quietly to bed. MA FOI.

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Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.	

Advertisements left without directions as to the
length of time they are to be published, will be
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-
ingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

THE DOUBLING FRENCHMAN.

"I shall get some sleeps, nevaire."—Mons.
Morbleu.
In years by-gone, when Rockaway was the
focus of fashion as a watering place, and before
Sarstoga and Ballston had superseded it, the
Half-way House, at Jamaica, used to be filled
with travellers on their excursions, who gener-
ally stayed there over night, and pursued their
journey to the sea shore in the morning. One
warm summer's evening, when the house was
unusually crowded, an Englishman rode up in
a gig, and asked for accommodations for the
night.

Landlord.—I'm very sorry I cannot enter-
tain you, Sir, unless you will accept of supper
and lodging with a French gentleman up stairs.
Traveler.—No, I won't sleep in the same
room with any d—d Frenchman, and off he
rode with all the glum looks of a real John Bull.
In about half an hour, however, he came back
and said he believed he 'must put up with it.'
But this expression about the Frenchman, had
by some means reached that gentleman's ears,
who had determined, being a stout man, upon
the course of his conduct towards his civil vis-
itor. The Englishman stalked into the room—
the Frenchman was all smiles and bows—John
Bull slightly nodded and set down as grum as a
bear.—About an hour elapsed without either
speaking, when the Englishman got up and
gave the bell cord a pull.—The Frenchman
started also from his seat, and gave the string
two pulls. Up came the waiter, (who had re-
ceived his cue before) and awaited orders.

Bull.—Waiter, cook me some supper.
Frenchman.—Yes, vaitaire, you cook me
two suppers!!
Bull started, and looked grim—the French-
man elevated his eye-brows, and took a huge
pinch of snuff.—Supper being ready, the fol-
lowing scene took place at the table:

Bull.—Waiter! bring me a bottle of wine.
Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here,
you bring me two bottles do wine? Bull knit
his brows—Monsieur elevated his, shrugged
up his shoulders, and took another pinch of
snuff.

Bull.—Waiter, bring me, ah, what the d—d I
do you call it, a pie or tart?
Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here, you
bring me two, vat is de diable you call him, ah!
two pie! two tart!!

Bull growled, and starting from his seat,
rung the bell. The Frenchman jumped to the
string and gave it a desperate pull. The wait-
er (who was almost convulsed with laughter)
came hurrying in, when Bull roared out, 'wait-
er, go down stairs and bring me up a boot-jack
and a pair of slippers!'

Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here—
you go down stairs, you bring me two slippers!
two boot-jack! The waiter soon returned with
the articles, when Bull roused to the highest
pitch, thundered out, 'waiter, bring me up a
candle, and show me up a pair of stairs, into a
room with one bed in it.'

Frenchman.—Vaitaire, come back here—
you bring me up two candle, show me up two
pair stairs, and give me two room vid two bed
in—eh he!

Bull could stand it no longer—he kicked the
boot-jack out of his way—upset the candle on
the table—banged his head against the door in
the dark—pitched the waiter down stairs, and
then rolled after him to the bottom, and darting
into the bar room, ordered his horse and gig,
swearing he would never sleep in the house
with a mad Frenchman.
'Ah ha!' exclaimed Monsieur, 'no like de
d—d Frenchman. Vol, Morbleu, I shall get
some sleeps to night, all alone by myself. C'est
fait'—and he went quietly to bed. MA FOI.

SIGN BOARD.—The following is on a violin
maker's sign board, at Lamerick: 'New Vil-
lins mad here and old ones repaired, also new
heads, ribs, and backs mad on the shortest
notice. N. B. Shoes mended, &c. Pat O'Shug-
nessy, painter.

LOSS AND GAIN.—A man of wit once said
rightly enough—'He who find a good son-in-
law, gains a good son—he who gaus a bad one
loses a daughter.'

DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN, if preserved from the
gallows, are reserved for the rack, to be tor-
tured by their own posterity. One complain-
ing that never father had so ungrateful a child
as he had, 'yes,' said his son, with less grace
than truth, 'my grandfather had.'

BEAUTIFUL.—A beautiful sentiment is the
following, by the celebrated Logan:—'Over
all the moments of life religion scatters her fa-
vors, but reserves her best, her choicest, her di-
vine blessings for the last hour.'

The following humorous definition was given
by Sheridan—'Irishman, a machine for
converting potatoes into human nature.'

Why is lightning like a thief? Because it
is inclined to steal.