

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Elsely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Dec. 21, 1844.

Vol. 5--No. 13--Whole No. 221.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.
Square 1 insertion, \$0 50
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Sixteen lines make a square.

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP
REST FENNER & CO.
Manufacturers of
UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.
The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.
Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.
A large assortment of the New Style Curain Parasols.
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—ly

HERR'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,
No. 116 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above spacious and convenient establishment, and will always be ready to entertain visitors. His established reputation in the line, it is hoped, will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; whilst his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a cheerful and first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for individuals and families.
Charge for boarding \$1 per day.
DANIEL HERR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

To Country Merchants.
Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

FLAX FOR SALE.—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, and 2 miles from Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Tilton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold in lots, if application is made soon to the subscriber, Sunbury, Aug. 21.
H. B. MASSER.

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by
Aug. 21, 1844.
H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL.
DOCTOR J. B. MASSER.
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Dr. Clement's store, and immediately opposite the post office, where he will be happy to receive calls at the line of his profession.
Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

DAVID EVANS'
Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.
EVANS & WATSON,
No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange,
PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTURE and keep for sale **DAVID EVANS'** celebrated Water and Protection C. Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Bolck Iron, and not over Plank as ninety-five out of every one hundred now in use and for sale by mail—by first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers—similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were, at their behest, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by soldiers, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.
Hoisting Machines, Iron Doors, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Hardware, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand or manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION—I do hereby caution all persons against making use, selling, or causing to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind similar in principle to my Patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against Lining Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 26th March, 1844, as any infringement will be dealt with according to law.
DAVID EVANS.
Philadelphia, April 13, 1844.—ly

FORESTVILLE
BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.
THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash. Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.
Dec. 2, 1843.
H. B. MASSER.

STONE WARE for sale.
225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons,
50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale cheap, by
Oct. 14
H. B. MASSER.



Hurrah for the Printers.
The following excellent song, written by Charles Soran, Esq., was sung by Mr. Geo. R. Appleby, accompanied on the Guitar by Mr. Wm. T. Nimmo, on the occasion of the late Anniversary Supper of the Baltimore Typographical Society. It is very pretty, and does credit to the author.—*Baltimore Sun.*

You ask for a song that is not out of place,
Then I'll sing of hard cases that work at the press,
Like a song of dear woman or Fourth of July,
It's a glorious theme and will never be dry.
Hurrah for the Printers, hurrah for the Printers
Hurrah for the Printers, hurrah and hurrah.

Old Faust was their father you very well know,
Who learnt from the devil the art long ago,
And all his successors you see by their prints,
Have raised the Old Boy with the world ever since
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

From King-dom they've knocked down most all
of his props,
Old Craft-dom they've changed to the Craft of the
shops,
For Labor now rules and mankind will be freed,
By the handmaid of Freedom, the Press, it's decreed.
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Religion and Science and Art are its brothers,
For it is the Art that preserves all the others;
The Historian and Poet—O! where'd be their fame,
Were it not for the Press their great deeds to proclaim.
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

The weapon of truth and the champion of worth,
'Tis a light to mankind as the Sun is to earth,
It reflects, it produces, it nourishes, blesses,
Then shout for the heroes that work at the Presses
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

But though Darkness they've banished, they're
still in the night
Of the secret that gives them their glory and might,
Which is, though I own Pat can strike a good lick,
'Tis they "are the devils for handling the stick."
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

It was that same stick did such wondrous things,
The setting up subjects and knocking down Kings,
By blessing and raising mankind every way,
So God bless the Printers, hurrah and hurrah.
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Hurrah for the Printers exclaimeth the Preacher,
The Writer, the Workman, the People, the
Teacher,
And Liberty smiling benignly o'er us,
From heaven looks down and joins in the chorus.
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Now I've told you plain truths that you'll know
before,
But will quit, though the theme would afford many
more.

With a wish, in a summary way, that no Winter
May ever congeal the fond hopes of the Printer.
Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Some singular genius has perpetrated the following calculations, which are amusing:
I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hand of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels, of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,520 pounds, or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied myself in weight from 160 pounds. It will therefore be seen that I have drunk in coffee alone 218 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about eight oxen a day, which makes 5806 pounds, or about ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed, in 32 years, about 50 barrels.

For 20 years of this time, up to 1831, I have drunk two wine glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts. The port wine, madeira, whiskey punch, &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large.—In champagne I have been extremely moderate, as I find from my bills that I have paid for 53 baskets in the last 13 years, which is about one bottle a week, and this is not all consumed by me. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now, my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years; and taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drunk much, acts merely as a diluent, yet all taken together, I conclude that I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1100 men of 160 pounds each.—*Paris Paper.*

Small things often decide a man's destiny, as the rudder of a ship directs her course.

We take the following article upon fattening animals, with a table of the proportions of flesh and fat forming qualities of several kinds of food, from the Genesee Farmer. Every farmer ought to read it.

FATTENING ANIMALS.

If a person ten years ago had said anything about fattening animals scientifically, he would have been very much ridiculed. Still there is such a thing as applying science to making pork or beef.

It has long been known that certain kinds of food would make an animal fatten very fast, while others would only keep them thrifty. The analysis of the various gains and articles of food used shows the reason, and demonstrates fully the importance of a knowledge of the elements it contains.

To enable the readers of the American to judge for themselves I have prepared a table compiled from various books and papers, showing the Flesh forming principle, and the Fat-forming principle, in some of the leading articles used for animal food.

Contents of 100 pounds	Flesh-forming principle.	Fat-forming principle.
Peas.....	29	15 1/2
Beans.....	31	52
Oats.....	10 1/2	65
Barley.....	14	65
Hay.....	1	9
Potatoes.....	2	2 1/2
Carrots.....	2	10
R. Beets.....	1 1/2	8 1/2
In. Corn.....	4	77

By this table it appears that there is a great difference in the capacity of the different kinds of food to form flesh or fat. Peas, for instance, contains the most of the flesh-forming principle, and corn the least. While on the other hand, corn possesses the largest amount of fat-forming principle of any grain grown. Corn contains 9 per cent. of oil.

In this instance the analysis of the chemist agrees with the experience of the farmer. For we all know that any animal will grow rapidly upon pulse, oats and barley, but that they will fatten much faster upon corn. By mixing the food, and fomenting, so that it will be in the best possible state to assimilate itself in the stomach, the farmer can apply his feed to the best advantage. If he wish to promote the growth, feed less of corn and potatoes; if he wish to fatten fast, give a greater proportion of corn.

But we learn another important fact, viz: the fattening principle is in proportion to the oil contained in the article fed. This we know also by an experience, for hogs which feed upon nuts, especially beech nuts, become very fat, and the nuts contain a large proportion of oil. Hence it is in the power of the farmer by raising and feeding seeds that contain a large quantity of oil, to fatten his animals much faster than by the old process. Sunflower seeds contain, it is said, 10 per cent. of oil. By mixing and grinding a small quantity of these seeds with other food, it would materially hasten the fattening process.

All food fed should be cooked, if possible, and fermented. From my own experience, I am satisfied, full one quarter is saved by that means.

D. L., in the last number, says that the water in which potatoes are cooked should be thrown away, lest some of the deleterious properties of the potatoe should injure the animals. This is theory against fact, and shows how long a popular error may go uncontradicted, when the evidence is daily before us. I have fed hundreds of bushels of boiled potatoe to hogs, and always washed them up in the water in which I cooked them, and never yet saw any bad effects.

Finally, observe the following rules:
1st. Keep your animals warm and quiet.
2. Prepare the food so that it will easily digest.
3. Mix the food, and remember that the more oil in the food, the faster the animal will fatten, though too much might make the meat soft; and much time and money will be saved.

TALLOW MANUFACTURE.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following description of one of the "manufactories" in the West:

"There is one establishment in Lafayette, Indiana, which, from its novelty, must not be overlooked. It is a steam factory of Tallow and Lard. The whole process is this—A lot of cattle are purchased and butchered, the hides cured and the carcasses cut up and thrown into immense cauldrons, into which the steam from a large boiler is conducted, by which means the fat is rapidly extracted and drawn off; then the lean is dealt out to a lot of hogs, which, to a considerable extent, are fattened on this refuse of the carcasses of the cattle. The hogs are served the same way, and after the lard is extracted the carcasses are used for the same purposes of those of the cattle. This project, though yet an experiment, promises success.—1000 hogs are expected to be kept in this way. Cattle in abundance fattened on the practice, may be had for 5 to 10 dollars each."

THE YANKEE IN ITALY.

HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

One day as I was walking along a crowded street of Leghorn, my attention was arrested by a singular figure enconced in the doorway of a fashionable man. It was a lank, sharp featured man, clad in a linsey woolsey, with a white felt hat on his head, and an enormous twisted stick in his hand. He was looking about him with a shrewd gaze, in which inquisitiveness and contempt were strangely mingled. The moment I came opposite to him, he drew a very large silver watch from his fob, and after inspecting it a moment with an impudent air, exclaimed—

"I say, stranger, what time do they dine in these parts?"

"At this house dinner hour is about five."

"Five! why, I am half starved, and its only twelve. I can't stand it later than two. I say I guess you are from the States?"

"Yes."

"May-be you come to be cured of dyspepsia?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for it's a plaguey waste of money. I just arrived from New Orleans, and there was a man on board who made the trip all on account of dyspepsia. I was good as told him he was a fool for his pains. I know a thing or two, I guess. You see that stick? Well, with that stick I've killed six alligators! There's one thing that is a certain cure for dyspepsia."

"And what's that?"

For a moment the stranger made no reply, but twisted his stick, and gave a glance from his keen grey eyes, with the air of a man who can keep his own counsel.

"You want to know what will cure dyspepsia?"

"Yes."

"Well then—Speculation!"

After this announcement, the huge stick was planted very sturdily and the spectral figure drawn up to its utmost tension as if challenging contradiction. Apparently satisfied with my tacit acceptance of the proposition, the man of alligators grew more complacent.

"I'll tell you how I found out the secret. I was a schoolmaster in the State of Maine, and it was as much as I could do to make both ends meet.—What with fogging the boys, leading the choir Sundays, living in a leaky school house, and drinking hard cider, I grew as thin as a rail, and had to call on a travelling doctor. After he had looked into me and on my case, 'Mister,' says he 'there's only one thing for you to do—you must speculate.' I had a kind of notion of what he meant, for all winter, the folks had been talking about the eastern land speculation; so says I 'Doctor, I haven't got a cent to begin with.' So much the better, says he 'a man who has money is a fool to speculate; you've got nothing to lose, so begin the right way.' I sold out all my things, but one suit of clothes, and a neighbor gave me a lift in his wagon as far as Bangor. I took lodgings at the creek hotel, and by keeping my eyes open at the table and in the bar-room, soon had all the slang of speculation by heart, and, having the gift of gab, by the third day out-trotted all the boarders about 'lots,' 'water privileges,' 'sites,' and 'buddies.' One morning I found an old gentleman sitting in the parlor looking very gloom. 'Ah,' says I, 'great bargain that of yours, two hundred acres, including the main street as far as the railroad depot—that is where they're to be when Jonesville is built.—'Some people have all the luck,' said the old gentleman. There isn't a better tract in all Maine than mine, but I can't get an offer. 'Cause because you don't talk up,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you seem to understand the business. Here's my land—all you can get over three thousand dollars, you may have it.' I set right to work, got the editor to mention it as a rare chance, whispered about in all corners that the land had been surveyed for a manufacturing town, and had a splendid map drawn with a colored border, six meeting houses, a lycium, blocks of stone, hay scales, a State prison, and a rural cemetery, with Gorrytown in large letters at the bottom, and then hung it up in the hall.

Before the week was out, I sold the land for cash to a company for twenty thousand dollars, gave the old gentleman his three thousand, and have been speculating ever since. I own two-thirds of a granite quarry in New Hampshire, half a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and a prairie in Illinois, besides lots of bank stock, half a canal, and a whole India rubber factory. I've been in New Orleans buying cotton, and came here to see about the silk business, and mean to dip in the marble line a little. I've never had the dyspepsia since I began to speculate. It exercises all the organs, and keeps a man a-going like a steamboat."

Just then a bell was heard from within, and the stranger thinking it was the signal for dinner, precipitately withdrew.—*Graham's Magazine.*

"I blush deeply under the heat of your passion," as the lobster said to the boiling water.

From the National Intelligencer.

A Bad Story Well Told.

"I was once acceptable. I can very well remember the first step which led me to what I am now. It was on a Sunday night—yes on a Sunday night—for what law of God and man will not he, who is beginning to yield to the power of temptation, make subordinate to the law of his appetites? It was on Sunday night that I was decoyed into a tavern, and there, first, when I was at the tender age of fifteen, with intellectual promise as fair as ever made a parent's heart bound with joy, my friend, who was the most detested enemy I ever had, though 'but dust' now, handed me the cup. I remember the light and joyous sensations which bounded through my brain. I felt a delicious delirium—was pleased with every body around me—felt brave enough to march to the cannon's mouth. All this, however, passed off with the first sleep, and would never have been thought of again, but for the dreadful fact that then and there I got a taste for that Circean cup which has all but poisoned me to death and will soon finish me. That was the first step in a series of steps downward. I went home every night with ideas, and when in the morning I arose, it soon became necessary, after a kind of waking giddy doze through the forenoon, to go to the side-board. This alarmed my mother and sisters. They thought it strange and remonstrated, but I despised the idea of being a tippler, and was angry because they expressed their fears, after they had seen me do it a few times, that I would form the habit of drinking.

Had I been just to these fears then, I should not be what I am now. Let the young man who is just acquiring the taste not disregard these gentle admonitions, they are the suggestions of guardian angels, which, if obeyed, will open to them the path of peace, health, contentment and honor. If disobeyed, he is destined to trouble, discontent, disgrace, sickness and death. I could go now and call for my glass, treat and be treated. It was called gentlemanly, and why must not I be gentleman? I was getting up in life and must be able to master a glass of brandy, gin or whatever the fashionable drink was.

When at length I began to be somewhat alarmed at this surprising progress in dissipation, I resolved to abstain for a limited period. Then my ambition would kindle up, for I wished ardently to become a great man; and studied earnestly for a time the science of law and politics; but when the allotted period expired, forward I would rush again into the old channel, like a current that having been dammed up breaks over the final barriers with fresh impetuosity.

I got married—for woman, affectionate woman, will not hear of faults in him she loves. 'He will reform. He loves me so well to make me unhappy—he knows I shall not like it. He promises to abstain.' Ah, deceived woman! Love may be stronger than death, but the power of the cup is stronger than both. What! a drinking man—a man that can drink five glasses of brandy, with pleasure, is not far from that point when he will sacrifice health, wealth, pride, patriotism, reputation, love, life, everything for that damnable thirst. I loved my wife as much as man could love; and was as sensitive to honor and reputation as any; but I could, when the habit of drinking was formed, have sacrificed anything. I have often come home and found my wife weeping in silence—a silence that at first used to grieve my soul—but liquor soon hardened anything that looked like tenderness. She has told me the children wanted clothes, but, 'course the children,' said I. 'I want my drink, and will have it.' One night I stayed till 2 o'clock at the tavern playing cards, and who should come in at that dread hour of the night, but my wife with her infant in her arms! (This is a fact.) My God! if my blood didn't run cold and erudite at my heart! Is this woman? is this my wife? I exclaimed. Never before did I realize the full power of female virtue. My profane companions and myself were completely ashamed. I cursed her, and told her with severe threats to go home. 'No, that I will not,' said she, rising in the dignity of injured innocence, though with a trepidation that shook her whole frame like an aspen and holding her trembling infant out to me, this is your child, and I will not stir one step from this spot till you take it and go home with me.' She then turned to my companions, and upbraided them as my destroyers, in a strain of invective that made them feel like so many discovered and disgraced assassins before the messenger of retributive justice. We separated, ashamed of each other, and our deeds of darkness, and almost sobered by this strange and astounding apparition.

I obeyed implicitly; for nothing makes a man more mean spirited than the habit of drinking. We went home and retired to rest; but waking up in the night with a horrible thirst, I tottered to the bottle and drank; and went to sleep again, slept till 10 o'clock; and when I arose, felt dizzy and bewildered, wretched and hapless.

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And so my days are passing. Give up the practice I will not—I cannot live without it. I have now no character to lose—no mind to study—no business to employ me—no ambition to inspire—no love, except for brandy, whiskey, rum—anything which will supply, while it continually inflames more and more this dreadful thirst. Having sacrificed all that is worth having here it matters little what I do. I would cross a mine that had a kindled match applied to it.—I would march before an exploding cannon to get at the bottle—I would sacrifice my soul for it. And all this is the result of one fatal taste. This is the end of the social glass! Such is the melancholy tale of one who has drawn a picture to which, alas! there are too many originals.

If the interests of our country shall ever be committed to such men, well may we despair of the Republic.

THE GREEN TREE.—I am like a green olive tree in the house of God, said King David when he described his faith and trust. This emblem of the green tree hath more in it than we are apt to think. A single green tree, rightly considered, is a mercy to mankind. Yet, so multiplied are these mercies, that like the descending light and the balmy air, we consider them not. We count not what we have, but what we have not.

The green tree! See in how many unremembered ways it administers to our happiness. Go to the room of an invalid, where the window opens on a solitary tree. Its soft green relieves his wearied eyes, and as the gentle breeze bends its limbs and turns up its leaves, the world seems to lose its noisy monotony, and a glimpse opens of a brighter and better place. Go again—to the tainting traveller on the sands of Africa—thirsty, exhausted, despairing, he catches at last the sight of a palm, whose green foliage spreads like a heaven before his rejoicing soul. He reaches its shade and is happy. He drinks of the spring at its foot, is renewed, and goes on his way in the vigor of strength. Look on the broad branching cedar on the mountain of Judea. Its evergreen foliage is like the eternal hope in the bosom of its ancient inhabitants, that again, its glory restored, Judea shall become the home of the Jew and Gentile.

Look on the lofty oak of our western plains, the deep cypress, which waves its ancient trunk over the ruins of Mexico, and the tall pine, which lifts its deep green head above the Rocky Mountains; all, everywhere, seem to aspire above the dross of earth, to raise their brows toward the skies, and bathe their free limbs in a purer air.

There is a nobleness in the majestic oak, and a beauty in the lovely acacia, which we cannot look upon without admiration. There is no temple of earth more splendid than the full grown forest, yet we have never loved the clustered trees so much as we have when we have seen a single pine, or a solitary oak present itself in the lonely glory, strength and beauty of its natural conformation, showing in all its parts how perfect was the wisdom of its Creator, and how admirable his handiwork.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

LOGIC AND PATRIOTISM.—The New York Knickerbocker furnishes the following good things among a number of others. We copy the one for its logic, the other for its amusing absurdity:—
"The philosophical argument, cited elsewhere by Professor Rush, touching the change which the human body undergoes every seven years, was turned to a good account the other day by an Irishman, who was endeavoring to prove to a 'Native American' that the postulate of his doctrine was altogether erroneous. 'Look,' said he, 'see now, it is a well known philosophical fact, that we have a new body every seven years. I came here nine years ago, an Irishman, but I've got a new body now, 'made on the soil,' 'min': and I'm as good a Native American as yourself!' The argument was a clincher. Appropos of this: our contemporary of the 'Commercial Advertiser' daily journal, lamented the other day the fervid interest taken in the vexed questions of politics by the juveniles of the metropolis. A friend has just mentioned to us a striking illustration of this prevalent spirit. 'What were you doing out so late last night?' said an Irish mechanic to his son, one morning during the late excitements. 'I was a-walkin' in the White procession,' replied the lad. 'Well, I'll walk into you, if I catch you doin' such a thing again—now mind I tell you.' Scarcely a week afterwards, he committed the same offence again. The father was as good as his word, and 'busted' the lad soundly. The son did not keep the fact to himself, but told it to his companions; adding, 'It is better to be whipped any way, but to be whipped by a d-d foreigner is outrageous!' The boy had the advantage of his father, in having been born on this soil."

Be-were said the Potter to the clay. I'll be burnt if I do, answered the other.