

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.

Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

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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.—JAYNESON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 25, 1845.

Vol. 5--No. 18--Whole No. 226.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, 50 cts. 1 do 3 do, 1 00. 1 do 3 do, 1 00. Every subsequent insertion, 1 00.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Sixteen lines make a square.

UNBRELLAS CHEAP

REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UNBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES, 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 valuing 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 Chesnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacious and convenient establishment, and it always be ready to entertain visitors.

Charge for boarding \$1 per day. DANIEL HERR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

To Country Merchants.

oots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

FOR sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusual low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of our stock. G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

PLANK FOR SALE.

The small firm, containing about 1000 pieces, about 2 miles west of Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C.orton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber. Sunbury, Aug. 31. H. B. MASSER.

PLANK SEED.

The highest price will be given for Plank Seed, by H. B. MASSER, Aug. 31, 1844.

NOTICE BIBLES.

Five copies of a Got tige Bible, the cheapest ever published, containing the comments on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars, June 15. 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 Ira Clement's store, and immediately opposite the 1st office, where he will be happy to receive calls 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, 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR sale DAVID EVANS' celebrated Water and Provision Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Drugs, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Boil Iron, (and not over Plank as ninety-five out of every one hundred now in use and for sale) with first rate Locks and David Evans' ten Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were at work to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by others, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.

Boilng Machines, Iron Doors, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Railings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand and manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION—I do hereby caution all persons against making, using, 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.

INTERESTING NARRATION.

The following narration of Lieut. VAN CAMP, will, no doubt, be read with interest by most of our readers. Many of the incidents related by him must still be fresh in the minds of some of our old inhabitants.—

(Concluded.)

I gave the signal; they came and threw their packs on the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in; they fired, their shots did no injury; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold, we landed on an island and found a sink hole, in which we made our fire; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust; Pike supposed that the Indians had got on the island, and was for calling for quarters; to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire; I kept a watch, and soon a noble racoon came under the light. I shot the racoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarters, gentlemen; quarters, gentlemen." I took my game by the leg and threw it down by the fire, "here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us; we rested one day, and it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my cousin, we descended the river by night; we came to Fort Jenkin's before day, when I found Col. Kelly and about one hundred men encamped out of the fort; he came across from the West Branch by the heads of Chillisnague to Fishing Creek, the end of the Nob Mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed; he had buried my father and uncle; my brother was burnt, a part of him only was to be found. Col. Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and that it was thought that I was killed likewise. Col. Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one too that she supposed was killed.

The day after, I went to Sunbury, where I was received with much joy; my scalps were exhibited, the cannon were fired, &c. Before my return a commission had been sent me as ensign of a company to be commanded by Captain Thomas Robinson; this was, as I understood, a part of the quota which Pennsylvania had to raise for the continental line. One Joseph Alexander was commissioned as Lieutenant, but did not accept of his commission. The summer of 1780 was spent in the recruiting service; our company was organized, and was retained for the defence of the frontier service. In February, 1781, I was promoted to a lieutenantcy, and entered upon the active duty of an officer by heading scouts, and as Captain Robinson was no woodsman nor marksman, he preferred that I should encounter the danger and head the scouts; we kept up a continual chain of scouts around the frontier settlement, from the North to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, by the way of the head waters of Little Fishing Creek, Chillisnague, and Muncy, &c. In the spring of 1781, we built a fort on the widow McClure's plantation, called McClure's Fort, where our provisions were stored. In the summer of 1781, a man was made prisoner in Buffalo Valley, but made his escape, he came in and reported there were about three hundred Indians on Sinnemahoning, hunting and laying in a store of provisions, and would make a descent on the frontiers; that they would divide into small parties, attack the whole chain of frontiers at the same time on the same day. Col. Samuel Hunter selected a company of five to reconnoitre, viz: Captain Campbell, Peter and Michael Groves, Lieut. Cramer and myself; the party was called the Groves party. We carried with us three weeks' provisions, and proceeded up the West Branch with much caution and care; we reached the Sinnemahoning, but made no discovery except old tracks, we marched up the Sinnemahoning so far that we were satisfied that it was a false report. We returned, and a little below the Sinnemahoning, near night, we discovered a smoke; we were confident it was a party of Indians, which we must have passed by, or they got there some other way; we discovered there was a large party, how many we could not tell, but prepared for the attack. As soon as it was dark we new primed our rifles, sharpened our flints, examined our tomahawk handles, and all being ready we waited with great impatience, and till they all lay down; the time came, and with the utmost silence we advanced trailed our rifles in one hand and the tomahawk in the other. The night was warm; we found some of them rolled in their blankets a rod or two from their fires. Having got amongst them, we first handled our tomahawks;

they arose like a dark cloud; we now tried our shots, and raised the war yell, they took to flight in the utmost confusion, but few taking time to pick up their rifles. We remained masters of the ground and all their plunder, and took several scalps. It was a party of twenty-five or thirty, which had been as low down as Penn's Creek, and had killed and scalped two or three families; we found several scalps of different ages which they had taken, and a large quantity of domestic cloth which we carried to Northumberland and gave to the distressed who had escaped the tomahawk and knife. In December, '81, our company was ordered to Lancaster; we descended the river in boats to Middletown, where our orders were countermanded, and were ordered to Reading, Berks county, where we were joined by a part of the third and fifth Pennsylvania regiments, and a company of the Congress regiment. We took charge of the Hessians taken prisoners with General Burgoyne. In the latter part of March, at the opening of the campaign of 1782, we were ordered by Congress to our respective stations. I marched Robinson's company to Northumberland, where Thomas Chambers joined, who had been recently commissioned as an ensign of our company. We halted at Northumberland two or three days for our men to wash and rest; from thence Ensign Chambers and myself were ordered to Muncy, Samuel Wallis' plantation, there to make a stand and rebuild Fort Muncy, which had been destroyed by the enemy. We reached that station and built a small block-house for the storage of our provisions about the 10th and 11th of April, Captain Robinson came on with Esquire Culbertson, James Dougherty, William McGrady and Mr. Barkely; I was ordered to select twenty or twenty-five men with these gentlemen, and to proceed up the west branch to the Big Island, and thence up the Bald Eagle creek to the place where a Mr. Culbertson had been killed. On the 15th of April, at night, we reached the place and encamped for the night; on the morning of the 16th, we were attacked by eighty-five Indians. It was a hard fought battle; Esquire Culbertson and two others made their escape; I think that we had nine killed, and the rest of us were made prisoners. We were all stripped of our clothing except our pantaloons. When they took off my shirt they discovered my commission; our commissions were written on parchment, and carried in a silk case hung with a ribbon in our bosom, several got hold of it, and one fellow cut the ribbon with his knife, and succeeded in obtaining it. They took us a little distance from the battle ground, made the prisoners sit down in a small ring, the Indians forming another around us in close order; each with his rifle and tomahawk in his hand. They brought up five Indians we had killed, and laid them within their circle. Each one reflected for himself; our time would probably be short, and respecting myself, looking back to the year 1780, and the party I had killed, if I was discovered to be the person my case would be a hard one. Their prophet or chief warrior made a speech; as I was informed afterwards by the British Lieutenant, who belonged to the party, he was consulting the Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives; he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed; we were then divided among them according to the number of fires; packs were prepared for us, and they returned across the river at Big Island in bark canoes; they then made their way across the hills, and came to Pine Creek, above first forks, which they followed up to the third forks, and took the most northerly branch to the head of it and thence to the head waters of the Genessee river.

After two days travel down the Genessee river, we came to a place called Pigeon Woods, where a great number of Indian families, old and young, had come to catch young pigeons; there we met a party of about forty warriors, on their way to the frontier settlements; they encamped some little distance apart, the warriors of the two parties holding a council at our camp. I soon perceived that I was the subject of their conversation—I was seized and dragged to the other camp, where the warriors were sitting on one side of a large fire—I was seated alone on the opposite side. Every eye was fixed upon me—I perceived a man pressing through the crowd—he came to me and sat down—I saw he was a white man painted and in Indian dress. He examined me on the situation of the frontiers, the strength of our forts, the range of our scouts, &c. After he got through he observed that there was only one there besides himself that knew me. "Do you know me, sir," said I. "I do, you are the man that killed the Indians." I thought of the fire and the stake—he observed that he was a prisoner and a friend—that his name was Jones, and he had been taken prisoner in 1781, with Captain John Boyd, in Bedford county—that he would not

expose me, and if I could pass through undiscovered and be delivered up to the British, I would be safe, if not I would have to die at the stake. The next morning they moved down the river—two days after they came to the Cananda village, the first on the Genessee river—where we were prepared to run the Indian gauntlet—the warriors don't whip, it is the young Indians and squaws. They meet you in sight of the council house, where they select the prisoners from the ranks of the warriors, bring them in front, and when ready the word joggo is given—the prisoners start, the whippers follow after, and if they outrun you will be severely whipped. I was placed in front of my men—the word being given we started. Being then young and full of nerve, I led the way—two young squaws came running up to join the whipping party, and when they saw us start, they halted and stood shoulder to shoulder with their whips—when I came near them I bounded and kicked them over—there was considerable kicking amongst us, so much so that they showed their under dress—which was of a beautiful yellow color—I had not time to help them out. It was truly diverting to the warriors—they yelled and shouted till they made the air ring. They halted at that village for one day, and thence went to Fort Niagara, where I was delivered up to the British. I was adopted according to the Indian custom, into Col. Butler's family, then the commanding officer of the British and Indians at that place. I was to supply the loss of his son Capt. Butler, who was killed late in the fall of 1781, by the Americans. In honor to me as his adopted son, I was confined in a private room, and not put under a British guard. My troubles soon began; the Indians were informed by the Tories that knew me that I had been a prisoner before, and had killed my captors—they were outrageous, and sent to Butler and demanded me, and as I was told, offered to bring in fourteen prisoners in my place. Butler sent an officer to examine me on the subject; he came and informed me that their Indians laid heavy accusations against me—they were informed that I had been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and that they had demanded me to be given up to them, and that his Colonel wished to know the fact. I observed, "Sir, it is a serious question to answer—I will never deny the truth—I have been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and returned to the service of my country—but, sir, I consider myself to be a prisoner of war to the British, and I presume you will have more honor than to deliver me up to the savages. I know what my fate will be, and please to inform your Colonel that we have it in our power to retaliate." He left me a short time, and returned and stated that he was authorized to say to me that there was no alternative for me to save my life but to abandon the rebel cause and join the British standard; that I should take the same rank in the British service as I held in the rebel service. "No, sir, no—give me the stake, the tomahawk, or the knife, before a British commission—liberty or death is my motto," he then left me. Some time after a lady came to my room, with whom I had been well acquainted before the Revolution—we had been schoolmates—she was then married to a British officer, a captain of the Queen's Rangers—he came with her. She had been to Col. Butler, and she was authorized to make me the same offer the officer had done—I thanked her for the trouble she had taken for my safety, but could not accept of the offer—she observed how much more honorable it would be to be an officer in the British service. I observed that I could not thus dispose of myself in that way—I belonged to the Congress of the United States, and that I would abide the consequences—she left me, and it was the last I heard of it. A guard was set at the door of my apartment.

In about four days after I was sent down Lake Ontario to a place called Carlton Island, from thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was placed in prison, and found forty or fifty of our American officers, and where we had the honor to look through the iron gratings. The fourth of July was drawing near; ten of us combined to celebrate the political birth day of our country—we found ways and means to have some brandy conveyed to us unknown to the British guard, and we had a high day, after making a compromise with the guard. It was highly offensive to the British officers, and we ten were taken out and sent to Quebec, thence down the St. Lawrence, and put on the Isle of Orleans, where we remained till the last of September—a British fleet sailed about that time bound for New York—we were put on board of that fleet—when we came to New York there was no exchange for us. Gen. Carlton then commanded the British army at New York, he paroled us to return home.

In the month of March, 1783, I was exchanged, and had orders to take up my arms again. I joined my company in March, at Northumberland—about that time Capt. Robinson was ordered to march his company to Wyoming, to keep garrison at Wilkesbarre fort. He sent myself and Ensign Chambers with the

company to the station, where we lay till November 1783. Our army was then discharged, and our company likewise poor and penniless, we returned into the shades of private life.

Robert Emmet and his Love.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last for the noble ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be a suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon, opened the massive door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison wall, with a downcast head and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think "the world was all sunshine." The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a death-knell to her ear, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such, perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the place and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his infancy; and should the world pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church-bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell—the door swung on its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! Is there no heaven!

At Sunbur's next morning he snuffed gloriously—a martyr to his country and to liberty.

"And one—o'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves by soft winds fanned; She faded 'midst Italian flowers— That last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—what a gorgeous time of sunset in Italy—what a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon her bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die, far from home in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no—her star has set! the brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth—close, burning ties, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love is given to a "passing flower!" Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's flute sound a requiem to her memory.

THE LARGEST POWER LOOM SHED IN THE WORLD.—Messrs. Tibborth & Son, cotton spinners of this town, have nearly completed and filled their most extraordinary and extensive power loom shed. The building covers one and three eighths of an acre of ground, and will hold 1650 pairs of looms, which will require 825 hands to superintend them, and 75 horse power to drive them. The shating connected with this monstrous shed is now finished; its length is 6500 feet. When the whole of the looms are in motion, they will require 28,000 feet of strapping. There are 3,000 feet of gas piping, and 825 lights will be required. The roof contains 340 windows, or sky lights, and is supported by 325 pillars. When the whole of the looms are in motion, they will turn off fifty yards of cloth per minute.—Preston Chronicle.

A LONG MESSAGE.—The length of Governor Wright's message has been definitely ascertained to be one hundred and twenty miles. The Clerk of the House commenced reading it at 12, and finished it at 4 o'clock; at 12, Pomeroy's Express started with it for Rochester, and at 4 was 120 miles on its westward way. Phila. Gaz.

ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—In the London Times of the 4th, "two fine speaking parrots" are advertised for sale, "warranted to say more than one hundred different words, at £5 each;" and Madame Tussaud, in an advertisement headed "Magnificent Addition," gravely informs the public that she has added to her exhibition "the relics of Napoleon, Richard Cobden, Esq., and Tom Thum." We call upon Mr. Baroum to produce the living general.

Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Of the noble patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, 9 were born in Massachusetts; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in New York; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales.

Twenty-one were attorneys, 10 merchants, 4 physicians, 3 farmers, 1 clergyman, 1 printer, and 16 men of fortune.

Eight were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 New Jersey, 2 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, (Eng.), 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of St. Omer.

At the times of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age; 7 between 80 and 90; 11 between 78 and 80; 12 between 60 and 70; 11 between 50 and 60; 7 between 40 and 50; and one died at the age of 27; and the age of two is uncertain.

At the time of signing the Declaration, the average age of the members was 44 years. They lived to the average age of more than 65 years and ten months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch of the same State, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790, and survived 16 of his younger brethren.—Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, and the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died 1778.

Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his 96th year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his 93 year; and John Adams in his 91st.

THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

—The wife of Gen. Ferrera, who now presides over Mexico, was formerly a "factory girl," in Dorchester, Mass. Her maiden name was Irene Nichols, and, four years ago, she was induced to go to Mexico, in company with eight others, to establish a factory. While there, she became acquainted with Ferrera, the present revolting and successful General, with whom she contracted marriage. She made a visit to her friends in Maine, last summer, during which she received frequent letters from Ferrera. She left here in July or August last, for Mexico, via New York, where she obtained a license, and was united in marriage to Gen. Ferrera, by his representative, the General not being able to leave Mexico—a step rendered necessary, as the parties were Protestants, and could not be married in Mexico, a Catholic country. Ferrera is now President of Mexico, having his headquarters at the national palace in the city, and this Kennebec "Factory Girl" now "revels in the Halls of the Montezumas." Gen Ferrera is of German extraction.

THE THIRTS.—In thirty-one words, how many "thirts" can be grammatically used? Answer, fourteen. He said, that that that that man said was not that that that man should say; but that that that that man said was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following "says and saids": Mr., did you say or did you not say what I said you said, because C., said you never did say what I said you said, then what did you say!

QUITE DEAR.—The Newark (Ohio) Experiment states, that a man "pretty well how come you so," was recently created and fined \$8 and costs for kissing a girl on the walk without consent.

A bixion lass in Michigan has bet herself that Lewis Cass will be the next President. A Western editor says he would like to hold the stakes.

DOMESTIC FELICITY cannot be equalled in the whole round of enjoyments of which men are perpetually in the pursuit. It is the greatest, because the most rational; the sweetest, because those whom we love are partakers of it; whether it be communicated to us in the conversation of the hoary and venerable grandparent, the endearments of the parents, or the reciprocal exchange of fraternal sentiments of heart-felt affection.

Many of our greatest men have sprung from the humblest origin, as the Jark, whose nest is on the ground, soars nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulant to mental expansion, and the early frays of fortune the best security for her final success.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of the times themselves.