

# SUNBURY

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.



# AMERICAN.

OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY & MARKET STREET.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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**TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.**  
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 Philad. April 1, 1848—

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 Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationery, Wholesale and Retail.  
 157—Our prices are much lower than the wholesale price. We have on hand a large assortment of the best quality of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality. Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.  
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 Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.  
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**CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.**  
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 Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Old Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. &c.—Also on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality. Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.  
 Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.  
 Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.  
 Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

**BASKET MANUFACTORY,**  
 No. 15-South Second street East side, down stairs, PHILADELPHIA.  
**HENRY COULTER,**  
 RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of chairs without Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, marked and traveling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.  
 Country Merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles, good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him in the best manner.  
 Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—ly

**COUNTRY MERCHANTS**  
 Can save from 15 to 25 per Cent.  
 BY purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers.  
**POTTER & CARMICHAEL**  
 Have opened a Warehouse, No. 133 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel, PHILADELPHIA,  
 where they will always keep on hand a complete assortment of Patent Elastic Carriage Oil Cloths, 26, 36, 40, 48 and 54 inches wide. Fugured, Painted, and Plain on the inside, on Muslin Drilling and on Ticks Oil Cloths, and most desirable patterns, 36, 40, 48 and 54 inches wide. Floor Oil Cloths, from 28 inches to 21 feet wide, well seasoned, and the newest style of patterns, all of their own manufacture. Transparent Window Shades, Carpets, &c. All goods warranted.  
 Phila. May 27, 1848—3m

**MEYER'S FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.**  
 THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED FIRST PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.  
 For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tone upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos. Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. Y. Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.  
 They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with the numerous medals from the same source, may be seen at the Warehouse No. 52 south Fourth st.  
 Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition. The Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos, although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his instruments within the past 12 months.  
 Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition. At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first Silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition. These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.  
 H. B. MASSER.  
 Sunbury, April 8, 1848.

## MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

Mexico, May 28th, 1848.

The aguadores, or water-carriers of Mexico constitute a peculiar and distinct class of its population of the lower order. Nothing resembling our American wells or pumps is to be seen, and the pure and refreshing element is not, as in New York or Boston, conveyed into the city through pipes, under the ground. The acqueducts are stupendous pieces of masonry, built several centuries ago, by the Spaniards, when at the height of their power. Like the Spanish bridges between this city and Vera Cruz, they are massive and magnificent. There are two of these that enter the city toward the South, one of which is supplied with water near Tacubaya, and the other in a direction farther west. The latter is from three to five miles in extent, built with stone arches, of great thickness, and some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. The other is of less extent, though of the same substantial masonry.

These acqueducts, at this moment, bear evidences of the ravages of the lattle at the Garitas. The numerous indentations on either side of the arches show that both American and Mexican cannon balls and shells flew thick and fast during the eventful day when our troops entered the capital. Gen. Quitman entered by the Tacubaya acqueduct, and Gen. Worth by the other—the latter literally hewing his way through the splendid parlors and saloons of the wealthy citizens in that quarter of the city. Doors and walls offered no hindrance. They were cut through as easily as if they had been mud in screens. Even while the brilliant ladies and cavaliers were taking their siestas in the afternoon, our cannon knocked at their doors, and there could be no refusal to admit the applicants.

These two immense acqueducts as I have said, are solid structures of masonry. You should have seen them during the earthquake which we had in October last. They actually reeled, and the water covered the streets on each side. The large fissures, still visible, show the effect of the *temblor de tierra*, but I should imagine that little shrill of the general "crack of doom" could crumple their piles to the earth. But, however, that may be—and after the earthquake to which I have referred, I dare not speak with certainty—the water conveyed into the city by these acqueducts is emptied into large stone basins, highly ornamented with figures in the centre, to be found in almost every plaza, plaza and public place in the capital. It is also taken by pipes to the mansions of some of the wealthier citizens, but the great mass of the inhabitants rely entirely upon the aguadores for their supply.—These may be seen early in the morning, at the basins, in their crumpled, oval shaped caps, and with two earthen jars. The latter are immediately filled and taken to their respective customers, who pay from one to two and three *reales* per diem for as much of the element as they require. Unless you have seen an engraving of the appearance of the aguadores, as they crowd the pavement with their two jars, a large one behind, like the globe on Atlas's shoulders, and a smaller one in front, like Rachel's pitcher coming from the well, to balance, you have no idea of their conical appearance.

I have sometimes been amused at seeing a couple of these water carriers, with their heads bent almost to the ground by the weight of the large jar behind, unexpectedly run against each other while coming in opposite directions. The consequence almost invariably is that the front jars are broken to pieces. The aguadores of course lose their equilibrium, and down they go, one upon the other. Each blames the other for not turning aside. Curses and blows follow—the former in very bad Spanish or Mexican and the latter in what I should designate in the Saxon, right down weighty and solid arguments. Not being able to pick up the spill water, they gather up the fragments of the jars and pummel each other until some good wife or member of the police takes one or both to a neighboring guard room.

That class of the Mexican population is, generally speaking, very ignorant, knowing neither how to read nor write. For the most part they are of the Aztec race—their complexions of the tanned and swarthy hue of the Indian. Their crumpled hats or caps entirely rimless—to enable them the better to fasten the leathern straps around their forehead—with their singularly unique appearance. Indeed I have often been surprised when I have met six or eight of them together to distinguish one from another. Their short jackets and trousers are of the same fashion, and they are all as much alike in gait, dress and accompaniments, as a dozen of eggs in a basket. They very rarely know anything of the marriage tie, but live with some squalid companion in the outskirts of the metropolis, or in some filthy street in the settled portion, where they breed to such an extent that their constant treading the pavements with their jars does not enable them to support their numerous progeny. I believed, however, as a class the aguadores are free from the crimes of the lepers and ladrones around them.

Some of the basins of the city are quite superb and magnificent. Those as you enter the city by the Tacubaya road, in particular, might be cited. Several of them have large bronze and stone statues, representing some one of the gods or heroes of antiquity. Those, also, in the Alameda, are among the first objects in that beautiful enclosure that attract attention. There are no less than eight or ten in the Alameda, encompassed by stone benches in a circular form, where, on almost every afternoon or evening, the beauty and fashion of the city may be seen declining. Paved avenues or walks lead from one to the other; but they

all converge to one point—the great central basin of the extensive grove and promenade. I will add that the water of Mexico is very good, not possessing the relaxing qualities of that of Vera Cruz, or in some of the suburbs of the city.

Some writer has affirmed that the Mexicans are not an intemperate people. As far as my own observation extends, the remark is nearly correct. Intemperance among the middle and higher classes is of very rare occurrence. Among the lower, however, it prevails to a considerable extent. The Indians, who bring their produce into the city at early morn, must have their glass of *aguardiente*—a more poisonous and pestilential liquor than New England rum. It is no unusual occurrence to see them lying upon the pavement, basking or broiling in the sun. But it is due to truth to say that a majority of these deluded victims are Indian women. The lepers, ladrones, and siders of all kinds, who through the pulque and liquor shops, are generally noisy from the effect of drinking, and a good portion of them find a day, as well as night lodging in the different arches, & portions of the city. Liquor shops—are to be found at every corner of the street. The number of them is very great, and, of course, very pleasant to the olfactory of whoever passes them. You might blindfold a man, and lead him through every street and alley of the city, and he would give you the number of them all—that is, if he had a decent and respectable nose. The liquor most generally sold is *aguardiente*, under different names—according as it is colored or scented. It is vile stuff, and I fear has sowed the seeds of death in the constitutions of but too many of our troops. It is distilled from one of the grains of *sydehio* among the soldiers.

Pulque is quite a different article, and, you are aware, is the great national beverage of the people. It is said by some of our physicians to be healthy, if not taken in too large quantities. Not strong as cider is has some what of its tartness, and is as unpleasant to the palate, at first, as an olive. Pulque shops are to be seen all over the city, their walls generally decorated with some fantastic representation—such as a half dozen Mexican drinking pulque and dancing, while another plays upon a fiddle. The effect of this liquor is rather enervating at first, and leads to song and merry-making. A few glasses too much of it, however, soon lay the dancers upon the floor.

This beverage is made from the ablated maguey plant, agave or American aloe. It has been known in Mexico since the whites had any knowledge of the country; and, indeed, according to authentic accounts, much earlier. Paper, cards, and several other articles are also manufactured from its fibres. I saw some of these plants in blossom this side of Puebla, which were nearly thirty feet in height, and very prominent objects upon the road side. In the time of Cortez, the Aztecs manufactured paper from the maguey.

I have alluded, in one of my former letters, to a beautiful characteristic of the Mexican ladies—their love and culture of the gorgeous flowers of their sunny clime. It seems to me that they have almost an equal passion for rearing the many varied and bright plumaged birds of their country. Above nearly every balcony may be seen three or four cages suspended, filled with merry songsters. One portion of most of the markets of the city is devoted to a sort of aviary, for the sale of birds. So in many of the streets, the air absolutely vocal with melody. I never shall forget my astonishment one morning, as I went out early, at seeing directly in the street before me, what appeared at the moment to be nothing less than a small house made entirely of bird cages, each story filled with singing birds, except one, which was inhabited solely by an old rooster. The house was walking, though it was ten feet high and half as wide and thick. How it was carried puzzled me not a little, for neither legs or arms were visible. Upon reaching this aviary on two legs, I ascertained that it was borne by a small Indian girl, almost bent double under the weight. Soon several other walking houses followed, till the street was nearly full of them. These cage carriers all took their way to the grand plaza, or the market square, to dispose of their burdens.—Immense numbers of these cages are manufactured in the suburbs, of wicker of cane, and sometimes quite tastefully ornamented. I certainly have never visited any place where the females exhibited so much love for flowers and birds as in the city of Mexico.

Speaking of birds, I have an interesting incident to narrate. As I was recently passing through one of the streets, leading out of *Galle de Placeres*, (the great business thoroughfare of the capital) I was certain that I heard the notes of the robin. The very idea of hearing the notes of one of these songsters, so far from New England, induced me to stop short, and make something of a search. There were many birds in an adjacent aviary, and it was difficult to distinguish the notes of any one of them. However, after much inquiry, I saw a solitary cage suspended from a balcony, four stories from the ground. I immediately entered the court yard of the house and was soon at the balcony. There, sure enough, was a robin red-breast, as merry and musical as any I have ever seen upon the old elm in front of a New England farm-house. I do not know when so slight an incident has had so magical an effect upon my feelings. My imagination carried me home in an instant to the green fields—the sunny hillsides—all vocal with the prattle of the boblink, the sweet notes of the golden oriole, the twittering of the swallow—and above all the cherished melody of the robin.

The owner (a Frenchman) of the bird related that he, several years since, while at New Orleans, brought home with him sev-

eral of them, as well as a number of eggs, from some one of the many merchants and traders from the North, in the Crescent City. I assure you I thought I had seen this identical robin in Massachusetts or New Hampshire; and when, after he had finished his first song, he held up one of his legs toward me, I could have almost have sworn to the fact. I shall remember him at any rate, and bear his best respect to his fellow songsters in the far North.

Parrots of every color and species are as much domesticated in this city as cats, and far more mischievous withal. They climb upon every tangible object in a room, or upon the outside of the houses. Some of them talk better Spanish than many of those around, who have, or ought to have, reflective faculties. But notwithstanding their gaudy plumage, their incessant chatter renders them perfect bores. Give me a good, faithful dog, even and amiable, well affianced tom-cat, ay, or a kitten is bearable, but from a parrot, and a Mexican parrot to boot, good heaven deliver us!

## GEMS OF POESY.

[From the Boston Bee.]

**LABOR.**  
 BY EDWARD G. ARBOTT.  
 Labor, labor—honest labor—  
 Labor keeps me well and strong;  
 Labor gives me food and raiment,  
 Labor, too, inspires my song!  
 Labor keeps me ever merry—  
 Cheerful labor is but play;  
 Labor wrestles with my sorrow,  
 Labor driveth tans away.  
 Labor makes me greet the morning  
 In the glorious hour of dawn,  
 And I see the hills and valleys  
 Put their golden garments on.  
 Labor brings an eve of solace,  
 When my hands their toils forego,  
 And across my heart in silence,  
 Cherished streams of memory flow.  
 Labor curtains night with gladness,  
 Giveth rest and happy dreams;  
 And the sleep that follows labor,  
 With a mystic pleasure teems.  
 Labor ever freely giveth  
 Lustrous rays to the mind;  
 Shedding o'er it sunlight holy,  
 New ideas it daily find.  
 Labor brings me all I need—  
 While I work I need not borrow—  
 Hands are toiling for to-day,  
 Mind is working for to-morrow.  
 Labor's tools make sweetest music,  
 As their busy echoes ring;  
 Loom and wheel, and anvil, ever  
 Have a merry song to sing.  
 "Labor—Labor!" earth's Nature,  
 "Labor!" sing the wheels of Time,  
 And in their own mystic language  
 Earth and sky and ocean chime.  
 Labor—labor—'neath her idle,  
 Labor, labor, while ye can;  
 'Tis the Iron Age of Labor,  
 Labor only makes the man!

## THE YOUNG LANDLORD.

One of the best and soundest lawyers that ever sat on the bench of Massachusetts was Judge P.— He was always distinguished for the urbanity of his manners and the true benevolence of his spirit; and the story I have now to relate illustrates, quite forcibly, this characteristic.

Judge P. was raised in Barnstable, and at the time we refer to assisted his mother as much as possible, in keeping a country inn; a mode of subsistence to which she was driven by the death of her husband.

One evening a way worn traveller, armed with a bundle suspended from a cane, entered the inn and asked for something to eat. His dress was not calculated to impress a beholder with any vast ideas of wealth, but rather of one who lived by travelling on foot and begging a night's lodging from the benevolent inn keepers. Mrs. P. cast a glance at the traveller, and seeing his shabby coat, formed a pretty accurate estimate of his ability to pay for whatever might be furnished him.

She left the room to examine her larder and in a short time returned, and having set before him a *pecky* baked bone of beef went out of the room, at the same time saying to her son, John, it will be worth about twenty cents.

Our traveller attacked the beef, and after some time, having perfectly nattered it, he rose and asked John how much he was to pay.  
 "Well," said John, "mother thought it would be worth about twenty cents to pick that bone, and I think so too, here's the money," and he generously presented the traveller with a fistern.

## AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE.

**Messrs. Editors:**—It is often asked why more attention is not given to grape culture in this country, both for the purpose of furnishing an article for table use, and for making wine. The only reason we can think of for this apathy is, there being so many and such various means and opportunities of employing capital and skill in our new and wide spread country, that the grape culture has been overlooked.

Although the grape is not indigenous in Europe, all having been originally brought from Asia, yet France alone in 1838, had four millions four hundred and sixty-five thousand acres (4,465,000) of land in vineyards, producing annually nine hundred and one million (\$91,000,000) gallons of wine, and worth two hundred millions of dollars (\$200,000,000) besides the millions of grounds used for raising, table use, &c.

Now the vine is indigenous in every State, Territory and Province in North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to California.

The early cultivators of the vine in this country, have thrown away some hundreds of thousands of dollars in trying to acclimate foreign varieties of the grape to our soil and climate. None of the efforts have been successful in open culture. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, and Dr. R. T. Underhill, of New York, each have spent several thousand dollars in trying to cultivate foreign vines—both have discontinued the culture of foreign, and both are now zealous and successful cultivators of American vines. Mr. Longworth has one hundred acres in a bearing state, principally of the Catawba variety. Dr. Underhill has twenty acres in bearing, principally of the Isabella. To the best of our knowledge they are the two largest grape growers in the Union. The whole number of acres in vineyards in bearing near Cincinnati is about four hundred. The grapes are raised there for wine making. From the Catawba is made an excellent wine, without either sugar or alcohol, equal to the best of Europe, and which at one year old, readily sells at one dollar and fifty cents per gallon. In the spring of 1847, Mr. Longworth made six thousand and Mr. Miller four thousand bottles of champagne, and of so good a quality as to command twelve dollars per dozen. Several Germans in Berks County, Pa., are cultivating the Isabella, Catawba and Alexander grapes with success, and last season produced more than twenty thousand gallons of wine.

Dr. Underhill raises grapes expressly for the New York market, sending there several thousand baskets yearly, and selling at nine dollars per hundred pounds, or about four dollars fifty cents per basket. By the last census it appeared that in 1839, North Carolina was the greatest wine growing State in the Union. The Scuppernon is the favorite grape at the South, where it grows with great luxuriance, one vine having produced one hundred and fifty gallons of wine in one season. Sidney Weller, of Brinkleville, N. C., informs me that he has sold all his first quality of wines of last year's vintage, at three dollars per gallon.

To show that we are in one of the best locations in the Union, for grape growing, as regards soil and climate, we need only state one fact. In 1845, James Laws, at his farm near Chester, produced ten thousand pounds of Isabella and Catawba grapes to the acre, and realized by selling them at wholesale, eight hundred dollars per acre, besides making more than two barrels of wine to the acre.

Mr. Law's crop of grapes would have produced more than one thousand gallons of wine to the acre, without the addition of either sugar or alcohol, and worth when one year old, fifteen hundred dollars.

We will mention a few of the good reasons for grape culture in this country. The average price of and in France, for grape culture, is two hundred dollars per acre—the average price in this country would not be one-fourth part of that sum.

The cost of manuring in some parts of Europe is upwards of sixty-seven dollars per acre, being four or five times the cost in this country. The average quantity of wine made to the acre in France, is less than two hundred and fifty gallons. At Cincinnati the average quantity is four hundred and seventy-five gallons per acre.

If you have the space to spare we propose to furnish the two hundred thousand readers of the Ledger with a few practical essays on the culture of American grapes, and the manufacture of wine, the cost of forming vineyards, the profits of the culture.  
 H. G. BOSWELL.

## FROM THE TRIBUNE

NEW JERSEY COPPER MINES.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Aug. 4, 1848.  
 Mr. Editor—Of your 290,000 readers how many have ever heard of a place called Flemington? how many are ignorant that there is a beautiful village of that name in Hunterdon co., New Jersey, now containing over 10,000 inhabitants!

The most noted Company is called "Flemington." Their property lies half a mile west of the village, and their mining rights extend over 400 acres of land. Already five parallel veins have been found on it, but the workings have been chiefly confined to one of them. The outcrop of this vein is remarkably rich, but it is in connection with, and much disturbed by, a dyke of trap rock. Both these circumstances have proved unfortunate—the one seducing the company into hunting the ore too near the surface; the other preventing their finding it with increased cost. Recently, however, levels have been opened at 52, 70 and 100 feet, and gratifying results—the vein showing well defined walls, a softer matrix, an abundance of white spar, and more ore. At the lowest depth, the vein is about eight feet thick, and is entirely free from the trap. This company have been smelting for some time with success. There are four furnaces erected—two blast and two reverberatory calcining. They can reduce from ten to twenty tons of ore a week. Several shipments of Copper have been made; one which I saw, weighed over 10,000 lbs. The fuel used is anthracite coal from the Lehigh region. Some of the ore is roasted with wood in the open air. Its constituents are 70 per cent copper, 28 sulphur and 2 iron; and in the books is described as "Gray Vitreous." The Company are considering the propriety of erecting more powerful and complete machinery to enable them to go deeper and to dress their ore more promptly and perfectly. They have a charter from the State for about 20 years, which gives the management to a Board of seven Directors, who are chosen annually.

The next Mine in importance is called the "Central;" it lies South-West of the first, and adjoins it. This Company began exploring about a year ago; they made five openings, or "shafts," discovered three veins, and continued working upon the largest one throughout the year, and took out a considerable quantity of surface ore, some of it very rich and beautiful, both grey and yellow.—This was found to contain a portion of silver.—During the winter a charter was obtained like that of the Flemington Company. There is now being erected a large steam-engine and other machinery. The new shaft is so placed as to cut the lines of declination of the three veins, two of which are powerful, and probably come together at about 200 feet in depth. The miners speak very favorably of the prospects of finding an abundance of ore here.

This is eminently a "copper district," has been pronounced geographically so by several noted scientific men, and proved practically by the most abundant surface indications and underground workings. Come and examine for yourself, bring with you some of your "mineral men," and we will fill their pockets with "specimens," their heads with "speculation," and their hands with shares, without stint. Yours, &c., H. C.

**PAINFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.**—An Albany paper publishes the following account of a fruitless search for a long lost child:  
 It is known that a son of Mr. Bart, of this city, four years old, has been missing over two years. The parents have always believed that the child was taken away by a circus company. Mr. Bart received information a few weeks since, that led him to believe that his son was with a circus company in Western Pennsylvania. He found the company near Bedford, Pa., but the boy (though obtained at or near Schenectady, and of the same age) was not his, and he sent a telegraph dispatch from Bedford, to his wife, saying, "not our child. Will be home by Wednesday." But the telegraph note as received by Mrs. B., read—"Get our child. I will be home by Wednesday." The mother, supposing her lost child had been found, communicated the intelligence to her friends. But this morning, when Mr. B. returned these joyful anticipations were cruelly disappointed.

**A PATENT CHEMICAL WICK,** for lamps, is about to appear in New York. Common cotton wick, by being saturated in a combination of chemical substances, will burn with an increased quantity and quality of light, and at a diminished expense.

**Wisconsin Poetry.**  
 'Tis sweet to see the world, the life;  
 The sky and the sun, the moon and the stars;  
 But sweeter far it is to me,  
 To lay my head on Sally's knee.

**A CHURCH TURNED INTO A RAILROAD.**—The ancient collegiate church of Edinburgh, has been purchased by the North British Railway Company for a wagon shed. The tombs of the Scottish Queens, which will have to be removed, will cost the company seventeen thousand pounds.

**A NEGRO,** undergoing an examination at Northampton, Mass., when asked if his master was a Christian, replied: "No, sir, he's a member of Congress!"  
**LEISURE.**—This leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.  
**IT IS SAID THAT** to set newly made preserves for several days open in the sun, is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented. It is worth trying.

**DECIDEDLY RICH.**—A correspondent of the *Troy Budget*, tells the following "good 'un":  
 "It seems that the person who blows the bellows of the organ at St. Luke's Church, also attends to the furnace for warming the building, and having occasion during service, to "mind the fires," he left the bellows in charge of a coachman lately imported, and "green" as the Emerald Isle of his nativity before the appearance of the potato rot. During his absence, the "Flora in Excelis" came in the order of exercise, to be chaunted, and Patrick was directed to furnish the organic element. A short time elapsed, but no music followed the touch of the lady who presided at the instrument. "Blow," whispered the fair organist. "Blow!" repeated the leader, and "blow! blast you, blow!" echoed the entire choir, but not a puff found its way into the vacant pipes, to wake the slumbering harmony. An investigation now took place, and Patrick was found behind the organ—with both his hands tightly clenched around the bellows-handle (a stick of some five feet long and two inches thick), the end stuck in his mouth, his cheeks swelled to the utmost expansion, his eyes distended, and the perspiration streaming from his face—engaged in the vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath through the instrument.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that some little time passed before the choir were able to screw their mouths into that serious pucker requisite to the proper performance of the musical exercise.

**HOW THEY BUILD HOUSES IN NEW YORK.**  
 The following account of civic architecture in New York is by MIKE WALSH, who is now connected with a newspaper in Boston. The characteristics which he ascribes to the style of Building are strikingly indicated by the illustrations he gives:

Most of the buildings in New York are run up by contract; consequently, the object to the owner and contractor, both being to do and get the work done as cheaply as possible. Houses there are very flimsily constructed, and it is getting to be more and more the case here. We have heard it averred, that building contractors, there, have been known to split their brick and set them edgewise, to make one supply the space of two. We have heard, too, that they often cement the bricks together with mud, instead of mortar, to the end that they must soon fall, perhaps by rain, perhaps by fire, and so afford the men work.

Least the houses so erected should bid defiance to both these agents and last too long, they insert strips of scantling between the layers, on pretence of nailing the lathing to them. Of course if the building takes fire, the scantling burns away and the walls come down. This is not the only evil consequent on such a style of building.

For example: we have heard of a gentleman who having moved into a house in Hudson street, tilted his chair backward against the front wall after dinner, as all Americans do, to enjoy his cigar. The dining room was on the second floor. The wall gave way behind him, and he was spilled into the street. He was an Alerman, and luckily pitched upon his head, or, perhaps, he might have been hurt. He had a two hours headache as it was. When he sought damages in the Court of Common Pleas, he was non-suited, on the ground that living in a house in New York, he must have been aware of the peril and was not entitled to compensation for harm of his own willful or careless seeking.

A washerwoman in Canal street, going to drive a nail into the brick wall of the next house, thence to attach her clothes line, struck the iron through and through into the skull of the tenant, who happened to be taking his afternoon nap in the posture of the sufferer of the preceding story; and killed him as dead as Siera. She was tried for manslaughter therefore.

**SEAN** every person's virtues and errors with a view of deriving profit from both—by imitating the one and avoiding the other.

It is said that even the most honest girls in the North are in the habit of *hooking each other's dresses!* Horrible depravity.

**SPEAKERS** without thinking, is shooting without taking aim. It is better if one's foot make a slip than one's tongue.  
**OTHER TESTIMONY.**—Col. George W. Morgan says, "the world never saw an army better fed or cared for than our army in Mexico."  
 "Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the 'Argus of Freedom' intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I have seen him frequently so hurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."  
**TRUTH** is a hardy plant, and when once firmly rooted it covers the ground so that error can scarce find root.  
 In the spirit of most men lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark.  
**GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.**—Certainly; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.  
 It is said that to set newly made preserves for several days open in the sun, is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented. It is worth trying.