



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

NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 35.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 9.

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Our prices are lower than the regular prices.
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 Philadelphia, April 1, 1848.

PORTER & ENGLISH,
 GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS,
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 To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sold on Commission.
 Philad. April 1, 1848.

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, wicker, cane, and straw, 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.—17

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.
 WM. G. MASON,
 26 Chestnut St. 3rd door 2nd St., Philadelphia
 Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS.

Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Old Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. &c.—Always 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.—7

COUNTRY MERCHANT
 Can save from 15 to 25 per Cent.
 BY purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers.

POTTER & CARMICHAEL
 Have opened a Warehouse, No. 136 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, 28, 36, 40, 48 and 54 inches wide. Figured, Painted, and Plain, on the inside, on Muslin Drilling and Linen. Table Oil Cloths of the 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 PORTES.
 THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSEWOOD 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. V. Wallace, Vieux Temp, 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 other premiums 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.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Piano, 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 lowest Philadelphia 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 6, 1848.—

Burning of the Willows. A Tale of the Revolution.

BY H. A. BUCKINGHAM.

"This must be the house: the junction of two roads, and a brook in front, the banks covered with willows. This place meets the description exactly. Order the men to dismount, with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road."

The speaker was dressed in the blue and scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that was formed after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as horses could be obtained to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank, evidently, and his carriage and demeanor were both haughty and aristocratic in the highest degree. Why not? he was the eldest son of a British earl.

"The house appears to be deserted, Col. Harcourt," said his junior officer, as he dismounted.

"We will see. This way, half a dozen of you," he said to his men. "Try the door yonder. If it is fastened, break it open, and report if any one is inside. If there should be, and they attempt to escape, shoot them down, but give them warning to surrender."

The men advanced to the door, which they found to be fastened; and after demanding admission, to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which delayed them some time, for the door was a strong oaken one. This done, they entered.

"Do you know the man by sight, lieutenant?" asked Col. Harcourt, while the men were busily ransacking the house.

"No, sir; but there is a fellow I picked up on the road, now in the rear, that looks him well. He does not appear to owe him much favor."

"Order him to the front."

The countryman had not a very prepossessing countenance. There was a bold surlyness and cruel expression of features extremely displeasing.

"What is your name?" said Col. Harcourt, in his quick military manner.

"John Clasen."

"Do you know Peter Van Dyke?"

"Very well."

"Is that his dwelling?"

"Yes—though since his mother's death and his sister's getting married, it is hard to say where he keeps himself."

"Does he not bear the name of being a great rebel, and a dangerous man to those who favor the king in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, from the Passaic to the Hackensack, and thirty miles around. If I had my way, he'd been hung long ago, and his house burned over his head. He is the leader of every rebel gang from the army, and points out the honest farmers' homes who stand by their king, whose barns they plunder, and carry away the grain and cattle."

"Why, you tell a bitter tale about him. Has he ever injured you?"

"Injured me! He and a parcel of robbers, like himself, came one afternoon to burn my house and hang me before the door, which they would have done, but for the arrival of a number of friendly neighbors, well armed, when they went off in double quick time."

"Does he not venture into New York sometimes in disguise?" inquired the colonel.

"I've heard so. He was slippery from a boy, up, and can disguise himself any way. He's a precious scamp, and you'll do a favor to this part of Jersey if you hang him as soon as you catch him."

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the other side of which was an old garden; but the troubles of the times had left it uncultivated, and the gooseberry and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, and the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this cover, and within ten feet of the colonel and Clasen, lay crouched the very man they were talking of. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself upon the approach of the British horsemen, whom he did not then suspect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice or thrice, on hearing the base lies of Clasen, he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought that was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come out expressly to take him.

"Do you know with any certainty, Clasen, how long since Van Dyke has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"I heard that he was seen last night two miles from this, in a byo-path through the woods, coming in the direction of his house."

"That is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him, sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts, or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Clasen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum, indeed, particularly in those days, when gold was rarely seen.

"I will catch him, colonel, before he is three days older. I know one of his haunts."

"Why not lead us there then?"

"It would be of no use this time of day. Besides, he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking out for him."

"Well, secure him, and the fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house, and stated that they had searched it from top to bottom, but could find no one, although from appearances some person had been there recently. The colonel, followed by Clasen, passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quiet in his concealment.

It was a plain frame house, of middling size, built partly of stone, in the old Dutch style, and very comfortably within.

There was but little furniture—a few tables, chairs, and cooking utensils. The better part, Clasen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, a year before, as her part.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that we found on the floor of the kitchen, near the back door. It must have been dropped in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets," said Col. Harcourt.

"Yes, sir, here is a bundle of 'em."

The colonel took the package, looked at the superscription, broke the seal, and going to the window, commenced reading them to himself, with a countenance of surprise.

"So, so—here is a list of our troops, and their numbers in and around the city. 'At Powell's Hook, three hundred and fifty.' 'At Elizabethtown and Newark, one thousand.' 'General Clinton leaves soon for Charlestown, with five thousand.' Why, these documents are, indeed, of importance. Who can play the spy so thoroughly in our camp? This Van Dyke is a most dangerous character to be abroad. Men! he said aloud, "and you, Clasen, search every hole, and see if any more papers can be found."

Nothing could give Clasen greater delight than this order. Curiosity and other reasons had long urged him to enter the house during Van Dyke's absence, for this very purpose; but the dread that Van Dyke might return while he was thus engaged, had heretofore prevented him undertaking it. He was now armed with proper authority, and protected.

What he found or discovered he did not report to Col. Harcourt, but made the same reply as the soldiers, that nothing more of importance could be found.

"Very well; we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powell's Hook. Hodgson, place some dry wood in the middle of this room, and when I give the word, apply the match."

"What! are you going to burn the 'Willows' colonel?" said Clasen, his face gleaming with satisfaction.

"Yes, I will burn down the nest of this rebel carrion bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he should swing for it. One such fellow, with his secret spyings and finding out, is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in an open field."

Little did the British commander imagine that the young man was then almost within sound of his voice.

"To horse, men, all except Hodgson."

"By this time, with Clasen, the colonel had approached within the hearing of Van Dyke, where he halted with his troopers.

"Now, Hodgson, apply the match, mount and fall in."

It was with anguish Van Dyke heard this order from his hiding-place. The "Willows," as the farm-house was called, had been the birth place of his ancestors, as it was his own, and there he had passed all his life. But what could he do? Nothing.

Presently a thick black smoke arose and burst from each door and window. This was followed by a brilliant flame that shot far into the sky, and the cracking of the well seasoned timbers, dry with a century of preservation, could be heard at a great distance.

"There will be one rebel shelter less to-night. It is a pity they were not all burned down; then the king would have more friends this side of the water. These rebels are like dogs, a good whipping makes them better natured. The house is nearly consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By fire, to the right face, trot!" and the horsemen wheeled into the road.

"Fifty guineas you say, colonel, if I take Van Dyke?" asked Clasen again.

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"Then I will give you here, and keep a watch around. He may return here before a great while. Where shall you halt?"

"At the Oaks, five miles off, and stop for an hour or two for the forage party. If any thing should occur within that time, you know where to find me." The officer and troopers rode away.

Clasen lingered around, and gradually approached the building, which was with the exception of the brick walls, a heap of ruins.

"Sa, John Clasen, you have glotted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work, viper wretch!"

Clasen turned and beheld within six feet of him, Van Dyke, leaning on a musket.

"No, no, Peter," the wretch muttered, trembling as he spoke, "it was the British officer. You know I wouldn't injure you."

"Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. You are to have fifty guineas for apprehending me. I am every thing that is bad. I came to burn your house down, but fled when your friends approached! Wretch, I saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these rums are my reward."

"Peter, dear Peter!"

"Scoundrel, do not apply that word 'dear' to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Clasen: the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours.—Thank god! she and her father are both safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines. Now, bear me; I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when next we meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, at wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!"

Clasen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair

standing on end—for like all other rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment, and thus pondered in his own mind—"That scoundrel will bring some of those horsemen back, for he will imagine that I may linger two or three hours around this old place. Yes, yes, I will after some twenty of our lads and prepare an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Clasen any where, coward as he is, especially when backed by the red-coats."

"It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, whom he gathered by a signal; and as night had fallen, they took their stations amid the willows by the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, when the distant tramp of horses was heard on the road.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke.—"Each choose his man, but leave Clasen for me: you will know him by the cap he wears. I will give the word when to fire."

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up by the Willows, and true enough they were red-coats, headed by a lieutenant, with Clasen.

"Fire!" shouted Van Dyke.

So sudden and deadly was the aim, that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, and they wheeled and their horses fled as quick as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse of Clasen, and he fell with his rider. To secure Clasen was the work of a moment.

"Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over that willow branch. We have alarmed the enemy, and they will be down upon us."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Clasen.

All in vain. The noose was slipped over his head, they strung him up, and there he was left a corpse. The burning of the "Willows" had been avenged.

SELECT POETRY.

MATRIMONY.
 1—The man must lead a happy life
 2—Who's free from matrimonial chains;
 3—Who is directed by a wife,
 4—Is sure to suffer for his pains.

1—Adam could find no solid peace,
 2—When eve was given for a mate,
 3—Until he saw a woman's face,
 4—Adam was in a happy state.

1—In all the female face appear,
 2—Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
 3—Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
 4—Ne'er known in a woman to reside.

1—What tongue is able to unfold,
 2—The falsehood that in woman dwells;
 3—The worth in woman we behold,
 4—Is almost impalpable.

1—Cursed be the foolish man I say,
 2—Who changes from his singleness,
 3—Who will not yield to woman's sway,
 4—Is sure of perfect blissfulness.

1—To advocate the ladies cause, you will read the 1st and 3d, and 2d and 4th lines together.

GLEANNINGS FROM THE MAILS.

ELOPEMENT—Its sad Termination.—Last evening, a remarkably fine looking Pennsylvania Dutch lady, some twenty-two or three years of age, accompanied by another woman and two men entered the police office and demanded a warrant for the arrest of a mulatto woman and a negro, who assaulted her in the street. Her case, as stated by her self to Capt. Lawler, of the Guards, was one of much interest. She was living a happy life with her parents, who reside on the bank of the Missouri river. The commander of one of these beautiful packets plying between this and the upper ports on that river became enamored of her beauty, and asked her hand in marriage. The lady consented, but her parents objected, and the captain then proposed an elopement. The lady consented again, and was soon placed on board the steamer and brought to this city.

On the arrival of the boat, the captain proposed placing the lady under the protection of a German female acquaintance, until matters could be arranged for the marriage ceremony. Last evening the loving couple were walking near the corner of Locust and Second streets, when the lady was attacked by a mulatto woman, (who was chambermaid on the captain's boat) assisted by a strapping negro, and, according to her own statement, shamefully maltreated her. The wenchies did not leave her until they had entirely stripped her leaving her in a state of perfect nudity. During the denuding process, the mulatto put a question and made a statement, which she repeated at the top of voice, but little calculated to soothe the nerves of the lady attacked. Her cry was, "What are you doing with him? I am his wife; you shan't marry him." Esquire Kretschmar issued a warrant for the arrest of the wenchies. It was placed in the hands of the city marshal, but how the affair terminated we are unable to say.—*St. Louis Union, Nov. 7.*

MRS. PEXIDOTOS, of Washington, D. C. claims this honor. She wrote to the old hero the day after the receipt of the news of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, requesting the use of his name, and received a reply at least three weeks before any communication on the same subject to any one else.

LIBERAL.—The *Christian Sentinel* of the 12th ult., states that Mr. E. Watson of Portage, lately deceased—willed his entire estate, variously estimated at \$25,000 to \$40,000, to the Universalist Societies of Genesee Falls and Nunda.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

During the rapid sojourn that he made in Belgium, in 1810, Napoleon, according to his habit, went one morning, very plainly dressed, to walk in the gardens of the Lacken Palace, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, where he met a young man who was occupied in arranging some flowers. He was pleased with the frank and prepossessing features of the young botanist, and began a conversation with him. The young man, who was the son of the head-gardener—had studied with great care and economy the history of the vegetable world—he could name, without hesitation, the foreign and complicated names that the over-learned have given, often in so ridiculous a manner, to the most graceful productions of nature. He spoke of the Sedo-sation, the Aristoloch, the Rahon, the Scerion, the Hydrocharide, and thousands of plants with difficult names, as another would have talked of spinach and parsley. He knew the nature and property of each plant—in short, it was botany personified, in a young man of twenty-two.

"Are you comfortable in your situation here?" says the Emperor, speaking with interest. "Yes, sir," replied the young artist, who was far from supposing the rank of the person who interrogated him. "I live in the midst of what I love, but I am only an assistant to the head gardener." Napoleon never disapproved of ambitious ideas. He had remarked in the young florist his profound study, and the interest he took in his profession.

"What would you like?" says he. "Oh," said the young Belgian, "what I would like is madness." "But still let me know," says the Emperor "It will require a fairy to realize the dream that has often occupied my mind." "I am not a fairy," replied Napoleon, smiling in his turn, "but I am about the person of the Emperor, and he could, if he knew them, realize your wishes." "You are too good, sir," said the young man. "It is certain that the Emperor could be the fairy that I wish for, for it all depends on him.—During a journey that I made for my instruction, I saw in France the gardens of Malmaison, with its eleven bridges and Turkish kiosks. The Emperor, I understand, has given this charming place to Josephine—if a fairy were here, I would ask for nothing more than to head gardener to Josephine. You see how modest I am." "I will think of it," says the Emperor, almost betraying his incognito, "but do not despair of fairy lore;" and after some further conversation with the young botanist, Napoleon withdrew. He left Brussels on the morrow.

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of any thing but the wand of a fairy and the place of head gardener, when one day he received a sealed packet with the arms of the Empress Josephine upon it; it contained his nomination to the post he had so much wished for. He hastened to the spot, and was very soon introduced to the fairy of Lacken, THAT MAN WHO FORGOT NOTHING, and in whom he only recognized the Emperor, to express to him almost a species of adoration.

He still occupied the post of first botanist at Malmaison, when the Empress Josephine died.—*L'Impartial.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

A letter in the Boston Chronotype, dated Providence, R. I., Nov. 7, relates the following singular circumstances, which may be true or not, the gullibility of the writer being very apparent in his narration:

Miss Harriet Buffington, aged about nineteen, nervous, sanguine temperament, blue eyes and auburn hair, dreamed about six months ago that she was buried alive, and was much distressed about it that she spoke of it to her friends. Last Wednesday, Nov. 1st, she attended the ball at Howard Hall, and from the excitement of that occasion she did not rest so well the following night, and was, of course, somewhat exhausted during the succeeding day and night. On Friday evening, Nov. 3d, at about seven o'clock, while in the yard of her father's house, with two young ladies, she suddenly fell to the ground, exclaiming at the moment, "Oh, how dizzy I am!" She appeared to be in a fit, and for some moments was sensible, and said to her young friends, "Can't you do something for me? Send for the doctor."—When the doctor arrived, he opened a vein in her arm, but there was no flow of blood and in about two hours he pronounced her dead.

This was Friday night. She was carried to the tomb the next Sabbath, at about 2 P. M. But during all this time and up to the present writing some of her friends have felt far from being perfectly satisfied that she was really dead, when committed to the tomb, and for the following reasons:—

1. On Sabbath afternoon, some thirty-six hours after the swoon, her father noticed the discharge of fresh blood from her arm, where she had been lanced by the doctor on Friday night.
2. The ladies who laid her out said they perceived what appeared to be an unusual warmth in the body at the time.
3. Her friends thought the attending physician hesitated, and manifested some uncertainty in his mind, when he pronounced her dead.
4. At the funeral, the Rev. Mr. Cook, her pastor, requested the sexton not to close the lid of her coffin, and it was not closed, when she was put into the tomb, nor while she remained in it.
5. Mr. Swartz, the sexton, did not feel satisfied, and advised her father to have the body removed back to the house.

Thus the case stood last evening, when some friends consulted the celebrated Clairvoyant, Miss Ann E. Hall, about the case, who said Miss E. was then alive but would not remain so long, if they did not attend to her, and to-day, at about 12 at noon, her father had her body removed back to his house where it was examined by a large number of friends. Miss Hall being present, in a state of trance, said the young lady had died about 2 o'clock last night; and I have some curious collateral facts, which go to show that the clairvoyant told the truth about the case, which I may send you, if you wish them. Mr. Buffington declares his child shall not be carried to the tomb again till a change has taken place, sufficient to put the matter beyond all doubt.

Yours, truly, A. Y. D.

TO THE HUSBAND.

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
 What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe,
 Hang on these latter ends, that stern reply,
 The cold demeanor and repelling eye.
 The doubtful phrase not with kinder heart,
 Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

The frail being by thy side is finer mould
 Keener her sense of pain, of wrong, greater
 her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned
 her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings
 complains in lowest notes of sadness, not
 heard, but felt. It weans away her life like
 a deep under current, while the fair mirror
 of the changing surface gives not one sign of woe.

THE LUXURY OF THE ROMAN TABLE.

The luxury of the table commenced about the period of the battle of Actium, and continued till the reign of Galba. Their delicacies consisted of peacocks, cranes of Malia, nightingales, venison, and wild and tame fowls, they were also fond of fish. The reigning taste was for a profusion of provisions; whole wild boars were served up, filled with various small animals and birds of different kinds. This dish was called the Trojan horse, in allusion to the horse filled with soldiers. Fowls and game of all sorts were served up in pyramids piled up in dishes as broad as moderate tables. Mark Anthony provided eight boars for twelve guests. Caligula served up to his guests pearls of great value, dissolved in vinegar. Lucullus had a particular name for each apartment, and a certain scale of expense attached to each. Cicero and Pompey agreed to take supper with him, provided he would not order his servants to prepare any thing extraordinary. He directed the servants to prepare the supper in the room of Apollo. His friends were surprised at the magnificence of the entertainment. He then informed them that when he mentioned the name of the room, his servants knew the scale of expense. Whenever he supped in the room of Apollo, the supper always cost \$1,250. He was equally sumptuous in his dress. A Roman Praetor, who was to give games to the public, requesting to borrow one hundred purple robes for the actors, Lucullus replied that he could lend him two hundred if he wanted them. The Roman furniture in their houses corresponded with their profuseness in other respects. Pliny states that, in his time, more money was often given for a table than the amount of all the treasures found in Carthage when it was conquered by the Romans.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

FACETIOUS, IF NOT PHILOSOPHICAL.

The late Rev. Dr. Milnor was a Quaker by education, but his wife was from an Episcopal family in Norristown, Pa. He was in the practice of the law in Philadelphia in 1799, at the time of his marriage. The Episcopal clergyman officiated at the wedding, but in process of time, this offence against the usage of the Friends caused him to be "read out of meeting;" as it is termed by that society, and he was thus partially compelled to attend the denomination of which he afterwards became an eminent preacher.

The form of his expulsion from the Society of Friends will be found in the memoirs soon to be published, of Dr. Milnor. "Disregarding the order of our discipline," it says, "the late accomplished his marriage with the assistance of a hiring minister, to a woman not professing with us." &c. Afterward a Committee proposed to reinstate him, on condition that he would "make some slight acknowledgment of his error." He received the proposal friendly, but facetiously replied, "that is rather too much to ask of a man whose honey-moon is scarcely ended, and he must decline the proposition."

A VINEYARD AT CINCINNATI, owned by Mr. Resor, has produced, in nine years, wine to the value of three thousand two hundred and twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents. Deduct from this amount the cost of the vineyard and cultivation, and we find a profit of two thousand five hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents for the nine years, or two hundred and eighty dollars and sixty-one cents per year.

STERNE'S SERMONS.—Sterne's sermons are, in general, very short, which circumstance gave rise to the following joke at Bull's Library, at Bath:—A footman had been sent by his lady to purchase one of Sterne's sermons, when, by mistake, he asked for a small religious sermon. The bookseller being puzzled how to reply to his request, a gentleman present suggested, "Give him one of Sterne's."

NEW AND TRUE.—A very modest old maid visiting a new married friend recently, saw one of her husband's shirts lying on the bed and exclaimed! "Oh, mercy, my man's shirt on your bed! Such a thing on a bed would give me the night-mare!"

"Very likely," responded the wife, "unless the man was inside of it."

The cost of segars smoked every day, in New York, is estimated at \$10,000. The value of that consumed in this country annually, is one hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

ASTOR'S PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The personal property of the late John Jacob Astor, according to a paragraph in the Globe, is ascertained to amount to the immense sum of four millions and ninety-five thousand dollars! This is exclusive of the houses, lands, &c., constituting his real estate.

ROYAL GOATS.—In Windsor Park there are now between 200 and 300 beautiful milk white goats, all descended from a pair presented to the Queen in 1843, by the Shah of Persia.

THE BIBLE ESTABLISHMENT at Edinburgh, which had the monopoly of printing the Bibles throughout Scotland, and which at one time employed about one hundred persons, was last month broken up, and the materials sold under the hammer.

At Churubusco, a young man of the Emerald Isle was shot in the head; on the arrival of the surgeon of the army, he was asked by a friend if the wound was dangerous, and answered that it was, as he could see the brains. "Ah! by my soul," replied the son of the Emerald Isle, "please send a little to my father, for he often told me I never had any."

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute for a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the number of pulses would be completed in fifty years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—Willis & Co., Exchange Brokers, 25 State street, have shown up a new counterfeit \$3 on the Commercial Bank of Burlington, which is well calculated to deceive the most cautious. It is an alteration from Commercial Bank Gnat, Michigan. Vignette steamboat and vessel of war, ship under full sail, city in the distance.—Observe the word Burlington is spelt "tun" instead of "ton."—*Boston Traveller.*

THE INDEPENDENT DELAWAREIAN has seen a list of 68 persons who voted illegally in Wilmington on the 7th instant—some even voting twice.

"YER DUCKER AGAIN, hey!" "No, my love, (hie.) no drunk but slippery, (hie.) The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottom of my boots, (hie.) till they're smooth as a pane of glass."

A POOL POLE, a dyer by trade, at Watertown, Conn., has been left a fortune of \$250,000.