

# SUNBURY AMERICAN

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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## Sketches of Travel.

### FURTHER PASSAGES FROM RUTON'S ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

#### BEAVER AND BEAVER TRAPPERS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BEAVER has so depreciated in value within the last few years, that trapping has almost been abandoned; the price paid for the skin of this valuable animal having fallen from six and eight dollars per pound to one dollar, which hardly pays the expenses of traps, animals, and equipment for the hunt, and is certainly no adequate remuneration for the incredible hardships, toil, and danger, which are undergone by the hardy trappers in the course of their adventurous expeditions. The cause of the great decrease in value of beaver fur is the substitute which has been found for it in skins of the fur-seal and nutria—the improved preparation of other skins of little value, such as the hare and rabbit—and, more than all, in the use of silk in the manufacture of hats, which has in a great measure superseded that of the beaver. Thus the course of the trapper is levelled against all the new-fashioned materials of Paris hats; and the light and hairy gossamer of twelve-and-six is anathematised in the mountains in a way which would be highly distressing to the feelings of Messrs. Jupp and Johnson, and other artists in the ventilating-gossamer line.

assume a most singular cast of simplicity mingled with ferocity, appearing to take their coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants save those of nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive for the purpose of guarding against danger and the provision of necessary food.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the habits and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, blood-thirsty drunkards (when the where-withal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of man and nature—in fact, "White Indians." However, there are exceptions, and have met honest mountaineers. Their animal qualities, however, are un-deniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a state of nature, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "Far West" has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the West, from the frozen regions of the North to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprises of these men, would be even now a terra incognita to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.

Trappers are of two kinds, the "shred hand" and the "free trapper;" the former hired for the hunt by the fur companies; the latter, supplied with animals and traps by the company, is paid a certain price for his furs and peltries.

There is also the trapper "on his own hook;" but this class is very small. He has his own animals and traps, hunts where he chooses, and sells his peltry to whom he pleases.

On starting for a hunt, the trapper fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading stores, or from some of the petty traders—coureurs des bois—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the other for packs—and six traps which are carried in a bag of leather called a *trap sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deer-skins for moccasins, &c., are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a *possible-sack*. His "possibles" and "trap-sack" are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his left shoulder and under his right arm hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint, and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher-knife in a sheath of buffalo hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel, which also supports a little buck-skin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added; and of course, a long, heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a gage d'amour, and a triumph of water workmanship, in the shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine-quills.

Thus provided, and having determined the locality of his trapping-ground, he starts to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes with three or four in company, as soon as the breaking of the ice allows him to commence operations. Arrived on his hunting-grounds he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp lookout for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it to discover if it be the work of a beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank is also examined; and if the "sign" be fresh he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a brush or tree. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water and points out its position. The trap is baited with the "medicine," an oily substance obtained from a gland in the scrotum of the beaver, but distinct from the testes. A stick is dipped into this and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point

where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning the hunter mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop or framework of osier-twigs, and is allowed to dry, the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped. When dry, it is folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inward, and the handle, containing about ten to twenty skins, tightly pressed and corded, is ready for transportation.

During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtle savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodsman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the wily hunter has the advantages of a civilized mind, and, thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.

Sometimes, following on his trail, the Indian watches him set his traps on a shrubbed stream, and, passing up the bed, like Bruce of old, so that he may have no track, he lies in wait in the bushes until the hunter comes to examine his carefully-set traps. Then, waiting until he approaches his ambush within a few feet, which flies the home-drawn arrow, never falling at such close quarters to bring the victim to the ground. For one white scalp, however, that dangles in the smoke of an Indian's lodge, a dozen black ones, at the end of the hunt, ornament the camp-fires of the rendezvous.

At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack-animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The disposition of the "rendezvous," however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods brought by the traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices—coffee, twenty and thirty shillings a pint-cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by bulk, or "pile," that is, the whole skin, giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "skittens."

The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, round the fires, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with their "decks" of cards, playing at "wauker," "poker," and "seven-up," the regular mountain games. The stakes are "beaver," which is here current coin; and when the fire is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting-packs, and breeches, are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he have one), and as once happened, his scalp. There goes "beaver" and "beaver" is the mountain expression when any great loss is sustained; and, sooner or later, "beaver" and "beaver" invariably find their way into the insatiable pockets of the traders. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars, in a couple of hours; and, supplied on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilized life, with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

An old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he received fifteen thousand dollars for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the "rendezvous" always cleaned him out, and at the end of twenty years, he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder. These annual gatherings are often the scenes of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences, and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or the other of the combatants is certain, or, as sometimes happens, both fall to the word "fire."

**PRAIRIE DOGS AND THEIR CITIES.**  
No animals in these western regions interested me so much as the prairie-dogs. These lively little fellows select for the site of their towns level pieces of prairie with a sandy or gravelly soil, out of which they can excavate their dwellings with great facility. Being of a merry, sociable disposition, they, unlike the bear or wolf, choose to live in a large community, where laws exist for the public good, and there is less danger to be apprehended from the attacks of their numerous and crafty enemies. Their towns equal in

extent and population the largest cities of Europe, some extending many miles in length with considerable regularity in their streets, and the houses of a uniform style of architecture. Although their form of government may be styled republican, yet great respect is paid to their chief magistrate, who, generally a dog of large dimensions and imposing appearance, resides in a house conspicuous for size in the centre of the town, where he may always be seen on his horse-top, regarding with dignified complacency the various occupations of the busy population—some industriously bearing to the granaries the winter supply of roots, others building or repairing their houses; while many, their work being over, sit chatting on their house-tops, watching the gambols of the juveniles as they play around them. Their hospitality to strangers is unbounded. The owl, who on the bare prairie is unable to find a tree or rock in which to build her nest, is provided with a comfortable lodging, which she may in security rear her round-eyed progeny; and the rattlesnake, in spite of his bad character, is likewise entertained with similar hospitality, although it is very doubtful if it is not sometimes grossly abused; and many a childless dog may perhaps justly attribute his calamity to the partiality of the epicurean snake for the tender meat of the delicate prairie-pup. However, it is certain that the snake is a constant guest; and, whether admitted into the domestic circle of the dog family, or living in separate apartments, or in partnership with the owl, is an acknowledged member of the community at large.

The prairie-dog (a species of marmot) is somewhat larger than the guinea-pig, of a light brown or sandy color, and with a head resembling that of a young terrier pup. It is also furnished with a little stumpy tail, which, when its owner is excited, is in a perpetual jerk and flutter. Frequently, when hunting, I have amused myself for hours in watching their folklike motions, lying concealed behind one of their conical houses. These are raised in the form of a cone, two or three feet above the ground, and then descending obliquely to the interior. Of course on the first approach of such a monster as man, all the dogs which have been scattered over the town scamper to their holes as fast as their little legs will admit, and concealing all but their heads and tails, bark lustily their displeasure at the intrusion. When they have sufficiently exhibited their daring, every dog dives into his burrow, but two or three who remain as sentinels, chattering in high diatone, until the enemy is within a few paces of them, when they take the usual summer, and the town is silent and deserted. Lying perfectly still for several minutes I could observe an old fellow raise his head cautiously above his hole, and reconnoiter, and if satisfied that the coast was clear, he would commence a short bark. This bark, by the way, from its resemblance to that of a dog, has given that name to this little animal, but it is more like that of a wooden toy-dog, which is made to bark by raising and depressing the bellows under the figure. When this warning has been given, others are soon seen to emerge from their houses, and assured of their security play and frisk about. After a longer delay, rattlesnakes issue from the holes, and coil themselves in the sunny side of the hillock, erecting their treacherous heads, and rattling an angry note of warning to the play, a thoughtful pup approaches too near; and, lastly, a sober owl appears, and, if the sun be low, hops through the town, picking up the lizards and cameleons, which every where abound. At the first intimation of danger given by the sentinels, all the stragglers hasten to their holes, tumbling over owls and rattlesnakes, who hiss and rattle angrily at being disturbed. Every one scurries to his own domicile, and if, in his hurry, he should mistake his dwelling, or rush for safety into any other than his own, he is soon made sensible of his error, and, without ceremony, ejected. Then, every house occupied, commences such a volley of barking, and such a twinkling of little heads and tails, which alone appear above the holes to defy description. The lazy snakes, regardless of danger, remain coiled up, and only evince their consciousness by an occasional rattle; while the owls, in the hurry and confusion, betake themselves with sluggish wit to wherever a bush of sage or green-wood affords them temporary concealment.

The prairie-dog leads a life of constant alarm, and numerous enemies are ever on the watch to surprise him. The hawk and the eagle, hovering high in air, watch their towns and pounce suddenly upon them, never failing to carry off in their cruel talons some unhappy member of the community. The coyote, too, an hereditary foe, lurks behind a hillock, watching patiently for hours until an unlucky straggler approaches within reach of his murderous spring. In the winters when the prairie-dog, snug in his subterranean abode, and with granaries well-filled, never care to expose his little nose to the icy blasts which sweep across the plains, but, between eating and sleeping, passes merrily the frozen winter, he is often roused from his warm bed, and almost congealed with terror by hearing the snoring yelp of the half-famished wolf, who, mad with hunger, assaults with tooth and claw, the frost-bombed roof of his house, and with almost superlunary strength, hurls down the well-cemented walls, tears up the passages, plunging his cold nose into the very chambers mortaring into them with his earth-stuffed nose, in ravenous anxiety, and drives the poor little inmate into the most remote corners, too often to be dragged forth, and unobscuringly decimated. The rattlesnake

too, I fear, is not the welcome guest he reports himself to be; for often I have slain the wily serpent with a belly to much protrusion to be either healthy or natural, and bearing, in its outline, a very strong resemblance to the figure of a prairie-dog.

**MISSILES OF CIVILIZED LIFE.**  
Proceeding on my arrival at St. Louis, to an excellent hotel called the "Planter's House," I that night, for the first time for nearly ten months, slept upon a bed much to the astonishment of limb and body, which long accustomed to no softer mattress than another earth, tossed about all night, unable to appreciate the unusual luxury. I found chairs a positive nuisance, and in my own room caught myself in the act, more than once, of squatting cross-legged on the floor. The greatest treat to me was bread; I thought it the best part of the profuse dinners of the Planter's House, and consumed prodigious quantities of the staff of life, to the astonishment of the waiters. Forks, too, I thought were most useless superfluities, and more than once I found myself on the point of grabbing a tempting leg of mutton mountain fashion, and butchering off a hunter's mouth-dog may perhaps justly attribute his calamity to the partiality of the epicurean snake for the tender meat of the delicate prairie-pup. However, it is certain that the snake is a constant guest; and, whether admitted into the domestic circle of the dog family, or living in separate apartments, or in partnership with the owl, is an acknowledged member of the community at large.

**GOLD PENS.**  
An active competition in the manufacture of gold pens has brought down the price from ten dollars to one and two dollars, according to finish; and as might be expected they have got into general use. A New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier has given, in one of his late letters, an interesting account of the invention of gold pens and the manner in which they are made, a portion of which we subjoin:

The first pen of this sort ever used was in 1838. The idea of the utility of gold for the purpose was conceived by Rev. Mr. Cleveland. He communicated this idea to Mr. Brown, who improved on it and immediately went into the business. He was followed by some half dozen others. Bagley is now the most extensive manufacturer of the article, and he employs in it a capital of eighty thousand dollars. His expenses are one thousand dollars per week. Platt & Brothers, in the early stage of the manufacture, made a contract with Brown & Bagley for all the pens they made, and thus had the monopoly of the market for three years. They sold seventy-five thousand dollars per annum of this article, nearly one half of which was profit. Bagley then went on and has made a more rapid fortune. His pens rank the first in the market, though Brown's and the "Richelieu" pen are equally good.

In the manufacture of pens the gold is first rolled out in ribbons, and then cut with a die to the required shape, the points put on and then ground down to the required nib. The points are iridium, a new metal formed with platinum. The points are all imported, generally without the ceremony of an introduction to the custom-house, and cost from seven to fifty-five dollars per ounce. The pens and cases sell from ten to thirty dollars per dozen. The manufacture of the silver cases is a distinct business and employs a capital. It is not easy to make an estimate of the number of pens manufactured per annum, but it is not less than one million, of which Brown & Bagley make about one-half. A person who had not thought of the subject, would scarcely suppose that eight hundred pounds of gold were used every year in the manufacture of such a trifling article as pens—a business unknown ten years ago—yet such is the fact. Demand for the article is enormous, and it is now difficult to find a person who writes at all unprovided with this most economical of all pens. One export of one thousand gross has been made to England, where they sell for a guinea a piece.

**RAFFLING FOR A WOMAN.**—A young girl residing in the upper part of the city was not long since desperately attacked with gold fever. The Sacramento and its precious sands were ever before her mind but though handsome and of unblemished reputation, she was entirely without the means of accomplishing her wishes. Days passed and yet she seemed no nearer securing a passage to California than at first. Fortunately at last she became acquainted with a party of young men who were going out on board one of the vessels for San Francisco. They wished a cook and an attendant to raffle for her. An amount paid for chances was to be given to her, and the fortunate fellow who won, was to marry her before leaving the city. If she did not fancy the person on whom the lot fell, then she was to pay her own passage out and under the protection of the whole party, was to cook and wash for them. The money was accordingly paid and the girl raffled. There was one person whom she hoped would win, but the fates were against her choice. A little shoemaker won her. The girl would not marry him, but true to her promise she wrote a farewell letter to her friends in Connecticut, and then took passage with her comrade adventurers.—Y. F. Sun.

**BENTON AND CALIFORNIA GOLD.**  
Mr. Benton made a speech a few days ago upon the California bill against the proposition to sell mineral lands in two acre lots, as no two lots of that size would be alike. The value can only be told by digging, and many patches of twenty or thirty feet square will contain a rich deposit. The object is to find it, and that is to be done by hunting, for which permits are required and protection in the discovery. The following remarks upon the gold washings are interesting:

These washings are called in Spanish *placer*, from the Latin *placere*, to please; because it is a pleasing thing to find the shining gold under one's feet. But it is a transient pleasure. There is no fee simple in it; not even a lease for a year, a month, a week or a day. The pleasure is soon gone. Exhausted *placers* now exist in New Mexico, formerly yielding much, now some twenty-five or thirty cents a day, and only pursued by the poorest Mexicans. Regular mining has followed there, and is now yielding considerable quantities. These washings of California are marvellously rich; for we have to believe what is certified to us by so many witnesses: but they are not the richest that ever were seen. Far from it. Those of Brazil, in the mountains, back of Rio Janeiro, in the time of Lord Anson's voyage, say one hundred years ago, were far richer, and yet they have been exhausted so long that all memory of them is lost, and their history only lies in old books. Two millions sterling—ten millions of dollars—were annually sent to Europe, for years, from these washings. They were worked by slaves, who, to secure their fidelity and industry, were usually allowed by their masters all the proceeds of the day above a given amount; and in that way many slaves became rich, purchased their freedom, and then bought slaves of their own, lived in splendor and opulence, and laid the foundation of families. Yet these washings are exhausted, time out of mind, and so will be those of California, and the sooner the better. I am a friend to gold currency, but not to gold mining. That is a pursuit which the experience of nations shows to be both impoverishing and demoralizing to a nation. I regret that we have these mines in California; but they are there, and I am for getting rid of them as soon as possible. Make the working as free as possible. Instead of hoarding, and holding them up, and selling in dribbles, lay them open to industry and enterprise. Lay them open to natural capital—to labor—to the man that has stout arms and a willing heart. Give him a fair chance. Give him a fair chance. It is no matter who digs up the gold, or where it goes. The digger will not eat it, and it will go where commerce will carry it. The nations which have industry—which have agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—they will get the gold, provided always that they keep out small paper money. Not sales, but permits, is the proper mode to follow, and the only practicable mode.

**CAVAIGNAC.**  
The great men of dark eyes are ever unfortunate, and yet not wholly so. Cato, who was wrecked from his gored frame, his own bowels, was happier in his death than the Cæsar who sank "even at the base of Pompey's statue." No man with a just and well-balanced mind would prefer the triumph of Napoleon to the defeat of Cavaignac. Of the former we have yet to know that he has a virtue; of the latter that he has a vice. Cavaignac has manifested in all that has been required from him, in a season of the most formidable danger, every virtue that elevates human nature. He may die undignified by office, but will live, in after times, with a glory to which a crown could not add one ray of light.

**CALIFORNIA AND CALCUTTA.**—The London Times in speaking of the lack of public spirit in Calcutta and Bombay, draws the following parallel: California was scarcely known a year back but unless public opinion shall soon make itself heard, it will scarcely appear on the Pacific to predict that its chief port on the Pacific will be opened up by a line of railway from New York, and with a steam fleet to Canton, before the first locomotive will have started from either of the gigantic and now comparatively ancient cities of Calcutta or Bombay.

**MANY YEARS SINCE** ex-Lieutenant Governor Childs, of Berkshire thus a young man, was bitten by a mad dog, which resulted in symptoms of hydrophobia. His father, an eminent physician, gave mercury in doses sufficient to produce salivation, and, though the patient suffered dreadfully, he was cured; the untiring efforts of his father, finally effected.—Boston Post.

**"PRAY,"** said Mr. A.—to Mr. B.—"will you have the complaisance to take my cloak in your carriage to town?" "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily," replied the modest applicant, "I shall remain in it."

**GRASSHOPPER KILLED BY TELEGRAPH.**—Numbers of grasshoppers are killed by coming in contact with telegraph wire, near Chicago. They are frequently picked up along the line, often striking with such force as to completely sever their necks from their bodies.

**WHY TO YOU** set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. James? "I did a wondrous thing, one morning at breakfast. It is so very warm, ma'am," replied Mr. James, demurely, "I thought I would let it cool."

**H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.**  
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Law Books, Theological and Classical Books, MEDICAL BOOKS, BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, SCIENTIFIC and MATHEMATICAL BOOKS, Juvenile Books, in great variety, Hymn Books and Prayer Books, Bibles, all sizes and prices, Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationery, Wholesale and Retail.  
Our prices are much lower than the regular prices. Librarians and book purchasers, please call on us. Books imported direct from London. Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

**PORTER & ENGLISH, GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Dealers in Goods.**  
No. 3, Arch St. PHILADELPHIA.  
Constantly on hand a general assortment of GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c.  
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.  
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sold on Commission. Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

**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 children's willow Conches, Chairs, Cradles, market 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 United States.  
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—17

**CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING, WM G MASON,**  
45 Chestnut St. 3 doors above 2nd St., Philadelphia  
Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS, Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Families, Sons of Temperance, &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' Diastyls.  
Orders per mail (post paid) will be promptly attended to.  
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

**MEYER'S FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTE.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED 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 tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.  
Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. 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 other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 22 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 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 last 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 the last exhibition, Sept. 1848, C. Meyer received the first Silver Medal for his Pianos, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.  
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturers' 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 8, 1848—

**THE CHEAP HENSH, COMB AND VARIETY STORE, BOCKUS AND BROTHER, BRIDGE BUILDERS**  
AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES  
No. 94 North Third, below Race St. and North East corner of Third and Market streets, PHILADELPHIA.  
WHERE they offer for sale a general assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and Varieties, which they are determined to sell Lower than can be purchased elsewhere.  
Country Merchants and others purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against all competition.  
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—17