SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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. 50. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849. OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 24.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

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RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of children's willow Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and traveling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.
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Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

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Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.
Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FOR $85
THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PRE-IUM 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. 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 52 south Fourth st.
☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C Meyer, by the Frahklin 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 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 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
Brush, Comb and Variety STORE.
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No 96 North Third, below Race St and North East corner of Third and Market street,
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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—1y

SELECT POETRY.

The Bar of Mobile have recently had a festival, of which a full account is given in the Register of that city. The following song, written for the occasion by A. B. Meek, Esq. full of spirit and humor, was sung upon this occasion by one of the company:

SONG AT THE BAR DINNER.

Ye sons of Blackstone, Chitty, Coke,
Of Marshall, Kent and Story,
Come join awhile in song and joke,
In mirth and festive glory:
Put up your summons, writs and pleas,
Your briefs and declarations,
And for a season take your ease
In feastings and libations.

What though your lady love, the Law,
Is grave, sedate and solemn,
And seldom can refreshment draw,
But from some musty volume—
Yet she, herself, will now decline
Each dull and knotty question—
Desert her *Viner* for the *vine*,
The *Digest* for *digestion*.

The drone who over *Doe* and *Roe*,
Can only feed his fancies,
Will find, at least, his cake all *dough*—
His readings all *romances*;
But he who bends o'er "cakes and ale,"
As well as Clay and Akin,
Will find himself both *Swift* and *Hale*,
And doubly "save his *Bacon*!"

Then put the *green bag* in its place,
Light with your *tape* these *tapers*—
Exchange your *cases* for this *case*
Of wines, segars and capers;
"A deed," indeed, "is doing now,"
Worth all your *deeds* intended—
Reporters here to *porters* bow—
Don't be *non-st-invent*-ed!

Come file your *pleas* before this Court,
Where all may *please on trial*,
You can't *demur*, not e'en *in short*,
So come—there's no denial;
This is the *Bar*—straight, *traverse* join,
Your fee is in your pocket—
Crave oyer quickly, of—this wine,
Or—*strike him from the docket!*

These dishes are in *season* all,
So make at once your *seizen*—
To disobey "*Laws's* serious call,"
Is mutiny,—nay treason.
You can't *desert* without *dessert*.—
'Twould shame your high profession,—
So while of mirth, we make *proffert*,
Reduce it to possession!

The sons of Themis in Mobile,—
A numerous generation,—
Once more have met, for common weal,
To keep this celebration:
Grave judges now desert the Bench,
Old lawyers leave their cases,
And students turn from Norman-French,
To meet with merry faces!

Then throw the dull Reports aside,—
Let Johnson sleep with Peters,—
Let *Porter* prove a liquid tide,
And *Stuart* feast the easter!
One day we'll give to song and wit,
Ad mala usque novo,
And then resume to *brief* or *writ*,
And try the Law, *de novo!*

Philosophy in a Nut-Shell.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

The only complete collection of this celebrated almanac, of which there is any knowledge, and beyond a doubt the only one now in existence, is in the possession of Mr. John Doggett, Jr., of this city; a gentleman generally known to our community as the editor of the City Directory, and to a more limited class of friends, as a most diligent and cultivated antiquarian.

It is about four years since, Mr. Doggett commenced his researches for those memorable records of Franklin's learning, wisdom and wit; and in prosecuting them, he has visited most of the public literary institutions of the country, and conducted a very extensive correspondence besides.—He has now one complete set, commencing with the year 1733, and continuing until Franklin's connection with it terminated in 1758, about twenty-five years.

About eight years ago, Mr. Sparks, in his life of Franklin, referring to this almanac says: "It is believed that no complete edition of *Poor Richard's Almanac* is now in existence. After much research, I have not been able to find more than one third of the numbers that were published."

Speaking of this work in his auto-biography, Franklin says—

"In 1733, I first published my Almanac under the name of Richard Saunders: it was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it; vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar, with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

"These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the Almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American Continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in France, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants.—In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money, which was observable for twenty years after its publication."

Few compositions in any language have been so widely read as this summary prefixed to the almanac of 1757, to which he refers. It was translated three times into the French language, before 1800, and in 1823 an edition in Modern Greek appeared from the press of Didot, at Paris.

The following is a copy of the advertisement of the first number of Poor Richard's Almanac, including the table of contents. It was printed in the Pennsylvania Gazette, on the 19th December, 1732, as follows;—

"Just published, for 1733, An Almanac containing the Lunations, Eclipses, Planets, Motions and Aspects, Weather, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, High Water, &c; besides many pleasant and witty Verses, Jests and Sayings; Author's Motive of Writing: Prediction of the death of his Friend, Mr. Titan Leeds; Moon no Cuckold; Bachelor's Folly: Parson's Wine and Baker's Pudding: Short Visits: Kings and Bears: New Fashions; Game for Kisses; Katherine's Love; Different Sentiments; Signs of a Tempest; Death of a Fisherman; Conjugal Debate: Men and Melons; The Prodigal; Breakfast in Bed; Oyster Lawsuit, &c. By Richard Saunders, Philomat. Printed and Sold by B. Franklin.

"Such was the eagerness with which this Almanac was sought," says Mr. Sparks, "that three editions were printed before the end of January, and, although he enlarged his first editions for the subsequent years, yet two editions were frequently required to supply the demand."

We learn from Mr. Doggett that he collected the copies in his possession in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and that there is not a single copy in the possession of a single Historical Society in the country, nor in the Cambridge Library, nor in the Boston Athenæum. He has been obliged to pay as high as five dollars for some of the numbers, and in addition, to pledge himself to return them if he were successful in procuring duplicates.

In prosecuting his search, Mr. Doggett has fallen upon other Almanacs, printed by Franklin, both previous to and during the publication of Poor Richard's. He has one copy as early as 1731, two years before his own commenced, edited by "*John Jerman, Philom*," with the following imprint.

"Philadelphia, printed and sold by B. Franklin & H. Meredith, at the New Buildings Printing Office near the market."

This same John Jerman continued to publish and Franklin to print for him an almanac, down to 1754, during nearly the whole period of Poor Richard's publication. He may have continued it for the whole of that period, but Mr. Doggett has found none of Jerman's later than 1754. He also, during a portion of the same period, printed *The American Country Almanac*, which was edited by *Thomas More*. A copy for the year 1751, which Mr. Doggett has, bears the following imprint.

"Printed and sold by B. Franklin & D. Hall at the Printing office, near the market."

In 1749, Poor Richard's Almanac was issued for the first time with illustrations.—These are of the most primitive character, and would be without interest but for the violent presumption that they were the work of the Doctor's own hands. He certainly did engrave well enough to have executed any thing in these almanacs, for he says in his auto-biography, speaking of the printing of some paper money for New Jersey: "The New Jersey job was obtained; I contrived a copper plate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country; I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills." The improbability of his employing any one to do what he could do himself, the difficulty of procuring any artist in the colony, in 1719, who was competent to do them, and the plainness of the engravings, which were not worth paying anything for, even if the publication was one that could have borne any such expense, are the principal, and we think sufficient reasons for believing these illustrations were the work of Franklin.

The maxims and sentiments of Poor Richard, which, of course, constitute the supreme attraction of his almanacs, are printed in *italics* down, the columns of the calendar, in the vacant spaces, not occupied by calendar matter, sometimes one word and sometimes more on a line, and not unfrequently a single sentiment of six words running down a whole column.

The following is the first of those golden sentences, which we sought with some curiosity in the first almanac of 1733.

"*Never spare the parson's wine nor the baker's puddin'.*"

We have already alluded to the wonderful popularity of these thoughts of Poor Richard, a popularity which will be readily comprehended by those who are familiar with the wonderful wisdom sagacity and wit which the author has compressed, in his brief and simple sentences. So many years have elapsed since any collection of them has been laid before the American people, that we feel we shall oblige many of our readers by selecting from among them some which have been least hackneyed by quotation. The selections we offer have been made from the entire series, embracing a period of twenty-five years, and one or more from the almanac of each year:

Take this remark from Richard, poor and lame,
Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

Some man grow mad by studying much to know;
But who grows mad by studying good to grow!

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.

Law, like cobwebs, catch small flies.
Great ones break through before your eyes.

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.

Mary's mouth cost her nothing, for she never opens it but at others' expense.

He that would live in peace and at ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

He that can travel well afoot, keeps a good horse.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases here, the strongest fence,
Is the defensive virtue, Abstinence.

Tart words make no friends: a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Drive thy business or it will drive thee.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

An ounce of wit that is bought,
Is worth a pound that is taught.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and pack thread.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

A mob's a monster; head enough but no brains.

Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

The master's eye will do more work than both his hands.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

He that has a trade has an office of profit and honor.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.

The first mistake in public business is the going into it.

The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rags, whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

Love well, whip well.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Great talkers, little doers.

A rich rogue is like a fat hog,
Who never does good till as dead as a log.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough not one.

Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practise, the other half practise what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones, the difference is only in the price.

If a man could have his wishes, he would double his troubles.

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy to let them pass by us.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Doggett designs to republish the almanacs from year to year, with the appropriate modern calendar, in the preparations of which he proposes to engage some accomplished scientific man, probably Professor Pierce, of Cambridge. The first number, being the almanac for the year 1850, will appear some time next spring, and will contain the editorial matter of Franklin for about the three first years, that is for 1733, 1734, and 1735. The last ten pages, or thereabouts will be appropriated to the autobiography of the doctor, which, with the editorials and advice of poor Richard, will be continued from year to year till both are completed. It is also his purpose to have the work illustrated in a superior style, by the first artists in the country.

We hope most sincerely that Mr. Doggett's enterprise may be suitably rewarded, and that his project may prove successful. It becomes each succeeding generations of Americans to assist in preserving fresh forever the fame of our most illustrious philosopher, and to study to appreciate and to profit by the wisdom upon which his fame is founded.—*New York Evening Post.*

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR, never, perhaps, had a more flattering or sincere compliment paid his genius than this. A little son of the late Richard Menefee, of Kentucky, fell from the cars on the road between Lexington and Frankfort, and his arm was terribly crushed, and had to be amputated. As soon as the operation was over, says the Journal, his afflicted mother went in tears to his bedside, and said to him, "My poor boy, your visit to Louisville has been a dear one to you." "Ah, mother," replied the little fellow, with a look and tone of animation, "*but I saw the Greek Slave*"

GETTING INTO THE WRONG SHOP.

A Story of Down-East.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few months ago, there arrived in the quiet city of Portland, a home-spun specimen of the genus homo, in a packet, all the way from Passamaquoddy. Upon going ashore, he inquired the way to the nearest public house, and was informed that it stood directly at the head of the pier where he landed.

Opposite the head of the wharf stands the "Eagle Coffee House." At the corner is located the Custom House, the front of which is surmounted by a large gilt spread eagle. Into the latter our traveller walked, with carpet-bag in hand; and having found his way into the first room—which chanced to be the Surveyor's Department—he threw his luggage against the corner, seized an arm-chair, and drew himself up to the fire. Bracing his feet against the grate, he pulled forth a huge pipe, and having very leisurely crowded it with pig-tail, he cocked his hat over his shoulder, and commenced to puff away in right good earnest.

The Surveyor gazed at the queer biped a moment, but concluded to wait for the finale of this scene without intruding unprofitable questions. Having finished his pipe, lazily, the traveller turned about to the official with—

"Cold day, nabur."

"Very, sir."

"How long to dinner?"

"To what, sir?"

"Dinner."

"We dine at two," continued the surveyor, discovering the stranger's error, and disposed for the nonce to humor it.

"Whar's the old man?" (meaning the landlord.)

"The collector is in the next room, sir, said the agreeable surveyor; and our down-easter immediately moved himself into the Collector's Department, toting his luggage along as he went. Having laid down his traps, he stepped up to the counter, where stood a pitcher and a tumbler, for the use of the room. The cashier looked at him an instant, when the stranger broke silence—

"Brandy and water."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the astonished accountant.

"A little brandy and water, 'fu please," Leaving the bar-keeper (as he supposed him) to fix his toddy, he moved forward and suddenly discovered the Collector of the Port sound asleep in his easy chair.—Stepping up to him, he gave him a most unceremonious blow upon the back and shouted at the top of his voice,

"Hello! ole feller—how ar ye? I say, ole hoss—how d'e deu?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the collector.

"Glad tu see yer. Tew toddies, bar-keeper! Brandy and water for me—wot der yer drink 'squire?"

"Sir!" continued the collector again, imagining himself the victim of some horrid dream.

"Come, come, old feller! wake up!" added his tormentor, bringing down his huge mauler again between the collector's shoulders, and well-nigh knocking the breath entirely from his body.

"There's some mistake here, sir," said the collector, springing back.

"Not a bit uv it, old rusty; I know you jest like a inkstan."

"I don't remember—really—"

"Yis you deu, sart'n. But never mind—wot yer goin' tu take."

"Do you know where you are, sir?" inquired the collector, supposing the man to be a lunatic whom he had better got rid of as easily as possible.

"Me? Sart'n. In Portlan'—Eagle Coffee House. You're ole Brass, the lan'lord, I know you. G, git aout! We're baound to hev a drink;" and he drove his thumb and forefinger into the collector's ribs with so much good earnest, that he nearly 'finished his business' for him."

"Excuse me, sir—but—"

"No sir-ee. No backin' aout, old squibob—I've seen you go it afore yer know. Come, bar-keeper, tote aout the licker.—All munchum, yer know. I un'stan'—agin the law to sell brandy in Portlan'—but we know; pass it up."

"You have mistaken your quarters, sir."

"Eh?"

"This is the Custom House."

"The wot!"

"Custom House."

"Cus—eh?" continued the discomfited traveller endeavoring to get the thing through his head—"not the Coffee House?"

"No, sir.

"Why, I seen the eagle over the top—they tole me head of the wharf—tavern—an' you say it aint a public house?"

"No sir."

"Wa—I never!" said the chop-fallen traveller, gathering up his duds. Looking about him to be satisfied of his error, he concluded by inquiring what was the expense. He was informed that there was nothing to pay.

"Wal—ole feller—a mistake isn't a hay stack?"

"No—fortunately," said the collector.

"Wal, I wouldn't ha' b'lieved I could ha' made sich a blunder"—and then insisting that the "hul craowd should g'out and take a gin'ral drink," which was declined, he secured his luggage and hastily vamosed, to the no small gratification of the government officials, who had been so queerly startled from their customary propriety.

"WHEN I AM DEAD, my soul will return to France, and dwell in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of Heaven, and throb with ceaseless life in new revolutions."—*Napoleon.*

GOLD AND SILVER are metals quite too heavy to be carried to Heaven, but, in good hands, they may pave the way to it.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

The New York Sun, which every now and then discovers a mare's nest, has the following announcement:

One of the most distinguished jewellers in this city has, within a few weeks past, set in gold three of the most valuable emeralds ever seen in this country. They were left with him by the wife of Col. Fremont. The emeralds were presented to Mrs. Fremont by Col. Fremont, on his last return to the United States. In size and brilliancy, these emeralds will vie with the most gorgeous of those described by the Spanish writers in their chronicles of the wealth of Mexico and Peru at the period of the Spanish conquest.

After referring to the Mexican and Peruvian Emperors who possessed many of these stones, the Sun says:

How Col. Fremont came by the three we have alluded to is not for us to say, nor are we at present permitted to name the jeweller entrusted with their setting; but we may say they were not all the emeralds in the possession of the gallent Colonel when he returned. Col. Fremont is said to be somewhere near the source of the Gila at this time, and the remarkable haste he made in leaving the United States immediately after his court martial, may have more to do with emeralds than gold. Of one thing we are sure—a few months, and perhaps weeks, may open up an excitement far transcending gold fever.

This is very exciting, no doubt, but the excitement is likely to subside when it is remembered that Mr. Fremont, at the latest accounts, which we publish in this day's paper, was on the Upper Arkansas, just about to cross the Green Mountains, to proceed to the Great Basin, a long distance from Gila, with a view to finish his surveys and explorations in that vicinity.

TREATMENT OF FRUIT TREES IN WINTER.—An intelligent writer observes that, to preserve fruit trees from frost, in the spring, farmers should, during the coldest weather, remove the snow from the roots around the tree and allow the ground to freeze as deep as it will. He can then pack old hay, straw, leaves rotten wood exhausted tan, or almost any vegetable matter, with snow and dirt, so to forth a heap around the tree of as much as four or five feet at the base, and two or three in height. This forms a temporary ice house and prevents the premature warm weather from starting the sap, and swelling the buds, until the season is so far advanced that the fruit is not endangered from frost. This treatment can be applied to all kinds of fruit trees, and by covering the heap with shrub soil and pressing it hard around the tree, the insects about the roots may be effectually expelled. The heap should be allowed to remain until the next autumn, when it can be taken away for the next winter's freezing. Trees treated in this manner are not apt to become sward bound, and seldom or never suffer from drought as the heap always attracts a plentiful supply of moisture.

A worthy old citizen of Newport, who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive—so lazy, indeed, that he used to weed the garden in a rocking-chair, rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot—had a way of fishing particularly his own. He used to drive his whitefaced mare down to the down to the spot where the tautog (blackfish) might be depended on for any weight from two to twelve pounds—back his gig down to the water, put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooded, started the old mare, and pulled him out.

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.

Jas. Roche, celebrated in Baltimore, as a baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished the Baltimore American with the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public:

"Take an earthen vessel, larger at the top than at the bottom, and in it put one pint of milkwarm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and half pint of malt yeast; mix them well together, and set it away (in winter it should be in a warm place) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours; (it may be set at night, if it be wanted in the morning;) then put two large spoonsful of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising; then put it in about nine pounds of flour, and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out in loaves. The above will make four loaves.

"As some flour is dry and other runny, the above quantity, however, will be a guide.—The person making bread will observe that runny and new flour will require one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour. The water, also, should be tempered according to the weather; in spring and fall it should only be milk-warm; in hot weather, cold; and in winter warm."

Two DUTCHMEN living opposite each other who had for many years been in the habit of smoking by their door-side in silence, at length broke forth in the following dialogue:

"What sort of wedder you tink it will be, to-day, neighbor?"

The other, after two or three hasty puffs, replied, "Well, I don't know, what sort of wedder you tink it will be?"

The first, somewhat nettled, said—"I tink it will be wedder, as you tink it will be."

The other acquiesced—"Well, I tink so too."

There were 2,500,000 bales of cotton raised in the United States in 1848.

AN ELEPHANT ON A SPREE.

An elephant which is being exhibited in New York broke loose from his place of confinement on Thursday night. The first place he entered was a shanty, the second story floor of which he raised, upset a woman and two children in bed and set the place on fire.

From this place he went to the corner of Mott and Bayard streets, and entered a grocery store, and scattered its contents pretty extensively. When the owner saw him coming, he shut the door against him, but it was of little use. The elephant walked straight through it, and gave the owner a charge of mud from his trunk, for his politeness in shutting the door in his face. From this place he entered a school yard next door to the church at the corner of Cross and Mott streets, broke in the school-house door and did considerable damage. Upon coming out of the yard he broke down the iron railing, as though it had been so much brushwood. After leaving this place he passed down Bayard to Mott, then went down Bayard to Orange then into Franklin street, across Broadway to Chambers street, up Church to Leonard, then up to Broadway, and down Broadway to Duane, followed by thousands of people in the greatest state of excitement. He then passed down Duane street to the North river making an inspection into the condition of several of the piers to see what improvements were being made by our city fathers, when he proceeded up West street to the Hoboken Ferry at the foot of Canal street. Noticing the lights in the Hoboken Hotel, and supposing it to be a tavern, he determined to take advantage of that part of the license law stipulating for 'entertainment for man and beast,' and endeavored to effect an entrance; but the granite pillars not affording space for his huge frame, he was obliged to desist from further efforts. Being now quite satisfied with his spree, he suffered his keeper to conduct him back home to his domicil.

GRAPES IN CALIFORNIA.—In a recent notice of the productions of California, the facts of which we obtained from Lieut. Freemont's journal, it was stated that grapes grew abundantly in California. An old resident of the country, writing to the San Francisco Journal, says:

"I possess a small vineyard of 1000 vines, occupying three acres of land, which produces me nearly $1000. The produce of last season, however, (1847,) exceeded $1200. I sold grapes to the amount of 4000 pound, at 8 cts. per pound, amounting to $320; manufactured 30 barrels of wine at $28 per barrel, amounting to $840, and 4 barrels of brandy, at $50 per barrel, amounting to $200. The vines commence bearing the third year and perfect on the fourth. A vinyard does not require more labour then a common cornfield, and one man is capable of attending 500 vines, merely laboring three hours daily, for eight months during the year."

TO YOUNG LADIES.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliments in the room of sentiment, are the favorites.—A due respect for woman leads to respectful action towards them; and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.—*Addison.*

INTERESTING CONFAB.

"Hab you got de janders, Pete? de white ob your eyes am yaller as saffrum."

"Hush your mouf ob dose insidious caparisons, Sambo! I'se got de Kallumfornea gold fever—wen de crisis arribes in de delerium stages, den dis indervidual also lebes for de regum ob perpetual gold. Dat is, Sambo, perwided Congress dus not perhibit us to take our slaves, and oder real estate wid us."

"Well, Pete, you is insane! A gemman ob your color talk ob foolishing after dese visionary white folks down Cape Horn. I guess 'twill be in a horn dey'll find de gold! If you includes to take de stages, Pete, I shall detract my remarks on your appearance, and subscribe dat all ob a color, all ober alike, you is darkest greenest niggur in Belknap treet—you is a disgrace to de whole colored sex! you is green as a geese."

"Empty dis building ob your presence, Sambo, or I'm not reponsible for your early decease."

SENTIMENTAL.—The Wilkenson (Miss.) Whigs gives us the following, as coming from a "darkey," the property of a gentleman in that neighborhood, who, on Christmas, gave his servants something to make their hearts merry and their dance light. The master having called upon each for a toast, was met with a snicker, and "I don't know how to do dat, massa," from one and another, until Joe's turn came (whose cotton basket is always the heaviest of the gang) when he held up his glass, with ludicrous gravity and gave:

"The big bee flies high,
The little bee makes the honey;
The black folks makes the cotton,
And the white folks get the money."

HE THAT THREATENS US, not having the power to harm us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens, having the power, is not much to be feared.

The Medical and Surgical Journal says, that in Sardinia the fees of physicians are fixed by law. Ninepence is the charge for a short visit.