

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.

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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REMOVAL. DR. J. B. MASSER has removed his office, to the office formerly occupied by H. B. Masser, at the printing office of the Sunbury American, back of H. Masser's store.

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SELECT POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

BY MRS. SPOONER.

We thank thee, Father, for this day That ro'ed in twilight sweet, Did linger ere it pass away, And lead us to thy feet.

We thank thee for its healing rest To weary toil and care; Its praise within thy temple blest— Its holy bath of prayer.

We thank thee for its living bread, That did our hunger stay; The manna by thine angels shed Around our desert way.

Forgive us, if our thoughts were slow To claim a heavenly blessing; If feelings that should upward glow Did gravitate to earth.

Forgive us, if these precepts pure, That should our sins control, And aid us meekly to endure, Grew languid in the soul.

Forgive us, if with spirit cold, We leached the murderer's moan; Or failed to grasp the chain of gold, That links us to thy throne.

O grant, that when this span of life In evening shade shall close, And all its vanity and strife Tend to their long repose.

We for the sake of Him who died, Our advocate and Friend, May share that sabbath at thy side Which never more shall end.

FRAN BROWN'S N. B. AMERICAN FARMER.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

Their Struggles against Russia.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS—THE SLAVE MARKETS.

The long and gallant struggle of the Circassians against the gigantic power of Russia, cannot be regarded with interest, by all who feel sympathy for the weak when grappling with the strong, by all who believe that might does not make right, by all who rejoice in the triumph of courage, determination, liberty and justice. A work on the Caucasus, comprehending Circassia, has just been published in Dresden, and has excited no little attention. The author is Dr. Moritz Wagner, and we find an elaborate review, with extracts in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine. The comparative relative strength of the two parties—Russians and Circassians, is estimated at 60,000,000 against 600,000—a hundred to one—a whole squadron against a single cavalier, a colossus opposed to a pigmy. The odds are fearful, and yet the struggle has endured, with occasional interruptions, for a period of twenty years. The Circassians are described as not only gallant and warlike, but remarkable for the lofty bearing of their men, the grace and beauty of their women. But it is not only in our day, that this unconquerable people have distinguished themselves in freedom's fight. The last five hundred years record constant struggles against oppression. Often conquered, they never were fully subdued. Their obscure columns are illumined by flashes of patriotism and heroic courage. The interior of Circassia is still an unknown land. But few Europeans have penetrated into the heart of the country—or, if so, have rarely returned alive. One case, however, is mentioned by Dr. Wagner—that of the Russian Baron Turnau.

It seems that by the emperor's command, Russian officers acquainted with the language are sent, from time to time, as spies into Circassia;—partly to make topographical surveys of districts previously unknown; partly to ascertain the numbers, mode of life, and disposition of those tribes with whom no intercourse is kept up. These missions are extremely dangerous, and seldom succeed. Shortly before my arrival at Ter-ek, four Russian staff-officers were sent as spies to various parts of Lesghistan. They assumed the Caucasian garb, and were attended by natives in Russian pay. Only one of them ever returned: the three others were recognized and murdered. Baron Turnau prepared himself long before-hand for his dangerous mission. He gave his complexion a brownish tint, and to his beard the form affected by the aborigines. He also tried to learn the language of the Ubiches, but, finding the harsh pronunciation of certain words quite unattainable, he agreed with his guide to pass for deaf and dumb during his stay in the country. In this guise he set out upon his perilous journey, and for several days wandered undetected from tribe to tribe. But one of the works (nobles) under whose roof he passed a night, conceived suspicions, and threatened the guide, who betrayed his employer's secret. The baron was kept prisoner, and the Ubiches demanded a cap-full of silver for his ransom from the Russian commandant of Fort Ardler. When this officer declared himself ready to pay, they increased their demand to a bushel of silver rubles. The commandant referred the matter to Baron Rosen, then commander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus; the baron reported it to St. Petersburg, and the Emperor consented to pay the heavy ransom. But Rosen represented it to him as more for the Russian interest to leave Turnau for a while in the hands of the Ubiches; for, in the first place, the payment of so large a sum was a bad precedent, likely to encourage the mountaineers to renew the extortion, instead of contenting themselves, as they previously had done, with a few hundred rubles; and, secondly, as a prisoner, Baron Turnau would perhaps

have opportunities of gathering valuable information concerning a country and people of whom little or nothing was known. The unfortunate young officer was cruelly sacrificed to these considerations, and passed a long winter in terrible captivity, tortured by frost and hunger, compelled, as a slave, to the severest labour, and often greatly ill-treated. Several attempts at flight failed; and at last the chief, in whose hands he was, confined him in a cage half-buried in the ground, and withal so narrow that its inmate could neither stand upright nor lie at length.

This immured, a prey to painful maladies, his cloths rotting on his emaciated limbs, the unhappy man moaned through his long and sleepless nights, and gave up hope of rescue. No tender-hearted Circassian maid brought to him, as to the hero of Pushkin's well-known Caucasian poem, deliverance and love. Such luck had been that of more than one Russian captive; but poor Turnau, in his state of filth and squalor, was no very seductive object. He might have pined away his life in his cage, before Baron Rosen, or his paternal majesty the Czar, had recalled his fate to mind, but for an injury done by his merciless master to one of his domestics, who vowed revenge. Watching his opportunity, this servant, one day that the rest of the household were absent, murdered his lord, released the prisoner, tied him with thongs upon his saddle, upon which the baron, covered with sores and exhausted by illness, was unable to support himself, and galloped with him towards the frontier. In one day they rode eighty rests (about fifty-four English miles), outstripped pursuers, and reached Fort Ardler. The accounts given by Baron Turnau of the land of his captivity could be but slight; he had seen little beyond his place of confinement. What he did relate was not very encouraging to Russian invasion. He depicted the country as one mass of rock and precipice, partially clothed with vast tracts of aboriginal forest, broken by deep ravines and mountain torrents, and surrounded by the huge ice-clad pinnacles of the loftiest Caucasian ridge. The villages, some of which nestle in the deep recesses of the woods, whilst others are perched upon steep crags and on the brink of giddy precipices, are universally of most difficult access.

Dr. Wagner describes many of the Circassian Chiefs as perfect models of manly beauty. In illustrating Circassia hated for the Russians, it is stated that a few years ago, a slavish sprang a leak out at sea, just as a Russian steamer passed in the distance. The Turkish slave-driver, who preferred to even the chill blasts of Siberia to a grave in deep water, made signals of distress, and the steamer came up in time to rescue the ship and its living cargo from destruction. But so deeply is hatred of Russia implanted in every Circassian heart, that the spirit of the lives revolted at the thought of becoming the helpmates of gray-coated soldiers. They had bid adieu to their native mountains with little emotion, but as the Russian ship approached, they set up terrible and despairing screams. Some sprang headlong into the sea: others drove their knives into their hearts;—to these heroines, death was preferable to the bridal-bed of a detested Muscovite. The survivors were taken to Anapa, and married to Cossacks or given to officers as s-rvants.

Nearly every Austrian or Turkish steam-boat that makes, in the winter months, the voyage from Trebizond to Constantinople, has a number of Circassian girls on board. Dr. Wagner made the passage, in an Austrian steamer, with several dozens of these willing slaves, chiefly mere children, twelve or thirteen years old, with interesting countenances and dark wild eyes, but very pale and thin;—with the exception of two, who were some years older, far better dressed, and carefully veiled. To this favored pair, the slave-dealer paid particular attention, and frequently brought them coffee. Dr. Wagner got into conversation with this man, who was richly dressed in furs and silks, and who, despite his vocation, had the manners of a gentleman. The two coffee-drinkers were daughters of noblemen, he said, with fine rosy cheeks, and in better condition than the others, consequently worth more money at Constantinople. For the handsome one, he hoped to obtain 30,000 piastres, and for the other 20,000—about £250 and £170. The herd of young creatures he spoke of with contempt, and should think himself lucky to get 200 piastres for them all round. He further informed the doctor that, although the slave trade was more dangerous and difficult since the Russian occupation of the Caucasian coast, it was also far more profitable. Formerly, when Greek and Armenian women were brought in crowds to the Constantinople market, the most beautiful Circassians were not worth more than 10,000 piastres; but now a rosy, well-fed, fifteen-year-old slave, is hardly to be had under 40,000 piastres.

Our author gives a very glowing description of the endurance and physical strength of the Russians, but he remarks that the grenadier stature and the immobility under fire—admirable qualities on a plain, and against regular troops—avail little in the Caucasus. The burly Russian pants and perspires up the hills, which the light-footed chamois-like Circassians and Tshetshens ascend at a run. The mountaineers understand their advantages, and decline standing still on the plain to be charged by line of bayonets. They dance round the heavy Russian, who, with his well-stuffed knapsack and long greatcoat, can hardly turn on his heel fast enough to face them. They catch him out skrimishing, and slaughter him in detail. "One might suppose," said a for-mer in the Russian service to Dr. Wagner, "that the musket and bayonet of the Russian soldier would be too much, in single combat, for the sabre and dagger of the Tschetshen. The contrary is the case.

Amongst the dead, slain in hand-to-hand encounter, there are usually a third more Russians than Caucasians. Strange to say, too, the Russian soldier, who in the serried ranks of his battalion meets death with wonderful firmness, and who has shown the utmost valor in contests with Europeans, Turkish, and Persian armies, often betrays timidity in the Caucasian war, and retreats from the outposts to the column, in spite of the heavy punishment he thereby incurs. The shyness of the Russian soldiers in single fight, and irregular warfare, is not inexplicable. They have no chance of promotion, no honorable stimulus: food and brandy, discipline and dread of the lash, convert them from serfs into soldiers. As bits of a machine, they are admirable when united, but asunder they are mere screws and bolts. Fanatic zeal, bitter hatred, and thirst of blood, animate the Caucasian, who, trained to arms from his boyhood, and ignorant of drill, relies only upon his keen shanks, and upon the Prophet's protection.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

The National Intelligencer narrates the following incident respecting one of the Chippewa Indians lately in Washington. Her name is Pam-ma-way-ga-ne-no-qua, or Woman of the Marmering Stream. She is the wife of the orator of the party, and, when she left Lake Superior in October last, she brought along her only infant, aged about six months. On the arrival of the party in Philadelphia, the child was suddenly taken sick and died. The grief of the mother knew no bounds, and for several entire days did she hang over the child, ever and anon giving utterance to a monotonous wail, and decking its head with all the ornaments in her possession. All this was noticed by Major Martell who conceived the idea of having a daguer-type likeness taken of the child, and this having been accomplished, the child was deposited in a vault, and the likeness given to the mother.

On Monday night last, while one of the chiefs composing the Chippewa delegation was relating a story to the writer of this article, and in the presence of the entire party, an allusion was made to the nature of death which caused the childless mother and her husband, as they sat together upon the floor, to bow their heads and weep. The story proceeded, but we watched with intense interest the movements of the bereaved mother. Then it was that we saw her take from her bosom (as if unconscious of the company present) the portrait of the child, and she pressed it to her cheek, and in a number of times, she repeated each movement by this evocation. "Oh my poor child! my poor child!" she then handed the picture to her husband, and, as his keen black eye suddenly filled with tears, he also kissed the picture a number of times, and returning it to his wife, he turned his face toward the story-teller, as if endeavoring to follow him, while the wife immediately dropped her needle, and hid her face in the lap of her husband.

A most touching picture of grief than this we have never witnessed, but Major Martell tells us that what he saw is only a repetition of what he has seen on a great many times since he left Philadelphia. The unhappy parents, he tells us, are always the first to awake in the morning, and they never resume their daily duties without first putting their heads together over the precious picture, for the purpose of uttering an innocent prayer. The one idea which seems to absorb the mind of the benighted Indian mother, is this, that she may yet return to Philadelphia, and upon her own back carry the remains of her offspring to the burial place of her fathers in the remote wilderness.

A REAL HEROINE.—The Louisville Democrat states that Mr. Johns, owner of the saw mill at Industry, a few miles below Cincinnati, was stung by the stroke of a cable, while endeavoring to secure a raft of logs, and knocked into the river. His life was saved only by the interposition of his daughter a young lady about 18 years of age, who plunged in after him, and held his head above the water until assistance arrived to their rescue.

TRY—KEEP TRYING

Have your efforts proved in vain? Do not sink to earth again! Try—keep trying. They who yield can nothing do. A father's weight will break them through. Try—keep trying. On yourself alone relying. You will conquer; try—keep trying. Falter not; but upward rise; Put forth all your energies; Try—keep trying. Every step that you progress Will make your future effort less; Try—keep trying. On the truth and God relying, You will conquer; try—keep trying. Ponderous barriers you may meet, But against them bravely beat; Try—keep trying. Nough should drive you from the track, Or turn you from your purpose back; Try—keep trying. On yourself alone relying, You will conquer; try—keep trying. You will conquer if you try— Win the good before you die; Try—keep trying. Remember—no king is so true As they who dare will never do; Try—keep trying. On yourself and God relying, You will conquer; try—keep trying.

THE NEWS FROM CANADA.

The Outbreak at Montreal.

We published yesterday a brief despatch, announcing the beginning of trouble in Montreal, occasioned by the indemnity bill, to compensate the "rebels" for losses in the late rebellion, becoming a law through the signature of the Governor. We have additional intelligence from that quarter to-day, which shows that the riot was a very serious matter, and may lead to disturbances in other parts of the Province, where the measure is equally objectionable to the British loyalists. The following are the particulars received by telegraph: MONTREAL, Thursday, April 26—6 P. M.

Affairs here reached a crisis sooner than was anticipated, in this city. At a late hour yesterday afternoon, the Governor General went down to the Legislative Council and sanctioned forty-eight bills, amongst which was one of the Rebellion Losses. Upon this being made known to the mob outside, the Governor, entering his carriage was pelted with rotten eggs, dirt, &c., amidst a shower of which the vice royal cortege drove off.

An egg struck his Excellency in the face. In a few hours the excitement in the city became uncontrollable, and by seven o'clock, printed notices of a mass meeting to be immediately held in the Champ de Mars, were issued. Persons were commissioned to alarm the people, by driving through the streets in calashes with large bills. The fire bells were also brought into requisition.

At eight o'clock, a crowd of 4000 persons or more assembled, and, after strong resolutions had been passed, the cry was raised, "to the Parliament buildings!" The enraged multitude immediately rushed at a run through the streets, and by nine o'clock the first stone was thrown through a window into the midst of the Legislative Assembly, at the time in full session.

A constant shower was kept up into the windows, till every thing was smashed. In the meantime, the members assembled into the lobby. A band of twenty-five of the leaders of the mob rushed into the chambers, and one having placed himself in the Speaker's chair, announced, "Gentlemen, the French Parliament is dissolved!"

They then bolted with the merriness, to present it to Sir Allan McNab, at Donnegan's hotel. The cry of fire was now raised, and it was soon found that the Parliament Houses were in flames in a hundred places. The fire spread with great rapidity, and in half an hour the buildings were one sheet of flames.

The mob had now augmented to 7000, and the burning buildings were surveyed with the most stoical indifference on the part of the spectators. At first the firemen refused to play, and only attempted to save the buildings close by. Everything has been lost—all the archives and records of the colonies for several hundred years. Not \$100 worth of property has been saved.

The military were called out, and were received with loud cheers on the part of the mob. No fresh disturbances up to the present time, have taken place. The population, of all classes and creeds, had determined to stand by the acts of the past night. The windows of Mr. Hicks' house were broken by a small section of the rioters. Military guards were placed during the night over all the houses of the ministers. No lives were lost.

Sir Allan McNab, the Hon. W. Bagdely, and G. B. Turner, Esq., one of the editors of the Montreal Courier, were cut out of the Parliament House with axes. A message was sent to Monklands, the Governor's residence, a mile or two from the city, and the Governor and family immediately came into town, and are now at Donnegan's.

A council was held during the night. One hundred and forty-eight warrants for arrests were issued, among whom, it is mentioned are the names of Messrs. Montgomery, Melloward and F. Smith. The St. Andrew's Society met this morning to expel Lord Elgin as Patron of the Society. No news yet from the upper Province.

Five leading conservatives were arrested on a charge of arson, and after undergoing a short examination before the police magistrates, were remanded to jail till to-morrow. A multitude numbering about 3000 accompanied them to prison, amidst continued and deafening cheers.

They were escorted by a guard of 100 men of the 19th Regiment. The whole garrison are under arms. A memorial to His Excellency Sir Benjamin Dunbar, praying him to order the troops to remain in quarters and leave the people to settle their own affairs, is in course of signature, and will be sent down with a deputation to Sorell to-night.

A mass meeting takes place in the Champ de Mars at 2 o'clock to-morrow. The Hon. Geo. Moffit is to be the chairman. The French are enrolling themselves as a body-guard to protect Lord Elgin. It is rumored that the jail will be burned to-night. Despatches have been sent by telegraph to the upper provinces. The government attempted to gain possession of the Canada telegraph wires for the day, but were promptly denied them.

FRESHET IN LOWER CANADA.—In consequence of the great rise of the St. Lawrence, a large portion of the land between Berthier and Quebec, a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, was under water. At Three Rivers the inhabitants were sailing through the streets on Thursday last and the bridges between that place and Quebec had been swept away.

A COIN STORY.

We have had fish stories, dog stories, snake stories, gold stories, etc., in abundance, of late; now for a coin story that "flags" them all down. Some editor down South tells us the following tall one: "Being one day in the village of Y—, S. C. I listened to several planters stating the amount of corn gathered from an acre, the number of ears produced from a single stalk, &c. At length one, who had remained silent, commenced:

"Well, I'll now tell my tale. Last spring while walking in our corn-field, I observed a stalk growing very luxuriantly; and being curious to know if it would produce better than others, I stuck a stick, which I had in hand, beside it. I thought no more about it, until, being in the field one day about gathering time, I observed a very extraordinary stalk of corn, and on counting the ears, I found thirteen full grown, beside several un-buds. It now occurred to me that this must be the stalk I had marked in the Spring, and on looking for my stick, I found an ear growing on that!"

DURING the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching "see the elephant," but he hadn't the desired "quarter." Having made up his mind to go in "any heave," he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited until the rush was over. Then, assuming a patient, almost exhausted tone, and with the forefinger of his right hand placed on the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Mister, aint ye going to give me my change?" "Your change?" said the door-keeper. "Ya—ere! my change! I giva ye a dollar as much as a half an hour ago, and haint got any change yet!"

The door-keeper handed over three quarters in change, and in walked the Yankee "in handz."—Knickerbocker.

DIGNITY.—I dread the approach of one of your men of dignity of manners—one who with no real dignity of character endeavors to supply it with an affectation of superiority in his deportment. He is stiff, awkward, easily vexed and forbidden—he takes you by the hand—if he can stoop to such a condescension—and smokes it with the formality and precision of a piece of mechanism. He endeavors to impart dignity to his conversation, and speaks of "drifts light as air" as if they were subjects of immense importance. Every word is weighed before it comes out of his mouth—every expression delivered as if he were delivering an oration. The presence of such a man is cold, chilling and repulsive as that of an iceberg. I would as soon avoid one as the other.

IRISH DREAMING.

Down in Aroostook county, Maine, a Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through the almost interminable forests of that region, and by some mishap had lost their way, and had wandered about in a starving condition for a while when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel which was deserted, save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly despatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the support of himself and therefore made a proposition to his companion that they should spare the chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream should have the chicken, which was agreed to by the Scotchman. In the morning Sawney told his dream—said he that angels were drawing him up to heaven in a basket, and he was never before so happy in his life. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed, "Och, sure and jebbers, I saw you going, and that you wouldn't come back after the chicken, and I got up and ate it myself!"

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it, you rascal, these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Post Office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said "Guess I've done the thing slick; I've seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the Post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance and got mine in for nothing."

Two FLEET OF SNOW.—A Catskill paper of the 20th, says, "The Western mail due at 6, P. M., 19th, did not arrive till 11 1/2, P. M., having been detained by the snow on the mountains, and beyond, it being two feet deep."

Mr. POLK.—The Nashville Whig in noticing the arrival of the Ex President in that city, says of him:—"Mr. Polk looks broken to a wonderful degree since his elevation to the Presidency, his hair having become white, and to look at his worn face, marked by the lines of care, it is enough to convince any one that the honors of office are but a poor compensation for the anxieties and toils incident to public station."

I never yet found pride in a noble nature nor humility in an unworthy mind.

A FIRM RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Sir Humphry Davy, who was no recluse, no fanatic, but a man eminent as a scholar and philosopher, said:—"I envy no qualities of the mind or intellect in others, nor genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life in death, and calls out from corruption and decay, beauty and everlasting glory."

WOMAN'S LOVE.—How many bright eyes glow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will elasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its heart, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the poigns of wounded affection.

The editor of the Arena, published at Killingly, Ct., complains that it is hard work to edit a country paper, on account of the lack of local news and incidents. He says he expected to have an original marriage and death for the last paper; but, the sudden thud kicked the wedding into the middle of next week; and the doctor was sick himself and could not visit his patient, so the patient got well—and thus both announcements were lost.

MINNESOTA.—The correct definition of this word, as given by the Cincinnati Dispatch, is semi-transparent water, or water not entirely clear. The Indian name of the Falls of St. Anthony is Meme-la he, or the laughing waters.

SHIP WILDFIRE, CAPTURED BY PIRATES.—The Bermuda Gazette, of the 17th inst., contains a letter announcing that a bottle had been picked up at the Fort near the entrance of St. George's Harbor, on the 13th inst., which contained a note of which the following is a copy: Ship Wildfire, Lat. 23 6' N., Lon., 29 15' W.

Taken by Moorish pirates, we are to walk the plank, so they say. The captain just aboard; they are coming for me; no time more. JOHN SMITH, 2nd Mate. January 17th, 1849.

We publish the above for what it is worth, with little confidence, however, in the statement of John Smith.—N. Y. Courier.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm Poverty of her sharpest sting. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her fugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, Ducky; but a little too much company," replied Mr. S., with a knowing wink.

THE COLONY OF SWEDES, in Henry county, Illinois, are manufacturing a fine article of linen cloth, made of water-rotted flax, suitable for summer wear. It is described as a beautiful article.

MASSACHUSETTS RAILROADS.—Seventeen millions of passengers have been carried over the Massachusetts railroads within the past three years. Fifty-six killed, and sixty-five injured.

LIBERTY AND LOVE. You ask me for a lock of hair; That shades the brow of mine; Help, help yourself, my charming fair— My wig and beard are thine! N. Y. Sunday Mercury

HELP ONE ANOTHER. It is the law of Providence for the allotments of mankind to be various. The general wisdom of this arrangement is apparent in the adaptation of all classes and events to each other, and the ability of the Gospel to give contentment in life. It is the duty of all to render to each other that assistance which God may put it in our power to grant. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, the race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the deathdamp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.

SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT OF WOMAN.—Madame Jeannie Deroin, a Socialist lady in Paris, has announced herself as a candidate for the National Assembly at the approaching elections. The toast of this lady at a recent Socialist banquet was "The Social Advancement of Woman," and she argued against there being any longer delay in freeing women from their slavery, and in allowing them to enjoy the same political rights as are possessed by men. She warmly maintained her candidature, and complained that a great fault had been committed in the revolution of February, in not proclaiming the enfranchisement of the fair sex—the men having, she said, kept all the privileges to themselves.

A FACT.—Somebody says, "blessed are they that do not advertise, they shall rarely be troubled with customers."