SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1849.—1y.

REMOVAL.

Dr. J. B. Masser has removed his office, to the office formerly occupied by H. B. Masser, as the printing office of the Sunbury American, back of H. Massers store.
Sunbury, Feb. 24, 1849.—

GIESE & SON,
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March 17, 1849.—3m

BOARDING.

The subscriber will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent Boarders, at her residence in Sunbury. The location is in a handsome and pleasant part of the town, commanding a fine view of the Susquehanna, Northumberland and the scenery adjacent.—To persons from the city, who wish to spend a few months in the country during the summer season, Sunbury affords a delightful retreat.
ANN C. MORRIS.
March 10, 1849.—6m

SELECT POETRY.

[From the National Era.]

BE STRONG AND BRAVE—BE FIRM AND TRUE

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Be strong and brave—be firm and true—
In whatso'er thou hast to do;
When truth and right are with you, there
Must be no moment for despair!

If rugged seem the path you tread,
And Hope a doubtful glim'ring shed
Where, far before, the good you seek
Is hodged by many an Alpine peak,
While frozen torrents rage between,
And yawning chasms intervene,
Oh, falter not—press on anew,
For truth and right, be firm and true!

If error triumph for a day
And wrong achieve tyrranic sway—
If monstrous evils grow with years,
Whose sap is human blood and tears—
If all efforts seem to be
Like snow-flakes falling on the sea,
Which serve the darkening tide to swell,
And leave no whiteness where they fell—
If heart grow sick, and eyes grow dim,
And faintness seize the weary limb—
If blear-eyed, dull Despondency
Shall come where Hope was wont to be—
Oh, sound the must'ring spirit drum,
As once ye did when Hope was young!
Bid all the glories of thy soul
Their banners on the night unroll!
Call out the high resolves once more,
Which nerved to noble deeds before,
And wake the music which can thrill
Thy being with its rapture still!

Plant little amid the thorns thy feet—
Loud through the gloom thy cry repeat -
Swing upward still thy torch of flame,
And strike for truth and right the same!

Though night and storms and foes surround,
And threat'ning clouds sink darkly down,
Onward and upward press anew,
To truth and right for ever true!

New York, April, 1847.

Historical.

SUMPTER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY AMERICUS.

It is in the month of August, in the year 1780. South Carolina has recently suffered under great afflictions. The expedition of the British army, from the North, under Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, has been successful in obtaining possession of Charlestown, in compelling the surrender of our American General Lincoln, and in overrunning the entire province, until its subjugation is nearly complete, and it is once more considered a British province. So conclusive and so inalienable do the English generals look upon this conquest, that they venture to style the inhabitants British subjects, and they call upon them to appear in arms, and assist in the destruction of their friends and brothers, who are struggling in the holy war of independence.

Now, however, there is a gleam of sunshine breaks through the thick clouds that have darkened the horizon. Its light spreads from hill-top to plain, and from plain to valley—from river to rock, and from rock to rivulet, bringing joy to every heart, and a smile to every lip. It is the march of another American army into South Carolina, led by Horatio Gates, the hero of Saratoga and Stillwater. It is the awakening of the inhabitants to the necessity and hopefulness of resistance by the daring courage, unconquerable bravery, and indomitable perseverance, of Sumpter, Marion, and Morgan.

Already have the British troops felt severely that South Carolina is not to be subdued, and never will she be, while those brave hearts pulsate with life.

Lord Cornwallis occupies Camden as his headquarters, while Gen. Gates now—this is the 14th of August—is stationed at Clermont, not many miles distant from him. He has marched with his troops from North Carolina, and only yesterday encamped in his present position, which from its proximity to the enemy, must, before many days elapse, bring on an important engagement.

On the western bank of the Wateree, some five leagues from Camden, we may observe, a short distance from the road side, beneath the friendly shade of the trees in the field, a body of men, numbering some five or six hundred. Their appearance is warlike, for each man wears his bayonet-belt and cartridge-box, while at a short distance from where they sit upon the ground in groups, partaking of some homely food, there is a large number of muskets, stacked in military order. A glance, however, is sufficient to convince us that they are no holiday soldiers, and that they are not the well fed and comfortably clad troops who serve under the command of the British generals. It cannot be said that they are in uniform, for among the whole of them it is only here and there that an occasional military coat is seen. Each man is dressed according to his means. Some there are in straw hats, some in weather-worn caps; some have on citizen's coats or round jackets, while some are entirely destitute of coat or jacket. Some wear boots, and some shoes, while others, and there are not a few of them, appear with their lacerated feet entirely unprotected, yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages to which they are subject, there is no murmering or dissatisfaction among them. All is alacrity and cheerfulness. Their stalwart frames, inured to privation, testify to what they are physically capable, and in the lines of their sun-burnt countenances may be traced the consciousness of rectitude, and the unbending determination of men resolved, at all sacrifices, to achieve a great and noble object. In the centre of this large group, a little apart from the rest, is Gen. Sumpter, the hero whose name is a spell with which to kindle all the enthusiasm in their breasts, or to carry terror to the hearts of the foe. No gaudy apparel adorns his well-formed person; but humbly, almost as the meanest, he is clad. His undress blue coat has well nigh changed its color with hard usage, and his foraging cap looks as if it had seen many campaigns.

He is surrounded by a few of his officers, who, like himself, have been partaking of the same coarse fare that has been served out to the soldiers. They are discoursing of their trials in the past, their hopes of the future, and of the present expedition upon which they are engaged;—which last is, to surprise a body of British troops, who are conveying a quantity of clothing, ammunition, and other stores to Cornwallis' camp at Camden, and also they have in view the capture of a small fort upon the Wataree, within a mile of the enemy's head quarters.

"We shall secure the convoy," Sumpter observes, "and when it is ours we will be able to provide our brave boys with shoes and comfortable clothing."

"Heaven knows they want them badly enough," a young officer (whose wardrobe might be improved by being replenished) replies: "there never were poor fellows who have endured more, suffered less complainingly."

"They have the noblest motive to fortify their powers of endurance," Sumpter remarks, as he casts his eyes proudly around him, the achievement of their country's freedom! The night may be dark, gentlemen, but the morrow cometh, and with it, light and liberty!"

"The night has never been so dark," another officer exclaims, "but that we could not see a beacon shining. The name of Washington has been that beacon, nor has Sumpter failed to assist in dissipating the gloom, even when it was darkest."

"I have only led those willing hearts," Sumpter says, "who hating tyranny have lacked nothing but a leader to assist in dethroning it. Daily its power grows weaker, and we may with confidence believe that ere long it will cease to profane our shores."

"The presence of Gates, at the head of our army," an old Major observes, "is an assurance that Cornwallis and his hordes will soon be driven from the boundaries of our State."

"General," the officer who has before spoken says, addressing Sumpter, "is it not time our express arrived from Clermont? We will not be able to make a successful attack upon the fort without artillery."

"Fear not, Gates," Sumpter replies, "we will doubtless hear from him before nightfall. Ere morning we shall be masters of the convoy and the fort, or I know nothing of the troops who follow me."

While the General is speaking he is approached by a subaltern officer; accompanying whom is a modest looking female of some nineteen years of age, and also a youth whose age scarcely from appearance, exceeds seventeen. The latter is dressed as a soldier. His youthful breast is surmounted by the cross belts and in his hand he bears a musket.

Why tho' is the girl here? It is not modest or seemly to be from amongst her own sex and in the midst of crows. Let us hear what brings her from a peaceful home to seek the soldier's camp.

The subaltern tells the General that they have requested an interview.

"What can I do to serve you my young friends?" the General asks, with a half smile at the boy's equipments.

"We were told, sir," the girl replies, "that you are about to attack the fort, at the ford, below Camden, and if you are, my young brother, here, wishes permission to be with you.

"And why, my pretty maid?"

"Because I am an American!" the boy exclaims proudly while a blush mantles his cheeks, "and because I have a father and an elder brother who are confined in that fort and doomed to death for serving their country."

"They were with General Lincoln, sir, in Charleston," the girl says, "and after being taken prisoners the British wanted to make them desert their country, but they took up arms again and having the misfortune to be -retaken, they have been sentenced to die."

"What is your name, my good girl?" the General asks in a tone of sympathy.

"Ellen Willard, sir, and my brother's name is James"

"And how is it, Ellen, that you have accompanied him instead of remaining in your peaceful home? The soldier's bivouac or the battle field is no place for such as you."

"We are motherless, sir," she replies, and none besides ourselves, are left at home. We saw you pass our dwelling this morning and learned from a friend the object of your expedition. There was then a hope in our hearts that the lives of our brother and father would be saved. James thought it his duty to assist in that salvation, and I thought so too, and I accompanied him to learn whether you will accept his services."

"I am young, sir," the boy remarks in a pleading tone, "but, in fighting for my country and my kindred I am very strong."

"And are you willing, Ellen, to let this brave boy hazard his life and to run the risk yourself of being left desolate in the world."

"God is his protector, sir, and mine!" she replies, "it is his duty, and in performing that, heaven will regard his motives and will not inflict more upon us than the heart can bear.'

"Heaven will protect you both, my children;" General Sumpter kindly says as he checks a starting tear; "nor will I refuse the willing aid of this bold boy;—he shall strike a blow for the liberation of his father, and if fate smiles upon us this night he shall be folded to that father's heart. But you, Ellen cannot stay with us. I have a friend not far from hence, under whose roof you can find shelter and protection until you are assured of our success."

The thanks of brother and of sister are warmly tendered, and after an affectionate embrace and mutual prayer for the other's safety, they separate, and Ellen departs under proper protection for the promised shelter.

It is not long after this incident that the troops are summoned from their relaxation and ordered on the march to meet the expected aid from the army at Clermont, or to encounter the enemy's convoy. James Willard is in the ranks, and bears himself as steadily as though he had been trained to arms.

An hour and more has passed, and the approach of another body of troops is announced to General Sumpter. In the distance the rising dust shows where they move, though they are not themselves perceptible. It is like an earth-bound cloud freeing itself from its thraldom, and undulating towards the heavens. Nearer they approach, and nearer, and the cloud becomes denser and more dense. They cannot be the reinforcement from Gates, for they are in an opposite direction. They come from Ninety-Six, the way the convoy is to traverse.

There is no hesitatation in Sumpter's mind as to what course to pursue. His troops are formed, the word is given, and they are advancing to meet the strangers, whoever they are.

Now the cloud clears away, and we are near enough to see them. There is the scarlet uniform—there are the British soldiery—there is the long train of guarded wagons which will be the victor'r prize.

Sumpter halts his troops for a moment, and only for a moment, to address them.

"Noble hearts of Carolina!" he says, as he raises himself in his stirrups, "the enemy are before us and they must be beaten!"

He is answered with a cheer.

"In addition to being foes to our country, they have in their possession what we are most in need of. You see before you arms and ammunition to supply hundreds who are anxious to share our dangers and our triumphs. You, yourselves, lack clothing, shoes and food. These wagons contain all that you require. They must be ours. Advance!"

Boldly do the British regulars await the threatened attack, and when it comes, they do, for an instant, make it recoil. That first fire is terrible!—Volley after volley sweeps in among the Americans.

"Forward! my boys," shouts Sumpter, as heads them.

"Sumpter and victory!" is the response, and like an avalanch they rush on, bearing down before them all opposition.

There is again a pause, and a fight around the British standard. Hand to hand and desperately they struggle for that symbol of national honor. Now it is borne proudly aloft; now it sways with the rush of men in fatal conflict; now it falters, wavers, falls to the earth, and—behold! the red coats fly, the Americans are in pursuit, while, at the same time the contested standard is seized and borne aloft in triumph by a mere stripling.

"Bravo, my brave boy!" Sumpter cries, as he gallops past James Williard, "America can never be subdued while even her boys fight so well."

The pursuit is over, the convoy captured, and the flying enemy made prisoners.—Sumpter has resumed his march, and now he has received the reinforcement for which he has been looking. One hundred continentials, and two pieces of artillery have been added to his numbers, and he is proceeding towards the fort upon the Wateree.

It is now nearly sunset and the fort is just in sight. The yellow light is falling upon the massive walls, and the straggling soldiers, as they lean over the parapet, are tinged with a golden hue. The British standard is hauled up to the tall flag staff, and as it catches the evening breeze that rolls inwards, it floats broadly and magnificently. It is not the first standard of the kind that has waved proudly this day. One is already the spoil of a conqueror; this may be so too! Will it? We shall see.

There are no more straggling soldiers now in that fort. All is preparation and anxiety. The cannoniers stand to their guns and wait but the orders of their superior to let the iron monsters vomit forth their freight of death and fire.

The fort is invested—the garrison is summoned to surrender. They refuse indignantly, and send their defiance to the assailants in discharges of musketry and artillery. This is answered again and again, until not a man in the garrison dares show his head above the walls.

"We shall batter the walls about their ears, in time," Sumpter observes to the old Major, "but the operation takes too long for our patience. We must storm their works."

"Only give the order," is the reply, "and you shall see it done. We have secured ladders enough for a storming party, and the rest can follow in their wake."

James Willard has been standing within hearing of this conversation. He now modestly approaches the General. "May I ask a favor of you, General Sumpter?" he says, as he gazes anxiously in his commander's face.

"You may command any favor that I can reasonably grant, my brave boy;" Sumpter kindly replies, as he places his hand affectionately on his head—"your courage to-day merits all my good will."

"Let me be among the first to mount the wall," the boy exclaims, "I wish to be the foremost to say to my father and brother that they are at liberty again. May I join those who go first?"

"You may, my noble fellow, you may." Sumpter replies, as he presses his hand warmly. "I would not thwart your holy impulse, or your manly daring, to save myself a wound. Let the men secure their ladders?"

The storming party are now prepared to advance, and wait but for the word. Their arms are in their hands, and their ladders thrown over their shoulders. Young Willard stands in the front rank.

"Trust entirely to the bayonet, my lads," Sumpter says, as he rides up to them.—"Trust entirely to the bayonet, and do not stop to fire."

They smile in acquiescence, but give a glance of impatience for the word to advance.

"Now stormers, forward!" the General cries, and they dart forward at a run.

Those in the fort see them advancing, and a hail-storm of bullets greets them on the road; but they do not pause or quail.—Onward! onward they press, until the ladders are planted firmly against the walls.—Now they mount them rapidly—James Willard takes the lead. Up, up, he goes, till he reaches the parapet, where the enemy cluster around him and aim a crowd of blows at his almost unprotected head.—See there! how they rain upon him! That last—he bends beneath that last, which went crushing on his crown. No! no! his musket stock has saved him! and now he leaps the walls followed fast by his brave comrades.

"Bravo, my men, bravo!" cries Sumpter, as he, too surmounts the ramparts and takes a part in the affray. "One charge more, and the fort is ours!"

That charge is made boldly and vigorously, and the flag comes rattling down from the tall flag-staff—the foe cry for quarters, and the fort is surrendered. A few moments afterwards, James Willard unlocks the dungeon doors with his own hand, and rushes to the arms of his brother and father.

"There is your saviour!" he cries as he points to General Sumpter, who has just entered the doorway to participate in the joy of his young friend. "There is the boast and the hope of South Carolina!"

BATTLE OF WAGRAM.

BY HEADLY.

Early in the morning, the Austrians taking advantage of their success of the day before commenced the attack, and the thunder of their guns at day-light brought Napoleon into his saddle. The field was again alive with charging squadrons, and covered with men, the conflict raged without a moment's cessation. Every where, except against the Austrians' left, the French were defeated From the steeples of Vienna, the multitude gazed on the progress of the doubtful fight, till they heard the cheers of their countrymen above the roar of cannon, driving the flying enemy before them, when they shouted in joy, and believed the victory gained. But Napoleon gallopped up, and restoring order in the disordered lines, ordered Davoust to make a circuit, and ascending the plateau of Wagram carry Neusiedel. While waiting the result of this movement, on the success of which depended all his future operations, the French lines under Napoleon's immediate charge were exposed to a most scourging fire from the enemy's artillery, which tore them into fragments. Unable to advance, and too distant to return the fire, they were compelled to stand, as idle spectators, and see the cannon-shot plough through them. Whole battalions, driven frantic by this inaction in the midst of such fearful carnage, broke and fled. But every thing depended on the infantry holding firmly their position till the effect of Davoust's assault was seen. Yet, nothing but Napoleon's heroic bravery kept them steady. Mounted on his milk-white charger Euphrates, given him by the king of Persia; he slowly rode backward and forward before the lines, while the cannon balls whistled and rattled like hail-stones about him—casting ever and anon an anxious look towards the spot where Davoust was expected to appear with his fifty thousand brave followers. For a *whole hour* he thus rode in front of his men, and though they expected every moment to see him shattered by a cannon ball. he moved unscathed amid the storm. At length Davoust was seen charging like fire over the plateau of Wagram, and finally appear with his cannon on the farther side of Neusiedel. In a moment the plateau was covered with smoke as he opened his artillery on the exposed ranks of the enemy. A smile lighted up Napoleon's countenance, and the brow that had been knit like iron during the deadly strife of the two hours before, as word was constant brought him of his successive losses, and the steady progress of the Austrians—cleared up, and he ordered Macdonald, with eight battalions, to march straight on the enemy's centre, and pierce it.

CHARGE OF MACDONALD.

This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the Archduke see the movement of this terrible column of eight battalions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre; than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny and of his own army had arrived. He immediately doubled the lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the spot on which such destinies hung; and opened a steady fire on the approaching column Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrian batteries, that swept every inch of the ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their horses and starting on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon shot, and then opened on the enemy's ranks. The column marched up to this battery, and with it, at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back, and closed in on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle, nothing could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming, silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge, the head of that column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks, on either side, melted away like snow wreaths on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused, and he had fully resolved to execute the dread task given him or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amid this falling guard, and with his eye fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back, like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks nerving them to the desperate valour that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly.

The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines like two walls of fire on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die, to his devoted followers. There is no excitement—no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when pouring on the foe his terrible cavalry. No cries of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unalterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted leader at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path, and as far as the eye can reach, he sees the course of his heroes by the black swath of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the *sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen,* and here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Napoleon stops beating at the sight, and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the Empire on his single brave heart—*he is the* Empire. Shall he turn at last, and sound the retreat? The fate of nations wavers to and fro, far, like a speck in the distance, Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "*Will he turn and fly?*" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself. The Empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while *he* stands. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the Old Guard in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. "Forward," breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the Empire saved—and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat.

Such was the battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. I know of nothing equal to it, except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal, because it failed.

On riding over the victorous field, Bonaparte came where Macdonald stood amid his troops. As his eye fell on the calm and collected hero, he stopped, and holding out his hand said, "*Shake hands. Macdonald—no more hatred between us—we must henceforth be friends and as pledge of my sincerity, I will send your Marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned.*" The frankness and kindness of Napoleon effected what all his neglect and coldness had failed to do—*subdued him.* Grasping his hand, and with a voice choked with emotion, which the wildest uproar of battle could never agitate, he replied, "*Ah! sire, with us it is henceforth for life and death.*" Noble man! kindness could overcome him in a moment. It is no wonder that Bonaparte felt at last that he had not known Macdonald's true worth.

THE HISTORY OF A GLUTTON.

An incredible glutten, Joseph Krolonicker, died at Hefeld in the year 1771, (born at Passau) who has shown his rapacity for gormandizing in many houses at Hanover. This wonderful man as early as his third year ate stones to appease his hunger. His parents, and even his grandmother had been stone-eaters. According to the judicial declaration of his wife, he was never satisfied except when he mixed stones with his food, of which he had constantly a supply about him. Yes, he was once about going to Holland, and having heard that stones were not plenty there, he took several hundred weight with him. This man was always hungry, and therefore ate the whole night. The longest interval from satiety to hunger again, was one hour and a half. He was able to consume at one meal seventeen herring, and as many quarts of beer without taking into the account an equal portion of bread. At one time he ate two calves one boiled, the other roasted, in the space of eight hours. At Brunswick, he ate at the castle, twenty-five pounds of roasted beef besides having eaten before five portions in a refectory. He also ate other things, such as metals and felt, yet he would not eat eat-fish, towards which he had an unconquerable aversion. Krolonicker who was in his youth a soldier, when quartered, on account of his unheard of appetite, was counted as eight men. It is wonderful, but his passion for eating saved his life! for in an engagement he was struck by a bullet in the abdomen, but this being full of stones, the ball rebounded, and he was but slightly wounded. After his death it was found by dissection, that his bowels contained a multitude of metals and some flesh; also a pound and a half of stones.

GREAT MEN'S MOTHERS.

Lord Bacon.—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works that displayed learning, acuteness, and taste—Hume the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.—Sheridan.—Mrs. Francis Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—Schiller.—His mother was an amiable woman—she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favourite child.—Goethe thus speaks of his parents—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."—Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice, her son betook himself to the bar.—Thomson; Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—Boerhaave's mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine.—Sir Walter Scott; His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Rutherford, W. S., was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789—Napoleon's father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding.—Lord Mornington, the father of the Wellesleys, was an excellent musician, and no more, but his lady was remarkable for her intellectual superiority. The father of the Emmets in Ireland, was a babbler, but the mother was a singularly intelligent person.—The fate of two of her sons was unhappy, from their republicanism, but the three were possessed of the most striking abilities.—Sheridan's father was a weak creature, as his whole career showed; the genius descended from the mother.—Young Napoleon is the son not of his father's mind, but of Maria Louisa's—he is an Austrian.

The moral to be drawn from this is, if men desire to have clever sons, let them marry clever women. But the experiment may be perilous for the present time; and if they wish to lead quiet lives, they may perhaps better let it alone.

'What under the sun can be the cause of that bell ringing to-day?' said young Sam, to his friend, as they approached a country village.

'If I was to express an opinion on the subject,' returned Isaac solemnly. 'I should say it is my deliberate conviction, that somebody was pulling the rope.'

Be Kied to Everybody.—There is nothing like kindness. It sweetens everything. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth or learning. "Charity suffereth long and is kind."—See 1 Cor. xii.

A girl named Catharine Cole, an inmate of the Lawrence poor house, recently starved herself to death. No persuasion could induce her to take food.—*Boston Traveller.*

Hon. Alex. Ramsay, Governor of Minesota, left Harrisburg for his new home on the 26th ult.