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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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June 2, 1849.—

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Philadelphia, June 2, 1849.—3m

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Philadelphia June 2, 1849.—

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.—

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PATENT AGENT.

MUNN & Co. publishers of the "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," have favoured us with a Phamphlet containing the Patent Laws of the United States, together with all the forms necessary for applying for a Patent, information in regard to filing caveats, with remarks on its uses, etc., amount of fee required at the Patent Office, and every other information that is necessary to instruct a person in making his own applications.

Price 12½ cents single, or 12 copies for one dollars—sent by mail to any part of the United States.

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March 10, 1849.—

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.

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

Matt. xxvii. 19.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

"It was not sleep that bound my sight,
Upon that well-remembered night;
It was not fancy's fitful power
Beguiled me in that solemn hour;
But o'er the vision of my soul
The mystic future seemed to roll
And in the deep prophetic trance
Revealed its treasures to my glance.

"Before my wondering eyes there stood
A vast, a countless multitude;
The hoary sire, the prattling child,
The mother and the maiden mild.
The gladsome youth and man of care—
All tribes, all ages mingled there;
And all, where'er I turned to see,
In humble silence bent the knee.

"Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed:
Against the lurid eastern sky
I saw the shameful cross upraised;
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.
'Twas He, whom late, with sorrowing mien
In Zion's streets I oft had seen;
And now in blood and agony,
He turned a dying look on me.

"Then softly from that gathering throng
Arose the sound of solemn song;
And while I caught the swelling lay,
The myriad voices seemed to say:
And we believe in Him that died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified—
That He shall come, when time is fled,
To judge the living and the dead.

"I woke; thou wast not by my side.
I heard a loud exulting cry;
I heard the scornful priests deride,
The elders murmur—'Crucify!'
O Pilate! hadst thou marked my prayer,
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,
That deed of horror would not be
A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

"Our scenes of early love are past;
Our youthful spring is withered all;
Afar from Rome our lot is cast,
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul.*
The thoughts that memory treasures yet
Of other days begin to flee;
But never shall my heart forget
The Crucified of Galilee!"

*Pontius Pilate died in exile at Vienna, a small town near Lyons, in France.

SELECT TALE.

THE DISCOVERED HUSBAND.

BY KATE.

"Mary, my dear," said Charles Halwood to his wife, "come set by me, while I read this beautiful piece in your magazine this week."

"Is it something very interesting?" said Mrs. Halwood.

"Oh! very, indeed; it is written by our new authoress, Alice Carlisle, of whom every one is speaking in such high terms. I wonder who she can be? No one knows, and she seems determined to keep herself in security."

"Perhaps she has special reasons for so doing," said Mrs. Halwood.

"I suppose she has," replied her husband, "but I should think one of her brilliant talents, and one, too, who receives so much applause from the public in general, would be proud to make herself known.

But I will read to you her production in this number."

* * * * * *

During the first year of Mr. Halwood's marriage life, he had lived very happily; but when the novelty had worn off, and he saw his wife from day to day wearing the same quiet smile, and preserving the same modesty of demeanor, he began to feel a sort of *ennui* when in her society. Instead of trying to throw of that kind of restraint felt by both, by spending his leisure moments with his wife, studying her character of mind, he devoted the most of them to reading the various periodicals of the day with which his table was loaded. He had become very much interested, of late, with a new authoress who had suddenly made her appearance in the literary world, under the name of Alice Carlisle, and who had become very popular in the public prints; but still kept her name *incog.*

When Halwood had finished reading, he exclaimed, "Is not that beautiful? How pure and elevated the thought! Do you not think she is a fine writer, Mary?"

"Why, yes, pretty good," replied Mrs. Halwood, with seeming indifference, and turning away, busied herself with a book before her.

Halwood felt disapointed and pained; he sat for a few moments humming a short tune; and throwing down the book, arose and wended his way to his office. "How stupid," he muttered, as he walked along, "not to see the beauty of such a production as that. Oh! that Alice Carlisle was my wife! Then I would be a happy man—then there would be a congeniality of thought and feeling."

He entered his office, but his thoughts were not there. He tried to dissipate his feeling, by looking over and arranging his papers; but still his mind would wander upon the fair authoress, and then he would compare what his immagination pictured her to be, with his wife, and he felt more dissatisfied than ever. He made every inquiry and took every measure that prudence would admit to ascertain who she was, but all to no purpose.

Time wore on, but brought no relief to the mind of Charles Halwood. Since that day of which we have spoken, he had never mentioned Alice Carlisle to his wife, or spoke of her writing, but he had eagerly devoured every article of hers that appeared. He spent but little time at home, and appeared reserved and silent in his wife's presence.

At length he broke through all restraint and resolved to address her by her ficticious name thro' the medium of the post office. Accordingly he penned a short note speaking in very high terms of her talents as a writer, expressing a strong desire to become acquainted with her, and ending by begging her to grant him an interview. He dropped his note in the post office, and anxiously awaited a reply; nor did he wait long, for he soon received the following note:

Mr. Halwood:—

"Dear Sir: I received your note of this morn. and am very grateful for the complimentary manner in which you have spoken of my writings. As you earnestly request an interview, if you will at seven o'clock this eve, walk in M—street, you will meet a lady in a Quaker garb, turn and walk with her, and you will have the pleasure of conversing with Alice Carlisle."

When Halwood had read the note, he laid it on the table, and for a moment his better judgment told him that he had already proceeded too far in this affair, and conscience whispered, "Better sit with your wife this eve, whom you have sworn to protect." But he did not list to the voice of conscience: an opportunity offered to gratify his desire, and he resolved to improve it. He had taken the first step from the path of rectitude, and it was easier going forward than backward.

Evening at length came, and Halwood waited with impatience for the hour to arrive for him to go forth to meet the Quakeress, for such he believed her to be.—He had spent his evenings of late, at the office, and being wholly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the street chosen for their meeting, he felt no fear of being recognized by any one during the interview, or that it would be known to his wife. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and drawing his hat closely over his forehead, proceeded with hasty steps toward M—— street. It was dimly lighted, and there being none but dwelling houses in it, there were but few passing back and forth. He had walked up and down the street a few times; still no one appeared that he could recognize as the object of his search, and he began to think he was the object of some trick, when suddenly turning around he observed a figure before him, wearing the close Quaker bonnet and cloak. He approached her, and was somewhat surprised that she immediately recognized him, although she was an entire stranger to himself. He joined her in her walk and entered into conversation.

He frankly confessed to her his situation in life—having told her of the unhappiness he experienced from having a companion who was not possessed of a mind congenial with his own, then spoke in glowing terms of the beauties of her productions, upon which he had so long dwelt, and bitterly lamented that he had not found such an one with whom to spend his days. The lady seemed somewhat agitated, and rather silent at first, and appeared inclined to keep her face hidden in her hat, so as not to give Halwood a view of it. After some hesitation, she told him that she loved him in secret—that he possessed the warmest affections of her heart—that ere he led his bride to the altar, she had looked upon him as the being above all others with whom she wished to be united—and that it was the love of him alone that made her what she was, a writer. Halwood listened to her with breathless silence; busy thoughts ran over the associations of his former years, but among all acquaintances he could select none to whom he could apply the character of the lady before him. He caught sight of her face as they passed a street lamp. There was a striking familiar look in it, but he could recollect none possessed of so much sweetness and beauty. True, he had only a hasty glance, yet in that one look, he thought he discovered marks of a noble mind. He found the object for which he had so often sighed, and resolved to secure it while within his grasp. He proposed that she should leave the city with him—go to a distant city—there become his wife, and then sail to a foreign land where they could dwell together in obscurity.

At first she appeared shocked at such a proposal, and spoke of his wife, whom he would leave behind him broken-hearted; also the disgrace with which he would be looked upon by the world at large. But Halwood was eloquent in overcoming every obstacle she could present; if he remained as he was he must be miserable; and said his wife could not be more unhappy to leave her forever, than to feel daily that although he acted the part of a husband, his heart was far from her. He finally succeeded in gaining her consent to his proposals, on condition that she should not reveal her true name until they should arrive at the first stopping place. Halwood promised to grant any request, if she should accede to his wish. She at length agreed to meet him at the steamboat landing in W—St., one week from that night, and take the night boat for P———, during which time to insure secrecy, they should have no communication whatever. Having made all necessary arrangements, they parted—Halwood to his office, and Alice to her home.

During the following week, Halwood busied himself in arranging his affairs, which were in a very good condition. He withdrew his money from the bank, and made a writing and placed it among his papers, should he not return, in which he gave his wife all the property he left behind, which was sufficient to give her a handsome support. *He* told Mrs. *H*alwood and his acquaintances, that his business called him to a distant city, and that he would be under the necessity of remaining for a few months at least, and requested his wife to arrange his wardrobe accordingly.

The important evening came round.—The time had been shorter to *H*alwood than he anticipated. *H*aving all things in readiness, he took a hasty leave of his wife, sprang into his carriage at the door and soon found himself at the steamboat landing. *His* fair companion had not yet made her appearance. It was now 8 o'clock in the evening—half an hour and the boat would start. *He* waited twenty minutes between hope and fear, when a cab stopped near where he was standing, and from it issued the little Quakeress, dressed in the same neat, plain style, closely veiled. *H*alwood stepped forward, gave her a cordial greeting and conducted her on board to the ladies' cabin. She then requested him to leave her until they should arrive at their destined port; he reluctantly did so as he had promised to grant all requests she should make.

Halwood retired to his state room, but not to rest. Now that he was left to himself, and had time for reflection, he found that although his wishes were in some degree gratified, he was far from being happy. He tried to close his eyes in sleep, but a calm quiet face would stand by his side, and look upon him with entreating sadness.

It was that of his wife, whom he pictured at home lone and sad. He thought of the kindness with which she had always supplied his wants—the solicitude which she seemed to feel in all that concerned him, and more than once he wished himself by her side to ask her forgiveness. He tried, however, to dissipate such thoughts and feelings, by thinking upon Alice Carlisle, who was now to reveal herself to him on the morrow; and the hours seemed like so many weeks—such was the anxious state of his mind.

Morn at length came, and its first ray of light was a welcome visitor to the sleepless eyes of Charles Halwood. He rose, and went on deck. The tall spires of the city of P—— were just in sight; and when the sun had risen above the horizon, they neared the wharf: *H*alwood sought Alice, and, taking a carriage, drove to the City *H*otel. Now they were alone, and the time had arrived when he was to behold the object he had so long wished for.

*H*alwood stood in breathless anxiety; he longed and yet feared to see her unveil herself. She slowly raised her hands, loosed her bonnet and cloak, together with some smoothly-combed hair, threw from her—and kind reader, *his own wife stood before him!* Halwood was thunderstruck. He stood for a moment paralyzed. During this one moment, the past, as quick as lightning passed through his mind; every thing was explained, and he rushed forward exclaiming "Forgive! oh, forgive!" And—but we will leave them to themselves, and just say that the next boat took Halwood to his home, a wiser man.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROMAN GIRL.

I spent the winter there alone, in a little apartment, in an obscure street which opens on the Place d'Espagne, with a Roman painter, who took me to board along with his family. My features, my youth, my enthusiasm, my solitary position in the midst of a strange country, had interested one of my traveling companions on the way from Florence to Rome. He had conceived a sudden attachment for me.—*He* was a handsome young man about my own age, and appeared to be the son or the nephew of the famous singer David, at that period the first tenor of the theatres of Italy. David traveled along with us.—*He* was a man already advanced in years. *He* was going to sing, for the last time, at the theatre of San Carlo, at Naples. David treated me like a father, and his young companion overwhelmed me with attentions and marks of kindness. I replied to these advances with the openness and artlessness of my age. We had not reached Rome, when the handsome traveller and myself were already inseparable companions. The courier, in those times, did not employ less than three days in going from Florence to Rome. At the roadside inns my young friend was my interpreter; in the vehicle he kept the best place beside him for me, and if I fell asleep I was sure of having his shoulder as a pillow for my head. When I alighted from the vehicle, at the long ascents of the hills of Tuscany and Sabina, he alighted along with me, explained to me the different features of the country, told me the names of the towns, and pointed me out the monuments. *He* plucked himself the handsomest flowers, and bought the most tempting figs and raisins, for me on the way. *He* crammed my hands and filled my hat with these dainties. David seemed to look with pleasure on the affection displayed by his traveling companion for the young foreigner. They smiled sometimes while looking at me, with an air of intelligence, of finesse and good nature. As we entered Rome at night, I alighted naturally at the same inn with themselves. I was conducted to my chamber, and I did not awake till summoned the next morning by the voice of my young friend, who knocked at my door and invited me to breakfast. I dressed myself in haste, and descended to the saloon where the travellers were assembled to breakfast. I wished to shake hands with my travelling companion, and I sought for him in vain amongst the guests, when a general laugh burst forth from every one present In place of a son or nephew of David's, I perceived at his side the charming figure of a young Roman girl, elegantly dressed, and whose dark tresses, woven in a band around her forehead, were fastened behind by two long gold pins with heads of pearl, like those still worn by the present women of Tivoli. It was my friend, who, on arriving in Rome, had resumed her costume and her sex. I might have suspected the truth from the tenderness of her look, and from the grace of her smile. But I had not the least suspicion. "Dress does not change the heart," said the fair Roman, blushing; "only you shall not sleep any more on my shoulder, and instead of your receiving flowers from me, it is you who shall present me with them. This adventure will teach you not to trust to appearances of friendship which may be displayed towards you hereafter; they may happen to be something widely different." The young girl was a singer, a pupil and a favorite of David's. The old vocalist took her everywhere along with him, and dressed her in male costume to avoid remarks on the road. *He* treated her rather like a father than a protector, and was by no means jealous of the sweet and innocent familiarities which he had himself permitted to take place between us. David and his pupil spent several weeks at Rome. The day following our arrival, the latter resumed the masculine habit, and accompanied me in the first place to St. Peter's, then to the Colosseum, to Frascati, to Tivoli, Albano: I thus avoided the fatiguing repetitions of those salaried guides who dissect for travellers the dead remains of Rome, and who, in throwing their monotonous litany of proper names and dates over the impressions of the tourist, besiege the thoughts and banish sentiment from the fairest scenes.—*Lamartine.*

THE ARKANSAS GOLD MINES.

The Van Buren Arkansas Intelligencer has the following in relation to the gold placers believed to be in existence in that State. The article is preceded by a letter from Col. Black, describing their search for gold in 1826

Col. Black's letter and the intended expedition from this place in August next, in search of the gold placer which he alleges to have visited, have created much stir among our citizens, and of course excited much conversation. We have been furnished with the following circumstance which led to the expedition in 1826.

It seems that in 1825, Capt. Pryor, the Osage Agent, during a visit to New Orleans, met with a wealthy merchant, who represented himself as one of the members of Pike's ill-fated party, who were taken prisoners in New Mexico in 1807. He stated that the party were taken to Santa Fe and there imprisoned. He escaped in company with another man, and they proceeded towards the waters of the Arkansas River, down the course of which they continued.

On Walnut Creek, as it is now called, their attention was attracted to signs of mining operations which led to farther examination, and finally discovery of gold. They dug out a considerably quantity, run it into bars, and proceeded down the river in a canoe; and arrived at Natchez, where they separated. Capt. Pryor's informant went to New Orleans where his gold enabled him to embark in commerce and to accumulate a considerable fortune. His wealthy circumstances were such as to satisfy Capt. Pryor why he did not desire to penetrate the wilderness and peril his life, at his advanced age. He was particular in describing the creek on which it was and gave a pretty clear idea of the locality in which the gold might be found.

Col. Black found the golden sands on the creek described by this gentleman in New Orleans. McNair's discovery of gold was on the same creek; and all these concurring circumstances contribute to establish in the minds of our citizens the conviction that they will find gold in that region next August.

Another witness enters to favor the idea that the region about to be visited is a mineral country. A citizen of this State has placed in our possession for perusal, a statement given to him in 1834, at Havanna, by a Spanish gentleman who was a Surgeon in a Spanish exploring party that explored the Upper Arkansas, in 1683, and crossed over from this river to the waters of the Yellowstone and back again, over to Santa Fe, and who visited this same region, where they took large quantities of silver ore. At this place they were attacked by Indians and all the party excepting himself and eight others, were killed. They escaped, afterwards returned, constructed buffalo canoes, and proceeded down the river with their ore. On their voyage down the river they landed, erected furnaces, and run their silver into bars.

The places where the furnaces had been erected were described. Our informant visited those places, and there found the furnaces. He is one of the most eager to go on the trip in August.

We have, since the publication of Col. Black's letter, conversed with Mr. Pickett, who expresses a full conviction that the region in question abounds in gold; and he says that the failure of the expedition in 1826, was owning to the entire ignorance of every member of the whole party, on the subject of minerals and mineral countries.

The Intelligencer publishes the names of 28 men who are enlisted for Col. Black's party.

A Peep at Fashionable Life.—A couple of lawyers who do not circulate amongst the "upper ten," desirous of penetrating into the secrets of fashionable life, adopted the singular experiment of mounting upon one another's shoulders and peeping into windows Several ladies in a fashionable mansion on Fourth street, the other night, were assembled in their parlor around a work-table, chatting and conversing gaily, when a man tumbled heels over head into their midst. One of the two lawyers mentioned above, had mounted upon the other's shoulders in a kind of craw-fish fashion, and was luxuriating in the loveliness of the fair ones there assembled, when the other, through freak or whim, gave a sudden lurch, and sent his colleague headlong into the room. The master of the house, alarmed at the cries of the ladies, came into the room & ejected the gentleman as suddenly as he had entered. So much for a glimpse of fashionable life.—*Cincinnatti Nonpariel.*

Sudden Death.—In Washington, a laborer named Kiell, died suddenly after drinking cold water while heated.

CURE AND PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

Laudanum 2 ounces; spirits camphor 2 ounces; tincture Cyenne pepper 2 drachms; tincture ginger 1 ounce; essence peppermint 2 ounces; Hoffman's anodyne 2 ounces—mix all together. Dose, a table spoonful (in a little water) for an adult.

This prescription is carried on nearly all the boats on the Western waters, and will check diarrhœa in ten minutes, and abate the other premonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. I have tried it on my own person, and given the receipe over to one hundred persons. Thos. S. Bryant.

We republish the above, from our paper of the 15th instant, for the purpose of saying, that a letter to the editors from Philadelphia suggests that the *dose* above described is too large, inasmuch as it is equal to four grains of opium, a dose which we can readily believe would be too large in many cases where this specific is likely to be used. We suppose, however, that all danger might be avoided by reducing the dose one-half, and taking a *tea spoonful* instead of a *table spoonful* at a time, and repeating according to circumstances. This we understand to be the quantity prescribed by the apothecaries of this city.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

KOSSUTH.

When Hungary was invaded by Jellachich in September last, and 50,000 armed men were collected in a fortnight, in the neighborhood of Stuhlweissenburg to repel the aggression, Kossuth issued a proclamation, from which we extract the following sentences:

"It is an eteral law of God that whosoever abandoneth himself, will be forsaken by the Lord." "It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist." "It is a divine law that false swearing by its results chastiseth itself." "It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself the triumph of justice." "Standing firm on these eternal laws of the Universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is that the *freedom* of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich."

This proclamation, which electrified the chivalrous people to whom it was addressed, concludes in a style not unworthy an Eastern prophet, nor unsuited to the genius and origin of his race, by these words: "Between Vesprun and Weissenburg the women shall dig a deep grave, in which we will bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary, or our enemies. And on this grave shall stand a monument inscribed with a record of our shame, 'So God punishes *cowardice*:' or we will plant on it the trees of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God speaking, as from the fiery bush to Moses. 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground:' thus do I reward the brave. To the Maygars freedom, renown, well-being and happiness."

SCENE IN A SOUTHERN COURT ROOM.

Judge C—— was an original, but that did not hinder him from being a dolt. The following story is told of him, as illustrating the sensitiveness of his dignity, and the powerful means he sometimes employed to defend it. Among the hard customers with which the Judge had to deal, was one of the sauciest of all saucy lawyers—Mr. S. Some remark, made by this individual, touched a sore spot in the Judge's feelings, when the following colloquy ensued:

Judge—Mr. S., I fine you fifty dollars for contempt of court.

Mr. S., (coolly)—Hadn't you better add another fifty?

Judge—Mr. Clerk, add another fifty to Mr. S.'s fine.

Mr. S., (reddening)—Hadn't you better add another fifty.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, enter another fifty.

Mr. S., (thrusting his fingers nervously into his hair)—Can I go up town before paying my fine, your Honor?

Judge—What do you want up town?

Mr. S.—I wish to buy up your Honor's paper *at ten per cent.* to pay my fine with!

The Judge gave in.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.

"Oh, the trouble folks have taken
To smoke and spoil their bacon."

To make the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork makes better bacon than 'lean' pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone, with plenty of the purest salt, and about a half ounce of salt-petre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take good black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the flesh side, and on the hock end as much as will stick—then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place—if all this is done as it should be (it ought to be done now) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the spring your bacon is so well cured or dried on the outside that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is a little like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said, 'put in the sugar, then fill up with wiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch.' Just so with curing bacon; after following the directions given above, every 'drop' of smoke you put about it 'spoils' the bacon. D. S.

THE MORALS OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

Napoleon put away Josephene for state reasons, married again, and was the father of illegitimate children.

Jerome put away his American wife to please Napoleon. Jerome's daughter, the princess Demidoff, has left her husband within six years after marriage.

Joseph lived apart from his wife and had illegitimate children.

Pauline behaved so badly that her husband, the prince Borghin, walled up the door of his house against her, and separated.

Pierre Bonaparte charges the present President, the supposed son of Louis Bonaparte & Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter of Josephene, with being illegitimate

Lucien's second daughter married an Englishman, whom she deserted, and has a family of illegitimate children now in Paris.

Jerome's eldest son now lives in Paris with an Italian lady, without marriage. Only three of the whole tribe now appear at the President's levee.

The President is unmarried, but is not without a female companion of great beauty.

Important Railroad Movement.—We understand that the stock of the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad, extending from the New York and Erie road, at Owego, to the Cayuga Lake, at Ithaca, has been taken by the parties engaged in constructing the Liggett's Gap Railroad. The latter extends from the coal fields of the Lackawanna Valley, in Pa., to the Erie Railroad, at Great Bend. Thus, by the use of a section of the Erie Railroad, the proprietors of the two Roads just mentioned will have a continuous line of railroad from the Lackawanna Valley to the South end of Cayuga Lake, which they intend to make their channel for distributing anthracite coal throughout central New York.

The importance of this undertaking will be appreciated, when it is understood that coal can be sold at Utica, Syracuse, Auburn and Rochester, at about New York prices. This Company have secured one thousand acres of coal lands in the Lackawanna valley, and their charter gives them the privilege of mining and selling their own coal. Their supply is inexhaustible, and the demand almost unlimited. They will be able to supply to Pennsylvania, in return, plaster and salt in large quantities.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

We have in the annexed letter, copied from the New York Journal of Commerce, some particulars respecting the apprehended trouble in Lower California, of which mention was briefly made in our telegraphic despatch:

San Jose, Lower California, April 30th, 1849.

Having had the misfortune to be partially shipwrecked near this port, on the route from Mazatlan to San Francisco, the passengers, consisting in part of the New England Pioneers, from Boston, and the Georgia Mining Company, have attempted the land route through Lower California to San Francisco. This route, although much travelled of late by Mexicans removing to the mines, is esteemed a very toilsome journey, owing to the scarcity of food and water, after you leave the mountain districts, until you reach San Diego. The excitement in Lower California in relation to the mines is scarcely less than in the States.—Over 7000 Mexicans have left Lower California for the mines, and in most of the towns on the Gulf shore the men have nearly all deserted. Horses and mules are all being driven to Upper California, under the impression that they will bring from $300 to $500 at San Francisco. Most of the emigrants intend settling on the San Joaquim and the emigration from this section and the Western States of Mexico will far exceed that from the United States for the coming year.

Those emigrating from Durango and Chihuahua (Chiuwawa,) are mostly settling on the Gila river, and the Americans who desire mining on the Gila are disuaded by the disparity of their numbers and the fear of the Mexicans. 15,000 stand of English muskets have been sent to the mouth of the Gila from Mazatlan, and the rumors are that it is the intention of the Mexican government to contest the action of our Commissioners in relation to the boundary, and claim the whole of the rich mines on the Gila and its tributaries.—That such arms have been shipped to some point up the gulf is certain. I saw one of the vessels freighted with the muskets ready for sailing. The distance from St. Joseph's to San Francisco, via San Diego, is variously estimated by the Mexicans at from 15 to 1800 miles. They can form no correct estimate of distances except by days travel A muleteer lately returned to this port from the San Joaquim (San Wakeen,) brings marvellous reports of the increasing richness of the mines, and a company of five Mexicans are reported to have gained over 700 lbs lump gold from working a vein.—Nearly all the English miners from Mexico are on the way to the mines, and there will scarcely be a foreigner left throughout Mexico. There are five passenger vessels reported at Mazatlan up for San Francisco—price of passage from $75 to $150.

Was Mr. Brown a popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend.

"I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the *sheriff, his deputy, and seven constables,* followed him for some distance