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,
SUNBURY, PA.

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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.—

BE YOUR OWN PATENT AGENT.

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

Price 12½ cents single, or 12 copies for one dollar sent by mail to any part of the United States. Address MUNN & CO., New-York.

March 10, 1849.—

BOARDING.

The subscriber will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent boarders, at her residence in Sunbury. The house is in a handsome and pleasant part of the town, commanding a fine view of the Susquehanna and Northumberland and the scenery adjacent.—Those from the city, who wish to spend a few months in the country during the summer months, Sunbury affords a delightful retreat.

ANN C. MORRIS.

June 16, 1849.—6m

SELECT POETRY.

MORNING IN MIDSUMMER.

BY CLARA MORTON.

Lo! from yonder rising upland
Springs the dewy-footed morn;
Sweeping with her waving garments
Through the fields of rustling corn.
Through the vale she quickly glideth,
Breathing on the billowy grain,
And like amber wavelets flowing,
See it sparkling o'er the plain.

Now she bends beside the fountain,
In the deep and dark ravine,
Bathes her lips and sunny forehead,
Wreathes her hair with ivy green.
In the grand old wood she wanders,
Through the glassy vine-arched bowers,
Weaving in an od'rous chaplet
Timid buds and trembling flowers.

To the lightly dancing brooklet
Whisp'reth she sweet words of glee,
As adown the rocks it leapeth
Laughing o'er the loving lea.
In her eyes you see no traces
Of the depths of natal gloom,
Which her parent, Night, enshrouded,
As she weeping left his tomb.

Light of heart, she onward hastens,
Humming o'er the water's tune,
White upon the hill tops, sleeping,
Waits her younger sister, Noon.
Morn awakes her with her kisses,
And the beauty lifts her eyes
On the mossy vales and uplands,
Where the dew enamelled lies.

Flinging back her golden tresses,
Waving in voluptuous light,
Up the graceful Noon arises,
Glorious in her sister's sight.
Then the maiden Morn departeth,
And sweet Noon walks forth alone,
Languishing beside the fountains,
For her lovely sister flown.

Every hour she grows still sadder,
Every hour she mourns in vain,
Till at length the star-crowned Evening,
Hastens o'er the lonely plain,
Struck with wonder at the beauty
Even of her fading charms,
Evening bows entranced before her,
And she sleeps within her arms.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

"FIRST VIRGINIA FAMILIES."

BY "SOLITAIRE."

A consultation was held between Nash and Barstow, in which it was decided that the widow would not "take medicine," and "law, therefore must take its course." Dick awakened all his knowledge of the subtleties of love and logic, and nerved himself for the encounter. He commenced a series of attentions which he intended should gradually sap the Waggles citadel. He beau'd the widow about, did her many kind offices wih his pen, flattered her foibles, and finally gave her advice *gratis*! Thinking that he had now fully convinced her by his useful attentions that a shrewd legal man, up to the manifold tricks of this world, was absolutely necessary for her future peace, welfare and comfort, he broached the subject; believing that to his earnest prayer she was inclining a greedy ear, he burst into a regular stump speech upon the sublime contemplation of the state connubial, considered in the abstract, without including the land, or negro contingencies, in walked the two Misses Wilkens, the best looking and most mischievous maidens in the town. They had seen the attorney wending his way to the widow's mansion, and they followed apparently under a presage that they were coming "in at the death" of all his matrimonial—not hopes—but speculations. If the feelings which at this moment agitated the breast of Richard Barstow, Esq. could have been analyzed, there is no doubt it would have been discovered that he felt very much like a tree'd coon.—When Miss W's had passed through the little civilities and taken seats, the widow turned to Dick as unconcerned as if they had been alone, and carelessly enquired:

"Mr. Barstow, what kind of blood air you descent'ed from?"

"Human blood, madam" said Dick, throwing himself back in his chair with a kind of positive pride.

"I mean," says the widow, whar are you primarily from, and what was the parental station of your posterity?"

This enquiry at first bothered Dick's comprehension; but at length, by a course of inductive reasoning, he fathomed her meaning, and answered:

"I was born in Indiana, of respectable white parents, and my immediate paternal ancestor was a farmer."

"*Indiana!*" exclaimed the widow, with an evident sneer. "Well, that is no doubt good enough, whar it came from, Mr. Barstow, but you will hev to use a monstrous sight of *sarsapariller* to purify Indiane blood up to first family Virginny standard, so what you were purposin when these ladies came in, can't come to pass."

"Oh!" exclaimed both the Miss W.'s, apparently all at once horrified at breaking in upon such a scene, "if Mr. Barstow is making a proposal, we beg ten thousand pardons for interrupting it—excuse us, we will leave immediately."

"Oh, that you would, and thus offer me an uninterrupted chance of escape," groaned the widow's victim.

"No, you shan't go," said the widow, "Mr. Barstow has got through, and will immediately leave himself."

Dick had been a few seconds planning some mode of escape, by which he might avoid further mortification, but this gentle hint of the widow's knocked all the hastily arranged good order of his retreat "into a cocked hat," and with a blunt "good day," he seized his chapeau, crushed it upon his head, and fled. Most provoking feminine laughter echoed his footsteps, and as it fell upon his ears, he muttered through his close set teeth, an imprecation against the whole female tribe.

How Widow Waggles gave Dr. Charles Nash, and Richard Barstow, Esq., the *mitten*, became a standing subject of mirth in Persimmonville first circles, and from there, spread all over the settlement.—Wherever they appeared afterwards, the female part of the population became epidemically afflicted with a kind of convulsive *titter!* In revenge, Dick Barstow, Esq., composed a doggerrel song, in which he embodied his views on courting widows, and Widow Waggles in particular, and this circulated clandestinely through the settlement. The burthen of it was as follows:

WIDOW WAGGLES.

Oh, there is an ancient widow,
Who it seems doth choose to wagggle
Up the steps of life alone,
In a kind of single straddle.

She's as ugly as old Satan,
And as proud as human sin,
Her niggers might be taken,
But she's a grand "take in."

She comes from old Virginny,
And she makes a mighty spread,
For the silver in her pocket can
Keep up her foolish head.

Unless you are an F. F. V.—
Be this now understood—
She in your mixture will not see
A drop of decent blood.

Oh, if you want "that same old tin,"
To gain it go and haggle,
But shun, as if "original sin,"
The famous Widow Waggle!

This "sour grape" acknowledgement was duly telegraphed to the widow, but instead of flattering, it aroused her wrath, and she vowed all kinds of revenge upon the author of the indignity. She owned a small building adjoining Richard Barstow, Esq.'s office, and into this she made one of her negroes turn a vicious mule, well known in the whole neighborhood by the significant appellation of "hard times," a sign was also procured by her orders and nailed to the side of the door-way leading to the mule's apartment, on which was inscribed:

"HARD TIMES, ESQ.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW."

Besides the mirth which this created in the town, at Dick's expense, the animal commenced a furious assault with his heels upon the partition between the two buildings, and every succeeding kick he dealt against it, exhibited such increasing vigor and determination, that Dick momentarily expected to see his muleship's hind quarters come through into his office. He endured this rear assault until his patience was exhausted, and then gathering up his library—a copy of Blackstone, the "Revised Statutes," and Gen. Jackson's last message—he fled to Dr. Nash's office, where they mingled their sympathies, and together denounced the present age of female persecution.

The fun of this affair was still fresh in Persimmonville when the widow announced her intention of giving a grand party, and this intelligence awoke the whole settlement into a lively twitter of excitement. All kinds of preparations were instantly commenced by those who expected to be the happy recipients of invitations, to make a striking appearance at this *soiree*. About the same period, a tall, fair haired, moustachioed stranger, the possessor of a capacious trunk, made his appearance at the hotel, and inscribed upon the small blank book, dignified by the title of "register," the striking name of "Hon. Wilton"—no more, nor no less than a downright honorable! A long time had elapsed since the settlement had been honored by so distinguished a visitor, and of course the news of his arrival flew like a prairie fire. From certain ambiguous givings out of the illustrious guest, his host learned that he was an English officer of rank, who had figured at Affghanistan, in India, where he had received a severe wound in the head, and was now travelling to recruit his health.—He intimated that the spirit of adventure was tempting him to the plains to enjoy a buffalo hunt. The Hon. W. was very straight, very beardy, very pompous, very slick, and very soon threw the first circle of the town into a very high state of curiosity. The widow would almost have consented to invite the innkeeper's wife to her soiree, if she could by this means have secured thereat this illustrious stranger's presence; but she was afraid to try her—the enmity existing between them was too great. She finally ventured to address him a note of invitation, in which she stated that it would give her much pleasure to extend the hospitality of her mansion to any distinguished representative of the ancient families of the old world. When the Hon. W. read the widow's missive, he discovered an opening ahead, which promised sport; the words and the orthography were unique, and bore striking evidence that the writer at least affected some style. He forthwith, in *propria persona*, accepted the lady's hospitably invitation. She was, of course, delighted, and the suavity of her distinguished guest's manners at once banished a painful kind of embarrassment, which his sudden appearance had created. She had heard much of princely dignity, and now she considered herself the happy observer of the genuine imported article.—A *tete-a-tete*, and the widow and Honorable were upon familiar terms. She could not confine her present triumph within the walls of her mansion, she must take him out, and show the settlement how she could shine beside one who belonged to the first circles of Europe.

Every thing seemed at this particular juncture to shed a halo of success around the widow. Her mule, 'Hard Times," had routed attorney Barstow, She herself had hoaxed Dr. Nash, and she had secured a *Lion*—a British one, too—for her party.—She forgave Hopper all the annoyances he had ever inflicted upon her, and as an earnest of her good feelings, she visited his "mercantile concern," in company with the Hon. Wilton, to purchase necessary luxuries for the forthcoming "spread."—While there she further astonished him with an invitation to the select soiree.—After Bill had been formerly introduced to the stranger, and the widow had seated herself in the grocer's hickory-bottomed rocking chair, to sip a glass of his imported maderia, the latter invited the Hon. W. to the back part of his store, and whispered enquiringly:

"Ma-ma-may you'd like something a le-le-lettle stronger than ma-ma-ma-deira?"

The Hon. W. signified by a nod that he would, and Bill handed from beneath the counter a small black bottle containing American manufactured fourth proof brandy. Bill concluded, when he saw the stranger drink, that if he possessed any weakness in the world, it lay in his love of the contents of the small black bottle. The widow having concluded her purchases, departed arm in arm with her distinguished companion, and as they left the store the latter raised his hat respectfully to Bill with the parting salutation of *au revoir*."

"What did you call him?" enquired the widow.

"I only extended to your friend the Affghanistan salutation of "*au revoir*," which in their wild language means good bye!"

The widow treasured the words in her memory, and ever after bid her friends farewell in the Affghanisten tongue, which she slightly corrupted to "*sorry vorry*."

That same evening Wm. Hopper, Ee-esq. visited the hotel to further cultivate the Hon. W's acquaintance. He invited him around to his store to enjoy an undisturbed hour in conversation, and in the same cordial spirit in which it was extended, the courtesy was acknowled and accepted.—They adjourned to Bill's "concern," and were seen engaged in brewing certain mixtures for which that establishment and its proprietor was famous—among the few who knew its secrets. The cunning dealer plied the Hon. W. with his mixtures, and stuttered in his ear his flatteries until the latter, in confidence, unbosomed himself. Bill's purpose being gained and the distinguished stranger, at the same time, fully overcome, the sitting was brought to a close, and the grocer's guest, minus his dignity, was accommodated with a bear skin couch and a buffalo cover, which brought him about as near to that kind of game as he had any desire to venture.

Agreeably to notice, the widow's great soiree came off, and it was an "immense" occasion. All present looked pleased, and the widow in particular. It is unnecessary for us to say that she did the honors of the occasion with a *florist*—it was a way she had of doing every thing. The Hon. Wilton played the tame *lion* as gracefully as it could be done, and Wm. Hopper, *Ee-esq.* looked as pleasantly tickled as a school boy, with a pocket full of fire crackers on a fourth of July morning. Bill took the Hon. Wilton so frequently to the sideboard during the evening, that he began to get loose in the tongue, and discourse most eloquently on the beauties of London. The "*Tems. Wegent's Park*, the style of my friend, Lord Squabby, and the elegance of my delightful female relative, Lady Fitzgig, the magnificence of the places of amusement, and the superiority of the beauty of fashion which frequented them, over every other people in the world, not even excepting present delightful company."—With humiliation we record the fact, that the widow and all of her female friends were delighted with the *Lion* of the evening, until his rude tongue touched upon the latter theme, and then their *vanity* slightly opened their eyes to the Hon. Wilton's vulgarity. One beautiful girl, Miss Emily Snelling, who was among the guests on this important occasion, had captivated the Hon. W.'s fancy, and for her own amusement she encouraged his advances—he was as fulsome in his laudations of her beauty as he had formerly been in praise of every thing English.

To attract the Hon. W. from Miss S., the widow seated herself at the piano. Although ignorant in every other respect, she had battered away at one of these instruments until she had become *acc mplished* in two *tunes*! As she concluded the first and was flowing, on a flood of harmony, into the second, Bill Hopper interrupted her by observing:

"Wi-wi-widow, you're a *s-s-screamer!*"

The widow was in the act of administering a warm rebuke to Mr. H. for praising her voice in such doubtful terms, when a scuffle and cry from the back room checked it—a fall followed, and a general rush was made by the company towards the scene transpiring in the next apartment. Here, the Hon. Wilton was sprawling on his back, his mustachios dyed a crimson hue, little Isaac Miller, Emily's *beau*, like a chafed tiger, standing over him, and Emily herself clinging around the latter's neck, imploring him not to kill the distinguished stranger.

The *soiree* broke up most discordantly.

The widow felt slighted and annoyed by her guest's behavior, the girls were offended that when he had desired to kiss somebody he had preferred Emily Snelling, and the Hon. W. was as rampant as an Englishman could be, at the idea of being bled by the fist of a backwoods youth. The only gratified person, apparently, was our grocer friend, Bill Hopper, *Ee-esq.* He kindly took charge of the stranger, conducted him to his "commercial concern," and there resigned him, skinned nose and all, to the warm embraces of a stuffed bear skin.

In the morning, to stay both his nerves and his courage, Bill invited him to renew his acquaintance with the dark "invigorator" under the counter, a hint which the Hon. W. understood almost instinctively, and when he had paid it some attention, the grocer in a very positive manner assured him that before he quit the town he *must* shoot the young man, who the evening previous had put upon him the indignity of a blow. The stranger informed him that as a child he submitted to his direction. A very polite note was immediately prepared, inviting Isaac Miller, Esq., out to die, according to an approved code, much patronised by good shots with the pistol. The challenge was immediately accepted, and Dick Barstow, Esq., named as the challenged party's second, with whom Bill arranged the meeting for the next morning. In the interim Bill took every precaution to ensure the presence of his principal. He invited him to practice up stairs in his "concern," and when he perpetrated a bad shot, Bill would, by way of steadying his nerves, inform him that "Li li-little Miller is an aw-aw-awful *close* shot!"

Bright and early next morning, Mr. Hopper and his principal started down to a neck of woods about two miles below the town, and to keep his hand steady the Hon. W. had taken the precaution to bring along a capacious flask of the same kind invigorating liquid contained in the dark bottle under his second's counter.—Before they reached the ground, the good liquor the antagonist's skill, and the coldness of the atmosphere combined, made him look, through the grey of the morning, a very blue spectacle. When they arrived at "Snake Bottom," they found young Miller and his second, Richard Barstow, Esq., awaiting their approach. The Hon. W. bowed to them, and it was with a great effort he regained his perpendicular. To keep the position when he did regain it, he very properly leaned up against a *sapling*. The distance was duly measured, the seconds tossed up for places, and Barstow and Hopper, after a whispered interchange of suggestions in regard to the signal, *winked* themselves into a proper understanding of how it was to be done, and proceeded to load the weapons. This preliminary having been duly performed, they placed their principals in position, and yielded up to their keeping the deadly messengers.

When Barstow commenced with "*one*," off went both pistols, and down went the Hon. Wilton; young Miller having taken one glance at his prostrate form, the next instant turned his back upon the party, and to use a western saying, "struck a bee line for fall timber!"

The affair took wing, and in an incredibly short time it was known in every cabin in the settlement. Of course, the widow heard it, and five minutes after the body arrived in town, she was rushing along in that "family" carriage, which had black Bob for its ornamental driver, in search of Dr. Vinos, a crabbed old practitioner. Dr. V. was one of these medical martyrs, who in their zeal to protect the profession from innovation, not only starve themselves, but kill their patients. He had stuck to the *regulars* until his devotion had stuck him into the bog of poverty, and forced him to become a "regular" emigrant, and for the previous ten years he had, regular as the spring came, moved his store of science and gallipots, until at length he had reached the outskirts of civilization. He was as proud and as obstinate as ever, and this quality in his composition had recommended him to the widow—she was one of those who believed there was seldom much smoke without fire, and by the same rule, that where there was much pretension there must be some skill.

"Is he badly shot, Doctor?" exclaimed the widow, arrived with the Doctor, "is the unhappy stranger dead? Speak! do relieve us from this expense."

"Well, he *is* badly shot, Madam," answered the Doctor, after an examination, and looking keenly into her eye, as if he wished to read whether there was any mischief in her soul.

"And *wher* is he shot?" enquired she, with such unaffected distress that the doctor's angry brow cleared, and he really smiled as he answered:

"*He is shot in the neck!* Madam."

"Then death is in his *jugeling* vein!" screamed Widow Waggles. She was about to go off into hysterics, when the doctor rather surlily remarked,

"No danger of his dying, Madam, the only pistol that has wounded him, has been a pocket pistol charged with *brandy*—the brute is *drunk*, madam!"

The "murder was out;" and a burst of laughter followed which nearly shook the building. The widow retired worse than ever shocked at this last practical joke of Wm. Hopper, *E-e-esq's.*, and every other anxious member of the anxious crowd in the hotel, and said "*they knew it was all a trick of Bill's.*"

When convinced that he had not shot the Hon. W., little Isaac almost shed tears of joy, and when Emily Snelling, set *her* eyes on him, she was so glad to get him back alive, that she sobbed and bo-hoo'd right out.

The next morning the *Hon. Wilton* awoke perfectly sober, and very much ashamed of himself for wasting so much valuable time, in indulging in the frivolities of fashion. He opened his large trunk, and was soon busy as a bee, posting bills around the town, giving notice of the hourly expected arrival, and consequent *concert of a band of Sable Harmonists.*—The distinguished stranger was neither more nor less than their director, advertiser, *bill poster!* &c.

The widow made black Bob take off his livery, and ever after refused to second "first family" distinctions. Indeed, it became dangerous to talk in her presence about "distinguished strangers."

Widow Waggles, we mourn to record, has since been gathered to her final rest, and the innkeeper's wife, now the head of Persimmonville aristocracy, is more imperious in her rule than her lamented predecessor ever dared to be. In the succession of human dynastics, the question of who shall rule? presents a very doubtful problem, and it is only equalled in uncertainty, by the doubt which answers—*who shall be our future aristocracy?*

[Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.]

THE HUNGARIAN GENERALS.

Joseph Bem.

FRANKFORT, July 21, 1849.

If Kossuth is the master spirit of the Hungarian struggle, he is at least aided by men, worthy to stand by his side. The veteran Dembinski, the young but prudent Gorgey, and the indefatigable Bem, besides a host of others, are all worthy of their great leader, and of the noble cause in which they are engaged. Among all the Hungarian heroes, no one occupies a more prominent place than General Joseph Bem. No one has displayed more untiring energy from the beginning of the war, and no one has thus far had more brilliant success. At the very outset, with a band of only eight or ten thousand men, he became complete master of entire Transylvania, a country nearly as large as Hungary itself, plucking it from the hands of a triple enemy, internal insurrection, the Austrians and Russians. The Saxons, Vallachians and Tzeches of Transylvania have become under the rule of Bem friends instead of enemies of the Hungarians. He has since been acting against Jellachich in the south, with what success is evident from the little progress of the latter; and at the present he is said to be at Czegedin with Kossuth and the government commander of the forces, which are prepared to make the last stand for the liberties of Hungary.

The earlier experience of Bem eminently fitted him for the position he took on embracing the Hungarian cause. Educated at the French military school of Warsaw under Pelletier, from which he entered the French army, under Marshal Davoust; subquently, (from 1815 till 1826) in the reorganized Polish army under the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, which, after much suffering, arising from his opposition to Russian oppression, and many fruitless attempts to get his discharge, he finally succeeded in quitting; an enthusiastic participant in the Polish insurrection of 1830, in which, from being an inferior artillery officer, he became through his bravery and success in several battles, general and commander of the whole artillery; during the October revolution of Vienna the the past year,—where he displayed his usual brilliant qualities, but was unsuccessful against the overwhelming Austrian forces, and the disunion and want of proper system in the city; such had been the school of Bem, one certainly of misfortune, but one which, by making him acquainted with the military and political system of Austria and Russia, as also by teaching him to support reverses, and to hope for nothing from Austrian and Russian mercy, well prepared him for the mortal struggle of a free people against those powers.

Bem was born in 1795 at Tarnow in Gallicia, of a noble famly, which had formerly been one of the most distinguished of Poland but was then reduced, his father being an attorney. He was first sent to the University of Cracow, but as he evinced a military disposition, and as his father had removed to Warsaw, where there was a good military school, then under the French General Pelletier, he was withdrawn from the University in 1809 and placed here. After going through the regular course of study, he was admitted into the French army, and at the beginning of the campaign of 1812 against Russia, was Lieutenant of mounted Artillery, first under Marshal Davoust, and then under Macdonald who, after the unfortunate issue of the expedition to Moscow, threw himself into the fortress of Dantzig. Here young Bem shared the fortune of the besieged French 15 months, when on the capitulation and surrender of the place, he was sent with the other Poles who were there, to Poland, the Russians not observing one condition of the surrender, which was to allow the Poles free passage to France.

Arrived at Warsaw, he remained at his father's house till the re-organization of the Polish army in 1815 under the Grand Duke Constantine, when he entered the Russian service. But Russian despotism, as exercised over his annihilated country, was little congenial to a spirit naturally free, and that in the service of Napoleon had been able to breathe at least some degree of liberty. In the course of two or three years he was several times brought before military tribunals and suspended from service. The efforts he made to get his discharge, and permission to leave the country, were unsuccessful; but when in 1819 he seemed determined to remain no longer, he was held back by being promoted to the rank of of Captain, and appointed in connection Professor in the Warsaw Military Academy, where he himself had been educated. But he was no more successful in avoiding conflicts with the Russian despotism.

The Grand Duke Constantine was a man of a most arbitrary and tyranical disposition, and would not tolerate the least appearance of freedom in the expression of political opinions. From 1820 till 1826, Bem was three times arrested, and twice condemned to prison, once being thrown two months into a dark, wet dungeon whereon he became seriously ill.

On the death of the Emperor Alexander in 1826, and the accession of Nicholas, he succeeded in getting his discharge, and went to reside at Lemberg in Gallicia. Here he employed his time chiefly studying mathematics and mechanics, on which subjects he published some works, particularly one on the steam engine.

In 1830, when the cry of independence was raised in Poland, Bem was one of the first to hasten to the field of contest. His laboratory at Lemberg was changed for the military camp at Warsaw. As Major and Commander of a battery of artillery, he took part at the battle of Igania, where 8000 Poles defeated 20,000 Russians, the battery of Bem of 16 guns silencing that of the enemy of 40. Here he was made Colonel on the field of battle. At the battles of Grechow, Wawer, and Dembe, he equally distinguished himself. At the bloody affair of Ostrolenka in which the Poles were obliged to fall back before a superior enemy, Bem covered the rear of the retreating army, bringing the Russians to a stand at the bridge of the Narew, which they attempted to cross. After this he was appointed to the command of the whole Polish artillery, with the rank of General.

But the attempt of the Poles for their liberty failed, partly from treachery among themselves, partly from the want of decision and energy in their leading generals, and partly from the false encouragement of foreign powers. In the defence of Warsaw, the most important part was conducted by Bem; but the character of the dispositions made, and the possibility of holding out, were not tasted, in consequence of the sudden capitulation by Rakoweisky, who had been appointed president and dictator. With the greatest regret the remains of the Polish army withdrew from Warsaw. Bem was called upon to take the chief command, and try the fate of another battle; but as it seemed a proposal of mad desperation, he refused to comply, and the Poles retired to the Prussian soil, where they laid down their arms and dispersed as exiles to the four corners of the earth. The greater part, however, proceeded to France, where Bem also went. Here and in England, with the exception of a short time he served under Don Pedro in Portugal, he remained till 1848, when he made his way to Vienna, where he took decided part with the revolutionary party, hoping thus to bring about indirectly the freedom of Poland.

In the October revolution at Vienna, he was appointed commander of the artillery. The energy he displayed in the struggle of a month against a regular army of above a hundred thousand men, is well known. Had there been on the popular side a few more such leaders as Bem, the contest might have ended differently. On the taking of the city by Windishgratz, a price was set upon his head, and it was only by assuming the dress of a cab man, and driving an Austrian officer's family outside of the lines, that he succeeded in making his escape.

Though escaping death so narrowly, and being fifty-three years of age, worn down by a life of adversity, he nevertheless rushed into the Hungarian contest, unpromising as it was at that time, with all the ardor of youth, and the determination of a man resolved to devote the last hours of his life in combating for liberty against despotism. Kossuth knew his man, and immediately gave him a post of the first importance. Bem's brilliant successes in Transylvania have astonished the world. The Russians are advancing there again, for their former antagonist is now needed in another quarter. The chief enemy of Hungary is this side of the Theiss, and every effort seems to be making on the side of the Hungarians to strike a decisive blow.

It is plain now that the Russians under Paskewitsch have been intentionally permitted to advance into the country, and even to unite partially with the Austrians at Pesth. Dembinski, who has been so long unheard of suddenly fell upon the Russians not far from Pesth, the 15th inst., and drove them out of their line with great loss, while Gorgey, who had been keeping the great body of the Austrians in check near Comorn, suddenly left his defences, and is said now to be united with Dembinski.

Yours, &c., J. C. C.

FRUIT.—The present has been a most unfortunate season for growers and dealers in green vegetables and fruits. Many have lost the greater part of their earning for the year. A man in New Jersey contracted with another, before the cholera commenced, for 35,000 baskets of strawberries at 4 cents a basket. Although he took a part of them to Boston, and contrived every means to dispose of the rest to advantage, he found himself at the close of the operation largely in debt, and finally compromised with the producer by losing his time and labor, giving up his horse and wagon, and we know not what else beside. The farmer released him on these terms, thinking it was not best to be too hard with him. A great many similar cases have occurred on a smaller scale. Hundreds of women and many men in this city, who were accustomed to keep fruit stands have been deprived of the usual means of support, from the impossibility of effecting sales.—*Journal of Commerce.*

TELEGRAPHIC STOCK.—The following statement of the receipts of three of the O'Reilly lines of Telegraphs, says the Buffalo Commercial, shows that the business of telegraphing must be very profitable. Although in its infancy, the amount paid for telegraphing is not far from three quarters of a million of dollars! We were not aware of the extensive business done by these lines. Within a few days, the Detroit Free Press says: We have received a private report of three of them, from we gather the following receipts:

Philadelphia and Pittsburg,	$110[illegible]
Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville,	[illegible]
Louisville and St. Louis,	[illegible]

ONE OF BEM'S LIEUTENANTS IS A Bostonian, who resided in his native [illegible] years ago.