SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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Philadelphia June 2, 1849.—

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Philadelphia, June 9, 1849—y

TEAS, from the New York Custom and Pekin Tea Company. For sale by
J. W. FRILING.

Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1849

SELECT POETRY.

THE PRINTER'S HOUR OF PEACE.

Know ye the *Printer's* hour of peace?
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy
Than even felt the maid of Greece,
When kiss'd by Venus' am'rous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy *case*,
His nimble fingers kiss the *type*,
Nor is it when with lengthened face
The sturdy *devil's tail* he gripes.

'Tis not when news of dreadful note
His columns all with *minion* fill;
'Tis not when brother printers quote
The 'effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass
Long Advertisements meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
"We'll grace your columns by-and-by."

No—reader—no—the Printer's hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power,
His list of patrons daily grows.

But oh, 't is when the weather, clear,
Or clad in rain, or hail, or vapor,
He hears in accents soft and dear—
"I've come to *pay you for the paper*."

IF YOU WOULD AVOID BROILS LEARN TO FRY.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA: IN THREE ACTS AND A HALF.

This longing after beauty.
This sighing after curls,
This chasing after fashion,
Wherever fashion whirls
And all that sort of thing,

May do for those who like them—
For those devoid of taste,
For those who barter diamonds off
For diamonds made of paste,
And other blockheads;

But to wife who truly loves,
Who'd be what she appears,
Who'd spread a sunshine round the man
That keeps away her tears,
And brings her 'taters home.

We'd whisper softly in her ear,
We'd grave it on her heart,
That knowing well to fry a steak
Beats sentiment and art
A darn'd sight.

A Select Tale.

From Mrs. Ellis' "Evenings at Woodlawn."

THE RED CAP.

"Hans Christoph, the bailiff of a small town in Germany, was in possession (besides the respect and consideration due him in right of office and personal character) of a young wife whose name was Eva. As often as the worthy bailiff called her by that name, he grumbled that it should belong to her, for it never failed to put him in mind of the nefarious doing of mother Eve, when she circumvented Adam in Paradise. "What befel the first man," he would say to himself, may fall to the lot of old Hans Christoph; for if the Eve that took the apple had one devil to help her, my Eva may have ten thousand if she chooses. And will she not choose? Oh, Hans Christoph, it was a foolish thing to marry so young a wife."

"By the 'ten thousand devils' Hans meant nothing more than the young men, particularly those of gentle blood, ten miles round the neighborhood. For the fact could not be denied, that they came from far and near, on foot and on horseback, to pay their respects to the lovely wife of the bailiff, or to admire her as they rode or walked past the house. Hans Christoph was not long in finding this out; and the discovery threw him into a transport of rage and jealousy. He would no longer permit Eva to go to the door, nor leave the house on any pretext; and at last forbade her even looking out of the window.

"Eva was a sweet, innocent, amiable creature, and had always entertained a profound respect for her old husband. But when he showed such unreasonable distrust, and treated her so harshly, her respect, as a matter of course, was reduced to naught; while he continued day after day, to torment her by his unfounded suspicions. The rebellious spirit in her human nature was roused, until she was at last provoked into wishing for an opportunity to deceive him.

"What a woman seeks to do, she is not long in finding means to accomplish, in spite of all the Argus watching in the world. For many days had the nephew of their landlord, in passing the house, thrown in pitying glances, intended for the pretty victim of tyranny, which looks, caught by stealth were readily understood. So, one day, when the bailiff was gone to the tavern to examine a thief who had let himself down by the chimney to steal, Master Fritz availed himself of the same means to enter the kitchen of Hans Christoph's house. There Eva received him, and disburdened herself of all her troubles. Whom else had she to complain to? Fritz listened sympathizingly, and said he thought he could help her. He knew of a way to cure the old bailiff of his jealousy. Eva shook her head incredulously. *That* would be a miracle indeed! But Fritz hoped for the best, and presently unfolded his scheme. Eva laughed heartily at it, and promised her aid to the best of her power.

"In the afternoon of the same day the bailiff was sitting in a very sullen mood, on the stone bench before his door. He was wondering how it happened that his young wife had not wept bitterly, as usual, at his reproaches; and trying to think who had been daring enough to offer her consolation. A slight noise interrupted his reverie, and looking up, he saw an old Polish Jew, in course travelling gear, with a knapsack on his shoulders.

"Anything to buy?" asked the pedlar, in broken German. Hans Christoph made a gesture of repulsion. But the Jew stood his ground.

"I have very fine things in my knapsack, such as one does not see every day," he persisted.

"I want nothing. Get away."

"Oh, every body wants something: and I have every thing that heart can wish.—Now, if you have e'er a young wife, who gives you trouble, have I not here my Red Cap?" So saying, and opening his knapsack, the Jew drew out several things, and, among them, a parcel in a number of wrappings. Taking these off, one after another, he produced a cap of red leather, which he drew on his hand and exhibited to the bailiff.

"Well; and what is the use of this leather cap, the like of which, or better, I can get in the town anywhere for a couple of groschen?" demanded Hans Christoph.

The Jew shook his head, and smiled with an air of mystery. "Oh, yes! you can get plenty of caps," he cried, "black, white, grey, yellow or blue; silver, gold, or diamond caps—for aught I know; but the Red Cap of mine, master, is worth more than all."

"Eh, fellow! and how can that be?"

"Because," answered the pedlar solemnly—"because *my* Red Cap is the true covering for his head, worn by the prophet Elijah, which he dropped on the ground when he went up to heaven in the chariot of fire."

"Der Tausend! is this true?" exclaimed the bailiff, with open eyes.

"And it has this virtue," continued the Jew, "that to the one who has on the cap, every body must tell exactly what he thinks or purposes."

"You are not jesting?"

"And if an old man, who has a young wife, wears the cap, she will always remain as true as steel to him, and will regard him as the handsomest man in the world."

"Ha! can that be true, pedlar?"

"Well, master, you can make the trial."

"And what is the price of the cap?"

"Three ducats; neither more nor less."

"That is too much, Jew."

"Too little, far *too little*, for such a wonderful cap as this."

"I will try it!" Therewith Hans Christoph put on the cap, and then called his wife out of the house. Eva came accordingly. As soon as she saw her husband, she exclaimed in apparent amazement:

"Oh, Hans, why have you put on such a strange cap?"

"It is a cure for the *headache*," answered the bailiff. "I bought it just now of the Jew."

"Eva deigned not to look at the pedlar, but fixing her eyes more earnestly upon her husband: "Do you know, dear Hans," she cried, "that the cap is wonderfully becoming to you? You are very handsome in it!"

"Indeed?" asked the bailiff. "It is becoming, is it, eh?

"You look at least twenty years younger," answered Eva; "and if I had not admired you before, you are certainly now irresistible!"

The astonishment of Hans Christoph knew no bounds. But there lingered a shadow of doubt at the bottom of his mind. To satisfy it, he took the cap slowly from his head and put it on the head of the Jew. Eva turned instantly, as noticing the pedlar for the first time, and exclaimed: "But how comes this handsome young man here? Do not be angry, Hans, but I must give him a kiss." Therewith she ran up to the Jew; but Hans Christoph rushed between, snatched the cap from the pedlar's head, and placed it on his own, receiving his wife's embrace. She took no further notice of the Jew.

"It is really wonderful!" muttered the bailiff. "Well, I will never more lay aside the Red Cap, and will take care, moreover, that no one else puts it on. Here, Jew, are your three ducats, and a piece of silver besides, for a treat. Now pack yourself out of the village, and never let me see you again, or you may chance to be burnt as a conjurer."

The pedlar took the money, bowed his thanks, and went his way.

Hans Christoph embraced his wife and promised never more to torment her again with his jealousy. She had full liberty thenceforward to sit at the window or the door, as often and as long as she pleased.

DIET OF THE ANCIENTS.—The difference between the diet of the ancients and that of us moderns, is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen informs us he had seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper curry, pimento. They used neither buckwheat nor French beans, nor spinach, nor sago, tapioca, salad, arrow root, nor potato or its varieties; nor even the common, but a sort of marshgrown bean; nor many of our fruits as the orange, tamarind, nor American maize. On the other hand, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb oxtongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They liked the flesh of wild asses, of little dogs, of the dormouse, of the fox of the bear. They ate the flesh of paroquets and other rare birds, and of lizards. They were fond of a great many fish and shell fish; which we now hold in no esteem. They employed as seasoning, rue and assafœtida.—*Dick's Diet and Regime.*

"SALL" said stuttering Sam Snooks, "if you don't love me, thay tho; and if you do love me thay tho; and if you do love me, and don't like to thay tho, squeeth my hand," She put her hand upon her bussum, Sam felt the gentle pressure of her leather paw, and was as happy as a pollywoggle.

NEVER relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

From the India Sporting Review for June, 1847.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

[The following truly spirited affair is told in a private letter, which has been placed in our hands by a friend, himself an old hand at the sport, and who has had his hair-breath escape.—*Editors Gazette.*

Knowing that you take much interest in sporting adventures, being a keen sportsman yourself, I forward you an account of a tiger I was lucky enough to kill on the 14th of December, near Juganauthpore on the Janil river. I extract the account from my journal, which says:—

About two-half P. M. a man came running down to the edge of the water just ahead of the boat, in a great fright, and said that a tiger had seized a man close by, and that although the man was alive they were afraid to go near to fetch him; that the tiger had left the man and gone to a little distance, but when the man moved to get away the tiger seized him again, and that he understood the sahib had guns, he begged I would come and make a noise with them, so that they might get the man. At first I thought it was, native like, a great deal fright and a great deal more exaggeration; but when I looked at my informant he seemed so earnest and so excited, that I thought he must have seen something like a tiger eating a man at least.

I immediately ordered the boat, and loaded very carefully my large rifle and double barrel, and went to the top of the bank, which was here twenty feet high, (followed by all the boatmen and servants, one with a sword without a handle, and the rest with bamboos.) I was then in the midst of ranges of paddy-fields, with not a tree or bush in them from half a mile to a mile round; but with some scattered huts a long distance off to the right and left. I stopped thought it impossible a tiger could be any where near, for if a cat had been there it appeared as if it must have been seen. The man probably taking my hestitation for fear, said—

'Sahib, it is a small tiger, it is lame, it has been shot by some sahib logue, and can't run; it can't hurt you.'

'But,' I said, 'here is nothing but a paddy-field, there is no place for a tiger here.'

He replied, 'There, sahib, there,' pointing about fifty yards ahead, where there were four or five men standing.

I ran up to them quickly, and when I got to them above fifty yards further I saw a poor wretch, crawling on one side on the ground; and I never saw such an expression of utter despair as that which the poor fellow glanced behind him, or one more indicative of imploring for assistance as he looked towards us. I ran up to him quickly he could not speak, and was covered with wounds, one a fearful one in the small of the back; the people had a little dooley with them, I had him put on that and sent off to my boat. The men said,

'Oh, sahib! now we have got the man, come away, it is an immense tiger and you are on foot, what can you do to it.'

I asked where they supposed it to be; they pointed about fifty yards ahead—where there was a little coarse grass growing; so I picked out one fellow who I thought, from his size, was, or ought to be, at least, the most courageous of the lot, and gave him my double gun. I cocked my rifle, and commenced making a circle of about thirty yards around the supposed place where the tiger was; very soon I found my double gun getting further off, so I called to half a dozen who were nearest to come with the man, the rest were all going backward instead of coming on.—After I had got about half round the place, the man with the gun said—

'There, sahib, there!

And I looked to see where he was pointing, but he was crouched in a heap behind me, and exclaimed—

'Oh, ma-goo, ma-goo—I can't, I can't!'

I took the direction of the fellows eyes, and there, right in front of me, distant about thirty yards, I saw through some grass a confused shape and coloring of a thundering big head of a tiger. I told the fellow not to be afraid, and took the gun and half cocked it, and told him on no account to run (for we were now alone,) until he had given me the gun. I thought the fellow would drop into the earth. I placed the gun in his two hands in front of him; ready for me to take hold of; and would like to have cocked it, but was afraid the fellow in his fear might by some mishap let it off. I looked again at the tiger; he had raised himself a little. I put one hand on the gun in the fellow's hand, and walked a little further to the right and ahead, where there was an opening in the grass that gave me a better view of him; as I did so he raised himself a little more, and seemed ready for a spring; so I said to the fellow, 'Now I am going to fire, but don't you run till you give me the gun.'

He said, 'Oh! I can't, I can't!'

I took deliberate aim—I could see his ears plainly; I judged from that where his eye was; or the full lower part of his head—and fired, at the same time almost, snatching at my double barrel. It was well I did, for it was a good arm's length off.—The instant I fired the beast sprung fifteen or twenty feet right out, and with a roar, whor-aur-ar-r-r, came tearing towards me with furious bounds. I only had time to cock one barrel, and I really think I articulated to myself, 'Now, nothing but the most determined coolness can save me, (for from the fearful leaps the beast took, I thought I had missed him.) I waited until he made three leaps, and was then within ten or twelve yards of me; and fired full at his breast; finding him still come on I sprung off side ways, and he lit a few feet beyond where I had stood. I cocked the other barrel and stood ready for him; but he looked towards the few people who had been with the gun, who were now far off. Seeing this I ran eight or ten yards; he turned and made two leaps towards me, and I was just on the point of pulling my last trigger when he stumbled and fell, but got up again directly and fell again. I had given a fellow my powder flask to hold, so that it might be the more handy—but he, with the main body of them, were still running, although a good half mile off; so I hallooed and motioned that I wanted to load my gun, and stood still; after some delay, he made a tremendous circuit and brought it to me. During this time the tiger had raised himself up several times, and growled most fiercely at me—but he could do no more. I loaded and walked up to the back of him, he was breathing very heavily, and I was hesitating whether to fire again or not, when he lifted up his head, so I clapped the muzzle close to the back of his ear and gave him the *coup de grace*. It was some time before any one would come near me, but when they saw me take hold of the tiger's head they came from all quarters, and I had a hundred or more around me directly; and now that they found the tiger was really dead, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep them from putting spears into it and beating it. I tied his two fore and hind legs together, put a bamboo betwixt each, and sixteen fellows marched off, not very fast, with him towards the boat.

I now wanted my rifle, but the fellow had flung it away as he ran; however, we soon found it. I went to look at the place where the tiger had lain: it was a dry nulleh, about four feet wide at the mouth, and running back about ten feet to a point, and about four feet deep, the only place for a mile or two round that he could probably have lain down without being seen. I went off to the boat to see what I could do for the poor wounded fellow. The wounds in his back was from the tiger's mouth, and a fearful one; his hips were literally smashed, and his entrails protruding; those in the upper part of the body were from the tiger's claws; his shoulder and left arm were smashed; of course with such wounds as these I could do nothing. I gave him some laudanum and made him a comfortable bed of some bamboos and the straw from some beer bottles, and sent him off to an indigo factory, that I understood was near. Just as I had done this they brought me another man, who had been seized by the same tiger earlier in the day; his wounds were in the same parts of his body, and of exactly the same description as the other, I did the same for him. The fellows had now brought the tiger to the top of the bank, and stolen all his whiskers. As I took his measure, it was eight feet ten inches long from nose to end of tail, three feet eight in height behind, three feet eleven inches at the fore shoulder, and two feet through the upper part of fore leg. The next day after I had skinned him I found his head measured two feet nine inches round. I was followed for two days by lots of natives, who wanted to see the sahib who shot the tiger, after waiting until it got close to him.

J. W. R.

Gowahatti, January 13, 1847.

LINES ON AMERICA.

BY LADY EMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

America! how nobly shines thy fame,
Still adding like thy flag, fresh star to star,
'Till earth is echoing that triumphant name,
Sunned in that glowing shadow near and far!
For thee no pause—no dull inglorious rest—
In fame's bright race, still proudly onward press'd.
How dost thou scorn each bound, each barrier brave,
Reversing thine own and NIAGARA's course!
That falls as though its goal were but its grave;
That ever falls, with downward thundering force;
Thou risest, eagle-like, from height to height,
To track yet grander sunpaths of the light.

MR. WENTWORTH, of Illinois, writing to his paper from Washington, in regard to the hall of the house of representatives, says—

"It is not generally known that so poorly were the principles of accoustics consulted in the construction of the hall, that two men may be whispering together so low that their next neighbor cannot hear them, and yet all they say is distinctly heard on the opposite side of the house. Men often address the speaker on one side of the house and he turns his eyes to recognize them on the opposite side, mistaking the echo for the voice itself. A gentleman who was occupying the speaker's chair many years since, told me that he had heard in his seat amid a warm debate below, the whispering of a young man, in what is called the 'love corner' of the ladies' gallery, who was making proposals to a young lady in so low a tone that her own mother did not know what was going on. Said my informant, 'I was attending to her duties and she was attending to mine.'"

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Owe no man anything. Keep out of debt, by all means. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Shun it as you would the spirit of evil. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware; do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet and independence, keep out of debt.—As you value, good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, and happy walkings, and keep out of dept.

SOME "QUEER FISH," at St. Louis, in allusion to the "bill for the benefit of married women," when before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of the single ladies, and not trouble themselves so much about other men's wives.

MOB is a queer article of traffic; but the mud of Paris is worth $100,000 to the city, while at retail it sells for 700,000.

FIRST ENTRANCE TO "GOOD SOCIETY."

Talleyrand was a cripple and had, on that account, been deprived of his inheritance, in favor of his younger brother. Depending entirely on his talents, he made his first appearance in the gay society of Paris thus:—"The young Abbe de Talleyrand's first appearance in the gay society of Paris was at the hotel of Madame de Brignole, who was in the habit of receiving the very *elite* of the fashionable world, together with the *lions* of the day. The young man seated himself in a remote corner, so as to observe the passing scene without taking part in it. Soon a modest, retiring looking man and placed himself near him. This was Philidor, the celebrated chess-player, who being a frequent visitor at the house, was able and willing to point out the different distinguished guests to his uninitiated neighbor. D'Alembert, Diderot, and other great men were there and Philidor was complacently commenting on them, for the young abbe's edification, when their quiet corner was suddenly invaded by two young hussar officers, a captain and lieutenant in a regiment especially favored by the unhappy queen Marie Antoinette, and also noted for the free and impertinent manners of the young men who composed it. The two officers were laughing heartly at some exquisite jest between themselves. 'Come into this corner,' said one, 'and I'll finish the story the end of it must be reserved for your private ear.' 'The corner is taken,' replied the other: 'I see Philidor there talking to some young raven just fledged, and flown from the seminary. They'll give up their places. I know Philidor's temper: he'll submit, and the abbe will follow his example.' So saying, they approached the two occupants of the corner and with the coolest impertinence began to annoy them by their words and gestures. Philidor, whose pacific and timid character was well known, immediately prepared to retreat. He cast an imploring glance at the abbe complained of the heat of the room and finally rose and glided away. The Chevalier de Boufilers—one of the officers—took instant possession of the vacant chair, and turning towards the young abbe, stared at him with an insolent expression. The lieutenant took up his position at the other side, and looked at Talleyrand in manner not less offensive. Not the slightest notice, however, did the young man take of either, until the officer, tired of his *sang froid*, inquired 'if he did not find the heat oppressive?' and added the advice to imitate his friend, and seek cooler air in the ante-chamber. Talleyrand, with the utmost politeness, thanked the officer for his considerate kindness; but begged to assure him that his own lungs were so very delicate, that he would fear to encounter the cold air.' The angry blood mounted in the officer's cheek; he was a youth just come from Normandy, and spoke with his native accent in all its purity. 'You look young, my dear abbe,' he said; 'perhaps you have not been at school, and are not aware that you have yet many things to learn; amongst the rest'——'A thousand pardons!' interrupted the abbe, standing up, looking full at his adversary, and imitating to perfection the Norman accent. 'I assure you I *have* been at school: I learned all my letters, and I know that A B (abbe) is not C D (*cedar*, yield;) and moreover that your E P (*epee*, sword) will not make me O T (*oter*, go away.)' By this time a number of the guests had collected, and received Talleyrand's sally with a peal of hearty laughter. The Chevalier de Boufilers himself applauded; but the discomfited Norman, having no reply ready, took himself off as fast as possible. Madame du Deffand happened to be in the room. She heard the repartee, and expressed a warm wish to have the author introduced to her. This was done by De Boufilers himself. This illustrious lady, who was blind invited the young abbe to be seated next to her. She passed her venerable hand over his face, in order to examine the features which she could not see, and then said, 'Go young man, nature has endowed you with her richest gifts. She has placed it in your powerfully to redeem the wrongs of fortune.' The Abbe de Talleyrand soon became known in the highest literary and political circles; his subsequent career belongs to the eventful history of the period."

A FINE ANECDOTE.—'O, you're a 'prentice!' said a little boy, the other day, tauntingly to his companion. The addressed turned proudly around, and, while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strongly blended in his countenance, coolly answered—So was Franklin!"

"HALLO!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor, and saw her on the sofa, in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack—"What's the time of day, how?" "I should think it was about half past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see we are almost one."

A NEW PEN.—Some one in Rochester has invented a pen which can hold ink enough to write over twenty-four pages of foolscap! If he would invent one that would hold ideas enough to cover as many pages, he would confer a favor.

KEEN REPORT.—During the late canvass in Michigan, a surgeon dentist was making an excellent speech in one of the interior towns. A low fellow belonging to the other party interrupted him with the question, "what do you ask to pull a tooth. Doctor?" "I will pull all your teeth for a shilling and your nose gratis," replied the speaker.

HISTORY OF A FIVE DOLLAR NOTE.

There is a moral in the following narrative which has value independent of the condition of the heart which prompted its publication:

NEW BEDFORD, 8mo. 10th, 1849.

"Mr. Pope—Dear Sir: Enclosed I send you $20. Of this amount you probably have no account, More than twenty years ago I lived in a public house in Fairhaven. One morning, in sweeping the bar room, I found a five dollar bill, New York money. Knowing it did not belong to my employer, and supposing the person that had lost it might be far absent, and it would never be called for, I thought it belonging to me if the owner did not call, therefore I put it in my pocket and said nothing about it to any one. It was not more than one or two days before you called and inquired if we had found a five dollar bill. (I say you, for I think it must be you. I had forgotten your name, but within a few years I have heard your name mentioned in connection with the factory, and think it must be you, from the fact that the gentleman stopped at the Widow Pope's, and resided in New York at the same time. I do not know you in person now.) I said I had not found it. It appeared to me the first lie I had ever told, it made such an impression on my mind I was not in the way of lying or stealing.

As I know I never took six cents from my employers in my life; but as I had not said any thing about finding it to my employers, I was ashamed to own up. I rather you had the bill twice over, but I thought that if I owned that I found it and had said nothing about it, they would not have the same high opinion of my honesty which they then had. Although that five dollars has given me many unpleasant hours, still I am not sorry I found the money and kept it. For while a boy I was entrusted with much money, and many times it was in such a way that I might have taken some and no one but God would have known it; and since a man I have done some business, and errors have been made in my favor at bank and with merchants, but the "$5" has always been a regulator to give every man his due. I can truly say, money has no temptation except gained in a fair way. I have no doubt I have given away many dollars in trade, when there has been some mistake, for fear I should not give the persons their due. My success in business has been equal to most young men. I thank God that this did take place, and that I am able to pay you four-fold, and that he has spared my life to do it, I have no doubt you are the gentleman that lost the money, and if you are not, I had rather you had it, as I shall feel as though it was paid.

Yours, with much thought.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO GROW AN ACRE OF POTATOES?—Forman Henrickson, near Allentown, Monmouth county, estimates the labor of preparing the ground, hauling manure, cutting seed, planting, cultivating, digging, and harvesting, at $18 and seven bushels of seed, $3 50. Average crop, 130 bushels.—Land loamy—made rich by peat and lime.

Thomas Hancock, farmer, near Burlington, estimates as follows:

7 bushels cut seed.	$3 50
1 day, with two horses' ploughing,	2 00
2 days' hauling manure,	4 00
1 day 2 men, boy and team planting,	3 00
1 day harrowing, 2 half days' ploughing; and 1 days' hoeing,	3 75
3 days' digging and 2 covering,	3 75
Crop 200 bus. Land sandy loam,	$20 00

Benjamin Cooper's estimate, at Camden:

1 man and 2 horses' ploughing, 2 men and carts' hauling manure, and 1 man cutting and dropping, in every 3d furrow, the manure spread and ploughed in 1 day,	$5 25
½ day's harrowing and 1 cultivating,	3 00
2 days' hoeing,	1 50
1-10th of crop for digging,	7 50
2 men and team one day to put crop in cellar,	3 00
10 bushels seed,	10 00
Crop 150 bus. Land sandy,	$30 25

Rent of land worth $6 an acre.

DEATH OF THE ELDEST INHABITANT.—The last Albany (Geo.) Banner announces the death of Mr. Daniel Hale, of Franklin county, who died on the 2d of July last, in the 119th year of his age, leaving on the premises where he resided, at the time of his death, a son 76 years of age, a grand-daughter of 44 years of age, and a great-grand-daughter 22 years old.

IN KENTUCKY A PLOUGHMAN became enamored of a mill-maid on a neighboring farm. His addresses were rejected! and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and revenge, procured a rope, a went to the barn and—*tied all the cow's tails together.*

TURKISH SYMPATHY FOR THE POPE.—The Sublime Porte has despatched to Pius IX, congratulations on the result of the French siege of Rome, and wishes for the speedy re-establishment of the Pontifical throne.

There are 93 Baptist churches in New Jersey, 64 pastors, 102 ministers, including licentiates and ordained ministers without charges, 12,287 members of whom there were baptised during the year, 729.

PROGRESS OF LANCASTER, PA.—It is estimated that during the year 1849, over 150 new buildings were erected in the city of Lancaster; many of them are of a superior character.