

SUNBURY AMERICAN

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

KING WILLIAM'S DRINKING HORN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

William, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking horn bequeathed;

That whenever they sat at their revels
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of William,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles
Who had preached his holy Word!

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one Saint more.

And the Reader dromed from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomew,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log crackled in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered;
But the Abbot was stark and dead!

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this he revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried: "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

Historical.

KENNEDY'S LIFE OF WIRT.

The Church Maudslayi Case in Baltimore 1807.

The life of William Wirt, by Hon. John P. Kennedy, is undoubtedly the most popular work which has been published for a long time. The extracts which have been made from it in the public papers, is evidence alike of the ability with which the author has performed his task, and of the general interest which belongs to the work. The following extracts, giving an account of the great mandamus church case which created such a sensation in Baltimore in 1827, will give special attractions for every one:—

In May, 1827, Mr. Wirt was engaged in a trial in Baltimore, which attracted great attention, and in which he made one of his most popular and felicitous speeches. A breach had occurred between the members of a Presbyterian congregation in that city—a schism upon doctrinal questions, which found a considerable body of adherents and advocates on either side. Mr. John M. Duncan was the pastor—a gentleman of distinguished eloquence, of a very high order of talents,—a bold and earnest preacher, and of irreproachable life and conversation. He was, therefore, at this period, as he is still, a greatly esteemed and admired minister, with many followers and friends.

Without troubling the reader by an attempt to make him acquainted with the merits of the controversy, it is sufficient to say that the chief point in dispute seemed to be—to whom belonged the church property, especially—who was entitled to the possession of the pulpit, after this unhappy division in doctrine? It was popularly understood in the community where the parties lived—and I speak upon no other authority than this common opinion—that the majority of the congregation, with their pastor at the head, were, in fact, the dissenters from the ancient doctrine which was now maintained by the minority. The church had been built and the property purchased by the contributions of the congregation, of which contributions the majority had supplied the greater part. The dispute was sufficiently irreconcilable to find its way into the courts and to be consigned to the guardianship of the lawyers.

The period of trial had now come round. The most eminent counsel were employed. On the side of the pastor and the majority, was Mr. Wirt. On the other side, was Mr. Taney, the present Chief Justice of the United States. The case was heard upon an application by the minority, for a mandamus to put them in possession of the property. The trial was before the court.—The court room was filled to overflowing by an eager and excited crowd—composed, in part, of the members of the congregation; in part, also, by ladies of the highest fashion and consideration in the city, attracted thither by the general interest of the cause and by the fame of the counsel. Seats were especially provided for them.—It was the first time that the court had ever been honored by such a fair assembly.—The interest, therefore, of the trial was exceedingly hot, and the court room much worse than the weather out of doors.—This was the condition of things on the last day, when Wirt was to close the case before the court. The previous stages of the trial had provoked less interest, and were, therefore, without this extraordinary attendance of spectators.

"I had been told the evening before," says Mr. Wirt, in a letter to his wife, of the 10th of May, "that the ladies had determined to come and hear me; but I had discouraged it, sincerely believing that they would find, no interest in the discussion to require them for the pain of such an attendance, but they wouldn't take the

point. On opening, I gave them warning that the discussion would prove very tiresome, and that I should not feel the least mortified at their retiring whenever they should find it so. This, of course was to the Judge; no mention of ladies; but the intimation was indirectly and very intelligibly given, in terms as delicate, graceful, and cautious as I could find. I did not expect them to stay half an hour, for having set up almost all the preceding night, to make myself more thoroughly master of the cause, I had a head-ache, and was almost stupefied. I had no idea that I should be able to do more than argue the case dryly like a lawyer. But, somehow or other, my faculties seemed to recover themselves by a sudden spring. I never witnessed an audience more interested. I spoke three hours, when the exertion and the oppressive heat of the room had so much exhausted me, that I had to beg the Judge for an intermission of a few minutes. It was now one o'clock, and I was in hopes the audience would disperse, and leave me to finish my argument at my ease. But not a man or woman budged.

"Meredit begged the Judge, on my behalf, for an adjournment till the afternoon. The court was accordingly adjourned till half-past four. I made sure that I should then have a comparatively thin room, and no ladies, and so make cool work of the sequel.

When we re-assembled, instead of a cool, empty room, I was scarcely able to get to the door; and instead of no ladies, the number was double. I was dismayed; for I came fatigued and worn down, and felt certain that I should lose all the laurels of the morning. But again, to my surprise, my mind recovered a fresh spring. I spoke an hour and a-half, and when I closed, there was a clapping of hands, as loud as you have heard in the theatre; ladies and all, even one of the judges joining in it."

This is his own account. The speech is well remembered in Baltimore for its wit as well as its eloquence. Never was a dry legal subject lightened and relieved, whilst it was so fully discussed, by more brilliant flashes of the finest wit and humor, or adorned with a richer eloquence. The public conversation was full of it for weeks afterwards. The newspapers attempted to preserve some of the happiest hits; but, as in all such experiments, only half preserved them; necessarily giving them without the accompaniments of the context, the manner, the gesture and the reciprocal sympathies between the orator and his audience, which could alone render them fully intelligible; in the absence of which they appear flat. The writer of this Memoir heard the speech, felt its effect as others felt it, and saw, without surprise, being himself held in the same thrall, what he would not have believed unseen, how marvelously the orator wrapt in delighted attention that large crowd, composed of both sexes, and many to whom the courts were altogether unfamiliar, whilst he discussed, for the greater part of a day, a question abounding in technical law and occasions for the review of numerous judicial precedents.

He concluded with a passage that was singularly happy in its application to his client, and which, taking the court and auditory unawares, broke upon them with a mingled grave and comic effort; grave for its connexion with one of the grandest scenes of Macbeth, and comic from its unexpected and pointed application to the gentleman who was there present, and upon whose shy and modest countenance it drew all eyes, provoking laughter at its apparent discomfiture. Mr. Duncan, as I have said, was a great favorite, and the public interest in the trial was, in large part, owing to the concern which was felt for him. The advocate, in drawing to a close, spoke of the severity and unkindness of this contention to displace a pastor so much respected by his flock and so useful in his vocation; expatiated upon the stake which the cause of religion had in this proceeding, upon the necessity of avoiding the scandal such divisions were likely to bring upon this cause; upon the reflections to which it would give rise, and the great duty of harmony among Christian brethren; and, whilst all seemed to respond to the truth of what he said, he turned unexpectedly towards his client, who was sitting near him, and with most graceful elocution, said:

"Behold, his Duncan,
Hath been his faculties so weak, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

This conclusion of the speech was greeted with the clapping of hands mentioned in the letter; in which act of applause the large assembly seemed to find a sudden and a pleasant vent for the feelings which had been chained up in mute attention for several hours, and which now broke forth in general congratulation of the orator.

The cause was gained; and Mr. Duncan is, to this day, in possession of the church, illustrating his ministry by a zeal and talent which have abated nothing of their original strength.

A few days after this trial, Mr. Wirt writes again to the same confidential correspondent who was the repository of the feelings expressed in my last letter:—

"I find myself gazed at wherever I go, as if I had just entered Baltimore, for the first time; and hear passages of my speech constantly repeated. They are getting parts of it, I find, into the newspapers; and I had notice to-day, from one of the printers, that a stenographer had been employed on the occasion, and was trying to draw out the whole speech.

"I am afraid he will make a poor work of it, and had much rather that he should let it alone altogether. Indeed, it is more than probable that many things which went off brilliantly in the delivery, from time, place

and manner, will lose their effect on paper. There is another thing that makes me averse to the publication. The opponents of Mr. Duncan are mortified at some little pleasantries which I hit off upon them in the course of my speech; and if these trifles are made to assume a durable form, I fear they will never forgive me. These produced explosions of laughter, and I do not wish to see the laugh perpetuated by the press. I really had no serious intention to "bite much." On the contrary meant only to be a little playful, and to relieve the tedium of a law discussion by an occasional pleasantry. But Meredith told me, on a former occasion, that my playing in discussion, was pretty much like an elephant amusing himself by giving a man a toss with his proboscis to the clouds, in order to see how he would come down.—Now, this never entered my imagination; and I could not, and cannot conceive how a thing manifestly said in laughing, good nature, can give offence. I shall certainly try to stop the publication."

Yours, affectionately,
WM. WIRT.

AN AMERICAN CONSUL INSULTED BY A BRITISH CHARGE.

The Consul Canach the Charge Therefore.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Jan. 15.

An account of a most singular character, involving the conduct of the British Charge d'Affaires at Chili, has been officially communicated to the State Department, and which was received by last night's mail. It appears that Mr. Potter, our Consul at Valparaiso, has been most grossly insulted in the person of his family. The facts are these:—Upon reaching his place of destination, he took rooms at a public hotel and went ashore with his wife, child and nurse. His family was conducted to the suite of rooms by the landlady of the hotel, and after becoming settled, Mr. Potter left for a short time to take a stroll through the city, accompanied by a fellow passenger. While absent one Stephen Henry Sullivan, nephew of Lord Palmerston and Charge of Her Britannic Majesty near the Court of Chili, abruptly entered the rooms occupied by the wife and family of Mr. Potter, and informed her she must leave immediately as she had engaged them. Unaccustomed to such ungentlemanly—I may add, brutal—conduct in her own land, she was overwhelmed with grief at the bearing of this Mr. Sullivan toward her. She informed him her husband was then absent in the city, and entreated him as a gentleman not to turn her out of the rooms in his absence, assuring Mr. Sullivan when he returned that all things could be satisfactorily adjusted; that with a young infant in her arms she had nowhere to go, and that but a short space of time would transpire before the return of her husband. To all such remonstrances he not only turned a deaf ear, but added insult to injury by informing her that she was entitled to no such courtesy at his hands as she "was nothing but a cook!" Mrs. Potter retreated to the apartments of Gen. Herrera, begging his protection until the return of her husband. He not only remonstrated with Sullivan, but an Englishman gentleman also who was mortified to death at the conduct of this contemptible puppy. Nothing, however, could change his purpose, and Mrs. Potter with her child in her arms was ejected from her apartments by this low-bred minion, he following her to the door using the most provoking and insulting language toward her.

On the return of our Consul to the Hotel, his first object was to secure other lodgings for his absent family. This being accomplished, he called at the rooms of this Mr. Sullivan, but he was not to be seen. Waiting a sufficient length of time, he called a second time, but with no better success; and it being then a late hour on Saturday evening he deferred a further interruption of this distinguished personage until the Monday morning following. Upon calling on Monday Mr. Stephen Henry Sullivan concluded to beat home; and as a suitable introduction to American manners and a customs where a man so far forgets what is due to the ordinary decencies of life, as by insulting or treating rudely a lady, our American Consul took her Britannic Majesty's Charge by the collar and gave him as severe a dressing with his cane as was ever inflicted by a gentleman upon a black-guard. The course of Sullivan towards Mrs. Potter has been fully confirmed by statements of disinterested persons transmitted by Mr. Potter to the Department of State; and from all accounts, there can exist no reasonable doubt but that the lesson taught Mr. Sullivan in manners and good breeding will be the most instructive and impressive one he has ever received. If Great Britain has not materially changed, she will not allow this puffed up, brainless boy to remain at Valparaiso a day after the facts are brought home to her knowledge; and if Sullivan had the spirit of a mouse about him, he would not remain there an hour, with the disgrace of a public caning attached to his diplomatic character.—The despatches of our Consul bear date Dec. 13, 1849, and he has made no statement not fully corroborated by disinterested testimony. Such an outrage appears incredibly, but it is nevertheless lamentably true, which will fully appear if the information is called for by Congress. What further notice, if any should be taken of it, will depend upon the action of Her Majesty, in displacing Sullivan or permitting him to remain. Such an insult to American citizens cannot be suffered to escape unnoticed or unrebuked.

ALPHA.

LOVE LABOR, if you do not want it for food you may for physic.

A Select Tale.

"CHANGE MAKES CHANGE."

BY MRS. J. C. NEAL.

"How stupidly Dickens writes nowadays, or else I have grown stupid myself," said Charlie Wood—his friends always called him "Charlie"—throwing down the second number of Copperfield, with a yawn. "I think I must go and see how the boys come on this evening. I don't believe I've been near 'the room' since we've boarded here."

"And leave me all alone!" pouted his lovely bride, or wife, rather, for they had now been married full three months—

"Why, Charlie?"

"Well, Lucy?"

"I didn't think you would have been tired of your little wife so soon. But it's what I might have expected." And by this time her voice lost itself in sobs.

"There, there, now," said her kind-hearted husband, kissing her as he spoke—"Don't get into such a fret, pretty one. But you know I have not passed an evening away from you since we returned from Saratoga; and the boys think I have cut them. I must go to-night. I met Ned Lushlow at the Post Office, and he tells me they are going to have a rehearsal of some of the Ernani music, and wanted my flute. One must make sacrifices for one's friend's sometimes—so I must 'tear myself away' from you for an hour or two."

"Well, go, then. I know it's only an excuse. I've seen for some days you were growing tired of me. You went to sleep last night in the rocking chair, and I sitting right by you."

"Yes, and what were you doing?"

"Why, working a dear, beautiful crocheted bag for cousin Ellen's bridal present."

"I hate crochet. You never can speak a word when you're counting those confounded beads."

"You didn't think so once, when I did that elegant mazarine blue and silver purse for you, when we were first engaged. For you, Lucy, please don't cry, darling. But I must go to-night. So good-bye; I'll be back as usual."

"Not before midnight, I'm certain," broke in the lady; and, as the door closed with a sound much resembling what cross children call a "slam," she threw herself upon the sofa and sobbed as if her husband had deserted her forever, instead of one evening.

Sob! sob! sob! Oh, how unhappy she was! How she wished she had never been married—that she had never left "pa's"!

Sob! sob! How very dreadful to have one's husband tired of your society. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and Lucy Wood began to believe, as she uttered this heart-rending exclamation, that she belonged to that numerous and formidable class of society, "unwedded women."

Her hysterical outbreak had drowned all external noises; and it was only after a repeated double knock, that she became conscious some one was at the door.

It was Mrs. Tyson, who had a room on the next floor of the same hotel—a nice, motherly looking lady of fifty or thereabouts, who had become very much interested in her young fellow boarders.

"I saw Mr. Wood go out, my dear," said she without seeming to notice the swollen eyes of her hostess, (weeping is not becoming to most faces, though we have seen one or two in our lives who could bear this severe test.) "So I thought," continued Mrs. Tyson, "I would just come in and sit a little while; and I don't like to intrude when Mr. Wood is in—I know young people consider their best friends 'de trop' sometimes."

"I'm sure you're very good; but you never need be afraid of that!"—and here the sense of her words rushed back afresh, and found vent in a new flood of tears.—Then followed the most natural thing in the world. The whole of scene first was recounted to her sympathizing listener, with a cordial accompaniment, that "she was sure Charlie was tired of her, and wished he had not married," and much more to the same effect.

"It will not seem very kind in me, after your generous confidence, dear Mrs. Wood, to tell you that such thoughts ought not to be told, even to me. Just think what a risk you ran! If I had not been a prudent, elderly person, who has lived long enough to see the folly and unkindness of gossip and tattling, think what a story I might have made from it! A mutual friend of ours, for instance, would have reported every where to-morrow, that 'the Wood's lived very unhappily; and, between us, I guess they are both sick of their bargain.' In fact, Mrs. Wood told me as much herself! No, you must lay it down as a first principle of married life, never to confide even to your dearest friend any little disagreement or misapprehension that may arise between yourself and husband. Sympathy, in these cases, does more harm than good; and, after all, it is in your own judgment that you must principally rely; for no one but yourself can understand all the circumstances. You are not offended?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, already calmed by this plain statement of an obvious truth.—"I would not have any body think we live unhappily for the world! Why, Charlie has always been devoted to me! He never spoke a cross word to me. Only how does it happen, since I have told you, Mrs. Tyson—how does it happen he seems so indifferent lately, and can even leave me a whole evening. It was not so before our marriage."

"I wonder if he has remarked no difference in you?"

"In me? Oh, no. Why I would not stir for the world."

"That's not the only sin of married life, my dear," said Mrs. Tyson, smiling a little at the naive remark. "Perhaps it is set down as such because society is outraged by it. But indifference is a worse evil than open disagreement, because its attacks are so subtle and intangible. I do not wonder you were alarmed if you thought you perceived any signs of its approach.—But about your conduct. I wonder if you take the same pains to render yourself agreeable as you once did? How did you amuse him in the days of your engagement?"

"Why, Charlie came to the house every evening almost—and if there was no party, or concert, or anything, I dressed as neatly as possible, he always liked to see me well dressed, and he was so particular. Then I sang for him—I used to sing a great deal, though, as I've hardly opened my piano since it came home, I don't know that you have ever heard me."

"Did you crocheted that pretty purse in the evenings?"

"Oh no, that was a surprise—so I did it in the day time; and besides, we could not talk much if I did such work."

"Well, and now you do not make a pretty evening toilette."

Lucy glanced to the opposite mirror and saw there was some truth in the remark. Not expecting visitors, she had thrown on her dressing gown, and tucked her hair back as she called it, and though not exactly untidy, she could but confess she would not have surprised her in such a costume a few months back.

"Oh, but we are married now, it does not make so much difference, you know."

"A bad argument, my dear, unless you can prove that your husband's tastes have changed, and that he prefers to see you look untidy. Then you crocheted in the evening now, when you have ample time while he is at business all day. Moreover, by your own confession, you rarely sing or play for him. Was his taste for music one of those numerous affections of courtship?"

"Oh, no, no, I assure you. He has gone now to a musical club, he asked me only yesterday why I did not play more. But it is such a trouble to keep up your practice. Married ladies are not expected to play."

"My dear child! So this beautiful and ennobling art is to be degraded to an accessory to flirtation merely! Think of the wasted hours you have passed at the piano, if this is all. You remember Miss Carlton, so celebrated as a vocalist in society some years since, she married Mr. Harrison— Well, I assure you, she told me, only last week, that the happiest hour of her day was directly after tea, when she plays for her father and her husband, who are both passionately fond of music. Her little girl is allowed as a reward to set up that hour and listen to "Mamma's pretty songs."

"Oh, I am afraid you are wrong. Why I lately was reading the memoir of a wife of a London clergyman, Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, who records as one of his purest enjoyments her exquisite musical taste and ability. She found time to practise in the midst of engagements and labors that would shame any of us. Now forgive me if I scold you a little. Don't think the indifference is displayed only on one side. Just see for yourself if Mr. Wood has no cause of complaint. Some time I will bring you a clever letter by a German author; Moser is his name. I must read it to you, for I am sure it will do you good. It is on this very point, and is witty as well as wise. But let us talk of something else now, for we must destroy every trace of tears and call back all those smiles before Mr. Wood returns, or I am afraid he will think me a dull substitute for his society."

It was well for Lucy Wood that Mrs. Tyson was a just and sensible woman.—How merrily they chatted away, on so many interesting subjects, and when Charlie returned, as he did at a most reasonable hour—a little fearful of finding clouds and showers, we confess—he was agreeably surprised to see his wife more lively and cheerful than she had been for weeks.—More like his lady love Lucy, when she had first attracted him by her good tempered sprightliness, than the little lady he had left in sobs.

Mrs. Tyson had promised at leaving not to forget the letter of Moser, which our readers cannot fail to be as much interested in as Lucy was sure she should be.—*Sat. Gazette.*

GO IT SA!.

We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board the steamer—, at the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness.—At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table—"Sal dip into the gravy.—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.—Nonpareil.

"I am afraid you are wrong. Why I lately was reading the memoir of a wife of a London clergyman, Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, who records as one of his purest enjoyments her exquisite musical taste and ability. She found time to practise in the midst of engagements and labors that would shame any of us. Now forgive me if I scold you a little. Don't think the indifference is displayed only on one side. Just see for yourself if Mr. Wood has no cause of complaint. Some time I will bring you a clever letter by a German author; Moser is his name. I must read it to you, for I am sure it will do you good. It is on this very point, and is witty as well as wise. But let us talk of something else now, for we must destroy every trace of tears and call back all those smiles before Mr. Wood returns, or I am afraid he will think me a dull substitute for his society."

It was well for Lucy Wood that Mrs. Tyson was a just and sensible woman.—How merrily they chatted away, on so many interesting subjects, and when Charlie returned, as he did at a most reasonable hour—a little fearful of finding clouds and showers, we confess—he was agreeably surprised to see his wife more lively and cheerful than she had been for weeks.—More like his lady love Lucy, when she had first attracted him by her good tempered sprightliness, than the little lady he had left in sobs.

Mrs. Tyson had promised at leaving not to forget the letter of Moser, which our readers cannot fail to be as much interested in as Lucy was sure she should be.—*Sat. Gazette.*

GO IT SA!.

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AN ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.

At the New England Supper in New Orleans, Mr. S. S. Prantiss of Mississippi, who was complimented by a speech, told the following electioneering anecdote:—

He said that six or eight, or twelve years ago, he went to Washington, thinking he was a member of Congress, but he found out his mistake, and came home as fast as possible to get rich. He made speeches in fifty-four of the fifty-six counties in the State. He sent printed bills containing his appointment twenty-six days ahead of him. Now there was a caravan just at his time perambulating the State, and the proprietor advertised himself of the gathering collected by Mr. P.'s notices. This by the way said Mr. P. was quite in the ordinary course of things, as an observer of political excitements must have remarked that a caravan of some kind or other usually follows in their wake.

"The first time Mr. P. saw the elephant was in — county in the northern part of State, near the Alabama line. It is one of the most beautiful counties in Mississippi, its population chiefly from South Carolina, and though they had voted against him on the previous election. He hope their State rights notions would bring them into his support at this contest, when he did not run so much the candidate of a party as the Representative of the State whose dignity and sovereignty had been outraged in his person.

At the appointed hour he found over three hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled to hear him. He was in "high feather;" and began to speak with more than usual energy. The audience listened with marked attention and he felt sure of bagging his game. When he had spoken about an hour, he began to observe some of the outsiders looking over their shoulders and this movement was gradually followed by more and more of his audience. He began to think he was growing dull, and endeavored to rouse himself up to more animation; but it was no good. He at length looked in the popular direction, and there, to his horror, just coming over the hill, was the elephant dressed in his scarlet trappings and oriental splendour, with a hound on his back, occupied by the musicians, and in the rear came a long line of wagons and cages. A foolish feeling of vanity, not to be outdone by the elephant, came over him, and he continued to talk, appealing to the people in the name of the State, his patriotism, &c., &c.; but all in vain. A few well-mannered persons remained, but evidently they were retained only by their politeness.

He found it was no use. So he said: "Well ladies and gentlemen, I am beaten; but I have the consolation of knowing that it is not by my competitor. I will not knock under to any two-legged beast, but I yield to the elephant!" To be sure, he was at first provoked by the preference shown to the beast above himself, but on reflection he was inclined to think the people were right. A Bengal tiger or an India elephant was an animal to be seen once in a lifetime, but politicians they could see every day.

He said, however, he had his revenge a few days after. He found that he must come to some understanding with the caravan. So he agreed with the proprietor that at Holy Springs he would address the people under the great awning for an hour, and then he would give way to the monkey and the clown. He hoped this would not be charged on him as "bargain and corruption." At any rate, it was honestly carried out by both parties. Between himself and the caravan, a large assemblage was gathered under the immense awning. One of the cages was converted into a rostrum.