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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16. 1850.

OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 21

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STRAW BONNET

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SELECT POETRY.

From the Home Journal. THE DIVORCED WIFE.

BY LEELA MORTINER

My heart will wander back To thy lone pathway through the cold, cold And long to find the track

By which from its proud station it was hurled My thoughts about the past Will twine themselves as drops of dew at even

On thirsty flowers are cast, When, bending low they yield their breath

My yearning soul will droop Beneath the chill, harsh gaze of curious eyes, And Hope's tired wing will stoop Unto the dust, leaving her starry skies Amid whose radiant light Her brow has e'er been lifted up, serene, And proudly calm and bright

Though in the distance darkest clouds The flowers about my path
That have not withered in their loveliness, Will now go down to death, And their pale lips the damp earth coldly

press; And tones that sent a thrill Of ecstacy into my heart now mute, Will be remembered still,

Like the last murmur of a trembling lute. Oh, it is hard to take My drear and lonely way far from thy side. The golden chain to break

That bound my fate to thine-a happy bride Dost then remember now The shadowy elms close by that lowly cot, Where to thy love's deep vow
I listened tremblingly and doubted not?

Thou dost remember. Years Have passed away since then, and eyes of Beliewed with anxious tears,

My blooming youth that fondly watched above. Are closed in death. The breast Whose painful throbbings were for me alone to hushed in peaceful rest—

The freed soul to its heavenly home hath gone. Now I am left to look My last upon thy loved and cherished face; Oh, can I ever brook

The world's cold sneer, or from my soul erase The bright and glorious past! Kind death! my breaking heart invokes thy gloom!

Around it softly cast The rayless shadow of the voiceless tomb

A Select Cale.

MARY CLAVERY'S STORY.

The language of the Irish peasantry is invariably strong and metaphorical; and when they would describe their distress, or paint their happiness, it becomes highly poetical. I will illustrate this remark by the story of Mary Clavery, in her own words, as she told it to some very dear friends of mine, who resided at Bannow Parsonage, and who united, in a singularly happy manner, the kindly feelings and active exertions that make a clergyman's family "the blessing of the poor."

One tranquil evening in autumn, a pale, belicate young woman rested her hand on the gate that opened to the green sloping lawn that fronted the Parsonage-house, uncertain whether or not she dared raise the latch, as she gazed wistfully on the group of children who were playing on the green. Although in the veriest garb of misery, she lars—sent by mail to any part of the United States.

Address MUNN & CO., New-York. clung to her tattered cloak were better covered than their mother. She carried on her back a young sickly-looking infant, and its weak cries arrested the attention of the good pastor's youngest daughter, who bade her enter, in that kindly tone which speaks of hope and comfort to the breaking heart. How much is in a kindly voice When the woman had partaken of food and rest, and remained a few days at the par-

sonage, she teld her tale. "May God reward ye-for ye have fed the hungry, and ye have clothed the naked, and we have spoken of hope to her who thought of it no more; and ye have looked like heaven's own angels to one who had forgot the sight of smiles. May God's fresh blessing be about ye-may ye never want !- but a poor woman's prayer is nothing; only I am confident the Almighty will grant we a long life, and a happy death, for your kindness to one who was lone and desolate, in a could world. It little matters where one like me was born, only I came of dacent, honest people, and it could not be said, that any one belonging to me or mine, ever wronged man or mortal; the boys were brave and just-the girls well looking and virtuous: seven of us under one roof, but there was full and plinty of every thing-more especially love, which sweetens all. Well, I married; and I may say, a more soher, industrious boy, never broke the world's bread nor ray Thomas-my Thomas! I ask your pardon, ladies; but my heart swells when I think that may be he's gone to the God who gave him to me first for a blessing, then for a

g heart thrial." The poor woman wept, and the father of the family she was addressing, adopted SUMMEN BUNNETS AND HATS of the newest styles. the figurative language which the Irish so well understand, observed-"The gardener prunes the vine even to bleeding, and suf-

fers the bramble to grow its own way." "That's true-thank ye, Sir, for that sweet word of comfort," she replied smiling faintly; "it's happy to think of God's care -the only care that's over the poorthough it seems ungrateful to say that to lieved he was really gone-gone and that there was no voice to cheer me-Well; we had a clane cabin—a milk white for these did nothing but cry for food. It cow—a trifle of poultry—two or three was wicked, but I wished to die, for my pige, -indeed every comfort in life accord- heart felt breaking -- the little left me was same way.

heart could wish, and one babe came, and then, for it pleased God to take the two first in the feaver; and bad, sure enough, was the trouble, for my husband took it, and there he lay, off and on, for as good as four months; and then the rint got behind hand, and we were forced to sell the cow; one would think the baste had knowledge, for when she was going off to the fair (and by the same token it was my brother-inlaw's sister's son that drove her,) she turned back and mowed-ay, as natural as a child that was quitting the mother. Well; we never could rise the price of a cow agin, and that was a sore loss to us, for God sent pliment. (She was not born a lady, and went." they're the worst to the poor. Musheroom over head, from the rale sort, that are left, generosity.) Well; to make up for that, I was forced to give up some of my best hens, as duty fowl to the lady, on account That wasn't all:—the pigs got the mea-stance is an event, and, to the credit of the sels, and we might have sould them to ad-united good feeling of my favorite Bannow, -the one who knows the rights of all :ye were sick, and ye without a lase? And I am certain my wife never promised any thing of the sort to the woman,' 'I ask course; but she did, for my Mary tould

"'She tould ye a lye, then,' said the landlord-and my husband fired up. 'Sir,' said he, 'if ye were my equal you dar'n't quest was granted. say the likes o' that of my Mary-for though she's not of gentle blood, she's no liar. Then the landlord called my husband an impudent blaguard, and Thomas made answer, that he, being a gentleman, might call him what he pleased; but that none should say that of his wife that she did not desarve; however, the upshot of the thing was, that we got warning to quit all of a suddent : but there was no help for it, as the neighbors said, true for them-that Thomas was by no means as strong a manas before the feaver, and the stewart found out some stranger who offered money down on the nail for the land, for we had it in prime order. Every one cried shame on the landlord, but sure there's no justice for the poor! 'twas a sorrowful parting-for some how a body gets fond of the bits of trees even that grow under their own eye -and I was near my laying-in-and the troubles came at once-and all we could get to shelter us was a damp hole of a place. My husband got plinty of work, and though it wasn't in natur not to lament bygone comforts, yet sure the love was, to e good, firm-ave, firmer than ever, and no blight was on our name, nor isn't to this ing can say, Thomas, or Mary Clavery, ye

owe me the value of a thrancen. "The change of air, and the fretting, and one thing or other, made me very weakly, and we lost the fellow twin to this one it was happy for the darlint-but oh! it was heart-scalding to see it peeking and preking, wasting and wasting, and to want the drop of wine, or the morsal of mate, that might keep it to be a blessing to its parents' grey bairs; it was then just after my child's death, that to drive the sorrow from his heart, Thomas took a little to the drop, and yet he was'nt like other men, that grow cross and fractious; he was always gentle to me and the young ones, but in the end it reined us, as it does all who have any call to it-for he was as fine a young man, though I say it, as ye could see in a day's walk-standing six feet two in his stocking vamps, and admired for his beauty; and we went to the next town to sell my little spinning, that I had done to keep the ducent stitch on the childer; and, as was fated I suppose, who should be there. but the devil in the shape of a recruiting out-and he listed --- listed --- And the parthim-and I stood on the sea shore-and saw him on the deck of that black ship, hi arms crossed over his breast like one me ancholy mad; and it was long before I be

ing to our station, and thankful we were soon gones-I was among strangers-I could for it. Why not! time passed as happy as not bear to go to my own people or place, because I was more like a shame, and my another, but the eldest now was the third spirit was too high to be looked down on. I have travelled from parish to parish, doing a bit of work of any kind when I could get it, and trusting to good Christians to give something to the desolate children, when all else failed."

"You have never heard from your husband ?" "Oh! Sir, he sends his letters to Water-

ford to the care of one I know; but I cannot often hear, the distance is so great." "Did he not forward you money?" "Three pounds; but we owed thirty shillings of it, betwixt rent for the last hole we lived in and two or three other matters. two young ones the next time, and be- I was overjoyed to be able to send the twixt the both I could never get a minute money, for the debts laid heavy on my

to do the bit o' spinning or knitting that the | heart; and to be sure the children wanted landlord's wife expected as a yearly com- many a little thing, and the remainder soon

The "good pastor and his fire-side" were gentry! that spring up, and buy land, hand deeply interested in Mary Clavery's simple tale; and on further inquiry its truth was in the long run, without cross or coin to fully established, and it was also found that bless themselves with-all owing to their her husband was in the regiment then at Jamaica, commanded by the clergyman's brother, a gallant and distinguished officer. The story circulated very quickly in a that she praised their handsome toppings, neighborhood where every little circumvantage; but my husband says, says he- be it known, that on the very same Sabbath Mary, we have had disease and death in morning, in the Protestant church and our own house, and don't let us be the Catholic chapel, a collection was made for manes of selling unwholesome mate upon the benefit of the distressed family, and no account; because it brings ill health, another week saw Mary and her children and we to answer for it, when nothin' will in quiet possession of a small two-roomed rogueish ones, straight against each other, conversing at the door, as to the best meand no one to judge them but the Almighty thou of procuring the industrious woman continued employment; and Hetta, Merithat was true for him. Well; we might anne, and Ellen (the clergyman's daughlord's park, and we depended on it for next | potatoes---Master Ben engaged to "teach" | gale day,) nothing would sarve the land- the children for nothing--Mrs. Cassidy lord but he must take it out of our hands, sent, as her offering, a fine fat little pigwidout any notice, to plant trees upon. I Mrs. Corish presented a motherly, wellwent to my lady, and to soften her like, educated goose, capable of bringing up a took what was left of my poor fowl—the numerous family respectably. Good Mr. cock and all-as a present; she accepted Billy, as considerate and worthy an old them very genteelly, to be sure, and promi- bachelor as ever lived (how angry I am sed we should have another field, and com- with good men for becoming old bachelors,) lady and me. "Don't bother me, man," could hardly believe the reality of what tures was the answer he made; 'compensation had occurred. Her kind friends at the "Men are not perfect -women are not perindeed! what compensation am I to have Parsonage, however, saw that something feet. In all cases, there must exist a necesfor being out of my rent so long-the time more was wanting to make their protege perfectly happy. What that was need I tell ! my lady readers have surely guessed it already, and even the gentlemen have ye'r pardon, Sir,' replied Thomas, civil of found it out. The clergyman, without acquainting Mrs. Clavery, had written to his brother, mentioning all the particulars, and begging Thomas's discharge: the last post

had brought him a letter, saving that his re-Need I pursue my story farther !

[The following is an extract from Bowlike to see the original, as we suspect an erfor in the first six lines of the translation .-It is not one, however, which would affect

"Brekeke. Brekeke, brekeke! Konk, too-oo! Brokeke, konx-brekeke, tooloo Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke brekeke; Kons. konx--too-oo; too-oo; Brekeke, brokeke "Tis the dawn of delight to the sons of the pond-From its green bed they look to the bright moon beyond Brekeke, brekeke, Konx, too-oo;

Konx, konx-too-North the green vanited wave how we thrive and hav thriven ! All honor and praise to his wisdom be given Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke;

Koux, boox-top-po, top-po til A WRITTEN LANGUAGE IN WEST AFRICA .day : thank God for it, for nobody breath- One of the Sierie Leone Agents of the Church absence and want of family resemblance. Mission Society of London, the Rev. Mr. Koelle, has discovered a written language existing in the interior of West Africa, in the Vy language. Mr. Koelle says that the alphabet consists of about one hundred letters, each representing a syllable. The new character is said to have no analogy with any other known Mr. Koelle has taken a passage on board a vessel going to the nearest point from which the Vy nation can be reached, with the resolution to investage fully this interesting discovery.

> 4I thought it was Californey that was try ing to get in," said Mrs. Partington, as she read the last ballotings for Clerk in the House of Representatives, "but it's Mr. Forney. But I 'spose it's anonymous to the same thing; they've only dropped the proviso."

To KEEP A House FROM STRAVING -The

feelanders have a most curious custom : and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which is peculiar to that coun- forth her sire-in a double row of teeth sargent-and when the drink's in, the wit's try. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to ing-oh! but I thought the life would lave alight for the purpose of visiting some object -sure I followed him to the place of at a distance from the road, they tie the head embarkment, and there they druv me from of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state, it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other another, and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will only be in a circle, and even then there must te an agreement to turn their heads the

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

The editress of the Literary Gazette, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pearson, in an article addressed to young ladies, upon the subject of marriage discourses as follows:

"Do not, as you value life and its comfort, marry a man who is naturally cruel. If he will wantonly torture a poor dumb dog, a cat or even a snake, fly from him as you would from cholera. We would sooner see our cruel-hearted man. If his nature delights in less children. When we see a man practiswrite over against his name-devil, and shun | tions in the bosoms of brave knights and gen-

him accordingly "We once knew a man, ay, a gentleman, who during the ride for pleasure became so shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric demonically enraged at his horse, which re- combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns and fused to go, that he sprang from his carriage kingdoms. The forging of a thunderbolt was drew his knife, and cut out an eye of the ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of work to get married, and the happy pair were poor brute. The lady who accompanied him ainted ; suffered a long nervons illness, and | beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the will never recover from the horror the outrage gave her. And we knew the young la- In ancient warfare, the hammer was a powdy who knowing this of him, was fool-hardy, erful weapon, independent of the blade how he tortured her. How he outraged all broken through the cap and helmet by a blow her feelings; how he delighted to destroy whatever she prized, or took pleasure in. How in his fits of passion he broke up her furniture, seized her by the shoulder and progress was arrested, and the brave and shook her till she could not crawl to bed; how he beat her; how he kept her poor babe black and blue with blows and pinces until be to the fore, but the honest deeds and the cabin; the parish minister and parish priest her parents took her home, and sheltered, her from his cruelty.

"If you have a suitor whom you feel inclined to favor, look narrowly into the temhave got up again, for my poor Thomas ters,) busily engaged in arranging new nog-worked like any negro to the full; but just gins and plates, and all manner of cottage soften it for a while, or it may induce him after we had sowed our little field of wheat, furniture to their own sweet taste; then to restrain, or disguise it, but, be assured, the (it was almost at the corner of the land- farmer Corish gave Mrs. Clavery a sack of natural temper will remain, and the time will come, when your presence will be no restraint upon him. We have heard wives complain, "I was so deceived in my husband men are so deceitful," &c. But we believe in nine cases out of ten, these women deceived themselves. They suffered the romance of their own foolish heart, to adorn their lover with all the excellencies which pensation money. Wel!, we waited, but sent her a setting hen and seven eggs :-- in their fancy attributed to a perfect manly charno sign of it; at last my husband made short, the little cottage and garden were acter, and to draw a veil over all his vices bould to go to the landlord himself, and stocked so quickly, and yet so well, and and defects, which, if it did not conceat tould him all that had passed between the the poor woman was so grateful that she them, greatly softened or disguised their fea-

fore follow that you should marry a bad men knowing him to be a bad man. If you do so you deserve chastisement; but a life-long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in a continual torment of fear, apprehension, and the bitter disappointment of her fruitless efforts to please; or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of these terrible alternatives ! We hope not.!

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser in the course of an account of a levee held by President Taylor, gives the following warm description of Mrs. Bliss, who acts as hostess on these court occasions He

"Pessing from the old General, we were presented to his daughter, the accomplished Mrs. Bliss. She was standing in the middle of the same room-her back resting against the centre table surrounded by a host of admiring friends of both sexes, she received us with a polite courtesy and the blandest smiles. Her part during the whole evening was performed with great dignity of manner and with an ease and grace that would well become any princess of an Eastern Court. Her face is remarkable for ila complacent beauty; and her figure is rather slight, and faultless. No one would ever take her to be the daughter of her illustrious sire, judging from the total While the old General's face is very strongly marked with the characteristics of his character, with a heavy natural frown, and a rigid exhibition of all those well known traits of firmness, determination, courage and benevolence, her's is the sweet and begignant smile of the rain bow itself-pure, placid, and modest, indicating a natural refinement of intellect and moral excellence, sublime in its own gentle and tender beauty.

Whilst, in figure, the veteran of the wars is short-limbed, long in the body, terse; rigid, compact, and powerful; with a frame of iron or adamant, her's is the delicate structure of the fawn, with its grace and gentleness, and appears as flexible as the gazelle. Her father's eye is large, lustrous, full of expression, and black as night-her's is sufficiently large mild in expression, melting with kindness and sympathy, and reflecting back

"The glorious tint of Heaven's ethereal blue !" In one personal feature alone she mirrors strong, white, and beautifully regular. They are a predominant feature in the President. and so they are with his lovely daughter.

In dress she is as simple and anostentation as her republican father. She was neatly at tired in a plain pink tulle of light muslin with the short-armsleeves and neck edge with narrow point-lace. Not an ornament or jewel of any description was to be seen about her person, and in this respect proved the truthfulness of that well known maxim, "beapty, when unadorned, adorned the THE HAMMER

The following appropriate panegyric on this primitive instrument, which was the first invention in mechanics, and perhaps also the first in war, is taken from the Scientific American :-The hammer is the universal emblem of

sword of contention and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free daughter dying of cholers, than married to a and the shackles of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece torture, he will not spare his wife, or his help- and Rome to a thousand battle-fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those ing cruelty on any poor helpless creature, or fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration beating a factious horse unmercifully, we of song has kindled high hopes & noble aspiratle demes, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology mough to become his wife. And we know which it formed.—Many a stout skull was of Vulcan's weapon .- The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but on the plains of France their simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Muselman was Martel-"the hammer," The hammer, the savious and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a louse is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls. wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer, civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes; but in skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and so beyalo seco.

LETTERS. The arrival of the post is an occasion of

for whom the interest of life itself is not altogether gone. Those little quadrangular ters would sit on the boys' laps." mysteries, so unsuggestive, unmeaning, un onscious-looking-what may not the breakng of their seals disclose to us? What omipotence of woe may be shut within the olds of a single sheet of paper! It were well f we thought more of the tremendous signiicance of written words. They are irrevocable-unchangeable-eternal; no after-penience can erase, no returning tenderness sofen, no prayer remove them. Once written hey are written forever upon the heart of him who reads them. Speak harshly to a friend, and it may easily be forgiven and soon forgotten; the next tone betrays relenting, the merest gesture pleads for reconciliation; but let the cold, or bitter, or careless words be written, and they remain forever in their full carelessness, bitterness, or coldness: ruthless are they, for though you weep Medical Times, in referring to moustaches of as you read, they change not, and your ut- medical students, assures a correspondent most shrinking avails not to make them strike that "monstaches have their uses; and among one wound the less, or one whit the less deep- the most important, they are considered to ly. One little page has power to change a point out the liflest, the vainest, the most whole life. Moreover, the spirit which rules self-conceited, if not, probably, the most disthem is more powerful for evil than for good solute in the class. They are beacons to -at least, in matters of feeling. Kind words | warn others." and gentle thoughts lose half their force and all their charm when they lack the voice to impress, and the look to sweeten them; but the written repulse has tenfold power to freeze-the written repreach has all the bitterness of unmistakable reality. No power of self-deception can withstand them-no assumed callousness shield you against them. Still more awful is it to write one sentence which may tempt to wrong, or throw even a noment's difficulty into the path of virtue; if there be a sin in the forgiveness of which t must be hard for a dying penitent to believe, though years of repentance lay between him and its commission, it is this-to have put a weapon into Satan's hand, which may last as long as time itself. To the sinner. perchance, it was but the deed of a moment is as a pebble cast into the waters, the circle of whose vibrations shall finally embrace the whole time-odean .- Mrs. Ellis.

A WARM STRAIN. Let him kiss me, let him kiss me, With the kisses of his mouth,

For his bursting lip is glowing With the glories of the South! Oh! the rosy wine is luscious, In his chalices of gold; But his love to me is sweeter, Yea, a thousand, thousand fold : And the very air that dances Neath the numbers of his name, Smites my soul with dreamy music; And my heaving heart with flame, For I love him, yea, I love him! So that e'en his name shall be, Like the breeze that hunts the odor From some blossom-crowded tree To our heaven-hallowed temples, To the virgins, and to me.

Dublin Nation

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher asked his class. la not God everywhere present 22 "Wes." was the general answer, except one little lad said "No." The teacher asked, "Where is not God present " "He is not in all the thoughts of the wicked," was the child's TOO BUSY TO BE MARRIED.

A New York correspondent of the Sun tells the following funny story:

On Friday last, a young and pretty Datch girl entered the Marine Court and requested one of the officials in attendance to inform her "if dat vas vere dev married de people ?" nechanics. With it are alike forged the Being told that it was, she looked smilingly upon the officer, and holding up her head as if impressed with the responsibility of her position, addressed him with, "Vill you marry me, den?" "Marry you?" said the officer. "oh, I can't do that, I have a wife already." "I don't vant to be married to you, but I vant you to marry me," replied she. "Oh! ah, that is a different case; but who do you want to be married to 2" "To Fritz, but he vas so busy he couldn't come, and said I might get it done." When informed that this marrying by proxy would not answer, the poor girl left, and the next day returned with Fritz, who had managed to quit his made one by his honor, the Mayor.

THE MUTE'S PRAYER

At an annual exhibition of the Deaf Mutes in the Indiana Institution, the fact was stated, that Indiana was the first State in the Union to provide for the gratuitous education of her deaf mutes. Since the establishment of that institution, several other States have ollowed the noble example. The following Prayer was recently delivered, by signs, by Miss Orchard, one of the pupils in the Indiana

THE MUTE'S PRAYER.

God bless the Sinte whose generous arm sustains With willing offerings from her spreading puting Had ever rouged, unblest of science light; Had never learned thy mered Word to love. Nor hoped to rest within thy courts above. With golden harvest let her fields be crowned, While peace and plenty sprend their joys around God of all nations! grant her sons may live For her and Thee alone; and wilt Thou give, When earth no more its annual circuit rolls, And Angel's hand the knell of ruin tolls, A penceful end, with parting splendors crowned, Slow let her arch of empire crumble to the ground.

Queen Ginis .- A paper published at Akn, Ohio, states that some time since a party of gentlemen and their ladies, from that village, visited a place of refreshment in Middleburg, where they passed a short time; after they had departed, a boy about the house, who had occasion to enter the room several times during their stay, remarked that "they were the queerest gals he ever nterest to everybody, that is, to everybody see'd, cause when there were chairs enough in the room for them to sit on, the tarnal crit-

LOVE GEOGRAPHY .- "Bob, where is the

state of matrimony ?" "It is one of the United States. It is bound ed by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against !"

Use of a Moustague.-The editor of the

A PRIEND, lately married, but fairly out of the sweet month, came to Mr. Snooks, with sorrowful countenance and said, "Snooks, I'm the most unfortunate wretch living. The fact is, I have married a fool." "Ali," exclaimed Snooks, with a look of

commisseration, "but never mind it, my dear fellow, that calamity does not excite my compassion so much as a previous one of "Why, what was that?"

"That you were born one."

"An." said a mischievous wag to a lady equaintance, of an aristocratic caste, of perceive you have been learning a trade." "Learning a trade," replied the lady, in-

ignantly, "you are very much mistaken." Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks you had inrued painter."

The lady waxed wrathy, and the wag

PARTY COLORS IN PRUSSIA .- The reaction ists in Berlin wear black and white cockadas The Democrats wear black, red and gold. It is forbidden to wear simply the red color of the Republicans. A correspondent of the Boston Traveller says, an Irishman who wore a pair of red glass studs was stopped by a police man and ask to move them. 'Why ! inquired. "Because they are red." "But is not black also one of the democratic colors P' he further inquired. "Certainly," said the officer. "Then why don't you take off your hat, for that is black 3"

MATRIMONIAL MEASURE, Two Polkasmake ne Furtation. Three Flirtations make one Squeeze of

the Handand said lo sans, Four Squeezes make one Kiss. Five Kisses make one Mosclight Meeting.

Two Moonlight Meetings make one Wed

Two Weddings make Four Fools