

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY ALFRED EVELYN.

On restless pillow tossed the bride— Her spouse in sleep profound reposed; "Past one o'clock," the watchman cried, And yawned, and rubbed his eyes—and dozed.

One of the moous gay minions, near, Paused till again he soundly slept; Then, seeing that the coast was clear, Within the chamber lightly stepped.

With stealthy tread he neared the bed; His eyes their thirst could scarcely slake; "With such a wealth of charms!" he said, "My friend you'll want not what I take; This wealth—these jewels, and this purse— Are trash you'll scarce a moment miss, Nor do I think you'll be the worse Should I those pouting rose-lips kiss."

And as he said, he bowed his head, And pressed his hungry lips to hers; And rather long, it seems, they fed, For in her sleep the fair bride stirs. She thinks it is her darling lord, And clasps him closer in her arms, And smiles to feel she's so adored, That 'en in sleep he seeks her charms.

"My dear," next morn, observes the bride, "You kissed me in your sleep last night;" "Oh! no, my love," the spouse replied; "She still persisted she was right, We'll not detail the loving strife, That 'twixt them on the subject rose; A spouse with such a charming wife Would be a brute to come to blows.

The Sun is up, 'tis time to rise; But where's his watch—her jewels, where? They hunt—they search—he damns his eyes; (How much it eases one to swear,) No watch appears, no jewels come; More treasures, as they search, they miss; The wife, with grief and horror dumb, Found words at last—"the stole that kiss!"

I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU. BY THE LATE MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD. I have something sweet to tell you, But the secret you must keep; And remember, if it isn't right, I am "Talking in my sleep!"

For I know I am but dreaming, When I think your love is mine; And I know they are but seeming, All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember when I tell you, What I cannot longer keep, We are none of us responsible For what we say in sleep. My pretty secret's coming! O, listen with your heart, And you shall hear it humming, So close't will make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest, Or mine will wildly weep; I love you! I adore you! but—I am talking in my sleep!"

A Select Tale.

Translated for the American.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER. A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

An old man stood at the window in the New Year's midnight, and gazed for a long time in deep despair upon the fixed, eternal, glorious Heaven, and down upon the still, white, pure earth, upon which there was now no one, so sleepless and joyless as he.

For his grave stood close by him. It was only concealed by the snow of age, not by the green of youth, and he brought with him out of a full, rich life, nothing but error, sin and disease; a wasted body, a desolate soul, the heart full of poison, and an old age of repentance.

The beautiful days of his youth returned to him at that moment, as spectres, and carried him back again to that fair morning, when his father first placed him upon the threshold of life, which, to the right, leads upon the sun-path of virtue, into a wide and quiet land, full of light, harvests, and angels; but which to the left, draws down into the mole-track of crime, into a black abyss filled with dripping poison, full of serpents ready to dart upon their prey, and of dismal close exhalations.

And the serpents hum around his breast and the dripping poison upon his tongue, and he knew now, when he was distracted, and with unspeakable sorrow, he exclaimed aloud to Heaven.

"Give me again my youth!" Oh! Father place me again upon the threshold, in order that I may choose differently. But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw Will of the Wisp dance among the marshes, and become extinct in the church yard, and said—"They are my mis-spent days. He saw a star fall from heaven, glimmer in its descent, and dissolve as it reached the earth, "That am I," said his bleeding heart; and the serpent's tooth of remorse dug deeper into its wounds.

His glowing imagination pictured upon the roofs, crawling night wanderers, and a windmill raised its arms threatening to crush him, and a skull which had been left in the charnel-house, gradually assumed his own features. In the midst of the strife, music suddenly flowed in upon the New Year from the tower below, as of distant chanting. His mind became more calm, he looked around the horizon and upon the white earth, and he thought of the friend of his youth, who now better and happier than he, was a teacher upon the earth, the father of happy children and blessed among men, and said,

"Oh! I too could have slept this night with dry eyes, had I but wisely chosen!—Ah! beloved parents, I could be happy if I had but fulfilled your New Year's wishes."

Amid these feverish reminiscences of his youth; the skull with his features appeared to rise before him, and by means of that superstition, which on New Year's eve, sees ghosts and future events, was at last changed into a living youth.

He could see no more—he covered his eyes—a thousand hot tears streamed upon the snow—he sighed deeply and distractedly—inconsolable, murmured—"Come again—youth—come again."

And it came again: for in the New Year's night he had only so horribly dreamed; he was still a youth, but his errors had been no dream.

He thanked God, that he, yet in his youth, could turn away from the impure courses of vice, and return to the sunny path which leads to the pure land of harvest.

Turn with him, youthful reader, if thou standest in the path of error. This fearful dream shall in future become thy judge; but if thou shalt then call "Return to me, beautiful youth," know that it cannot come.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL. A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR. [We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of this city. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty.—

Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land-agent to the west. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! This perfidy rarely drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar; until, at last, a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.—Eos. BULLETIN.]

At an early hour the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war-torn past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports inauspiciously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Penick of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy-petifoggers dared not brave again the sharp wit of Pike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff. "No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death. Judge Mills repeated the question. "I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd situated behind the bar. At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantine blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name's being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into feline sneer. "I may be allowed to appear once, by the courtesy of the court and bar.—Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which, with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off.

Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike, and to darken even in the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had caught a Tartar; but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich rain of wit, and a hail-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order!" "order!" of the bench.—Thus wonderfully susceptible are the southwestern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence!

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and staid, and motionless in his seat, his pale smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain-peak of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the forehead with his long bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper; his sallow face kindled up; and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fires globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled and fled dismayed from the court-house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction.—He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furiously at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the tenderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemma, such as no sophistry could overlap and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and

having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre!

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator.—His action, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence. His face was red as a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunder-bolts!—He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and described the sorrows of the widowed living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the by-standers. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict for fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchmen, and beaten almost to death!

As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light!"

The crowd, of course, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort.—This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng, and Bascom; but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE. I led the horse to a stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on; "for," he said, "it was a downright imposition for such a large horse to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this," when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—Cattle's Life of Coleridge.

NATURAL BAROMETER.—A state of the atmosphere which indicates a change of weather produces a more or less visible effect on all animals, as cats, dogs, frogs, hogs, &c.; but the spider is said to possess this quality in a more eminent degree than all the other animals, and is peculiarly fitted to serve as an unerring barometer.

These insects have two different ways of weaving their webs, by which we may know what weather we are to have. When the weather inclines to turn rainy or windy, they make the principal or foundation threads of their whole web very short, and rather thick whereas, when pleasant weather is expected, they spin them much longer and finer.

Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather, with certainty, for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long.

This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the states of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain.

INSTINCT OF THE CAT.—It is stated that during the severity of the cholera at Harper's Ferry, the cats migrated in large numbers. The night watch on the railroad bridge saw as many as five or six cross the bridge of a night. They became very scarce, and if one was observed at the place, it would be found on a bill with an air of great alarm.

THE WHALE'S STRENGTH.

The most dreadful display of the Whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made on the American Whale ship Essex, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean, in August 1849. Late in the fall of the same year, when in the latitude forty of the South Pacific, a school of sperm Whales were discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work, a sperm Whale, judged to be eighty-three feet long broke water twenty rods from the ship on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bow of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious Whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed across the vessel's course to the windward. Meanwhile the hands on deck discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out "God have mercy! he comes again!"

The Whale had turned at about forty rods from the ship, and was making for her with double its former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing ahead, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The Whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in five minutes from the first collision. But five souls out of twenty were saved.

MUSIC OF THE PACIFIC. No one can be in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the deep, solemn crashes of the surf as it breaks along the shore. There is no continuous roar of the plunging wave, as we hear on the Atlantic sea-board; the slow, regular swells—quick pulsations of the great Pacific's heart—roll inward in unbroken lines, and fall with single grand crashes with intervals of dead silence between them. They may be heard through the day, if one listens, like a solemn undertone to all the shallow noise of the town; but at midnight, when all else are still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexplicable solemnity. All the air from the pine forest of the sea, is filled with a light tremor, and the intermitting beats of sound are strong enough to jar a delicate ear. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some scathing sorrow, could scarcely bear the reverberation.—Taylor's California.

IRISH ANECDOTE. Willis, writing upon "Scenery in Ireland," gives a couple of anecdotes, that were brought out by the driver of an Irish jaunting car, in which Willis was the only passenger. A young fellow was seen leading an ass. The driver addressed him:

"Good morning, neighbor!—is that your own?"

"No," replied the boy, "he's my father's." "In truth—I knew he was one of the family, for he's the very victor of the old man," retorted Barney, with a loud guffaw; at the same time applying the whip vigorously to his horse to escape the vengeance of the irritated lad, who was searching on the road for a "lump of a two year old," i. e., a stone not larger than a bullock's kidney, with which he meant to return Barney's witticisms. His next essay was upon a good-looking country girl, who, with her bare feet and well gathered-up petticoats, was daintily picking her way along a plashy part of the road.

"Mind your steps, ma cailleen dhia, or you'll dirty your birth-day stockings," cried he.

"Never fear, abouchal. But if I do, where's the harm? Sure they're warranted to wash, and hold the color always," replied the girl smartly.

"I wonder, then, how they'd look turned?" inquired Barney, with a grin.

"About as purty as your own eyes," answered she, glancing knowingly at the questioner.

The girl's allusion to the obliquity of Barney's optics, disconcerted him a little; he flourished his whip, began to whistle vehemently, and looked out for a fitter object to crack his joke upon.

A WRITER in California says he knows a person whose wife made a very handsome sum by washing linen whilst her husband was away at the mines. Think of twelve dollars a dozen, eh! Her husband remained absent somewhere about four weeks, and though he came back with a pretty good "find," she good woman, laughed outright at the gold-washing, for her shirt washing had realized, during the same period, nearly double the value in dollars of the ore he had found.

A REPORT in favor of gotta percha soles has been issued by the authorities of Greenwhich Hospital School, after a six months trial by 800 boys.

THE LIND PRIZE SONG.

The following, written by Epes Sargeant, was selected by four of the committee appointed to decide upon the prize song, but they yielded their opinions in deference to Mr. Benedict, who preferred Bayard Taylor's, so says the New York Mirror:

SALUTATION TO AMERICA.

Land of the beautiful, land of the free, Often my heart had turned, longing to thee; Often had mountain, lake, torrent and stream Gleamed on my waking thought, crowded my dream;

Now thou receivest me from the broad sea, Land of the beautiful, land of the free! Fair to the eye, in thy grandeur thou art; O doubly fair, doubly dear to the heart! Far to the exile, the trodden, the poor, Through the wide world; thou has opened thy door;

Millions crowd in, and are welcomed by thee— Land of the beautiful, land of the free! Land of the Future! Here Art shall repair— Kinder thy gale than her own Grecian air! Since her true votaries ever have found Lofly desert by America crowned!

Where, in her pride, should she dwell but with thee? Land of the beautiful, land of the free! Sculpture for thee shall immortalize Form; Painting illumine, and Poetry warm; Music devote all her fervor divine To a heart service at Liberty's shrine Till all thy gifts doubly precious shall be, Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Hail! then, Republic of Washington, hail! Never may star of thy Union wax pale! Hope of the world! may each orphan of ill Fade in the light of thy destiny still; Time bring but increase and honor to thee, Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Sun, writing from Madrid, Spain, under date of the 1st ult., says:—"The fees which have hitherto belonged to the Captain-Generalcy of Cuba, are to be abolished when La Concha enters into office, and in lieu thereof the salary is to be raised. The horrible fact is beginning to leak out among the people, that Roncali, and O'Donnell, and in fact all the Captain-Generals, have made immense sums of money by being concerned in the African Slave Trade. Although Spain with England, France and the United States, is bound by solemn treaty to prevent this traffic in human blood, she has now for years secretly permitted and encouraged her Captain-General in Cuba, to land hundreds of cargoes of slaves, direct from the Coast of Africa. Roncali is said to have made \$400,000 on African slaves the past 18 months, and the Spanish treasury has received \$1,000,000.

In a late discussion in the English Parliament, Mr. Mowatt complained of the stretch which prevailed in the House during the evening, which he declared to be intolerable. Mr. Hume thought the stretch very natural, considering the general corruption of the House. This bon mot, the first ever perpetrated by Mr. Hume, caused extraordinary astonishment and admiration; the Hon. member himself seemed quite amazed at his own brilliancy.

THE CITY COUNCIL OF READING have contributed \$5000 toward relieving the sufferers by the flood. More than one hundred families have been literally stripped of everything they possessed in the world, and left without a roof to shelter them, with not a vestige of their household goods, and in many cases with neither a particle of clothing or a morsel of food.

GETTING OFF EASY.—One of the State passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for intruding the statute. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing about where the muzzle shall be placed, and I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put it on his tail!"

If all our hopes, and all our fears, We prisoners in life's narrow bound, If travellers through this vale of tears, We saw no better world beyond;

Oh! what could check the rising sigh! What earthly thing could pleasures give! Oh! who would venture then to die, Or t who would venture then, to live!

PEACHES.—Sixty-three thousand baskets of peaches arrived in New York on Friday, and fifty-one thousand on Saturday. Not less than eight hundred thousand baskets have been sold in New York this season. They are now cheap as dirt, and we would advise some of our speculators to send them to Boston, where they are worth \$1.50 per basket. At Hightstown, N. J., there is a kiln in operation, which dries 60 bushels of peaches per day.—N. Y. Express.

WILL SALTPETRE EXPLODE?—An answer to 'his long-mooted question may perhaps be found in the following paragraph, which we cut out from an English paper:

"The ship Elizabeth Anislie has been destroyed by fire at Cumingston, in India. She was laden with cotton, saltpetre and opium. A case of spirits first caught fire, and almost