



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE SEASONS

Is a quaint, thoughtful little poem—by a German, who died in 1676—

In fair Spring's fresh budding hours, What adorns our garden bowers?

Little flowers.

When departing Spring we mourn, What is shed from Summer's horn?

Hay and corn.

What is Autumn's bounteous sign, Mark of Providence divine?

Fruit and wine.

When old Winter, hobbling slow, Comes, what do we gain, O ye know?

Ice and snow.

Hay and corn, and little flowers, Ice, and snow, fruit and wine are ours,

Given to us every year, By Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, As they each in turn appear.

Spring gives pleasure, Summer pleasures, Autumn gladness, Winter sadness, Spring revives, Summer thrives, Autumn pleases, Winter freezes.

Therefore, friends, we all have reason To extol each coming season.

Spring and Summer Autumn Winter, Honor, counsel, deeds sublime, Are the precious gifts of time.

A Thrilling Story.

A BATTLE WITH BLOODHOUNDS: A Thrilling Incident of the Mexican War.

BY MAYNE REID.

It was daylight when I awoke—broad daylight. My companions, all but Clayley, were already astir, and had kindled a fire with a species of wood known to Raoul, that produced hardly any smoke. They were preparing breakfast. On a limb, close by, hung the hideous, human-like carcass of a iguana, still writhing. Raoul was whetting a knife to skin it, while Lincoln was at some distance carefully reloading his rifle.

The iguana was soon skinned and broiled; and we commenced eating, all of us with good appetites.

"Be silent, Patrick," said Chana, "this hater froz eatin' all hollow. It's little myself dhramed, in the old sod, hearing of thin nigwits in furin parts, that I'd be kany-nawg myself some day!"

"Don't you like it, Muriah?" asked Raoul, jocosely.

"Oh, indeed, yes it's better than an empty briddasket; but if ye could taste a small trifle of a Wicklow ham this mornin', and a smillin' pratie, instid of this brown soap, ye?"

"Hist!" said Lincoln, starting suddenly, and holding the bit half way to his mouth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'll tell yer, in a minit, Cap'n. The hunter waived his hand to enjoin silence, and, striding to the edge of the glade, fell flat to the ground. We knew that he was listening, and waited for the result. We had not long to wait, for he had scarce brought his ear in contact with the earth, when he sprang suddenly up, again, exclaiming:

"Houns traillin' us, by the Eternal God!"

It was seldom that Lincoln uttered an oath, and when he did there was something awful in his manner. He wore a despairing look, too, unusual to the bold character of his features. This, with a terribly appalling statement, acted on us like a galvanic shock; and by one impulse, we leaped from the fire, and threw ourselves flat upon the grass. Not a word was spoken, as we strained our ears to listen. At first, we could distinguish a low, moaning sound, like the hum of a wild bee; it seemed to come out of the earth. After a little, it grew louder and sharper; then it ended in a yelp, and ceased altogether. After a short interval, it began afresh, this time still clearer; and then the yelp, loud and sharp and vengeful—there was no mistaking that sound. It was the bark of the Spanish bloodhound! We sprang up simultaneously, looking round for weapons, and then staring at each other with an expression of despair. The rifle and case-knives were all the weapons we had.

"What's to be done?" cried one, and all eyes were turned upon Lincoln.

The hunter stood motionless, clutching his rifle and looking to the ground.

"How fur's the crack, Raoul?" he asked, after a pause.

"Not a hundred yards; this way it lies."

"I kin see no other chance, Cap'n than ter take the water; we may bamboozle the hounds a bit, if there's good wadin'."

"Nor I," I had thought of the same plan.

"If we had bowies, we mouter fit the dogs whar we is; but yer see we aint: an' I kin tell by ter growl, that aint less'n a dozen on 'em."

"It's no use to remain here; lead us to the creek, Raoul!"

The Frenchman, we dashed recklessly through the thicket. On reaching the stream, we plunged in. It was one of those mountain torrents—common in Mexico—spots of still water, alternating with cascades, that dash and foam over shapeless masses of amygdaloidal basalt. We waded through the first pool; and then, clambering among the rocks, entered a second. This was a good stretch a hundred yards or more, of crystal water, in which we were waist deep. We took the bank at the lower end, on the same side; and, striking back into the timber, kept on parallel to the course of the stream. We did not go far away from the water, least we might be pushed again to repeat the ruse.

All this time the yelping of the bloodhounds had been ringing in our ears. Suddenly it ceased.

"They had reached the water," said Clayley.

"No," rejoined Lincoln, stopping a moment to listen, "they'er a chewin' them bones."

"There, again," cried one, as their deep voices rang down the glen, in the chorus of the whole pack. The next minute, the dogs were mute a second time, speaking at intervals, in a fierce growl, that told us they were at fault. Beyond an occasional bark, we heard nothing of the bloodhounds, until we had gained, at least, two miles down the stream. We began to think we had baffled them in earnest, when Lincoln, who had kept in the rear, was seen to throw himself flat upon the grass. We all stopped, looking at him with breathless anxiety. It was but a minute. Raising up with a reckless air, he struck his rifle fiercely upon the ground, exclaiming:

"Swamp them hounds, they'er ater us again!"

By one impulse, we all rushed back to the creek; and scrambling on the rocks, plunged into the water, and commenced wading down. A sudden exclamation from Raoul, in the advance. We soon learnt the cause, and to our dismay—we had struck the water at a point where the stream *canoned!* On each side rose a frowning precipice, straight as a wall. Between these, the black torrent rushed through a channel only a few feet in width, so swiftly that, had we attempted to descend by swimming, we should have been dashed to death against the rocks below. To reach the stream farther down, it would be necessary to make a circuit of miles; and the hounds would be on our heels before we could gain three hundred yards. We all looked at each other, and at Lincoln—all panting and pale.

"Stumped at last!" cried the hunter, gritting his teeth with fury.

"No," I shouted, a thought at that moment flashing upon me. "Follow me comrades. We'll fight the bloodhounds upon the cliff."

"I pointed upward. A yell from Lincoln announced his approval.

"Hoorey!" he cried, leaping on the bank "that idee's just like yer, Cap'n. Hoorey! Now, boys, for the bluff!"

Next moment, we were straining up the gorge that led to the precipice. And the next, we had reached the highest point, where the cliff, by a bold projection, butted over the stream. There was a level platform, covered with tufted grass, and upon this we took our stand. We stood, for some moments, gathering breath; and nursing ourselves for the desperate struggle.

I could not help looking over the precipice. It was a fearful sight. Below—the stream, rushing through the *canon*, broke upon a bed of sharp, jagged rocks, and then glided on, in seething, snow-white foam.—There was no object between the eye and water; no jutting ledge—not even a tree, to break the fall—nothing but the spiky boulders below, and the foaming torrent that washed them! It was some minutes before our unnatural enemies made their appearance, but every howl sounded nearer and nearer. Our trail was warm, and we knew they were scenting it on a run. At length, the bushes crackled, and we could see their white breasts gleaming through the leaves. A few more springs, and the foremost bloodhound bounded out upon the bank, and, throwing up his broad jaws, uttered a hideous growl! He was at fault where he had entered the water. His comrades now dashed out of the thicket, and, joining in the chorus of disappointment, scattered among the stones. An old dog—scarred and cunning—lept along the bank, until he reached the top of the *canon*.—This was where we had made our crossing. Here the hound entered the channel, and springing from rock to rock, reached the point where we had dragged ourselves out of the water. A short yelp announced to his comrades that he had lifted the scent; and they all threw up their noses, and came galloping down. There was a swift current, between the two boulders of basalt. We had leaped this. The old dog reached it, and stood straining upon the spring, when Lincoln fired, and the hound, with one short "woof," dropped upon his head, and was carried off like a flash.

"Counts one less to pitch over," said the hunter, hastily reloading his rifle.

Without appearing to notice the strange conduct of their leader, the others crossed in a string, and striking the warm trail, came yelping up the pass. It was a grassy slope—such as is often seen between two tables of a cliff—and, as the dogs strained upward, we could see their white fangs, and the red blood that had baited them clogged along their jaws. Another crack from Lincoln's rifle, and the foremost hound tumbled back down the gorge.

"Two rubbed out," cried the hunter, and at the same moment I saw him fling his rifle upon the ground.

The hounds kept the trail no longer.—Their quarry was before them; their howling ended, and they sprang upon us with the silence of the assassin. The next moment we were mingled together, dogs and men, in the fearful struggle of life and death! I know not how long this strange encounter lasted. I fell myself grappling over the cliff. They sprang at my throat, and I threw out my arms, throwing them fearlessly between the shining rows of teeth. Then I was free again, and seizing a log or tail, or the loose flaps of the brink, I dragged a savage brute toward the brink, and, summoning all my strength, dashed him against the brow, that he might tumble backward. Once I lost my balance, and nearly staggered over the precipice; and, exhausted, I fell to the earth. I could struggle no longer. I looked around for my comrades. Clayley and Raoul had sunk upon the grass, and lay torn and bleed-

ING. LINCOLN AND CHANE, HOLDING A HOUND, WERE BALANCING HIM OVER THE BLUFF.

"Now, Muriah," cried the hunter, "give him a good heist, and see if we can pitch him clear on tother side! he-woop hoo!"

And with this ejaculation, the kicking animal was launched into the air. I could not resist looking after. The yellow body bounded from the face of the opposite cliff, and fell, with a heavy splash, in the water below. He was the last of the pack!

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A French paper says, Lucille Romee, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under a charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you?" said the magistrate. "Ah, my good sir," she replied, I have no more friends, my father and mother are dead. I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, dear what could he do for me?" "The court must send you to the house of correction," cried I am, sister. Here I am, do not fear," here a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a brightly countenance, started forth from the midst of the crowd, and stood before the magistrate. "Who are you?" said he. "James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl." "Your age?" "Thirteen."

"And what do you want?" "I come to claim Lucille." But have you then, the means of providing for her?" "Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille, "Oh, how good you are James!" Magistrate to James. "But let us see, my boy, the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation." James: "Just a fortnight ago my mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble.—Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went an apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor wrapped up in my blouse. But it appeared the little thing had not enough to eat, for one day she unfortunately begged on the Boulevard.—When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I very much wished to become an artisan, but at last I decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have 20 francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who for these 20 francs will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle work; I claim my sister." Lucille clasping her hands: "Oh how good you are James!" Magistrate to James: "My boy, your conduct is very honorable. The court encourages you to persevere in this course and you will prosper." The Court then decided to render up Lucille to James and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate, smiling, said, "You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow." James: "Never, mind, Lucille, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." To the magistrate: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" He then thrust himself into the arms of his sister and both wept warm tears of affection.—*Savior's Magazine.*

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A Northern paper relates the following instance of canine sagacity:

Some years since, in a town of New Boston, N. H., there was in a family a woman who was insane, a confirmed maniac. A partition was made by upright slabs secured in the floor of the room, which was the common living room of the family, and a piece of timber overhead. Here she was constantly confined. A shower coming up, all the members of the family, woman as well as men, went out in a field adjoining the house to assist in raking and getting in hay. A window was left open, the dog was in the house—I believe a full or cross of the shepherd's dog.

The family had been baking, and had thrown a large quantity of coals from the oven into the large fire-place. The people in the field heard the dog barking and howling, and saw him jumping up to the window in such apparent distress and want of assistance, that they concluded something was wrong at the house; they accordingly despatched one of their number to see what the trouble was with their dog. The person came up, and looking in at the window witnessed the dog's operations.

The mad woman had got out of her pen, thrown coals about the room, and they set fire to the floor. The dog would get hold of the woman and pull her away from the fire place; he would then brush the coals with his paws, and put out the blaze on the floor; while he was doing this the woman would get to the fire-place and scatter the coals again. Again he would pull her away, and then go to work to brush up the coals and put out the fire.

But finding he had more work to accomplish than he could perform, the fire kindling in so many places, he gave notice at the window and called for assistance. The person entered the house, secured the woman, swept up the coals, put out the fire, and returned to having.

Now, instinct would have taught the dog to make his escape from a burning building; but knowing that this woman was crazy—knowing that she would burn the house—and, finding that he could not manage the affair, but thinking that sane folks could, called for assistance and giving them notice of the danger, looks very much like what the wise folks call reasoning—or would look like it if it had been done by a human being.

Upon examining the edge of the sharp razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the most accurate circle. How magnificent is the system of nature!

A REFINED PAPER SAYS THAT THE PROPRIETOR OF THE WASHINGTON HOTEL OF THAT TOWN HAS TWO HOGS, WEIGHING TOGETHER 2300 LBS.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

From Cotton's "Two Years in California."

The grizzly bear is the most formidable and ferocious animal in California; and yet, with all this ferocity of disposition, rarely attacks a man unless surprised or molested. The fellow never lies in wait for his victim. If the hunter invades his retreat or disputes his path he will fight, but otherwise contents himself with the immunity which he finds in the wildness of his home and the savage grandeur of his nature. It is never safe to attack him with one rifle; for if you fail to hit him in a vital part, he is on you in the twinkling of an eye. Your only possibility of escape is up a near tree, too slender for his giant grasp; and then there is something extremely awkward in being on the top of a tree with such a savage monster at its foot. How long he will remain there you cannot tell; it may be a week. Your antagonist is too shrewd to hand you up your rifle, or let you come down to get it. You are his prisoner more safely lodged than in a dungeon, and he will set you at liberty when it suits him. He sleeps not himself at his post; day and night his great flashing eyes are fastened upon you. The Lyre of Orpheus may have lulled to sleep the sentinel of Hades, but its magic tones have never charmed to slumber the sentinel of the California forest.

The full grown California bear measures from eight to ten feet in length, and four or five in girth. His strength is tremendous—his embrace death—Had the priest of Apollo fallen into his folds, he would have perished without any of those protracted agonies which the sympathetic muse has wailed round the world. Nature has thrown over him a coat of mail, soft indeed, but impervious to the storm and the arrow of the Indian. The fur, which is of a dark brown color, is nearly a span long, and when the animal is enraged each particular hair stands on end. His food in the Summer is chiefly berries, but he will now and then, on some of his feast days, slaughter a bullock. In Winter he lives on acorns, which abound in these forests. He is an excellent climber, and will ascend a large oak with the rapidity of a tar up the shrouds of his ship. In procuring his acorns, when on the tree, he does not manifest his usual cunning. Instead of thrashing them down like the Indian, he selects a well-stocked limb, throws himself upon its extremity, and there hangs swinging and jerking till the limb gives way, and down they come, branch, acorns and bear together. On these acorns he becomes extremely fat, yielding ten or fifteen gallons of oil, which is said to be sufficiently pungent and nutritive as a tonic to tuff a statue's marble head.

The she bear has one peculiarity that must puzzle even the philosophical inquirer. As soon as she discovers herself with young, she ceases to roam the forest, and modestly retires from the presence of others, to some secluded grove. There she remains, while her male companion, with a consideration that does honor to his sex, brings her food. She reappears at length with her twin cubs, and we to the luckless wight who should attempt to injure or molest them. They are guarded by an affection and ferocity with which it would be madness to trifle. For them she hunts the berries, and dislodges the acorns. Her maternal care is a beautiful trait in her savage nature, and

"Shines like a good deed in a naughty world."

CURIOUS NOTE OF HAND.—An English paper relates the following circumstances as having happened some time ago in Kilkenny:

"A tailor who was married to a very sickly woman, got enamored of a young girl who lived in his neighborhood, and on certain conditions he agreed to give her promise in writing, to marry her immediately on the demise of his wife; in consequence of which Mr. Snip passed the following curious note of hand: "In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Miss Moran or order, value received, under fifty pounds sterling. Given under my hand this sixteenth day of May, &c., J. Sullivan." Shortly after Miss Moran received the above note, she died, leaving it endorsed to a female friend, who also chanced to take a fever, and died before the tailor's wife; however, on her sick bed, she also endorsed the note, and gave it to a cousin, whom the tailor absolutely married, agreeably to the endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife, and it is said the tailor and his wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny."

LAVING A DIRTY MAN IN THE RIVER.—Col. Kemps, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a peculiarly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a breach of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take the man and lave him in the waters of the Gaudiana." After some time the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the Colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand above the peak of his cap. "Sure, an't please your honor, didnt y'r honor tell me to lave him in the river?—and there he is now according to y'r honor's orders."

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

Never attempt to strike the guilty, where, by a misdirected, or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain, if your efforts in doing so are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never vaunt a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget when you meet, to recognize your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor. Never quarrel without a sufficient cause, but if it be necessary to keep up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly put to an end. Never betray confidence of any kind, but more particularly that of a woman.

MONSTER GRAPEVINE.

The Natchez Free Trader, says that Mr. William Casey, of Natchez, can boast of a grape vine which is, undoubtedly, the monarch vine of the United States. It rises from the ground in a single trunk of some three inches, in diameter, nearly straight, and well proportioned, to the height of about nine feet, when it spreads into branches, and covers and embowers the trellis work of quite a large garden, besides climbing a tall tree, the weight of the immense cluster of grapes hanging upon it, now about half grown, is estimated at a ton. To stretch out any one of the branches in a direct line they would measure from three to four hundred feet. The description of the grape is not natural to the country, but was brought to Natchez in the old Spanish times. It is called the "Jack Grape," from "Spanish Jack," the nickname of the Spaniard who planted it. Some years ago Madame Dingaman, now dead, offered Mr. Casey five hundred dollars if he would remove the vine safely to her garden, in the environs of the city; but no sum of money that ever, would induce the owner to part with it. It produces a wine which has the taste of Hock.

A ROYAL BHOY.

Frederick, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children that he suffered his grand-children to enter his apartment at any time they thought proper. One day, as he was writing in his closet, one of these young princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happening to fall on the table at which the king sat, he threw it at the young prince, and continued to write.

The shuttlecock happening to fall a second time, the king again threw it back, looking sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen in future. The shuttlecock, however, fell a third time, and even upon the paper on which the king was writing. Frederick then took up the playing, and put it into his pocket. The little prince humbly asked pardon, and begged the king to return the shuttlecock.

The king refused. The prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them. The young prince, at length, tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the king, put his hands on his sides, and said in a threatening tone—

"Will your majesty give me my shuttlecock? Say yes or no—I demand an explicit answer!"

The king immediately burst into a fit of laughter, and taking the shuttlecock from his pocket, returned it to the prince, saying—

"You are a brave boy—you will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you."

A CORPORAL'S TIME PIECE.

The King of Prussia had a corporal in his body guard who was remarkably vain, but said to be a man of great bravery, and very loyal to the crown. Being unable to purchase a watch, this officer had fixed a leaden bullet to a chain, and wore it as his fob. On one occasion, the king having a mind to be merry, thus addressed him—

"Well, Mr. Corporal, you must have been a great economist to be able to purchase a watch. By mine it is now six—pray, tell me what o'clock is it by yours?"

The corporal, who guessed the King's object, immediately drawing the ball from his fob, said—