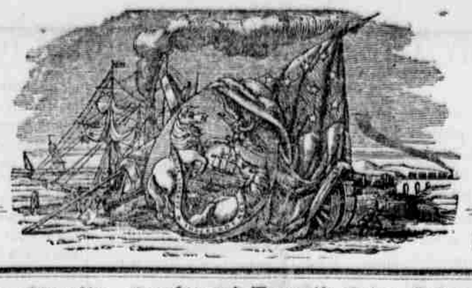
SUNBURY  AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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THE VERY LATEST ARRIVAL
of
NEW GOODS,
AT THE STORE OF
IRA T. CLEMENT,

WHO takes this method of informing his friends and customers, that he has just received and opened a splendid assortment of

NEW GOODS,

which he offers to the public at the lowest prices.

His stock consists of every variety and quality, necessary for the farmer, mechanic, and laborer, as well as the professional man, viz:—all kinds of

Mens' Apparel.

SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATTINETTS VESTINGS, &c.

ALSO:

a large assortment of *Calicoes, Mousseline De Laines, Alpaccas, Merinos, Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Checks, Cambrics, Ginghams, &c.*

Also a large assortment of *Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gum over Shoes,*

ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF

READY MADE CLOTHING.

A general assortment of Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Cheese, Molasses, Spices.

An assortment of *Hardware, Nails, Steel and Iron.*

Liquors,

Such as *Brandy, Gin, Rum, Whiskey,* &c.

☞ Produce of all kinds will be taken in exchange, and the highest market price paid for the same.

Sunbury, Nov. 30, 1850.—1y.

GREAT ARRIVAL
OF
NEW GOODS!
Market Street, Sunbury, Pa.,

JOHN W. FRILING respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received a large and handsome assortment of

Dry Goods,

Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, De Laines, Calicoes, Fancy and Staple Goods.

ALSO:

GROCERIES of every description,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

QUEENSWARE AND HARDWARE.

Fish, Salt, Plaster and a general assortment of all such goods as will suit all classes; the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Gentlemen of all professions.

The Ladies

Will find a great variety of all such articles as they will need for the present season.

☞ Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange at the highest market price.

Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850.

MORE NEW GOODS
At the New Store of
JOHN BUYERS & CO.,
Market Street, Sunbury.

WHO had just received and opened a large assortment of new and fashionable goods, of every variety, suitable for the fall and winter season, for all persons; and to which he calls the attention of friends and customers. His stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,

SUCH AS

Cloth, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Merinoes, De Laines, Calicoes, Shawls, Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of wearing apparel.

ALSO:

Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Fish, Salt and Plaster;

And all articles that may be wanted by the community.

The Ladies

Will find, by calling at his store, that he has not been unmindful of their wants, and respectfully invites them to examine his selection.

☞ Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850.—1y.

NEW STAGE LINE
FROM POTTSVILLE TO SHAMOKIN.

A new line of stages is now running daily between the above places. A comfortable two horse stage will leave Mt. Carmel for Shamokin, immediately after the arrival of the Pottsville stage at that place, and will return the next day from Shamokin, so as to meet the Pottsville stage on its return to Pottsville.

From Shamokin to Trevorton

there will be established a DAILY LINE by next spring so as to connect with this line at Shamokin. In the mean time private conveyances will be in readiness at Shamokin on the arrival of passengers.

CONRAD KERSHNER.

Shamokin, Dec. 14, 1850.—tf.

INK.—Boureau's celebrated ink, and also Congress ink for sale, wholesale and retail by
H. B. MASSER.

December 28, 1850.—

SELECT POETRY.

A PUMPKIN PIE.

At festal board in Yankee land,
We hail the Pumpkin Pie,
Where plenty crowns the frugal hand.
And Freedom's torches fly.
Delicious treat with brown burnt face,
New England's dish of yore,
With thankful hearts—no stinted grace
We sing its merits o'er.

Old Scotia's son, far famed in song,
For daring feat and deed,
May sing of *Haggis*, loud and long,
And on its merits feed.
And England's Bard—brave Saxon Chief,
A noble piper old,
May chant in strains of *Roasted Beef*,
Its swelling measures bold!

St. Patrick's merry roving child,
A guest in every land!
If "*Pratee's*" yield, then Pat is wild,
With open heart and hand!
And *Chowdered* France, with *Ragouts* rare,
And *Soups* of every name,
Leads off in Fashion's circle fair—
Polite yet fickle game.

The Dutchman, with no fear of gout,
In quietude and ease!
Give him his *Pipe* and dish of *Krout*,
His *Buttermilk* and *Cheese*!
Let Russians dine on *Mutton Hams*
'Mid cold eternal snows!
And Finland's hords survive on *Clams*,
When mad the Baltic flows!

Let India gather *Fruit* and *Spice*,
And sparing feed on meat—
'Tis best her sons should live on rice,
'Mid plagues and death and heat,
So may old China feed on *Dogs*,
And dine on *reptile rare*—
Still feed her Kings on seasoned Frogs,
We crave no kingly fare.

But here beneath bright Freedom's sky,
A land that valor won,
We'll sing our famous *Pumpkin Pie*;
From morn to setting sun!
With bannock, pastry, pork, and greens,
On Week days let us dine—
On Sundays, bless the *Pot o' Beans*,
Nutritious rich and fine!

Personal Adventures.

THE LATE WAR IN HUNGARY.

The Baroness Von Beck, by birth an Hungarian, saw her husband fall when cheering on his men to defend a barricade during the October revolution in Vienna. Broken-hearted and desperate, she determined thenceforth to devote herself to the good of her country; and, on the invitation of some members of the Austrian Diet, undertook to carry a message to Kossuth and the Hungarian army. She persisted, in spite of extraordinary difficulties and dangers. She was stopped at the frontiers by the army of Windischgratz, and turned back three or four times. At last she managed to give the enemy the slip in the guise of a fisherman, and arrived safely at Presburg, where she declared her message to Csanyi. Hereupon Georgey, who was present at time, requested her to undertake a mission to the north of Hungary, to ascertain the strength of Simonich's army. In two days her preparations were made, and she was again on the road.

But we will give her own story, as related in the narrative of her personal adventures, by Bentley, London;

On the 15th of November I received my charge, namely, to obtain accurate intelligence concerning the strength and position of Simonich's troops. I immediately took the railway to Tyrnau, and travelled thence by post-carriage through Nadash and Senitz to my own estate. My people were in the greatest terror and anxiety, expecting momentarily a visit from Simonich's soldiers. Their fears, however, proved happily unfounded. I remained here until the 21st, and, having received and returned the visits of my neighbors, took my departure for Neutra, where I fell in with the first division of Simonich's corps, and an uncouth mob of peasants under the command of Pastor Hurban, a fanatical Sclavish priest. The division was on its march to Senitz, and was about two thousand strong. Having ascertained, by calculating the quantity of provisions they consumed, that the whole force of Simonich amounted to about six thousand men, and having made accurate observations on their position, I returned to my residence, where I made such arrangements of my most necessary affairs as a hasty visit would permit, and set out once more for Presburg, to give an account of my mission. At Senitz, which lay in the route, I found the head-quarters of a Hungarian division, commanded by Colonel Ordody, to whom, as it imported him especially, on account of his proximity to the enemy, I communicated all the information I had obtained, and authenticated it by my papers. I then started by post-carriage for Presburg, and waited upon Gorgey at once with a full report of my mission. He thanked me for the services I had rendered to the cause of Hungary, and handed me a letter which had come by express from Kossuth. He also entrusted me with a despatch for the ——Embassy at Vienna. Baron Motoschitzky requested me, at the same time, to bear a letter from him to Prince Windischgratz, containing the intelligence that his newly purchased estate at Leska had been reduced to ashes by the Hungarian bombardment. I was glad of this last commission, as a letter to the field-marshal would be a sufficient passport for me through any part of the Austrian encampment. And should I be fortunate enough to receive an answer from Windischgratz, it would protect me from all interruption on my return. * * *

The same evening all the preparations for my journey back to Vienna were finished. I had now entrusted to me a letter from Kossuth to the ——Embassy, a letter from Baron Motoschitzy to Prince Windischgratz, and many private letters from the officers to persons in Vienna. My military friends advised me to conceal the letters in my haversack. This did not appear to me good counsel; for I knew that, should I be stopped by the Croats, they would ransack and turn inside out every thing likely to contain food; my letters would thus be discovered, and myself inevitably put to death. I had determined to make the journey in a peasant's cart, as it would expose me to fewer inquiries and stoppages than a vehicle of more imposing appearance. I caused one of the planks of the cart to be hollowed out at the end, without breaking the surface of the side, and placed all my letters in the space thus formed. The plank was then replaced, and the joining at the end rubbed over with clay. I now felt perfectly certain that they could not be discovered by even the prying Croats.

On the evening of December the 5th, I left Presburg, and soon reached Wolfsthal, where Jellachich's corps was posted. As usual, I was seized at the outposts, and subjected to a rigid examination. In anticipation of such an event, I had provided myself with papers from a well-known fruit warehouse at Presburg, and represented myself as an agent of that house going to Vienna, to collect in some debts. In spite of all my precautions, however, I was placed under military surveillance as far as Sommering. I was stopped and examined six-and-twenty times, but in all cases my papers proved a sufficient passport. At length, early on the 6th, the cupolas and towers of the once gay, but now humbled and mourning, city of Kaisers appeared in view.

I entered Vienna. It appeared to my imagination invested with a sombre and tragic hue, and the ruins which marked the fierceness of the recent struggle against tyranny seemed fraught with solemn admonition to all despotic rulers. The figure of my slaughtered husband came before my mind; but the thronging memories which accompanied it I cannot, even did I desire to, depict. It was now exactly a month since I had left the city, but the exciting events which I had passed through made it appear a much longer period. I repaired to the Hotel of the ——Embassy, where I was received with the greatest attention, and an immediate answer promised to Kossuth's despatch. From thence I proceeded to Schonbrun, with the letter to Prince Windischgratz; but was informed that he was gone to Jellachich to the Imperial Court at Olmutz, and would not return till the next day. His nephew, Count Windisbgratz, whom I saw soon after with Count Thun and Prince Lichtenstein, confirmed this information. I returned, therefore, to Vienna, and occupied myself in delivering the various letters with which I was charged. In the evening I received the promised answers of the —— Ambassador to Kossuth's letter.

On the next day I again visited Schonbrun, and was admitted to an interview with Windischgratz and Jellachich—the two pillars of the House of Hapsburg.—They received me with distinguished courtesy. Could they have divined the thoughts that filled my heart, how different would have been my reception! I handed my letter to Windischgratz; he read it, and seemed struck with terror at its contents. I confess it was not without a secret feeling of satisfaction I saw this man taste some of the bitterness of that misery into which, with a remorseless hand, he had plunged myriads of his own, and of my countrymen. He went into his cabinet to write an answer to Motoschitzy, and Jellachich remained standing in the presence of his deadly enemy. I now looked, for the first time, upon the calumniator of Hungarian honor—the plunderer and destroyer of Vienna. I could scarcely refrain from giving utterance to the feelings of disgust and scorn that swelled within me; but I could serve my country more effectually and was silent. He questioned me as to the number and condition of the Hungarian troops. I represented them as double their actual force. Upon which he said, with apparent carelessness, that those divisions which I had not seen were probably still stronger. His drift was evidently to draw from me some information respecting the position of the various corps, but I defeated it by taking refuge in the general ignorance of my sex upon such matters. Windischgratz now returned with his written answer to Motoschitzy. He thanked me again for the trouble I had taken on his account, and, what pleased me much more, he directed Count Thun to make out an order, giving me liberty to pass, wherever I chose, unmolested by the Austrian troops, to which he appended his own signature.—I took my leave; my object was accomplished, and the two great generals—the conquerors of Prague and Vienna—were outwitted by a woman.

In such dangerous expeditions as these—in fact as a spy—when death would have instantly followed on detection, did this enthusiastic and brave woman pass the entire time, with scarcely a few weeks' rest, from November, 1848, to the end of 1849. So extraordinary an instance of passionate devotion to a cause, and of perfect indifference to danger when a service could be rendered, we scarcely recollect to have heard or read of. Certainly it has never been surpassed.

During this anxious and busy period the Baroness Von Beck passed repeatedly through the very midst of the Austrian and Russian armies. Some half dozen times she penetrated into Vienna itself. She was present at two great battles, those of Moor and Branitzscka. She took part in the surrender at Villagos, and the evacuation of Comorn. At one time we find her stirring up the Poles to insurrection at Lemburg and Cracow; at another, she is intriguing with Germans at Dresden and Cseks in Prague. She was now feasting the conquerors of Buda, or dancing with the heroes of Kapolua; and now dressing the wounds of the patriots, or superintending the hospitals and prisons. At one moment she draws out plans of Campaigns for Gorgey, and gives counsel on state affairs to Kossuth; at another she is steaming down the Danube, listening to the silly boastings of Welden, or engaged in pleasant conversation with Paskievich himself.

Her masterpiece, however, was her visit to Haynau. In the desperate hope of saving the life of a friend, this intrepid woman actually bearded the tiger in his own den; and that, too, at the very time when he was revelling in the blood of his victims. Had she been discovered, she would not have had twenty-four hours to live; yet she actually placed herself of her own accord in the power of the hangman, and escaped unsuspected.

Of all the multitude in the Neugebaude, the only one to whom I could bring any comfort was Danielis. His affairs were in a fair way of arrangement, but his personal danger was still great. He begged me to see Haynau, and to prevail upon him, if possible, at least, to hear Danielis in his own defence. The prisoners knew of the death of Bathyanyi, but as yet the fatal tidings from Arad had not reached them, and every one made it a duty to conceal these atrocities from them.

I left this place of mourning, and retired to my hotel. I had pledged myself to see Haynau on Danielis' behalf, and my promise must now be fulfilled. I went to Haynau's residence, and, after waiting a long time, was introduced to his presence. He received me politely, and I felt encouraged. I told him that I had come on behalf of Colonel Danielis, and mentioned that he was the father of a helpless family; that he had not fought against Austria, and dwelt particularly on his having saved the royal estates from destruction, of which, I said, I could bring him satisfactory evidence. Haynau said that the chief bailiff of the crown property had been already with him, and had represented the services of the prisoner upon that occasion in a very favorable light; that this afforded sufficient ground for his pardon, but still he could not be liberated until it came to his turn to be examined. This was very satisfactory.

I felt emboldened to present a petition which Kossuth's mother had intrusted to me, praying that his children might be placed with herself. He took the paper and read it, and his natural character returned; he was Haynau once more; a dark frown, like a thunder cloud, gathered upon his brow. "What!" said he, in a voice hoarse with passion, "what! do you want the children to receive the same revolutionary training as their father? The women of Hungary have the devil in their hearts, and are guilty of infinite mischief. No, I tell you; the girl shall be placed in a convent, and the boys brought up in Vienna, under surveillance. Go; that is the will of his Majesty." He asked me how I had become acquainted with Kossuth and his mother; I told him what I thought proper, and he left me with a volley of filthy abuse against the illustrious exile and his family. These were bad tidings to bring to the aged mother. I tried to comfort her as well I could, and after this visited her much more frequently than I did before.

DUTCH BEAUTIES.

The late Rev. Henry Colman, who was as great an admirer of female beauty as he was of huge pumpkins and cabbages, in his "European Life and Manners," gives the following luscious account of the Dutch women, which the Chevalier (who has travelled extensively in Holland) says does no more than exact justice to their *transparent* beauty:

"I think some of them the fairest handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of the finest unmixed porcelain clay.—Before I left England I thought the English women the finest I had ever seen—I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dewdrops hanging among its petals—take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming bleading tints of red and white—and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning, as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow that he should resist.—*Exchange.*

POWDERED ALUM.

Applied by the finger to the part affected, very seldom fails to cure inflamation of the throat in a few days. The efficacy of this remedy, says the author, M. Velpeau, is as marvellous as it is rapid. Employed is the first, second, third or fourth day, while there is yet no abscess in the tonsils, it arrests all symptons as it were by enchantment; the fever abates, the swelling diminishes, appetite returns, and the convalescence is quickly decided and completed. By showing that this remedy is as powerful in simple inflammation as inflammation of the tonsils, M. Velpeau hopes that the practitioners will no longer hesitate to make proof of its efficacy, and rescue thereby hundreds of human beings from the grave.

GAMBLING in Washington city is very lucrative. One firm of faro dealers was able to buy a property which sold at $48,000, out of the profits realized during the last session of Congress.

A DEAD WHALE, measuring seventy feet in length, was found on Barnstable Beach, on Friday last, supposed to have been driven there by one of the late storms.

REAL LIFE.

The Despair of a Disappointed Love—A Sad Scene in a Telegraph Office.

The Cleveland Plaindealer furnishes the following account of a pitiable scene which occurred a few days ago in the telegraph office of that city:—

A case of melancholy interest, to one of the parties at least, occurred here the other day which we will relate for the public good. A young lady arrived here from the State of New York, on her way into the Southern part of the State, whither she was going to consumate a marriage contract entered into some ten years since. Her intended was a young man who had been born and raised near her father's residence, but who in all things did not suit the old folks, and consequently they opposed the match. The result was, the young man left the country, but has kept up a most intimate correspondence with the lady ever since until last summer, he wrote to her that as she could not be married at home she had better meet him at——, in this state, in the month of August and be married. To this she consented, but it was inconvenient for her to leave home at that time, and she did not arrive on her mission of love until a few days since.

She stopped at one of our best hotels, preparatory to her voyage South. She appeared cheerful, was exceedingly well dressed, sported a gold watch and other paraphernalia peculiar to the 'gentility.' Previous to departure, she stepped into the Telegraph Office to inform her lover, who was an operator himself stationed in a southern Office on the same line that she had got so far on her joyous way and would like to hear from him at this point. After her despatch was sent and waiting a reply, one of the operators who was very well acquainted with her intended, remarked that the young gentlemen to whom she had sent her message had fallen into a 'streak of good luck.' The lady was observed to startle considerably, and asked what he meant by a streak of luck.' He told her the young man was married. She fell back in her chair, and fainted, almost instantly. The operators and clerks were much frightened, but managed to bring her to by the use of water. She could not believe the report, and requested them to telegraph again and ascertain the truth. The operator stepped to his key, called the office of the young man but found him not in. A clerk in the office, however, answered the message saying Mr.—— was actually married on the 17th of October, and was then keeping house.' When this was read to the weeping lady she instantly swooned away again, and for a time seemed lifeless. She was resuscitated and taken to her hotel in a most frantic condition, where for days she remained entirely insane.

"Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie,
For which it wished to live or feared to die."

Kind care and time, that curer of most heart's diseases, have now nearly restored her. She exhibits letters showing with what fidelity she had trusted in the one now false to her; that during the ten years of their engagement she had refused several offers; had furnished her betrothed money, her parents being rich and he poor, had endured the contumely of her friends at home opposed to the match; and all for his sake. She is now in our city, among strangers, alone as it were, in the world, having clandestinely left her father's roof to meet her lover, and now deserted by him; her constitution shattered and broken. Earth seldom produces in human form so miserable an object. No wonder she went mad:—

"Her wretched brain gave way,
And she became a wreck at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven."

She is now better, but the picture of desolation. Young men can here see the danger of trifling with such affections, yea, the dark sin of creating hopes or raising expectations in a heart too true and confiding to survive such disappointment.

COINCIDENCE OF INVENTION.—A letter writer in Washington states "that very frequently patents are granted to different persons for the same invention, the parties having had their minds led into the same train of thought from the existance of the same difficulties. Thus some time ago, a patent was granted for a certain churn but before this could have been known far beyond the walls of the Patent office, two other inventions, each from different parts of the country, laid claim to the identical improvement. An interference was accordingly declared, and no sooner had the decision been made in favor of the patentee, than three other inventors were found pressing their claims to the same invention. It presented an unprecedented case in the history of the Patent Office, of seven persons, each a *bona fide* inventor all claiming the sams thing, and about the same time, and all from different portions of the country."

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE IN EUROPE.—It is affirmed that negotiations for a marriage between the Emperor of Austria and the Princess Sidonia, of Saxony, have been brought to a conclusion, and that the marriage will be celebrated next May, with great splendor. The Princess in only 17, and very beautiful. Her father, the Prince John brother of the reigning king, is, owing to the latter having no offspring next heir to the throne. As the Princess is a Catholic, the alliance will give great satisfaction to the Pope, while it must, on the other hand, be disagreeable to Prussia, from the additional weight likely to be derived by Austria and Germany.

HOW TO TOAST WELL.

In toasting bread, we wish to get out the water that remains, and which makes the bread cold, waxy, and heavy of digestion—Perhaps we shall be best understood if we first explain what makes bad toast of a piece of bread, or rather no toast at all, but merely a piece of bread with two burned surfaces, more wet and waxy in the heart than even and which not a particle of butter will enter, and if put by for and hour or two and allowed to cool, will get as tough as possible. If the slice of bread is brought into close contact with a strong fire, the surface becomes covered with, or rather converted into charcoal, before the heat produces any effect on the interior of the slice. This being done, the other side is turned, and has its surface converted into charcoal in the same manner. The consequence of this will be, that not a particle of butter will enter such a piece of toast, but only remain upon the surface, and if vexed with additional fire, turns to a rancid oil of the most unwholesome description. Charcoal, as every one knows, is a very bad conductor of heat, as such is used between the cylenders and casings of steam engines—it is of no consequence whether the said charcoal be formed of wood, of flour, or any other substance, for its qualities are in every case the same. Now, when the surface of the slice of bread are overcharred in this manner, there is an end to all toasting, as no heat can be communicated to the interior, and not one drop can be evaporated or drawn away. In this state the slice of bread may be wholly burned to charcoal; but until it is altogether so burned, the unburned part will become more wet and unwholesome. Hence, if you would have a slice of bread so toasted as to be pleasent to the palate, and wholesome and easily digested, never let one particle of the surface be charred. Chesnut brown is even far too deep for a good toast; and the color of a fox is rather too deep.—The nearer it can be kept to a straw color, the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. The method of obtaining this is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to a proper heat for a due length of time; or it may be done, placed on edge the same way as dry toast is brought to table, in a rack, in an iron or brick oven of a proper heat. For those who "make the toast," especially if a large quantity be required, it is generally a tedious process, and for this reason it is commonly hurried. But if the toasting fork was discarded, and its place supplied by a small apparatus made of wire, long enough to hold three or four pieces at a time, and so contrived as to slide in or out to any required distance from the fire, the bread may be placed in it, and the process of toasting carried on, while the servant was at liberty to do her other work. Of course the "Toast Holder" would require to be made differently to suit particular shaped grates and fire places.

If not cut too thin, if placed at the proper distance from the fire, and continued long enough, care being taken that not a single black, or even dark brown spot, makes its appearance on the surface, and slice of bread may be toasted through and through; and it is this operation which makes properly toasted bread so much more wholesome than bread which is not toasted, and still more preferable to bread burned on the surface and sodden in the interior. By this means the whole of the water may be drawn out of it, and it may be changed from dough, which has always a tendency to undergo the acetous fermentation in the stomach, to the pure farina of wheat, which is in itself one of the most wholesome species of food we have, not only for the strong and healthy, but more particularly so for the delicated and diseased. As it is turned to pure farina, the tough and gluey nature is gone, every part can be penetrated, all parts are equally warm, and no part is so warm as to turn the butter into oil, which, even in the case of the best butter, is invariably turning a wholesome substance into an injurious substance. There is another circumstance regarding the buttering of a rightly toasted slice. The dough, being a compound of water, repels the butter, which is an oil; but the dried farina allows the butter to penetrate the whole slice equally through. There is more advantage in this than some may suppose. Butter in masses (whatever may be its quality) is too heavy for the stomach; though butter divided with sufficient minuteness, and not suffered to pass into an oil, makes a most valuable addition to many kinds of food. The properly toasted bread absorbs the butter, but does not convert it to oil, and both butter and farina are in a state of very minute division, and one serving to expose the other to the free action of gastric fluid in the stomach; and that this fluid shall be able to penetrate the whole mass of the food, and act upon it in small portions, is the grand secret of healthful digestion; so that when a slice of toast is rightly prepared, there is, perhaps not a lighter article in the whole vocabulary of cookery. Unfermented brown bread, treated in this way, forms an excellent substitute for biscuits and is in some respects superior, as it may be eaten with impunity by those persons with whom biscuits may disagree.

THE Rev. Mr. Whitefield was once accused, by one of his hearers, of wandering in his discourse; to which he replied: "If you will ramble like a lost sheep, I must ramble after you."

IN CHINA a man condemned to death may procure a substitute, which can easily be done for money.

INTERESTING FACTS--PRINTING.

Common, or letter press printing, such as books, newspaper, &c., is carried on by a large number of tools or types, every one of which cost money, labor and ingenuity to fit for use. There are about two or three men in the United States who can make the matrice in which types are cast, so peculiar, complete proportioned, uniform and exact, must the work be done; the letters are made principally of lead, mixed with other metals, in order to harden it sufficiently when cool.

For every sized and differently shaped type, new matrices have to be made, and each with the same exactness, or the font is defective. In Roman each letter must be made three times—large and small capitals lower case, points, figures and other indispensable characters. To give some idea of the number of characters and letters which go to form a font of types, we will state that there are two cases, as the printers call them the lower case containing all the common or small letters, with the figures and points of punctuation, double letters, spaces and quadrants; this case has 54 boxes, and every one is occupied. The upper case containing the large and small capitals, and numerous marks and characters which are in common use, has 98 boxes. Thus it seems the type founder, in order to supply a common font of Roman letters, has to have constructed 150 matrices—and the Italics are not included here; which will make over 100 more—just to manufacture letter, &c., of size and corresponding faces. Here then, there must be about 250 characters, and some of them a good many times over, to print a newspaper. To give the uninitiated the number and proportion of types used—it may answer just to state that we use, say for a common average font.

a 8,500; b 1,600; c 3000; d 4,000; e 12,000; f 2,000; g 1,600; h 6,000; i 8,000; j 400; k 800; l 2,000; m 3,000; n 8,000; o 8,000; p 4,000; q 550; r 5,000; s 8,000; t 9,000; u 4,000; v 1,000; w 900; x 500; y 2,000; z 200.

Nothing is here said of points, figures, double letter, and other characters, which would swell the list amazingly. And all this makes one item in a common newspaper office—Nor is anything said of the numerous pictures, flowers, ornamental shades, condensed, extended, &c., types used in job and newspaper printing, all of which is necessary to make the stock of an ordinary newspaper establishment. The types cost from 30 cents to $3 a pound.

A common newspaper office ought to be supplied with from 1000 to 1500 lbs; of type. These with some $200 worth of wood work, $250 for a hand press, a good many dollars for brass rules, and still more for iron materials, ink, &c., will make a very large abstraction from $1,000. The usual width of newspaper column's is about 17 m's wide.—And an em is the thickness of a line.

THE following is an epitaph written by a schoolmaster in an inland town in Connecticut, on the death of a favorite child, which fell into the water of a saw mill dam and was drowned:

Jim, below in Co Mill dam
A Child was drow'nd Slim
Block water white head
The Child was Kill stan dead.

The neighbors came down into the water
All Co'ous what was the matter
They and their parents wept and groaned
For their left from cliff was drowned.

DANGER OF KISSING A WOMAN AGAINST HER WILL.—A curious trial was recently held at Middlesex Session England. Thomas Saverland, the prosecutor, stated that he was in the tap-room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her while absent. It being holiday time, Saverland considered this a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, but her sister, the defendant said she would like as little of that kind of fun as he pleased, Severland told her if she was angry he would kiss her also; he then tried to do it, and they fell to the ground.—On rising, the woman struck him; he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she spit out of her mouth—The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of the nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her; if she wanted kissing, she had a husband to kiss her, a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was. The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her; and the chairman said, "that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a right *to bite off his nose if she had a fancy for so doing!*

DIDN'T LIKE THE JUG.—A wealthy, popular and gay young gentleman once boasted that he could walk home with any one of the members of a certain division of the Daughters of Temperance, from church; accordingly he, after services were over the next Sabbath, spruced up to a fair damsel, and with a polite bow tendered his arm. The young lady, as by instinct, drew back as from a serpent and exclaimed:—"*No sir! I'll never put my arm through another jug handle as long as I live!*"

FORMERLY, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married till she had spin herself a full set of linen. Hence, all unmarried women have been called spinsters: an appellation they still retain in certain deeds and law proceedings; though many are not entitled to it.