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

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RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received and opened a new stock of goods, which he now offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. His stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS.
SUCH AS
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An assortment of Hardware of all kinds, most generally in use.
ALSO:

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As *Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Spirits, &c.*
ALSO:—Queensware and Crockery ware, a full assortment.
Also—Silk Hats, Chip Hats, and Straw Hats.
ALSO:—An assortment of Liquors, viz:
BRANDY, WINE, WHISKEY, &c.

Besides a variety of other articles, most generally used and in want by farmers and other persons, all of which he will sell to purchasers at a saving of ten per cent. by calling on him.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, April 26, 1851.—tf.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth and Boys, at such prices as have never yet been known in this City, at GEORGE CULIN'S CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, South-East Corner of Market and Second Streets, Philadelphia, embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,
Habit Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c., &c., together with a great variety of
Boys' Clothing,
Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests and Round Jackets made of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpacca, Kersmnier, Doeskin, &c., &c.

Particular care has been taken to procure the new styles for Men and Boys' Summer Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, &c., to which he would invite special attention.

Furnishing Goods,
Consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, &c.; all of which are offered at the *lowest possible cash Prices*, and as cheap as any other Clothing Store in the Union.

Parents who desire Boys' CLOTHING are earnestly invited to examine the Stock.

Country Storekeepers can be accommodated at very low rates.

GEORGE CULIN,
S. E. Corner of Second & Market Sts. Phila.
April 19, 1851.—tf.

TO ADVERTISERS.
You are respectfully informed, that
C. PIERCE,
General Advertising Newspaper Agent,
HAS THE AGENCY
For all papers generally in the U. States.

ADVERTISERS can always see their advertisements when published, as he wishes to keep a regular file of all papers he advertises in. From his experience with Newspapers in advertising in city and country, advertisers would find it to their interest to consult with him upon the subject. C. PIERCE.
Gen. Advertising Agt., Bulletin Building.
Philadelphia, April 19, 1851.—1y.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
SHAMOKIN,
Northumberland County, Pa.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Hotel in the town of Shamokin, Northumberland county, on the corner of Shamokin and Commerce streets, nearly opposite to the House he formerly kept. He is well prepared to accommodate his guests, and is also provided with good stabling. He trusts his experience, and strict attention to business, will induce persons visiting the coal region to continue the liberal patronage he has heretofore received.
WILLIAM WEAVER.
Shamokin, April 19, 1850.—tf.

JAMES H. MAGEE

HAS removed from his old Stand, No. 118 Vine street, to
No. 52 Dillwyn St., (bet'n Cal'hill & Willow,)
where he has constantly on hand,
BROWN STOUT, PORTER,
Ale and Cider,
FOR HOME CONSUMPTION OR SHIPPING.
N. B.—Coloring, Bottling, Wire and Bottles, Vinegar, &c. For sale as above.
Philadelphia, April 12, 1851.—ty.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.

DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same.
Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

JUSTICES' FEE BILLS. For sale by H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—

SELECT POETRY.

[From Tuckerman's Poems, just published]

The Modern Hero.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

The lance is rusting on the wall,
No laurel crowns are wove,
And every knightly strain is hushed
In castle, camp, and grove.

No manly breast now fronts the spear,
No strong arm weaves the brand,
To vindicate the rightful cause,
Or stay Oppression's hand.

The minstrel's pilgrimage has ceased,
Chivalric days are o'er,
And fiery steed's bear noblemen
To Palestine no more.

What battle field with courage now
Shall ardent minds inspire?
Upon what shrine can youth devote
Its wild yet hallowed fire?

Must the bold heart ignoble pine
Far from heroic strife,
And win no trophies to adorn
This cold and fleeting life?

Is there no guerdon for the brave?
No warfare for the free?
No wrong for valor to redress?
For men no victory.

Shall high and earnest purpose die,
And souls of might grow tame?
Glory no more be warmed to life
By Love's ennobling flame?

Forbid it ever, pulse that leaps
At Beauty's kindling smile,
Forbid it all the glowing dreams
That youthful hearts beguile!

By the clear spell that morning weaves,
By noontide's stirring glare,
By the vast sea, the mighty woods
And midnight's solemn air;

By Nature's deep and constant tones
Tears that are born of song,
And thrills that eloquence awakes
In every human throng;

By childhood's hop-fulness serene,
And woman's cherished name,
Let not heroic spirits yield
Their heritage of fame!

It may no more be won in arms,
And nighthood's loyal toil,
Nor flourish, like Marengo's grain,
Upon a bloodstained soil.

It will not live in warrior's tales,
Or lay of troubadour
Nor shall the scarf of ladye-love
Become its emblem more.

But in the quietude of thought—
The soul's divine retreat,
Does Valor now her garlands twine,
And rear her proudest seat.

They who most bravely can endure,
Most earnestly pursue,
And 'mid Opinion's tryant bands
Unto themselves be true!

Rejoice in Beauty more than gain,
Guard well the dreams of youth,
And with devoted firmness live
Crusaders for the Truth!

The freedom of the mind maintain,
Its sacredness revere,
And cling to Honor's open path,
As planets to their sphere;

Who own no gauge but that of Faith,
And with undaunted brow,
Turn from the worshipers of gold—
These are the heroes now!

In lonely watchfulness they stand
Upon Time's hoary steep,
And Glory's flickering beacon lights
For coming ages keep.

Thus bravely like heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle field,
Their hearts a Holy Land.

A Select Tale.

A TALE OF WYOMING VALLEY.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we paused upon the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the Wyoming beneath us.—"Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre.—God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man, sadly; "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped away the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-rimmed summer-hat, I took the place pointed out by him, near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narrative in gazing on the landscape before me. Sitting on a huge boulder, on the head of a mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, bold, rugged, and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky—but on the right interposed to prevent the view; whose loveliness so far exceeded my expectations that for some minutes I gazed upon the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley diversed with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now rolling betwixt bluff-banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow-lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and striking the foot of the far hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church-steeple, smiling over the scene.—Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits half hid by the clouds which wrapped them in a vale of gauze. No sound came from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard through the surrounding trees, while the low twinkle of a tiny waterfall on the left, kept monotonously sounding on our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence the tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this country a young frontier man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border; the place was at that time settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore marks of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days, and altogether the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier.—Among all the families, however in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and of his fireside circle his second daughter, Kate was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, a disposition so amiable as to win irresistibly, the love of all who met her; Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen, before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say; perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same place in Connecticut, and had been schoolmates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife.

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act—she rather loved me the more for it.—Though her woman's nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed.

"Heaven bless you Harry," she said, "and bring this war to a speedy conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity of your absence may soon cease."

"Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had become a captain in the——regiment, when I received information that the tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and trembled for the life of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that a moment was not to be lost, if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it was refused; I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming.

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near near that ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre—and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmises fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunder-struck, refusing to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true.

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate—no one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves.—How I cursed them for this selfishness!—And yet could I expect ought else of human nature, than that each should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead, I might revenge her, and if living I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle, and struck out boldly into the forest, trusting to the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities.

"I will not tire you by a protracted narrative: I will only say, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages. This was sufficient for a clue—I once more began to hope.—I waited until nightfall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me, as the one where Kate had been last seen—and never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the most neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had doubtless been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately, I had met in the groupe of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in the search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in the forest warfare—could follow the trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would most likely be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and withal was one of the keenest shots that carried a rifle on the border.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that these varmints did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he wouldn't suffer a deed like this. These villians seemed to have acted on their own behalf—and if so they would fly to the back country as quick as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after we first discovered the trail, we were in pursuit of the savages.

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying savages—crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, affording streams, and picking our way, until nightfall, we reached the edge of an open space, or, as, it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills.

"Hist," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder hemlock?"

"Ay, it must be them—let us on."

"Softly, or we lose all. We know not certainly, that this is the party we seek—let us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest a twig should crack under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow, and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the objects of our search, in six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking round the remains of a fire. At a little distance, with her hands bound and her eyes upraised to heaven, sat my own Kate. Oh, how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand and said—

"Softly or you spoil all. Let us get the varmints in a range, and we shall fire with some taste. Hist!"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand upon my arm, and pointing from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture, the advancing savage warned of our presence by the crackling of an unlucky twig between my companion's feet, sprang back with a loud yell towards the fire.

"Now," said my companion sternly.

"Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage fell dead upon the ground. Each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well we did, for in an instant the enemy was upon us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight. My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—dodging, loading and endeavoring to get a sight on a foe, we kept up a fight for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four or five savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could interpose, had seized the hapless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate, by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain death of us both; but worlds could not restrain me, and, clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my cover, shouting to my companion—

"On! on! In God's name, on!"

"Take care of the taller varmint!" thundered my companion.

"The warning came too late. In the tumult of my feelings, I had not observed that the savage fartherest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side; had I not sprang involuntary aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the heart.

"On! on!" I roared in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my useless left hand.

"Stoop" said my companion, "stoop lower." And as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air and the Indian fell dead.

All this did not occupy an instant. I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hand in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope.—My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony.—There was a yell of triumph on the air—a sudden flashing in the sun, like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on. She as I loved as my own life—she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex—she with whom I promised myself a long life of happiness—oh, must I say it?—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer—ay, he was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased. Big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence. I subsequently learned his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre. Beautiful as the Valley of Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

WEALTH OF SHOWMEN.

An exchange paper says, two millions six hundred and seventy thousand dollars have been made by showmen in the last ten years, making an average for each of one hundred and seventy eight thousand dollars. The following is a list of what each man has made, commencing with P. T. Barnum, the richest showman in the world, he having made in the last eight years over $800,000; Jenny Lind is worth $500,000, notwithstanding she has given over half a million in charity; Moses Kimball, of the Boston Museum, $300,000; Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, $350,000; Burton, $120,000; Blitz, the magician, $50,000; Hamblin, of the New York Bowery Theatre, $70,000; General Welch, the great Circus man, $60,000; Wyman, the prince of Magicians and Necromancers, $35,000; General Tom Thumb, Barnum's great dwarf, $75,000; J. E. Owens, the comedian and proprietor of the Baltimore Museum, $35,000; Herr Alexander, the juggler and artiste, $25,000; Mons. Adrien, the French Magician, $20,000; Bantvard, the proprietor of the Miss Panorama, $75,000; Wm. Niblo, the celebrated garden proprietor of New York, is worth $150,000, notwithstanding his serious losses by fire, &c.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MAJ. GEN. HUGH BRADY, U. S. A.

BY MARY W. THOMPSON.

"He hath left
A name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath."

He fell not on the battle field,
Where soldiers fain would die,
(Such death for him was not decreed,)
Amid proud victory's cry,
When sanguine hosts in conflict met
In early war campaign,
Heaven's mercy spared—no heart then mourned
Our loved commander slain.

Along the lines his falchion gleamed—
His voice, like trumpet, stirred
The metal in each soldier's breast
Far as its tones were heard.
On Chipp'wa's plain—in Lundy's fight,
Where shot and shell fell fast,
They bore him bleeding from the field
Amid the victor's blast.

For three score years his trusty sword
Was belted on his thigh,
And promptly was his hand on hilt,
When "Arms, to arms," the cry.
With virtues girt—and "*full of years*,"
His venerable brow
Encircled with bright honor's wreath,
On history's page shall glow.

His duty done—in higher sphere
He seeks a peaceful clime—
Where earth-worn, ransomed spirits rest
Beyond the change of time.

Brady! loved, honored, cherished name!
(Son of a patriot born,
Whose daring deeds our country's page
With thine, shall long adorn.)

Calm be thy rest, beloved old chief—
We lay thee gently down,
With saddened hearts we breathe *farewell!*
God give the "*fadeless crown*"

"SPOUTY LAND."

Farmers are often troubled with what are generally known as spouty places in their fields. They are caused by small streams of water, which coming near the surface, are scattered through the soil, keeping it too wet for the growth of useful plants. This evil can be remedied at a small expense; and which is an injury to the field be converted into a benefit, in the following manner. Dig a ditch across the upper end of the spouty place deep enough to cut off the streams of water which cause it, and then carrying it in the direction in which the ground descends, until it reaches a point where the surface of the ground is a little lower than the bottom of the ditch where it traverses the wet plain. This done, fill the ditch a few inches deep with small stones; and upon some straw, leaves, or something else to keep the earth from filling up with the clay or soil which was thrown out. The water which caused the "spout" will find its way among the stones at the bottom of the ditch, and follow them to the issue prepared, where it will form a small spring, sufficient in many cases to make a watering place for cattle. We saw a small spring of excellent water obtained in this way, which did not fail in the dryest season. This is what is commonly called a French drain.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth.

HOW WASHINGTON WAS MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[From Works of John Adams.]

Every post brought me letters from my friends, Dr. Winthrop, Dr. Cooper, General James Warren, and sometimes from General Ward and his aids, and Gen. Heath and many others, urging in pathetic terms the impossibility of keeping their men together, without the assistance of Congress. I was daily urging all these things, but we were embarrassed with more than one difficulty, not only with the party in favor of the petition to the King and the party who were jealous of independance, but a third party, which was a Southern party against a Northern, and a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a New England General. Whether this jealousy was sincere, or whether it was pride and haughty ambition of furnishing a Southern General to command the Northern army (I cannot say;) but the intention was very visible to me that Colonel Washington was their object, and so many of our staunchest men were in the plan, that we could carry nothing without conceding to it.

Another embarrassment, which was never publicly known, and which was carefully concealed by those who knew it, the Massachusetts and other New England delegates were divided, Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cushing hung back; Mr. Paine did not come forward, and even Mr. Samuel Adams was irresolute. Mr. Hancock himself had an ambition to be appointed Commander-in-chief. Whether he thought an election a compliment due to him, and intended to have the honor of declining it, or whether he would have accepted, I know not. To the compliment he had some pretension, for, at that time, his exertions, sacrifices, and general merits in the cause of his country, had been incomparably greater than those of Colonel Washington. But the delicacy of his health, and his entire want of experience in actual service, though an excellent militia officer, were decisive objections to him in my mind. In canvassing this subject, out of doors, I found too that even among the delegates of Virginia there were difficulties. The apostolical reasonings among themselves, which should be greatest, were not less energetic among the saints of the ancient dominion than they were among us of New England. In several conversations, I found more than one very cool about the appointment of Washington, and particularly Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against it.

Full of anxieties concerning these confusions, and apprehending daily that we should hear very distressing news from Boston, I walked with Mr. Samuel Adams in the State House yard, for a little exercise and fresh air before the hour of Congress, and there represented to him the various dangers that surrounded us. He agreed to them all, but said—"What shall we do?" I answered to him that he knew that I had taken great pains to get out colleagues to agree upon some plan, that we might be unanimous; but he knew that they would pledge themselves to nothing; but I was determined to take a step which should compel them and all the other members of Congress to declare themselves for or against something. "I am determined this morning to make a direct motion that Congress should adopt the army before Boston, and appoint Colonel Washington commander of it." Mr. Adams seemed to think very seriously of it, but said nothing.

Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit, represented the state of the Colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another, and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston and spread desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a General; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us, and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independant fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies, better than any other in the Union.

Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock, who was our President, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the Colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy—heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never marked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiognomy at all. The subject came under debate, and several gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal objection against him, but because the army were all from New England, had a general of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston, which was all they expected or desired at that time.

Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, were very explicit in declaring this opinion. Mr. Cushing and several others more faintly expressed their opposition, and their fears of discontent in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of General Ward and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or at least his cotempo rary; but gave no opinion of the question.—The subject was postponed to a future day; in the meantime, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe, by Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted.

THE ORGAN.

The organ is not merely a musical instrument, it is a gigantic combination of instruments. Other instruments are made, but the organ is built, and of those who look upon its gorgeous front, few have any conceptions of the wonders of the edifice within. "We shall never forget," says an English writer, "the surprise with which we travelled for the first time through the interior of one of the greatest of the English organs; the stairs, the ladders which we ascended and descended; the thousands of pipes, arrayed in endless ranks, many of which looked into wells, into the depth of which the eye could not penetrate; the complicated machinery which supplied them with breath, and made every one of them answer to the slightest touch of the musician, who bade them speak."

No one who has seen these things can fail to be convinced that the mechanism of a great organ is one of the highest triumphs of the human art. To give our readers some idea of the immensity (we may well call it) of a great organ, we may mention some circumstances respecting a few of the most remarkable among them. The British organs now rival (if they do not surpass) those in any other part of the globe. The Haarlem organ, so long talked of as one of the wonders of the world, is so no longer; it is equalled in magnitude and in quality by some in England.

The largest organ in England, we believe, is that of Christ Church, in Newgate street, London. It has above 4000 pipes, and above a hundred of these can be sounded by touching a single key; or, in other words, from a single note. The organ of St. Paul's has 1797 pipes; Westminster Abbey 1524; St. Sepulchre, in Skinner street, 2500; Exeter Hall, 2187; Birmingham, nearly 3000; York, above 4000. The largest pipe of the organ (producing the lowest C of the scale) is 32 feet long and of proportionate diameter; and a current of air, to produce the sound, must rush through such a space with the force of a tempest. The first on record is said to have been sent by the Emperor Charlemagne to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

A RACE AFTER A LOCOMOTIVE.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following story:—A highly interesting and exciting race took place on the Cincinnati end of the Little Miami Railroad, just at the rising of the sun on Monday last. A very beautiful and accomplished young lady, of our acquaintance, was to leave that morning on the cars for Cleaveland, *en route* for the World's Fair, in company with our worthy fellow-citizen, Mr. T——, and his family, and had promised to join them at the depot in time; when she reached the station house, accompanied by her father in his carriage, to their consternation and almost utter despair, *they discovered that the cars had gone.*—The father was for giving up and returning quietly home—not so, the young damsel—she possessed more spirit and resolution.—She had no idea of abandoning the long anticipated voyage to Europe, and instantly cried out to the faithful driver: "*Robert, drive on, drive for your life—overtake the cars*—we *must* overtake them." And, turning to her father, she said: "John (the name of the horse, and a very favorite one) has blood, and can beat the iron horse, I know." Robert lost no time in obeying his fair young mistress, and off they sped "*like lightning.*" And the good horse "John" appeared to realize what was desired, and the very difficult task before him, and seemed to say, as did the gallant Col. Miller, on other occasions, "I will try." It was not an hour from the commencement of the race, before the resolute and never daunted young lady was in the car with her friends, who of course had given up all hope of seeing her.

SHAD ROE OMELET.—A capital dish can be made out of the roe of a shad—a dish fit to tickle the palate of an epicure. A friend of ours who knows what is good, and what is of more importance, how to prepare a luxury for the table, furnishes us with the following:—"Take a roe and parboil it slightly then put it in a cullender to drain, separate the foreign matter with a fork, mix in four eggs, season to taste with parsley, salt and pepper, and then cook as an ordinary omelet.