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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NEW STORE AT HOLLOWING RUN.

At the Cross Roads, near J. D. Conrads, Lower Augusta.

J. R. KAUFFMAN

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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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.

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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

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Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests and Round Jackets made of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpacca, Kersamier, Deskin, &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.

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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.

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GEORGE CULIN.

S. E. Corner of Second & Market Sts. Phila.

April 19, 1851.—tf.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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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.—1y.

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 the Louisville Journal.

THE ERRING ANGEL.

'Twas long before this world of ours
By human footsteps had been trod,
That Zara came to Eden's bowers,
Fresh from the presence of her God.
And while her radiant wings were yet
Unfurled and trembling in the air,
She seemed so changed as to forget
Her Heaven and all the bright things there;
Not that her heart had ceased to feel
That glow of rapture which is known
By none but those bright ones who kneel
Around God's ever-during throne.

But gazing on that lovely spot,
No wonder that her soul forgot
The fair and happy realm which lies
Far, far beyond the starry skies.
And there in that enchanting place,
She loitered long and wondered why
It was not peopled with a race
Of beings from her native sky.

And oft she wished and sighed to dwell
Herself within a world so fair,
With some one who could love her well,
And deem it Heaven to linger there—
With some one on whose willing arm
She might recline without a tear,
And know his heart was beating warm
With the divinest love for her.

"How sweet," said she, "how sweet 'twould be
To linger here amid these bowers,
Where every bush and every tree
Is fragrant with its sunny flowers
How sweet with him whom I could love,
To kneel upon this grassy sod,
And having turned our eyes above,
Pour out his soul in prayer to God;
Indeed it would be more like bliss
To live thus in a world like this.

And in her eye the trembling light,
Of her pure spirit softly shone,
And her sweet face, before so bright,
A more angelic smile put on,
But, gazing up into the air,
She saw a lone star twinkling there,
And knowing that the bright orb shone
On none but those who'd strayed so far
From God, and his eternal throne,
She blessed the glory-beaming star;
And kneeling on the green earth there,
Lifted her trembling hands to Heaven,
And offered up a fervent prayer,
That her crushed heart might be forgiven.
And, ere the angel ceased to speak,
The tear which had suffused her cheek
Fell to the earth and stilled the pain
Which had seized on her throbbing brain,
Poor Zara! She was far away.

From all that bright and joyous throng,
Whose lips are breathing day by day
An endless round of prayer, and song—
Yes, she who had been first each morn
To wake the harp around the throne,
Was now on earth, and most forlorn
Of all God's angels and alone.

But he who saw his erring child
The moment she had learned to err
Behold her now repent and smiled—
That smile a pardon was to her,
And looking upward through her tears,
Which now were flowing faster still,
She said: God, thou hast stilled my fears,
I'll go to thee, I will, I will."

And bidding earth a long farewell,
She breathed and did not breathe in vain,
The dulcet words whose mystic spell
Should plume her wings for Heaven again;
And whereupon that fatal ground
The tears of her repentance fell,
A light of glory beams around
And renders Eden hallowed ground.

A Select Tale.

THE SPAHIS' MARCH.

FROM "HOWITT'S JOURNAL."

"BRAVISSIMO, maestro mio! A little while, and Halevy, Berlioz, and all must go down before you as you do before me at this moment." With that the foot was suddenly withdrawn from the chair-leg, and the successful musician, cornet-a-piston in hand, prostrated on the floor.

"*Sacre*, Auguste, you should'nt," said the poor fellow, scrambling awkwardly on his hands and knees.

"Never mind, *mon brave garcon*; for one knock down I'll give you such a help up that all Paris shall ring with your fame. 'The Spahis' March,' shall be our entrance into every town of conquered Algeria; it shall be our triumphal return to Paris; it shall make the house rise with the curtain at the 'Academie;' and (the door opened to admit a young girl carrying a yellow rose-plant of a peculiar shade) it shall be softened into a serenade the day I claim a certain promise, Eulalie." The unoccupied hand was at the speaker's lips, and a bright blush was the only answer. The foregoing scene took place in a small room, not quite a garret, in the Quartier Latin; the actors were two young ex-students of the Ecole Polytechnique, alike in age, but differing in every other particular; one rich, well-born, handsome, with all the good spirits good fortune gives; the other poor, low-born, plain, and obliged to husband what spirits he possessed for the life-struggle which lay before him. The third person who entered at the conclusion of the scene was the sister of the latter, a pretty young *fleuriste* of the Rue Vivienne, who had for some time attracted the attention, and gained the fancy, he called it the heart, of Auguste Dumont, her brother's very unequal companion. The two Dupres were orphans, bound together by more than the ordinary bond of affection, their lonely situation. Adolphe had been educated at the Polytechnique, where his talent for music had caused an intimacy, with Auguste, who loved it passionately; and the united attractions of Adolphe's cornet-a-piston and Eulalie's bright eyes brought him to the small room in the Quartier Latin oftener than to the gay *salons* on the opposite bank of the Seine. It was the time for Auguste to join the regiment of Spahis in which he had just got his commission, on its departure for Africa, and he was full of hopes for himself and promise for his friends. Poor Adolphe had just got the place of trombone player in Franconi's orchestra, which might lead to something better, but his brightest hopes rested on the ultimate success of a march he had composed, and, in honor of his friend's regiment, named "The Spahis' March;" this, he doubted not, would, through Auguste's patronage, realize all the visions men indulge in at twenty. And now Auguste rose to depart; this night's leave-taking could not be like the usual "a demain" of the three friends; and young Dumont, who shared with his countrymen a taste for theatrical effect as well as much sentiment, rose, took Eulalie's hand in one of his, and Adolphe's in the other, then holding them both together in his left, raised the right, in the attitude of oath-taking, "Adolphe and Eulalie," said he, "brother and sister Dupre, on the eve of commencing a career of danger and glory, hear my resolution: though ye share not my danger, ye shall share my glory; let the battle be mine, the victory yours.—You, Adolphe shall claim my promise in the success of your march, which I will render celebrated; and you, Eulalie—here he dropped his voice to a low, tender tone, as he plucked a bud from the rose already mentioned, and placed it in her bosom—from you shall I claim again this rose-bud, and with it another promise. And now farewell both, and when you hear of my fame, remember you share it."

"And we, on our part," said Adolphe speaking for his sister, promise that my march, and her rose-bush, shall alone be yours; it is all we have to promise or to give." Auguste embraced them both, and hurried away. The next morning the brother and sister stood outside the barrier through which passed the regiment of Spahis, the sun shining on the handsome person and brilliant uniform of Auguste Dumont, as, full of hope, happiness, and vanity, he rode past, nodding a recognition to them—if they saw it through their tears.

Adolphe went back to his trombone-playing, Eulalie to her flower making, and both to think of Auguste, the former doubting less than ever of his brilliant friend's will and power to perform his promises; the latter, with a more correct instinct, feeling a strong misgiving that the dazzling career now stretching before him would not allow him to think of his poor early friends in the Quartier Latin.

"He'll soon forget us," sighed she, as she looked at the faded rose-bud, though she did not try to infect the hopeful spirit of Adolphe with her doubts, as he preluded the notes of the Spahis' March on his inseparable cornet-a-piston, and spoke of Auguste's and their glorious future. She let him build his castles, and worked at her flowers. From time to time the usual reports, correct and incorrect, reached them from the seat of the war. Auguste had written to them from Marseilles previous to his embarkation; his letter was short and joyous; he promised to write again from Oran, but he did not. The campaign had begun in good earnest, so most likely he could not. And now the *cafes* became filled with eager and interested groups, talking with true Parisian animation; and the names of Bugeaud, Cavaignac, Changarnier, and others, rang loudly in the ears of Paris; caused her walls to strike out in great placards and *affiches*, and covered the saloons of the Luxembourg with Horace Vernet's pictures. The Journals and the Chambers talked of nothing but razzias and Kabyles, whilst the *elegantes* assumed *coiffures a la Africaine;* but all this was public and official, and said nothing about Auguste. Private rumor, more than public report, spoke of him, and its tales to brother and sister Dupre were varied, and, to an indifferent hearer, might have been amusing: to each it had its different version of the subject, and something in common to both. To Adolphe it said that his *quondam* friend had many brilliant and delightful associates in the army, who must necessarily supersede him; that his prospects were splendid, and his promotion would be rapid—but he had never been heard to mention the Spahis' March; for all that, Adulphe played it on his cornet-a-piston. To Eulalie it said that her *quondam* lover had arrived at Oran with a beautiful little Arlesenienne, who had followed him disguised as a boy, and was accompanying him through the campaign, though he made her sadly jealous with a native sultana. Eulalie sighed, and looked at the yellow rose-bush. To both it said that he was admired, envied, and distinguished for his courage, talents, and good fortune.

"Auguste will not forget us," said Adolphe; "wait till they take some fortress and then we shall hear of the Spahis' March."

Klemsau was taken, and Paris rejoiced; Auguste had especially distinguished himself, was made captain on the spot, and his regiment had entered the town in triumph.

"Now, Eulalie," exclaimed her happy brother, "we shall hear of the Spahis' March."

They heard the particulars of the storm and the surrender, they heard of the bravery of the troops, the talent and courage of their leaders; they heard of Auguste, his present honors and his future fame, but they heard nothing of the Spahis' March.

"Perhaps the next town they take, Eulalie, we shall hear; Auguste has not had time to think about it," said the simple-hearted musician, and he played it as a solo in honor of his friend. Whilst Auguste was conquering, Adolphe was struggling. His little room in the Quartier Latin was as poor as ever. The table, the two chairs, the mattress he slept on, the trombone he played at Franconi's, were its only furniture; his beloved cornet-a-piston, and Eulalie's yellow rose, its only ornaments.—This was the prose of life, with its bare necessaries—that the poetry, with its music and perfume; the one gave the knowledge of his true position, the actual fact of what he was; the other was his dream—his air-castle, the vision of what he would be. In the one he was the poor trombone-player of the Cirque Olympique, in the other the celebrated composer of 'The Spahis March.' It was the contrast of present and future, of poverty and glory. Happy Adolphe! he lived by faith; and Eulalie! she looked at her rose-bush, shook her head, stifled a sigh, and made a very good copy of a yellow rose-bud, with silk, muslin, and wire, and what was better, sold a wreath of them very well the following day.

The campaign ended, Auguste's regiment remained at Marseilles, causing Adolphe to believe and declare that had he returned to Paris, he would have entered to the strains of the Spahis' March. Another campaign began and ended, and Auguste returned with the title of colonel, and without an arm. He entered Paris; it was almost a triumph. The regiment had been so distinguished in Algeria that its return was a public event, and the young colonel was regarded by his friends as something hardly less than Bugeaud himself. Crowds assembled to witness the entrance; and the novel appearance of the native Algerian troops combined with the knowledge of its services, all made the scene singularly striking and attractive.—Adolphe and Eulalie stood on the same spot, outside the barrier, where they had witnessed its departure; and Auguste, older, browner, more worn, more military—at once the worse, and the better for wear—rode past them without recognition.—The band of his regiment played something; Adolphe listened with ears and heart—it was not the Spahis' March.

When Auguste was made colonel, Adolphe had been promoted from the Circus orchestra to that of the Italian opera, where his cornet-a-piston had given him higher rank and better wages than his trombone had done; and he was seated in his usual place in the orchestra the night of the grand performance in honor of Auguste's regiment. The musicians had turned their instruments, and all were ready to begin when the Spahi officers in full uniform entered their opera boxes. Adolphe looked up and recognized distinctly the handsome figure of his ex friend, though his hair was so short, his mustaches so large, and his face so thin, to say nothing of the loss of his arm. In honor of their presence, the house stood up, smiled, and waved handkerchiefs—whilst the orchestra played the regiment march, a wild and spirited Moorish air. Adolphe's cornet-a-piston did its part; but his eyes filled, and his heart sank, for other notes rang in his ears—the notes of his own Spahis' March. The performance was over, and he returned to his little room his first faith shaken, but not destroyed.

"It is thus Auguste has fulfilled his promises! and yet, when he has time to think of us? You see, Eulalie, he has been so hurried, how could he? we must wait."

"We must," said Eulalie, and she said nothing more.

They did wait, and wait patiently, till one sunny morning, when bright Paris was looking its brightest, a marriage, first civil, then sacramental, a double tie, knotted doubly firm by mayor and priest, with all the accompaniments of *trousseau* and settlements, cashmeres and diamonds, took place; and the parties were the most elegant and best dowred *demoiselle a marier* in Paris, the daughter of the Viscount de Belleville, and the distinguished young colonel of Spahis—Auguste Dumont. A bouquet of beautiful yellow roses was thrown into the bride's carriage as she left the church of the Madeleine, but it was not of that peculiar shade; a band serenaded the new married pair at their hotel, but it did not play the Spahis' March. At last Adolphe's eyes were opened, and he saw the truth. There could be no mistake; Auguste had forgotten both his friends and promises. He lived in his splendid hotel in the Rue Rivoli, as the colonel Count Dumont; they in their small house in the Quartier Latin, as the brother and sister Dupre. It is useless complaining of the injustice of either man or fortune. Adolphe had never played his march to any one but Eulalie, though he fancied (it might be a composer's vanity) that the *Chef d Orchestra* at the opera would approve it. But it had been promised, as it was dedicated to his early friend, and no one else seemed to have any right to it. Eulalie felt the same towards her rose plant; the flowers she had plucked from it were always admired, the buds she had made from it always sold. And she might have sold the plant, no doubt; but it was promised to Auguste. Poor little knew how soon they would fulfil their promises.

The present and future of the count and countess Dumont had to be identical, but their past had been very dissimilar; for whilst Auguste was making razzias and killing Kabyles, Ernestine was singing duetts and listening to Bellini's languishing strains at the opera with her cousin Henri. Ernestine was beautiful, Henri devoted, and life was a dream of delight to both.—But unfortunately they remembered their dream when they ought to have forgotten it; as Auguste found out to his loss, when nothing remained to him but to challenge the too fortunate *beau cousin* to a twelve paces' distance meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, where his usual good luck deserted him, and instead of avenging his wounded honor, he was brought home with Henri's ball in his breast, dying, to his wife; who had the satisfaction to know that her husband was killed and her lover escaped.

In the prime of youth, health, glory, and prosperity, the young colonel of Spahis was carried to his grave with full military honors. The procession was a very long one, and many people looked at it, though his widow shed no tear. At midnight from out the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, borne along on the silent air, came the notes of music, long-drawn, sweet, subdued. A priest coming from administering the last rites of the church to a dying man, paused, crossed himself, then hastened on—there was something so strange and plaintive in the sound and the tune.

It had sounded no triumph on the conquest of a city; it had rung to no victorious entry; it had breathed no gentle serenade; but over the grave of broken friendship, hopes, and promises, Adolphe played the Spahis' March! On the following day, several persons walking in the cemetery saw at the head of a newly made grave a yellow rose plant of a peculiar shade. If they connected this circumstance with the sounds heard the night before, they did right. It was the record of a promise faithfully made and faithfully kept.

GREAT YIELD OF THE CARSON'S CREEK QUARTZ MINES.—We conversed yesterday with Major Austin, who reached the city on Thursday night, from the Carson's Creek quartz mine, bringing with him two hundred and fifty pounds of gold. The specimens we have seen are astonishingly rich, being almost solid lumps of gold, without more than one per cent, of quartz. This mine is situated on the crest of a mountain, 5000 feet above the level of the Stanislaus, between that river and the Carson's Creek. It has proved, perhaps, the richest mine in the world. The head or gold bearing vein has been traced about one hundred feet, ordinarily not thicker than a knife blade, but at intervals expanding into pockets, one alone of which yielded $150,000. The company have some seventy Sonorian miners at work. They are sinking seven shafts to the vein, and when Major Austin left, all the indications were that they were about to come upon another pocket.—*San Francisco Herald, of 7th ult.*

A RECIPE FOR MOTHERS.—A sensible woman of the doctor's acquaintance, (the mother of a young family) entered so far into his views upon the subject, that she taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness, ill-temper, and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.—*Southey's Literary Pastimes.*

THE Habit of procrastination is another enemy to improvement. In some men it negatives all their good. We may be sure this is a very bad and mischievous habit from the fact that the Bible so often and so earnestly remonstrates against it. Many a fine young man falls into it, and wastes his life and faculties intending to do what he never finds an opportunity to do. This is melancholy and criminal too. The circumstances of the world and the will of Providence call upon all young men to be minute men, with their banner inscribed with the word "Now."—*New York Organ.*

SINGULAR MODE OF GRAFTING.—A friend from Massachusetts has communicated the following singular method of grafting the peach on the willow, and assures us that he has seen the experiment successfully tried: Bend a willow shoot until the two ends take root and grow in the ground. Then bury a peach stone midway between, and when the young tree attains a height to intersect the willow above, cut a slit in the latter, pass the peach twig through it, and close up the opening with the preparation commonly used in grafting. A short time thereafter cut off the peach stem underneath, and it will continue to grow out of the willow.—*Winchester Republican*

ADDITION TO THE CAPITOL.—We learn from the *Republic* that the corner stone of the addition to the Capitol, authorized by the late act of Congress, will be laid by the President of the United States on the Fourth of July next, in the presence of such officers of the Government as may then be in Washington city, and of all citizens who may see fit to assemble to witness the ceremony, and that an address on that occasion will be delivered by the Secretary of State. The enlargement of our National Capitol at a time when fanatics are threatening disunion, will afford a glowing theme for the oratory of DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE LUNGS can be tested as to soundness, thus: Let the patient draw in a full breath and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly, without inflating the lungs. The number of seconds he can continue is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. But when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as twenty and thirty seconds.

ADVICE to young men—live temperately—go to church—attend to your affairs—love all the girls—marry one of them—live like a man—die like a christian.

A lady in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was "looking for the keyhole to his trunk!"

JUDAISM IN EUROPE.

A spirit of just and most commendable toleration appears to be gradually gaining ground in different parts of Europe, as respects the civil and religious liberty of the Jews. In the principal states of Germany, in Austria Prussia, and Hanover, those who belong to "the faith of Moses" are now almost entirely emancipated from ancient restrictions; and, judging from the tenor of recent accounts, their deportment is such as to attest the propriety of such changes. But, on the other hand, the policy still pursued by Bavaria and Saxony, and Russia in particular, indicates that the governments of those countries continue to be influenced by the old leaven of bigotry and superstition. Thus (as we gather from *L'Univers Israelite*) Saxony is on the point of withdrawing from some hundred of Jews the privileges granted to them by the vote of the Legislature, and confirmed by the King; while Bavaria continues its oppression of 60,000 of the same faith, and thus indirectly contributes to increase the tide of emigration now so strongly setting in from that region to the United States. Our readers have, doubtless, become accustomed by this time to the frequent publication by the Autocrat of all the Russias, of some *ukase* concerning the Jews of Russia and of Poland, setting forth regulations and prohibitions affecting their costumes, and even their beards! "In civilized Europe," says the paper before cited, "it is difficult to understand why the Emperor of Russia should prescribe the caftan and the cap; for nobody ever thinks of reproaching the English Quaker with *their* distinguishing costume. Did the Autocrat, when he issued his destructive decrees against long hair and military queues, envy the title given to NAPOLEON by his soldiers, of "*The Little Busybody?*" On the other side, the Government of the Sublime Porte (the same journal seems to think) is animated by a spirit of noble toleration with the reference to the subject of Judaism, which might cause more than one country of Europe which profess to be "civilized" and Christian," to blush with shame.

The position now occupied by Great Britain on this subject, is already known to our readers. The bill introduced into Parliment, by Lord JOHN RUSSEL, having in contemplation the removal of "Jewish Disabilities," and the claim of BARON DE ROTHSCILD, to a seat in the House of Commons, as one of the members from the city of London, are matters which has already attracted no ordinary share of attention, both in the Old World and the New, amongst those who are curious to know whether, in the course of time, Jews will not become entitled to sit in the Parliment of Great Britain, just as their brethren now in the French Chamber of Deputies and the Congress of the United States.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Excelsior.

BY PROFESSOR SHORTFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through our quiet city passed
A lass, whose summer costume nice
Reminds me of the quaint device,
Excelsior!

Her brow was glad, her skirts beneath
Unsoiled by mud, hung scant and brief;
And with a joyful murmur rung
The accents of her silver tongue,
Excelsior!

"Try not the dress!" the old folks said,
"The rabbles' scornful shout we dread
The gutter's filth we can abide;"
But firm that silver voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stop!" the dry goods merchant said,
"You'll save your dress and spoil our trade!"
A smile lurk'd in her bright blue eye,
But still came back the firm reply,
Excelsior!

Thus in the twilight cold and gray,
Pretty and neat she went her way;
And to the sky, serene and fair,
A gladsome shout did rend the air,
Excelsior!

A SINGULAR INVENTION.—One of the most singular mechanical inventions displayed at the Worlds Fair, is the model of a man by Count Danin. It represents the figure of a man five feet high, in the proportion of the Apollo, and from that size the figure can be increased in all its compartments to six feet eight inches. It is intended to facilitate the clothing of an army, and it is so ingenious that the Emperor pardoned and recalled Count Danin, who is a Pole, on seeing this result of many years' labor. The number of pieces composing the model is 7000.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—On Tuesday night the experiment of lighting the Lime street station of the London and Northwestern Railway by electric light was tried in the presence of some of the directors and Mr. Booth, the secretary. All the lights in the station were put out; and the light shown from a small electrical machine illuminated the entire station sufficiently for the transaction of the ordinary business. A similar experiment was tied at Manchester on Wednesday evening.

"DEAR SIR," lisped a great lady in a watered silk at the World's fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States?" "Yes, ma'am," answered a full fed Jonathan, who was showing off the beauties of a cream freezer, "and I am one of them."

A BLOOMER pic-nic is to come off near Milford, Ohio, on the Fourth of July.

HOLY WEEK IN VENEZUELA.

It is as curious as it is instructive to see how different nations celebrate the same event. The following account of Holy week at Cumana, Venezuela, is from a correspondent of the Herald:

"The *semana santo* has passed very quietly and with the usual ceremonies. The crucifixion was made to take place on Thursday, instead of Friday, which, I believe, is generally conceded to be the day. The lying in state of the body contined until 11 o'clock on Saturday, during which time a dead silence prevailed; the Virgin Mary was put into deep mourning, and even the bell was silenced from giving the time of day. At the hour of resurrection, the glad tidings were announced by the firing of cannon and muskets, letting off sky-rockets, the beating of drums, sounding of trompets, and every other thing which could be converted into a noise, until Sunday night. On Easter Sunday, the principal streets was fenced in, outside of the side walks, also a fence across each end of the street, and the cross streets. Within the fence was displayed all the beauty of this ancient city. At the hour of four in the afternoon, a *toro* was let loose, and put to flight by horsemen. This was the famous sport every afternoon until the following Sunday. We then had a respite until the last Sabbath, which was set apart for killing the Jews. This was accomplished by having a number of stuffed men prepared, with masks on, and the centre of their bodies and head were filled with fire-crackers. These figures, suspended by their necks high in the air, in the most public places, were set on fire, and when the explosions took place, it called forth great shouts of applause. So much for the resurrection.

NATURAL SOAP IN NEW MEXICO.—John Gorman, Assistant Marshal, who was engaged in taking the census of New Mexico, discovered in the Town of Bhimallo, in Rio Arriba county, a substance resembling soap. It makes a lather like soap, and has the property of removing grease spots or stains out of any kind of cloth. When put in water it immediately slacks like lime. At the place where the discovery was first made, it is with the surface, and about fifteen yards square. It is rotten on the top to about the depth of three feet, but appears cleaner and sounder at greater depths. It can be taken out in large lumps, of ten or fifteen pounds weight. It is as white as snow, and seems to exist in large quantities. Specimens have been forwarded to the Census Office at Washington.

STATISTICS OF MISSISSIPPI.—The census statistics of Mississippi show the number of dwellings to be 50,927; families, 50,884.—Free population, 296,008. Slaves, 302,178. Deaths during the year, 8261. Farms, 36,322. Value of real estates, $69,470,282; personal estate, $142,860,539; of products of industy in the last year, $2,794,914.—Cotton bales raised, 459,654. Bushels of Corn, 21,031,600 Schools, 931; teachers 1107; churches, 994. Paupers, 245; criminals, 65. From the county of Yazoo no returns were received.

THE everlasting perseverance of the Yankee is admirably illustrated in a case that lately occurred at Lynn, away down East. A cute chap indentured himself to a boot maker for two weeks, to learn to fit boots. At the end of three days he bought out his time, and set up for himself.

THE New York Legislature have before them a bill authorizing married women owning stock in the corporations of any character, to vote in elections for trustees or directors, as the case may be. This is taking a step in the woman's rights direction.

THE following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church, in Hersfordshire, England, some time back:—This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but the living in the parish.—Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

THE report that the Maine coasters drop shingles overboard every half mile, so as to know the way back, is wholly without any foundation. Will the Eastern papers please correct?

THREE JULIAS.—Julia Dean, Julia Turnbull, and Julia Bennett, three actresses of note, have been engaged at Rice's Theatre, in Chicago.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Earning for May, 1851, $47,960 99; May, 1850, 17,945 90, Gain, $30,015 09—being more than 160 per cent, over last year.

"Bob, did you know that my father got married again last week." "No, Tom, I did not. Did he get an old woman?" "No sir-ee! He got a new one."

SINCE TIME, says Goethe, is not a person we can overtake, when it is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart, while he is passing.

SIR EDWARD BULWER'S much talked of play "Not so Bad as we Seem," is Not so Good as we Expected.—*Southern Press.*

WHERE true fortitude dwells, loyalty bounty, friendship, and fidelity may be found.

THE loss of a friend is like that of a limb, time may heal the anguish of the wound but the loss cannot be repaired.

A fool loseth his estate before he finds his folly.