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.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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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
Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Merinos, &c.
Summer wear of all kinds—Muslins, Calicoes, Ginghams, Checks, &c.
ALSO:
An assortment of Hardware of all kinds, most generally in use.
ALSO:
Groceries of all Kinds,
As Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Spicits, &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, Kersamier, 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.

Teas! Cheaper than Ever!!!

100 Half Chests Rose Flavor Black Tea,
15 " " Oolong " "
15 " " Ning Yong " "

THESE Teas are better for the price than were ever offered before in Philadelphia, especially the Rose Flavor, which is of the very best quality and finest flavor, and families that want a Half Chest or less by sending soon will get a first rate article at a very low price. They will be well packed up and sent to Depot or cars free of charge.

DAVID PEASE,
Tea Dealer and Grocer,
S. W. Cor. 6th & Arch Sts.
Philadelphia.

May 10, 1851.—3mo.

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 Dublin University Magazine.

Summer Pastime.

Do you ask how I'd amuse me
When the long bright summer comes,
And welcome leisure woos me
To shun life's crowded homes;
To shun the sultry city,
Whose dense, oppressive air
Might make one weak with pity
For those who must be there?

I'll tell you then—I would not
To foreign countries roam,
Although my fancy could not
Find occupance at home;
Nor to home-haunts of fashion
Would I least of all, repair,
For guilt, and pride, and passion,
Have summer-quarters there.

Far, far from watering-places
Of note and name I'd keep,
For there would vapid faces,
Still throng me in my sleep;
Then contact with the foolish,
The arrogant, the vain,
The meaningless—the mulish,
Would sicken heart and brain.

No—I'd seek some shore of ocean,
Where nothing comes to mar
The ever fresh commotion
Of sea and land at war.
Save the gentle evening only
As it steals along the deep,
So spirit-like and lonely,
To still the waves to sleep.

There long hours I'd spend in viewing
The elemental strife,
My soul the while subduing
With the littleness of life;
Of life, with all its paltry plans,
Its conflicts and its cares—
The feebleness of all that man's—
The might that's God's and theirs!

And when eve came I'd listen
To the stilling of that war,
Till o'er my head should glisten
The first pure silver star;
Then, wandering homeward slowly,
I'd learn my heart the tune
Which the dreaming billows lowly,
Were murmuring to the moon!

A Select Tale.

ANNETTE, THE HEIRESS; Or the Foraging Party.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands extending away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of vigiteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of widow Ogilvie wound along the sea beach, with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white sparkling sand and blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mansions was little less than a mile; and about half way between was a bridge of stone spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of half a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart; and every evening for the last month he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode.—Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm, meditative aspect peculiar to students; for such was the young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return—but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger a few moments as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek, and gaze upon its expansive waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was toward the land, but seeing Annette on the piazza, he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than that of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

"We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant," said Annette, whom we would stop to describe if our pen could do justice to her beauty. We will, however, say that the color of her eyes was a deep sea-blue, and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine, her form sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion as graceful as a fawn's. She was good humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

"Yes Annette, the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground?"

"I should like it of all things. My father says *our* company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on the parade, to day.

"He was at the review then?"

"Yes, and acted as a major or colonel, I believe. At any rate, he has just come home, on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for a full minute!"

"And the longest time you ever held it, "Netty," said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in his hand and his sword unbelted beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster?

"Yes sir!" Are the troops dismissed yet?

"Not all."

"We are going up the road to the hill-top, to listen to the music, father," said Annette.

"No—no! stay at home child," said the Squire, gravely. "I suppose master Edward has asked you to go?"

"I did, Mr. Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant."

"Humph! Look you, young man," said Squire Harwood bluntly—"military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling away the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in; and colors to fight under! you, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man, that I know: but you see I havn't but one daughter, and don't mean she shall marry any man who excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade, nor pulled a trigger for love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows, and serving her with honor. You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day-time, and come to make love to my Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I said before; but I have made up my mind Annette shan't marry a man that hasn't had a hand in the war against the English. If you are amind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something that you have done, that I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette, for her's, I dare say, she has given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So, if you want my daughter, you know how she is to be won."

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and, bowing very kindly, but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheeks burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession which he had in view was that of a clergyman; and although not deficient in courage or patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and deck while he remained at home.—The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was very dear to him. As he came upon the bridge he had made up his mind. He stopped, and speaking aloud said firmly—

"If Annette is to be only won by taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! it is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown to me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!"

While he was speaking he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor about a mile abreast of the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a merchant ship. He remained for some time watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from their muster field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill; and the low dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

"Well, to-morrow, I too shall march to the measure of fife and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won."

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects to obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweeps came clearer and nearer, and he soon was enabled to discover a large pulling in towards the bridge.—His position, in the shadow of an overhanging limb, shielded him from observation. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer the land, and a person standing in the stern directed its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood the party debarked. He now saw that half of them were seamen, and half marines, and that all were well armed.—They were conducted by a young midshipman, who, forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and on the bridge. Edward, as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed by its foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

"How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?" asked the young officer, looking about him after all his party had got on the bridge save a man to guard the boat.

"The first mill am 'bout a third of a mile up de creek, and the t'other one, where the most grist be, is a mile. There is a good path along the creek shore," answered a man in the true Yankee negro intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

"If you deceive me darkie, you are a dead man!" said the middy, very positively.

"I knows dat, well 'nuf, so I tell you de truth, though I hates to, mightily! I know all 'bout dis place, 'cause I used to lib here once. Ober dar is whar Squire Harwood lives, and ober dat way am widdur Ogilvie, an' I wish dis nigger was safe in dar kitchen. I nebber go to cook agen in Boston ship, nor no oder one a'ter bein' taken prisoner by the British, as I am dis time, I wish I may nebber see blue water agen, if I gets my liberty dis time!"

"Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country, and must be cautious."

"Yes, I guess you better," said the negro, sulkily. "If de country people know'd you was skulkin' here arter corn, flour, sheep and oxes, to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a week past, they be 'round as thick as snakes in de grass, and debel one ob you git back to your boat! So I advise you, massa, to keep sharp eye to windward. Guy! how mad all on 'em be in de mornin', when dey find out you land here in prize ship wid only two gun aboard an' thirty men, an' carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mills, an' sheep an' turkeys too, for de lieutenant's dinner! Dey sware den, an' I expec' de Squire sware enuff for a whole regiment!"

"Forward!" cried the middy. "Silence all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution!"

They filed off the bridge and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the everhanging banks of the creek.

"These men, then, are English," he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge: "the vessel is a prize, bound to Halifax, midshipman and two and thirty men—twenty here and ten on board! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the fife and drum; and if I can find twenty brave men among them to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun rises!"

As he spoke he noiselessly glided away from the bridge, and after getting beyond hearing of the man in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the "Cross Road," a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This Inn was about half a mile distant from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet that he feared the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there.—Through the windows, as he approached the door, he saw that the bar room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eyes.—There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets—while the guns of the rest of the party were stacked in a corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally performed at the battle of Plattsburg.

On Edward's entrance, the landlord first noticed him—

"Ah—so you *can* enter a tavern on a training day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you—Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your brothers' sake, who are serving their country. But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade!"

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor, he said, with a firm tone,

"I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place themselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize money!"

"Spoken with spirit!" exclaimed several.

"That rings like your brother George!" said the landlord, "But what is it?" cried all, crowding round.

"Will you be led by me? There is danger to life and person, but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead."

"The man has courage, if he is a student," remarked the one to the other, with surprise.

"What have you discovered?" demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

"Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who have just landed?"

"Yes—lead on!" was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia men was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse, and armed with his broad sword. Five of his farm men had followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward, with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire, with thirty men, should cut off the retreat of the foraging party, and take them prisoners.

"And what will you do?" asked the Squire. "You are not going to keep out of the danger?"

"No sir! If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it, and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands, for the most of her prize crew are ashore.—Who will volunteer?"

This bold proposition at first startled the boldest man among them. But in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered; and in two minutes more he was at their head, leading them to the bridge, while the Squire with his detachment proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and his brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and after a short conflict he was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that within less than three months he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood.

AN INTERESTIG INCIDENT.

The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the Philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her, "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situation?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and diffident, like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been in my travels through the different States in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was going to do with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he heard that robberies had been comitted on our road. I said to him give me the pistols—I will take care of them.—He did so reluctantly.

"In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self possession as I could command, "Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some." While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changed and he became deathly pale. "My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse and said to him, "I will give you something to support you until you can get an honest employment." He declined at first taking anything until I insisted on him doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment.

Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. "That voice" was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols.—*Greenville (S. C.) Patriot.*

FLAGS OF THE REVOLUTION.—There is now in Alexandria, Va., the first flag taken during the Revolution, by Gen. Washington, from the Hessians at Trenton. It is composed of silk, beautifully embroidered in needlework—the crown appearance prominent, and the date 1775 on the front. Also the identical flag surrendered at the battle of Yorktown. It was the flag of the Seventh Regiment, and now bears the inscription—"The surrender of Lord Cornwallis be ing the crowning glory of the complete success of the American arms." The flag is of rich silk, well perforated with bullet holes. Gen. Washington's body-guard flag is also there—silk, with the motto, "Conquer or Die."

THE venerable Dr Nott, now in the 97th year of his age, was present at the celebration at Hartford, Ct., on the 4th inst., and closed the services in the Church by pronouncing the benediction.

A QUEER gatherer of statistics says, that of one hundred and fifty-eight women whom he met in the streets of a city in a given time, one hundred were sucking their parasol handles.

ABOVE all things never despair. God is where he was.

JEREMIAH S. BLACK

Was born on the 10th day of Janury, 1810, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. He is the son of the Hon. Henry Black, a highly intelligent and respectable citizen of that county, who was for many years one of its associate judges, and who died in 1841, whilst representing that congressional district in the House of Representatives of the United States. He passed through an excellent academic instruction, and before commencing the study of the law was pronounced, by those competent to judge, to to have acquired more than ordinary attainments in classical literature and scientific studies. At an early age, he gave promise of those talents which have since so distinguished him. In his eighteenth year he commenced the study of the law under Chauncey Forward, Esq., of Somerset, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. At the time of his admission the leading members of that bar were Messrs. Forward, Moses Hampton, Charles Ogle, Joshua F. Cox, and Joseph Williams, (now Chief Justice of Iowa.) Mr. BLACK had not completed his majority when he was admitted and had to enter into competition with these gentlemen, all of acknowledged ability. This rivalry no doubt tended to develope his talents and stimulate his industry and ambition. He immediately acquired a large practice, which he retained in Somerset and the adjoining counties, until he quit the bar for the bench. In 1841, he was appointed by Gov. Porter, President Judge of the 16th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Franklin, Bedford and Somerset, which situation he has filled from that time to this; the district being at one time, enlarged by the addition of Blair, and at another, by that of Fulton county.

At the bar he was distinguished for sound, clear and logical views in his legal arguments, united to a bold and commanding eloquence which rendered him a powerful and successful advocate.

As a President Judge he has exhibited talents and capacity of the highest order.—He seems to comprehend the cause before him so distinctly, that in charges he clears up all its difficulties and puts it to the Jury in such a lucid point of view as enables them to understand the precise point in issue, thus relieving the case of all extraneous matter.

Few men possess a stronger grasp of intellect, and none can express themselves with more clearness upon any subject that comes before him. A rich scholar in general literature—a sound and industrious lawyer and judge, with nearly ten years experience on the bench—with a methodical and strong mind, quick perception and a clear intellect, he cannot do otherwise than fill with credit to himself and advantage to the public, the high office for which he has been nominated, and which he will grace, as well by his qualifications as by his simple, unaffected and urbane manners.

WALTER H. LOWRIE.

Was born in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania. He is the son of Matthew B. Lowrie formerly Mayor of Pittsburg, and comes of that honest, upright and intelligent stock of people who emigrated from that province of Ulster, and have done so much for the cause of education, sound morals and popular rights in this Western World. He is now 44 years of age, and was reared and educated at Pittsburg where he graduated in the Western University of Pennsylvania, at the age of nineteen. He read law under Judge Shaler of Pittsburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. During a portion of his studies he taught a classical school, and thus was disciplining his own mind whilst imparting knowledge to others. After admission, he pursued his profession with diligence and success in the great iron city of the West, and attained such deserved distinction in it, that in 1842 he was unanimously chosen Professor of Law in his Alma Mater, the duties of which, besides at tending to his growing practice, he continued to perform with great credit, until the University buildings were destroyed in the great conflagation of 1845. His selection for such a situation from a bar as numerous and talented as that of Pittsburgh, by the learned gentlemen who had charge of the institution, was no slight tribute to the talents and worth of one who was then comparatively young in years. Public opinion fully ratified the choice, as it did the appointment in 1846 from Shunk, of Assistant Judge of the District Court for the county of Allegheny, which had become vacant by the promotion of Hon. Hopewell Hepburn to the Presidency of that Court, in place of Judge Grier appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Succeeding as he did two such able and eminent men as Judges Grier and Hepburn, he has sustained himself in this judicial station and has given universal satisfaction, by the untiring industry with which he has met and treated the multifarious questions of law and equity which have been constantly arising in that court, growing out of the increased business and commerce of our great Western Emporium.

He possesses a clear and lucid intellect, is well read, not only in his profession, but in almost every branch of general literature and science. He possesses great power of analysis and great patience in investigation. His manners on the bench, as well as in private intercourse, are bland and courteous, and his opinions, many of which have been given to the world, satisfy the profession and the public of his capacity and legal attainments. No man could stand higher for strict and unbending integrity, and five years experience on the bench have satisfied the public of his high integrity for the discharge of judicial functions.

MARRIAGE AND STOCKINGS.

The following letter is said to have accompanied the present of a pair of stockings to a young bride. It is quite apropos:

Dear Cousin—Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear coz. that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work and generous as the donation. But consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness and giving comfort as long as they last.—The thread of their texture is mixed, and so alas! is the thread of life. In these, however, the white predominates, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence.—No black is used; for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent, where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind respecting these stocking. The most indifferent subjects when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet:

"The iron dogs, the fuel and the tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs;
The fire-wood ashes and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of these stockings (by which suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl, but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end and final toeing off. By this, I wish you to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are now through the seaming, and have come to plain reality.

Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not made at once but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair, equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so may it be with you. No stitch dropped where duties are to be performed—no widening made where bad principles are to be reproved or economy is to be preserved or neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question.

Thus every stitch of life made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose; thus you may keep on your smooth and even course, making existance one fair and consistant piece, until together, having past the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here in the final narrowing off, and dropping the coil of this emblematical pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light; and may you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work being completed, go together from the place where you were formed to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception, I remain in true blue friendship seemly, without seeming, yours, from top to toe.

PHILOSOPHY OF SWIMMING.—No branch of education has been so much neglected as this. Man is the only animal that does not swim naturally. He sinks in deep water from the size of his brain when not properly exercised. That is to say the weight of his brain above his nose sinks that organ a little beneath the surface, when he is in an erect position, before his body displaces its weight of water, and thus finds an equilibrium.—With the nose under one must breathe water and drown. But when the brain comes to be exercised enough to throw the head back and nose up, pointing to the very zenith and keep hands and feet carefully under water, then by the eternal laws of dydrostatics, the nose will continue above water and the person will float like an empty bottle which is so balanced as to keep its mouth uppermost. No human being can sink in still water of any depth lying on his back with hands and feet under water.

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—In Great Britain, many of the most successful agriculturalists and cattle breeders, feed their horses largely and, indeed, in some instances, quite exclusively, on roots. It has been estimated by competent judges, that for purposes of cattle feeding, a bushel of carrots is equal to a bushel of grain. I saw it asserted recently, in an agricultural journal, that the proprietor of an extensive livery stable, in the State of Connecticut, considers this root the most valuable article for winter feed he has ever raised. The yield of the carrot, per acre, is, under proper and judicious management, very great.

SEVERE.—One of the St. Louis papers complains that the arrivals of the mails from the West now-a-days are not so regular as their *robberies*.

FIVE GOOD RULES.—Cold bathing, pure water, plain diet, a clear conscience, and a clean shirt, are indispensible to health and happiness.

IT has been discovered that the Indian ocean, bordering on Madagascar, abounds with whales and grampusses.