

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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GEORGE CLIN,
S. E. Corner of Second & Market Sts. Philadelphia, April 19, 1851.—44.

LIGHTNING RODS.

THE subscriber has constructed a LIGHTNING ROD on true Philosophical principles, by which buildings supplied with them are rendered perfectly secure against destruction by lightning. The construction and installation of them, as well as the preparation of the ground rods, on an entirely new plan, making a more perfect conductor than any heretofore in use.

Measures have been taken to secure Letters Patent for the improvement of securing their lives and property from destruction by lightning, can have conductors put up to their buildings in the most effect and substantial manner, by applying either personally or by letter, to the undersigned, at the following prices:

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T. S. MACKAY,
Milton, Sept. 6, 1851.—15.

Alden's Condensed Reports of Penna.

JUST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the 23rd volume of Yesler's Reports, and two volumes of Binney's Reports. The first volume of Alden, containing Binney's Reports, 4 volumes, and Yesler's Reports, 1 volume, is also on hand, and for sale. The above two volumes are complete within themselves, and contain all of Alden's Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yesler's Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes Binney's Reports. The third volume is ready to be put to press immediately.

H. B. MASSER, Agent,
Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—

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 Stanton and Commerce streets, nearly opposite to the use he formerly kept. He is well prepared to accommodate his guests, and is also provided with good stabling. He trusts his experience, strict attention to business, will induce persons visiting the coal region to continue the patronage he has heretofore received.

WILLIAM WEAVER,
Shamokin, April 19, 1850.—46.

JAMES H. MAGEE

AS removed from his old stand, No. 118 Vine street, to 92 Dillwyn St., (bet'n Cal'hill & Willow,) to be his constantly on hand.

ROWN STOUT, PORTER, Ale and Cider.

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION OR SHIPPING.

B—Coloring, Bottling, Wire and Bottles, &c., &c. For sale in lots.

Shadyside, April 12, 1851.—17.

oming Mutual Insurance Company.

L. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect contracts against fire on real or personal property, or reversing policies for the same.

Shadyside, April 26, 1851.—18.

Bureau's celebrated ink, and also Conner's ink for sale, wholesale and retail by October 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER.

Who sleeps beneath
That pleasant spot,
Where rose-buds breathe,
And hangs the wild forget-me not?
Tis my mother's grave,
That sacred spot!
Where rose and lilies wave,
And the blue forget-me not.
The myrtle's polished leaf shall lie,
And spread its glossy covering o'er
The violet rise its timid eye,
And on the gale its fragrance pour.

Oh! I would the grassy mound
As a garden terrace fair,
With Flora's sweetest beauties crowned,
And soft perfumes should linger there.
Bright lilies shall wander there,
And fold their rainbow wings,
While on the scented summer air
Their wild, sweet music rings.
There sunset's golden light shall lie,
And for the opening flowers;
But brighter shines, in words on high,
The spirit with its Saviour, God.

Weep, weep tears, pensive Night,
And nurse the sleeping flowers;
Rory Moon, Aurora bright,
Bedeck with gems those stilly bowers.

Here softest airs shall gently play,
And for the opening flowers;
White through the long, bright summer day,
Apart, I'll weep the lonely hours.

Hope smiles, like a cherub from the skies,
Pointing to those regions fair,
Softly whispering, Thy Mother's there.

Humorous Sketches.

THE WAY SHE TURNED HIM.

A writer in the St. Louis Spirit of the West, tells a good story about a Western politician, which is as follows:

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with, was Jack D., now a prosperous and influential Attorney, in this county, in this State.

At the hour of which I am writing, he was a red hot Democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the world. His friends and acquaintances, who knew him well, and whom he had repeatedly "victimized," with one consent pronounced Jack a bore, and his politics a nuisance; but, with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the button, at the moment of introduction, Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsal of the articles of his political creed—branch out into an interminable rhapsody on the manifold destiny of the great progressive party, and if the victim was unusually passive, wind up with an eloquent eulogy on the great "old did," as the living embodiment of his peculiar opinions, and, in consequence, the greatest man of the age. Such was Jack D., at the time of our story, acknowledged, on every side, as a firm and incorruptible Democrat. But, alas! let us, however, not anticipate—but to our story:

One unlucky day, Jack met, at the house of a friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments; attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in his attentions, forgot for a while his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preferences of his "lady love," imprudently proposed, and accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as being a Democrat.

"What!" exclaimed she, turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Democrat?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long-restrained oratory. "Yes, ma'am, I am a Democrat—a real Jeffersonian Democrat, attached to the principles of the great progressive party; a regular out and outer, double-dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife. "I am a Whig. I am, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible—she must be jesting. He remonstrated—in vain—tried persuasion—"was useless—entreaty—was no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a separate bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate. To oblige the great and established doctrine of his party—to renounce his allegiance to that faith that had become identified with his very being—to surrender these glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed, and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door, his wife screamed out to him, "I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy, and repent your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was evidently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that he was a martyr in the "right cause," strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife into a capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened, but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "glancing devil" in her eye, which bespoke her power, and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him in the struggle—which he now found was getting desperate. He vented curses, "not loud and deep," on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general, and of his own wife in particular—wondered how much longer she would hold out—whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him with morning—perhaps that very night, and sue for reconciliation. But then came the recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that unbending will, and of that laughing and unyielding eye—and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope, and despairingly he turned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts.

The second day was a repetition of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject, on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife, that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her to a surrender, must be abandoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the night previous. What they were, of course were known only to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight, three distinct taps were made at his wife's door. No answer—and the signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent, and a third time the door shook with violent attacks from the outside.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from deep sleep.

"It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best Whig you ever did see."

The revolution in such opinions was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county, as a firm and decided Whig.

MECHANIC'S WIFE.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, the poet and best portion of society, a modern writer makes the following excellent remark:

"There we behold women in all her glory; not a doll to carry ribbons and jewels, not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration, reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow, always jostled out of the place which nature would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired but not respected, desired but not esteemed; ruled by passion, not effected imparting her weakness, not her constancy to the sex she would exalt; her source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toil by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around and for his sake, sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain to them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother she finds her affectionate, the ardent tenderness of the children whom she has nurtured from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanic's daughters make the best wives in the world."

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

SONG—BY S. H. TACY.

Air—Jocundity, No.

I am going far away, but I don't know where to go,
I'll prospect the river and I've helped to turn the stream,
For I told them when I started, I was bound to make a pile,
But could they only see it now, I rather think they'd smile,
I've prospected the river and I've helped to turn the stream,
And was trotted on the strength of that d-d-ive golden dream;
For when we went to digging, we all found it was a sham,
And we who dammed the river o'er, found nothing worth a dam.

I am going far away, &c.

AUSTRIAN BUTCHERS—Field-Marshal Radetzky was said to be falling fast, and Gen. Haynau is wandering about like a reckless spirit, from one watering-place to the other, in a state of the most confirmed ill health. He is now at Lajbach.

RUSSIA SHEET-IRON is manufactured by Mr. W. DAVES Wood, at the McKeesport Iron Works, a few miles above Pittsburg, on the Monongahela river. It is described as a beautiful article, with a smoother surface, a finer gloss, and a richer color, than any sheet-iron made in Russia.

THE MAMMOT; CAVE—White & Conington, the celebrated pork dealers of Kentucky, have just converted the Mammoth Cave into a hog-pen.

LOLA MONTEZ AGAIN.

The New York Herald of yesterday published another long communication from Lola Montez, from which we make a few extracts. She begins by saying:

"I am sure you will not refuse a stranger, and that stranger a woman, a little space in your paper, for an appeal to an intelligent and generous community, against unjust and libelous attacks upon her, intended to prejudice the people against her."

I am sure, too, that the good hearted American people, and of this noble city, will listen to an inoffensive stranger, and protect her against rude and harsh treatment. I know that American gentlemen and ladies will frown on any who are guilty of indecent, insulting, and vulgar treatment of a visitor to their free, hospitable, and happy land. I know they will sympathize with a female who seeks to deport herself unobtrusively and becomingly, when she is forced to go into the newspapers to defend herself; and if she shows she is right, I am confident they will sustain her.

Since childhood, when I first came to view of America, my heart yearned to visit it. I read of the tales of suffering encountered by the Pilgrims who first came hither—I read of the progress of their noble descendants—their resistance to British oppression, and of the glorious deeds of Washington, "peerless among peers," of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Fulton, and all my dreams of romance were connected with your happy country.

My career has been one of such vicissitudes and adventure, that it almost equals those given in popular works of fiction. I sometimes look back on my life and wonder—'tis it true?—'have I existed?—'do I live?—'is it all a dream? I have been wild and wayward, but I know myself, never wicked. I can appeal to every companion or servant in my whole life, of my own sex, to say if I ever treated them unjustly, unkindly, and I will add ungenerously. I have been traduced, and slandered, and vilified more, I think, than any human being, man or woman, that has lived for a century. If all that is said of me were true—nay, if half of it were true—I ought to be buried alive. The very atrocities to me, themselves, show their false hoods. At the age of thirteen, injudicious, but well meaning friends, constrained me to an alliance with one much my senior in years, but who had not my affections, who did seek to win them, and from whom I was obliged to part myself. No one ever accused me of falsehood to my views of fidelity to him.

In my personal career as a danseuse, having been in Russia, and being on my way to Vienna, I stopped at Munich. Soon after I received from an aunt of the good old King Louis, an invitation to a royal audience on the next day. After hesitating some time, I yielded to the solicitation of my friends, accepted the invitation, and had an interview with the King at midnight. The King treated me with kindness. In a familiar conversation with him about French politics, I gave my opinions freely, and especially in relation to some French editors whom I was acquainted with. Having always been, as I am yet, in the habit of making full notes of public events, men, and movements, I was enabled to be accurate. The King manifested great surprise at some of the information I gave him, and seemed so deeply interested as to ask me to stay in Munich, as his guest, for a few days. I at first declined, but finally observed, "Will it not give cause for scandal against your Majesty?" The King replied, "No, I have no fear of that." I consented to stay a few days, and renewed my conversations with the King several times, on visits to him at his instance. These visits were unceremonious. I talked to the King, as I always do to every one, frankly, frankly, and with out concealment. I told him of errors and abuses in his government—I told him of the perfidy of his ministers. Honest and unsuspecting, he did not believe it; but I proved it to him. He expressed his gratitude to me. His Queen was my friend. I exposed to him especially the art, duplicity and villany of his Prime Minister, Baron D'Abel a Jesuit, who had wormed himself into his confidence.

The Prime Minister, D'Abel, determined to drive me away, and he plotted against me, raised all kinds of scandal about me, sent to France, England, the East Indies, and Spain, to get false testimony against me. He represented to the people that I influenced the King to do all kinds of wickedness, and he attributed his own oppressive acts to the King and myself. In all these villainous schemes he failed, till he called in the aid of the Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Metternich. Then they tried to conciliate and soothe me, and bribe me to their purpose. I was offered four millions of francs and the title of Princess, if I would consent to aid them to control the King to advance their plans. This I indignantly refused, and immediately exposed their offer to the King. He was astonished, and exclaimed, "It cannot be so. I determined to prove it. I agreed upon an interview with Metternich's and D'Abel's agent, Baron Miltzsch, in a room, the King being concealed so that he could hear all that passed. He heard the whole. He was convinced of the treachery of those around him, and he dismissed his ministry forthwith. The successor of D'Abel was a liberal and a Protestant. My course strengthened the

King's confidence in me and augmented the hostility of the Jesuits to both. They sought my life by poison; they sought to assail my reputation by misrepresenting my position with the King, and they traduced me to the people, as influencing the King to their injury.

I am a humane, unobtrusive, defenceless danseuse, in a foreign land, with no relation, and no long tried, unselfish friend to appeal to, and can only ask a liberal and generous public to credit my simple tale. Can I expect this in vain from the high souled free liberal, and honorable Americans? I do hope, I do trust, they will not child the heart of a stranger, who wishes kindness to all, by harsh and cruel censure, upon idle reports and rumors. Can I ask of my own sex to speak a gentle word for me, and be refused? I know I have erred in life, often and again—who has not? I have been vain, frivolous, and ambitious—proud; but never vicious, never cruel, never unkind. I cannot help it if bad men approach me—if bad men scheme to become acquainted with me—if bad men talk of me—and if bad men seek to make me despise myself. I know but few gentlemen or ladies in America and abroad who have not been assured with gratitude while I live. I have repulsed from my doors all who have not been assured were worthy correct, honorable, and respectable gentlemen, and shall persevere in so doing, nor will I associate with fools of my own or the other sex, and I beseech a generous public to sustain me in my efforts to better my fortune in an honorable profession. I appeal to a liberal press, and to the intelligent gentlemen who control it, to aid me in exertions to regain the means of an honorable livelihood. Alas, kind sir, with thanks for your courtesy, and my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

KOSSUTH IN HARRISBURG.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS.

The Wild Enthusiasm of the People.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 14.

The special train provided to convey Gov. Kossuth and suite and the Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to Harrisburg, left the depot on Calver street, Baltimore, this morning, shortly after 9 o'clock, but owing to unavoidable detention, in consequence of the breaking of a wheel of one of the cars, the train did not arrive here until about 3 o'clock. The committee and the distinguished guest were received at the depot by the members of both Houses of the Legislature, and a very large concourse of citizens.

The party was conducted to sleighs, each drawn by four horses, and the procession, formed entirely of individuals in sleighs, after moving through the principal streets in the borough, amid much enthusiasm and many demonstrations of welcome on the part of the citizens, finally drew up at Herr's Hotel, where apartments had been provided for Gov. Kossuth and his suite. The utmost enthusiasm was manifested throughout.

The party retired for a few minutes after a few introductions, and immediately after dinner proceeded to the State House, where Gov. Kossuth was presented to the two Houses of the Legislature.

The House met at 4 o'clock. About noon large numbers of ladies began to fill the Hall of the House of Representatives, and long before the time for the meeting of the House, all the seats of members of the floor were occupied, notwithstanding the rule which had been adopted by the Committee. The Rotunda of the Capitol, and especially the entrance of the Hall of the House, presented a scene of the utmost confusion and excitement, the dense crowd struggling for admission, and lavishing imprecations upon the officers on duty.

The Speaker repeatedly and loudly called upon the House to come to order, but with out avail. The Speaker of the Senate also appeared to the crowd, entreating them to clear the rotunda, and allow the Senators to pass into the Hall of the House; but his appeal was disregarded by the mob, which shouted and hooted all the more, and indulged in the most disgraceful exhibitions of rowdiness. Mr. Speaker Rhey, of the House plied his gavel in vain, and finally gave up the task.

In the midst of the confusion, Judge Gillis attempted to address the Chair. He had understood that the Legislature of Pennsylvania was to receive the illustrious Kossuth, but the seats of the members were occupied by strangers. He hoped that Kossuth would not be received in a way that would disgrace the State, and moved that the Convention adjourn until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Mr. Frailey, of Schuylkill, rose to reply, but his voice was drowned amid the shouts of the mob. Everybody rose to their feet. The Speaker called to order, and asked members to be seated, if possible.

Judge Gillis said that if the Speaker would order "no officers of the House to clear the Hall of the persons who occupied the places of members, he would take his seat.

Mr. Frailey hoped the Convention would not adjourn.

Mr. James said it was a burning disgrace that the proceedings of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on an occasion like this, should be interrupted by a noisy rabble.

Judge Gillis insisted upon his motion to adjourn.

The Speaker finally put the question, and the motion to adjourn was voted down almost unanimously, but whether by members or strangers it was impossible to tell.

The military having been sent for soon after the opening of the House, with a view to disperse the mob, and the National Guards, of Harrisburg, Captain John R. Gar, landed, arrived at 10 minutes to 5 o'clock, and marching into the Rotunda, took possession of the doors. Several attempted to resist, and a number of arrests were made.

At 5 o'clock the Governor and Heads of Departments were announced and entered the Hall. The confusion was then again renewed in the Rotunda, in the midst of which the Sergeant-at-Arms announced the joint Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives, who entered, Messrs. Kunkel, of the Senate, and Bonham, of the House, escorting the distinguished guest Louis Kossuth.

The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Kunkel, then introduced Gov. Kossuth to the House, and he took his seat beside Gov. Johnston, on the Speaker's stand.

The noise, confusion and cheering here became so great that the ceremonies of reception were, for a time, suspended, and the Speaker ordered the doors to be closed; but this was found impossible, the mob having again acquired the ascendancy in their vicinity.

Gov. Kossuth sat calmly looking on, not a feature of his face disturbed. The military finally marched through the hall, and passing out at the back windows, filed round to the front of the Capitol, with a view of again entering the Rotunda, and clearing it of the mob. The attempt, however, was futile.

In the midst of the confusion Gov. Johnston arose and commenced his address of welcome to Gov. Kossuth, not a word of which was heard beyond the Clerk's desk; if even there.

When Gov. Johnston had concluded, Gov. Kossuth remained standing silent for some time, until the doors being closed, he commenced his reply; amid the now deadened shouts of the crowd outside. His speech was listened to with breathless attention by those inside the Hall, and frequently interrupted by shouts of applause.

Gov. Kossuth spoke for about fifteen minutes, and when he had finished the Convention was adjourned, and then, and not until then, was the scene of rowdiness ended.

During the evening at his apartments, he was introduced to many members of the Legislature, and a large number of citizens, who called upon him.

WHAT I WOULD DO.—If I were possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

I would will the world (and the rest of mankind) truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders, and mechanics.

I would give to physicians skill and loquacity.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossiping women, short toggies.

A YOUNG MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—Hon. Galusha A. Grew, member of the House of Representatives, from Pennsylvania, is the youngest member of that body, being only twenty-six years of age. It is said he came from the backwoods of Pennsylvania, to commence his education previous to which even he had been engaged in raftering down the Susquehanna, and in deer hunting in the Alleghenies. He soon took a high rank in his class, became a good speaker, subsequently studied law, and last year was elected to Congress without serious opposition.

NEW KIND OF POTATOES.—The editor of the Oregon Spectator lately received some potato vines, grown on the farm of Samuel Miller, Esq., adjacent to Linn City, which bore potatoes both at the root and upon the tops—regular grown potatoes above as well as under the ground.

A TAVERN keeper, up in the country, being in church, fell asleep during the sermon, and let fall a large bible which he held in his lap. The dropping of the book made such a noise that it started Old Boniface to his feet, who exclaimed aloud, "There d—n it there goes another bottle!"

FASHION.—"Why in such a hurry?" said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," said the man, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion may change before I get home."

A LADY'S EYES.—A letter writer says that the eyes of Italy are bluer than anything he ever saw, with the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

The Reading Cotton Mill gives employment to about 350 operatives, of whom two-thirds are females, and will produce 9000 yards of muslin shirtings per day.

LOLA MONTEZ, we understand, has deposited her money in Bank to her own credit and is determined henceforth to be her own mistress.

Two thousand citizens of Dayton will be in Cincinnati, upon the arrival of Kossuth.

ENTER GIBBS, late editor of the Paris Press, is reported to have become insane.