

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

NEW SERIES VOL. 5. NO. 6.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 32.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at \$100.00 per annum in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLERKS.

Three copies to one address.	\$3.00
Single copies.	10.00
Five copies.	50.00
Twenty copies.	200.00
One hundred copies.	1000.00

For the Square of 10 lines, 3 times, \$1.00. Every subsequent insertion, 25c. For the Square, 3 months, 2.50. For the Square, 6 months, 5.00. For the Square, 1 year, 10.00. Business Cards of Five lines, per annum, 25.00. Merchants and others advertising in the American, different rates, according to the nature of the advertisement. 12 1/2 Lines Advertisements per annum, 10.00.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA. Practices attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Refer to:

P. & A. Rowland, Lower & Barron, Sowers & Snodgrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co., Sperry, Good & Co.,

JAMES J. NAILLE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, SUNBURY, PA.

Will attend faithfully and promptly to all professional business, in Northumberland and Union counties. He is familiar with the German language.

OFFICE: Opposite the "Lawrence House," a few doors from the Court House. Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—ly.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.

Wood Turning in all its branches, in city style and at city prices. Every variety of Cabinet and Carpenter work either on hand or turned to order.

Best Posts, Bolsters, Rosettes, Stat and Quarter Mouldings, Table Legs, Newell Posts, Patterns, Awning Posts, Wagon Hubs, Columns, Round or Octagon Chisel Handles, &c.

177 This shop is in STRAWBERRY ALLEY, near Third Street, and as we intend to do all our customers who want good work done, it is hoped that all the trade will give us a call.

177 Ten-Pins and Ten-Pin Balls made to order or returned.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS.

No. 31 & 33 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscribers would call the attention of buyers to their stock of Hardware, consisting of Table and Pocket Knives, Guns, Chains, Locks, Holloware, &c. &c. We would recommend to all our

Endless Chain Pumps,

a new article now getting into general use which we can furnish complete at about one half the price paid for the old style pumps, also a new article of **SAFETY FACE LOCKS**, each Lock suited either for right or left hand doors, with mineral or white knobs.

Our stock of **GUNS** is large and well selected, comprising single and double barrels, English and German make. All goods can be returned if not found to be as represented. Country merchants would do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

Wholesale and carriage makers supplied with goods suited to their business, by calling on

W. H. & G. W. ALLEN, No. 31 & 33 Market Street, Philadelphia. February 21, 1852.—6mo.

WM. McCARTY, Bookeller, BROADWAY, N. Y. P. A.

Has just received and for sale, Parsons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only \$6.00.

Judge Read's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10.00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$5.00.

A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$1.00.

Research and the Haganian war: comprising a complete history of the late struggle for freedom of that country, with notices of the leading chiefs and statesmen, who distinguished themselves in council and in the field, containing 288 pages of interesting matter with authentic portraits.

Kassell's address to the people of the United States, with a portrait, printed on broadsheet, and put on rollers after the manner of maps, price only 50 cents. Washington's farewell address, uniform style with the above.

February 21, 1852.—4t.

SPRING MILLINERY GOODS.

JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS, No. 45 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

ARE now prepared to offer to their customers and the trade a large and well selected assortment of

SILKS, Ribbons & Millinery Goods.

Confining themselves exclusively to this branch of the trade, and importing the larger part of their stock, enables them to offer an assortment unsurpassed in extent and variety, which will be sold at the lowest prices and on the most favorable terms.

March 13, 1852.—5mo.

Allen's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania.

JUST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the Second Volume of Allen's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the first three volumes of Yeates' Reports, and two of Allen's Reports, in 4 volumes. The first volume of Allen, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes; and Yeates' Reports, volume 1, is also on hand, and for sale. The above two volumes are complete within themselves, and contain all of Dallas' Reports, and all of Yeates' Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes of Hinney's Reports. The third volume is ready and will be put to press immediately.

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

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.

DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland and Union counties, and is at all times ready to effect insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same.

Sunbury, April 25, 1851.—4t.

Household and Wholesale Lard, and also Corn Meal for sale, celebrated and retail by

December 25, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUD.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her shower,
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bowyer;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field, and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing, comes a feeling
Of thy bosom tenderly;
Sweet I ponder as I wander,
For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her morning fresh and light;
With her moon of chequered glory,
Sky of blue and clouds of white;
Calm, gray nightfall, when the flight falls
From the star-bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still at morn, at noon, and even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder as I wander,
And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling,
When'er thy name may be;
Beautiful, beyond words telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breaking buds thee waking,
Wandering in the breeze' flight;
Nightingale's glory mantles o'er thee
In a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dyes leaves thee lying
In the silvery twilight ray;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly
Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
I feel thee near, lovely one;
In the lark's art in the linnet,
I can hear thy joyous one,
Bad and blooming mark the coming
Of thy feet and mark the coming
And thy presence, with life's essence,
Makes the forest's heart to fill.
Low level these, I adore thee,
Love carry thee, I sing,
Now I meet thee, and I greet thee
By the holy name of Spring.

Historical Sketch.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

SURRENDER OF BURGoyNE.

As late as 1777, the sentiment of the English people generally was in favor of furnishing means necessary to reduce the American colonies to unconditional submission. The king had not softened his determination to make no terms with the Congress that should even hint at independence. Every expenditure was popular, provided success against the Americans was very probable. In this state of feeling, an army of ten thousand men was placed under General Burgoyne, with orders for him to organize in Canada, and march down to Fort Sir Henry Clinton at Albany, where it had been arranged these two armies should meet, and thus divided the southern and eastern colonies by the Hudson river.

On the 12th of June, Burgoyne's advance left Quebec, and arrived at Fort Edward, August 3d. During his march, roads were to be made, bridges to be built or repaired, and his difficulties increased on every hand. The Americans poured in from all quarters, and the British army soon found that any retreat would be dangerous, and to advance was next to impossible. August 14, they were reduced to provisions for five days only; every foraging party sent out was sure to go out all, and their situation in every respect was desperate indeed.

When the Indians saw that Burgoyne was in this trouble, they at once exhibited signs of distrust and treachery. These allies of the British had been the terror, on the march, of the Americans, particularly to defenceless women and children, and they now determined, in a body, to leave the British service. On the 8th of October, Burgoyne was obliged to leave his hospital, with over three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of the Americans. Thrice he illustrated to Gates how desperate was the situation of the enemy, and he resolved to press him hard to meet the Americans in battle. On the 12th, General Burgoyne made overtures to Gates, who required the British to be drawn up in their encampment and unconditionally ground their arms. Burgoyne replied that this would be impossible in any extremity, as the British army, to a man, would prefer death to such dishonor. Gates at last allowed them the privilege of marching out, with the honors of war, and then the terms of the surrender were mutually agreed upon; and on the morning of the 17th of October, Gen. Burgoyne, with his general officers, surrendered their swords to Gates. Burgoyne, in a rich royal uniform, was received by Gates at the head of the American camp; the former came up within sword's length, reined and halted; Burgoyne, raising his hat most graciously, said: "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner—to salute the conqueror, returning a courtesy salute, promptly replied: "I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency."

On the 18th of October, 1777, Gates advised Congress of the surrender; and what was remarkable, he wrote not a word to Washington upon a subject of such vast importance, leaving the commander-in-chief to be informed from common report. Burgoyne's army contained noblemen of high rank, and several were accompanied by their families up to the day of surrender. From the statements of these accomplished warriors, many particulars were learned after they became prisoners. Lady Harriet Ackland was among the number, and particularly distinguished by her heroic fortitude, and devotion to her husband, Major Ackland, who was severely wounded, and left on the field, in the hands of the Americans, while charging at the head of his grenadiers. As soon as the fate of the Major became known, Lady Harriet in-

stantly resolved to go over to the enemy and attend her husband. At her earnest solicitation, General Burgoyne furnished her with a flag, with which, in the dead of night, amid a terrific storm of rain, accompanied only by her servants and the chaplain of the regiment, she approached the American camp. The sentinel was so confounded by the appearance of such a party, that he forbade their advance for a long time, and until Major Darborn, the commander of that post was sent for. This gentlemanly officer at once placed his own quarters at the disposal of Lady Harriet, who was in a delicate state of health, and after assuring her of the major's safety, despatched a dragoon to inform him of the arrival of Lady Harriet, who would join him the next morning. Gates himself was seriously affected with the courage of this wonderful woman, and ordered her every possible attention, and begged her to look upon him as a father. Major Ackland recovered, and, after his return to England, often spoke of the American character in the highest terms. One day at dinner, at a military club, the American war was discussed, and the courage of the Americans doubted—Major Ackland defended them warmly.

A challenge ensued. The Major fell dead at the first fire. Lady Harriet's reason, in consequence, became dethroned, and so confined for several months, when she recovered; after which she gave her hand in marriage to the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Brudon, who accompanied her to the American camp, to join Major Ackland. The marriage, on the part of Lady Harriet, was supposed to be one solely of gratitude for his kind services during her severe trials with the army in America, as, by birth and rank, she was so far his superior as to separate him and her own family friends forever.

Madame De Reidesel, whose husband was Major-General in command of the German troops, was another lady of remarkable character. With three young children and her servants, she kept constantly with the army. In a log house, within reach of the cannon of both armies, she remained, holding her children one whole day and night, alone with her servants, while her husband was at the head of his troops, exposed to every danger, and she in fearful expectation every moment of hearing of his fall. During this eventful day, wounded officers were brought in and laid down before her; and one died at her side, and there the corpse remained the whole day and night. Other officers lay groaning with their wounds, and not a medical officer to attend them. The distress of those wounded officers, for water, was inconceivable. They were within two hundred yards of a stream, but no one would bring a bucket, as the Americans were strongly posted on the opposite side, and shot down every one who approached the stream. At last an English servant woman took a pail, and declared she would have water. As she ran to the stream, the soldiers, out of regard to her sex, or some other cause, did not molest her. The gratitude of the officers placed in her lap pieces of gold amounting to over thirty dollars.

As soon as the surrender was settled, the heroic lady, in a wagon, with three young children, one an infant, and her servant women, without other attendance, drove up to the American camp, as she described it. "A war worn officer came up to the wagon, and took her children, and hugged and kissed them. She trembled herself, as she was unable to speak. The officer offered his arm and said: "Madam, do not be afraid, you are now among friends." She replied: "I ought not to be afraid, sir, for your kindness to my children proves that you must be a husband and a father." The officer was evidently deeply moved at the sight of an unprotected woman, with small children. In a few moments, I was informed he was General Schuyler. Before I learned his name, he kindly came to me, and said: "You and your children had better come and dine in my tent, as it will be more agreeable than dining among so many officers." I gladly accepted his invitation, and made a most excellent dinner. Afterwards General Schuyler invited Gen. Burgoyne and suite to his house, and myself and husband also, where we were all received by his noble family, not as enemies, but as friends. Gen. Burgoyne, a few days previous, having burnt Gen. Schuyler's mills, house, &c., the value of which was over \$50,000, was completely overcome by his kindness, and said to Gen. Schuyler: "You, sir, treat me great kindness, after I have done you great injury." Schuyler replied: "O, that, General, was the fortune of war; we are now friends."

General Schuyler was a patriot in every sense of the word. As Burgoyne's army advanced, they became distressed for provisions. Schuyler's landed possessions were extensive and well cultivated—and were in danger of falling into Burgoyne's hands. As soon as Schuyler saw the advantage his crops would be to the enemy, he sent an express to Mrs. Schuyler, requesting her to call together his tenants, taking them into the fields, and with her own hands to set on fire the crops and barns, and burn every vestige that could benefit the enemy. Posterity will do this patriot justice. Washington wrote him, "Stand by the army; services yet unborn will appreciate your services and reward your merits."

Burgoyne was a noble specimen of a man. He acted strictly by his instructions, and when the last council was called, he stated that every officer was exonerated from blame for the loss of the army; that he alone was responsible to the king as he had never asked their advice, but merely given them orders, which they were bound to obey. In Parliament, his defence was generous towards the Americans. He warned the nation that America could not be conquered. He introduced before the British people the injury he had inflicted on his

march, upon the property of Mr. Schuyler, and how much he had afterwards suffered in regrets, under the magnanimity of Gen. Schuyler and his noble family, while enjoying their unbounded hospitality. Madame Reidesel often spoke of the absence of all feeling or reflection towards their new friends on the part of the Schuyler family. On the other hand, they appeared like persons noble by nature, ready, capable and willing to forget, as well as forgive injuries.

MARK OF ILL BREEDING.—There is no better test of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation by speaking or commenting a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, nor continues long with one who does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waded, closed or declined by the former without suspecting the cause. A well bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly inferior. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this respect.

COINS OF THE FEET.—Coins are one of the greatest tokens in civilization. We would advise all to abjure coin plasters and shields, which may give momentary ease, but add to the evil in the end. Pure the coins as closely as you can with safety, and then rub in sweet oil; if between the toes, introduce a small piece of cotton. By this simple means they will in time be completely eradicated. They are caused by friction and the oil softens the part, and eventually removes them. We have known several persons to try this plan with perfect success. Loose boots and shoes will rarely produce corns.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.—A challenge has been received from Mr. Mare of the British Yacht Club, by Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, to try the Yankee speed and bottom once again, in the British sea. The Commodore of the Young America, like a modest man, cannot think of beating John Bull twice in his own waters—but politely declines Mr. Mare to try the New York Yacht Club, where Old England will be received with every degree of hospitality and be done for in first rate style.

DANCING WITH STEPS.—Mr. Kendall, writing from Paris, says a fight occurred at Louis Napoleon's grand ball, between a Frenchman and a Spaniard, because the former with his spins the dress of the lady with whom the latter was dancing. Mr. Kendall: "It was a poor place to introduce such articles as spins; yet I presume there were at least a thousand pair attached to the heels of the French and other officers present."

ALL the steamers of the Collins and Cunard lines, (twelve ships,) making together twenty-eight trips per annum, each way, pass in sight of Cape Race, Newfoundland, at which point the telegraph company is to furnish a steam yacht to run and exchange despatches with every steamer. The proposed Quebec and Liverpool and New York and Galway line (eight vessels) will touch at Cape Race, going and coming.

In 1825, Lafayette, while in Cincinnati, was asked as to affairs in France. He said Louis Philippe would be King—and so it came to pass five years after wards, and principally through Lafayette. Louis Philippe was then a schoolmaster near Pittsburg. One of Cincinnati's citizens now living, was present when the "Marquis" made the prediction.

An orator at a partisan political meeting is said to have thundered forth this "noble sentiment"—"Mr. Chairman, if I was a Siamese twin, and my brother was on the other side, I'd cut the rascal off!" Overwhelming applause.

AN FEMINER at an evening sewing party reports that one young lady made the exclamation—"I thought I should have died," one hundred and twenty eight times; and she put up the inquiry—"Did you ever?" one hundred and thirty seven times.

The Vienna Zeitung records the marriage of Herr Liebesel Kaiserlich Kon glikherdi, Herr Oberhofstaatsgerichtsrathsenzeleuintrust, postlich und Saudy Barckenhamer Kaiserlich Reichliche Takackstrafkanwart, schafshaber Tochter.

THE various specimens of new Potatoes, grown in the different parts of Ireland, have been found to be perfectly free from taint—the quantities planted greatly exceed those of any late year, and the agricultural prospects are in general promising.

A man with a very large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty is," replied the poor man "they are too big to work!"

NEW ORLEANS editors are often liberally supplied with champagne, on the occasion of a distinguished marriage. A gold dollar or two, would be a better present, we think, as they seldom bring sham pairs with them.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to endure them.

POETRY.

The Country Lassie and her Lover.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has pop'd the question to me ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says mamma,
He's coming here quite early.
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a taking,
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a walking.
To think of his presumption too!
The dirty, ugly drover;
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Billy is dead you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
And six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad;
And no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley!"

TRAVELS IN SICILY.

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

The public have had no recent description of Pompeii. The following letter from Mr. Wood, editor of the Albany Evening Journal who is now travelling in Italy, shows the progress which has been made in the excavations, and will be found exceedingly interesting.

NAPLES, February 20, 1852.

The day chosen for our visit to the long buried city of Pompeii proved auspicious.—We had the benefit of a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere. To us it was a day of deep absorbing interest. We lingered for six hours about the new solitary edifices and silent streets which, two thousand years ago, teemed with a dense population.

It is twelve miles from Naples to Pompeii. The road runs along the Bay shore at the foot of Vesuvius for ten miles, and then turns to the southeast through a valley and near the river Sarno, which is supposed to have been its ancient boundary, though there is now a fertile valley a mile in extent between the city and the river. In going to Pompeii you pass through Porici and Terai del Greco, towns that have been built upon lava foundations, and are said to be destroyed when Vesuvius discharged itself in this direction; and yet the inhabitants live on as little concerned as we are with the idea, that the world is, at some future period, to be destroyed by fire—an idea, by the way, which finds strong corroborative evidence in the fact that lateral fire are sending mountains and upheaving seas throughout a region hundreds of miles in extent.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mound extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any more than one-third of the city has been excavated, and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan Government. The task is herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roof of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated Whatever is planted or sown here produces abundantly. Extensive and beautiful vineyards grow and bear luxuriantly.—These vineyards give us the Lagrine Christi and Falernian wines, which, though most delicious, are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil, which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in excavation. We were allowed to use the pick but not to take away any of the spoils, though, like other visitors, we did obtain a few stupeo and Etruscan ware.—Whenever a Sovereign visits Naples the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and these are given by the King to his royal guest. Evidently valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the Museum, which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavation display streets, institutions dwellings, shops, &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Isis, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the theatres, the baths, the houses of Diomedes, Pausa, &c., &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with in some instances, elaborate fresco paintings are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and renumbered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the jars and other vessels in which these liquors were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake house, the ovens of which are perfect bread, with the name of the baker stamped on each loaf, was found. In Diomedes' wine vault, the wine jars are still standing against the wall close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the

rich necklace, bracelets and ear-rings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the grate of the city leading to Herculaneum, the skeleton of a soldier, who perished on duty, with his armor on and his arms by his side, was found. The creny-box in which this soldier was found is perfect.

The amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the arena are dens of cells in which the wild beasts with which the gladiators contended, were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a lion was found. In this amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The sidewalks are raised like ours, and around temples, &c., with mosaic. In front of the Vestals there is a fine mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the sill at its entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant houses were marble dining tables.

The king keeps intelligent guides at Pompeii for the two-fold purpose of showing visitors through the city and protecting its treasures. We were fortunate, in addition to the information given us by the guide, in Mr. Morris, our representative to this government, who knows Pompeii as he knows his own city of Philadelphia, with us—having wandered for three hours, which took us about two-thirds through the city, we sat down upon the broken wall of the Tribunal, in view of the Pantheon, the Theatre, &c., &c., to our lunch, moistening our bread Falernian wine, distilled from vineyards growing over a city, whose inhabitants eighteen centuries ago, held this beverage as fit for their gods. Having discussed our viands, we resumed and completed our pilgrimage, passing out of the city at a gate which opened upon Appian Way that led to Rome; on either side of which for some distance were tombs. I wish it were possible to impart to friends even a faint idea of the solemnity and impressiveness of Pompeii.—Though walking literally among the tombs, all the aspects of Pompeii are cheerful.—The streets are clean, and all around you is a stillness in harmony with the scene and its associations. You look upon smoking Vesuvius, down which the burning lava ran, making for itself channels which still remain.

Having thus explored Pompeii, we repaired to the Museum, where its recovered treasures are deposited, and here again, mingled amazement and admiration, with even increased intensity, are awakened. These treasures (belonging in part to Herculaneum) fill eight spacious halls, each devoted to classified articles. The room we visited first contains kitchen furniture of every conceivable description, most in bronze and bearing a strong resemblance to articles now in use. In this department of domestic life the Pompeians were not behind those of our day.—An adjoining room is devoted to Etruscan vases of beautiful form. In this room, also, are several magnificent Mosaiques. Then comes a room devoted to glass in various colors, and for nearly all the purpose for which it is now used. And yet, while this knowledge belonged to the buried inhabitants of Pompeii, nearly two hundred years ago, its uses and its existence was comparatively unknown in England a thousand years afterwards! Another room is devoted to sacrificial vases and other appendages of heathen worship, among which are vessels for incense, idols, deities, &c., &c. Then come a room devoted to weights, measures, scales, lamps, candelabras, &c., &c., among which are steel yards, with the name of Augustus inscribed under figures of Romulus Remus. These articles show a higher state of civilization in this respect than existed in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and prove that ages that succeeded were indeed dark ones. Two rooms are devoted to miscellaneous articles, including iron stocks found in front of a prison agricultural implements, vases, essence bottles found in the bath houses, a helmet with bas-relief representing the conflagration of Troy; bells of various descriptions, and those for cattle precisely such as are used now; with flat irons similar to our own; letters for stamping bread, so like type that the art of printing ought not to have been a comparatively modern discovery; mirrors; opera tickets, numbered to correspond with the seats; musical instruments; dice; pins; nails; locks; keys; bits found in the mouth of a skeleton horse; paints, including rouge, &c. In another room is a vast collection of memorials belonging to the amusements, revels, &c., of the Pompeians. These indicate a very great fondness for festivals, masquerades and kindred amusements. Among the divinities to which they sacrificed, it is quite evident that Bacchus and Venus were most popular.

"The Cabinets of Gems" are in a room in which visitors, ladies especially, linger longest. This room is floored with Music taken from Pompeii. There, carefully preserved in glass cases, are gold necklaces, bracelets, pins, ear and finger rings, chains, &c., similar to these now worn, together with a great variety of golden ornaments.—There are, also, silver cups, plates, spoons, salvers, &c. Here, too, are loaves of bread, honey, grain, soap, oil and wine in flasks, and eggs, unbroken and but slightly discolored. Here, too, are bits of wearing apparel of wool and linen, and skeins of sewing silk.

The statuary, arranged in rooms of great magnitude upon the ground floor, presents objects of profound admiration. In looking at these marble and bronze presentments you cannot doubt for a moment that you have the face, head, features and expression of illustrious persons who sat for them. In many instances, these heads indicate clearly the qualities good or bad, noble or ignoble, for which the originals were distinguished. And in this description of art, Pompeii and Herculaneum were far in advance of an age which supposes itself immeasurably ahead of the ancients. Even the statuary of the palmist days of Rome fails to surpass that which has been rescued from the ruins of these buried cities. And the extent and variety of these works of art is truly amazing. There was more fine statuary buried in these two small cities than has been produced throughout the world, during the last three centuries.

Among so many hundred statuary gems challenging admiration, it is difficult to discriminate, though there are some figures that fasten themselves upon your attention and memory. Such for example, as the "Wounded Gladiator," "The Mother of Balbus," "Arianna, the Mother of Nero," "Tires," "Calpurnia," "Claudius," "Cesar," "Marcus Aurelius," "The Hunter," "A Fawn reposing on a Skin of Wine," "Augustus," "Infant Hercules strangling Serpents," "Maximus in the Costume of a Consul," "Alexander the Great mounted on Bucephalus, whose trappings are of silver," "Brutus," "Cicero," "Homer," &c. But the head which, for the last two or three years has arrested the attention of Americans the moment they enter the room, is that of Seneca, whose strong, marked and clearly defined resemblance Gen. Taylor is most remarkable. Those who loved Gen. Taylor and revere the memory of that truly great and good man, recognize this striking likeness of him in the head and features of one of the Sages of Antiquity, with deep emotion.

W. A Yankee chap speaking of his sweetheart, says:—"Her hair is of a rich dark brown—Cerulean is her eye—her cheeks are soft as eyegot's down—her lips like pumpkin pie."

W. A Turk steals, he is taken before an ordinary magistrate, who causes him instantly to be beheaded in the street, whence his friends may not remove the body till sunset.

A Belgian journal states that the accumulation of bullion in the Bank of Amsterdam is so great that the floor of the cellar has given way, and it has been found necessary to remove the money to the Royal Palace.

The less a man knows, the wiler he wears his mouth open. It is as impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut.

Mr. WALSH says of Louis Napoleon, that "his habitual discretion and reserve in speech are such that there is no political Hobbs, could unlock him when his purpose is to be close."

The Poughkeepsie Eagle, speaking of the new magnetic engine, which has been tried on the rails at that place, says that all doubts of its entire success for propelling machinery have vanished.

It is said that the next State Agricultural Fair of Pennsylvania, will be held at Lancaster, whose citizens have subscribed \$2,500 to defray the expense.

It is thought that two thirds of the principal business portion of the burnt district in Chillicothe, Ohio, will be rebuilt during the present year.

It is stated that in the town of West Newbury, Mass., there were raised and put up, last year, of marketable apples, 14,909 barrels, worth \$28,000.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means.

The town of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, containing about 6000 inhabitants, has expended, within four years, in the building and repair of Churches, \$76,555.

CATAWBA WINE.—It is said that the manufacture of Catawba Wine near Cincinnati, will, this year amount to half a million of dollars.

Cucumbers and asparagus have appeared in the Cincinnati markets. The latter sold at 12c cents per bunch, cucumbers only a quarter a piece!

Who was the bright Massachusetts Senator who grabbed a telegraphic despatch for the purpose of securing an autograph of the great Magyar?

A gentleman in Cincinnati has trained a pair of elks to trot in harness, attached to a buggy, they run a mile in three and a half minutes.

The Boston Bee has discovered some grass from the "path of rectitude." We fear that path must be sadly overgrown with grass, it is so little travelled in.

Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general meeting? Because there is a gathering there. Yes, and oftentimes a great deal of bustle. Oh, bust!

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration, was "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.