SUNBURY

AMERICAN.

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A Family Dewspaper-Devoted to Politics, Atterature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., EATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

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gbucy, Aug. 16, 1851 .-

ming Mutual Insurance Company. LB. MASSER is the local agent for the bore Insurance Company, in Northumbercounty, and is at all times ready to effect saces against fire on real or personal proar renewing policies for the same.

Sourceau's celebrated ink, and also Conink for sale, wholesale and retail by

SELECT POETRY.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

We have but little taste for parodies, ur less good, the following which we copy is such a fine caricuture of Edgar A. Poe's cannot curtsey." "Haunted Palace," that it almost makes us forget the poetry of the original.

THE RUINED TAVERN.

In the darkest of our alleys By the Ethiop tenanted, Once a dark and dingy tavern-Dusky tavern-reared its head. Down in Small Street-this side Shippen-It stood there !

Never negro took a "nip" in Fabric half so black and bare.

O'er its door, with fancies golden, Swung a sign-board to and fro, This was bright once--in the olden Time long ago.) And many a dusty cobweb dallied,

In that old day, Along the rafters dark and squalid, Whence curious odours went away

Strangers, wandering through that alley, Through two dusky windows, saw Sambo "torward two" with Sally, To a fiddle's creaking saw. There, before a bar where, sitting

(Dispensing gin !) With form and features well befitting. The keeper of the place was seen. Once many a black, with anger glowing,

Stood round the tavern door, Through which came noises rolling flowing, And londer evermore .-Discordant sounds, nor thyme, nor reason, That seemed to moan in pain, Of Christiana -- Kline and Treason, Alberti, and Judge Kane.

Then Marshal Keyser, large in office, With awful learning in his pate ;-Exclaimed "This a disorderly house is, And has been so of late !" And so before his martial glory The place was doomed; And down to Moyamensing bore he

The crowd, and them entombed. And strangers, now, who pass that alley, No more around the windows throng To hear "Around the corner, Sally," Or "Take your time, Miss Long, For an ogre, hight "Judge Parsons," Said, "Landlord, you must go (While your house is shut forever) In the Black Maria--below !13

A Select Cale.

OR, COQUETISH SEVENTEEN.

BY MES. S. C. HALL.

Oh love, Love, love, love!-love is like a dizziness, It will not let a poor man go about his business

And is my proud heart growing Too gold, or wase, for woman's eyes

Again to set it glowing !- Moone. The General put on his spectacles, and minutes -"Turn your head," he said, at last-"there, to the left."

Isabel Montford, although an acknowledged beauty, was as amiable as she was admired; she had also a keen appreciation of character; and, though somewhat piqued, was amused by the oddity of her aunt's old lover. The General was an example of the well preserved person and manners of the past century; beauty always recognizes beauty as a distinguished relative; and Isabel turned her head, to render it as attractive

as it could be. The General smiled, and after gazing for another minute with evident pleasure, he said-"Do me the favor to keep that atti-

tude, and walk across the room." Isabel did so with much dignity; she certainly was exceedingly handsome; her step light, but firm : her figure, admirably poised; her head, well and gracefully placed; her features, finely formed; her eyes and smile, bright and confiding. She would have been more captivating had her dress been less studied; her taste was evidently Parisian rather than classic. The gentleman muttered something, in which the words, "charming," and "to be regretted," only met her ear, then he spoke distinctly

"You solicited my candor, young ladyyou challenged comparison between you and your compeers, and the passing belles whom I have seen. Now, be so kind as to walk out of the room, re-enter, and court-

Had Isabel Montford been an uneducated young lady, she might have flounced out of the salon, in obedience to her displeasure, which was very decided; but as was, she drew herself to her full height, and swept through the tolding door. The General took a very large pinch of snuff. "That is so perfectly a copy of her poor aunt !" he murmured ;- "just so would she pass onward, like a ruffled swan; she went after that exact fashion into the ante-room, when she refused me, for the fourth time, thirty-five years ago."

The young Isabel re-entered, and curt-The gentleman seated himself, seved. leaned his clasped hands upon the head of his beautiful inlaid cane—which he carried rather for show than use-and said, "Young lady, you look a divinity! Your fourneure is perfection, but your curtsey is frightful A dip, a bob, a bend, a shuffle, a slide, a canter-neither dignified, graceful, nor selfpossessed! A curtsey is in grace what an adagio is in music; only masters of the art can execute either the one or the other .-Why, the beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire could not have saved her reputation as a graceful woman, if she had dared such a curtsey as that."

"I assure you, sir," remonstrated the offended Isabel, "that Madame Micheau-

amused and interested by his earnestness.

little saucily.

a-days !**

some shadow to throw up the lights." rings flashing like lightning! Another crash-louder-a great deal of crossing all to produce a soulless noise." Then followed a fearful banditti of octaves-another crash, louder and more prolonged than the rest, and she looked up with a triumphant smile-a smile conveying the same

idea as the pause of an opera-dancer after a most wonderful pirouette. "Do you keep a tuner in the house, my dear young lady !" inquired the General.

would have crumbled into ashes; but he only returned it with admiration, thinking, "How astonishingly like her auut, when she refused me the second time !" "And that is fashionable music, Miss

England, only hearing the music of Beethhoven, and Mozart, and Mondelssohn, I was not aware that noise was substituted for power, and that execution had banished expression. Dear me!-why the piano is ibrating at this moment! Poor thing !-How long does a piano last you, Miss Mont-

Isabel was losing her temper, when fortunately her gunt-still Miss Vere-came to the rescue. The lovers of thirty years past, would have met any where else as strangers. The once rounded and queen like form of the elder Isabel was shorn of its grace and beauty; of all her attributes, coked steadfeastly at Isabel for at least two of all her attractions, dignity only remained : and it was that high-bred, innate dignity which can never be acquired, and is never forgotten. She had not lost the eight of an inch of her height, and her grey hair was braided in full folds over her fair but wrinkled brow. Isabel Montford looked so exactly what Isabel Vere had oeen, that General Gordon was sorely perplexed: Isabel Vere, if truth must be told, had taken extra pains with her dress; her niece had met the General the night before, and her likeness to her aunt had so recalled the past, that his promised visit to his old sweetheart (as he still called her) had fluttered and agitated her more than she thought it possible an interview with any man could do; she quarrelled with her beautiful gray hair, she cast off her black velvet dress disdainfully, and put on a blue Moire antique. She remembered how much the Captain-no, the General, once admired blue.) She was not a coquette; even gray hair at fifty-five does not cure coquetry where it has existed in all its strength; but for the sake of her dear niece, she wish-Gordon." She had been all her life of too well satisfied with her position to calculate intercession." how it could be improved, and yet, she did not hesitate to confess to herself that now, in the commencement of old age, however ed in his ears, and beat upon his heart. verdant it might be, she would have been happier, of more consequence, of more vale, as a married woman. She had too

"The old people," as Isabel Montford irde la cour, and Isabel Vere languished and swam as she had never done before : but the General only wondered how stiff she had grown, and hoped that he was not as ill At first, Isabel Montford thought it | voice. "good fun" to see the antiquities bowing and curtseying, but she became interested "What do I care for the woman!" ex- in the lingering courtliness of the little claimed the General, indignantly. "Have scene, trembled lest her sunt should appear you gave me will still do; I shall still be ridiculous, and then wondered how she I. M."

"Can you not teach me?" said Isabel, | could have refused such a man as General | Gordon must have been.

"I teach you!--I? No; the curtseys Days and weeks flew fast; the General which captivated thousands in my youth became a constant visitor in the square, she would have been too happy. Oh, sir, were more an inspiration than an art. The and the heart of Isabel Vere had never beat he is such a fine fellow-such a hero!from the last number of Sartain's Magazine very queen of ballet, in the present day, en so loudly at twenty as it did at fitty-and lost a leg at Cabool, and received I don't five; nothing, she thought, could be more know how many stabs, from those horrid "Could my aunt?" inquired Isabel, a natural than that the General should recall Afighans." the days of his youth, and seek the friend-"Your aunt, Miss Montford, was grace ship and companionship of her who had itself. Ah! there are no such women now never been married, while he-faithless "why he can never dance with you." man !- had been guilty of two wives dur-And, after the not very flattering obser- ing his "services in India." It was impos- and does not think my curtsey a dip, a vation, the General moved to the piano .- sible to tell which of the ladies he treated shuffle, a bend, a bob, a slide, a canter .-Isabel's brows contracted and her cheeks with the most attention. Isabel Montford Ah! dear General, I was always perfecflushed; however, she glanced at the look- took an especial delight in tormenting him, tion in his eyes." ing-glass, was comforted, and smiled. He and he was cynical enough towards her at raised the cover, placed the seat with the times. Although he frankly abused her General, "the young divinity is laughing grave gallantry of an old courtier, and in- piano-forte playing, yet he evidently pre- at me.' vited the young lady to play. She obeyed, ferred it to the music Miss Vere practised to do her justice, with prompt politeness; so indelatigably to please him, or to the money; now I have abundance for both she was not without hope that there, at least, the old gentleman would confess she high "soprano," had been crushed by time Horse Guards, would at once place him in was triumphant. Her white hands, gem- into what might be considered a very sin- some position of honor and of profit; and med with jewels, flew over the keys like gular "mezzo." He sometimes forgot how even if it were abroad, I could leave my All the witnesses for the State were examinwinged scraphs; they bewildered the eye to find falt with Miss Montford's dancing dear aunt with the consciousness that her by the rapidity of their movements. The and more than once became her partner in happiness is secured by you, dear guardian own peculiar way, to the great amusement instrument thundered, but the thunder was a quadrille. It was evident that while the angel that you are. Ah! sir, at your time so continuous that there was no echo! "The General was growing young, Miss Vere re- of life you can have no idea of our feelcontrast will come by-and-by," thought the mained-"as she was!" Isabel Montford ings." disciple of the old school-"there must be amused herself at his expense, but he did not-quick sighted and man-of-the world Thunder-crash-thunder-crash-drum though he was-perceive it. At first he -rattle -- a confused, though eloquent, run- was remarkably fond of recalling and dating days of your youth, and feel for us; and ning backward and forward of sounds, the events, and dwelling upon the grace, and when you see my dear Harry"beauty, and interest, and advantage, of whatever was past and gone-much to the hands-violent strides from one end of the occasional pain of Isabel Vere, who gentel instrument to the other-prodigious dis- hearted as she was, would have consigned secure as your own." plays of strength on the part of the fair per- dates to the bottomless pit; latterly, howformer-a terrific shake! "What desper- ever, he talked a greatdeal more of the pre- the General, "and I should have known ate exertions!" thought the General; "and sent than of the past, and greatly to the an- that before." noyance of younger men, fell into the du-

> and amusement. On such occasions, Miss Isal el Vere look- now dear, dear General, reason coolly with ed either earnest or bashful-yes, positively her-my very existence depends on it. If bashful; and Miss Isabel Montford, brimful of as much mi-chief as a lady could delight in. At times, the General laid aside his powerful as it is, to save my life." If a look could have annihilated, he cynical obs reations, together with his ease, which though they made him restless | ingly on his shoulder, and even murmured and uncomfortable, brought hopes and as- a hope that, her aunt's consent once gain-Montford? I have lived so long out of pirations of life, rather than of death.

little scene first opened :

ver proved to me the superiority of the old he may have felt a generous desire to make school over the new."

both," he replied. my superiority over both to do with the

"Do you think you could listen to me seri- morning that his "new love" gave her onsly for five minutes?" he said.

"Listening is always serious work," she answered. He took her hand within his she felt it was the hand of age; the bones and sinews pressed on her soft palm with an earnest pressure.

"Isabel Montford-could you love an old

She raised her eyes to his, and wondered at the light which had filled them :-

"Yes," she answered, "I could love an old man dearly: I could confide to him the dearest secret of my heart." "And your heart, your heart itself?-

hand was very hard, but she did not with-"No, not that, because I have not my heart to give." She spoke rapidly, and with emotion. "I have it not to give, and I have so longed to tell you my secret!

have been so affectionate, so like a father to me, that if you would only intercede with her for min and me, I know she could dot refuse. I have often-often thought of ed to look as well as possible. She won- entreating this, and now it was so kind of dered why she had so often refused "poor you to ask, if I could love an old man, giving me an opportunity of showing that I delicate a mind to be a husband hunter, too do, by confiding in you, and asking your

The room became misty to the General's eyes, and the rattle of a battle-field sound-"And pray, Miss Montford," he said, af-

ter a pause, who may him be?" "Ah, you do not know him!-my aunt much good sense, and good taste, to belong forbade the continuance of our acquaintto the class of discontented females, consist- ance the day before I had the happiness to ing of husbandless and childless women, meet you. It was most fortunate I woord who seek to establish laws at war with the you to call upon her, thinking-" (she laws of the Almighty; so if her heart did looked up at his fine face, whose very wrinbeat a little stiffly, and sundry passages kles were aristocratic, and smiled her most passed through her brain in connection bewitching smile) "thinking the presence with her old adorer, and what the future of the only man she ever loved would softmight be-she may be forgiven, and will en her, and hoping that I should one day be by those not strong-minded women who be privileged to address you as my friend, understand enough of human nature to my uncle!" And she kissed his hand. It know that, if young heads and old hearts really was hard to bear. "I have heard are sometimes found together, so are young her say," persisted the young lady, "that hearts and old heads. The young laugh to when prompted by evil counsel, she refused scorn the idea of Cupid and a crutch, but you, she loved you, and since your return Cupid has strange vagaries, and at any mo- she only lives in your presence." The ment can barb his crutch with the point of General wondered if this was true, and thought he would not give the young beauty a triumph. He was recovering his selfreverently called them that evening, did possession, "I remembered your admiration not get on well together; they were in a of passing belles, and felt how kindly you great degree disappointed one with the tolerated me for my aunts's sake; and other. They stood up to dance the minuel surely you will aid me in a matter upon which my happiness, and the happiness of that poor dear fellow depends ?" her beautiful eyes on the ground.

"And who is the poor dear fellow !" in used by time as Mistress Isabel Vere had quired the General, in a singularly husky

> "Henry Manderville," half-whispered Isabel-"Oh, is it not a beautiful name !-The initials on those lovely handkerchiefs

"A son of old Admiral Manderville's ?" "The youngest son," she sighed, "that is my aunt's objection; were he the eldest,

"Lost a leg!" repeated the General, with an approving glance at his own;

"No, but he can admire my dancing,

"By the immortal duke," thought the

"My aunt only objects to his want of

"Ob, yes, I have!" sighed the General. "Bless you!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I thought you would recall the

"With a cork leg"-"Ay, or with two cork legs-you will I

know be convinced that my happiness is as "Women are riddles, one and all!" said

"O! do not say such cruel things and ties of escort to both ladies,-accompany- dissappoint me, depending as I have been ing them to places of public promenade on your kindness and affection. Hark!" she continued, "I hear my aunt's footstep;

you only knew him! Promise, do promise, that you will use your influence, all are She raised her beautiful eyes, swimming cane, which was not even replaced by an in unshed tears, to his-she called him her umbrella; to confess the truth he had uncle, her dear noble-hearted friend; she experienced several symptoms of heart dis- rested her snowy hand lovingly, implor-

ed, it might not be impossible to have the One morning, Isabel Montford and the General were alone in the salon where this

The General may have dreaded the banter of sundry members of the "Senior Uni- one question. How long have ye known "Our difference has never been settled ted Service Club," who had already jested two young people happy, and his good "Simply because of your superiority to sense doubtless suggested that sixty-five and seventeen bear a strong affinity to January "I do not perceive the point of your an- and May; he certainly did himself honor swer," said the young lady. "What has by adopting the interests of a brave young officer as his own, and avoided the banter The General arose and shut the door.— of "the club," by pledging his thrice-told yows to his "old love" the same bright heart and hand to Henry Manderville.

POETRY.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, OR WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO HER DAUGHTER.

Somebody, and a very clever 'somebody oo, has been writing for 'The Olive-Branch a piece of poetry entitled, 'When I was Young, or what the old Woman said to her Daughter.' Among the things in ther day, she mentions that

Such things have been, sweet Isabel." His "The man that was a bankrupt called was kind o' shunned by men. And hardly dared to show his head among his townsfolk then !

But now-a-days, when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny, The wife don't have a gown the less, his daughters just as many;

You have such influence with my aunt, you His sons they smoke their choice eigars, and drink their costly wine, And she goes to the opera, and he has folks

He walks the streets, he drives his gig, men show him all civilties. And what in my day we called debts, now his lie abilties.

They call the man unfortunate who ruins half the city, In my day 'was his creditors to whom we gave the pity; But then, I tell my daughter

Folks don't do as they'd ought er, They had not ought-er do as they do: Why don't they do as they'd ought-or!

When I was young, crime was a crime, it And when 'Iwas proved against a man, had to bear the blame ; They called the man that stole, 'a thief,' they wasted no fine feeling;

What folks call 'petty larceny,' in my day was called stealing ; They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story, As if the bloodier were his hands the brighter was his glory; And when a murder had been done, could

they the murderer find, They hung him up as they would a crow, a terror to his kind. But now-a-days, it seems to me, whenever

ed to his guilt : And when the law has proved a man to be a second CAIN, dozen jutors can be found to bring him in

The murderer has our sympathy proportion-

insane ! And then petitions will be signed, and of Scripture twisted, And parsons will grow eloquent, and ladies

interested ; Until the man who's proved to be as bloodthirty as NERO, Will walk abroad like other men-only a greater hero !

But then I tell my daughter

Folks don't do as they'd ought-er

He charitable, religion has humanity cannot be Christians.

A Bumorous Sketch.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

A rich trial took place before Esquire Dannettell a few days since. One Micky O'Scranigan, the keeper of a second hand store, was brought before him upon the accusation of purchasing a lot of stolen iron, knowing at the time that it had been stolen. Several attorneys (of that class who are always to be seen lounging around "magistrate's'1 offices.) offered to attend to his case for a very small fee. Michael indignatly spurned their services. He said he had practised at the bar, (an anti-temperance one we guess.) in the "owld country," and being conversant with the principles of law, he would conduct his own case.

Hauling a quire of paper out of his pocket and a huge lump of red chalk out of another, he placed himself in a position to take notes and then ordered the 'Squire to proceed ed, each of whom Mike questioned in his present. We would like to follow him through his cross examinations, but space forbids. The State being through with its

witnesses, the following dialogue took place: Michael--Plaze yer worship, I've a witness to prove the bloody liars perjurers, an'

thin I'll be witness for mesel'. Squire-You can't be a witness for yourself, Mr. O'Seranigan.

Michael-Faith an' I can, Misther Lord Mayor. The law rades (turning over his blank paper) "no man shall take the advantage o' his wrongs." Put that in yer pipe an' smoke it. I know the law. Now I'll Keazle after him with a horsewhip. call me witness. Misther McCormick! (at the top of his voice,) Misther Mc-

McCormick-(outside the bar,) here sir. Michael-Walk in, sir; take of yer hotand behave yersel' like a gentleman, as ye

The witness, a very rough looking specimen of the natives of the "gem of the seas," walked inside the bar, threw his ragged cap upon a desk, and raised his hand for the administration of the oath, just as natural as if he was used to it. Having been duly sworn, he was questioned as fol

Michael -- Misther McCormick answer

Michael--Whin did ye know me first? McCormick-I knowed your father first,

Michael-Can ye tell me age, Misther McCormick ? McCormick-Fait' an' I can to a minute.

Michael--How owld am I, Misther Mc-McCormick--The same ages as Paddy

O'Genegee-he was born o' a Sunday, and

versel' on the next Friday mornin' afther

McCormick---How owld is Paddy, my McCormick--Owld enough sir, he's dead

-rest his soul in pace. Michael--When did ye first see mesel' Misther McCormick ? McCormick--I sees ye now, sir.

Michael-O, the devil, don't you sees me

every day, sir ? McCormick-Yes sir, that is I sees yes owld lady, and she's a bether man than ye dare be. Michael---Be careful, Misther McCor-

mick; remember yere oaths, sir. Are ye a

judge of this article, sir ! (holding up a lot

of old iron.) McCormick-Fait' an' I be sir. Michael--Ye're right, sir Did yees iver ee these scraps o' iron afore 1

McCormick-Yes, sir. Michael.-Where did ye see them, Misther McCormick ?

McCormick-Where they now lies, sirn the floor by your futs. Michael--Whin, sir ?

McCormick-As me mim'ry serves me, bout two minutes since, sir. Michael-Misther McCormick, ye're an

McCormick-So be ye, sir. Here the magistrate interposed to prevent an open quarrel between the witness and his friend Michael took about five minutes to cool down, and then addressed the court on his own behalf. He contended that according to the rules of evidence, he had proved all the other witnesses perjurers, through the testimony of McCormick, and therefore the

magistrate should discharge him and hold

the witness over to c urt. Mike said he hadn't time, or he would prove by the highest legal authorities of Great Britain, (and their opinion, he slily intimated, are held by our courts as of greater force than the laws of the land.) he would prove by the highest British authorities, that if the magistrate committed him, he (the magistrate) would lay himself liable to a prosecution for burglary. His eloquence en- its in a year of a carefully conducted newstirely failed, however, for the 'Squire with- paper, must exert a great and blessed infinout any remark whatever, informed Mike that he must give bonds in \$500, or go to jail. He was committed. So much for refusing to employ a lawyer.

RAISING POULTRY .- A person in Burlington so., N. J., from the 1st of November They had not ought-er do as they do. Why don't they do as they'd ought-er?" last to the 1st of April, collected 211,181 pounds, costing \$23,230, and the whole was sent to the New York market. The whole basis, and they who are not charitable of this poultry was collected within an ex-

VERY Cool .- An apparently unsophisticated youth went into a refectory a few days since, and asked for something to appease his hunger.

The keeper gave him a very good dinner, after which the youth said to his

If you come up our way, call.'

"That won't pay. Your dinner is a 'Oh, I hain't got no money; but if you

come up to Allegheny county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing." 'Why' said the keeper, "you are very

"Why, yes, I'm a very cool chap so much so, that mother always makes me stand in the pantry in warm weather to keep the meat from spoiling."

had a knack at poetry making, to write his epitaph. He was to give the poet a dinner and supper for the job. After the first meal he sat down and began thus :

A man named Keaz'e bired a fellow who

There was a man who died of late. For whom the angels did impatient wait, With outstretched arms and wings of love, To waft him to the realms above Keazle was much pleased with this, and

begged the writer to go on but he declined

finishing the epitaph until he had the supper. That finished he put on his coat, and then wound up these words : "But while they disputed for the prize Still hovering round the lower skies,

In slipped the devil like a weazle.

And down to ---, he kicked old Keazle " After which he took to his heels, and old

A PERSON writing from San Francisco to the Newport News, gives the following in-

"Two common-looking persons entered the hotel this morning, just from the mines -a man and his wife. The male individual looked, for all the world, like a day-laborer, and the female bore a close resemblance to an Irish scullion. She wore coarse vulgat brogans, and to her girdle was attached a gold watch and chain valued at least two hundred dollars. The husband left the hotel for half an hour, and returned with a receipt for one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, the value of the dust which he had just consigned for transportation to New York. This sum has been gained by digging; the husby her lattle son, aged about 10 years.

In the British Register of Death, for the month of March, the following remarkable case is mentioned :- A lunatic hair-dresser died at Peckham Asylum of peritonitis, produced by his having swallowed the handie of a tablespoon. On a postmortem examinaon, "thirty-two handles of table-spoons, about a dozen of nails, two or three stones, and a button, were found in the stomach of

THE Muscatine (lowa) Journal tells of a couple of romantic looking females, who where, with their husband, destined for Oregon. They were dressed in the Bloomer style, or rather in the Far West Bloomer style. This dress consists of a pair of pants made of cassinet, and loose sack coat, "all buttoned down before," with a standing collar, a pair of boots, gloves and a Kossuth bat with a fox's tail stuck in it.

GREAT TELEGRAPHIC INVENTION .- Prof. J. MILTON SANDERS, of Cincinnati, writes to the editor of the Evansville Journal, that Mr. David Baldwin, of New York, who is at present in that city, has quite perfected a telegraph which he says will revolutionize the system entirely. By it news can be transmitted on one wire opposite ways at the same time, and as rapidly as a person

THE value of the dry goods imported at New York, since the 1st of last January, is nearly four millions of dollars less than it was during the corresponding part of lsst

IT costs the people of the United States. fifteen millions of dollars a year for newspapers and other periodicals -the army and navy cost twice as much. Which is the

"Aint it wicked to rob dis chicken roost, "Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo, we

haint time to argue it now; hand down Mr Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember

"I shall not be frightened then, for I

never knew you to pay anything that you It is reported that an English frigate has lately visited one of the Japanese Islands, and every attention and kindness had been

shown to the captain and crew. No reflecting man can fail to see that visence upon domestic life and happiness.

Mr. CLAY continues to linger along, we learn, without any improvement, gradually growing weaker. It is yet doubtful whether he will ever be able to leave Washington.

COMPLIMENTARY .- The Boston Mail says that a number of ourang outages can be seen passing along Washington street, every

Ir you grant a favor forget it ; if you toceive one remember it