SUNBURY

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., EATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 10.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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Business promptly attended to in Northumber land and the adjoining Counties. REFER TO :- Hon. C. W. Hegins and B. Bonnan, Pottsville; Hon. A. Jordan and H B. Masser, Sunbury. April 10, 1852.—1v.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. [Office in Market street Sunbury, opposite Weaver's Hotel

USINESS will be promptly attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Columbia and Montour. Sunbury, Oct. 11, 1851 .-- 1y.

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"Small Profits and Quick Sales."

N. F. WOOD.
Chair Factory, No 131 North 6th St., opposite Franki

guare, Philadelphia. September 11, 1852.—3m. Pamphlet Laws of 1852. NOTICE is hereby given that the Pamphlet Laws of 1852 are received, and ready for distribution to those who are entitled to receive

Sunbury, Sept. 25, 1852.

J. H. & W. B. HART, WHOLESALE GROCERS No. 229 North 3d St., above Callowhill,

PHILADELPHIA. A large assortment of Groceries always or hand, which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash or approved Credit. -April 10, 1852.—1y.

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.

Bed Posts, Balusters, Rosetts, Slat and Quarterns, Awning Posts, Wagon Hubs, Columns, Round or Octagon Chisel Handles, &c.
To This shop is in STRAWBERRY ALLEY, near Third Street, and as we intend to done, it is hoped that all the trade wil' give us a

Ten-Pins and Ten-Pin Balls made to or-The attention of Cabinet Makers and Carpen ters is called to our new style of TWIST MOULDINGS. Printer's Riglets at \$1 per 100 feet. February 7, 1852,—1y.

> WM. M'CARTY, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

TUST received and for sale, a fresh supply EVANGELICAL MUSIC Singing Schools. He is also opening at

er Singing Schools. He is allowers this time, a large assortment of Books, in every branch of Literature, consisting of Poetry, History, Novels, Romances, Scientific Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both with and without Engravings,—and every of variety of Binding. Prayer Books, of all kinds. Also just received and for sale, Purdons Di-gest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851,

price only \$6,00.

Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commo taries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10,00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania re-

specting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas P. Gordon, price only \$4,00. Travels, Voyages and Adventures,—all of which will be sold low, either for each, or coun-

February, 21, 1852,—tt.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the D above Insurance Company, in Northumber-land county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same. Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

HAND BILLS neatly printed on new type promptly executed at this office. Also blanks, of all kinds on superior paper. Sunbury, Feb. 14, 1852.

SELECT POETRY.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WIBSTER.

BY ANNE C LYNCH.

"When I and all those that hear me shall have gone our last home, and when the mould may have gar our memories as it will on our tombs "-Wentren's PERCH IN THE SENATE, JULY, 1950. The mould upon thy memory! No,

Not while one note is rung Of those divine, immortal songs Milton and Shakespere sung; Not till the night of year enshrouds The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

No let the flood of Time roll on, And men and empires die ; Genius enthroned on lofty heights, Can its dread course defy, And here on earth can claim the gift Of immortality :

Can save from that Lethean tide, That sweeps so dark along, A peoples name - a people's fame To luture time prolong, As Tray still lives, and only lives,

In Homer's deathless song. What though to buried Nineveh The traveller may come, And roll away the stone that hides That lone-forgotten tomb;

He questions its mute past in vain-its oracles are dumb. What though he stand where Balbee stood,

Gigantic in its pride, No voice comes o'er that silent waste— Lone, desolate, and wide; They had no bard, no orator, No statesman-and they died. They lived their little span of life,

They lived and died in vain-They sank ingloriously beneath Obliviou's silent reign, As sank beneath the Dead Sea wave The Cities of the Plain. But for those famed, immortal lands

Greece and imperial Rome, Where Genius left its shining mark, And found its chosen home; All elequent with mind they speak, Wood, wave, and crumble dome. The honeyed words of Plato still

Float on the cchoing air, The thunder of Demosthenes Egenn waters bear; And the pilgrim to the Forum hears The voice of Tully there.

And thus thy memory shall live, And thus thy fame resound, While far-off future ages roll Their solemn cycle round, And make this wide, this fair New World,

An ancient, classic ground. Then with our Country's glorious nam Thing own shall be entwined, Within the Senate's pillared hall Thine image shall be shrined, And on the Nation's Law shall gleam Light from thy giant mind.

Our proudest monuments no more May rise to meet the sky, The stately Capitol o'erthrow, Low in the dust may lie; But mind, sublime above the wreck, Immortal!-cannot die!

A Select Cale.

THE BLIND LOVER.

A correspondent of the "Courier des Etats Unis," gives in that paper a series of papers, which he heads the Secrets of Charity. The "To-day," a Boston literary journal, translates from one of these the following pleasing story:

There are in Paris two charitable perpecially to blind beggars, out of pity to spectacle which she described to me, as we those mendicants, and not on account of sadly at their misfortune, and assist them guardian angel, I dared to say to my sister, with full hands. The poor blind people soon come to know them; they learn the way which leads to their home; they are never repulsed by the porter of this noble house; they are always certain to reach eyes. I have no right to mention the names of these two kind hearts of whom I write; only, as I must give them some name, I shall baptize them at will in a story which reveals the secret of their best charities-the charities of a tender recol-

"What I am about to tell you is not a fiction," said to me, one day, Frederick d'-Arnay, a college friend of mine-a friend who does not hate me. "What I am about ry-my history,-that of my wife. Think that, since our separation on the benches of the Law School, I have been blind, -entirely blind. Try to listen and follow me; I will carry you to Switzerland,-and I

"It was in that beautiful country about Balet of a summer evening: I had been running all day; I was exhausted. My eyes had seen and admired so many natural beauties, that they were dazzled with derstand or to guess it, madam? them. I stumbled about in dizziness which "Yes, I understand, I guess; seemed like a painful intoxication, I knocked at the door of an excellent inn .-I lay down, and immediately tell asleep in a good bed. I dreamed, and my dreams were charming. My friend, I only believe now in the beautiful dreams which we have

when awake. "I awoke that day at the loud sound o village song. I imagined, immediately, terrible. I heard suddenly, the song, of birds warbling in the fields: and I said to bair of Rose was not far off; I imagined me. I trembled as I seated myself near

grass, the flowers, and the shrubs do not | five years old. give out their perfores in the night," 1 the side of the window, and it felt hot to

it !" The village-bellry condescended to answer me : the clock struck twelve, "At the same moment the servant of the inn knocked at my chamber-door .-"Will the gentleman breakfast?" said he:

"At these words I staggered like a drunken man. I saw nothing-no person before me : night always night. I hid my face in both my hands,-1 murmured some

myself in a carriage which was rolling at this rilent pity troubled me. the swift speed of post horses; a hand, soit and small enough to be that of a woman, was gently laid on mine. I had a traveling companion whom I did not know yet; and I asked, -without seeing her :-

"Where am I ?" "On the road to Germany." "To what charitable friend have I the ionor of speaking madan?"

"The Countess Rose de-"How comes it, madam, that you have taken pity on my misfortune ?" "Just because you are unfortunate." "What goodness, madam, for a simple

traveler, a stranger!" "I know you well enough to recognize you at our first meeting. I have seen you often, very often, during the last winter at Paris, in the saloons of our embassy; and they called you Frederick d'Arnay. If I may believe the official indications of your passport, you desired to travel in Austria, to Vienna, my native country, to my famitraveling together."

"Alas! madam, what can I see in traveling in "Will you allow me to see for you, Mr.

Frederic ?" "I thought I was still dreaming in the give ber strength to a poor invalid, her beautiful eyes to a miserable blind man.

"We travelled by easy stages. The Countess Rose was a rare and wonderful Antigne. It was not enough for her, my friend, to take care of me, to serve me, to lead me : she tried to comfort me, to cheer and amuse me, at a great cost of imagination, of kindness, of wit.

"Almost all the friends we meet with in this world bring us their own ennuis, without wishing to take ours. It was not thus I may recall her beauty," for me, with my admirable travelling companion. She might have found it tedious deigned to reply to my thoughts. o keep up so long a tete-a-tete with a blind man; but nothing weary or sad ever escaped from her heart or mouth. I di- your saviour; thank God in the first place vined every moment, by a sort of second and then thank Dr. Muhldorff." sight, that Rose was smiling upon me; and truly I saw her smile in her words. She sons, rich, young and happy, who give es- my mind the wonders of the magnificent

spoiled children that must never be pun- son I had imagined, the illusions of ished, allow me to address with impunity dream. the charity of that dwelling, with closed a question to you which almost resembles

"I do not believe so," replied Rose. "I continued my impertinence so far as to seek for the hand of the Countess, which I finished by finding in my own.

"Madam, I know that you are wise : ar you not witty every day, to amuse me ! I know also that you are rich : you scatter your gold and silver in the dust of the high road. I know that you are noble; you honor one of the highest names in aristoto tell you is not a romance; it is a histo- cratic Germany. I know that you are good, excellent, devont : your devotion to me, is it not sublime? I know, finally, that some time since, you wore the mournhood. You have been so kind as to speak to me, in a subdued tone, of the death of your husband-but what do I not yet know-what I wish much to know, because I am curious and indiscreet, as we are in France,-have you deigned to un-

> "Yes, I understand, I guess; and I advise you to wait for the confessions of a woman, when her age shall be settled." "And her beauty !"

"That is settled by looking." "But if one is blind ?" "He tries to see her without looking." "I will try madam." "My indiscreet hand, guided by a mys-

terious light, placed itself boldly on the that the sun was up. Alas! no, my forehead of the Countess. The forehead of of the celestial light. I had just returned friend; the sun was still asleep, and the Rose was as soft, as smooth, as the marble to the saloon of the Countess after a long friend; the sun was still asleep, and the Rose was as soft, as smooth, as the marble to the saloon of the Countess after a long friend; the sun was still asleep, and the Rose was as soft, as smooth, as the marble to the saloon of the Countess after a long friend; the sun was still asleep, and the Rose was as soft, as smooth, as the marble to the saloon of the celestial light. forehead of the Countess. The forehead of night began to seem to me very dark, very of a statue; and I imagined that it had a and magnificent walk. I approached Rose myself, with a kind o' anxiety. "Do the birds sing during the night?" I threw it seemed to me thick, full, long, and myself into the parlor, and by chance; silky. The hair of Rose showed me very at the same time to look at her. and, feeling my way, gliding along the clearly that my Antigone was a bronderte.

Trederick, asked the Countess, do you or not by the ice, for the purpose of comwall, my hands at last reached the panes of a window. I hastened to open it. I her curls and her face, and I perceived between us in my travelling to Berlin?—

the countess, do you or not by the ice, for the purpose of commencing necessary repairs and alterations and, feeling my way, gliding along the clearly that my Antigone was a brunette. seemed to breathe the odorous air which that rose was charming. The age of the You were blind, and, exactly because you required for the next year's business.

came from the flowers in the garden, un- | Countess remained for me to discover; her | were so, you desired greatly to see the doubtedly to greet my waking, and I said, delicious manner of chatting and laughing with a singular feeling of terror-"The could not belong to one more than twenty-

"At Vienna, I was installed in the hos proceeded to touch with a trembling hand pitable house of the Countess. The servants pressed around me; my friends of my touch. I said, again-"We do not the French embassy visited me every feel the heat of the sun in the night-time," morning; the voices of singers and the "Holloa!" I shouted, "What o'clock is sound of instruments inundated me every evening with floods of Italian music .-Rose appeared to me, a poor blind man, more young and more pretty than ever .-Nothing was wanting to my happiness but one ray of sun; less than that, one bit

of light. "One day, after dinner, the Countess conducted me mysteriously into my chamber, and I was placed in an immense chair, which served me as a couch for repose. confused words,-my eyes had no more In a short time, two persons, one of whom sight, - nothing but tears. I fell with my face on the floor: I was blind! walked like Rose, and the other more slowly, like an old man, approached my chair without speaking a word. They "When I recovered my senses, I found were commisserating my misfortune; and

"Who is there P' asked I, with a voice trembling with emotion mingled with

"I felt upon my brow a hand with which I was marvellously well acquainted; and, I added, smiling, to the Coun-

"No, my friend; I come to see you with the most celebrated physician of Germany. He is before you; he is looking at you; he thinks he can and he will cure vou."

"Rose, it is not your hand which is now louching my forehead." "Do not talk, Frederick; and keep perfectly still under the hands of the doc-

"The physician lifted my eyelids; and almost at the same moments, two dreadful punctures, two wounds from a dagger, sharpened to needle's point, extorted from me a cry of anguish. A handkerchief for did you not? Well, sir, I, too, am going a bandage was thrown over my eyes .--The handkerchief belonged to Rose, perly. This suits wonderfully, and we are haps; and there was nothing more to be said till the next day.

"The next day, at evening, the Countess lighted a single watching lamp in my room. She came to place herself before me, the doctor was not far off, undoubtedchamber of the inn,-that the illusions of and yet I heard nothing in this crowd so girls-lovers and laces, ringlets and romances, are tending-Cape Charles. A matrimonial is now in the active and useful discharge of a vision were about me. Was it a reality? attentive, so uneasy, and the silence of jewelry and jump-ropes, silks and satins! discussion ensued between the pair, which his clerical duties, at the age of 111 years.—
which had something alarming. Finally, what's to be done? There's a whole chest warmed as they proceeded. The lord grew the hand of this woman,-young, pretty, the bandage fell from my eyes, and you full of my old clothes that I've been saving angry, and the lady was vociferous. rich, undoubtedly; and who found nothing better to do with such treasures than to my delirium. The blind man was born lend her time to an unfortunate traveler, again to lite and light. I saw men and women, young girls, the servants of the should know the Countess, without ever for "blessings received!" having seen her. And I said to myself Rose? where does she hide berself? Oh! God, restore to me the eternity of night, that I may see Rose one moment ; that I may contemplate, that I may admire, that "A voice whose sound made me tremble

'Frederick,' said the Countess to me "after God who has protected you, here is

"Why should I thank the doctor? He found means to give sight to my extinct saved me. My first look belonged to Rose eyes, -- to my worthless eyes, -- as she look- and I had hastened to give it to her as if to ed from beaven to earth, and lavished upon say, 'To my deliverer my grateful eyes.' "Oh, my friend! what a surprise, what shame, what grief! This Rose, so pretty, Rose, well-beloved, was a woman already faded and wrinkled by age. I contess it times pause before these poor people, smile mey, thanks to the divine goodness of a to you, I almost fainted as I knelt at her teet; I resumed my precious bandage my protectress, my friend, to my Antigo- soon; I became blind again by the orders ne, which you please,—
"Madam, since invalids are the real heart, with the image of the lovely per-

accustomed me, in restoring to me my sight, to bear the light of the watchinglamp. A lamp afterward took the place of this dim light, and I waited patiently the time when this lamp too should be replaced by the sun.

could only be an accident of love and light. Every evening, in lookidg closely at her, I that we would not, if we could, dispel the ught I discovered in the age of my pro- darkness that environs us. tectress a grace which was not too old, a smilewhich had a certain charm, glances which did not lack coquetry, a mysterious treasury, that love had torgotten to resume in flying away with her youth. Oh! eveing habits of an elegy that we call widow- ry day brought more brilliant than that of the previous one; and, at the same time, by a miracle which alarmed my reason, the days, the minutes, seemed for my pleasure to make the noble face of the Countess grow younger. A secret voice murmured in the bottom of my heart,-Yet one magic stroke, one touch on this new picture, on this face which is undergoing a metamorphosis, and the wonder will be complete. The Countess of fifty will disappear, and the Rose of hardly twentyfive will re-appear to remain forever.

"One fine morning the sun illuminated the spectacle with a rare and charming prodigy. This day, for the first time, I had received from my doctor the delicious privilege of contemplating the splendors of the celestial light. I had just returned

'Frederick,' asked the Countess, 'do you

face of your Antigone. Is it not true, every one adores the impossible?' I remember it madam; and I am ashan

ed of my curiosity, of my audacity.' I have forgiven you. It was not easy for a blind man to see well the face of a woman. You remember in what way you sought to find it out, to discover to see it.' I remember it, madam.'

'You said to me with a singular fatuity, I know you, I have looked at you, I have seen you."

'I spoke the truth, madam.' 'You repeated to me every moment "Madam, you have beautiful black hair, great blue eyes, a mouth always smiling, lips very fresh, every thing most lovely. Madam, your beauty is admirable." 'I admired you, madam!'
'Alas, my dear Frederick! what are you

going to do with your complaisant admiration. The blind man proposes, and the clear sighted man disposes. Look at me.'

I looked at the Countess, 'Rose, Rose, Virginia. cried I, prostrating myself at her feet, there is a God protects the blind. I know you now, I look at you and see you again. Yes, yes, you have the beautiful black hair, the great blue eyes, the ever fresh lips, a mouth ever smiling, every thing most lovely; and I have found again all which appeared admirable to me, I understood all, madam; you have done for my sick heart what the dector has done for my weak eyes. The doctor protected my have spared my love the radiant glory of your beauty.'

"And now you know," concluded my friend, "the wonderful story of my misfortune, of my marriage, of my happiness. You know the secret of the charitable deference, which surprises many persons; you know the mystery of some smiling charities, which Rose and I drop into the hands of the poor blind. We give with the charity of memory, our eyes turned towards the light of heaven."

[From the Musicol World.]

MR. CLAPP'S SOLILOQUY. Another girl. What can Mrs. Clapp be thinking of! it is perfectly ridiculous! ly. There were many others about me; more than is necessary. I don't believe in hood of the very spet to which we ourself ding at Frankfort, in the State of New York, girl! Who's to keep the name in the family, house, who smiled at the miracle of such a I'd like to know? I shall be extinct! And resurrection. It seemed to me that I now she wants me to put up a note in church

Well, I suppose my girls will turn to boys, looking in turn at the ladies who had the one of these days. (It's hard to be facetious goodness to smile upon me. Where is when a man's to be crossed and thwarted in this way once a year.) Mrs, Clapp has a very obstinate streak in her disposition in this respect. It's waste powder to reason with her: it seems to go into one ear and out of the other. If she gets going on one particular track, you may just fold your arms and let her take her time to get off it. She knows I prefer boys, that woman does, just as well as she knows her name is Hetty .--Well, there's limit to human patience. I shall tell her, very decidedly, as soon as her had cured me, but the countess alone has gruel probation is over, that a stop must be put to this. It's no use for a man to pretend to be master in his own house, when he isn't!-Fanny Fern.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT .- There is but one breath of air and beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense. while we feel that death is with us, that we of the doctor; and I found again in my are powerless, and He all powerful, and the fast faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life here after, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befal us, that earth has no compensating good to the severety of our loss But there is no grief without some benificent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights "A strange thing, singular vision, which up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet.

No Mone Putty-The anxious inquirie concerning the price of this article are about to be silenced. Some Down-East operator has got a way of setting glass without putty. The window sash is made entirely of wood, the out-side permanent. The inside is framed in such a manner that the parts can be readily removed, for the purpose of inserting the glass, which is placed between slips of India tubber, which when the parts of the sash are replaced, causes the glass to be perfeetly firm. The moveable parts of the sash are secured to their place by a knob screw, which makes a pretty finish. Kossurn, in a recent letter to the Nation-

al Reform League in England, says he is done with his oratory, and as to the present state of European Democracy, it is best not to talk about it. Nothing short of an extraordinary emergency, promising some practical result, shall ever induce him, he says, to deviate from the chosen rule, never to speak any more in England publicly. THE Canal Commissioners have given no-

tice that the water will be drawn off the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal on the 10th of December, whether closed

We turned aside from our path for a space to visit an object of some coriosity, which is one of the "lions" of the Eastern shore,-This is an ancient-vault, belonging to a mem, same stock with which Washington intercentre of a large field, the only prominent object, sheltered by some old trees. This in London, but now in a state of delapidation, inscription, which runs thus:

"Under this marble tomb lies the body of gar's Parish, on the eastern shore of Virgi- Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, died, aged

This inscription, we are told by another, on the opposite side, was put on the tomb by his own positive orders. The gist of it, our lady readers will be pleased to conceive, consists in the lines we have italicised; the force of which will be better understood paer, that this bachelor, who lived in his bachelor condition, was actually married eyes from the strong rays of light; you to believe his epitaph, was greatly adverse to the idea of happiness in the married state; get how strange that he should have ventured three times upon it! The natural conclusion is that Hon. John Custis was a singujudgment, gave them a fair trial, at the expense of his own happiness, and pronounced judgment only after his repeated experi-

Tradition has preserved anecdotes of the sort of experience which he enjoyed in the Queen Elizabeth, and died at the age of 148 marriage state, one of which I will relate .-It appears that he was driving out in his ancient coach with one of his wives-and to do him justice we must assure the reader he There's four of them now, and that is four had but one at a time-and in the neighbor- Rev. Mr. Harvey, a Baptist clergyman, resi-

"It was the diamond," said one-"and I Clapp ever would think as I do. Another insist," quoth the other, "that it was the discharge his clarical duties.

> "I should call that admirable driving!" retorted his wife. "By- !" he exclaimed, "if you say an.

> other word, I will drive into the sea !" They were even upon the beach. "Another word!" screamed the lady. Drive where you please !" she added .-Into the sea-1 can go as deep as you dare,

> He became furious, took her at her word and drove the horses and charriot into the ocean. They began to swim. He held in, looked into her face, and she laughed in

"Why do you stop," she enquired, exultingly, not a whit alarmed.

"You are a devil" he exclaimed, turning the horses about, and making for the shore with all expedition. "Pooh! pooh!" laughed his tormenter.

where you dare to go, where I dare not acompany you.', "The only exception," she answered with

Learn from this fact that there is no place

chuckle; "there, my dear, I leave you." He never drove at Cape Charles again, but grouned with the recollection of the seven years' bachelor life at Arlington .- Corres-

Mr. Webster's Death.

pondence Charleston Evening News.

Twas morning, and the booming minute Told of the fearful work that Death had

done, And to a Nation roused from slumber, broke The awful tidings of his fatal stroke; On every ear the sad announcement fell, Causing each heart with softened grief to

swell, Each eye the bitter tear unchecked to shed For him now numbered with the mighty dead--For him, the Statesman, Orator, and Sage,

Pride of our country, glory of our age; Whose words of wisdom, with resistless power, Have graced our brightest, cheered our gloomiest honr; Whose councils wise on history's page will And speak his praise in this and every land

deeds no marble needs to give to fame, When marble moulders, bright will be his name! Recorded now with Washington's will tise The name of WEBSTER, towering to the

LORD MANSFIELD, when quite young used to recite the oration of Demosthenes, on his native mountains; he also practised before Mr. Pope, the poet, for the benefit of his criticisms. The consequence was, his melodious voice and graceful diction, made as deep au impression, as the beauties of his style, and the excellence of his matter which obtained for him, the appellation of "the silver toned Murray"

The best line of business for a medical man to follow is a milway line.

Dr. Fitch in his excellent work on consumption, groups together quite a number of remarkable cases of longevity. Thomas Parr was born in 1483, and died in 1635, ber of the "Custis" family, a branch of the aged 152 years. He died not from the disease or decay of a single organ, but from too married. It lies upon a fine old farmstead, great fullness of blood, causes by more than looking out upon the bay, and occupies the usual indulgence in eating and drinking. He had led an active country life, enjoying country air and exercise; but was invited to vanit is of white marble, elaborately carved | London, where luxurious eating and drinking soon finished him. His body was examined The curious feature about it consists in its by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who has left an account of the examination. Parr enjoyed the Hon. John Custis, of the city of Williams- good health for a century and a-half. Thirtyburg and Parish of Burton; formerly of Hon- five years after the death of Parr, Henry nia, and county of Northampton, aged 71 | 160. He was born in 1501, and died in 1670, years, and yet lived but seven years, which His age is fully authenticated, and is the was the space of time he kept a Backelor's greatest among the moderns .- John Effing-Home at Arlington, on the eastern shore of ham, of Cornwall, England, died aged 147 years. James Lawrence, a Scotchman, lived 140 years. About the year 1790, Joseph Surrington died at Bergen, Norway, aged 160 years. In 1772, a man named Drakenburg died in Denmark, in the 147th year of his

In 1825, Pope Leo. XII. granted to a poor from the additional fact, which does not ap- man living near Lake Thrasimene, in Italy, a pension on account of his great age; he was then 125 years old. He died aged 130 three times. His experience, if we are able years. In 1830, a man died at St. Petersburgh, aged 180 years. I knew a man in the island of Cuba, who was 120 years old; he was able to ride on horseback 60 miles in a day, and return home the next. We will now come to our own country. In 1820, a lar, just, and conscious man, who, unwilling man named Henry Francisco died a Whiteto do the sex any wrong by a premature hall, in the State of New York, aged 134 years. He beat the drum at the coronation of Queen Anne, and was then 16 years of age; he did not die of old age, but of ague and fever. I forgot to mention the name of Dr. Mead, who was consulting physician to years. John Hightower, residing in Marengo county, Alabama, died January, 1845, aged 126. William Pridgen, of Maryland, died October, 1845, aged 123 years. The of the Baptist clergy, and is perhaps the oldest clergyman in the world who is able to

A Mr. Blackwell, residing near Greenvill North Carolina, was living a short time since, at the age of 136 years. A collored man named Syphax, in fine vigorous health, was living last year in Cumberland county, Virginia, at the age of 117 years. The Montreal Times, October, 1846, translates the following from the Revue Canadienne :- "An old man died at Wexford, Upper Canada, a short time since, named Daniel Atkin, but rejoiced in the soubriquet of Black Dan. At the time of his decease he was 120 years of age; and during his life had contracted seven marriages, by whom he had an incredible number of children, grand-children and great grand-children, in all about 570-370 of whom are boys, and 200 girls." Mr. John Van Hoozer, of Jefferson county, Tennessee, died at his residence, about the 1st August, 1850, aged 122 years. A great many men are now living in this country (the United States) who are over 100 years of age.

Seven Fools .- 1. The Envious Manwho sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison. 2. The Jealous Man-who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps

3. The Proud Man-who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an infe-

in the hope of raining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The Extravagant Man-who buys a herring and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The Angry Man-who learns the opin-

4. The Litigious Man-who goes to law

of his neighbor's piane. 7. The Ostentatious Man-who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark. -Punch.

cleide because he is annoyed by the playing

ANECDOTE OF COL. CROCKET .- Once upon a time, during a debate in the U.S. House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western

members arose and observed : "Mr. Speaker-My opinion is, that the ginerality of mankind-in gineral, are disposed to take the disadvantage-of the ginerality -of mankind in gineral."

Sit, down, sit down," whispered the Col. who sat near him, "you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

THE LITTLE HINDERING THING,

Sweet langling child, the cottage door But oh! its sumshine gitds no more The gladuess of thy brow ! Thy laughing sport is bushed for aye! Thy mother by the fireside sits, And listens for thy call;

And slowly, slowly, as she knits, Her LITTLE HINDERING THING is gone.

Mr. George Spicen, of New York, has nade a match, in which he bets \$1000 against \$2000, that he will produce a horse who will perform one hundred miles in nine hours. The feat never has been accom-

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