The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

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

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WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL

FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,

Northumberland county, Pa.,

WHERE we have very extensive improvements, and are prepared to offer to the public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of Iron and making Steam. Our sizes of Coal are:

LUMP, } for Smelting purposes.
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NUT, } for Limeburners and Steam.
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Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arrangements are made to load boats without any delay.

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.

J. J. COCHRAN, Lancaster.
C. W. PEALE, Shamokin.
BENJ. REINHOLD, Lancaster.
A. BAUMGARDNER, do.

☞ Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

LEATHER.

FRITZ, HENDRY & CO.

No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

MOROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & KIPP.

Feb. 17, 1855.—w 1y

F. H. SMITH,

PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, AND **Dressing Case Manufacturer,**

N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Always on hand a large and varied assortment of

Port Monnaies,	Work Boxes,
Pocket Books,	Cabas,
Bankers Cases,	Traveling Bags,
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Dressing Cases, Pocket Memorandum Books,

Also, a general assortment of English, French and German Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razor Strops and Gold Pens.

Wholesale, Second and Third Floors.

F. H. SMITH.

N. W. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philada.

N. B.—On the receipt of $1, a Superior Gold Pen will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail;—describing pen, thus, medium, hard, or soft.

Phila., March 31, 1854.—ply.

A CARD.

GEORGE BROWN, Inspector of Mines, tenders his services to land owners and Mining Companies, in making examinations, reports &c., of Mines and Coal lands. From his experience in mining operations, as he understands the different branches, having carried on Mines for a number of years in Schuylkill Co., and having now a large number of collieries under his supervision—he hopes to give satisfaction to those who may want his services. Refers to Benjamin Miller and W. Payne, Esqrs., Philadelphia, and D. E. Nice and James Neill, Esqrs., Pottsville.

Communications by Mail promptly attended to.

Pottsville, March 17, 1855.—3m.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

IRA T. CLEMENT respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that he has been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated red ash coal, from the Mines of Boyd Rossel & Co. All the various sizes prepared and screened will be promptly delivered by leaving orders with the subscriber.

IRA T. CLEMENT.

Sunbury, Dec. 30, 1851.—tf.

Do you want a Bargain?

IF SO, THEN CALL AT

J. YOUNGS' STORE,

WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

in Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Cedarware, Fancy Articles, Stationary, Confectionaries, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash of country produce.

Ground Salt by the sack or bushel.

Sunbury, Nov. 4, 1854.—

HARDWARE.—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws' Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO.

Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.

COAL Buckets, stove shovels, Ames' shovels, forks, Door and pad locks, curry combs, &c., at YOUNG'S STORE.

Sunbury, Nov. 18, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by WEISER & BRUNER.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

WINES and Liquors for Medicinal purposes at WEISER & BRUNER'S.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

Select Poetry.

ADAM'S FALL; OR, THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

Adam was first created
A happy Bachelor,
Nor wished he to be mated,
Nor dreamed of *she* or *her*;
Woman had not
Been then *invented*,
But all contented
Was Adam's lot.

Joyous, and free from sin,
He passed his early life,
And thus he still had been,
Had he not known a wife;
Had he not slept,
He ne'er had been
Thus taken in,
But *single* kept.

He did not want, or need,
A thing so false and frail,
More than a mad, indeed,
Requires, or wants a tail.
Daily had he
The cherubim
And seraphim,
For company.

But meddling angels, soon,
To spoil his peaceful life,
Set all their wits to work,
To pick him out a wife.
As with *us* here,
Our angels do,
Whene'er they view
A Bachelor.

When Mrs. Adam came,
She hinted, with a smile,
That they had better live
A little more in style.
"My dear, we are able,
Better to dress,
And keep, I guess,
A better table."

That day she made a feast,
Of rare and costly fruit;
The next, they both appeared,
Dressed in a bran new suit.
And every day
Did female pride,
Decay them wide,
From wisdom's way.

What was the end, d'ye think,
Of this new course of life?
Adam was a bankrupt made,
By his ambitious wife.
The tipstaffs come,
And make a route,
And turn them out
Of house and home.

Adam now forced to work,
To digging went, and hewing,
While Lady Eve, so proud,
Was glad to take in sewing.
Then, as a mother,
The boys she had
Turned out so bad,
One killed the other.

If Adam had not been
Thus saddled with a mate,
Would he not, d'ye think,
Have kept his first estate?
Without a mother,
Could wicked Cain,
Think ye, have slain
His pious brother?

This mischief all arose,
And more than I have stated,
From Adam's first *faux pas*,
Submitting to be mated.
Then let us all
His folly see,
And thus shall we
Escape his fall.

A Thrilling Sketch.

From the Knickerbocker of June.

SLEEPING WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

"You have a number of times spoken to me," writes a friend from whom we receive the following, "to tell you about the incident of my sleeping with a rattlesnake, but until now, I have not found time to give it to you; and even now, I am not in the condition or humor for writing. But you have the facts. Take them in hand yourself, and dress them up; but don't publish them as they are; for they are not in a condition to see light.'—We'll *see* about that: at any rate, we take the responsibility:"

"It was, I think, for I have not my memorandum-book of the day before me, in the month of August, 1836, that I found myself wandering through the great inland seas that begirt our Western country—(if it is not Western *now*, it *used to be*, some time or other, and that too since the great rain-storm in Noah's time,) until I brought up at Fort Crawford, Green Bay.

"At this point, Captain E. B. Birdsall, of the Third United States Infantry, (poor fellow, he has 'fought his last battle,' and now slumbers with the dead of a thousand years ago,) procured Mackinaw boats, a sufficient number to accommodate the whole detatchment, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty United States Dragoons, on their way to Fort Des Moines, on the Mississippi River—each boat accommodating some twelve or fifteen soldiers, with the necessary camp equipage, provisions, etc.

"Thus provided and fully provisioned for the journey, the oars were let fall, and we threaded our way up the Fox River, a portion of the way quite a rapid stream, with many formidable rapids, with grand and lesser *chutes* to pass over, until we arrived at Fort Winnebago, a post at that time considered beyond the reach of civilization. A portage of half a mile from the Fox to the Quiscousin River, and our boats were again launched, and we pursued our way down the last named river until we struck the Mississippi, some few miles below Prarie du Chien.

"I should perhaps, have stated, ere this, that it was our invariable custom to sleep beneath our tents on shore every night.

"Soon after striking the Mississippi, our tents were pitched one night, as usual. It was not long before the camp-fires gave token that the evening meal was in process of preparation. In due time, the guards were set, silence reigned in the little army, and naught was to be heard save the regular tread of the night-watch, as he paced his silent round.

"I had no idea when I turned *in* that night that I was to be unceremoniously turned *out* before morning. But I was mistaken. During the night, our camp was visited by a furious rain-storm. The water descended in torrents and disturbed in his lurking place an enormous Rattlesnake, who, it would seem, took up his line of march with, I presume, no very correct idea of his destination, but with a commendable desire, I doubt not, to provide himself with shelter from the pitiless storm that was raging about, and invading his dominions, the broad forest, of which he had probably been an undisturbed occupant for many years.

"I cannot for one moment imagine that his snakeship had any particular *penchant* for my quarters, but it so happened that about one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he brought up at my tent, and acting upon the old proverb, only a saying—of 'any port in a storm,' he pitched in, without as much as saying, 'By your leave Sir,' and the first intimation afforded me that I was to be honored with his distinguished presence, was the fact that he was insinuating his cold, wet, and horrid carcase directly across my legs, just above the knee joints. Having obtruded himself thus far into good society, he seemed to be entirely satisfied with himself, with me, and, for aught I knew, with the rest of mankind, and the comfortable quarters into which he had thus thrust himself unbidden; for I am very certain, had I been permitted to make choice of a companion for the night, my tendencies would not have been in that direction. But here he was, quiet, and free from the storm, and seemed mightily inclined, so far as I could discover, to tarry for a while.—But by this time I began fully to realize my own position. I had assumed, it the first place, as all the indications were that way, that it was a *snake*, and my imagination, in the second place, led me to suppose it was a rattlesnake. Of course I had no positive knowledge on the subject, for his entrance had been unannounced; but I thought I had a right to make that assumption, and to govern myself accordingly.

"But the thought of such a companion was horrible! A sleeping partner, too—a snake, so forbidding in every possible aspect, that even at this time, although about nineteen years have rolled over the incident, it makes me shudder through every limb to think of! But that was not the question uppermost in my mind at *that* time. The question was:—'How can I get rid of him?' And it was a nice question, too—one more easily conceived than executed. I knew the fix I was in, I was fully aware of my position; for my presence of mind had not for one moment deserted me.

"Although an intruder—although he had presumed to pouch upon my manor without a license—still I was aware that this king of his species was to be treated with great respect and consideration, until I had got, at least, beyond the reach of his murderous fangs. I commenced, therefore, the process of sliding my legs out from under him—not, to be sure, at a pace of two-forty—but imitating more the speed of the snail, and almost holding my breath during the operation. I was fully aware that my only safety lay in this. Perhaps I might have got rid of him in a more summary way, but in doing it, *perhaps* I might have placed him in a position unsuited to his dignity, and contrary to his ideas of propriety, and most probably retaliation on his part would have followed, and I should have come out second-best. But I found my plan working well, and persevered in its execution.—By dint of great patience, I finally, after a labor of some ten minutes or more, succeeded in finding myself free from my disgusting companion. I at once threw off the mosquito bar that surrounded my ground bed, stepped over my blankets, drew on my boots, as a matter of precaution, not knowing the precise locality of my pleasing and amiable companion at this time. I now seized a shillalah that I knew was standing in a corner of my tent, for it was as dark as Egyptian darkness itself, and commenced flailing my scanty bed with an earnestness that would have been highly amusing to a disinterested looker-on. I continued this healthful exercise for some fifteen minutes, in the fond hope that some of my random blows, although given in the dark, and without any knowledge of the locality of his snakeship, might be so fortunately directed as to finish the career of my enemy. But I was in total ignorance of the result, and had no means at hand by which I could throw *light* on the subject. True, I had candles, but what use were they to me without matches?—and of them I had none.

I finally put on part of my clothes, threw my cloak around me, took my umbrella, for it was still raining in torrents, and sallied forth into the camp. But here I was no better off. The rain had extinguished the camp fires, and darkness reigned supreme. The sentinel was at his post, but it was useless to trouble him with my story. My umbrella soon became useless as a protection against the drenching storm, and I was forced back to my tent for shelter. But here all was doubt and uncertainty. What had become of the snake?—There was a possibility that I might have killed him, but there was an uncertainty about it. But I ventured back, and drawing out my rifle case, which had served me for a pillow, I sat down on it, near the entrance to the tent, resolutely determined to watch the waning hours until daylight should reveal to me the result of my labors. The reader may imagine my thoughts, but it would be difficult to describe them. At length—it seemed almost like an eternity—the dawn broke upon another day. It was like a new life, a new being, a new existence. Again the life blood began to course freely through my veins, my heart had gone back to its usual resting place, and was again performing its accustomed functions. The first rosy tints of morning satisfied me that my enemy was not in sight. Where was he? Was he lurking in some sly corner, ready to strike whenever I should approach him? Certain it was he had not coiled himself about my legs, nor had he wreathed himself about my body or neck! Where was he, then?—Perhaps I had killed him. Lucky thought. Why had it not occurred to me before? Again I seized my stick, the same identical one with which I had performed such wonderful deeds in the dark the night before, and with this I raised the blanket up, and there lay my sleeping companion, my bed-fellow, now sleeping the sleep of death. After this occurrence, I slept in my boat, and there was an additional tent for the use of the soldiers. But the reason for this was to them a mystery.

WOODEN NUTMEGS OUTDONE.—There is a Parisian dandy, who, we think, rather outdoes Connecticut:

C——had at his residence a costume groom. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say: "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant."

He then repaired to his garret, took out his blacking bottle, polished his face and hands, and knocked at the lady's door.

"Here," he said, "are some flowers sent by my master to Madame."

He had spent the last five francs in the purchase. Madame was so delighted with the present that she presented a *louis* to the bearer.

That is a clear pocketing of three dollars and a lady's favor into the bargain.

THE MAN-MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

The captain of the French schooner Adrienne, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, *Brazil*, gives the following sketch of a tame monkey:

"A short time ago I dined at a Brazillian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well tutored chimpanze of Mr. Vanneck's, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the woods. Every one praised the accomplished animal—giving accounts of its talents so wonderful that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled—saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He therefore proposed to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck.

I gladly consented and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus shaded by bananas and palm trees, and at length observed its charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance and took us to the parlor—hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the monkey seated on a stool and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded to his work. The door opened; Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in.—Though his legs are paralyzed he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming "How wonderful!" for the manner and process of the animal were those of a practical tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which showed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared—announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey—greeting him as an old friend beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and, speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us, said:

"Jack, put your work aside and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room and came back without delay, with a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clean housemaid. I could not perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four paws. He was about three feet high, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and red neckerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass he hastened to relieve me from it—putting it back on the tray. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch, and showed it to the monkey; it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in mind that it was then his master required his lunch. If the watch was shown to him at any other hour he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the lunch being called for, he got fidgety and at last ran and brought it; in this case he was always rewarded with some sugar plums.

"You have no notion," said Mr. Vanneck, "how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience I have bestowed in the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to don his clothes; he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is on the whole very cleanly. "Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from my pocket and handed it to me. "Now show your room to my guests," continued his master; and he opened a door at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress; a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder-flask and shot-bag, and in the wooden process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim and discharged the gun without being the least startled by the report. He then went through sword exercise with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and trainings; the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talents for tuition. We stayed to supper, to which there came more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man servant. Going home my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from his pocket; and on being afterward convicted of the theft he was severely punished.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been in Purgatory.

"No," said the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh!" said Peter, "that is all the same."

The tailor had scarcely got in, before a fat, turtle eating alderman came, puffing and blowing.

"Hallo! you fellow," said he, "open the gate."

"Not so fast," said Peter, "have you ever been in Purgatory?"

"No," said the alderman, "but what is that to the purpose? You let in that poor, half-starved tailor, and he has been in Purgatory no more than I."

"But he has been married!" said Peter.

"Married?" exclaimed the alderman, "why I have been married twice!"

"Then go back, again," said Peter, "Paradise is not the place for fools."

DR. FRANKLIN.

The following passage from a letter from Dr. Franklin to his daughter, Mrs. Bache, in 1774, shows how highly he valued economy, deeming it, as unquestionably it is, a virtue of no little rank in itself, the parent of many others, and the preventive of numberless vices. It may be useful to republish it:—

"I was charmed with the account you gave me of your industry, the table cloths of your own spinning, &c., but the latter part of your paragraph, that you had sent for linen from France, because weaving and flax were growing dear, alas! that dissolved the charm; and you sending for long black pins, and lace and feathers, disgusted me, as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning I see is to be laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball. You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that of all the dear things in the world, idleness is the dearest except mischief. When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, a pair of gloves seven dollars! a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars! and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way. I expected you would conclude with telling me that everybody as well as yourself, was growing frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes in reading forward, that there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on! and that you wanted black pins and feathers from France to appear I suppose in the mode. This leads me to imagine that, perhaps, it is not so much that the goods are grown dear, as money is grown cheap; as everything else will do when excessively plenty, and that people are still as nearly in their circumstances as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown. The war, indeed, may in some degree raise the price of goods—and the high taxes which are necessary to support a war, may make our frugality necessary: and as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency, encourage the contrary, by my example, in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful or necessary, and omit the rest, for as you say you should 'have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers! my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

"THE PRAYING MILL."

In far Thibet, that land of light,
The lazy devotee shows his skill
In making a toy to go "all right."
Which travelers call "The Praying Mill."
He sets it in a running stream,
Calls on *Budiha*, and goes his way,
And thinks, by his pious little scheme,
To pray by deputy all the day.

But, ere he well is out of sight,
Another devotee passes there,
Who quietly says to himself, "all right."
And turns to his own account the prayer.
For the sails have but to be reversed,
And, click-a-clack-clack as the steam runs down,
They will pray for Fi-Fo Smith, as erst
They prayed for Mr. Sing-Song *Brown*.

GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

When Mr. Putnam issued a book with the above, or a tantamount title, embracing a number of portraits of American ladies, we thought the ladies who could consent to such an expose of their personal charms, not overstocked with that modesty which is one of woman's chief graces. But feminine beauty loves to display itself—spurred by vanity, which is seldom left out of the female compound. Therefore, we have scarcely a doubt, that Mr. Barnum's proposal to present $5,000 in premiums to "the handsomest ladies in America," will draw out our American beauties as successfully as his lesser prize scheme did the babies. According to his programme, there is to be one premium of $1,000; one of $300; one of $250; six of $100; ninety of $20; and one hundred of $10. The competitors are to send in their daguerreotypes, with or without names, with sealed numbers accompanying, which are only to be opened when the prizes are determined—the daguerreotypes to be returned in due times to the owners. On the 15th of October all that may have arrived "will be placed before the public at the American Museum, or some other suitable locality in in New York." The visitors at the place of exhibition will decide, by means of ballots, which of the portraits are entitled to the premiums. Those ladies obtaining the ten highest premiums, will be engraved, and published in the French "World's Book of Beauty." Each lady who may secure one of the ten highest premiums, will be desired to sit to the best artist in the city nearest to her residence, who will paint her portrait from life, at the expense of Mr Barnum, for the French publication.

A CLERICAL ELOPEMENT.—A clerical gentleman of *silken* address on Thursday last disappeared with a wife of the gentleman residing in South Creek. The 'gay lothario,' in clerical orders, some two or three weeks since being called to preach in the neighborhood of South Creek was invited home by a gentleman. He pretended to be unwell and stayed some days at the house. He then took a brief trip abroad, lectured on temperance, and returned to the house of his hospitable friend quite sick—so much so indeed as to be closely confined to the house. He was a guest for some three or four days, when on Thursday the 14th, his host having some business to transact in Pennsylvania, left home not suspecting anything amiss. Hardly had he gone when the clerical scoundrel suddenly recovered his health. His carriage was got out, and the unfaithful wife packed up her things and some of her husband's, had them conveyed to the carriage, and with her sanctimonious paramour took her seat and bade adieu to the pleasant home of her two children, her innocence and peace of mind, to link her destiny to shame and the veriest rascal that the sun shines upon.—*Elmira Republican.*

INSANITY FROM SPIRITUALISM.—In the Police Court of Boston, on Saturday, Ellen Brown, formerly a teacher in the Dwight School, was brought up as an insane person. She is a believer in the new doctrine of spiritualism, and by continual thought and excitement upon the subject has become insane.—She imagines that she is continually receiving communications from the spirit world, is totally unfit to take care of herself, and will be sent to an insane asylum.—*Boston Transcript.*

Rev. E. H. Chapin says "the imperial gambler of France won his throne with dice made from the bones of the great Napoleon."

A FRIGHTFUL SNAKE STORY.

The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of these reptiles:

Some time last summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbacue, which was attended by most of the beauty and fashion of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.

Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in a matter of snakes, and of those she had so great dread that she scarcely dared to walk anywhere, except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of the fairy feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered round her instantly, and beheld her standing the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm; and then they gathered from her broken exclamation that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow. This intelligence caused many to shrink from her, but most of the ladies, for their honor be it told, determined not to leave her in her direful extremity.

They besought her not to relax her hold, as safety depended upon it, until some one could be found with courage enough to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies, however to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Mr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of half fainting females, until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake, before it would have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, and at the moment the word three was pronounced the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking bustle that was ever seen in Mississippi. The whole affair was then explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks and fainted—he did.

SCIENCE, ART AND DISCOVERY.

BONELLI'S LOCOMOTIVE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—A second successful trial of Bonelli's Locomotive Electric Telegraph has been made on the Turin railway, with the concurrence of the Ministers of State and the diplomatic representatives of France and England. Two trains traversing a five-mile track exchanged communications until all parties were fully satisfied. The correspondence with the stations was equally satisfactory; and orders to "stop" and to "proceed" were obeyed as by volition. Morse's apparatus, reduced to the dimensions of a coat pocket, including paper, &c., was used on this occasion. The simplicity of the invention is amusing. The wires, running from the little pocket machine through the bottom of the car, trail on parallel insulated iron rods, which are the mediums Strange that the notion never occurred to the Yankee nation! The inventor, who is the Director of the Sardinian Telegraphs, has submitted to the Government an inexpensive project for working them, and also for continuing the submarine line now in use between Genoa and the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, (two hundred miles,) by way of Malta and other intermediate points, to Constantinople and the long black Sea line; and which will also be propounded to the electricians of the thousand-leagued Atlantic. So much for Franklin's kite-playing! The wonders of magic drop out of sight before the miracles of science.—*European Correspondence of the Newark Advertiser.*

One of our friends was being shaved at Antwerp. The barber was a female. What was his surprise, when he saw the good lady spit into the box, and besmear his face with the foaming saliva.

An expressive grimace did not escape the she barber.

"My dear Sir," said she, "I don't treat you as I do my other customers, because I perceive very well that you do not belong to these parts."

"By Jupiter! Madam, what do you do in their case?"

"Why, Sir, I spit on their cheek, instead of spitting in the soap box."

ORNAMENTAL JUDGES.—Q——was elected "side Judge" in one of the county courts in Vermont. He was not very well versed in "legal lore," so he called on a friend of his who had served as side judge, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories, his answer was: "Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of the Spring term, 184-; the judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me and whispered, 'C——, ain't this seat made out of rather hard wood?' and I told him I rather thought it was."

RAPID INCREASE.—The State of Texas has been settled so fast by emigrants since the taking of the last census, in 1850, that it is said to contain at this time fully 600,000 inhabitants.

SKETCH OF LUTHER.

BY CARLYLE.

A course, rugged, plebeian, face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite!—But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery, were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Ritcher had said that the words were half-battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard of agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicer-general of his order, "I cannot, I cannot; I shall die in three moths. Indeed, I cannot do it." Dr Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember, they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man preach, and then live or die as it happens."

So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died he wrote many, very many books,—books in which the true man was—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the Table Talk, for example.

We see in a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of a pear-tree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther look up at it and said: "That little bird, how it cowers down its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsic, in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of corn—"How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year." Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible across its tempests and clouds, the whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like micheal Angelo.

Items of News.

Punch says that the "greatest organ in the world is the organ of speech in woman; an organ too, without a stop!"

A PICTURE.—A tall ladder leaning against a house—a negro at the top, and a hog scratching himself at the bottom. "G'way—g'way dar! You'm makin' mischief!"

Forty-one German Stonemasons, &c., left Columbus, Ohio, for Kansas on Tuesday last. They are engaged by the Government, at $2 40 per day.

FRUIT IN TENNESSEE.—Peaches, watermelons and muskmelons, ripe and luscious, are now enjoyed by the inhabitants of Memphis, Tenn.

A CHANGE IN THE VALUE.—In the year 1788, 800 acres of land, the present site of Cincinnati, Ohio, were purchased for $500.—The value of that same land at the present time can scarcely be estimated.

THE WHEAT CROP IN TALBOT COUNTY.—The Easton Star says that the late heavy rains have damaged the wheat crop in that county to such an extent that much of it will be lost.

CHOLERA IN MISSOURI.—Cholera has broken out in Georgetown, Mo., and there had been twenty-two deaths at the last accounts. Not a single family in town had escaped visitation with the epidemic. A large portion of the population had fled in consequence.

ANTIDOTE FOR POKE-ROOT.—Mr. R. L. Taliaferro, of South Carolina, states that sweet milk is an almost certain antidote to the poisonous effects of poke-root, and cites the case of two of his children, whose lives were saved by it.

LARGE STRAWBERRY PATCH.—Mr. Hammond, of Anne Arundel county, Md., has a field of strawberries, comprising one hundred acres, from which he has gathered in one day over four hundred bushels of berries. He expects to pick this season about 5,000 bushels.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The boys belonging to the Everett School, at Dorchester, Mass., have elevated the "master" in effigy. He had advised them not to participate in the proceedings on the 4th, telling them it would be better to attend a prayer meeting for the salvation of the country from the curse of slavery.

TOO LATE FOR THE BABY SHOW.—The wife of Wm. Olmshead, of Bloomfield, Monroe County, Ohio, on the 3d of June presented her husband with three fine children—one boy and two girls. Weight, 5 lbs. 12 oz., 5 lbs. 4 oz., and 5 lbs. 15 oz. One has a white head, one a black head, and the other a red head.—*Buffalo Democrat.*

A NOBLE STATE.—Comparing the figures already made by the Census Marshals with those of 1850, the Albany Argus estimates the population of the State of New York at four millions. The population of the city of New York is estimated at seven hundred thousand. Energy, enterprise, industry and intelligence, joined with favorable geographical position, have pushed this noble State in advance of all her sister Commonwealths.

RICH AND ONLY.—New Bedford, the richest city in the world, in proportion to its population, numbers among its heavy tax-payers twenty-nine who are worth $100,000 each, four worth 200,000, a lady worth 300,000, one man who has 600,000, one worth 800,000, two worth one 1,000,000, and any number that can show from 10,000 to 100,000 Most of these persons have made their money from the whaling business.—*Boston Chronicle.*

A Slave Case has just been decided in Prussia. Dr. Ritter took with him to Berlin, Prussia, a negro slave, whom he had purchased in Brazil. The slave was at first declared free, but, after full investigation, it was decided that the case had to be adjudged according to the *lex loci*, and the application of the slave was refused; and he remanded to his owner. This goes beyond the Fugitive Slave Law of the United States.

THE TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.—Rents have fallen in California two-thirds in one year, and wages almost in proportion. Servant women can get $20 to $30 per month, according to capacity and worth, $3 per dozen is now the standard price for washing. A good dwelling house, lathed and plastered, can now be had, with every convenience for a family, at $50 per month. Food is cheaper in California than it is in the Atlantic States.