# The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 36.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1855.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 16. NO. 10.

### The Sunbury American, PUBLISHED EVERT SATURDAY BY H. B. MASSER.

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will receive prompt attention. Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

# EXCELSOIR BATING SALOON! CHARLES D. WHARTON

by J. W. Washington, In Market Square, Sunbury,

where he will be happy to dispense to his friends and the eating public generally, all the delicacies of the season, including Oysters tresh and spiced. The bill of fare will include substantials and delicacies, calculated to satisfy those who are hungry, and those who desire merely to save their palates tickled. It will be open at all hours of the day, and all reasonable hours of the sight. Give us a call and taste for yourselves. Ly Families and parties supplied on short

Sunbury, Sept. 22, 1835 .-

### LEATHER. FRITZ, HENDRY & Co.

No. 29 North Third Street, Philadetphia, NOROS CO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and Feb. 17, 1855 .- w ly

F. H. SMITH, FORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, Bressing 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, Traveling Bags, Backgammon Boarde, Note Holders, Chess Men, Port Folios. Portable Desks, Cigar Cases, 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.

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,

Phila., March 31, 1855 .- ply. DANVILLE HOTEL,

Wholesale, Second and Third Floors.

JOHN DEEN, JR., Market Street, Danaille, Pa, FIF1S is one of the largest and most comm dious hotels in the interior of Pennsylvania It has been recently fitted up, in excellent style,

with all the modern conveniences.

Danville, Sept. 22, 1855 .--

TO GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS BUV your goods from first, hands and save 20 per cent The undersigned has in store and offers for sale at th ALMONDS, RAISINS, FIGS, WALNUTS, CURRANTS, ORANGES, CITRON, LEMONS, PILBEUTS, PRUNES, SWEET OIL, GROUND NUTS. DATES, CASTILE SOAP, &c. ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM NUTS,

All orders by mail promptly attended to THOMAS HOND,
41 S. Water Street, Philadelp
Phila. Sept. 15, 1855.—limp. FARMERS TAKE NOTICE. 300 hushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. Y. Bright, for which the highest market price will be paid. Sunbury, October 6, 1855 .-- tf

HARDWARE.-Table Cutlery, Razors, Pock et Knives, Hand saws' Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for alle by Sunbury Dec. 2, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by WEISER & BRUNER. Sunbury, May 19, 1855 .--

BLACK Putty-a good article-for sale by WEISER & BRUNBR. HUSBAND'S Magnesia for sale by

# Select Poetry.

# THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY G. S. P.

Extended on th' accursed tree, He dies! The God Incarnate bows his sacred head Nature is shocked and silent with surprise. And saints desert the mansion of the dead. Thick darkness o'er the firmament is spread; The sun with horror hides his golden light,

Of murd'rers' feet, and trembles at the sight, Veiling her myriad hosts in gloomy shades of

In twain the Temple's veil is rent, and hark! The mutt'ring thunder breaks upon the ear; Sharp lightnings play upon the storm clouds

In fearful grandeur and portentous glare, The solid rocks asunder burst with fear, And crumble into atoms at the sound

Of that expiring cry that rends the air; Creation writhes in solemn grief around; In one unbroken moan the dismal notes resound.

The conflict past! He hangs in silence now. Whose gentle words did heavenly peace convey; He who in love divine did'st meekly bow. And through Death's gloomy portals mark

the way That leads from earth to glorious realms of

Upon that cross, in death, proclaims His love, And through its dismal shades there gleams a ray Of light immortal, from the throne above, Whose calm effulgence guides while through

this vale we move. Oh! list ye mortals, to those dying groans!
These plaintive accents breathed in anguish See how he bleeds! for you that blood atones.

List to his words! those solemn words of prayer! For you they fall, ye sinners in despair ! Ye mourning souls by pangs of sorrow riven; Ye trembling ones, whose path is dark and

Ye tempest toss'd, by earthly conflicts dri-For you that cross was reared-it points with hope to Heaven!

# A Short Story.

# A THANKSGIVING STORY.

At five o'clock upon Thanksgiving morning Deacon Wilson arose as he was wont, no holiday making any change in his hours. Yet now he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; ded it. There were the cattle to be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention, and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place for the deacon had now no servant or helper and in the grey winter of his life the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong-fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic, and his piety sincere, for his burthens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich—he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed-and now the old couple were the solitary

tenants of that lone farm house. The deacon went mechanically about his morning labors; he drove the cattle to the sealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & water tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen. By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire was diffusing its heat through

the apartment. The old couple sat down to breakfast after a blessing by the old farmer, but the meal passed by in silence. It was followed by a fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Scripture. After this they adjourned to the sitting-room.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "this is Thanksgiving day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicksome young folks and cheerful old people, and now we are alone,

"Last Thanksgiving day," said the old man, "there was one with us who seemed to my old eyes like an angel of light, with her fairy golden hair floating like a glory on her shoulders, and her little foot making music as she moved about the old house. But even then there was a heetic flush upon her cheek like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn.— When the January snows lay deep on the bills and in the hollows, we carried her to her last home-but God's will be done." "You forget that we have another child

"No, I do not forget it," said the old man bitterly. "There is one living somewhere who has brought disgrace upon our name, who has forgotten his parents and his God who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, and who has brought ruin and wee upon his name and family.

"Do not speak harshly of poor William." pleaded his mother, "Why should I not? Was he not insensible o kindness-steeled against affection? Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the wind? Is it not to him that I owe the prospect of beggary and destitution? Remember the first of February. That is the last day of grace.

If the money comes not then, and God knows whence it is to come, we are houseless beggars. Who will care for us then?" "God will care for us," said the aged wonan, raising her eyes reverently to heaven. The old man made no reply, for his utter-ance was choked. At that moment the old clock that stood ticking in the corner struck the hour of nine. The deacon rose. "It is time to harness old Dobbin," said be

"for we have a long way to ride to meeting and the roads are in a bad condition." Their preparations were soon made, and the old couple, poorly but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotions. The services ended, the deacon and his wife, as they issued from the porch, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their thanksgiving cheer. But

"Many thanks, my friends," said he, "but ever since I have been a householder, I have kept my thanksgiving at home, and I shall continue to do so as long as I have a house remaining over my head."

If you would make a young lady hate "churning," teach her to play the pianowould you stock her with "nerves" tell her that it's low to do housework.

So they rode home together. While the deacon drove up to the barn to put up his horse, the old lady opened the back door. which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit, with broad-leafed hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and xuriant moustache.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said with some embarrassment. "Finding no one answered my knocks, I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit and saved your thanksgiving And earth, astonished, quakes beneath the

turkey from burning."
"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered the old lady, pulling off her mit-tens. "But did you want to see me or the "Both of you," answered the stranger .-You had a son, I believe?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and casting down her eyes. "I have seen him lately, "Where?" inquired the mother, with in-

reused agitation. "In California"

"Was he doing well?"
"Admirably. Mother! mother!" he added mpetuously, throwing back his hat, "don't ou know me—don't you know your William?"

He rushed into his mother's arms and was clasped to her beating heart. After the first greeting was over, the young man asked: "Where is sister Emmy?" "Gone," answered the mother, as her tears

flowed forth anew. William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious. "And my father?" asked the young man,

when he regained his composure. "He is well. But you had better retire for a while. Go to your old room my son, it is just as you left it, and wait till I summon

It was with a fluttering heart that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was nearly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey smoking hot, waiting to be carved, she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat. Glancing round the table, he said : "What is this, wife; you have set plates

for three. "I thought perhaps somebody might drop in unexpectedly.

"There is little danger-hope, I mean-of that," answered the deacon sadly.

At this juncture Mrs. Wilson, with a mysterious expression, rang the bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon her tardy children to their meals. It was answered by the appearance of the

long lost William. The deacon, who recognised him after a moment, gazed upon him with a stern eye, but with a quivering lip that betrayed the

force of his ill-suppressed emotions. "Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father, last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room, and there, kneeling down, addressed self to heaven, and solemnly abjured the fatal cup which had brought rain upon me and woe upon this once happy family. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can you now wel

come back your son and bless him?" "Bless him! Yes, yes, bless you, my dear dear boy!" said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. "You are welcome, William, though you come only to witness the downfall of our

"Not so, father," answered the young man, joyously, "I have come back to save you-to atone for my prodigality, for all my errors .-It was this hope that sustained me in the lone heart of Sierra Nevada, when I was panting with thirst and dying with hunger, Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and of God's angels, enabled me to conquer fortune. I have come back with a store of gold-you shall not be a beggar in your old age; father,

we shall keep the farm." After this it is unnecessary to add that joy entered the old homestead. It was a chas tened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present but the felicity which attended the prodigal's return was enough to compensate for many sorrows.

A NEW ZEALAND "LADY." A young gentleman who left Preston in England, above four years ago, thus writes home from Wacanni, in New Zealand, to a friend :- "Needle-women are much wanted in a double capacity; in the first and most important as wives, in the second as dressmakers, &c. All young men should marry be-fore emigrating. Many who come out here form matrimonial connections with the natives. My partner is a native, and though faultless in form, her complexion s not more fair than black-in plain language she is a woman of color, the exact shade approaching much nearer to polished brown paper or ma-bogany, than anything else I can remember. She cannot speak English, and is much addicted to what you would call smoking, but what she elegantly terms kai tupeka—Anglice, food tobacco. Her hair hangs in negligent gracefulness, and is of a beautiful and brilliant black. Her eyes are brown, her person tell and erect, and her carriage faultess and as dignified as that of any European. From one ear is suspended a shark's tooth, and the other is embellished with a bit of colored worsted. Her feet were never tortured by shoes, nor concealed by stockings; they are as free as when nature formed them. She swims to perfection, can manage a canoe in a sea that would appall a London waterman, and is such an adeptant catching fish that Izaak Walton would have shrunk in opposi-tion to her. I have been induced to make these remarks, as they will apply to the whole native race. European women are so scarce that English and Maori connections are little noticed. The practice is common; and the dark complexion, naked feet, and kai tupeka have become familiar to us as possible.

PRESIDENT PUDDING .- For a two quart mould, boil a sufficient quantity of chestnuts to produce a quart of meal, pressed into the measure, after being pounded and passed through a sieve. Boil three quarters of a pound of lump sugar in one pint of water, with a stick of vanilla, until reduced to one-Boil one pint of cream, add to it the flour of chestnuts, then the syrup, and twelve yolks of eggs nicely beat up; set it on the fire.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

# Poetry.

# KISSES.

There's treasured pearls upon my cheek and

brow, Unseen to earthly recing, But which I prize and cherish now, With all my life and being; And I will count the dearest o'er-(For which I thank high Heaven)-And think again, to live no more, The bliss that they have given.

My mother's kiss! a holy thing, She gave whilst she was praying, And I, a child, looked, wondering The words that she was saying ; knew not that for me she prayed And with that kiss she gave me Her prayer before her God she laid

To watch, and guard, and save me! Another yet! It fell upon my brow One happy summer even, From lips whose warmth hath vanished now, To wake to life in Heaven. The moonbeams struggled through the pine, Then smiles of beauty clearer,

And I since then have wept—have wept In grief that hath not faded, Above that form that lowly slept, By gloom and dampness shaded The morning sunlight fell like gold, The dark brown hair caressing-

Silently drawing, line by line,

Their shafts of silver nearer.

Ah! used to press those lips-so cold-That throbbed not back at kissing! Another yet! upon my lips it fell, In silence dear and holy— While shadows wandered down the dell,

Silent as we, but slowly; That was in summer too, when earth O'er buds and flowers rejoices And streams glide murmuring from their birth, Of love in rippling voices.

Oh jey! to look in eyes so dear, That looked in kisses solely-Press brow to brow in trust, and hear Not words, but heart throbs wholly!

To see the smile from cheek to cheek Pass, hope and gladness sounding-To know the words each one would speak, Before they break in sounding !

My mother's kiss! the one she gave to me, In gentle, holy blessing, When my young heart leapt glad and free, Made but for love caressing— It lingers with me in my dreams When I seek sleep, the lowly,

It guards me ever, and it seems A foretaste of the holy! And of that other I would speak, That fell from lips that's dearest apped down upon my lips and cheek When our two hearts throbbed nearest

pray my heart may love as now, When Heav'n from earth shall clear it, And kisses pressed here on my brow,

# Shall there be kept in spirit!

In several of yesterday's papers appeared the following advertisement extraordinary, which we doubt not created some excitement throughout the city

"Binth.—New Orleans, October 9, 1855. The Hon, Mrs. Marceline Aubran gave birth to a fine daughter this morning at 7 o'clock, mother and child doing finely. Yesterday we found out all about it, and

as none of the parties concerned can read, and, in consequence, will not have their feelngs lacerated by seeing themselves in print, we shall tell our readers all about it.

Mr. Aubran, the husband of the honorable lady and mother above advertised, is an eccentric old Frenchman, who keeps a grocery on Euterpe street. Some years ago, the wife of his bosom, not being able to present him with an heir, became disgusted with him and ran off. After awhile she returned and opened negotiations with him for a divorce. He being willing, the knot hymenial was severed due course of law, and each returned to a life of single blessedness. After a lapse of time, however, their blessedness dejenerated into misery, their "affinities" brought them together again-and, after a brief courtship, they agreed to get spliced again, and every-thing was got in readiness for the evens, Justice Gaienne being selected as the officiating priest. On the day preceding the wedding, however, the intended bride gave way to her courtship of forty-eight hours he married his housekeeper, Miss Kate. Being spunky withall he published his marriage in some of the city papers, the notice being preceded by one announcing his first marriage and sub-sequent divorce. This was about two years ago. A year having passed after the last marriage, without offering the husband any promise or even a ray of hope, that the one wish of his heart would be fulfilled, his divorced wife who had returned to the city with intended by nature to be a father; telling this | sued him like a grey-hound, caught him,

Within the past year, the neighbors became aware of a great change in Aubran. He be came frisky, good humored, and somewhat younger in appearance; and, as months rol-ed on he became more and more so—all which was rather wonderful, he being in his fifty-fifth year. Within the last month, he

In the advertisement, the mother and child are announced as doing well. We are gratified in being able to add that the father also is getting along splendidly. He is at last in the honeymoon of his existence.—N. O. Cres.

The citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, are about to vote on the propriety of subscribing \$1,000,000 to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad,

### PARDON OF DR. BEALE.

The community was somewhat startled or Thursday morning by the announcement that Governor Pollock had extended the executive clemency on Dr. Stephen T. Beale, convicted of an outrage upon the person of a young lady while under the influence of chloroform.—

Dr. Beale was sentenced to an imprisonment of four years and six months, the term com-mencing on the 28th of November, 1854. He has, therefore, served nearly a year of the term for which he was sentenced. In the term for which he was sentenced. In the document of mercy the Governor fully states the reasons which actuated him in granting form to the internal application of Adam's

He had received communications from about one hundred and forty dentists and twenty-three physicians, of this city and the country, stating their belief that the testimony as to matters transpiring under the influence of ether is unsafe and unreliable; from a number of other physicians named, that they believe him innocent; from a large number of the bar, and citizens of various States, in-cluding the names of Governors, Attorneys This is nearly the sum of his personal de-General, &c., that they believe he was con- fects; all else, except the voice (which is victed on insufficient testimony; from a number of clergymen, that they believe him innocent; from the Mayor of Philadelphia, and fifty members of the Philadelphia City Coundelphia and meaning. As he walks, or cils; from members of the Legislature, Jud ges of the Supreme Court, editors of Phila-delphia newspapers, and five thousand other all that is going on around him, and solely citizens of Pennsylvania and New York, with occupied with his own working mind. You

he Governor says : And whereas, the Board of Inspectors of the said Philadelphia County Prison, (as appears by their communication on file in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth) have unanimously recommmended the pardon of the said Dr. Stephen T. Beale, because, in their opinion, the end contemplated by the law in the moral reform of the prisoner has been attained-because full and ample satisfaction has been rendered to public sentiment by the imprisonment he has already under-gone-because his health is undoubtedly breaking down under the sufferings of body and mind which he has already endured, and because the destitute condition of his aged parents and bereaved and sorrowing wife and children imperatively demand the presence and support of their son, husband and father. And whereas, after a full and careful examination of the facts and evidence in the case, aided by the scientific discussions to which it has given rise, (without any intentions to re-flect upon the prosecutrix, who no doubt tesimpugn the integrity of the learned Judge ry who convicted the prisoner,) I am now satisfied that the defendant, Dr. Stephen T. Beale s not guilty of the crime whereof he stands

I do, therefore, in consideration of the cordingly.

the following incident of the tender years of for miles around. Mike Walsh

"The Hon. A. H. Stephens, in a late speech at Giffin, Ga., called for three cheers or Mike Walsh, and they were given from four thousand throats.

Mike has certainly been true to the South. and with all his errors, we believe him to be an honest man and a patriot. We first saw him nearly twenty-one years ago when he wasn't more than twenty one years old. came into our office with an old suit of clothes, moddy from head to foot, took a dollar from his pocket, which he said was all the money he had in the world, and offered it to pay for advertising a scoundrel, who, on his way up the river, had stolen every thing belonging to him. We could not take the poor fellow's dollar, but we published his advertisement .-We had forgotten the circumstance until he recalled it to our mind, in the presence of some of his congressional colleagues last win-

It seems that Mike was coming up the riwhen a fellow who claimed to be the son of a clergyman in this city, got in the kind-hearted youth's good graces by representing himself to be sick and utterly destitute. Mike put

of his money, and took good care of him. When the boat stopped at a landing the invalid professed a great desire for milk, and begged Mike to go to a house half a mile off, and obtain some for him. Mike demorred nade Aubran so "pizen" mad that after a enough, whereupon the invalid, recovering

unknown in these parts. Without a farthing about him, he went to shovelling in the canal, and the first dollar he made there was the one he brought to us -He toiled in the mud until he made enough her busband, maliciously circulated stories to go to Cleaveland on his way home, and throughout the neighborhood, that he was nothing but an old dry-bones, who was never The swindler ran like a deer, but Mike puras one who had a good right to know. Au-bran, though considerably nettled at heart by this, made believe that he didn't care, and hrew the taunt back, by telling her not to was sent to the penetentiary. Mike is true brag till she had presented her second hus-band with an heir, a thing that she had not and is an utter stranger to either personal or political fear. We say with Mr. Stephens, "three cheers for Mike Walsh."

BREAD FROM GROWN FLOUR .- Mrs A. J. Sibley, of Amanda, Michigan, gives in the has been, to a certain extent, "wild." On Wednesday morning, the grand event came off, and the old man then "flew off the hanfrequently grown in all wheat regions, it may

of "all right, old fellow—all right! all right! The first outburst of enthusiasm over, he reflected while, and determined to publish the glorious news to the world. Being unable to write English, he got a friend to act as amanuel nersis, and dictated to him the unique notice which heads this article. The prefix "don."

The prefix "don." to his wife's name is a speciality, intended to compliment her, and at the same time to erush forever the satanic glee and the tattlings of his divorced wife.

I do not think any one would know that it was once grown wheat. You can make very good bread by putting a handfull of Indian meal to a loaf, and knead it thoroughly.

## PERSONALITIES OF LITERATI.

JERROLD. Douglas Jerrold, a well known contributor to Punch, and editor of various publications. is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive .-His face is sharp, angular, and his eyes of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and, with

ale. His Caudle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband

The Honorable T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. head has the same rotundity as his body, and five of the jury on the trial, all asking for his cannot help thinking that literature with pardon. After enumerating all these facts, him is not a more profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily food.

seen Bailey, the author of "Festus" His father is proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury, and the editorial department rests upon him. He is a thick set sort of a man; of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark, and in years about eight and thirty. His physicagnomy would be clownish in expression, if ognomy would be clownish in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his other features. marvellous construction and capacity; so marvellous, indeed, that it will speedily effect

### DE QUINCEY.

He is one of the smallest legged, smallest bodied, and most attenuated effigies of the human form divine that one could find in a tified to what she believed did occur-nor to crowded city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are neiwho tried the case, nor the honesty of the ju- ther fashionably cut nor festidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerably rough idea of De Quincey. But then his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back part of his head, charged, and was convicted upon evidence and his light grey eyes, that do not seem to unreliable in its character and insufficient in look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most obtruse logic. premises, pardon the said Dr. Stepen T. are something that you would search a week Beale of the crime whereof he is convicted as to find the mates to, and then you would be aforesaid, and he is hereby fully pardoned ac- disappointed. De Quincey now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the ence of Sir Walter Scott, about sever miles from Edinburg, Scotland, where an af- life, thought he might as well commit suicide fectionate daughter watches over him, and The Louisville Journal of the 2d ult., gives | where he is the wonder of the country people

Lamartine is-yes, young ladies, positively -a prim looking man with a long face, short, grey hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ear and he would look like a "confidential clerk." his face more character and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, phrenologically speaking-large aed round at top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar, or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and, like other men, he chooses to "sink the shop," at least when he sits for his portrait.

DUMAS.

On the contrary, is a burly fellow. large red, round cheeks stand out, till they ver with a few hard earned dollars in his fob, seem to stretch the very skin that covers thum, and looks as smooth as a polished apple. His black crisped hair is piled high above his forehead, and stands divided into unequal masses, one inclining to the right him into his own state-room, gave him a part | and the other to the left. His eyes are dark, and his mouth sensuous, but not to the degree of vulgarity. His person is large, and his flowing mantle red. He is a gettleman to lay bare his throat and look romantic, not Byronically so, but piratically. Yet he looks however, the intended bride gave way to her ancient fickleness, and ran off to Mobile with another man, who married her there. This knows he has it; but it would not be detecsuddenly, took possession of Mike's trunk and all his worldly possessions, except what he carried upon his back in his excursion after the milk. Mike went to chopping wood till made him dress up in flowing red to have his the milk. Mike went to chopping wood till he got to Louisville, and on arriving here, found as he expected, that his customer was shade darker than the average. The portrait reminds us for a ...oment of the late Thomas Hamblin, the actor.

> EUGBNE SUE. Is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light, eyes blue, hair once black, now pepper and salt, whiskers voluminous, eyebrows black and thick, good forehead. And the lower face ure have none of those peculiarities which make description possible. He looks in his portrait like a comfortable, careless elderly gentleman, taking his ease in an easy chair and easy coat. He does not look like an author-authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only 45 years old, but he has lived fast, and looks 55. Lamartine is 63, and would pass easily for 53 Michigan Farmer, a new receipt for making Lamartine is 63, and would pass easily for 53 bread from grown wheat flour. As wheat is Dumas is fifty, and could get credit for thirty

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY, N. Y .- The Troy Whig says :- We do not believe the greater the entirely. He flew round the neighborhood as if his house were afire, greeting his
friends with hand wringings and exclamations
of "all right, old fellow—all right!"

Last week I tried a new recipe, which:
Will give to your readers; it makes excellent
bread.

We use here, generally, what is called salt
we keek I tried a new recipe, which:
Whig says:—We do not believe the greater
friends with hand wringings and exclamations
we use here, generally, what is called salt
rising. I mix my bread with water, (warm,
we regard as sufficient authority for the ne-

> A Was in Detroit has been taking liber ties with the reputation of the Pontiac rail road. He was asked whether he knew of an accident or that road, and replied: "Never—but once a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of our age at Bjrmingbam—helf way:"

# Miscellany.

AWEWARDNESS IN MARIFESTING YOUR LOVE. OR A YOUNG LADY .- A few nights back a party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself, he world do it in a collected and business like

manner. "For instance," said he, addressing himself to a beautiful lady present, "I would say, "Miss S-, I have been engaged two years in looking for a wife. I sm in the receipt of a clear income of two thousand dollars a year rom my present business, which is daily or the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaint-ance I admire you the most. Indeed, to speak plainly, I love you, and would most gladly make you my wife!"

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S---, to the surprise

of all present. "Not at all; I am entirely sincere."

"Then I refer you to my father?"
"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Well, I de-c-l-a-r-e!" exclaimed the ladies, n one united chorus. The lady and gentleman were married soon

"Wasn't that," asks the narrator, "a modest way of coming to the point, and a ladylike method of taking a man at his word?"
"Well, as Charles Lamb would say, "It wasn't anything else."

as though historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily food.

BAILEY.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Nottingham, England, says: "I have has been, or will shortly be, cetablished in New York which is to monapolize all, or He spoke of "Festus," and of its fame in a complete revolution in the whole of the America, of which he seems very proud. In England it has only reached its third edition, while eight or nine have been published in the United States."

a computer revolution in the whole of the present saystem of telegraphic reporting and communication. An intelligible description of the new wonder working instrument is not given, neither are we furnished with the system of operations which is to govern this mammoth company. But we are assured however, that means the most ample have already been secured to start it into immediate

and successful operation. MASCULINE AND FEMINISES .- The number of males born is always greater than the fe-males by about four per cent. At twenty years of age this preponderance is entirely lost, and there are more females than males, at forty years the balance is again the other way, and there are more males than females. At seventy the sexes are about even, and the ultimate age of the human being is reached without any decided advantage to either sex. There are now 430 American women above one hundred years of age.

An old fellow, who became weary of his but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself-"I never will or can forgive old Noah for letting the copper-head snakes get into the ark. They have killed two thousand dollars' worth of my cattle, and when he and I meet there'll be a general fuss."

A QUARER, on hearing a man curse a particular piece of road, went up to him and said, "Friend, I am under obligations to thee What thou hast done I would have done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my con-science, however, bridle thee. Give thy indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudices of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering-yea, verily."

Bridget fared badly when she came to New York, and found, to her inexpressible regret, that she had lost her certificate on the way across the sea. But her cousin Patrick sup plied her with another in the following words "This certifies that Bridget O'Flannegan had a good character when she left Ireland.

but she lost it on the ship coming over." "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"-A friend, just returned from abroad, says he once found two Austrian Custom officers endeavoring to make out his name from his travelling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They had got it, "Mr. Varanti Bolezer." The trunk was marked, "Warranted sole-leather."

Amanda, does George kiss you because he loves you?" inquires little Jacky of his moth-

"To be sure, sonny-why?"
"Wall, I guess he loves the kitchen girl too, for I seen him kiss her mor'n forty times last Sunday, when you was to meetin'

In a certain town of Texas a man dare not

swear in presence of a woman under penalty of a fine. Dare he not swear he loves her?-What tyranny! The law was proposed and advocated, no doubt, by a bachel Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities they have, as from those they affect to have; the buzzard with his tail spread can

never be the lordly peacock. The Sultan of Turkey had sent to Marshal Pelissier a singulficent sabre, and conferred upon him the title of Sirdar, with a pension of 200,000f. (£8000) annually.

Tave .- When once infidelity can persuade nen that they shall pre like beasts, they will soon be brought to LIVE like beasts also. During the last ten months the city gov-

ernment of Boston has paid for "entertain-ments" \$10,065 72, and for carriage hire \$2. Robt. Owens, whilem of New Harmony, Ia. now in London, has recently been converted to spiritualism. He is now 80 years of age.

On Saturday thirty-three slaves, including hirteen children, were sold at Richmond, Va., or \$20,665. The transfer of the Canadian seat of Gov-

ernment from Quebec to Toronto is being proceeded with. Mary Schaeffer, aged 15, was burned to death, in Baltimore, on Monday, by the ex-

plosion of a camphene lamp.

It is estimated that 40,000 hogs will be slaughtered this season in Gibson county. Indiana. Col. Kinney is said to be cultivating corn

and cabbage as a peaceful squatter at San Juan. A gambler was ducked at Cairo, Ill., the other day, for cheating a negro out of \$200.

K naves who traffic in cunning should never sit in "Moses' seat."

One foolish act may undo a man, and timely one make his fortune