

# The Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 47.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 16, NO. 21

## The Sunbury American,

ESTABLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
BY H. B. MASSER,  
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Two Dollars per annum in advance, or the paper will be sent for three months free of charge. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.  
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No. 12, South 4th St.,  
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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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Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention.  
Feb. 10, 1855.—ly

## U. S. O. F. A.

"God and our Native Land."  
SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. F. A. of the U. S. O. F. A. holds its stated meetings every Saturday evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order are respectfully requested to attend.  
P. M. SHINDLER, C.

A. HEWITT, R. S.  
Sunbury, Oct. 20, 1855.

## J. S. O. F. A.

WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19, J. S. O. F. A. holds its stated meetings every Saturday evening in the American Hall, Market Street, Sunbury.  
A. A. SHISSLER, P.  
Sunbury, January 5, 1855.—ly

## BICELOIR KATING SALOON!

CREATED BY D. WHARTON.  
The Saloon formerly occupied by Wharton & Fisher,  
In Market Square, Sunbury,  
where he will be happy to dispense to his friends and the public generally, all the delicacies of the season, including Oysters fresh and iced. The bill of fare will include substantial and delicious, calculated to satisfy those who are hungry, and those who desire merely to have their palates tickled. It will be open at all hours of the day, and all reasonable hours of the night. Give us a call and taste for yourselves.  
Families and parties supplied on short notice.  
Sunbury, Sept. 22, 1855.—ly

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Phila., March 31, 1855.—ply.

## FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

300 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the highest market price will be paid.  
Sunbury, October 6, 1855.—ly

## HAIRWADE—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws, Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Halls, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by

I. W. TENER & CO.  
Sunbury Dec. 2, 1854.

## Select Poetry.

### I YEARN FOR THE SPRING.

I yearn for the spring, when the birds shall sing,  
And each morning awake fresh flowers,  
We have waited long for the lark's plying song,  
And the lengthening evening hours.  
A shroud of snow had lain on the earth,  
An icy hand on each stream,  
The sun in the sky eyed his languid eye,  
And sent but a sickly gleam;  
And the frosty breeze moaned among the trees,  
And the rattling hail and rain  
Came sweeping past, with an angry blast,  
And dashed 'gainst the window pane,  
And never a flower, in that stormy hour,  
Dared raise up its tiny head,  
For all gentle things fled on the Summer's wings,  
Or else in the snow lay dead!

I yearn for the Spring when the birds shall sing,  
And each morn shall awake new flowers;  
We have listened long for the woodlark's song,  
And the thrush at the evening hours.  
'Tis a heautous time when the bed first bursts,  
And child-like the young leaf stands,  
And catches the drops of the gentle shower  
As its small and volubly hands!  
When the tender grass feels the south wind pass,  
And old mother Earth, at the new Spring's birth,  
Arms her in robes of Green—  
When the unbound stream, as if in a dream,  
Murmurs on to its unknown home,  
And tells the tall reeds, as onward it speeds,  
That the fair Lady Spring hath come!

Oh, I yearn for the Spring—for the balmy Spring—  
Who floats like a fairy queen,  
And toucheth the land with a magic wand,  
Till all beauteous things are seen.  
I long to be out at the early dawn,  
When the eastern light is now,  
Among the odors borne from the scented thorn.

And the flowers of silver dew,  
Oh, I cannot tell how my soul doth swell  
With an inward happiness;  
For simple to me is a bliss to me,  
For the which my God I bless!  
With an unknown source comes a nameless  
Which pervades my being through—  
A joy, and a love, and a strength from above,  
And seem to be made anew!

Oh, come then, Spring—let the woodlark sing—  
Let the drowsy owl see;  
Like the lark I'd soar to the heaven's blue floor—  
Like the flower, gaze up to the sky.

## Select Tale.

### THE SNOW-STORM.

A TALK FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POTSKINE.  
About the year 1811, a period so memorable in the history of Russia, lived on his domain of Nenarado a rich proprietor named Gabrielovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbors, who resorted there in the evenings to play cards, and to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife. Gabrielovitch, the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Maria, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrielovitch.

He used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover they received him with about that amount of friendliness which the doctor bestows on an ex-collector of taxes. One young lover, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-tree or the oak chapel. On these occasions, they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they must very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this plan, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters Vladimir Nicolovitch concealed his intention to elope, and to elope he sent to a private marriage. "I will disappear," he said, "for a short time; then, one day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim: 'Children come to our arms!' For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back door, which she usually had always waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day, she had complained of a headache, which certainly was more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her: "How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?" Their good solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and at an early hour to bed. During the night, she was restless, and at length succeeded. There was a snow-storm that night; the wind howled outside the house and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon

as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself in thick mufflers, and, followed by her maid carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They mounted a sled drawn by three horses awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that he had been actively employed. In the morning he had visited the priest, and Jadrino in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. "Such an adventure," he said, "reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth." He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly, they appeared at dinner the geometrician, a retired officer, with his mustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uralian corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling in order to complete his preparations. Having despatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sled for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge and started for Jadrino. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire region was covered with a thick yellow cloud, from whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and from all distinction between land and sky was lost. The vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of path became visible in front of him, and he urged his horse onwards, and found himself on the borders of a forest—"Oh," he exclaimed, "on all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino." He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced, that the snow did not penetrate through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they lay in the fairy tales, he went on and on, and could not find Jadrino. His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he had arrived there the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino. Before him lay a wide plain, and toward the center of which the poor traveler descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest and descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white head of an old man appeared.

"What do you want?"  
"Is it far to Jadrino?"  
"Jadrino! About ten versts."  
At this reply Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.  
"Can you, said he, 'furnish me with horses?"  
"We have no horses."  
"Well, then, a guide; I will give him whatever he asks."  
"Wait, then, said the old man; I'll send you my son."  
The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.  
"The old man reappeared.  
"What do you want?"  
"Your son."  
"He's coming; he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."  
"No, no, send out your son."  
At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hands, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.  
"Day will soon break."  
"The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priest's dwelling? What was he about to say?"  
"Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenarado!—Just nothing at all. In the morning the husband and wife got up as usual, and went into the eating-room—Gabrielovitch, in his woolsen vest and night-cap, and Petrowska in her dressing-gown.  
"Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but now felt better and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents with a joyful air.  
"How do you feel, my poor little one?" asked her father.  
"Better," was the answer.  
The day passed off as usual; but towards evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not ensure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at her house; and it was determined that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the poor owners of Nenarado when they received in reply from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge.

A few days afterwards they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day the two boys mentioned among the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterwards her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation. They counted her sled drawn by three horses awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The entire regiment returned from the frontiers, and the officers rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings came back with stern martial countenances, their brave hearts unshaken by a month's absence from the presence of a Russian then bounded at the name of his country!

A colonel of Hussars, named Vourain, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting pale, had the misfortune to be wounded by the absence of his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors.

They resembled each other in many particulars; both were handsome, courteous, intellectual, silent and reserved. There was a sort of mystery in the demeanor of Vourain which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, and he was not slow to let her know it. He spoke of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of his marriage with the heiress. There by the town hall buried in orange groves, with its quiet looking houses, and numerous churches, banking in the bright rays of the sun, as pleasant as the sweet smile of innocence. No view could be more lovely, and no doubt if there seems to be some mystery, could it surprise it for romantic beauty. We passed over the slope of the hill, and the last lingering trace of Jadrino had faded from view.

We now came in sight of the wagon train, but instead of being nicely arranged on one side of the way, as desired by the chivalrous Colonel, it presented a scene of confusion truly laughable. The mules were very unruly, not having been worked much, and the teams were mostly new, and fresh from the "Fatherland," and knew apparently less than the mules. The consequence was that the wagons got mixed up in the worst possible manner, the mules became entangled in the harness, and were kicking at a furious rate. The confusion was so great, that the road was completely blocked by the wagons, which were jumbled together into such a complete jam, that it was impossible to pass.

Col. Miles was riding at the head of the column. He was a man of few words—sporting a black mustache, and a high collar, with the martial spirit of war, and looked as stern as a statue. Not a smile was on his countenance, but each soldier knew full well the storm that was brewing, and cast a glance at his comrade, smiled, and waited for it to burst forth in all its fury. The column approached the mingled mass of wagons, mules, and Dutchmen; the Colonel rode at its head—not a word was spoken. Potentiation moment! Riding up to the barrier, the Colonel wheeled in his saddle, and in a fierce, loud voice, commanded the regiment to halt. Then deliberately drawing his sabre, and making the glittering blade describe a few quick revolutions around his head, there followed a torrent of oaths as fierce and as sulphurous as if they came from the cavernous mouth of hell! This sort of torrent of oaths, which were sufficiently powerful to cause the oldest residents of Potskine to hide their heads with fear, and make the hair on each man's head stand on end like the hair on a cat's back.

The gallant Colonel at last discovered that he could not pierce the fractious mules, the heavy wagons, and the clumsy drivers, out of the way, and he was only exhausting his vocabulary of epithets in vain. Hastily putting up his sabre, he exclaimed, in a somewhat broken and unsteady voice, "God bless the world!" and said nothing more.

An invocation of the blessing of God upon the whole world, was a very singular conclusion to come to after vehemently calling upon all the evil spirits to come and seize upon the happy souls of the half-frightened Dutchmen. The finale was so ridiculous that every man was obliged to suppress a laugh. But the Col. was silent and resigned; he had relieved himself of an awful load, and was content to wait patiently till the road was cleared.

In half an hour order was restored among the wagons, the road was cleared, and the column pushed on, headed by the redoubtable Colonel, who said not a word!

into the sledge and soon left all pursuit behind. "And," said Mari, "did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?"  
"Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal life, that when all danger had passed over me, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clue seems to be lost, which I might discover the scene of my folly which I now expiate so early."

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.  
"What!" cried Vourain, "was it you?"  
"Don't you recognize me?"  
"A long and cold embrace was the reply."

## Communicated.

### To the People of Northumberland County.

FELLOW CITIZENS—I feel it my duty publicly to address you. When I was elected as Superintendent of the Public Schools of our County, I agreed to accept the office for \$250; because I believed as did the directors, that if I labored for a low salary, our County would receive what I did not receive. After it was ascertained that our County did not receive what I did not receive, and that I might not receive what I did not receive, the directors signed a petition and that a convention was called. In that convention a motion was decided, according to which my salary was considered raised, and was so published in the different papers under the signatures of the Secretary. But the Department at Harrisburg, decided that the proceedings of said convention did not raise my salary; so it is now what it was before we were elected.

The following extract is from the "Mercury," the fortnightly work by JOHN LANCASTER:  
On the evening of the 12th of July, 1818, Col. Miles issued an order that the 5th Infantry would leave Jadrino the following morning. The gates were closed, the wagon train to go out of the city first, and form on the left hand side of the road, so as to enable the column of infantry to pass them without difficulty, and take the advance.

The beginning of the march dawned clear and bright. The 5th Infantry, which now formed the rear guard of the American army, was paraded in the plaza. The wagons were rapidly passing out of the city, agreeable to orders, and forming on the left. The regiment soon followed. We had now to Jadrino—its lovely orange trees—its blooming flowers—its golden orange groves—its romantic hill clothed in perpetual bloom, and turned our faces homeward. As we passed through the eastern gate, and cast a last lingering look behind at the city, the town hall buried in orange groves, with its quiet looking houses, and numerous churches, banking in the bright rays of the sun, as pleasant as the sweet smile of innocence. No view could be more lovely, and no doubt if there seems to be some mystery, could it surprise it for romantic beauty. We passed over the slope of the hill, and the last lingering trace of Jadrino had faded from view.

Though a majority of directors would be in favor of the present price of Superintendents, when it is to help other counties pay a thousand, twelve and even fifteen hundred dollars. In those counties the Superintendents can give their entire time to the work, and not be obliged to attend to other duties. As it regards the office of Superintendent, it is another question. If the people do not like it, they can have it repealed, but as long as it exists, our county has as good a right to a reasonable share of the money appropriated for the salaries of Superintendents, as other counties have. The law does not require people to stick to a law, which they do not approve, and if I knew this day that a majority of the people in Pennsylvania were opposed to the office of Superintendent, I would not only resign at once, but I would do all I could honorably to have the law under which it exists, repealed.

This was the ground I took in regard to the law, and would always take. The people have a right to rule, and no one has a right to force laws upon them, which they do not approve.

In conclusion I would state that I said again and again before and after the convention at Sunbury, that if the increase of my salary had to be taken from our County appropriations, I would not touch a dollar of it, but if it came from the State Treasury, I had as good a right as any other Superintendent to be paid for my labor, and I will leave it to any reasonable man, whether there was any thing wrong or unfair in the matter, and feel certain it did not happen to be a Democrat, I would not have said it.

Yours, Respectfully,  
JOHN J. REIMENSYNDER.

## A Piece of Legal Advice.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort seems absurd to the country people round about. It happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to town on business, thought himself that as he had a few hours to spare it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of a lawyer named Peter, who was in such high repute that people believed a law suit gained who he undertook the cause. Two countrymen went to his office, and after waiting some time was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happened to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

"You wish to bring an action, perhaps," replied the lawyer.  
"O, no," replied the farmer, "I am at peace with all the world."  
"Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?"  
"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."  
"It is, then, to get me to negotiate a purchase of a farm, that you have come?"  
"O, no, I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."  
"Will you tell me, then, what do you want of me?" said the lawyer in a tone of surprise.  
"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard; "I want your advice—I mean to pay for it, of course."  
The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper, asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Bernard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at length understood what he wanted.  
"Your age?"  
"Thirty years, or very near it."  
"Your vocation?"  
"What's that?"  
"What do you do for a living?"  
"Oh! that is what it means, is it? Why I am a farmer."  
The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his client.

"Is it finished already?" said the farmer.  
"Well, almost. What is to be the price of that three Mr. Lawyer?"  
"Three francs."  
Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he had made use of the opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer. When the farmer reached home it was 4 o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked if they should draw it.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late since it can be done as well to-morrow."  
Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.  
"Wait a minute," he exclaimed. "I have an advice, and a famous one, too—that I paid three francs for it, it will tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says, you can read written hand better than I."  
The woman took the paper and read this line:  
"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."  
"Light had cleared up all his doubts—'Come, be quick! get the carts and away!—Come, boys, come, give all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three-franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."  
Bernard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning till the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the next morning the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were ruined, and the success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you, my readers, will take a hint from his success, and "never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

## Improved Method of Telegraphing.

We have been interested and gratified in the examination of a compact little machine for the more speedy despatch of business in telegraphing. It is the invention of Lewis White and brother, two very ingenious and successful young mechanics. This machine is intended to be used by the Morse or the Bain Telegraph, and it promises to furnish a decided improvement upon the present method of telegraphing. The process now employed by the Morse Company consists in forming by the operation of the instrument a series of characters—not letters—which are understood by operators. These characters, with two or three exceptions, are formed of separate dots, or rather marks, differing in length. Some of the characters are made of several dots, and of course, the more dots to form them, the instrument must be separately touched as many times as there are dots or marks, composing such of the various characters used in spelling out the message. The process, though tedious by one and laborious by another, and correct though it would be supposed, is from its nature much more laborious and less quick than the system contemplated in this invention, which is calculated to greatly simplify and expedite the business.

It consists of a bank of keys operated by a spring, which is touched by the fingers, like a piano. The characters are made on a steel spindle, so fixed as to break and connect, and each character in complete this arrangement, as one stroke makes a character, instead of three or four. The whole is constantly in connection with a battery, and by pressing down spring A, for instance, the character corresponding to A in the telegraphic alphabet is formed on the strip of paper. The characters thus formed must necessarily all be in proportion, no matter how long or short a pressure is made upon the spring.

The instrument is only a foot long and 3 inches high. It has been patented, and if the company adopt it, we presume they will find themselves in possession of a more expeditious method of telegraphing than any now in use.—Hartford Times.

Mr. Sarah Wait recently obtained a verdict of \$450 against the city of Charles town, Mass., in consequence of having her leg broken by a fall on the icy streets—the city being bound to keep the streets clear of such obstructions.

## Communicated.

FELLOW CITIZENS—I feel it my duty publicly to address you. When I was elected as Superintendent of the Public Schools of our County, I agreed to accept the office for \$250; because I believed as did the directors, that if I labored for a low salary, our County would receive what I did not receive. After it was ascertained that our County did not receive what I did not receive, and that I might not receive what I did not receive, the directors signed a petition and that a convention was called. In that convention a motion was decided, according to which my salary was considered raised, and was so published in the different papers under the signatures of the Secretary. But the Department at Harrisburg, decided that the proceedings of said convention did not raise my salary; so it is now what it was before we were elected.

The following extract is from the "Mercury," the fortnightly work by JOHN LANCASTER:  
On the evening of the 12th of July, 1818, Col. Miles issued an order that the 5th Infantry would leave Jadrino the following morning. The gates were closed, the wagon train to go out of the city first, and form on the left hand side of the road, so as to enable the column of infantry to pass them without difficulty, and take the advance.

The beginning of the march dawned clear and bright. The 5th Infantry, which now formed the rear guard of the American army, was paraded in the plaza. The wagons were rapidly passing out of the city, agreeable to orders, and forming on the left. The regiment soon followed. We had now to Jadrino—its lovely orange trees—its blooming flowers—its golden orange groves—its romantic hill clothed in perpetual bloom, and turned our faces homeward. As we passed through the eastern gate, and cast a last lingering look behind at the city, the town hall buried in orange groves, with its quiet looking houses, and numerous churches, banking in the bright rays of the sun, as pleasant as the sweet smile of innocence. No view could be more lovely, and no doubt if there seems to be some mystery, could it surprise it for romantic beauty. We passed over the slope of the hill, and the last lingering trace of Jadrino had faded from view.

Though a majority of directors would be in favor of the present price of Superintendents, when it is to help other counties pay a thousand, twelve and even fifteen hundred dollars. In those counties the Superintendents can give their entire time to the work, and not be obliged to attend to other duties. As it regards the office of Superintendent, it is another question. If the people do not like it, they can have it repealed, but as long as it exists, our county has as good a right to a reasonable share of the money appropriated for the salaries of Superintendents, as other counties have. The law does not require people to stick to a law, which they do not approve, and if I knew this day that a majority of the people in Pennsylvania were opposed to the office of Superintendent, I would not only resign at once, but I would do all I could honorably to have the law under which it exists, repealed.

This was the ground I took in regard to the law, and would always take. The people have a right to rule, and no one has a right to force laws upon them, which they do not approve.

## Shooting Stars.

"Shines among them," replied the Colonel, translating. "And, talking of shining and starlight, puts me in mind of something I observed one shining night in Broadway."  
"There was a man who, when the stars were all out above, and the moonlight stars were conspicuous below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a night."  
"One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking an observation on his movements. Both were policemen. 'Jammy, ye divil,' said one, 'what in the world is you follow after with his machinery?'"  
"What ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "sure an' em' ye see that it's an air gun cannon that he's got. He's after shooting stars, he is?"  
"Hind me better, he gettin out on the way, that," inquired his friend.  
"Sure an' it's not so," was the answer. "Don't ye never hear of shooting stars?"  
By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and adjusted through it up at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise to wonder. Just then by an odd chance a large meteor shot down the sky.

"I should be glad," said the first, "to see such both the Ladies in a breath, sure an' that's the greatest shooting I ever saw in all my life!" But a sense of duty at once prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accented the man of science.  
"Ye'll just stop that, now, Meester, as we please. The night's dark enough now, and plenty as ye go on shooting stars at that rate, serra the man'll find his way about the stars!" And the telescope had to pack up and be off.