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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, October 24, 1846.

Vol. I—No. VI.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.

FOR THE AMERICAN. An Autumnal Sunset ON THE BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"Ave Maria! blest be the hour, The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft Have felt that moment in its fullest power: Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft." Byron.

Not in fair Greece, that bright and favored clime, Where rose Olympus—home of Gods—sublime; Where Sol his golden splendor richly gave, To deck the earth, and gild the Ægean wave; Where all of grandeur, glory, and of art, Mingled,—their richest beauties to impart;— Could softer tints, more gorgeous hues be given, Than glow in this fair scene, and you bright heaven!

What though no classic lore has hallow'd here This Western land, so beautiful, and dear; Nor modern bard, immortal numbers sung, Nor o'er each spot such deep enchantment flung, Its native splendors, thrill the inmost soul, And o'er the spirit shed their sweet control.

Oh! for a ray of genius from above! To speak the raptures, in the soul that move, While gazing from this eminence I view The sinking sun, the mountain's purple hue, The broad and noble Susquehanna's tide, Now rolling silv'ry through the valley wide;

The rich and unalloyed tints, that clothe each hill, That rests in majesty, so calm, so still, While deepening twilight sinks upon the earth, And in the vault of Heaven, the stars come forth 'Till from your eastern height, the moon, fair queen, Casts her pale mantle o'er the magic scene,

And fading glories, sadly, sweetly tell, That e'er has come, and day has said—farewell. Best scenes of Nature, in this holy hour, Ye come upon the heart, with thrilling power, And lift the soul beyond the glowing sky, To hold communion with its God on high.

CATHERINE.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.

Where is the German's fatherland? The Prussian land! or the Swabian land? Where Rhine the vine-clad mountain leaves! Where skirts the gull the Baltic waves! O no! O no! O no! O no! He owns a wider fatherland,

Where is the German's fatherland? Bavarian land! or Styrian land! Where stately peasants plough the plain! Where mountain sons bright metal gain! O no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland? The Saxon hills! the Zuyder stand! Where sweep and wind the sandy shores! Where loud the rolling drum beats round! O no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland? Then name, then name the mighty land! The land of Helder! land of Felt! This land I know, and love it well; But no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland? Is it the peer and potent land! Where princes-princes rule! A gem Torn from the empire's diadem! O no! O no! O no! O no! Such is no German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland! Then name, oh, name the mighty land! When'er is heard the German tongue, And German hymns to God are sung! This is the land, the Hermann's land; This, German, is thy fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland, Where faith is in the paghed hand, Where truth lives in each eye blue, And every heart is staunch and true; This is the land, the honest land, The honest German's fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland, That scours the stranger's proud command; Whose friend is every good and brave, Whose foe is every traitor knave; This is the land, the one true land, The German's one true fatherland.

This is the land, the one true land, O God, to all be thou as hand! And for each heart, and nerve each arm, To avert our German home from harm, To shield the land, the one true land, One Deut-chland and one talk-land.

Hotel Robbery.—Mr. Joel Atkins, a boarder at the Washington Hotel, was surprised on Saturday morning when he got up, to find himself minus upwards of \$300, which had been stolen from his pocket during the night. On looking round the room, he thought he discovered something strange about the valance of the bed, and lifting it up, discovered a pair of boots not his own. He immediately went out, and locking the door after him, alarmed the house. He returned, accompanied by several others, and dragged the delinquent from his hiding place. Upon his person were found \$200 of the stolen money, and the rest was found in the water jug.—Information was sent to the police office, and officer Tappan was forthwith despatched for him. The prisoner is a young man of most respectable appearance, and had been boarding at the hotel a day or two previous. He gave his name Chas. Wm. Smith, is 18 years old, and a native of Burlington, Vermont. He was fully committed.—Brother Jonathan.

From the Knickerbocker for October. THE CRAYON PAPERS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, RED AND BLACK MEN.

A Seminal Tradition.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, WILLIAM P. DUYAL, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, to which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest: "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will you very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning but he soon saw he had bungled; he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. Then he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spears, axes, hoes and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

"The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended that the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars, and to make every thing, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write, is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse; some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

MURDERER CAPTURED.—Ferguson, who recently murdered his wife by shooting her, in Exeter, New Hampshire, has been caught in the woods, and conveyed to jail. The unfortunate woman was well educated and amiable. She was a granddaughter of Timothy Dexter, famous in the annals of Newburyport for his wealth and insane extravagancies—among which was insisting upon being called Lord Timothy.

Testimony of a British Naval Officer.

The annexed was addressed by Captain Stoll, of the British Navy, to the Rev. Dr. Houskin, of London, and a copy of it was transmitted by a friend to Dr. Proudfit, secretary to the Colonization Society in New York.

PICCADILLY, July 17th, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR—I had not returned from the country at the time your meeting was held, to which you were so kind as to invite me. This will account for my silence, and I am sorry that the press of affairs on me at this moment, should interfere with my contributing my mite for the African race, in case I should not meet you before leaving London. I shall commit the following facts to paper, all of which are from my own observation relative to the American Colony of Liberia, in which you are so much interested, and justly so. My opinion, though not of much value, is, that it promises to be the only successful institution of the sort on the coast of Africa, keeping in mind its objects, namely, that of raising the African slave into a free man, preparing for the exercise of civil liberty in its various branches from the Governor to the laborer, the extinction of the slave trade, and last, though not least, the religious and moral improvement of Africa at large. First, then, from the carriage and conversation of the emancipated slave, you perceive that at once he feels himself a free man. They one and all told me, they were men now, which they never were before, and had a prospect for their children, not in the least regretting their departure from America, on the contrary, desirous of getting their relations over to join them. 2. The affairs of the colony are conducted, with the exception of the Governor, entirely by colored men, chiefly by liberated slaves; and Mr. Buchanan, a most able and zealous friend of the African, assured me that their judicial administration would do credit to any state in America, and that they were most reasonable in all their propositions and debates in their House of Assembly. They are all quite aware that nothing but industry can conduce to their wealth and comfort, and practice it. Even the Africans captured and watched by the American Government, have followed the example set by the colonists, for when I visited them about 3 P. M., the hottest part of the day, I found them all at work on their farms. 3. No one in the remotest degree connected with the slave trade is allowed ever to communicate with Liberia, much less trade, and from a little affair with myself and ocular proofs, they are always ready to join in any expedition for the destruction of slave factories. 4. They are preparing Missionaries from amongst themselves, and have attempted it on a small scale, but with what success I am not ready to say, not having had an opportunity of personal inspection, but their schools do them credit, more especially when their means are considered.

The colonists, with few exceptions, are all members of churches, and I can most safely testify that a more orderly, sober set of people I never met with. I did not hear an improper or profane expression during my visit. Spirits are excluded in most if not all the settlements. They have formed themselves into various societies, such as agricultural, technical, mechanical, for promoting christian knowledge, also a Ladies' society for clothing the poor, &c. The surrounding Africans are aware of the nature of the colony, taking refuge when persecuted by the few neighboring slave traders. The remnants of a tribe have lately fled and settled in the colony on lands granted them. Between my two visits, a lapse of only a few days, four or five slaves sought refuge from their master, who was about, or had sold them to the only factory on that part of the coast. The native chiefs in the neighborhood have that respect for the colonists, that they have made treaties for the abolition of the slave trade, as also constituted the Governor Judge in the disputes amongst themselves, and a remarkable instance had occurred only a few days previous to my visit. One chief submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Buchanan, though contrary to his own idea of right and justice, and paid the fine imposed upon him.

I could say much more, but my time does not admit, and I must conclude this rambling and hurried account of my visit to Liberia, with this observation, that I went there unbiased, and left it with a conviction, that colonies on the principle of Liberia ought to be established as soon as possible, if we wish to save Africa, and the materials for such colonies, I think, can only be procured from slaves in the United States. I am not disposed, from what I have seen and known of our India blacks, to select them for the great work, if for no other reason, the American blacks speak pure English. Excuse this hasty production with its faults, but rather than break my word, I send you this, and wish every wish for yourself in your philanthropic exertions. I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, most truly,

J. S. K. STOLL.

THE REGISTRATION.—The day of Registration in New-York closed on Saturday. The express says about 4000 votes have been registered. In the 7th ward 3549 were down on Saturday.

PUMPKINS.—Henry McCoure, Gardener at New Brighton, Staten Island, has raised this year from one seed 899 weight of pumpkin, weighing 200 Henry Barrell, weighs. One pumpkin weighed 100 pounds.

Anthracite Iron.

The proprietors of the Croton works in New Jersey, have recently discovered the mode of refining Iron with Anthracite Coal, and have made an experiment with several tons pig metal, obtained at the Crane works, in which the whole process from the ore to the bar, has been effected with Anthracite Coal. In the refining process, the result is a saving of about 30 per cent, notwithstanding the cost of the coal was about \$4 25 per ton. The loss of weight in the first process was about two-thirds, and in the second about three-fourths less than in the ordinary mode with charcoal. This fact, with the excellent quality of the Iron, proves the superiority of the fuel, and also establishes the fact, that the coal region is the place where the smelting and refining can be carried on to the greatest advantage. To smelt the ore, costs about \$1 per ton, and the coal, in some locations, would not exceed 75 cents. But, the proprietors of the Danville works, having made the discovery, they have determined upon constructing their refinery in the coal region, and from the abundance of ore that is found alongside of the coal, it will not be long before the entire establishments for smelting and refining, will be found at the mouth of the mines.

Penn Inquirer.

All correct. The coal regions where the ore and coal is found lying contiguous, is the only proper place for the location of extensive iron works. After the ore is converted into pig metal,—there is no more ore required in manufacturing iron—but it will require at least three tons of coal to convert pig metal into a ton of good bar iron. Here the Furnace, Rolling Mill, and Factory for working up the metal into all the various purposes for which it is required, can be located at the mouth of a drift, from which the ore and coal can be run into the tunnel head of the Furnace, refined and manufactured on the spot, without any transportation, except transporting the manufactured articles to a market, which can be done throughout the whole year by means of the Canal or Railroad.

Miners' Journal.

A Shark Story. As an offset to the ship news given a few weeks since, from the bows of John Shark, the New Orleans Picayune tells the following story: Once upon a time, when the packet ship Coriolanus was returning from Liverpool to New York, the carpenter, a very worthy man, was taken sick, and after a brief illness, expired on shipboard. He had an interesting son, who was his assistant as ship carpenter, and the boy loved his father with the most tender and filial affection. The poor youth's heart was almost broken at the loss of his parent, and no persuasion could induce him to leave the body.

The usual preparations for a funeral at sea were made; the poor carpenter was sewed up in his winding sheet, and with him was put an old grindstone, hatchet and chisel, to carry him down to his long rest in the ocean. The poor boy grew frantic when his father was about to be committed to the waves, and was obliged to be held off by the sailors. At length, just as the fatal lurch of the vessel was taking place, the boy with the strength of a maniac, broke from the sailors and dashed himself upon the body at the very moment it was sliding over the ship's side. It was too late to save him, and clinging wildly to the dead body of his father, the hapless boy was seen to make one swift plunge, and disappear forever down, down into the eternal caverns of the mighty ocean.

This was in lat. 97—long. 79, which was duly entered on the log book. The Coriolanus arrived at New York, completed all her business preparatory to her next trip, and sailed again for Liverpool.

Take in a long breath, reader, its coming. When in lat. 69—long. 48 an enormous shark was caught, and when hauled upon deck a most extraordinary noise seemed to proceed from the huge monster's stomach. The creature was opened, and there was the father, the son, the grindstone, the hatchet and the chisel. O, if it aint true, then never may another fish story be believed! The poor carpenter had not died, but was only in a trance when they buried him, and there he was sharpening his hatchet, while the son was turning the grindstone! they having resolved to cut their way out of the shark's stomach!

CUTLER FISHER.—The noise of this fish on being dragged out of the water, resembles the grating of a hog. When the male is pursued by the sea wolf, or other ravenous fish, he shows the danger by stragating; he squirts his black liquor, sometimes to the quantity of a drachm; by which the water becomes as black as ink, under shelter of which he baffles the pursuit of his enemy. This ink, or black liquor, has been denominated by M. le Cat, achiops animal, and is reserved in a particular gland. It may serve either for writing or printing; in the former of which ways the Romans used it. It is said to be a principal ingredient in the composition of Indian ink, mixed with rice.

INTENSE AFFECTION.—Captain Beaver of the Niagara Militia, was possessed of a duck so much attached to him, that the poor animal actually plucked and roasted herself for his dinner, having previously eaten a quantity of sage and onions.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—His Excellency the American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson left their residence Sept. 5 h, for the Isle of Wight, and purpose making a tour of visits into Devonshire, Wales, and the north of England. His Excellency will be absent for five or six weeks.

Governor Porter has signed the death warrant of Robert M'Conachy, of Huntington, who for the sake of a few dollars murdered the whole of the Browne family, six in number. He is to be executed on the 6th of November.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. Curry, pastor of the Catholic church, at Providence, R. I., administered the temperance pledge to three hundred and sixty of the Irish who attended that church.

An Engineer on the Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road, had both his legs cut off on Sunday afternoon, by being thrown from the Engine under the wheel.—Am. Sentinel.

A young gentleman, lately bathing in the Mississippi river, on observing some ladies suddenly approaching, instantly drowned himself from motives of extreme delicacy.

A THRIVING VILLAGE.—The Michigan Temperance Advocate, published at Jackson, says, "We have in this village one distillery in operation, and one in the progress of erection—one ball silex, three billiard rooms, fifteen places for retailing spirituous liquors, and the state prison."

OIL TRADE.—The New York Sun states, that during the month of September, there arrived at the various ports of the United States, ten ships, one bark, four brigs, and a schooner, engaged in the whale trade.—They brought 12,588 bbls. whale oil. Within the last three months \$240,000 worth of whale oil has been exported from New Bedford at a good profit, to the North of Europe, and \$70,000 of sperm oil to Great Britain.

FALL FASHIONS.—Last Sabbath morning, a young lady was seen wending her way to church with Eclair buttons on her wrists, and a holo as big as a nippence—in the heel of her stocking! says the Providence Republican Herald.

A horse on Friday took a fancy to dance through a milliner's window in the Bowery, and succeeded in breaking the whole sash out, and killing himself. He plunged through, pushed back, and fell dead on the walk. The lady who was arranging things in the window at the time the assault was made, sprang back and left her new customer to try on what he pleased in his own way.

[Brother Jonathan.

THE EFFECT OF TRANSPORTATION.—John Grady, who was transported a boy, to Sidney, New South Wales, fifteen years since, has purchased three 300 acres of land and 5000 worth of cattle, and has written for several members of his family to be sent out to him.

EFFECTS OF THE PENITENTIARY.—A fine stag, a present from the Marquis of Breadalbane to her Majesty, was forwarded by the mail last week to Windsor.—Dundee Courier.

A RETORT PROFESSIONAL.—A Physician, passing by a stone-mason, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W.—hard at work, I see: you finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, seditarily for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring him, then I keep right on!"

CERTAIN DEFINITION OF A KISS.—Extract from a Love Letter, written in the year 1679, translated from the German.

"What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a heart; a present which at the same time that it is given, is taken away from us; the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; and affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love.

FACTS.—One of the most popular living novelists of France, Paul de Kock, says: Little men love tall women, and little women love tall men; talkative people prefer those of a taciturn character; gourmands make a better dinner in the society of those who eat but little; the strong ally themselves with the weak; men of genius choose domesticated wives; authoresses generally espouse fools; proud individuals cannot endure those that are proud also; rogues seek the society of honest men; the most dissipated woman loves the man who detests her vices, and the good man generally adores the most libertine female. The seducer runs after the young innocent, and the young innocent succumbs to the wiles of the seducer. Extremes meet—contrasts approach each other—and in the darkest shades the painter discovers the finest colors.

Refinement.

One of the latest touches of the exquisite in literature we find in the last Boston Evening Gazette. Instead of saying "He that dances should pay the fiddler," that paper has it, "He that dances should compensate the violinist."

The very latest is, however, in the Boston Courier. "Tell Chapman to Crow," is a saying which has been for some time past quite current in the political papers. But the language is now considered quite unpolished, therefore it is proposed that instead of using that coarse dictatorial blunt expression, "Tell Chapman to crow," we should say—indicate to Mr. Chapman to officiate as cockeril."

To speak of a vulgar, says the New Orleans Picayune, now is disgrace. The phrase substituted for it is "A repeal of the Union."

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.—We learn by the arrival of the brig John Gilpin, from St. Helena, that the vessel was leaving port on the 21st August, the French frigate Belle Poule, with the Prince de Joinville and suite on board, entered the harbor. Every thing had been in readiness for some time previously to remove the remains of Napoleon without loss of time, and great preparations were making to receive the Prince and transfer their charges to him.

A QUEER NAME.—Among the subscribers to a Baltimore publication, is the name of "Original Herring." The Boston Transcript recommends that if he wants a mate he should look in or near Tuxton river. He is certainly an original—no, finally so, at least—and, therefore, should not be passed off as second hand furniture.

In the New York Marine Court, last week, an action was brought by the Corporation against a man for selling meat out of the markets and not a man could be found to sit as a jurymen, giving as an excuse that their minds were already made up. The case was therefore adjourned.

C. L. Karnes, the greatest pioneer and Indian fighter that Texas ever had, is reported to have died at San Antonio on the 16th ult.

"Well, this beats me out," as the rye said when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

THE SIAMSE DECADE.—It may not be interesting to the reader to have introduced the Siamse ten commandments, found in the sacred books of the Buddhists; the first five being obligatory upon the people, the last five upon the priesthood only.

- 1. Do not kill animals.
2. Do not steal.
3. Do not commit adultery.
4. Do not tell lies.
5. Do not drink ardent spirits.
6. Do not eat any thing from mid-day until past midnight.
7. Do not sleep on a place more than a cubit high.
8. Do not anoint your body with fragrant oil or powder.
9. Do not kiss another man's wife.
10. Do not look at a female, nor at theatrical exhibitions.

Taylor's 'Flag Ship'—just published.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—When Robert Burns was a very young lad, he happened at an ale house to fall into a company consisting of several sectarians and members of the episcopal and presbyterian church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their respective persuasions, and were upon the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, "Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of peace made the cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled amongst half a dozen of honest women, over a cup of custard, after a baptism. They were as different in opinion and each as tough in disposition as you are, till a wife that had said not a word, spoke up—'Kimmers, ye are a' for letting folk be but an road to heaven. It's a pair piece that has but ane gait titt.' There's more than four galls to ilka bothy in Highlands or Lowlands, and its no canny to say there's but ane gait to the missions of the blest J.' The disputants of the ale-house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the meritment of earlins over their cups of custard.

A QUESTION.—If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great grand father's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

If you intend marrying for love, pay your addresses to the lady herself; if legacies count those who are to leave them; and if for connexion, court the whole family.

The following "flight of fancy" is the language of unassisted nature, from the tongue of the hero of a debating club—"Yes, Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is a man, woman, or child, in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years and upwards, but what has felt this truth thundering through their brains for centuries."

The Vevey Tunes is a post.—Here is his latest effusion: There's naught in this wide world or valley so sweet, As—a good apple-dumpling with lasses on it.