

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, August 20, 1842.

Vol. II--No. XLVII.

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From Tait's Magazine.

Crush the Afghans! Why does he dare To claim man's birth-right and be free? To slay him in his mountain lair, To teach him magnanimity, To tell him about your gentle creed, Good will and Peace to widest heath; And preach it while his heart shall bleed, Revenge the grace that plunged your sword.

Kind,—you wished to ease the burden Which Freedom's independence gave; He, for bonds of steel and burden, Took all the promises you gave. Still needed! not to trust you better, Freedom,—a free man loves to be, He broke your pious Christian letter, And you denounced for tyranny.

I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet two or three even respectable people read no newspapers but what they borrow.

INCIDENT AT NAMANT.—Merrmaids.—As two gentlemen of the press, named Tom and Frank, were sauntering among the rocks, they discovered two beautiful mermaids sporting in the water, close to the beach.

Long Life.

From Lord Bacon's history of Life and Death.

The long lives of men mentioned in heathen authors have no great certainty in them; both for the intermixture of fables, whereunto those kinds of relations were very prone, and for their false calculation of years.

Solon of Athens, the lawgiver, and one of the seven wise men lived above eighty years, a man of high courage, but popular, and affected to his country; also learned, given to pleasures, and a soft kind of life.

Anacreon, the poet, lived eighty years, and somewhat better, a man lascivious, voluptuous, and given to drink.

Georgias, the Sicilian, was a hundred and eight years old; a rhetorician, and a great boaster of his faculty, one that taught youth for profit.

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The most beautiful thing in nature is a fat man chasing his hat in a gale of wind.

Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.

In a certain town in Normandy, the authorities (for divers good reasons thereunto moving) thought proper to issue a proclamation to the effect that none of the worthy inhabitants, under a severe penalty, should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern.

'I am exceedingly sorry,' said the chief officer, recognizing the individual, 'that a citizen of your respectability and station should be the first to infringe the new regulations.'

The officer graciously complied—and, after glibly running over the verbose statement, came to the point "that no inhabitant shall stir abroad after sunset without a lantern," which he certainly delivered with peculiar emphasis.

'I have a lantern, Monsieur,' firmly contended the man, holding it up to view.

'The proclamation does not mention a candle, I believe, Monsieur,' replied the cunning fellow, respectfully.

'A candle! but of course—' began the informer, trembling lest he should lose the fish he had hooked.

'It does not mention a candle—and I contend, Monsieur, I have not infringed then the law,' persisted the quibbler.

'The informer was not only defeated, but rather alarmed, when the prisoner called to mind a certain action which rendered him, the aforesaid informer, liable to heavy damages for false imprisonment, &c., and the poor fellow was fain to avert the infliction of an action of the law by disturbing a certain sum in hard cash to the accused.

'Really it is impossible to resist the amiable impertinence of a gentleman who pays such delicate compliments—such good coin!' replied the man; and away he walked chatting good humoredly and joking with his delighted captor.

'What, again! cried the officer.

'I will read it again for your edification,' replied the officer; and he looked furtively at the informer, who could scarcely contain himself for very joy.

'Ha!' cried the informer, unable longer to restrain his feelings.

'How very, very unfortunate,' cried the delinquent, and quickly opening his lantern, continued, '—Lo! here is a candle. How fortunate!

'Lantern and candle! a lantern and a candle! repeated the man, 'I appeal to the justice of Monsieur that there was not such a word as

Married in Spite of their Teeth.

A CHOICE ANECDOTE.—Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some forty years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance, in affecting the ends he desired.

Of the various sects which have flourished for their day, and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites; so called from their founder, a John, or Tom, or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the godly town aforesaid.

It was a matter of conscience with them—they were very happy together as they were—of what use then could a mere form be! Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound "to take up the cross," and live according to the rules of the religion they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. The conversation as usual turned upon the old subject.

'Now, John,' says the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, 'why will you not marry Sarah! Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?'

'Yes, certainly,' replied John, 'but my conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people.'

'Very well. But you love her?'

'Then,' cried the Governor, rising, 'in the name of the laws of God, and of the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be man and wife.'

Governor Carlin, of Illinois, is said to have made a requisition upon Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, for the delivery of the person of Gen. Bennett, charged by Jo Smith with high treason against the State of Illinois. This will delay proceedings against Jo Smith until after the election.

THE MOUSE IN LIQUOR.—Mr. Smith, the reformed drunkard from London, apologized for much of the folly of a drunkard, by the following story of the Cat and the Mouse.

A mouse raging about a brewery happening to fall into one of the vats, he was in imminent danger of drowning and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you I shall eat you.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in our courts of justice between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge.—'What's your native language?'

Witness.—'I be no native: I's a Dootchman.'

The celebrated Dr. Madden, seeing a boy breaking out his neighbor's windows, asked him, what's that for! All for the good of trade, said the boy—I'm a glazier. The Doctor, raising his cane and breaking the fellow's head, exclaimed, that's for the good of trade, I'm a surgeon.—New Haven Herald.