TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN." H. B. MASSER. PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY. SPROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mus-

ser's Store. THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontin-

ued till att arrearages are paid. No subscriptions received for a less period than SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention,



THE WATER CURE. A HYDROPATHETIC BALLAD.

To Malvern Well came Mary Bell, To nurse poor Peter Head; For he was lying sick and sore, All in his watery bed, O. Peter, dear ! O. Peter, dear ! How could they serve you so ? To wrap you in a co'd damp sheet, All chill'd from top to toe !"

"Oh! do not fear for me," he said, "For, like the ocean's tide, Full five and thirty tumblers now Are washing my inside. Then cease to weep, dear Mary Bell, Nor shed another tear; And cease to white . I'm not allow'd To tsuch it while I'm here."

Then from his head the min she took, Which they'd put on the spout; And, with her premy little hand, She wrung the water out. And, gozing on his palled brow, She by his couch did stand : And, having wrong the exp quite dry, She wrong-her fily hand.

"Had any other watery death Than this befallen you;
O! had you fought with Wellington, And died at Waterlon, You'd moulder then in honor's grave; But now, O, Peter Heal! You be on this damp couch, I trow, Quite mouldy ere you're dead."

"Oh! do not say that doctor's stuff" Could cure my wassame ills; Or think that ever health is found In potions or in pills. No noisome draught could bring relief, No drug my fever quell; Health, rosy maid, like Truth, is found In the bottom of a well.

"O, Peter, dear! fine water'd sitks I've often seen, 'tis true; Of watery setting suns I've heard, And watery suchet too. If with a watery lover I Must make myself content, I'll to the Cold streams go, and choose One from that regiment."

"Dear Mary Bell, no words can tell How sorely I'm amazed; And can you a wet blanket throw For, were I pumped upon all day, And dench'd with water too. It rever would put out the flame. That burns so bright for you."

off you get well, O, Peter Head, I fear you'd be so very damp. You'll always give the cold widow, too, I soon should be . For one who does such deeds As almost drinking rivers day, Would leave me in the weeds."

Then down he hough is dripping head He closed his watery eye; And wrapping close his rold lamp sheet, He turned him round to die, "Facewell!" he said; when Peter Head Is gone, you'll know his morit-! And so he left this watery world, For another would of spirits.

Tullus and Roses. My Ross, from the lattic'd grove, lirought me a sweet bouquet of rosies, And asked, as round my neck she clung, If tulips I preferred to reses!
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed, "But kiss me, ere I see the posies." She dul-Oh I prefer, I cried, "Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

To make good Coffee,

First, proceed the best poffee in the market ; wash it very clean, and roast it to the color of a means. Then take the whites of three eggs to each pound of coffee, mix very carefully with the coffee while warm, and immediately transfer to earthen vessels, tying over with bladders to render them air-tight. Take floor thece vessels sufficient coffee for one making only a time, grind it, place it in a fine muslin bag, suspend it about mid-way in the pot, turn on the boiling water, and put on the cover, to prevent the escape of steam. By this mode the coffee will be very strong, but it is best to reduce it by the addition of boiling hot-milk, when it will form a most delicious beverage, very different indeed, from that which is produced by boiling the ground coffee in water. And to be convinced of the fact, that by the above method, which is simply infusion, all the virtues of the coffee may be obtained, it is only to take the dregs. left in the bag, and boil them in water for a considerable time; the result will be, a black, bitter, nauseous, feverish, woody extract, without a trace of the fine flavor of coffee, and answering to the name by which it was known on its introduction into use, according to the account published in the eight volume of the 'Harleian Miscellany,' namely 'the devil' o ptack broth ! The making of to is by infusion, not decoction; who ever thinks of builing tea? Farmers' Cabinet.

A knave always detests children-their inmark the man or woman who avoids children. in a night of an ancient stone building in which because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Sept. 30, 1843.

Vol. 4 -- No. 1 -- Whole No. 157.

From the Albany Evening Journal, LETTERS FROM MR. WEED-NO. XX.

GLASGOW, Aug. 9, 1843. We have just returned from a visit to the birth-place of Robert Burns. We lingered for hours around objects made classic by his genius. This true Poet of Nature has invested every thing that surrounds Ayr and Alloway with an interest that can never dic. Every brook and craig and "Brig," are self-erected monuments to his memory and his muse.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway enables visitors to go to Allowny in three hours and a half. The cottage in which the Poet was born is about 21 miles from Ayr. It is and has been occupied by Mrs. Goudte, (an intelligent and communicative old lady, who was acquainted with Benns,) for forty-two years. The cottage, as constructed by the Poet's Father, on seven acres of ground, for which he bought a perpetual lease, is small and humble, consisting of a single room and kitchen. When the Poet's Father rented Mount Oliphant, a farm near the cottage, he sold his seven acres to the Shocmaker's Corporation of Ayr, for £60, to whom Mrs Goudie pays an annual rent of £45.

From the cottage we proceeded to the "Burns' Monument," a very tasteful, poetic structure, erected on the banks of the "Bonny Doon," at an expense of £3,300, raised by subscription. The grounds around it are handsomely laid out and adorned with many varieties of shrub and flower. Within the monument, upon the ground floor is an apartment lighted from a cupola, with stained glass, in the centre of which stands a table with relics of Burns enclosed in a glass case. Among these mementoes are the two Bibles presented by the Poet to his "Highland Mary." In the fly leaf to each volume "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," as written by himself, is seen; and in the 1st book "And ve shall not swear by my name falsely," and in the 2nd, "Thou shall not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths," appear in his hand writing. With these sacred volumes is a lock of "Highland Mary's" hair. After the death of Mary Campbell, these Bibles were given by her mother to Mrs. Anderson, another daughter, who subsequently gave one to each of her daughters. A son of Mrs. Anderson, who resides in Canada, came afterwards in possession of both these volumes, but was compeled by pecuniary mistortunes to part with them. They were purchased for £25 by some Scotch gentleman at Montreal and returned to Scotland for preservation in the monument, where birthday) of January, 1841. The view from the monument's one of surpassing beauty, every bright feature of which has its poetic associations. From the monument we passed over to

"Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." the walls and bell of which alone are preserved, the wood-work having long since been transformed into snuff-boxes. Near the Kirk yard gate are the remains of the Poet's Father. distinguished by a slab on which these lines, written by Bunss, are inscribed:

"Oh ve whose check the tear of pity stains, Draw near with pious reverence and attend; Here he the loving husband's dear remains, The tender father, and the generous friend. The pitying heart that felt for human wor,

The dauntless heart that leared no human bride The friend of man-to sin alone a foc.
For each hill fullings lexiced its virtue's side."

The tomb of the Lord of Alloway in the area of the Kirk, and at the West corner of the Cemetery, is a handsome modern montiment to the memory of Celi. Hoones. A few yards golden brown, but not a deeper shade by any father West, and by the side of the door is the

Where Mungo's mither hanged herself." "Going South a few hundred yards you come to "Auld Brig," over which "Tam O'Shanter" was pursued by the witches, and still farther

othe meikle stane Whare durunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane."

A slater of Buans resides about three quarters of a mile from the cottage, upon whom we intended to call, but just as we had terminated our view of external objects, the rain descended in such torrents that we were compelled to forego the visit. Mrs. Goudie informed as that this sister is a widow lady upwards of seventy, but enjoying good health.

We returned to Ayr, an ancient town of much historical interest, through which-the rain having abated-we wandered for an hour. Ayr- boil down 'your syrup until thick, then pour it and boasts of having given birth to Bauce. WALLACE and Bunns. Ayrshire was also the scene of the great Eglintoun tournament in 1839. The river Ayr abounds in thout and salmon. The salmon, by the way, have never been so plentiful as this cason. Immense quantities are taken ally from Ireland and Scotland to England. They have been sold, of oil. We believe this to be a sure restorer. where they re taken most abundantly, for three Try it.

cents a nound. A knave at ways to in honor of Sir William Wallace, which is become cool your pores absorb. Do not specific tike a dog to his von te-like a washed nocent looks and specified from adorned with a statue of the Scottish Chief by proach contagious diseases with an empty sto- sow to her mire-like not they. They have blue him he sees his own villainy reflected from adorned with a statue of the Scottish Chief by proach contagious diseases with an empty sto-

he once took refuge when hard pressed by a

The Tower of St. John's Church, erected in the 12th century, but converted into an Armory and Fortification by Oliver Cromwell, in 1652. is a venerable relic. The Rev. John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer, John Knox, was Pastor of St. John's Church in 1560.

But I passed these objects with a cursory glance for the purpose of seeing and crossing 'The Brigs of Ayr," whose relative claims to

consideration were so glowingly sung by "The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,

Learning his tuneful trade from every bough." While standing upon the "Auld Brig," lookng toward its gay rival, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to endow it with the powers of speech, and to suppose it exclaiming : Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride ! This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ; An' tho' wi' crazy elid I'm sair forfeairn, I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

And having imagined this, the supercilious reply of the "New Brig" was of course heard ; Fine Architecture ? trowth, I peed not say t'o't The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't ! Gannt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ; Mansions that would disgrace the building tasto Of any mansion, reptile, bird or beast."

It is a little singular that the poetic prophecy of Burns, that the Old Brig would be a Brig when the new one became a "shapless cairn," s about to be realized. The new Brig, since the construction of the Ayr Railway, which terminates near it, is found too narrow for the increase of business, and is to be taken down. This Bridge was built in 1778. The "Old Bridge" was creeted in 1285, and looks as if it might stand as much longer.

Before leaving the "Brig" my attention was arrested by what with us would be regarded, if not patented, as an "Improved Washing Machine." At least a dozen wash-tubs were placed along the share of the river Ayre, in which as many females, some old and ugly, and others oung and pretty, were "pounding clothes" with their feet! I have heard that the Scotch lasses, who have large "Bakings," knead their bread in the same manner; the truth of this, however, I cannot vouch , but that I saw them dancing in wash-tube without stockings or garters, is certain.

Within a mile of the village of Tarbolton, near the river Ayr, is the scene of Bunna's last truly affecting interview with MARY CAMPBELL It was of a Sunday, in May. Their mutual they were deposited on the 25th (the Poet's faith was plighted, first by laving their hands in the pure stream, and then crossing them upon Mary's Bible. Preparatory to their marriage. Mary visited her friends in Argyleshire, and in returning, fell sick and died at Greenock. Burns retained through life the most devoted remembrance of this early attachment. Mr. LOCKHARY, who, from frequent interviews with the widow of the Post, derived many interesting facts in relation to Bunns, states among other things that many years after his marriage, and on the anniversary of the death of "Highland Mary," after working hard all day in the fields, though much out of health, he wandered into the barn-yard, where he remained so long that Mrs. B., alarmed at his absence, went repeatedly and begged him to come in, which he promised to do, but remained stretched upon a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed upon a beautiful planet, that shone like another moon, until a late hour. On entering the house, he called for his desk, and immediately wrote the following sublime and pathetic lines :

"Thou lingering Star with lessening ray, That lov'st to greet the early moon ; Again that usher'st in the day, My Mary, from my soul was torn. Oh Mory! dear departed shade, Where is the place or blissful rest !

Scret thou thy lover, lowly laid ! Hear'st thou the groups that rend his breast That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove, Where, by the winding Ayr we met, To live one day of parting love? Eternity will ne'er efface, Those records dear of transports past; Thy image at our fast embrace;

To Day Favir .- To five pounds of fruit, take one pound of sur ar, and place it in a kettle .- When diser, wad put in your fruit. When boiled through, skim out the fruit on plates; shire contained a population of 145,000 in 1831 on you, plates, and then set them in the sun oven.

Ah! little thought we 'twas or, last,

Spots upon mahogany furniture, says the Boston Mercantile, caused by Cologne water, or alcohol in any form, may be immediately removed, and the place turned to its original color and beauty, by the application of a few drops

Useret Hints .- Never enter a sick room hin -- he sees his own vintainy renewed from a mirror. Always Thom. There is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect for their character, black as there is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect for their character, black as there is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect for their character, black as there is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect for their character, black as the fire is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect for their character, black as the fire is another statue of Wallace mach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, too much respect to the fire is another statue of the wildow, take him, there is another statue of the sick and the fire, too much respect to the fire is another statue of the sick and the fire.

Take coustic soda one course, pour over it one ounce of muriatic acid, the product will be our common table salt. The soda and the acid is a separate state, are both highly corresive substances; yet when chemically united they form a very healthful compound.

Salt is so essential to human existence, that man can scarcely live without it. It preserves his meats. We mix it with our bread. The horse, the ox, and the sheep love it. And to give us a full supply, Providence has not only stored it away in mountains and caves for us, but has intermingled it with many springs far off from the ocean, that are sought and found sometimes at great depths, but always sufficientin the ocean is of great importance, adding not only to its buoyancy, which is beneficial to cominclemency of the winter.

Fresh water freezes at 32°

In the south of France, large trenches are cut near the sea, which fill with sea water at 'em loose, to save the world.' high tide, the water being confined there by flood gates, the sea evaporates it and leaves the Pomp seem to be very fine dogs." salt in trenches, from whence it is laid up for

The occan contains from one twenty-fifth to one thirty-fifth of its weight in salt. On sccount of the cheanness of the fuel at New Castle, in England, salt is produced there by evaproduce one ton of salt. In Saxony, they make salt in the same manner that the New Yorkers

We cannot close this arricle without giving the following account from the 10th vol. of the Philadelphia Magazine:

The salt mines near Cracow, in Poland, which have been worked ever since the middle of the 13th century, contain an immense store of this salt. The excavations have been made with so much regularity and beauty, that the mines are visited by travellers as one of the greatest curiosities in the world. Eight hundred workmen are employed within, who raise 169, 000 quintals of salt annually.

Through this enormous mass of salt, which resents to the eye, no interruption in its caline texture, and at the depth of 450 feet, flows a stream of pure, fresh and transparent water, shich is received in large wooden vessels, where the working and horses in these subterancous regions quench their thirst. As it was monesible that these springs could filter through the salt, nature, which buries her master pieces in the bowels of the deepest mountains, has placed in this monstrous mass of which a very small quentity would injure its "I'd out his head off?" salubrity .- Phil. Sentinel.

Canws us. Acconor .- We extract the forowing very excellent article from the Peoria (III.) Register :

Cal. B. has one of the best farms on the I'llicois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it first came up in the spring the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral. And, though the sharp crac', of the rifle often drove them away, they of ways returned with its echo.

The Colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the draugist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corr, and scattered it over his field. The black legs came and partook with their us al relish; and, as usual, they were pretty well corned; and such a cooling and cackling -such strutting and staggering! The scene was like-but I will make no invidious comparison-it was very much like-

When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zizag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit which hapnemed to be sober, they united, at the top of their voices, in haw, haw, hawing, and shouting either the praises or the curses of alcohol. It was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason, so very much life .--

But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became soher, they set their faces stendfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel TAKING THE CENSUS. A Scene in Alabama.

BY M. HOOFER, ESQ. We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life-(just that period at which nature supplies more abundantly the oil which lubricates the binges of the female tongue)-and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

'Good morning, madam,' said we in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner. 'Mornin',' said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded-'I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and-

'The mischief you are !' said the old terms ly strong to make a good sailt for the interior gant. 'Yes, I've hearn of you; Parson W. told portion of the country. But besides these uses me you was coming, and I told him jist what I to which common salt is applied, its presence tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' ur 'chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye .- Here, Bull! here, Pomp!'-Two wolfish cure remerce, but it also tends to prevent the waters sponded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by comof the ocean from freezing : and thus helps to ling to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight keep open a continual sea navigation during the growl, and then laid down on the steps. 'Now,' continued the old she savage, 'them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Sea water does not freeze till cooled down Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break

'Yes, ma'am,' said we, meekly; 'Bull and

'You may well say that; what I tells them to do they do-and if I was to sick them on your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And it is jist what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor poration of sea water; about 30 tens of water Van Buren's nother, I reckon. Oh, old Van Banburen ! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what-I'd-I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when its taxed enough a'ready !'

> All this time we were perspiring through fear of the flerce guardiens of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

'No sich a thing-you'll do no sich a thing,' said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the drotted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are he or she, is none of your consarns.'

Marshal, and she would be fined, but it only wrote, except a paredy of four lines on the augmented her wrath.

'Yes! sand your Marshal, or your Mr. Van salt, a stratum of clay sufficiently thick to al- Boren here, if you're had off to-let 'em come low this stream of water destined to refresh the -let Mr. Van Buren come, Clocking as savage workmen, to pass through in such a manner as are Bengal tigress. (Ch. I wish he would come, to be protected from the action of the self of and her nestrals dilated, and her eyes gleamed,

'Thus might kell him,' we ventured to re-

mars, by way of a joke,

'Kill him! kill him -oh if I had him here by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky-the audacious, nasty, stinking, old scamp!' She paused a moment, and then resumed, 'And now, Jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We however were preity resolute, until she appealed to the conchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule .- Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children."

canine friends, that we might go out and de- never better than when he gives proof of Ma part; and forthwith mounting our old black, love for the wife of his bosom. So cays the N. we determined to give the old soul a parting Orleans Picayune. fire. Turning half round in order to face her,

'Who told you to call me old 'oman, you og-legged, hatched-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want ?' 'Do you want to get married?'

Not to you, if I do !"

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, You would they touch in his field, lest it should needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that scorecontain the accursed thing; while they went though you might sait sare-legged Dick S-The Ayr "folk" have erected a noble Tower in a state of perspiration, as the moment you and publish up the corn of his neighbors. To upour way, and should like to know what to tell arm he might count on if he come down next powers! Didn't your rivirence, in the seriour

PRICES OF ADVERTISING. do 2 do Every subsequent insertion. . Vearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; helf column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$7; one square, \$5. Half-yearly : one column, \$18 ; helf column, \$12 ; three squares, \$8 ; two squares,

\$6; one square, \$3 50. Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accord-

C Sixteen fines make a square.

tunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress - S-i-c-k, Pomp -sick, sick, sick him, Bull-euboy! suboy!

Margaret Davidson.

Says her mother: "About three weeks before her departure, I one morning found her in the parlor, where, as I before observed, she spent a portion of her time in retirement; I saw that she had been much agitated, and seemed weary. I seated myself by her, and rested her head on my bosom, while I gently pressed my hand on her throbbing temples to foothe the agitation of her nerves. She kissed me again and again, and seemed as if she feared to trust her voice to speak lest her feelings should overcome her. As I returned her caress, she silently put a folded paper into my hands. I began to open it, when she gently laid her hand on mine, and said, in a low, tremulous tone, 'Not now, dear mother !" I then led her back to her room, placed her upon the sofa, and retired to examine the paper. It contained the follow-

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh mother, would the power were mine To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear, And breathe each trembling, new-born thought, Within thy fondly listening ear; As when in days of health and gles My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother, now a shade has past Athwart my brightest visions here, A cloud of derkest gloom has wrapt The remnant of my brief career ! No song, no echo, can I win, The sparkling fount has died within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim, And fancy spreads her wings no more ; And O, how vain and trivial seem The pleasure that I prized before.

My soul, with trembling steps and slow, Is struggling on through doubt and strife ; Oh may it prove as time rolls on, The pathway to eternal life-Then, when my cares and fears are o'er, I'll sing thee as in days of yore.

I said that hope had passed from earth, Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven, To whisper of the soul's new birth, Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven. When mine are washed in tears away, Then shall my spirit swell its lay.

When God shall guide my soul shove, By the soft cords of Heavenly love. When the vain cares of earth depart, And tuneful voices swell my heart . Then shall each word, each note I raise Burst forth in penling hymns of praise; And all not offer'd at his shrine, Dear mother, I will place on thine.

"It was long before I could regain sufficient composure to return to her. When I did so, ! bund her sweetly calm, and she greeted inc with a smile so full of affection, that I shall cherish the recollection of its brightness until We told her we should report her to the my latest breath. It was the last piece she ever hymn, 'I would not live alway,' which was written within the last week of her life."

> BRITISH VESSELS TAKEN BY THE AMERICANS DURING THE LATE WAR .- The number of vessels taken by the Americans during the late war, from the English, is estimated at two thousand four hundred and fifty-three-mounting nine thousand six hundred seventy-nine guns. Of this number 354 were ships, 610 brigs, 520 schooners, 135 sloops, 750 recaptured, 63 ustional ships, and 31 ships of war lost at sea.

A bootmaker has been mulcted in a fine of 820, in Madison, for practising medicine. Really we cannot see why the man who heels one piece of calf-skin shouldn't be permitted to heal another.

A negro was pelted with rotten peaches at the Lower market on Saturday, for driving his cart over a dog belonging to a fruit seller. He was compelled to leave the cart and take to his hee's to escape the "sort in PEACH ment."

Cincinnati Message.

Ayoung woman never looks so interesting as when at her devotions; a mother never so well as when pursing and admiring her flist born ; a son never so well as when in the dis-We now begged the old lady to dismiss her charge of an act of filial kindness; and a fither

WHAT CONSTITUTES & MODERN LADY .-- To be able to thump a piano (without playing any tune,) yawn over a novel, and turn up the nose at any thing approaching usefulness.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female benuty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He raid the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

Worse THAN THE D-L -"It's quite foo bud of ye, Darby, to say that your wife's worse then the devil." "An't plaze your rivirence, I can prove if by the Holy Scripture-I can by the yesterday, tell us that if we resist the divil he'd there, Built' shouled the widow, sick him, thee from us ! Now, if I resist my wife she