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UNE BAGATELLE.

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE LATE DR. HARNET.
ECHO AND THE LOVER.
LOVER. Of what you're made and what you are—
ECHO. Echo! mysterious nymph, declare,
Air!
LOVER. 'Mid airy cliff and places high,
Sweet echo! listening, love, you lie—
ECHO. You lie!
LOVER. Than dost resuscitate dead sounds—
ECHO. Hark how my voice revives, resounds!
Zounds!
LOVER. I'll question thee before I go—
ECHO. Come, answer me more apropos!
LOVER. Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
ECHO. So sweet a girl as Phoebe Shaw!
LOVER. Say what will turn that frisking cooey
ECHO. Into the toils of matrimony!
LOVER. Has Phoebe not a heavenly brow?
ECHO. Is it not white as pearl—as snow?
LOVER. Her eyes! Was ever such a pair!
ECHO. Are the stars brighter than they are?
LOVER. Echo, thou'st, but can't deceive me,
ECHO. Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me,
LOVER. But come, then, snug my pet romance,
ECHO. Who is as fair as Phoebe's answer,
Ann, sir!

HINTS, &c.

Young men get out of your beds at sunrise,
and walk or ride a mile or so before breakfast,
if you would enjoy mental and bodily health.
Take this advice to add to your years and en-
joyments. Eat less and read more, and thus
become better citizens. Leave off the habits
of tobacco chewing and cigar smoking, and in-
vest the money now used thus in the purchase
of books, or in adding benevolent objects. Elu-
cate your notions of the "agreeable" in female
society, by setting aside the monkey and more
of the man. Learn to think less of a new coat,
and more of new ideas. And we pray the few
of you addicted, to abandon the practice of
staring at ladies on the great carriage, or as
they pass to or from church. Don't think of mar-
rying, until you can have the means provided
for the support of a wife. Never flatter your-
self that you are smart men and respected,
because you have a stock of small talk, and are
called popular by many who think you are so.
Take these remarks to yourselves—such of you
as deserve them.
Young ladies, we beg your pardon, but never
sacrifice health to beauty of form or neat
feet. Diseased lungs, (the result of pretty
waists and kid slippers worn out of season,)
soon bring both waists and feet to the grave.
The declining consumptive is but poorly con-
soled, as she fades away, with the memory of
silly compliments paid to her person. If you
would improve the character of your beaux
elevate them to your own moral standard, and
the community will bless the reformation you
will bring about. Teach the young gentlemen that
gossip and folly are not acceptable to you as
conversation, as beautiful matters of literature
or science. Never be ashamed of not having
read the last new novel—this kind of ignorance
speaks well of your judgment. Never suffer
brunettes of spirits to compromise your dignity,
in male society especially. Remember that
the grave is often midway between a ball room
or party; and the residence of a young lady
who will attend the one or the other while in-
disposed by "a slight cold." Court the pro-
hibition of men of morals and judgment, rather
than the empty adulation of empty puppets.
Eschew modern fashions. Abandon ill-founded
notions about mechanics and reputable trade-
men. Respectability and worth are not con-
fined to the professions. To be the wife of a
brawling unsuccessful politician, or patientless
doctor, or briefless lawyer, is not the most en-
viable situation in the world. Neither is a
share in the declining fortunes of an exploded
merchant the most comfortable thing in the
universe. Better understand how to cook and
do housework, than being ignorant of these
two things, finally, or discourse excellent music
with the piano. Be cautious in the selection of
a husband. Look to the man, rather than to
his title, profession or family. Remember that
"love in a cottage" is a sort of romance that
fears "any high, cold, half-fed, and half edu-
cated children." Learn to appreciate your influ-
ence in every good cause—moral, religious, lit-
erary and scientific. Cherish an amiable and
uniform temper, for a scolding female is a ter-
rible matter. Encourage the address of none by
an association with whom you are made to
suffer in public estimation. The prudence and
intellect of females are often judged by this
standard. Discard affectation; it mars the fair-
est and most gifted. Be above petty pride and
alive to the true dignity of your sex. Discour-
age expensive parties and ridiculous distinc-
tions in society. Pardon our familiarity.

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, Oct. 7, 1843.

Vol. 4--No. 2--Whole No. 158.

From the New York Mirror. Recollections of John Randolph, OF ROANOKE.

I observed, one morning, that Mr. Randolph was examining a very large box of books, containing enough to keep him busy reading during a voyage round the world. I asked him why he had brought so many with him!

'I want to have them bound in England, sir,' replied he.

'Bound in England!' exclaimed I, laughing, 'why did you not send them to New York or Boston, where you can get them done cheap-er?'

'What, sir,' replied he sharply, 'patronize some of our Yankee taskmasters; those patri-otic gentry who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed upon foreign books! Never, sir; never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my tobacco crop will enable me to get supplies from old England; and I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they can be properly done south of Mason and Dixon's line?'

The next day being Friday, we had codfish for dinner after the soup.

'Mr. Randolph,' said the captain, 'let me help you to fish.'

'No, sir; it comes from New England!' was the reply.

I was very much amused with the extent of his sectional prejudices. Sometimes he would condemn all the northern people en masse; but at other times, forgetting his antipathies, he would unconsciously praise some northern man whom he had known and esteemed. He used on such occasions, however, to wind up his eulogium thus:

'Mr. —, is the cleverest man I know—north of the Potomac!' This was always the saving clause, and his conscience seemed relieved when he uttered it. The supremacy of Virginia being thus retained, he could then afford to be generous to the great men of the north.

I have mentioned that Mr. Randolph did not admire too much familiarity, where he had taken no fancy to the person offering it. In fact, he was very fastidious in this respect; he had all the feelings which we generally attribute to the English aristocracy on this point; but where he did take a fancy, the rank of the person never seemed to weigh with him for a moment. He admired especially those who never pretended to more knowledge than they actually possessed, but who understood thoroughly what they did know.

One of our Yorkshire passengers was a plain matter-of-fact man, a cloth manufacturer, who was thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of his calling, but who cared neither for literature, metaphysics, nor politics, save and except that he was a good Tory by inheritance. His manners were so unpretending, Mr. Randolph sought occasion to converse with him, and he entered into all the minutæ of his business, just as if he had some inkling himself after the woolen trade. One day I was pretending to read, but was actually listening to the conver- sation which was passing between these two, and I was quite amused by the animation with which Randolph carried on the conversation. I should mention here, that Randolph's English ancestors were from Yorkshire, and he was giving this piece of information to Mr. D., for the first time. He then exclaimed, in a familiar, oratorical style—

'Well, sir, I say the 'West Riding' for ever! being Yorkshire on one side. I go the York- shire wavers against the world. To be sure, sir, your poor operatives are not half so well off as our Virginia slaves; but they are white, sir, and hence your philanthropists do not feel bound in conscience to look into their misery; but that's their affair, not mine, sir. So long as John Bull is willing to work for us, and take our cotton and tobacco in payment, I'm for giving him a monopoly of all the evils of the system. I never want to see our boys and girls, much less our men, turned into spinning-jennies—there's machines, sir, mere machines. No, sir; every nation to its taste. England chooses the workshop; America ought to pro- ceed the open fields and agricultural pursuits, and there should be no jealousy about the mere question of exchange. This 'modern balance of trade,' sir, is puzzling the brains of our would-be statesmen. When I was a boy, sir, the de- parture of a 'London trader' (as we used to call the ship) from Virginia was an affair of no small consequence to the community—equal to a presidential election now-a-days. In my fa- ther's family, sir, the whole household was called together; first my mother (God bless her!) put down a list of the articles she wanted from London; next, the children, according to their ages; then the overseer, and finally the domestic slaves, our mammy at the head of them. down to the young ones who lived about the house—not a single individual was omitted, sir. Then after the ship was gone, the weeks and days, and finally the hours were counted until she returned, and a joyful signal

of her arrival in James river was celebrated as a jubilee, sir. In those days, how often have I called England 'my country,' when the rumors of war and secession moved me not. But now, sir, our Egyptian taskmasters only wish to leave us the recollections of past times, and they in- sist upon our purchasing their vile domestic stuffs; but it won't do, sir; no 'wooden nut- mugs' for old Virginia. No, sir; we Virginians hold fast to the 'West Riding,' sir, and will still trust to your looms for our domestic supplies, sir.'

Speaking of this worthy Yorkshireman (who is now in his grave) Mr. Randolph often said to me—

'I esteem him much, sir, because what he does know, he knows thoroughly—and what he don't know he leaves to others! Sir, he is worth a dozen of your modern dentists, who repeat Latin and Greek quotations and live by other men's wits! and who eat with a 'sixteen prong'd fork.' If I should visit his native town, sir, I shall call and eat a Yorkshire pudding with him, and I am sure he will give me a welcome!'

Before meeting with Mr. Randolph, I had some way or other imbibed the idea that he was a latitudinarian in religious matters; but he was very soon undeceived me. The first Sunday after our departure, he inquired whether we would have any objection to his reading a chapter in the Bible and part of the church service, and he seemed pleased when we answered in the negative. He read both with great solemnity and apparent devotion, and continued to do so, each succeeding Sunday when not prevented by bad weather of ill health. Once, he made an extemporaneous prayer, and on 'Good Friday,' whilst we were sitting on deck, he wrote some religious remarks suitable to the day, which were admirably expressed in the purest English.

In the course of conversation, he told me that in early life he had been influenced by the infidelity which prevailed among many of the leading politicians in Washington, and his scepticism continued, with occasional doubts, up to 1816. In that year, he said during a severe fit of sickness, he had a remarkable vision, which completely dispelled the delusion under which he had previously surrendered his faith, and ever since he had been a firm believer in the truths of Christianity.

I questioned him as to the vision, and asked if it was not some imaginatively working of the brain. He said 'no, it was a reality,' and to prove this, he showed me a letter which he had written from his sick chamber, addressed to a boson friend in Virginia, in which he gave a circumstantial detail of his 'conversion.' In this letter he gave the very words which were uttered in his ear by his invisible monitor!

'This letter,' continued he, 'contains nothing but the truth, strange as it may appear to you; and it would make me miserable to doubt it.' He uttered this last sentence with such fervor, I did not, by either word or look, give him reason to suppose that I doubted the narrative; for I hold, that a little superstition is vastly better than an inkling of infidelity!

At Mr. Jefferson's table, unfortunately, he did not hear much to strengthen his Christian faith—and being a young man, he felt ashamed of being thought singular—so that whatever early impressions of piety he possessed, were quickly dispelled by the wit and sarcasm of the chosen few who used to delight in calling in question 'the orthodox faith.'

In those days, he said, he had 'not the moral' courage to contend against men who were old enough to be his father, and, by degrees, he 'rucked in the pole' as if it were his natural food. Humane reason was held up to him as the unerring guide, and his vanity was flattered by occasional appeals to his opinions, in the presence of these 'great men' of their day, until at length he made a complete shipwreck of his faith, and remained in mental darkness (as before related) for many years.

Shortly after his recovery from sickness, in 1816, he was dining at the house of a distin- guished politician, with a large and mixed company. Amongst them, to use his own words, 'was a hoary-headed debauchee, whose vices had completely shattered his constitution, whose days seemed to be numbered, and yet, sir, he had the audacity to call in question the existence of the Deity, presuming, I suppose, that there were many hundred spirits present. I happened to sit directly opposite to him, and felt so disgusted at his impiety, I could not avoid saying, 'I think, sir, you might better have been silent on that subject, for judging from appearances, you will have in a very short time, ocular proof of the power of that God, whose existence you now so boldly question! You can afford to wait, sir, for the few remain- ing days of your life, and, in common courtesy should not shock the feelings of others by the exhibition of your blasphemy!' He turned pale with anger, and even trembled, but made no rejoinder, and the company soon after sepa- rated. We met more than once subsequently, but I never renewed our acquaintance; whe-

ther his courage 'braved death,' I cannot in- form you!

He always spoke of his mother in the most glowing terms of filial affection; he said to me, 'whatever mental culture I possess, I owe to her assiduous care. She taught my infant lips to pray, and never, even when I was lost in the barren wilds of unbelief, could I entirely silence that 'small, still voice' of memory, which recalled to me the days of yore, when she used to make me kneel beside her and repeat 'Our Father who art in heaven.' My mother, God bless her! she sowed the seeds which the terrors of the enemy never entirely destroyed.'

Mr. Borrow.

In a recent number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, we find the following account of the life of Mr. Borrow, the author of the Bible in Spain, and the Zincahi.—Boston Advertiser.

'Mr. Borrow,' says the writer, M. Philarete Charles, 'was originally, I believe, a horse jockey or something of that kind; since then, a puritanical devotion having seized him, he has travelled over the world to spread gospel light among the Greeks, Papiets, Ottomans, Barbarians, and Zincahi. To gain souls for Calvin, to conquer horses and infidels, and to wander over plains, marshes and forests, are his favorite pleasures. A Don Quixote of the 19th century, and an English Don Quixote, he traveled as a colporteur among the Alpajarras, at Cintra, Ceutra, Merida, upon the banks of the Guadal- quiver, and the Duero, with a cargo of Bibles; some in Arabic, others in the Bohemian tongue,—not that of Bohemia, but that of Hindostan (Zincahi). Can you think of any oddity more strange than this?'

'With a vigorous nature, a well tempered soul, an uncommon courage, and a burning curiosity mingled with a lively taste for adventures and even for dangers, a polyglot mind with the gift of tongues, Mr. Borrow understands the Persian, Arabic, German, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Irish, Norwegian, and the old Scandinavian, not to mention Gaelic, Kyriol, or Welsh, Sanscrit, and Zincahi, the language of the European gypsies. He is an athletic man thirty-five or six years old, with a bright black eye, his brow already covered with a forest of premature white hair, and an olive complexion, as if he belonged originally to that Indian race of whom he is chronicler and friend.'

'He was born at Norfolk, and found himself, one fine morning, and he does not tell, in the midst of gypsies, blacksmiths, fortune tellers, rope-dancers, horse jockeys, old-clothes mer- chants and beggars from Egypt, who inhabited this city and its environs. From these hono- rable instructors, he received at an early age his first knowledge of gibberish, the rudiments of the Zincahi language, and the hereditary receipts relative to the rearing and support of horses. As he grew up, he went to Edinburgh, went through the university course, studied diligently Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and made frequent excursions into the highlands to learn Gaelic thoroughly. What became of him afterwards? No one knows. His friends say he sowed his wild oats, or as the French say, il jetait sa graine. Some pretend that the turf and the occupations, of a jockey never had a more zealous servant. He bought and sold horses, bet, won, lost, and probably ran at New- castle or Derby. This portion of his life lies in the shade; he afterwards re-appeared, and we find him suddenly converted and engaged in the service of the Bible Society, a company organized for the propagation of the Bible. He travels over the world, and leaves on his route Bibles by thousands. When he had seen Asia and Africa, it appears to him that Spain and Portugal, those two old ramparts of Catholicism, are countries new and curious to visit; he goes to these parts, and, Calvanistic Bible in hand, is imprisoned, beaten, persecuted; he persists, lives in the woods with bandits, in caverns with gypsies, in garruts with picaros, braves the Alcaides, shows his contempt for curates, mocks at ministers, leagues himself with the Jews, offers his hand to the Arabs, is neither beaten to death nor hung, which is a miracle, and after having lived through the most curious roman- ce of adventures which could be imagined, this Don Quixote without a squire, this propagandist without fanaticism, comes back to Lon- don all white, wrinkled, old and bronzed.'

STATISTICS OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—One of the witnesses before the Children's Employ- ment Commission, in England, stated that he is a maker of the boxes for containing lucifer matches, and for the American pine wood, of which he makes them, he is in the habit of pay- ing the large sum of £1,100 a year. The week- ly consumption of lucifer matches amounts to 97,200,000 or 5,055,000,000 yearly.

O GEMINI.—A pair of twins, eighty-three years of age, residing in Charlestown, visited the top of Bunker Hill Monument on Saturday. The venerable ladies claimed to be the revolu- tionary soldiers, and consequently ascended in the steam car gratis.—Boston Post.

We copy the following remarks on the cul- tivation of the cranberry from the Dover (N. H.) Gazette. No doubt they might be cultivated to profit in many places in this State:

The species of cranberry most commonly found in the United States, has been described as an indigenous low trailing vine, growing wild in bogs and meadows, and bearing a beau- tiful red berry of an exceedingly sour though a- agreeable taste, which is much used in domestic economy for tarts and sweetmeats. Mr. Ken- drick, of Boston, says the cranberry is a plant of easy culture, and not a doubt exists that meadows which are now barren wastes or yield nothing but coarse herbage, might be converted into profitable cranberry fields, with but very little expense. According to London, an English writer Sir Joseph Banks, introduced the cranberry into that country from America, and in 1831, raised 34 Winchester bushels on a square 18 feet each way; which is rather more than equal to 400 bushels to the acre. Any meadow, it is said, will answer to their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs after draining. If the bogs are covered with bushes they should be removed; but it is not necessary to remove bushes as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. It would be well, however, if the land could be ploughed previous to plant- ing with cranberries. Capt. Henry Hull, of Barnstable, who has cultivated the cranberry more than 20 years, usually spread beach sand on his bogs and digholes four feet distant each way, the same as for corn, though somewhat deeper. In the holes he plants sods of cranber- ry roots, and in the space of three years the whole ground is covered with the vines. The planting is usually performed in Autumn, when the bogs are drier and can be better dug or ploughed than at any other seasons of the year.

A Mr. Hayden, of Lincoln, Mass., is said to raise 400 bushels of cranberries yearly, which bring him \$400, in the Boston Market—a me- times more. An acre of cranberries in full bearing, will often produce 200 bushels; al- though a moist soil is best suited to the plant, yet with suitable mixtures of bog earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG. The popular writer upon Agricultural Chemistry, when in Yorkshire, attending agricultural meetings, is said to have displayed every disposition to communicate in- formation to all who asked. He is quite a young man, 32, and has done more than any other person now living, to 'make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.' Sir Humphrey Davy, before Liebig was born, lectured on Agricultural Chemistry. But the Ger- man had been reduced to a practical system, what was not much more than a theory with Davy. At Edinburgh and Aberdeen, there are now established university professorships of agriculture, as well as at Oxford and Cambridge. This shows how completely the public are a- ware of the importance of cultivating agricul- ture as a science. Barclay has made a fortune by attending to the changes of crops and breed- ing of stock. Let others take the hint and do likewise.—Farmers' Cabinet.

MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.—In the first place, flat sections of steel are cut out of the shape required, by a stamping press; they are then placed under another press, which pierces the holes and cuts the slits; and they are then struck into their convex shape by a third press. They have then to be polished and tempered, which is managed in a peculiar apparatus, called emphatically, "The Devil," consisting of a fly wheel and a box, in which the pens are placed, and to which a motion is given resembling that exhibited in shaking materials together in a bag. This motion is continued for eight hours, when the pens are found to be completely de- prived, by their friction against each other, of any asperities which might have existed on their edges, and which, though invisible to the naked eye, would have obstructed the free passage of the pens. After this process, they are tempered in a box, shaken and brought to a blue color, being carefully watched, and the heat lessened whenever a shade of yellow is observed on their surface.

The split is then completed by touching the sides with a pair of pincers. Some idea may be given of the greater rapidity with which steel pens are made than the quill, when we state, that of the latter an expert pen-cutter can only make six hundred a day; whilst with the recent steel pen machines, as many may be made in a single hour with the greatest ease. The steel of which these pens are made is fre- quently alloyed with some other metal, in order to improve the elasticity, and in some cases to prevent rust, but the steel alone employed in this country for making pens, amounts to one hundred and twenty five tons annually, which is equivalent to about three hundred millions of pens! a number employing such an immense amount of labour and ingenuity, as to be scarcely credible, did not the Parliamentary returns attest the fact.—Adlerton's Treatise on Pens, Ink and Paper.

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| 1 square 1 insertion, | 50 |
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WORKING FOR A LIVING.—We find the fol- lowing excellent article in the "Offering," edit- ed by the factory girls in Lowell:

'From whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot up- on female character, to labor, and who was the first to say, sneeringly, 'Oh! she works for a living!' Surely such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil. The time has been when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the lin- en of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her at- tendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving until her husband returned from Ithica.'

A CAPITAL STORY.—A good story is told of Judge Tappan, one of the Ohio Senators in Congress, who is cross eyed.

'A number of years ago, he was judge of a newly organized court, in the eastern part of the State. In those days of primitive simplici- ty, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a Court-room, and the stable as a jail. One day, during the session of the Court, the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two of the lawyers, who were wrangling. An odd looking old customer, who sat in one cor- ner, listening apparently with great satisfac- tion to the reproof, and, presuming on old ac- quaintance and the judge's well known good humor, cried out, 'Give it to 'em old gimlet eyes!' 'Who was that?' inquired the Judge. 'It was this 'ere old hoss,' answered the clap- raising himself up. 'Sheriff,' observed the Judge, with great gravity, 'take that old hoss and put him in the stable.'

GIBBON.—The celebrated Gibbon, notwith- standing his shortness and rotundity, was very gallant. One day, being te-tete with Mad- ame de Cronzas, Gibbon wished to seize the fa- vorable moment, and suddenly dropped on his knees, he declared his love in the most passion- ate terms. Madame de Cronzas replied in a tone likely to prevent a repetition of such a scene. Gibbon was thunderstruck, but still re- mained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat. 'Sir,' said Madame de Cronzas, 'will you have the good- ness to rise?' 'Alas, madame!' replied the unhappy lover, 'I cannot!'—his size preven- ted him from rising without assistance. Upon this, Madame de Cronzas saw the bell, saying to the servant, 'lift up Mr. Gibbon.'

A SENTENCE.—In Flanders, a tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, without injuring himself. Upon the issue of a trial commenced by the next blood to the deceased, the judge decided that 'the com- plainant should go to the top of the same house and fall on the tiler.'

WIT.—Councillor Lamb, when the present Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputa- tion, was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition, and usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect, and on one occa- sion when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he happened to remark that, 'he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older.' 'No wonder,' replied the witty but re- lentless barrister, 'every one knows the older a Lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes.'

Mrs. PRICE.—Mrs. Price before her second marriage with an Alderman of that name, was a widow, of large fortune, by the name of Ragg- on being asked a few days after her second marriage, how she liked—"O, very well in- deed," said she, "for I have sold my old Ragg for a good price."

The fellow who spelled calf.—Kaughly—beats the whole of them, for he spelled it with- out using a single letter of the word.—Times.

But the ferryman who spells Little Canoe can take the cake—N. U.—Nashville Ban- ner.

That is about equal to the way the Vermont Justice spelled Jacob—GERUP.—Newark Gaz.

No plaster can be made strong enough to draw genuine tears from a hypocrit's eyes—moe- ny from a miser—generosity from selfishness—truth from a slanderer—honesty from a thief—or a prize in the lottery.

It is odd, but only think of making 'real fun' out of a 'funeral' by simply transferring the letters of the word.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart—as the rich pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

To require a few tongues is a task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.

A necessities man, who gives costly din- ners, pays large sums to be laughed at.