

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

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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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 4, 1844.

Vol. 4--No. 32--Whole No. 188.



An Old Reminiscence—Multicultural.

For sale at Auction—going, gone! On this day month—at half past one. A splendid "Lot of Multiculturals" Early in the ensuing Fall, is Expected to arrive by Steam— ("Great Western," or the "British Queen.") Also five thousand pounds of "Eggs," "Put up" in white Mulberry kegs; The assortment will be complete, From fifteen inches, to eight feet; Selected by a connoisseur Who for a trifle will "insure" Soon after landing, they'll be sold For the best offers made "in gold;" Cannot negotiate for "paper;" Unless secured by "Bond and Mortgage" Binding as firm as Russian cordage; Or "Sterling Bills" at "Current rates;" Drawn by "the Bank United States;" Or first rate houses, which we know; For instance, Prime, Ward King & Co. In this selection will be found Some specimens the most renowned; Taken from the seed, direct from China— Imported in the "Aegypria;" The grub, "on these here leaves" what feed, Will spin their cocoons with vast speed; There's no mistake—you'll find 'em, Peolers, Well worth the notice of all dealers.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY JESSE DOANE.

"We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freedom only, but of man, the narrow notion that there is to be an education for the poor, as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky! Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerily upon the poor man's house, as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cottager's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody, and beauty of luxuriant nature as the pale sons of Kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not to climb?"

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It knows no bound of time or place, of rank or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do not stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow-chandler's son that sets up all the night to read the book which an apprentice lends him lest the master's eyes should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall add new provinces to the domain of science, shall find the lightning with a thimble, and bring it harmless from the skies. The Common School is common, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to be the best school, because it is the first school; and in all works the beginning is one half. Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water. And infinitely more than this is the instruction of the Common School, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory."

SNOW AND SLEIGHING.—The Portland, Me., Bulletin of Saturday, says:—"During the past winter we have had eighteen snow storms, and something like five feet of snow has fallen on a level. And for the space of about four months we have had excellent sleighing. The last snow, we have had, fell on the 30th of March, yet the streets are now dry and dusty. We never knew a more steady winter—we never knew a more sudden change from winter to summer."

THE KING OF SWEDEN.—Appropos de ta-touage, it is affirmed that the King of Sweden's physicians were greatly astonished the other day, on bleeding His Majesty, to find the word "Liberte! Egalite! ou la Mort!" very legibly stained on his arm. They could not recover from their amazement. Charles John has been so long a King that it is forgotten that he began by being a mere hero, and he is so good a King that one cannot persuade oneself that he was formerly so good a Republican. But how strange—a King tattooed with liberty! Our whole age is exhibited in that approachment: liberty, equality, or death! Yet it is with such mottoes that one reaches a throne in our days.

Madame M. Girarden.

"If you were to have your choice, John, what death should you rather die?" "Well, I don't know—I should like to try five or six before deciding."

From the New York Spirit of the Times. ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE GEORGINA MAJOR.

How Miss KESIAH, APRIL-FOOLED HIM!

PINEVILLE, April 5, 1844.

To MR. PORTER—DEAR SIR:—Ever since I read that piece in your paper, what you sed you would walk a hundred miles, just to shake hands with me, I've been monstrous anxious to get a quainted with you. But its such a terrible long ways to New York, and Cotton's down so low, I don't much think I'll ever have the pleasure of seeing you in the world. But there's one consolation we literary men's got over common people, and that is, we can form acquaintances and friendships by our writings without ever seeing one another, and bein as some of us aint no great beauties, perhaps it's as good a way as enny. I'm told your monstrous good long gander-legged feller, and you may be 'bominatun'gly for all I know; but thisone thing I'm certain of—you must be a smart man, and a man of first-rate taste, or you wouldnt' like my ritens so much. I would rit you a letter before, but the fact is, sense last February, I haint had much time for nothin'. The baby's been cross as the mischief with the hives, and Mary, she's been aint in a good deal, and thes you know this time of year we planters is all busy fixen for the crop.

Nothing uncommon haint took place down here lately, only tother day a catastrophe happened in our family that come monstrous nigh puttin an end to the whole generation of us. I never was so near skeered out of my senses since in my born days, and I don't believe old Miss Stallins ever will git over it, if she was to live a thousand years. But I'll tell you all about it.

Last Monday morning all of us got up well and hearty as could be, and I set in our room with Mary, and played with the baby till breakfast time, little thinkin what was gwine to happen so soon. The little feller was jumpin and crowsin so, I could hardly hold him in my arms, and sprain his little mouth and laughin just like he know'd every thing we sed to him. Bimely out Prissy come to tell us breakfast was ready, and we all went into tother room to eat, cept sister Kesiah, who sed she would stay and take care of little Henry Clay, till we was done. Mary's so careful she wouldnt' trust the baby with none of the niggers a single munit, and she's always dreadful oneasy when Kesiah's got it, she's so wild and so careless.

Well, we all set down to breakfast, and Kesiah, she scampered up stairs to her room with the baby, jumped it up, and kissin it, and talkin to it as laced as she could.

"Now sis, do be careful of my precious little darlin," ses Mary, loud as she could to her, when she was gwine up stairs.

"Oh, eat your breakfast, child, and don't be so tardified 'bout the baby," ses old Miss Stallins—"you don't low yourself a munit's peace when it's out of your sight."

"That's a fact," ses sister Callins, "she won't let nobody do nothin for little Henry but herself. I know I wouldnt' be so crazy 'bout no child of mine."

"Well, but you know sister Kiz is so careless, I'm always so fraid she'll let it swaller something, or git a fall some way."

"Tut, tut, ses the old woman, "they aint no sense in being all the time scared to deth 'bout nothin. People's got enough to do in this world to bear the trouble when it comes, 'thout studyin it up. Take some of them good hot corn-muffins," ses she, "they's mighty nice."

We was all eatin along—the old woman was talkin 'bout her garden and the frost, and I was jest raisin my coffee cup to my mouth when I heard Kesiah scream out—"Oh my Lord! the baby! the baby!" and whap it come rite down stairs onto the floor.—Lightnin couldn't knock-ed me off my seat quicker—down went the coffee, and over went the table with all the vittles—Mary screamed, and old Miss Stallins fainted rite away in her cheer—I was so blind I couldn't hardly see, but I never breathed a breath till I grabbed it up in my arms and run round the house two or three times, 'fore I had the heart to look at the poor little thing to see if it was dead.

By this time the galls was holt of me hollerin "April Fool! April Fool!" as hard as they could, and when I come to look, I had nothin in my arms but a bundle of rags with little Henry Clay's clothes on.

I shuck all over like I had the ager, and felt a monstrous sight more like cuse'n than laughin.—"April Fool, darnation!" ses I—"fun's fun; I'm d'ad blamed if there's any fun in sich doings," and I was jest gwine to blow out a little, when I heard Mary screamin for me to come to her mother.

When we got in the dinin room, thar the old woman was keeled over in her cheer, with her eyes set in her head and a corn muffin stickin in her mouth. Mary was takin on at a terrible rate, and all she could do was jest to clap her hands and holler—"Oh mother's dyin! mother's dyin! whar's the baby! Oh, my poor mother! Oh, my darlin baby!"

I tuck Mary and 'splain'd it all to her and tried to quiet the poor gull, and the galls got at the old woman; but it took all sorts of rubbin, and ever so much assatidty and caudire and hartson and burnt hen's feathers, to bring her too, and then she wouldn't stay bring to more'n a munit 'she'd keel over again, and I do 'bive if they hadn't brong little Henry Clay down so she could see and feel him and hear him squall, she never would get her senses agin. She aint more'n half at herself yit. All the galls kin do they can't make her understand the April Fool business, and she won't let nobody else but herself nurse the baby ever sense.

As soon as I had time to think a little, I was so monstrous glad that it warn't no worse, I couldn't stay mad with the galls. But I tell you what I was terrible rathy for a few minits, I don't believe in this April foolin. Last year the galls devil'd me almost to deth with their nonsense, sowin up the legs of my trowsers, bornin holes in the water gourd, so I wet my shirt all over when I went to drink, and bound the handle of the tongs, and cuttin the cow-hide buttons of the cheers lose so I fell through 'em when I went to set down, and all sich devilment. I knew the Bible ses thers a time for all things; but I think the least a body has to do with fool business at any time the better for 'em. I'm monstrous tired of such doings myself, and I don't think the galls had got their fill of April foolin this time. I'd try to git a almyneck, next year what didn't have no first day of April in it.

No more from your friend, till deth, JOS. JONES.

P. S.—I sed in your paper 'tother day that some of the everlastin eternal John Smutis had been castin some insinuations on my wife's character. I red it to Mary and she's been poutin bout it ever sense. She ses he's a nasty mean wretch, to be pestern himself 'bout what don't concern him, and castin slurs on decent people; and if she only know'd who he was, she'd scald his 'bominable ugly eyes out of him. I told her it wasn't no use to try to do that, for the Mississippi wouldnt' begin to drown all the mean scamps that go by that name. I wish you would jest tell your Pittsburg correspondent that we're decent christian white people out here in Georgia, and he musn't wonder if we is a little smarter than his people, who live way up thar in the fork whar they swaller more coal smoke in a year than would bust a balloon, and whar they're so black and dirty that would take six months bleachin to make 'em pass for white folks. J. J.

WONDERFUL BEAR STORY.—Gen. Gilliam and his Oregon Emigrating Company are encamped on the south side of the Missouri River opposite to Caple's landing. A capital story of this Gen. Gilliam is told:

It was in the winter time, some years ago, the snow was upon the ground, and the weather was excessively cold, and freezing very hard. Gen. Gilliam's hogs were in a pasture near by his cabin where he slept. He was woked up one night by the squeaking of his hogs and the barking of his dogs. He hastily sprang from his bed in his shirt tail—snatched up his rifle, and without stopping to put on shoe, boot, or stocking, vest, coat, or trowsers, the General ran out to catch a shot at the bear. The dogs were chasing the varmint, and would occasionally seize him and pull him down, and have a little fight. The General, in the excitement of the moment, thoughtlessly followed on, hoping every moment to get a shot at the bear. As the bear passed on through the neighborhood, every house was aroused by the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the pursuing shirt tail—and all the dogs far and wide gathered in and joined in the chase. On went the bear—on went the dogs—and on went the chivalrous General Gilliam, with nothing upon his nakedness but his shirt. Daylight at length broke, and the bear took to a tree, upon which the General finally shot him. This ended the sport, and when the General coolly reckoned up his latitude and longitude, he found that he was fifteen miles from the log cabin where he left his warm and comfortable bed some two or three hours before. He found that the skin of his legs all below his shirt was frost-bitten, and eventually peeled off—and his feet were very badly frozen. He was laid up for the balance of the winter—but he ultimately recovered, although it was many months afterward. Such is the leader of this company to Oregon. He was one among the few officers of Missouri volunteers in the Florida war, of whom Gen. Taylor made a favorable report in his account of the battle of Oclechoche.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The editors of the Picayune give us the following extracts from an Oregon war speech, recently delivered in the "Far West."

"What, I say what, is the individual who would give up the first foot, the first outside shadow of a foot, of the great Oregon! There sint no such individual. Talk about treaty occupation to a country over which the great American eagle has flown! I scorn treaty occupation! bang treaty occupation! Who wants a parcel of low bung, outside barbarians to go in cahoot with us, and share alike a piece of land that always was and always will be ours! Nobody. Some people talk as though they were aiferred of England. Who's aiferred? Havn't we lick'd her twice, and can't we lick her agin! Lick her! yes! just as easy as a bar can clip down a fresh peeled sapling. Some skerry folks talk about the navy of the English, but who cares for the navy! Others say that she is the mistress of the ocean. Suppose she is—aint we the masters of it! Can't we cut a canal from the Mississippi to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, turn all the water into it, and dry up the ocean in three weeks! Whar, then, would be the navy? It would be so whar! There never would be any Atlantic Ocean if it hadn't to been for the Mississippi, nor never will be after we've turned the waters of that big drink into the Mammoth Cave! When that's done, you'll see all their steamships and their sail ships they spluge so much about lying high and dry, floundern' like so many turtles left ashore at low tide. That's the way we'll fix 'em. Who's aiferred?"

MISGAL.—"Smith," said a New York Judge, when about to sentence a culprit but just arrived in the country, "Smith, I shall have to send you to Sing Sing." "Don't, Judge," said Smith, "I have a very bad cold just at this particular time, and I would rather be excused from singing until I get over my hoarseness, if it's all the same to you."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—The following is an extract of a letter from a young American now travelling in Europe, which we copy from the Boston Rogues (La) Gazette. We know nothing in the range of science to equal the discovery mentioned, except indeed some of the wonderful discoveries in Mesmerism.

Professor Von Grusselbach, of Stockholm, has very lately brought to a state of perfection the art of producing a torpor of the whole system, by the application of cold of different degrees of intensity, proceeding from a lesser to a greater, so as to cause the human body to become perfectly torpid without permanent injury to any organ or tissue of the frame. In this state they may remain for a great number of years, and again, after a sleep of ages, be awakened to existence, as fresh and blooming as they were when they first sunk into their frigorific slumber.

The attention of the learned professor was first led to the subject by finding a toad enclosed in a solid fragment of calcareous rock ten feet in diameter, which, when taken out, showed unequivocal signs of life; but it was supposed that the concussion caused by blasting the rock occasioned its death in a few hours after. The opinion of Baron Grunthizen, who is geologist to the King of Sweden, was, that it must have been in that situation for at least seven thousand years; and his calculations were drawn from different layers of strata by which it was surrounded. From this hint, the professor proceeded to make experiments; and, after a painful and laborious course of experiments for the last twenty-nine years of his life, he has at last succeeded in perfecting his great discovery. No less than sixty thousand reptiles, shell fish, &c., were experimented on before he tried the human subject. The process is not entirely laid before the public as yet, but I had the honor, in company with a friend, of visiting the professor.

I shall give a slight description of one of the outer rooms containing some of his preparations. Previous to entering, we were furnished with an India rubber bag, to which was attached a mask with glass eyes. This was put on to prevent the temperature of the room from being varied the slightest degree by our breathing. It was an arcaural room, lighted from the top by the sun's rays, from which the heat was entirely disengaged by its passage through its glass, &c., colored by the oxid of copper, (a late discovery, and very valuable to the professor.) The room is shelved all around, and contains nearly one thousand specimens of animals, &c. One was a Swedish girl, aged, from appearance, about nineteen years; she was consigned to the professor by order of the Government to experiment upon, having been found guilty of murdering her child. With the exception of slight paleness, she appeared as if asleep, although she has been in a state of complete torpor for two years. He intends, he says, to reanimate her in five more years, and convince the world of the soundness of his wonderful discovery. The professor, to gratify us, took a small snake out of his cabinet into another room, and although it appeared to us to be perfectly dead and rigid as marble, by application of a mixture of cayenne pepper and brandy, it showed immediate signs of life, and was apparently as active as ever it was in a few minutes, although the professor assured us it had been in a state of torpor for six years.

ALPACHA.—Probably few ladies who wear and admire the beautiful fabric called Alpacha, are aware of the source of its production. The Alpacha is a wool-bearing animal, indigenous to South America, and is one of four varieties, which bear general points of resemblance to each other. The Llana, one of these varieties, has been long known, and often described; but it is only within a few years that the Alpacha has been considered of sufficient importance to merit particular notice.

Nine tenths of the wool of the Alpacha is black, the remainder being partly white, red and grizzled. It is of a very long staple, often reaching twelve inches, and resembles soft glossy hair—which character is not lost by dyeing. The Indians in the South American mountains manufacture nearly all their clothing from this wool, and are enabled to appear in black dresses, without the aid of a dyer. Both the Llana and Alpacha are, perhaps, even more valuable to the natives as beasts of burden than wool-bearing animals, and the obstinacy of them, when irritated, is well known. The importance of this animal has already been considered by the English, in their hat, woollen and stuff trade, and an essay on the subject has been published by Dr. Hamilton, of London, from which some of these details are collected. The wool is so remarkable, being a jet black, glossy, silk like hair, that it is fitted for the production of textile fabrics differing from all others, occupying a medium position between wool and silk. It is now mingled with other materials in such a singular manner, that while a particular dye will affect those, it will leave the Alpacha wool with its original black color, and thus give rise to great diversity.

SOMETHING FOR THE TYPERS.—"of my existence, give me two M-braces," said the printer to his sweet-heart. She immediately made a — at him and planted her (between his B. "Such an outrage," said Faust, looking at her, "is without a B."

UNJUSTIFIED DECEPTION.—The editor of the United States Gazette, after describing the singular custom prevailing at Tunis, of fattening young women who are about to be married, says that, "the fat of the Tunisian bride is fat, but those who bustle up their daughters for the market, seem to be guilty of a deception as great as the butcher who blows up his veal."

Twelve Reasons for Paying your Debts.—The Christian's Reasons.

- 1. The Christian member of society pays his debts, first, because he is ordered to do so in the Bible, where we are told to "Render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's and to God the things that are God's," and to "Owe no man anything." 2. The Christian bears the Eighth Commandment every Sunday, "Thou shalt not steal," and defrauding a man of his due is stealing; for the tradesman lends upon faith and honor, and does not give. 3. The Christian pays regularly all he owes, because he is a friend to justice and mercy; he wishes both to love and succour his neighbor, and will not have the ruin of others on his conscience.

The Patriot's Reasons.

- 4. The patriot knows that one act of justice is worth six of charity—that justice helps the worthy and corrects the unworthy, while charity too often succors both the latter. 5. The patriot considers the evils that ensue from the more wealthy man leaving his poorer neighbor unpaid; that by that means all the steps of the great ladder of society are broken, the first run beginning with the merchant, who can no longer pay his workmen, and continuing to the workman's child, who is deprived of clothes, food, or instruction; or to the aged father and mother, left to die on the bed of straw. 6. The patriot pays his debts from a love of his country; knowing that the neglect of so doing brings on Chartish, and a hatred of the upper ranks. 7. The patriot also pays, because the system of non-payment, pursued to a certain extent, would bring a general bankruptcy on the nation.

The Man of the World's Reasons for paying his Debts.

- 8. The man of the world pays, because he is convinced that honesty is the best policy. 9. The man of the world pays because he knows that curses will go with his name, if he does not pay, instead of good will and good works, which last he secures with a certain class by paying. 10. The man of the world's calculation is aware, that by the immediate payment of his debts, as fast as they are incurred, he purchases a peace of mind, and becomes acquainted with his income, his means, and resources.

11. The man of the world wishes for a comfortable old age, and knows that he has but little chance of it from his surrounding family, unless he trains up his children in order and economy.

12. The man of the world knows the full force of the term "being an honest man"—that it will carry him through political melées and family disputes, and he cannot make claim to that name if he is the ruin of others.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion, 1 do 2 do, etc.) and Price (e.g., \$0 80, 0 75, 1 00, etc.).

NEW ARTICLE OF FOOD FOR ANIMALS.—Mr. E. Rich of Troy, N. H., has communicated to the Keene Sentinel, the result of some experiments made by him on the value of the tops of the common Comfrey, (Symphytum officinale,) as food for cattle.

Two cuttings in June and September, yielding six ton per acre of good fodder, and the root which should be harvested only once in two years, producing 2,400 bushels per acre. Experience showed both top and root to be very palatable and nutritious. Mr. Robinson, near Portsmouth, has also tried the plant for this purpose, and finds his stock of all descriptions to eat the stocks when cut most greedily. His product was at the rate of eight tons per acre. This was an most ground, which seems the best adapted to the growth of the plant. Mr. R.'s plants were in rows 15 inches apart.—This, we think, in rich ground would be too close planting. Comfrey is easily propagated by cutting the roots into sets, as is done with the potatoe. It may prove one of our most valuable plants for animals but further experiments are necessary. They can easily be made.

SOAKING CORN IN MURIATE OF AMMONIA.—D. Samuel Weber gives an account in the N. E. Farmer, of several experiments which he made last season with muriate ammonia. He dissolved a small piece of the common salammonic of the druggists, estimated at 4 or 5 grains, in about a half a coffee cup of water, and threw into the solution a handful of corn, which, after having remained 4 to 5 hours, was planted. He planted this soaked corn in hills, side by side with that which was not soaked. He made four different experiments, which are reported in considerable detail. In all cases, the soaked seed produced considerably the best yield—generally at least one-third more. The land was light and dry for several of the experiments he purposely took the poorest spots. The corn suffered with drought; but in all cases that from the soaked seed manifested a decided superiority; so much indeed, that it was noticed by strangers, who knew of no difference in the seed.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.—Whether seated by the chimney on his favorite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch, his son seated on his knee or pressed to his bosom, was never a moment from him. Sometimes he would lie down on the floor beside his beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to every thing that could please or amuse him. The Emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manoeuvres: it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was occupied with the disposition of these manoeuvres which might ensure the success of a battle, the child lying by his side would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at some critical moment. But the Emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humor.—Meneval's Recollections.

THE FORK AND THE POTATOE.—Phasm is one of the most amiable and accommodating creatures in the world; but then there is a limit to amiability itself, as a person found, the other day, who was one of Phasm's nearest neighbors at a table of a public house in this city. The individual, for several days, had been so constantly in the habit of troubling Phasm, instead of the waiters, for "this, that, and the other" article, on the table, that the latter began to feel "wofly," not only "about the head and shoulders," but all over, and was ready for almost any kind of a "flare up" with his for. An opportunity was finally offered. "I'll trouble you," said Phasm's tormenter, at the same time giving him his fork, "to stick my fork into that potatoe." "No trouble at all, sir," said Phasm, plunging the fork into the potatoe, and there leaving it. "I'll trouble you for my fork now, if you please." "No trouble at all," replied Phasm, pulling the fork out of the potatoe and returning it! Phasm says that he has never been troubled—by that chap—since.—Boston Transcript.

A friend of ours acts upon the same principle in carving, when ever he is hailed with a request to give a very small piece—an affronting insinuation that he does not know how large a slice of turkey or mutton to put on a lady's plate. He cuts as small a piece as one part of the fork will take up. There is generally a second call, for one "somewhat larger."—N. Y. Advertiser.

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