

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"  
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H. B. MASSER, Editor.  
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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, June 21, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 39--Whole No. 247.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.  
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50  
1 do 2 do . . . . . 0 75  
1 do 3 do . . . . . 1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . 0 25  
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half  
column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9;  
one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18;  
half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares,  
\$5; one square, \$3 50.  
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length of time they are to be published, will be  
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-  
ingly.  
Sixteen lines make a square.

H. B. MASSER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SUNBURY, PA.  
Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-  
thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.  
Refer to  
THOMAS HART & CO.,  
LOWE & BARRON,  
HART, CUMMINGS & HART, Philad.  
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & Co.  
SPEHR, GOOD & Co.,  
SPEHR, GOOD & Co.

### SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has been tested by more  
than thirty families in this neighborhood, and  
has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its  
construction, that it cannot get out of order. It  
contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to  
get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing,  
with less than half the wear and tear of any of  
the late inventions, and what is of greater impor-  
tance, it costs but little over half as much as other  
washing machines.  
The subscriber has the exclusive right for North-  
umberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne  
and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-  
chine \$5. H. B. MASSER,  
The following certificates are from a few of those  
who have these machines in use.

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.  
We, the subscribers, certify that we have now  
in use, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing  
Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is  
a most excellent invention. That, in washing,  
it will save more than one half the usual labor.—  
That it does not require more than one third the  
usual quantity of soap and water; and that there  
is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear-  
ing or tearing.—That it keeps all the buttons, and  
that the finest clothes, such as collars, bows, necks,  
frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time  
without the least injury, and in fact wash out any  
apparent wear and tear, whatever it is. We there-  
fore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the  
public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.  
CHARLES W. HEIGINS,  
A. JORDAN,  
CHS. WEAVER,  
CHS. PLEASANTS,  
GIDEON MARKLE,  
Hon. GEO. C. WELKER,  
BENJ. HENDRICKS,  
GIDEON LEISHERING.

HEHN'S HOTEL, formerly Tremont House, No.  
116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, September  
21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine  
in my house upwards of eight months, and do not  
hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most use-  
ful and valuable labor-saving machines ever inven-  
ted. I formerly kept two women constantly oc-  
cupied in washing, who now do as much in two  
days as they then did in one week. There is no  
wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more  
than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have  
had a number of other machines in my family, but  
this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and  
so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not  
do without one of them should cost ten times the  
price they are sold for. DANIEL HEHN.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS,  
CHEAP FOR CASH.  
J. W. SWAIN'S  
Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory,  
No. 37 North Third Street, two doors below the  
CITY HOTEL,  
Philadelphia.

A LWAYS on hand, a large stock of UM-  
BRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the  
latest new style of Pinked Edged Parasols of the  
best workmanship and materials, at prices that will  
make it an object to Country Merchants and others  
to call and examine his stock before purchasing  
elsewhere. Feb. 22, 1845—1y

### SPANISH HIDES AND TANNERS' OIL.

5000 Dry L. Plata Hides—first quality.  
3500 Dry L. Plata, do  
1000 Dry Saled La Guira, do  
2000 Dry Saled Br. all Hides, do  
35 Bales Green Saled Plata Kips.  
20 Bales Dry Plata Kips.  
120 Bales Tanners' Oil.  
Tanners' and Curriers' Tools.  
For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices  
and upon the best terms.  
N. B. The highest market prices paid for all  
kinds of leather.

D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS,  
No. 21, South Third St. Philadephia,  
September 14, 1844.—1y.

### DR. ALEXANDER'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.

THIS Medicine is offered to the public govern-  
ment, from a full conviction that it is superior  
to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of  
Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or  
Biliary Weakness, &c.  
Its effects have been tested in a private practice  
of near eight years, and it is now more extensively  
circulated, at the solicitation of many who have re-  
ceived the most signal benefit from the use of it.  
The following is one among a number of certifi-  
cates received in relation to the success of this me-  
dicine:  
LANCASTER Co., March 18.  
DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN.

"Dear Sir:—It is with great pleasure that I in-  
form you of the success attending your Dyspeptic  
Medicine, which employed in my practice. From  
past experience, I fully believe that in eight cases  
out of ten, the Dyspeptic, by the use of your me-  
dicine, may entirely rid himself of this thorn in  
the pathway of life; not only in dyspeptic cases, but  
in all cases of constipation, and diseases depending  
on a debilitated state of the nervous system, to-  
gether with a torpid state of the bowels, will your  
Elixir be found of inestimable value. Numerous in-  
stances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has  
been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I  
wish you great success, and recommend the me-  
dicine to the suffering part of mankind.  
Yours, with great respect,  
ROBERT AGNEW, M. D.  
For sale at the store of H. B. Masser, agent  
for the proprietor, Sunbury, Pa.  
October 26th, 1844.—1y

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be  
given for Flax Seed, by  
Aug. 24, 1844. H. B. MASSER.



"Stand by Your Country."

"LEAVE YOUR FRIENDS AND STAND BY YOUR  
COUNTRY!" was the emphatic admonition of  
General Jackson, to a delegate to the Baltimore  
Convention, who stopped at the Hermitage, and  
expressed to the old Hero his embarrassment be-  
tween his friendship for one of the Presidential  
candidates and his principle in favor of the an-  
nexation of Texas.

"Stand by your country!" Let each word  
Sink to the soul like living flame;  
For, in a Patriot's heart they stirred,  
And from a Patriot's lips they came;  
From one, who, although at the grave,  
Still sends his voice to warn and save.

"Stand by your country!" What are all  
The ties of friendship or of blood,  
When they would lure you from the call  
To battle for your country's good—  
Your country's rights? Oh! next to Heaven,  
Let your heart and hand to her be given!

"Stand by your country!" Never sleep,  
For many a myrmidon is near,  
With bitter scorn and hatred deep  
Of all a freeman holds most dear;  
Men who would have you bow the knee,  
Like them, to ruthless Monarchy.

"Stand by your country!" To the sky  
Let her proud banner be unrolled,  
Nor to one honest heart deny  
The shelter of its starry fold;  
But hail with joy each aidful ray  
That tells of Freedom's onward way.

"Stand by your country!" Let no foe  
Pollute her soil or hover near;  
And Texas!—ne'er should History show  
That England's "morning drum" beat there,  
Or that the British lion's roar  
Was heard on OGDEN'S wild shore.

"Stand by your country!" Right or wrong,  
Be ready, in the hour of need—  
Though countless ills should round thee throng,  
And homes be wreck'd and bosoms bleed—  
To plead her cause, and wield the brand  
For Freedom and your native Land!

There are few finer sentiments, or few more  
beautifully expressed, in the whole library of  
poets, than the following from Talford's trage-  
dy of "Ion":  
"Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water, yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fever'd lips,  
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul,  
More exquisite than when nectarian juice,  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."  
"Tis a little thing to speak some common word  
Of comfort, which hath almost lost its use,  
Yet on the ear of him who thought to die  
Unmourned, 'twill fall like choicest music.

The Church Bells.  
The following from an article in Jerrall's Ma-  
gazine, entitled "St. Giles and St. James" is  
truly admirable. It cannot be read without  
emotion.

"There's something beautiful in the church-  
bells. Beautiful and hopeful!—they talk to  
high and low, rich and poor in the same voice;  
there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride,  
and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the  
heart of man; that should make him look  
upon the world with kind forgiving eyes; that  
should make the earth itself seem to him, at  
least for a time, a holy place. Yes; there's a  
whole sermon in the very sound of the church-  
bells, if we have only the ears to rightly un-  
derstand it. There's a preacher in every bell,  
that cries 'Poor, weary, struggling, fighting  
creatures—poor human things! take rest, be  
quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies; your  
week day craft, your heart burnings! And you,  
ye human vessels, gilt and painted; believe  
the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your  
gilding, all your colours, ye are of the same  
Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates.  
Come away, come, cries the church bell, and  
learn to be humble; learning that, however  
dusted and stained and stuck about with jew-  
els, ye are but grave clay! Come, Dives,  
come; and be taught that all your glory, as you  
wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of  
heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus!  
And ye poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted  
and crushed by the pride and hardness of the  
world,—come, come, cries the bell, with the  
voice of an angel, come and learn what is laid  
up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk  
among the wickedness, of the cruelties of the  
world, calmly as Daniel walked among the  
lions."

MONEY MAKING.—"Is this good money?" said  
a man to a suspicious looking wag, who made  
some small purchase of him. "It ought to be  
good, for I made it myself," was the reply.  
With that he took the wag up for counterfeiting  
but he proved in defence, that he made the mo-  
ney by fiddling.

### What is to become of our Country? BY JUDGE STORY.

When we reflect on what has been and what  
is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense  
of the responsibilities of this republic to all fu-  
ture ages? What vast motives press upon us  
for lofty efforts—what brilliant prospects invite  
our enthusiasm—what solemn warnings at once  
demand our vigilance and moderate our confi-  
dence?

The old world has already revealed to us, in  
its unrelenting struggles, the beginning and the end  
of all marvellous struggles in the cause of li-  
berty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of  
scholars and the nurse of arms—where sister  
republics, in fair procession, elanted the praise  
of liberty—where is she?—For two thousand  
years the oppressors have bound her to the  
earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad re-  
lics of her temples are but the barracks of a  
ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her col-  
umns and palaces are in the dust, yet beauti-  
ful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were  
upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopy-  
lae and Marathon, and the tide of triumph rolled  
back upon the Hellespont. She fell by the  
hands of her own people. The man of Mace-  
donia did not work the destruction. It was  
already done by her own corruptions, banish-  
ments and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles  
glanced in the rising sun—where and what is  
she? . . . The eternal city yet remains, proud  
even in her desolations, noble in decline, ven-  
erable in the majesty of religion, and calm as  
in the composure of death. The Malaria has  
traversed the paths worn by the destroyers.  
More than eighteen centuries have mourned  
over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease  
was upon her before Caesar had crossed the Rubi-  
con, and Brutus did not restore her health by  
the deep plungings of the Senate chamber. The  
Goths and Vandals, and innumerable swarms of  
the North, completed only what was begun, at  
home. Romans betrayed Rome! The legions  
were bought and sold, but the people paid  
the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times  
that clustered around modern Italy! Venice  
and Genoa, exist but in name. The Alps, in-  
deed, look down upon the brave peaceful Swiss  
in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of  
their freedom is their weakness and not their  
strength. The mountains are not easily re-  
tained. When the invader comes he moves  
like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his  
path. The peasantry sink before him. The  
country too, is too poor for plunder, and too  
rough for valuable conquests. Nature presents  
her eternal barrier on every side to check the  
wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland re-  
mains, with her simple institutions, a military  
road to climates, scarcely worth a permanent  
possession, and protected by the jealousy of her  
neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably  
the last example of self-government by the  
people. We have begun it under circumstances  
of the most auspicious nature. We are in the  
vigor of youth. Our growth has never been  
checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our  
constitutions have never been enfeebled, by the  
vicissitudes or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are we have been from the be-  
ginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed  
to self-government, and self-respect. The At-  
lantic rolls between us and a formidable foe.  
Within our territory, stretching through many  
degrees of latitude, we have the choice of ma-  
ny products and many means of independence.  
The government is mild. The press is free.  
Knowledge reaches or may reach every home.  
What fairer prospects of success could be pre-  
sented! What is more necessary than for the  
people to preserve what they themselves have  
created!

Already has the age caught the spirit of our  
institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and  
smiled the breeze of both oceans, it has infused  
itself in the life-blood of Europe, and warmed  
the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands  
of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of  
Germany and the North, and moving onward  
toward the South, has opened in Greece the  
lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America under such circum-  
stances can betray herself? That she is to be  
added to the catalogue of republics, the inscrip-  
tion upon whose ruin is, "They were, but they  
are not!" Forbid it my countrymen! Forbid  
it Heaven!

I call upon you, FATHERS, by the shades of  
your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose  
in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, re-  
sist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or  
another your public schools, or extinguish your  
system of public instruction. I call upon you,  
MOTHERS, by that which never fails in woman,  
the love of your offspring, teach them as they  
climb your knees to lean on your bosom, the  
blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar  
as with the baptismal vows, to be true to their  
country and never break her.

I call upon you, YOUNG MEN, to remember  
whose sons ye are, whose blood flows in your  
veins. Life can never be too short which  
brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.  
Death can never come too soon, if necessary in  
defence of our country.

### A Faithful Dog.

The Brooklyn Advertiser says, "Some years  
since, a family residing in one of the Southern  
states possessed a Newfoundland dog, which  
conceived a strong friendship for the little  
daughter of its owner. This child he used to  
escort regularly to school, carrying her satchel  
in his mouth, and was generally at the door  
when the hours of her penance were over, to  
trot along by her side homeward.  
One day, the girl, having strayed away with-  
out the knowledge of her parents, straggled  
along to the water, and was amusing herself by  
walking upon the string pieces of a pier.  
The dog, as usual, was her only attendant, and  
seemed to watch her pranks with much atten-  
tion and considerable uneasiness. Frequently  
warned by various persons upon the wharf, to  
keep further from the edge, she nevertheless,  
with juvenile waywardness, continued her dan-  
gerous pastime, until finally missing her foot-  
ing, she fell into the water. Instantly the  
neighborhood was in an uproar; some ran to  
loosen a boat, others flung boards into the stream  
and a sailor person stripped off his jacket and  
shoes for a plunge after the little castaway.  
But Towser fully comprehended the matter  
at a glance, and before it was fully known that  
she was in peril, was by the side of his young  
mistress, had seized her by her floating dress,  
and was pulling back with his precious bur-  
den to the wharf. The generous Jack tar had  
now only to leap into a ship's yawl hard by, and  
pull both of the dripping creatures into it, and  
deposit them upon the dock in safety.

Towser, of course, became more than ever a  
favorite with the family, and held a very envi-  
able rank above others of his species. As his  
mistress increased in strength and stature she  
was never allowed to forget the debt of grate-  
ful due her canine companion, although she  
had outgrown the necessity of calling upon  
him for further services, so that he slept and  
grew fat upon his laurels, like some old soldier,  
whose youthful privations and evidences of va-  
lour have procured him a pension for the remain-  
der of his pilgrimage.

Some five years after this occurrence, the fa-  
mily had resolved upon changing their place of  
residence for the city of St. Augustine. The  
morning of their departure had arrived; the  
schooner which was to convey them to their  
new home was casting off from the pier, the  
very one which had been the scene of Towser's  
exploit, but he was nowhere to be found. They  
whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the  
captain became restive, swore he would wait no  
longer, gave the order, and the craft swept a-  
long the waters with a sparkling breeze, and  
was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore.

The girl and her father were standing at the  
stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city  
which they had probably left forever, when sud-  
denly Towser was seen running down to the  
edge of the wharf with something in his mouth.  
With a gasp they discovered that it was his  
master's pocket handkerchief, which had been  
dropped somewhere upon the road down to the  
vessel, and which he recollected, with some  
companionings of conscience, that he had sent  
his sluggish servant back to look after.

The dog looked pitronly around upon the  
bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and  
leaped boldly into the water. His master im-  
mediately pointed out the noble brute to the  
captain, and requested him to throw his vessel  
into the wind until the animal could near them;  
he also offered a large sum if he would drop his  
boat and pick him up, told him of the manner  
in which he had preserved the life of his daugh-  
ter, and again offered him the price of a passage  
if he would save the faithful creature. The  
girl joined her entreaties with those of her fa-  
ther, weat and implored that her early friend  
might be rescued; but the captain was a sa-  
vage; he was deaf to every appeal of humani-  
ty—he got obstinately on his course, and the  
better animal of the two followed the vessel, until  
his strength exhausted, and his generous heart  
chilled by despair, he sank among the more  
merciful billows.

By heaven! we could have thrown the  
captain overboard!

(The N. Y. Advertiser says, we cannot go  
quite so far as that. To be sure the fellow was  
not fit to live—but then he was much more fit  
to die.)

A GOOD ONE.—A lad relating to one of his  
companions the exploits of his father in hunting,  
on the previous day, asserted that he had killed  
two hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one  
shot. His companion observed that it would  
have been well to have added one to the number,  
and make it an even thousand—at which the lad  
in high dudgeon retorted—"What do you think  
my father would tell a lie for one pigeon."

### Eloquent Extract.

The following is an extract from the speech  
of the Rev. Mr. Longstreath, of Georgia, before  
the Southern Methodist Convention, upon the  
question of separation:

"No; we must part, and the sooner the bet-  
ter. Let us, with our new organization, try to  
get back to primitive Methodism. I speak  
not of its externals, some of which never legiti-  
mately belonged to it, but of its inward graces.  
I speak of its former zeal, which glowed with  
equal fervor amidst the miasm of the lowland  
swamps, and the healthful breezes of the moun-  
tain which led the Methodist preacher to seek  
the lost sheep of the fold of Christ whitherso-  
ever they wandered. I speak of that Metho-  
dism that preached not only on stated days, and  
at stated times; but which preached at all times  
and in all places—in the chapel, the hut, the  
kitchen, the grove, the wilderness—to fathers,  
mothers, husbands, wives, parents, children,  
masters, servants—which never entered a house  
without a word for the Lord, and never left  
it without praying a blessing upon it—which plon-  
ted the standard of the cross on the spot which  
we occupy ere the elk and the buffalo had left  
it—which pushed on its labors, at times, until  
exhausted nature sunk under them.

When I thus speak of Methodism, let me  
not be understood as claiming for our sect all  
the religion that is in the world. Far from it—  
there is as pure religion in the other churches  
as in ours. If I possess one christian virtue, it is  
love for all who love and serve the Lord Jesus  
Christ; but I confess I feel a kindling emotion,  
allied to the moral sublime, when I contemplate  
Methodism personified in such men as our Na-  
tivity, whose funeral obsequies were performed by  
himself, whose dirge was sounded by the win-  
ter winds, and whose monument was the sturdy  
oak of the forest—found by the woodsman fro-  
zen on his knees, and buried in the attitude of  
prayer. Of myself I will not glory, of my  
church I will not glory, but of such men as these  
I might become a fool in glorying, and all men  
would pardon me, if not join me. Yes, were I  
to inscribe on the roof of which was his last pil-  
low, *The Christian's best monument*, every  
Christian of every branch would cheerfully in-  
scribe under it Amen and Amen. To this kind  
of Methodism let us get back; let it be the char-  
acteristic of the Southern church, and then, if  
they will, let the Northern church all the rest."

### An Incident.

Not long since at a table less than a thousand  
miles from this place, says the Vicksburg News  
some hopeful young soap locks were anxious to  
show two few ladies present, how perfectly they  
united the puppy and the traitor; and in imi-  
tation of the John Q. Adams' school of patriots,  
were eloquent in depreciating a war with Great  
Britain. They would not fight in a quarrel for  
Texas or Oregon, not they! It would be  
brought on by her own folly, and the locus must  
manage it. Besides, we were not able to fight  
Great Britain, the most powerful, the most orga-  
nized, the bravest, the best government of  
the world! She would whup us; and they  
would not regret it. We had no government  
and they had rather be under the British  
government at any rate than loco loco rule. We  
have no men, said these things, to oppose to  
the invincible and disciplined troops of Eng-  
land. She would land her forces and over-run  
the country without opposition.  
A daughter of revolutionary sires sat  
and listened to this puppyism till her patience  
was exhausted. "No," said she, "Great Britain,  
nor the world combined, can over-run this coun-  
try. If there are no men to meet her and fight  
for their country, the American women will  
take arms, and they will be sufficient to pro-  
tect the soil of Washington and Jefferson, made  
fatal to British invasion!"  
The soap locks looked at though they sud-  
denly remembered that their mothers might be  
anxious about their being out.

KISSIN A PRETTY COUSIN.—It is a grave  
question—has a man a right to kiss the tempt-  
ing lips of a pretty cousin? The philosopher  
of the Richmond Star averreth that he has, on  
being provoked to do so—and they say, he is  
the wisest man to be provoked within the limits  
of "The Old Dominion." But he says that the  
lips of a pretty cousin are a sort of neutral  
ground, between a sister and a stranger. If  
you sip it, it is not because you love, not exactly  
because you have the right not upon grounds  
Platonic, nor with the calm satisfaction that you  
kiss a favorite sister. It is a sort of horus-porus  
commingling of all, into which each feeling  
throws its parts, until the concatenation is  
thrilling, peculiar, exciting, delicious, and "em-  
phatically slick." This is as near to a philoso-  
phical analysis as he can well come, he  
thinks, and then he more than half intimates  
that all the sweet pretty girls are kissing cou-  
sins in Virginia. The Major says he hopes  
this custom will travel fast into other States,  
and become extensively fashionable—and the  
Major is a man of taste.

### "Hard Times."

For once, we believe, within the memory of  
the oldest inhabitant, a general hum of prospe-  
rity is heard from all parts of the land, rush-  
ing effluently the forbodings of those lazy,  
fretting grumblers, who have for years past, in-  
stead of toiling honorably for a subsistence, set-  
tled down on their haunches, and done nothing  
but grown piteously about the stagnation of busi-  
ness, and the destruction of their airy castles.  
Seldom has there been a time in the history of  
our country, that industry, perseverance and en-  
terprise would not command an honest living,  
and seldom has there been a time that the  
exercise of these virtues would not give the  
quietus to "hard times." So it is at the pre-  
sent day. The general anxiety that was  
manifest a few years past among men to live by  
their wits, instead of the joint labor of both hands  
and head, has been proved to be a hopeless delu-  
sion; and by a general return to the habits of industry,  
prosperity has been secured in an eminent de-  
gree. That the experience of the past will be a  
warning for the future, to the present genera-  
tion at least, is most ardently to be hoped, set-  
tling as it does the scripture command, that  
man must obtain his bread by the sweat of his  
brow. The man who lives by scheming must  
be unhappy and miserable, and will finally make  
a mistake which not only reduces him to penury,  
but which compels him to seek honorable labor  
without any qualifications to perform it. Show,  
therefore, such a fate, young man! Be honest,  
virtuous, industrious and enterprising, and you  
will make yourself happy and prosperous, and  
be the means of happiness to others.

### Which will you Do?

One of the two things must be done in this  
country. Parents must spend money to edu-  
cate their children, or they must pay taxes to  
build penitentiaries and to punish crime. There  
is a great mistake about what is called educa-  
tion. Some suppose a learned man is an edu-  
cated man. No such thing. That man is  
educated who knows himself, and who takes  
accurate common sense views of men and  
things around him. Some very learned men  
are the greatest fools in the world; the reason  
is, that they are not educated men. Learning  
is only the means, not the end; its value  
consists in giving the means of acquiring, in  
the discipline, which, when properly managed,  
it gives the mind. Some of the greatest men  
in the world were not overstocked with learning,  
but their actions proved that they were thor-  
oughly educated. Washington, Franklin and  
Sherman were of this class; and similar, though  
less striking, instances may now be found in  
all countries. To be educated, a man must  
learn to think, reason, compare and decide ac-  
curately. He may study metaphysics till he is  
grey, and languages till he is a walking poly-  
glot, and if he is nothing more he is an unedu-  
cated man. There is no class in the country  
who have a larger interest in the education of  
their children than farmers; and the subject  
should receive from them the attention it de-  
serves.

BRANDS.—An American priest, who rejoiced  
in an extremely long beard, preaching one day,  
remarked in the church a peasant whose terri-  
ble eyes were constantly fixed on him. When  
the congregation had left the church the priest,  
who had not lost sight of the man, approached  
and said to him, "My friend, I remarked the at-  
tention with which you listened to me, and I  
thought I perceived the traces of sadness on  
your face; open your heart to me; confess  
your troubles, and if it is in my power to sove-  
reign them, believe me I shall do so with pleasure.  
My words perhaps,—" "I do not confess  
exactly what you wish to say, sir," interrupted  
the man; "that I am sad, is true, but your ser-  
mon was not the cause, for to tell you the truth,  
I did not listen to it." "And what then could  
have occasioned the tears I saw you shed?"  
"Oh, sir, that is another matter; listen: I am  
a poor man, with a large family; all my life-  
time consisted in a goat; which my wife and  
children loved dearly, for she nourished with  
her milk my youngest child. Well, sir,  
I have lost her; ten days have passed and we  
know not what has become of her. Today  
when I saw you, I could not refrain my tears,  
for you resemble so closely my lost animal, that  
I thought on seeing you that it was our poor  
goat."—N. Y. Mirror.

### EMENDATION BY A BACHELOR.

A mother, she scolds and spans us; a sister  
she tells on and pinches us; a sweetheart, she  
coquets and jilts us; a wife, she frowns, pout-  
frets, cries and torments us; a without her, we  
would there be to trouble us!—Buffalo Li-  
publican.

### The following toast was recently given at Ogdensburg, New York:

"WOMAN—A mother, she cherishes and re-  
spects us; a sister, she consults and counsels us;  
a sweetheart, she conquers and conquers us;  
a wife she comforts and confides in us; with-  
out her, what would become of us?"