

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
JOSEPH EISELY, EDITOR.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Leominster and Columbia.

THOMAS HERRICK & CO.,
LOWRY & BARNES,
HART, CURRIE & HART,
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & CO.
SHERMAN, GOOD & CO.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has now 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 importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leominster, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6. H. B. MASSER.

The following certificate is from a few of those who have used this machine.

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-third the usual quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wearing or tearing. That it knocks off all buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, faces, tucks, frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact without any apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor-saving machine.

CHARLES W. HEGGINS,
N. J. JONES,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
H. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISINGER.

HERR'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my home upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continuously occupied 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 if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for. DANIEL HERR.

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.

ALWAYS on hand, a large stock of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the latest style of Poked 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. Fe. 22, 1845 - 1y

SPANISH HIDES

TANNERS' OIL.
5000 Dry La Plata Hides—first quality.
3500 Dry La Guira, do
1000 Dry Salted La Guira, do
2000 Dry Salted Brazil Hides, do
35 Bales Green Salted Patna Kips.
20 Bales Dry Patna Kips.
120 Barrels Tanana's Oil,
Tanner's and Currier's Tools.

For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices and on the best terms.

N. B. The highest market prices paid for all kinds of hides.

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

DR. A. J. COLEMAN'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.

THIS Medicine is offered to the public generally, from a full conviction that it is superior to any other in the world now in use, for the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or Bilious Weakness, &c.

Its effects have been tested in a private practice near eight years, and it is now more extensively circulated, at the solicitation of many who have received the most signal benefit from the use of it.

The following is one among a number of certificates received in relation to the success of this medicine:

LANCASTER Co. March 18.
DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN.

Dear Sir:—It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the success attending your Dyspeptic Medicine, while employed in my practice. From past experience, I firmly believe that in eight cases out of ten, the Dyspeptic, by the use of your medicine, 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, together with a torpid state of the bowels, will your Elixir be found of inestimable value. Numerous instances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I wish you great success, and recommend the medicine 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 20th, 1844.—1y

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by
H. B. MASSER,
Aug. 31, 1844.

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.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 9, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 46--Whole No. 254.



SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!
Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vox that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Give rest to the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They must have tilled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

WILLIS' LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER FOUR.

Power's statue of the Greek Slave—Great Western Railroad—Windsor Castle—Reading—Miss Mitford's residence—A rural subject for Mount, the artist—English surliness—New way of advertising—Illiberal conduct of Macready's friends towards Mr. Forrest, etc. etc.

My DEAR MORRIS—I took advantage of the long interval between the packets of the 4th and 10th, to consign my precious companion to the rural vicarage in the neighborhood of Oxford, which is to be her future home. I am now in London, alone. These two or three days of mental sickness have quite restored my brain to working condition, I believe, and now let me see what I have to say to you.

Power's statue of the "Greek slave" is one of the topics of London, at this moment, and, in my opinion, if it fare as well as to preservation, as the Venus de Medicis, it will be more admired than that first marble of the world, when London shall be what Rome is now. Power should be idolized by woman for the divine type of her, by which he has now elevated men's ideal of the sex. That so wonderfully beautiful a thing can be true to nature—that this divine mould is unquestionably like some woman—is a conviction that must strike every beholder, at the same time that it makes him think that he is born one of this kind, and makes him adore woman more intensely than before. This Greek slave stands for sale in the Turkish bazaar. Her dress hangs over the pillar against which she leans, and she is nude with the exception of the chain hung from wrist to wrist. It is a girl of eighteen, of beauty just perfected.

A particular criticism of the figure and limbs would hardly be interesting to those who are not to see the statue, and I can only speak of the expression of the face, which is one that gives the nude figure a complete character of purity—a look of calm and lofty indignation, wholly incapable of willing submission to her captors. Power has secured, by this work, I fancy, commissions enough for new works to fully occupy his time. It was bought by an Englishman, who has been offered four times the sum for it. It we are to believe one of the London critics (!) the chief merit of the statue is due to Mrs. Trollope, who discovered Power's genius when he was making wax figures in Cincinnati, and induced him to embrace the art and go to Italy!!!

My trip to the country was made by the Great Western Railroad, which is the most complete in its arrangements, and sends the fastest trains—two every day going their route at the rate of sixty miles in the hour! The scenery in this direction from London is exceedingly fine, Windsor Castle lying on the left of the track, among other objects of interest, and Reading, the fine old town, honored as the residence of Miss Mitford. Nothing in America can give you any idea of the expensive elegance and completeness of the railroad stations, its hedgings-in, and its arrangements of all kinds. Every foot of the route is watched by a guard in uniform, and no human being except workmen is ever seen within the limits. At every stopping place, the cars glide into spacious buildings, with magnificent refreshment rooms, costly offices, and attendants in the lettered dress of the company's men. The system for admitting and discharging passengers is admirably complete, the delay is but an instant, yet sufficient for all purposes, and I should think ingenuity and order could no further go. A hundred delicious pictures glided under my eye in our rapid flight, but I saw one that I wished Mount, the artist, could have seen—thirty or forty haymakers, men and women, eating their dinner upon the edge of a stream, the field half mown on which they had been working, and the other half completely scarlet with the poppies that overshadowed the grass. A thicket behind them, a shoulder of a hill rising beyond it, and various other features, made the mere rural scene singularly beautiful, but the acres of this scarlet flower, gave it somehow a peculiar and racy mildness. The farmer has no great affection for this brilliant intruder upon his land, but the owner of the splendid park, and the scenery loving traveller look on its novel addition to Nature's carpet with very vivid admiration.

On my return I saw an instance of the English surliness so much talked of, and, I think, so seldom seen. A remarkably elegant and high bred looking lady was separated from her party by want of room in the car before us, and on getting into ours, she found herself opposite a man in aristocratic of sixty. Thinking she recognized an acquaintance in him, she leaned forward with a charming grace of manner, and said, "Mr. ———, I believe!" "Not my name, madam!" was the reply in gruff repulsion, and the gentleman turned and looked very steadily out of the window.

The English have a new way of advertising that is quite worthy of Yankee invention. They have laid upon the time when men's eyes are averted (when they are abroad in the street) and you cannot walk now in London without knowing what amusements are going on, what new specialties are for sale, what is the latest wonder, and a variety of other matters which send you home wiser than you came out. My motto placards, posted on the side of a structure as large as a one-story house, are continually moving along on wheels at the same pace as you walk—the street really resembling a gorgeous pageant with the number and showiness of these legible locomotives. I observe one particularly, which moves by some mysterious power within—a large, showy car, making its way alone, without either horse or visible driver, and covered with advertisements in all the colors of the rainbow. An every day sight is a procession of a dozen men, in single file, each carrying on a high pole, exactly the same theatrical notice. You might let one pass unread, but you read them, where there are so many, to see if they are all alike! Men step up to you at every corner and hand you, with a very polite air, a neatly folded paper, and you cannot refuse it without pushing your breast against the man's hand. If you open it, you are told where you can see a "mysterious lady," or where you can have your corns cut. In short, it is impossible to be ignorant of what there is to see and buy in London, and this applies also to the large class who could not, formerly, be reached, because they never read the advertisements in newspapers. Possibly the carriers of these signboards and the drivers of these vehicles might make a better use of their time and horse-flesh in America, but otherwise I should think this a "notion" worth transplanting.

Forrest is still in London, and has two projects in view—one of playing in Paris, and another of a professional trip to St. Petersburg. In either capital he would do better than in a place precluded, as London is, by Macready and his crew. A gentleman in no way connected with the drama, told me that, on one of the nights when Forrest played, he sat next a man who confessed that he was paid for hissing him, and for calling any subordinate actor before the curtain to drown any call for Forrest! I wish there were no disagreeable topics; but I will try to avoid them in my next. Yours faithfully
N. P. WILLIS.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LIGHTS.—The rumors of a very interesting and astonishing discovery, begin to be circulated in Paris. It consists in furnishing the means of lighting, simultaneously, all the different highways which cross France in all directions, by means of simple iron wires connected with electro-magnetic machines, as it will render the roads as well-lighted and safe as the most frequented streets of the capital. Several experiments have already been made on the road from Paris to a small town on the Havre road, which were crowned with entire success. Gas light is said to be nothing in comparison with that given by the above process.

The Parks and Public Grounds of London.

Mr. Bryant is engaged in furnishing the readers of the New York Evening Post with some interesting letters from London. One recently published contains the following account of the public parks in that city:—

"Nothing can be more striking to one who is accustomed to the little enclosures called public parks in our American cities, than the spacious open grounds of London. I doubt, in fact, whether any person fully comprehends their extent, from any of the ordinary descriptions of them, until he has seen them or tried to walk over them. You begin at the east end, at St. James' Park, and proceed along its walks and its colonnades of old trees, its thickets of ornamental shrubs carefully enclosed, its grass plots maintained in perpetual freshness and verdure by the moist climate and the ever-dropping skies, its artificial sheets of water, covered with aquatic beds of the most beautiful species, until you begin almost to wonder whether the park has a western extremity. You reach it at last, and proceed between the green fields of Constitution Hill, when you find yourself at the corner of Hyde Park, a much more spacious pleasure ground.

"You proceed westward in Hyde Park until you are weary, when you find yourself on the verge of Kensington Gardens, a vast extent of ancient woods and intervening lawns, to which the eye sees no limit, and in whose walks it seems as if the whole population of London might lose itself. North Hyde Park, after passing a few streets, you reach the great square of Regent's Park, where, as you stand at one boundary, the other is almost undistinguishable in the dull London atmosphere. North of this park rises Primrose Hill, a bare grassy eminence, which I hear has been purchased for a public ground, and will be planted with trees. All around these immense enclosures presses the densest population of the civilized world. Within, such is their extent, is a fresh and pure atmosphere, and the odors of plants and flowers, and the twittering of innumerable birds, more musical than those of our own woods, which build and rear their young here, and the hum of insects in the sunshine. Without, are close and crowded streets, are swarming with foot passengers and clogged with drays and carriages.

"These parks have been called the lungs of London, and so important are they regarded to the public health and the happiness of the people, that I believe a proposal to dispense with some part of their extent and cover it with streets and houses would be regarded in much the same manner as a proposal to hang every tenth man in London. They will probably remain public grounds as long as London has an existence."

THE STEAM ENGINE.—The steam engine, in its present improved state, appears to be a thing almost endowed with intelligence; it regulates, with perfect accuracy and uniformity, the number of its strokes in a given time, and, moreover, counts or records them, to tell how much it has done, as a clock records the beats of a pendulum. It regulates the supply of water to the boiler, the briskness of the fire, and the quantity of steam admitted to work; opens and shuts its valve with absolute precision, and its joints, takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts where a perfect vacuum is required; and when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell. Yet with all these talents, and even when possessing the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child. Its aliment is coal, wood, or other combustibles; but it consumes none while idle. It never tires, and it wants no sleep. It is not subject to any malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age. It is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind. It is a water-pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller. And a small engine, in the character of a steam pony, may be seen dragging after it, on a railroad, a hundred tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with a greater speed than that of our best post coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the goal of Eastern fables, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.

FIRE OF THE PRINCE.—The following interesting report is procured by Whittier and Smith's Times to American whig merchants:—"Hasty men are generally obstinate men. The President has committed himself—will the Republic sustain him?"

To this the N. O. Picayune responds:—"What do you answer? Aye, is the response of every proud hearted man. Aye, and body and soul to the issue. The conductors of this journal are whigs every one of them, and we claim some right to answer in this behalf. The ballot boxes contain the substance of American differences in political sentiment—the cartridge boxes of the whigs and democrats are filled from the same powder mills and lead mines, and need in the same field and on the same side."

SALT TO AID DECOMPOSITION.—Prof. Johnson has done more than any other person to extend the use of salt as a manure, by giving to the world his excellent Essay on salt used on soils, and the mass of experiments he has recorded. It appears that salt, in small proportions, promotes the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; that it destroys vermin and kills weeds; that it is a direct constituent of some plants, and therefore necessary to their perfection; that all cultivated plants of marine origin contain it, asparagus for instance (and that all succeeded better when watered with salt water, than when deprived of it; that salt preserves vegetables from injuries by sudden transitions in temperature, salted soils not freezing so readily as those to which salt has not been applied; and that it rendered the earth more capable of absorbing the moisture of the atmosphere.

MARRIED LIFE.—"Deceive not one another in small things, nor in great. One little single lie, here, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. 'Gardens is the Devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends! Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. 'Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter.' Consider, my daughters, what the word *wife* expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are in her keeping—his well-being is in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."—Miss Bremer.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

A Sailor's Heroism.

The following account of the rescue of Mrs. Ford and Child, from their perilous situation on board the Oratio, illustrates the characteristic generosity of the sailor.

After the schooner had been knocked down, and the vessel attending her had taken off—as they supposed—all who were alive, the captain and a sailor named Abraham Heath were consulting how they should manage for the night, which was then upon them, when Heath thought he heard a faint knocking. He said to the captain, "There is some one alive on board that vessel, and here goes to save her, or go with her."

The boat put back, and put him again on board the O. His only instrument was an axe. He descended through the hole previously cut, about sixteen inches square, into the cabin, and forced himself into the berth. These he was compelled to clear. The cabin was full of water, except when she rolled, when a small triangular space about sixteen inches along the upper edge would be cleared for a moment, and give him time to take breath. In this situation he cut through the partition at the head of the berth, but found no one. He then found his way to the foot of the berths, cut through another partition, and still found no one.

Finding himself cramped for the want of room, in the second tier of berths, and laboring to extricate himself, he lost hold of his axe, and it immediately sunk to the bottom of the vessel. He dived for it, and found it, immediately commenced working at the partition at the foot of the berth, which separated it from the cook's dish room, a small place four feet and a half long by three feet and a half the other, and four feet and a half high. Into this room Mrs. Ford had gone, to add the cook in keeping his dishes on the shelves, before he was called to assist on deck. When the vessel capsized, the door was shut upon her by the rushing water, and held fast; and but little water could have entered the room at first when the partition was knocked open, the room was not more than two thirds filled with water. As soon as the first opening was made, the first sound that greeted the generous sailor's ears was the voice of the little boy, saying, "Mother I see daylight."

The next time the vessel rolled the whole room filled with water. The generous Heath seized them both, and after dragging them through three openings, sometimes under water, and sometimes above it—finally, at the imminent peril of his own life, succeeded in saving the mother and child, and saw them safe on board the accompanying vessel. An act of generosity and heroism worthy to be written in letters of gold, and handed down for the admiration and imitation of mankind.—Portland Argosy.

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An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

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.
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
16 Sixteen lines make a square.

Escape of Young Bonaparte from Italy.

You have seen the accounts of the arrival some time since, of young Bonaparte, to take possession of Bordentown, the former residence and property of Joseph Bonaparte. Mr. Maillard, the old secretary of the ex-King, and his son, reside at Bordentown, with the young Prince Canino, as is his title. There is quite a romantic incident connected with this, for the truth of which you may safely rely. The estate at Bordentown was bequeathed to the young Prince, with the exception of a comfortable farm, which was left to Maillard. But the father of Canino resolved that he should not take possession of his property. Fearing that through his prodigality the estate would be squandered, or wishing to hold it in his own hands for his own use, he resolved to detain the young Prince in Italy. The son having derived his title of Prince Canino from the Papal States, the father had control over his person in those States, and could by the laws of the kingdom imprison him there till he was twenty-five years of age. The young prince having resolved to come to America and take possession of his estate, the father, to prevent it, determined to throw him into prison, and in the mean time, to preclude the possibility of escape while they were in Florence, he wrote to the various parts of Italy, authorizing the authorities to arrest him if he should appear there with the intention of embarking for any foreign country. Finding himself locked in on every side, the young prince gave himself up to despair, and awaited the day when he should be carried to the Papal States, and be shut up in the walls of a prison. But young Maillard, in the mean time, was active for his friend, though all his efforts seemed abortive.

At length but one day was left in which to escape before the father should take the son to prison. Almost in despair, young Maillard hastened to Leghorn, and there to his joy, found a Swedish vessel bound for New York. Jumping into a carriage he hastened back to Florence, and dressing himself in female apparel, (a sign agreed on between the two when Maillard wrote him,) sent a note to the young prince, saying a female wished to see him. Hastening to a by street he found his friend in waiting, who told him of the Swedish vessel that was to sail next morning for New York. The prince needed no urging; instantly jumping into the carriage with Maillard, they drove with all speed to Leghorn, where they arrived a little after daylight. The vessel was to sail in two hours, and on board of that miserable craft, with its miserable accommodations, the young prince was hurried, and in two hours was making out of port and away from the shores of Italy. After a passage of seventy-three days he arrived in New York. Maillard went to London, and took passage in a packet bound for the United States. We saw him a week or two after his arrival, full of delight to find his foot on American soil. He is a nobleman, and loves the U. States better than half our own citizens. He brought over with him several fine dogs and some pheasants, which he has taken to Bordentown, to turn loose in its parks.—New York Letter, July 10.

HOW THEY GET TAR AND TERPENTINE.—The principal pursuits of the inhabitants in many places near the sea coast of the Southern States, is that of getting turpentine. It is made from the pine which there abound, almost to the exclusion of every other forest tree. Many persons have no other means of a livelihood than this employment, especially those of the poorer classes.

As soon as the sap begins to run in the season, a notch is made near the root of the tree to catch the turpentine. This is called boring the tree. Then it is dipped out, generally with a simple gourd, into buckets, which are emptied into the barrels on the spot. These are ready for market as soon as they are filled.

Another small portion of the tree is pared off and the sap again descends freely into these receptacles. Under this operation, a pine will usually live for six or seven years, and is used in this manner until it is thus deprived of its bark and a small portion of its trunk to the height of ten or fifteen feet.

One man it is calculated can attend to 5000 boxes in a season, and will collect from 100 to 150 barrels of turpentine in a year. The old trees, when they can yield no more turpentine, are cut up into small pieces, and then piled in heaps to make tar, which is only turpentine heated and smoked. The whole is then covered carefully with dirt, a smothering fire is kept up beneath. As the wood slowly burns out, the tar runs from beneath into gutters prepared for its reception.

While burning, the kiln is carefully watched day and night. One hundred barrels of tar are usually made at one burning. When the kiln is burned out, the charcoal still remains from the wood, and becomes also an article of use and value.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm poverty of her sharpest sting.