

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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ser's Store.

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business relating to the office, to insure attention,
must be POST PAID.

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

Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Refer to:
P. & A. BROTHER,
LOWEN & BARON,
SNYDER & SNYDER,
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & Co.,
SPRING, GOR & Co., Philad.

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY,
TRUNK MAKER,
No. 150 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE all kinds of leather trunks, valises and
carpet bags, of every style and pattern are
manufactured, in the best manner and from the best
materials, and sold at the lowest rate.
Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845—1v.

CASH STORE.
CHEAP FOR CASH OR COUN-
TRY PRODUCE.

Twenty Per Cent. Saved.
THE subscriber having purchased the store of
H. B. Masser, has just replenished the same
with a new stock of goods, which being purchased
at cash prices, will be sold for Cash or Country
Produce, twenty per cent. cheaper than usual. Call
and judge for yourself.

The following are among the articles—
Barred cotton drilling, at 12 1/2
German linen, at 12 1/2
Muslin, at 6 1/2
Calicoes, East colors, at 7 1/2
Writing paper, at 12 1/2 per quire
Sugar, at 6 1/2
do good at 8
Coffee, at 10 to 12 1/2
Glass 8 by 10, at 33 cts per dozen
Elastic cotton gloves, at 6 1/2
Mohair mitts at 6 1/2
Brass Eight day clocks, warranted, at \$9
" Thirty hour " " \$6
" Alarm " " \$7
Besides L. Quercus and Groceries of all kinds, Leg-
horn, Fur and Silk Hats, Tanned Casimere, Cotton
Yarn, Carpet Chain, Upholstery, P. Rugs, Lard
Lumps, &c. HENRY MASSER,
Sunbury, July 5, 1845

TO ALL CONCERNED.
H. B. MASSER, respectfully informs his old
friends and customers, that he has sold out his store
to Henry Masser, and respectfully requests all those
indebted to him, to settle their accounts without
delay, as they will be placed in the hands of a Justice
for collection, without respect to persons, on the 1st
of August.
Sunbury, June 28, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

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 of greater impor-
tance, it costs but little over half as much as other
washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne
and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-
chine \$6. H. B. MASSER.

The following certificate is from a few of those
who have used this machine, to wit:

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1845.

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
the 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 knocks off all buttons,
and that the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, 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. HEGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIBBON MARKLE,
HON. GEO. C. WEAVER,
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 house 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 inven-
ted. I formerly kept two women continually 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 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 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

SUPERIOR Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon
Wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon
Syrup. Also a few barrels of BEST FISH, for sale
by HENRY MASSER,
Sunbury, July 19th, 1845.

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 & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Oct. 11, 1845.

Vol. 6--No. 3--Whole No. 263.



From the Mountain Blacksmith.
M. A. N.

I stood with the goatherd at his door,
Beside the mountain rills,
And I thought his tranquil visage bore
The noblesse of the hills.

It said: I am bred of purer air
And lighter clay than thou;
I do not languish on scanty fare,
Nor fable on the mountains brow.

And methought, though rude his looks and
ways,
Thus dwelling from all apart,
That reason spoke in his cheerful gaze,
And a light and kindly heart.

I sat with the criminal in his cell,
And my very soul grew chill,
As I saw him flush with the fires of hell
When he told of his deeds of ill.

The strain of triumph o'er him swept—
Fiercely and darkly he smiled;
It ceased; the murderer turned and wept;
He had spoken of his child.

The mountain maid stood in the wind,
In natural loveliness;
And in her face I read her mind
Was simple as her dress.

Her feelings knew no artful check,
Her life and soul were true;
The heart and cross hung on her neck,
And they were all she knew.

I saw the wanton child of sin
In gaudy beauty dress;
Defilement dwell her lips within,
And horror in her breast.

The net of vanity and youth
She spreads with eager hands,
When lo! the holiest son of truth,
Jesus, before her stands.

The withering roses leave her hair,
The bold smile disappears,
She bows before him in despair,
She lathes his feet with tears.

Thank God! thou blessed human heart,
There is ever hope for thee;
Thou hearest whosoever thou art,
His stamp of majesty.

Could man but love the guilty one
As the just God loves him still,
The race of crime would soon be run,
And crushed the power of ill.

Could we but pray as Jesus prayed:
"They know not what they do,"
Forgive them, Father! hearts were made
And earth were born anew.

The Use of Flowers.
BY MARY BOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak tree and the cedar tree—
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requires none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

And clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth—
To comfort man, to whisper hope
When'er his faith is dim,
For whom careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him?

AN ANCIENT DRUM.—In the rooms of the
Connecticut Historical Society there is an in-
teresting relic of past time, which was used in
1718 by the citizens of Farmington, "to call the
people together on the Lord's day, and on pub-
lic occasions" to the archives of which village
the following record is attached:

Paid Stephen Andrews for drumming £0 13 4
Paid Nathaniel Cowles for drumming 0 13 4
Paid Daniel Woodruff for drumming 0 13 4
Paid Joseph Bird for drumming 0 13 4

The Boston Transcript thinks that probably
the phrase that we sometimes hear used, of
"drumming the people together" had its rise
with this old custom.

A SHORY OF THE SOUTHWEST.

How the Mountain Blacksmith was Con-
verted.

The scene is laid in the mountainous regions
of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a
great antipathy against all Ministers, and Meth-
odist Ministers in particular. His shop was
in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his
determination to whip every Method at preach-
er that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubble-
worth, however, readily consented to go there,
and the following describes his ride through the
mountains:

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and
rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished
a better subject for his vengeance than the at-
tenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a
nice beating he would have! He had heard, too,
that some ministers were rather spirited, and
hoped that this one might be provoked to
fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass
on Saturday, in the afternoon, he gave his stri-
ker a holiday, and regaled himself on the beau-
ties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of
the preacher. It was not over an hour before
he heard the words—

"Oh, how happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!"
sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocal-
ist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up with
a continued smile on his face.

"How are you, old Stebsides? Get off your
horse, and join in my devotion," said the
smith.

"I have miles to ride," answered the preach-
er, "and I haven't time, my friend. I will call
when I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth?"
"Yes," he meekly replied.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron,
the blacksmith that whips every Methodist
preacher that comes along?" was asked with an
audacious look; "and how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard of
Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not
undue well-beloved travellers.

"You presume so! Yes, you are the most pre-
sumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever
trod shoe leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you
do, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness
to do any thing reasonable to avoid such a pen-
ance.

"Well, there's three things you have to do,
or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you
are to quit preaching; the second is, you must
wear this last will and testament of Thomas
Paine next to your heart, read it every day,
and believe every word you read, and the third
is, that you are to curse the Methodists in every
crowd you get into; and the blacksmith 'shuck-
ed' himself, rolled up his sleeves, and took a
quid of tobacco.

The preacher looked on during these novel
preparations, without a line of his face moving,
and at the end he replied that the terms were
unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you've got a whaling to submit to,
then, I'll tear you into doll-rags corner ways!
Get down you cussed long-faced hypocrite!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron,
walking up to the horse, threatened to tear him
off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worth-
y man made a virtue of necessity and alight-
ed.

"I have one request to make, my friend—that
is, you won't beat me with my overcoat on; it
was a present from the ladies of my last circuit,
and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you busi-
ness man!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his
overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade
of abuse of him and the sect, and throwing the
garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a
tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid
that person on the ground, with the testament
of Tom Paine beside him. Mr. Stubbleworth,
with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters,
did not wait for his adversary to rise, but moun-
ted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestow-
ed his blows with a courteous hand on the stom-
ach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his
song where he had left off on his arrival—
"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort," &c.
until Forgeron, from having experienced "first
love," or some other sensation equally new to
him, responded lustily—
"Enough! enough! take him off!"

But unfortunately, there was no one by to
perform that kind office, except the preacher's
old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and
looked on as if his master was happy at camp
meeting.

"Now," said Stubbleworth, there are three
things you must promise me before I let you up."
"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a
Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride arose, and he hesitated;
and the reverend gentleman, with his usual be-
nign smile in his face, renewed his blows and
sang—
"I then rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the black-
smith. Such bold figures, or something else,
caused him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it; I'll
do it!"

"You are getting on very well, said Mr. Stub-
bleworth. 'I think I can make a decent man
of you yet, and perhaps a christian.'

Ned groaned.
"The second thing I require of you is, to go
to Pumpkin creek meeting house and hear me
preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse,
when the divine resumed his devotional hymn,
and kept time with the music, striking him over
the face with the fleshy part of his hand.

"I'll do my best," said he, in a humble
voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth.
"Now get up and go down to the spring and
wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testa-
ment, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned rose, with feelings he never experienced
before, and went to obey the lavatory injunc-
tions of the preacher, when the latter person
mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand and
said—
"Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your
counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll
look for you to-morrow."

And off he rode with the same imperturbable
countenance, singing so loud as to scare the
eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging
rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business.
What would people say if they knew Edward
Forgeron was whipped by his own door,
and that too by a Methodist preacher?"

But his musings were more in sorrow than in
anger. His disfigured countenance was, of
course, the subject of numerous questions that
night, among his friends; to which he replied
with a stern look they well understood, and the
vague remark that he had met with an accident.

Of course they never dreamed of the cause.
Ned looked in the glass, compared his black eye
from the recent scuffle, to the rainbow ship-
wreck scene—bleeding every color into one."

Or perhaps he never read the story, and mut-
tered to himself "Ned Forgeron whipped by a
Methodist preacher!"

From that time his whole conduct man-
ifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the
neighborhood observed it, and whispered that
Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every
Sunday since the accident. They wondered
greatly at his burning the books he used to read
so much. Strange stories were circulating as to
the metamorphosis of this jovial dare-devil
blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man;—
some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had
entered him into the mountains, and, after giving
him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to
a crag where he had fallen and bruised his
face.—Others gave the prince of darkness the
credit of the change, but none suspected the
Methodist preacher; and the latter having no
vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

The gloomy state of mind continued until
Forgeron visited a camp meeting. Rev. Mr. Stub-
bleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter
his soul and relieve it of a burden; and the
song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,"
was only half through when he felt like a new
man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting
Methodist. At a love feast, a short time sub-
sequent, he gave his experience, and revealed his
conviction and conversion to his astonished
neighbors.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faith-
fully kept the secret until that time, could not
contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his
feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the
burning tears of joy coursed their way down his
cheeks.

"Yes," my brethren, said he, "it is a fact—I
did man the grace into his unbelieving soul,
there is no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass himself
became, soon after, a Methodist preacher.

A NOVEL COFFEE POT.—We saw at Woolf-
worth's yesterday a most ingenious apparatus for
making coffee, which strikes us as the very per-
fection of collectricity. It consists of two crystal
vases, one above another, on a marble base.
In the upper is placed the coffee, as it comes
from the mill, and the lower one is filled with
cold water. Thus prepared it is ready to place
on the table, when by lighting a small spirit
lamp underneath the lower vase, one may sup-
ply himself in about five minutes time with a
cup of coffee, the richest and purest that can be
made; for by this peculiar process all the aroma
of the berry is preserved, and the coffee, when
poured into the cup, throws around the most de-
lightful fragrance. Besides the great advan-
tage of obtaining a cup of coffee in its utmost
perfection, and the economy too—for it requires
not so much of the raw material as by the old
method—the operation is quite interesting, for
the machine being entirely of glass, you see the
whole process of distillation.—N. Y. Mirror.

The "Holy Coat"—A Second Reformation.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1845.

To the Editor of the Union:

The "Holy Coat" is represented to be the
identical one in which our Saviour was appar-
elled, from early boyhood to the period of his
crucifixion. It was made by Mary. The ma-
terial was of so peculiar a quality, that the gar-
ment expanded in dimensions as the wearer ad-
vanced in years and increased in stature. "They
parted his garments, casting lots among them
what every man should take;" and the coat be-
came the property of a soldier, who, placing no
extraordinary value upon it, sold it to one of the
females, (for a trifling consideration,) who be-
lieved in his divinity, and witnessed his suffer-
ings on the cross. It was faithfully placed in
the vault of a christian family, where it remain-
ed until the beginning of the fourth century,
when Constantine—son of Constantine Chloris—
was destined by the Almighty to terminate the
bloody persecution of the Christians. His moth-
er, Helena, had followed him to Orient; and in
the year 326 she made a pilgrimage to Pala-
estine, and, after diligent search, found this
precious relic. She returned soon afterwards,
and carried it in triumph to Treves, the oldest
town in Europe, and the then seat of the Occi-
dental emperors. It was not long before it mys-
teriously disappeared, causing thousands to
wait; and, notwithstanding the most rigid ex-
amination and inquiries, no trace could be as-
certained by which to lead to its recovery. One
of the chroniclers of Treves, speaking of the
year 1196, remarked that "it would be memora-
ble in all coming time as the era of which the
incomparable treasure of the holy coat of Christ
was rediscovered." It seems to have been de-
posited between two steeples, in an altar dedi-
cated to St. Nicholas. The Archbishop John,
when he was repairing the dome and erecting
new altars, opened the boxes and chests which
he found in the progress of the work, and from
one of them drew forth the "holy coat" from its
tenement of eight centuries! On the 1st of the
following May, the fête of the apostles Philip
and James, it was publicly exhibited amid the
rejoicings and congratulations of the multitude.

In the year 1512 the Emperor Maximilian
the 1st was solicited to favor the world with an
opportunity of beholding the "holy coat" in the
cathedral at Treves. Permission was accord-
ingly asked of Pope Leo X. who graciously con-
sented to the granting of this high boon, upon
the condition that every spectator should con-
tribute freely towards rebuilding the old edifice,
then nearly in ruins, rendered doubly dear to
Catholics from the sacred relic which it contain-
ed. The experiment succeeded well. Vast
sums were realized, and it was exposed to pub-
lic view subsequently in the year 1531, 1545,
1553, 1585, and 1591. It was then removed to
Ehrenbreitstein, (head-stone-of-honor,) the
strong fortification of Drusus, before Christ, and
the present Gibraltar of Germany, where it
was exhibited again in 1734 and 1765. During
the year 1794, it was foreseen that the French
would secure the commanding position on the
Rhine, the "holy coat" was secretly conveyed
to the interior of Germany, where it was kept
hidden until 1808, when a new Bishop of Treves
(Carl Monny) caused it to be taken back to that
city. The year following it was exhibited to
nine hundred thousand persons; when the bishop
announced that henceforward it could only
be opened once in thirty-four years (the length
of time our Saviour was upon earth) to public
examination. In pursuance of this declaration,
it was exhibited in 1844 in the cathedral at
Treves, under the personal superintendance of
the bishop, from the 15th of August until the
30th of September, to upwards of two millions
of people!

The "holy coat," it must be confessed, is an
exquisitely fine piece of workmanship, both as
relates to the material and to the tailorship. It
is impossible to form an opinion as to the nature
of the staple from which the cloth was manu-
factured. The threads are so delicately fibrous,
that the twist is almost imperceptible to the
naked eye. The color is also very peculiar, and
cannot be correctly described, though its chief
characteristic is a yellow brown. Throughout,
not the slightest appearance of a seam can be
detected. At the top there is a hole sufficiently
large for a head to pass through. The body is
five feet four inches wide; its length five feet
one inch and a half.

Thus I have given you the history, as related
at Treves, as well as a description of the "holy
coat;" the infamous exhibition of which last
year engendered the denunciations of one of the
most highly gifted and intrepid theologians of
the age. Although a catholic priest, Ronge
dared to denounce the imposition as one unwor-
thy of the church—unworthy of the righteous
precepts of religion. His sentiments found an
echo in Germany as enthusiastic as that which
more than three hundred years ago, gave such
effect throughout Christendom to the tenets of
a Luther. Popery, rely upon it, has received a
blow, which will eventually upset its stronghold.

The serpent was only scorched under the first
reformation. It will expire under the tortures
of the second. Man in all civilized countries,
is beginning to think for himself; and hereaf-
ter he will be guided by reason, instead of being
governed by power. There is a spirit of in-
quiry abroad, which cannot slumber until every
shackle which binds the intellect is burst asun-
der. Truth and light, emanating from Heav-
en itself, must triumph over falsehood and dark-
ness. The miner's son of E-zel-ben hastened the
colonization of this mighty republic, by imbu-
ing the public mind in Europe with proper
notions of religious liberty. Political liberty
afterwards became its handmaiden; and the
salutary results from their union embolden the
timid and the fearful to speak aloud—to gird on
their armor, and to go forth conquering and to
conquer" the vices of the world.

BELIEVER IN THE WATER-CURE.—In the new
Monthly Magazine for September you will find
the cause of all the excitement about Hydro-
pathy, to which I have alluded in a previous let-
ter. The number opens with a long, finely-
written and powerful article from the pen of
Bulwer, entitled "Confessions and Observations
of a Water-Patient."

Bulwer * * * felt that his frame was break-
ing under him by constant literary labors, but
as fast as he sought to escape from them the
reading world demanded further efforts, till he
was reduced to a mere skeleton; one year since
his constitution was thoroughly shattered—he
tried all the learned doctors, but their drugs
brought no relief—he was advised to travel—he
did travel, but still no relief—he accidentally
met a work on Water Cure—he studied it—he
found some new and some absurd statements in
it—he winnowed the whole, separating the
chaff from the wheat—adopted the advice when
it was not inconsistent with common sense—re-
paired to a Hydropathic establishment—went
through a regular course there practised, and
came out entirely renovated in health of body
and mind. He then resolved to give the suffer-
ing world the benefit of his experience and the
able and interesting article in the New Monthly
is the result. He reminds the editor that he
is employed in preaching up the education of
the mind and neglecting the education of the
physical man—the latter being far more impor-
tant than the former, for without health the
mind will decay. Bulwer threw physic, how-
ever, to the dogs, and went to the Hydropathic
establishment at Malvern. He says that the
time will come when the drug-doctor will not
be wanted—for there are cases in which the
Water Cure seems, to Bulwer's mind, to be an
absolute panacea. He goes into these cases
at much length—in prolonged and complicated
rheumatism the cure is rapid and permanent—
in the case of gout, it takes up the disease "by
the roots"—in that "wide and grisly family of
affliction," classed under the common name of
dyspepsia, the cure is rapid and certain. The
Water Cure can "convert existence from a
burden to a blessing." Bulwer says he was
never a twelvemonth without pain; but now he
compares his past and present state to the pov-
erty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket
and whose poverty is a struggle for life, with
the occasional distress of a man of five thousand
a year, who sees but an appendage endangered,
or luxury abridged. He says, We ransack the
earth for drugs and minerals—we extract po-
tions from the deadliest poisons, but around us
and about us NATURE, the great mother proffers
the fount unsealed and accessible to all. "Natu-
re yields the benignant healing." The cold
water fountains are to be hereafter the great
panaceas for the cure of nearly all diseases that
flesh is heir to. The influence of Bulwer's
name will make the subject of Hydropathy popu-
lar in England and America.—London cor.
Inst. Traveller.

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.—Mr. E. L. Szadecny
the New York Journal of Commerce says, has
commenced in that city the manufacture of
this article, which he says is already in exten-
sive use in Europe among the higher classes.
A quart bottle of this essence costs but six shil-
lings, and will make from one to two hundred
cups of excellent coffee, according to the size of
the cup, and taste of the drinker.

YANKEE CUNTERS.—A selfish custom ob-
served in this city, and indeed in many towns
and other cities, of searching the records of the Probate
Courts for the amount of fortune possessed
by the heirs of deceased parents, and the selection
of wives by young aspirants for wealth ac-
cording to the said records, is not only repre-
hensible and mean, but ludicrous and contempti-
ble, and places the character of young men who
continue the practice in a most unenviable light,
in the eyes of all persons of nobler views and
mature judgement.—Boston paper.

Well, this is romance—the romance of the
dollar with a vengeance. So, when a young
Boston bloater takes it into his head to fall in love,
he first searches the records of the Probate Court
to ascertain the exact amount of his Dulcinea's
attractions, and then hissing and love sonnets
bear an exact unmathematical ratio to her pros-
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