

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"
 H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
 JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
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The "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

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E. B. MASSER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 SUNBURY, PA.
 Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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.—ly.

Removal.
DR. JOHN W. PEAL.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed to the Brick House, in Market street, formerly occupied by Benjamin Hendricks, east of the store formerly occupied by Miller & Marks, and now by T. T. Clement, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession. Sunbury, March 29th 1845.—

NEW CARPETINGS.

THE subscribers have received, and are now opening a splendid assortment of the following goods—Saxony, Wilton and Velvet Carpetings, Brussels and Imperial 3 ply do. Extra superior and fine Ingrains do. English shad & Damask Venetian do. American tilled and field do. English Dressings and Woolen Floor Cloths. Stair and Passage Hoekings. Embossed Piano and Table Covers. London Cheville and Tufted Rugs. Door Mats of every description.

Also a large and extensive assortment of Floor Oil Cloths, from one to eight yards wide, cut to fit every description of rooms or passages. Also, low priced Ingrain Carpetings from 314 to 625 cents per yard, together with a large and extensive assortment of goods usually kept by carpet merchants.

The above goods will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest market prices. Country merchants and others are particularly invited to call and examine our stock before making their selections.

CLARKSON, RICH & MULLIGAN,
 Successors to Joseph Blackwood, No. 111 Chestnut corner of Franklin Place. Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1845.—ly

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.

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, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6. H. B. MASSER.

The following certificate is 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 wearing or tearing. That it knocks off no 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. HIGINS,
A. JORDAN,
GHS. WEAVER,
GHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
HON. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISENRING.

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 invented. I formerly kept two women continually 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.

SUPERIOR Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a few barrels of **BROWN FRANK**, 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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Nov. 22, 1845.

Vol. 6--No. 9--Whole No. 269.

THE FLIGHT OF CAPTAIN CRABTREE.
 BY HAWSER MANTINGALE.

Captain Ebenezer Simcox was a dapper little fellow, who had an exalted opinion of his own merits and good looks, and who took great pleasure in decorating his person, especially when about to enter into the company of the ladies. He was a little choleric in his temper, but as smart as a steel trap, and always on shore looked as nice as a new pin, or as if he had just been taken out of a bandbox marked "this side up with care."

Captain Simcox once commanded the ship Spouter, of Providence, on a voyage to Copenhagen. One evening at the party, he formed an acquaintance with an odd-looking German nobleman, who seemed quite pleased with the conversation and bearing of the gentlemanly Yankee. A few days afterwards, his friend, the American Consul, put in his hand a note, written on embossed, gilt-edged paper, (not so common in those days as now,) with armorial bearings on the seal. "What is in the wind now?" exclaimed the Yankee, with a look of surprise, as he drew off his kid gloves and opened the note.

"An invitation from Count Wogonostrofsky to dine, I expect," replied the worthy Consul. "I believe it is," remarked Simcox, with a smile which was soon changed into a terrible frown as he read these words:—

"Count Wogonostrofsky's compliments to Capt. Ebenezer Simcox, Esq., and would be much happy to be honored with his company to dinner, on Wednesday next, at six o'clock in the evening.

N. B.—It is expected that Captain Simcox will not make his appearance at the table without his shirt—as ladies will be present. A dicky alone will not do."

It is difficult to conceive of the rage which burned within the bosom of Captain Simcox, on reading this insulting letter. Although a pigmy in size, he was a giant in spirit.—"What does the rascal mean?" said he with a grin of defiance. "Dickey, indeed! I will go forth and pull the villain's nose in the Public Gardens. Even the presence of the king himself shall not screen him from the chastisement he deserves." Saying this, the redoubtable Simcox, seized his cane, a rattan switch, with a convulsive grasp, and was about to sally forth in quest of Count Wogonostrofsky.

The Consul, with a quiet smile, saw the exciting effect which was produced by the harmless missive. "Stop," said he, as he gently laid his hand on the arm of his friend—"What is the matter?"

"The scoundrel!" sputtered the furious Yankee—"the sour-crot-eating, gin-drinking Hessian sends me an invitation to dinner, and says that ladies will be present, I must not come without my shirt! Let me go, my friend, I beg of you—I long to be at him.—I'll learn him to play off his tricks on a Yankee. Dickey, indeed!"

"But, there is no occasion to hurry," added the Consul, after indulging in a hearty laugh, "you can as well give him his lesson half an hour hence as now. I have a little story to tell you, which may possibly account for the Count's singular message, that has so very naturally excited your cholera. After you have heard what I have to say, if you are determined to give the Count a thrashing—why peg away, that's all."

Captain Simcox, with a dogged air, turned round, looked in his friend's face, which was lighted up by a meaning smile, and threw himself on an ottoman, saying—"You are right—there is no hurry—I can flog the rascal as well an hour hence as now—no head ache my fine fellow, as there is sure! no time to be lost. But don't think to change my purpose—for a terrible flogging I will give him as sure as—"

"Poh, my dear fellow, don't make such rash resolutions. The Count is a good fellow enough, and had not the least idea of insulting you."

"What! ask a man to join a dinner party, and insinuate that he never wears a shirt, and yet intend no insult! The idea is preposterous, and the little man brought his fists down upon the table, which was conveniently near, with a violence that threatened to demolish it."

"Count Wogonostrofsky," resumed the Consul, "is a German noble, of great wealth, and is distinguished for his hospitality to strangers. He has always admired the character of the Americans, and for years after he located himself in this city, was fond of forming acquaintance with respectable and intelligent Yankees, and inviting them to his house, and his parties, where they always found a large and select company, and good entertainment."

About a year ago, a large American ship, the Backwoodsman, of Boston, arrived here from Pernambuco, after a long passage of seventy-five days. The Count fell in with the Captain, whose name was Crabtree, soon after the ship hauled into the inner harbor.—He found him an honest, open-hearted sailor, liked him, and invited him to dine with him that very afternoon, which Crabtree unthinkingly accepted.

He got through his business with all possible despatch, and hurried on board his ship to adorn and beautify himself for the dinner party; he entered his state room, and in a few minutes his gruff voice was heard calling for the Steward. That important functionary soon opened the door of the state room, and thrust within it his sable visage.

"Steward!" exclaimed the skipper with a tremulous accent indicating alarm, "find me a clean shirt."

"Clean shirts all gone, sare."

"All gone! What do you mean? Get me a shirt at once, and don't stand grinning there."

"Your last clean shirt, massa captain, you put on yesterday morning, when you came ashore, and that would hardly keep together, it was so old, and all the others have gone to be washed."

"Here's a pretty predicament," growled Crabtree, "invited out to dinner, and can't go for want of a shirt! Oh! it is too bad.—Steward, what shall I do?"

"Better wear the old one, sare," suggested the Steward.

"That's out of the question, snowball," replied Crabtree, "I found it unequally when I took it off, and threw it out of the cabin window."

"Ah! said blackey, 'that's werry bad. I s'pect I shall have to lend you one of my check shirts that I scrubbed nice and clean in the salt water 'tother day."

"Be off, you stupid blockhead. You lend me a checked shirt! Away with you on deck," and as the Steward with a broad grin overspreading the whole of his face, successfully dodged a "Bowditch's Epitome" aimed at his head, and darted up the companion-way, Captain Crabtree's countenance kindled with a gleam of satisfaction. "I have it, I have it!" he repeated with all the enthusiastic joy of the Syracusean sage when he hunted a knotty problem in mathematics—and he hastened to avail himself of the wise thought which had just popped into his head.

Now Captain Crabtree had a very neat dicky in his trunk. A dicky, as every one knows, is, or was, a shirt bosom with a handsome collar attached, and would serve on a pinch as a very good apology for a clean shirt—indeed, dandies in those days often dispensed with a shirt for weeks and months together. Crabtree with a degree of presence of mind and fruitfulness in expedients, which were characteristic of that worthy seaman, resolved to fet himself no longer for the absent shirt, but to make the dicky do double duty on the important occasion.

He arrayed himself accordingly, looked in his glass and admired his appearance. He felt cool and comfortable, too—and that was something gained on a sultry day in July.—He even began to entertain the idea of discharging altogether, as superfluous, that article of dress which he had hitherto considered indispensable, especially when in full dress.—In the mean time, as he had a strange habit of throwing off his coat when oppressed by heat, without much regard to his company or circumstances, he took the precaution to prevent such an awkward occurrence on the present occasion, by stitching his coat and black velvet vest together.

At the appointed hour, Captain Crabtree entered the mansion of the German nobleman, where he was received with marked courtesy by the Count, and gentlemen, principally natives of Denmark. Crabtree understood no language but his mother tongue, but by dint of a tolerable assurance and emphatic gestures, he got along tolerably well. Dinner passed off—and the wine, as is usual abroad, circulated freely. Crabtree found himself somewhat in a melting mood, and soon ceased to remember the peculiarity of his costume.

When dinner was over he was challenged by a young lady to play a game of billiards. The greater part of the company adjourned to the billiard room to be witnesses of the game—and the Captain after a few unsuccessful strokes with his cue, involuntarily essayed to throw off his coat, declaring that he could never play well with that heavy garment on. The coat clung with a sort of fraternal effect to the vest, but the impetuous sailor could not take the hint, or brook delay. Another desperate effort, a couple of buttons gave way, and the coat and vest, being unwilling to part company, were both stripped off, and thrown triumphantly on a chair! when lo! the Captain stood in the midst of the assembly, grasping his cue with a business-like air, and arrayed as if for a pugilistic contest in the prize ring!

A scream from the ladies, and some emphatic exclamations from the gentlemen, first reminded the forgetful sailor that something was wrong. He glanced at his bare arms, then caught a view of his whole person in a large mirror, and the truth rushed upon his mind like a flash of lightning. The dicky was doing all it could to supply the place of a more ample garment, but it was woefully deficient in dimensions—and to the astonished Captain seemed shrunk to half its usual size!

Captain Crabtree dropped his cue, gave a sort of convulsive jump, which would do credit to a harlequin vaunter, uttered a loud demi-savage salt water howl, which was heard a mile off,

and scampering down stairs into the street, regardless of the blushes of the ladies, or the storm of biases and revilings of the scandalized gentlemen. He stopped not but flew through the streets, looking like a frightened madman, while the wondering populace shouted and clapped their hands, or sprang aside to give him a fair field for his race.—This only added to his speed, and in a few minutes he was strongly moored in his own state room, on board his good ship, with a door closed behind him, and securely bolted.—The flight of Captain Crabtree was a theme of story and song for months afterwards—and those who witnessed it will never forget it until their dying day.

As for the Count Wogonostrofsky, he hardly knew what to make of it—at first he was disposed to resent it as a deliberate affront, and sent Crabtree a polite and pressing invitation to meet him in the Deer Park to settle the affair with pistols. An explanation, however, disarmed the good-hearted German of his wrath, and provoked his mirth—and he dearly loves to tell the story to every stranger who visits his house. He formed a resolution at the time, however, to be more cautious how he invited "old salts" at his select parties in future—and solemnly declared that if he ever again asked a Yankee ship-master to dine with him he would caution him to bring a shirt along with him! You, my dear fellow, are the first Yankee who has been honored with an invitation since Captain Crabtree's heghira."

Such was the Consul's story. Simcox, whose anger had been gradually cooling away at the corners of his mouth, while he listened to the adventure of Crabtree, laughed heartily at its close—and Count Wogonostrofsky was suffered to escape with a whole skin.—*Dost. Journal.*

DISCOVERY OF THE MAGNETIC POLES—The Cincinnati Chronicle has the following:— "A scientific gentleman, who was present at Dr. Locke's lecture on Monday evening, says it was remarkably interesting. The subject was electro-magnetism, heat, and their kindred topics. Among other things, he mentioned the discoveries he had made and the facts accumulated in regard to the magnetic poles, and the line of greatest intensity. This has been a subject of examination with him for several years. He considers now that the magnetic poles are discovered—at least their immediate locality. His views on this subject have been confirmed by other observers. One of the magnetic poles is in Siberia and another in the northern part of America. The line of greatest intensity is near the shores of Lake Superior."

TOMATO WINE.—The Tomato appears to be one of the universalities, and approaches man in every shape. Tomato pills—food and physic—was the rage a few years ago, and now we hear of tomato wine—vinctuals and drink. To make tomato wine, the following recipe is found in the Prairie Farmer:

"To one quart of juice, put a pound of sugar, and clarify it as for sweets.—The above is very much improved by adding a small proportion of the juice of the common grape. The subscriber believes this wine far better and much safer for a tonic or other medicinal uses than the wine generally sold as Port Wine, &c., for such purposes. It is peculiarly adapted to some diseases and states of the system, and is particularly recommended for derangements of the liver."

OYSTERS.—Some idea of the extent of the oyster business may be formed from the subjoined, from the Baltimore Sun:—"We stepped a day or two ago into the establishment of Messrs. Holt and Malby, on the City Block, and were astonished to ascertain the quantity used by them. They had twenty-five men employed in opening, and during the season they rarely have a less number. They sometimes open five hundred gallons a day, which are all designed for exportation. The oysters are put up in tin cans, in their own liquor, which are made air tight and hermetically sealed; they are warranted to keep fresh in any climate. Five men are kept constantly employed in making the cans. The oysters are sent principally to the Western States, but considerable quantities are sent to the West Indies, South America, and some have been even sent to China."

VALUE OF BABIES.—A few evenings since a thief entered the house of a gentleman in Providence, R. I. A baby not liking the appearance of the intruder, set up a scream so loud and telling as to induce the gentleman to come to its aid; and at the same time he nabbed the thief before he had time to fill his pockets. Those who do not like dogs, says the Boston Bee, had better get a baby! Boys and girls, do you hear that!

A tailor while travelling on the Lakes, was asked by a Yankee, where he lived, what his business was, &c., to which he replied, that he lived in Toledo, and that his profession was sitting on the smooth side of poverty, and jerking out the cords of affliction.

Martin Luther's Marriage.

It is well known that Luther married shortly after his abjuration of Popery. His marriage with a convert to Protestantism, named Catharine, is an amusing story. Catharine, who was young and beautiful, and only about half the age of Luther, had conceived a strong affection for the reformer, of which he was entirely ignorant, though he had frequent conversations with her upon the subject of matrimony. "I congratulate you, Catharine, on the recovery of your mental freedom; not because you have escaped from a prison, and thrown off the dress of a nun, but upon your freedom of mind, and your liberty of thinking for yourself." Catharine hastily left the room, evidently laboring under some mysterious feeling, when Luther exclaimed to those remaining behind, "I pity that poor child; her mind seems still oppressed. I am surprised how she ever got courage to throw off the Popish yoke." Some time after this, Luther came to Melancthon's house, where Catharine was residing, and requested to see her alone. The maiden, however, wished Melancthon's wife to go with her, to whom the latter replied, "that will not do; he said expressly that he wanted you alone; he has certainly something very particular to say to you. Now Catharine, take courage and open your heart." The girl accordingly went with trembling steps into the presence of Luther. "I have sent for you, my child," said the reformer, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state." "Yes, sir," replied Catharine. "Are you prepared to embrace it?" "No, sir," was the reply. After teasing her for some time to explain her reasons for refusal, and asking whether it arose from any scruple on the ground of monastic vows, he put the following question—"Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry like a rational woman?" The girl's courage was roused at this, and contrary to her usual meekness, she boldly replied, "Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right to ask that question without explaining his motive." "Well then, Kate," said the Doctor, laughing, "I must tell you. There is a person who would gladly take you for 'better or worse.'" The colour rose in the cheeks of the maiden, and her sparkling eyes attested her emotion; for she thought that Luther referred to himself, though such an idea had never entered into her mind. "Tell me," said the friar, "has he any chance?" "You have not told me who he is," rejoined Catharine. "The other day," said Luther, "Bodenstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him." Catharine turned as pale as a ghost. And when Luther asked "what shall I tell him," she replied:—"Anything you please, so that I never see him again." "Is there any one else you like better?" asked Luther. She made no reply. After being much pressed, she said, with a little female pride, "Counselor Baumgartau has made the same proposal." Catharine hastened to her room, declaring that she was now perhaps as happy as she expected ever to be, and did not think of changing her state. She thought her case with Luther hopeless. The roughness of his manner while addressing her, convinced her that the tender passion had no place in his breast for her. Her female friend found her in a flood of tears. Melancthon, at the same time, was taunting Luther with his inconsistency, in urging matrimony upon others, and abstaining from it himself. Luther protested that he would not marry, for that his time was too much occupied. In reference to Catharine, he declared that he had done what his conscience told him was right, but that the issue proved he did not understand the heart of a woman. Melancthon's wife, who had just returned from Catharine, replied—"That is true, or you would long since have perceived that Catharine's heart was yours, and now the mystery is out." Luther was perfectly astonished at the revelation, and was made to believe, with great difficulty, that a young and beautiful woman of twenty, should prefer a man of forty to a more youthful suitor. When, however, he found that it was no farce, he appeared to have become suddenly inspired with the principle of a new existence. His next conversation with Catharine convinced him of the depth of her affection, which, indeed had been for a long period preying upon her spirits, and a very short time afterwards the nuptials were celebrated. The example of the great Reformer, based upon the authority of scripture, has been one of the prominent features of sound Protestantism.

THE LARGEST WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.—A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette states there is a woman living within fifteen miles of Mobile, Ala., (Mrs. C.) who weighs four hundred and sixty pounds, being forty pounds heavier than the Hon. Dixon Lewis, member of Congress from that state. She is the mother of several children of unusual size, enjoys good health, and is good tempered. It is her constant practice to give all her children (and to take herself) a small dram of whiskey and garlic every morning.

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, \$6. Half-yearly: one column, \$12; half column, \$8; three squares, \$6; two squares, \$4; 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.
 Sixteen lines or less make a square.

The Tragedy of Arnold.

The following facts relative to the treasonable acts of Benedict Arnold, and the providential frustration of his nefarious designs, are copied from a speech delivered by Robert Dale Owen, at New Harmony, Indiana.

"The public events connected with Benedict Arnold's treachery are familiar to every one; but the private details of that story are in various histories of that period, either incorrectly given, or essentially omitted. The surrender at West Point was but a small portion of Arnold's plan. He had projected the deceiving thither and the betrayal into Sir Henry Clinton's hands, of Gen. Washington himself, of Lafayette, and of the principal staff officers. Had this plan succeeded, how differently might have been the story, history would have to tell!

A trifling circumstance caused its failure.—Arnold had invited Washington to breakfast with him at West Point the very morning the plot was discovered, and he promised to accept the invitation. He was prevented from doing so, by an urgent request made to him by an old officer whose station he passed, that he would remain the night with him, and next morning inspect some works in the neighborhood. Washington accordingly despatched an aid from his suite to make his excuse to Arnold. The messenger rode all night, and arrived next morning at West Point. Arnold invited him to breakfast. Whilst sitting at a table, a letter to Arnold was brought from the post of the officer commanding the scouting parties to the American lines. As his eye fell on the subscription, the cup which he had raised to his lips dropped from his hands, he seized the letter, rushed from the room, locked himself in his bedchamber, and in a few minutes was on his way to an English sloop of war then in the North River.

In the meantime, while Washington and his staff, including Lafayette, were seated at a table at the quarters of the officer whose invitation had delayed the visit to West Point, a despatch was brought to the American General which he immediately opened, and laid down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite and after some minutes the General beckoned to LaFayette to follow him, retired to an inner apartment turned to LaFayette without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his friend's neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French Marquis, who was accustomed to regard the General as devoid of the usual weakness of humanity, may be imagined.—"I believe," said LaFayette to me—for it was from that venerable patriot's own lips, that I obtained the narrative that I now relate—"I believe this was the only occasion throughout that long and hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was he recovered himself before I had persued the communication that gave rise to his emotion, and when he returned to his staff, no trace remained on his countenance, either of grief or despondency."

So true it is, that of all human reverses, the betrayal of confidence on the part of one who has been implicitly trusted, is, to a generous nature, the hardest and bitterest to bear."

FLOUR SPECULATION.—The New York Sun ventures upon a calculation of the cost and charges of exporting flour for the benefit of flour speculators. It says:—

"Suppose we purchase at \$6. Insurance 6 cents; commission 16 cents; interest 6 cents; petty expenses 11 cents. This amounts to \$6.39 per barrel, or 26s. 7 1/2; freight and carriage, 27 1/2; petty expense in Liverpool, 10s.; commissions, 1s. 2 1/2—making the cost of a barrel of flour in Liverpool, 31s. 4d. Now if flour is quoted correctly per last advices, at 30 shillings sterling a barrel, it follows if we buy at \$6, that we lose 1s. 4d. The price of flour, if at \$5 25 or \$5 50, may allow a small profit, but not at \$6, unless the crops in England are utterly gone, and flour is up to 35s. Then the flour on hand will sell at a profit."

A NEW REASON.—We heard an old bruiser the other day, advising a youngster to get married, "because, then," said he, "my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home drunk."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Whoever borrows to build, builds to sell.
 Love is all eyes, without one good one.
 We never laugh so long or loud as when we would hide our grief.

The true way of enriching ourselves is by cutting off our wants.
 There are no faults truly fatal but those we neither acknowledge or repair.
 What is a fool who has made his fortune?
 A pig which is embarrassed by his fat.