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

H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-

ser's Store.] THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontin-

ued till ALL arrearages are paid.
No subscriptions received for a less period than SIX MONTHE. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUMBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-

thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. P. & A. Rayount, LOWER & BARRON, SOMERS & SNODGRASS. REYNOLDS, MCFARLAND & Co. SPERING, Good & Co.,

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY. TRUNK MAKER. No. 150 Chesnut 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 few years ago he was a candidate for the Lematerials, and sold at the lowest rate. Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845 .- 1y.

## Removal DR. JOHN W. PEAL.

RESPECTFULLY informs the ci tizens of Sunbu-y end its vicinity, that | dence, we will venture to let the reader have he has removed to the Back House, in Market street, foresetly occupied by Benjamin Hendricks, test of the store formerly occupied by Miller & Martz, and now by Ira T. Clement, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession. Sunbury, March 29th 1845,-

NEW CARPETINGS. THE sub-cribers have received, and are now opening a splendid assortment of the following

Saxony, Wilton and Velvet Carpetings Brussels and Imperial 3 ply do Extra superfine and fine Ingrains do English shaded & Damask Venetian do American twilled and fig'd do English Druggetts and Woolen Floor Cloths Stair and Passage Bockings Embossed Piano and Table Covers London Cheuitle and Tufted Rugs Door Matts of every description.

-ALSO-A large and extensive essortment of Floor Oil Cloths, from one to eight yards wide, cut to fit eve ry description of rooms or passages.

Also, low priced Ingrain Carpetings from 314 to 624 cents per yard, together with a large and extensive assortment of goods usually kept by carpet this ere ice-cream, an' now I'll be darned if I

The above goods will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest market prices. Country merchants and others are particularly invited to call and exa- careless an' says to a chap standing behind the mine our stock before making their selections. CLARKSON, RICH & MULLIGAN,

Successors to Joseph Blackwood, No. 111 Chesnut, corner of Franklin Place Philadelphia, Feb. 22d, 1845,-

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH.

I. W. SWAIN'S

Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory. No. 37 North Third street, two doors below the I don't mind takin' a quart.' CITY HOTEL.

Philadelphia. A LWAYS on hand, a large stock of UM-BRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the test new style of Pinked Edged Parasols of the best workmanship and materials, at prices that will make it an object to Country Merchan's and others first and look so at him, (here Mr. Spike favored to call and examine his stock before purchasing us with a most diabolical expression) he hauled Feb. 22, 1845.- 1y

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE. Wal, I tasted a spoonful of it, an' found it as 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 tust, and no springs or tollers to | which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks 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 my in'ards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Locoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-

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 last it seemed as though Id'd got a steam ingine n use, in our families, "Shugert's t'atent Washng Machine," and do not he sitate saving that it is most excellent invention. That, in Washing, t will save more than one half the usual labor .- I'd grin an' bear it; but I couldn't set still, I That it does not require more than one third the sual quantity of soap and water; and that there s no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wearng or tearing .- That it knocks off no buttons, and hat the finest clothes, such as collars, faces, tucks, rills, &c., may be washed in a very short time vithout the least injury, and in fact without any pparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore heerfully recommend it to our friends and to the ublic, as a most useful and labor saving machine.

CHARLES W. HEGINS. A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHS PLEASANTS. GIDEON MARKLE. Hon, GEO, C. WELKER. BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISENRING.

Ignn's Horge, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chesnut street,) Philadelphia, September

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine n my house upwards of eight months, and do not esitate to say that I deem it one of the mo t useul and valuable labor-saving machines ever invened. I formerly kept two women continually ocupied in washing, who now do as much in two lays as they then did in one week. There is no wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more ban one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have and a number of other machines in my family, but his is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and o little hable to get out of repair, that I would not a without one if they should cost ten times the rice they are sold for. DANIEL HERR

SUPERIOR Port wine, Maderia and Listion wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon yrup. Also a few barrels of BLUE FISH, for sale 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.—Jappaneous.

By Masser & Eisely,

From the Portland Transcript.

Maine is a great State! There's no doubt of

the twenty-six-to say nothing of Texas and

California. It grows larger pine timber, and

more of it; the fattest hogs, the largest squashes

and the prettiest girls in all creation are found

Speaking of this reminds us of our old friend.

Ethan Spike, up in Oxford county. Ethan's a

team altogether, and has skinned more bears

than any other man in the State-besides hold-

ing a justice of the Peace's commission. A

gislature, and during the campaign found it ne-

cessary to come to Portland. It was his first

visit to the city, and he saw a good many

strange things and had a number of queer ad-

ventures, all of which he afterwards related to

us. And although it may be a breach of confi-

one of them as nearly as possible in Ethan's own

'Portland,' said he, 'is the all darndest place

I ever seed. I was down there in '33, to see a

little about my goin' to the Legislatoor, and

such a rum time as I had you never heer'd tell

on. Did I ever tell you about the ice-cream

We answered in the negative, and he resu-

·Wal, I'd bin down that two or three days

pokin' about in every hole an' corner, an' thought

I'd seed jist every thing that was to be seed,

But one day towards sun-down I was going by

a shop in Middle street that looked wonderfully

slick-there was all manner of candy an' pep-

permints an' jessamints an' what nots at the win-

ders. An' thin that war signs with good let-

ters on to them, hangin' round the door, tellin'

how they sold Soda, Mead, an' Ice-cream that,

I says to myself, I have been a good deal about

'Do yer keep any ice-creams here !'

'Did you say a pint, sir ?'

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'how much 'll you have !'

'I considered a minit an' says I,- 'a pint, sir.'

Wal, don't you think the feller snorted right

in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me

cool as the noth side of Bethel hill in Jingoary.

I'd half a mind to spit it out, but jist then I seed

the confectioner chap grionin behind the door,

1, I'll not let that white-livered monkey think

I'm afeard-I'll eat the darned stuff if it freezes

a bear or whopped a wild cat, but I went it. I

'Wal, in about a quarter of an hour I began

to feel kinder gripey about here,' continued E-

than, pointing to the lower parts of his stomach,

an' kept on feelin' no better very fast, till at

sawin' shingles in me. I sot down on a cheer

an' beut myself up like a nut-cracker, thinkin'

twisted and squirmed about like an angle worm

on a book, till at last the chap as 'gin me the

cream, who had been lookin' on snickerin' says

'Ails me !' says I, 'that ere darned stuff of

I tell yer I didn't screamed !, 'I know what's

an' if you don't leave off snickerin' I'il spile yer

He cottoned right down, an' said he did'nt

mean any hurt, an' asked me if I hadn't better

take some gin. I told him I would. So I took

'Arter I got out,' continued Ethan, 'I felt bet-

ter for a minmit or so, but I hadn't gone fur, afore

the gripes took me agin', so I went into another

shop an' took some more gin; then I sot down

on the State House steps an' then I sot an' sot.

but didn't feel darn'd a mite better. I begun to

a purty good horn and left the shop.

to me, 'Mister,' says he, 'what ails ver!'

'You eat too much,' says he.

your'n is treezin' up my daylights,' says I.

eat the whole in about two minits.

a pint of the stuff as perlite as could be.

of Lord Byron:

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Feb. 14, 1846.

a caution to nobody.-But after the 'citement

ETHAN SPIKE'S PIRST AND LAST VIof the race was over, I felt wus agin, an' I couldn't help groanin' 'an' screeching as I went interview took place a few days before the death t. It is farther "Down East" than either of

At last I thought I'd go to the theatre, but a fore I got there the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin-'us an' lay down an' roll an' holler. Arter while I got up an' went into a shop un cat half a dollar's wurth of biled aisters with four pickled cowcumbers and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went nto the theatre and seed the plays, but I felt so tarnally that I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the 'ister an' the cowcumbers dun me any good. I sot down, lade down un stood up, but still it went on gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time, an' once in a while I was obleeged to screech kinder easy. Everybody stared at me, and somebody called out-turn him out!" once or twice. But at last just as the nigger Othello was goin' to put the piller on his wife's face to smother her, there cum sich a twinge through me, that I r'ally thought I was bustin' up, an' I yelled out-'Oh dear!-oh scissors!' so loud that the old theatre rung agin. Sich a row you never seed : the nigger dropped the piller, and Deuteronomy-or what you call her there -his wife jumped of the bed un run, while every body in the theatre was all up in a muss. some larfing, some swearin'. The upshot of it was, the perlise carried me out of the theatre

un told me to make myself sca'ce. Wal, as I didn't feel any better I went into shop close by, an' called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallerin it, I went hum to the layers. I sot down by the winder and tried to think I telt better, but 'twas no go; that blessed old ingine was still walloping away inside; so I went out an' eat a quarter's worth more 'isters an' a piece of mince pie. Then I went back an' told the tavern-keeper I felt kinder sick, and thought I'd take some Caster Ile. a mouthful of cold meat an' a strong glass of whiskey punch, an' then go to bed. He got e fixins, which I took an' went to bed.

won't see what they're made on. So I puts my But, I tell yer what, I had rather a poor night, hands into my pockets an' walked in kinder Sometimes I was awake groaning and hollerin' un when I was asleep I'd better bin awake, for I had sich powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was skinnin a bear, un then by sum hocus-pocus t'would all change to 'tother side too, un the tarnal critter would be a skinin me.

The young feller's face swelled out, an' he Then agin, I'd dream that I was rollin' logs like to hav' laughed right out, but arter a while with the boys, an jest as I'd be shoutin out-'Now then !--here she goes !'--everything would get reversed agin-1 was a log un the 'Sartin' says I, 'but p'raps you don't retail so boys were prying me up with their handspikes. Then I'd wake up and screech and roar-then off to sleep agin-to dream that Spanker had run away with me, or that father was whopping son, an' I give him a look that made him look me, or some other plaggy thing, til mornin'. sober in about a minit, an' when I clinched my

> When I gut up I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, and the tavern-keeper told me if I was goin to carry on-screaming and groanin as I had the night before, my room was better than

> 'I hain't,' said Mr. Spike in conclusion, 'I hain't bin to Portland sence, but If I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all fired Ice Cream."

SOMETHING LIKE A NEWSPAPER -The London Times, the most influential newspaper in England, was commenced by a joint stock company. On its first appearance it was a small, dingy looking sheet; into notice, it soon attracted public attention, and gradually increased in size, power and influence. The property is, at the present time, divided into twenty-four shares, of which sixteen belong to Mr. John Walter. The political opinions of the journal are directed by the insjority of votes of the shareholders; and thus, as Mr. Walter possesses two thirds of the entire property, his voice aone controls the bias of the journal. The value of the Times, in a purely commercial point of view, is £312 000-each share being worth £13,000. The annual profit of the Tunes is about £45,000, of which Mr. Walter receives, as his portion, £30,000. It goes on the cash system and never grants credit to any one. Every notice of a death or a marriage is a'nuf an' what's too much without askin' you, being inserted for less than seven shillings and sexpence, nearly two dollars. It is said that Mr. Walter gave his daughter, as her wedding portion, the profits of the first column of advertisements in the first page of the journal-a splendid fortune.

GRAIN CROPS IN RUSSIA .- The St. Petersorg Gazette, of the 7th of December, contains Imperial order, permitting the importation of wheat, rye, barley, outs, flour, beans, peas nd other similar products from Prussia, free of duty up to the 13th of September, 1846; and also an order declaring that in cons quence of the defi iency in the crops, the Emperor will only require for the coming year a levy of five men in the thousand.

BIBLICAL CURIOSITY .- The 21st verse of Ezra, hapter 7, contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the one thus distinguised :

"And I, even I, Artaxerxes the King, do make -rite up agin. I srpung at 'em like a wild cat, river, that whatsoever Ezra the Priest, the scribe hollerin' out that I'd shake their tarnal gizzards of the law of God of Heaven shall require of you, stance renders these little girls, scarcely twelve

The Death bed of Lord Byron. The following is related by Mr. Barry, the

'It was seven o'clock in the evening when saw him, and then I took a chair at his request, and sat down at his bed side, and he remained till ten o'clock. He sat up in bed, and was then calm, collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and family. He spoke of death also, with great composure, and though he did not believe his end was very near, there was something about him so serious, and so firm, so resigned, and so composed, so different from anything I had ever before seen in him, that mind misgave, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

'Barry,' said he, when I first went to him, I have much wished to see you to-day. I have had strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and an idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected-I am sure I am in my senses-but a melancholy will creep over me at times. The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. My wife ! my Ada! my country, the situation of this place-my removal imposible-and perhaps death-all combine to make me sad. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do; and the prospect of returning to England, with my wife and Ada, give me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be every thing to me, for heretofore, life has been to me like the ocean in a storm. You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. Eternity and space, are before me; but on that subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Chritianity is the purest and most liberal religion in all the world; but the numerous teach ers, who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest ene nice of religion. I have read with more attention than the half of them, the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN .- It is stated in a foreign journal that Isabella Maria would be taken, by strangers, for a Nun : Her appearance is that of a somewhat thoughtful, sickly girl, with a countenance in which any traces of intellectal superiority or intelligence would be sought in vain. Her education is deficient, but her memory remarkable. She is said to be able to repeat rerbatim the whole constitution of 1837, which she had sworn to observe; but what above all things is remarkable in this Royal Lady, is her determined and all-absorbing propensity for confectionary. Her museum for these bagatelles extends its ramifications into every department of the Palace, The Queen herself is almost constantly eating sweat-meats, and when in good humor, which is not always the case, she never fails to distribute her comfits and sugar-plums with a liberal hand amongst her ministers and favorites. In the early and middle part of the last century, when the powdered wig was an essential part of official costume, every clergymen of consequence kept about a dezen wigs, varying from each other in the size of their curls, and the number of rows. Thus the famous Dr. Parr, when going on a visit, always put on a wig suited to the importance of the business in which he was about to engage. The rusties of the little village of which he was incumbent, all knew when he was coming down the steps of the Rectory House, whether or not the doctor was on any particular husinesss, by observing the size of his wig and counting the rows of curls. Just in the same manner any strangers, finger. when they see the ministers of the Queen of Spain leaving the Palace, can easily ascertain who are the favorites, by counting the bags of sugarplumbs, or the sticks of barley-sugar, which each carries in his hand. It will perhaps astonish some of our readers to hear that the Spanish ministry has been changed thirty-six times in about ten years, chiefly through the whispers of the Camarilla; but we may presume to state, that none of the members of the administration, though deprived of their places, have been deprived of their sugar-plumbs and barley-sugar.,

"ROSE AND BLANCHE "- These celebrated characters of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, are said to be drawn from life. A Washington letter writer states that Mrs. Niles, a French lady, wife of Dr Niles of Massachusetts, and mother-in-law to Eugene Sue, at present in Washington, has two daughters, twins, young and pleasing girls, of most amiable characters, and resembling each other in appearance most remarkably. These girls are the original from which Spe drew his charicters Rose and Blanche, and this circumyears old, objects of great admiration

CAUDLE AGAIN .- Punch's (London) Alnanac for 1846, contains some more of the adventures in life of the widowed Caudle. He matries Miss Prettyman, as poor old Mrs. C. always prophecied he would do; and straightway--even before the honeymoon is over-begins to show "No. 2" that she is to be Caudled. and not to Caudle, and, in the course of these twelve new chapters, furnishes forth abundant proof that his "No. 1" had set him an example

Vol. 6--No. 21--Whole No. 281.

on his "No 2." Here are the first two chapters: Mr. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK. CHAPTER I.

which he meant to follow, by turning the tables

How Mr. Caudle married Miss Prettyman, and how he "nagged" her to death.

When Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle-Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach -he observed that the disconsolate widower showed that above all men he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal; but quite like that Prettyman. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared 'he should never cease to weep,' replied, 'He was very sorry to hear it; for it must raise the price of onions.' It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no; the savage must joke over the precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome; in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon, Prettyman suggested 'Death gathering a Nettle,'-Caudle-the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom-re-

Mr. Candle attended by many of his friends, cturned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look 'quite a tulip.' Caudle merily replied-he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company, and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence-a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way whispered to a friend that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister-'Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck.' We will not swear can solve. Time and space, who can conceive? that Caudle did not overhear the words; for as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled and sighed

It was odd; but wernen are so apt; Mis-Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot, as with her own silver thimble With a smile upon her face, like the butter on the muffins, she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eye above the mantlepiece. There was Mrs Caudle's portrait. Whereupon, Miss Pretty man would say, 'You must take comfort, Mr Caudle, indeed you must.' At length Mr. Cuudle replied 'I will, Miss Prettyman.'

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know; in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife. Mrs. Caudle, number two. Poer thing! CHAPTER II.

How Mr. Caudle begins to show something 'of the Fiend that's in him.'

'It is tather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married tour weeks-I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about-and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I could expect it There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in Heaven. Now, Mrs Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry-all of you-at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes it a man only holds up his

"You didn't think I could be so brutal That's it .- Let a man speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea What do you think I married you for! It's all very well with your tambor-work and such trumpery. You can make butter-flies on kettleholders, but you can't make a pudding, ma'am ! I'll be bound not.

'Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner-roll; because you know I hate a cornerroll. I did think you must have seen that. I did hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject-but it's no use to hope to be mild with you I see that's hopeless.

'And what a herring! And you cal! it a bloster, I suppose ! Ha! there was a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but-sainted creature! -- he's here no longer. You wish she was ! Oh, I understand that. I'm sure if anybody should wish her back it's-but she was too good fore the Yorksfor me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle'-she used to say-then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

'Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mre. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird

PIRCES OF ADVERTISING.

Every subsequent insertion, - - 0 26 Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half olumn, \$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 eccord-

Sixteen lines or less make a square.

be fed upon hard eggs ! Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people; if she does'nt, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect to find the cookery.

'There you are with your pocket-handkerchief, again ; the old flag of truce ; but it does'nt trick me, A pretty honey-moon? Honey-moon, nonsense! People can't have two honey-moons in their lives. There are feelings-I find it now-that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

'No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough; and there's nothing like beginning as we intended to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea is'nt made a little more to my liking to-morrow-and if you insult me with a herring like that-and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns-why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up-I say, when I'm up-that's all.

'Where did I put my gloves ! You don't know? Of course not: you know nothing."

Progress of Education. "HENRY WINFIELD wishes to inform the citizens of Utica, that he has opened at No. 22 Post street, s DOG SCHOOL,

where he will teach dogs to go on errands as correctly as any body ten years old .- to dance as well as the most accomplished dancer, Waltz, cut the Pigeon Wing, to count the number of persons in the room, also to distinguish the number and color of persons present. Persons wishing to have dogs enter this school, will plea e pply immediately, as it is the intention of Mr. Winfield at the end of the month after the dogs have entered, to give an exhibition. Specimens can be seen at Mr. Winfield's residence.'

From this it will appear that the plan of Mr. Winfield embraces some of the ornamental branches as well as those of more utility. In fact, we have more faith in his ability to impart the former than the latter, for it is much easier to give all kinds of puppyism showy accomplishments than to make them useful .- Phila. Daily

A MAN WITH 145 CHILDREN!-The Worces ter Shield, published at Snow Hill, Maryland, gives the following account of an extraordinary man, now living in Somerset county :

"There is at this time, in the neighborhood of Somerset county, Md., a gentleman named Nelson, in his 91st year, who has 145 children. grandchildren and great-grandchildren, now living within the sound of his voice. In his calm morning, and make every one hear him with the exception of three." He further says. reasoning from what has occurred, "if his life is spared five years longer, he will have 200 instead of 145 colleterals, immediately around him" He yet retains the vigor and activity of youth-is fond of sporting, and often amuses himself by hauling the scine-and sometimes stands for hours waist deep in the water without experiencing any bad effect from it. He lost his wife about three win'ers ago, with whom he had lived in happy wedlock 59 years. It has been 20 years since he has had any sickness and 50 years since he has required any physician for himself. He is quite a monument of Antiquity, being perfectly familiar with the scenes of the Revolution, during which time he was engaged in the then profitable business of oystering, and supplied Gen. Washington's table with oysters at Mount Vernon, until his death. He has frequently been in his house and received the money for the cargo from the great man's own hand. He says it was his custom never to buy less than fifty bushels, part of which his neighbors would get from him.

Too Ban, RALEY .- Perhaps our readers may have seen the joke annexed in slightly different shape, before, but it is a good'un, let who may be the author. We'll venture a guess that the REVEILLE has the paternity of it.

A collector from the city of New York, rather fastidious in his taste about what he eat and drank, happened lately to be on a tour through the Sucker State, and stopping one day at rather a comfortable looking log house, he inquired of a respectable looking elderly lady if he could procure dinner there.

'Well,' says ehe, 'I think you may get it easy if you've got enough to pay for it

He showed her that the needful was in his possession, and she bade him 'git off his hose and tote himself into the house.' He accordingly did so, and sat himself down to await its preparation .- Everything was set out in perfeetly good style, and he promised himself a perfectional feast. The hostess brought in pan of new milk to drink, and commented dipping it out into bowls with a gourd; as the filled her geust's bowl, she discovered that the had dipped up a small mouse, and taking hold of it affectionately by the tail, she stripped down the milk off into his drivik crip, heaved a sympathetic sigh, tossed it through the window. and exclaiming-' poor thing !' sat the bowl be-

'Why the dam.' said he, you don't think I am

going te drink that ?" and why not? inquired the hostess, well [ eclare if you city folks sin't too nice to liveour boy a, bless you, don't mind 'em no mor'n it

they 'wur musquitous.'

think I was goin to kick the bucket, an' then I

thought of father and muther an' of old Spanker-that's father's hoss- and when I thought I should never see 'em agin, I fairly blubblered. But then I happened to look up an' see a dozen boys grinin' an' larfin' at me; I tell yer what, it riz my dander-that had got down below nero a decree to all the treasures which are beyond the

out an' the way the littel devils scampered was it shall be done speedily."