

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.

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TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on 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 Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.
Refer to:
P. & A. ROYDUT,
LOWE & BARON,
SOMERS & SNOODGRASS,
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & Co.
SPRING, GOOD & 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.—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 & 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 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 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 Bookings
Embossed Piano and Table Covers
London Chenille 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 3 1/2 to 6 1/2 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, Philadelphia, Feb. 22d, 1845.—

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 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.—ly

SHUGERT'S PATENT
WASHING MACHINE.
THIS Machine is now being 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 best 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 used 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 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 quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear or tearing.—That it knocks off no buttons, and at the finest clothes, such as collars, lace, tucks, &c., will be washed in a very short time, without the least injury, and in fact without any pant wear and tear, whatever. We therefore cordially recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.
CHARLES W. HEGINS,
A. JORDAN,
GHS. WEAVER,
GHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
Hon. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISENRING.

My wife's Hotel, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 11th, 1844.
I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine 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 or three 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 a number of other machines in my family, but it is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not, 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 Blue Fish, for sale by HENRY MASSER.
Sunbury, July 19th, 1844.

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.—JAYNESON.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 28, 1846. Vol. 6—No. 27—Whole No. 257.



The Kiss batted the Parlor Door.
BY J. WAREFIELD.
"Take all the pleasures all those three
Can give—wealth, fame and wine;
Still all will be the same to me,
While this remains but mine:
But give me this—I'll nothing miss,
For little needs he more
Of pleasure, who can steal a kiss
Behind the parlor door."
If there's such pleasure in a kiss,
That "wealth, and fame and wine"
Cannot compare with it, I'll make
The precious treasure mine!
Yes, though I meet with watchful aunts,
And frowning "mas" a score,
The next chance I will steal a kiss
Behind some parlor door!
Now if it's as they say it is,
That "stolen fruit is sweet,"
It proves that kisses must be stolen
To make the bliss complete:
If so, I'll pluck them from the tree,
Nor trouble heaven for more!
Oh, the kiss—the stolen kiss for me,
Behind the parlor door!
If kisses were the fruit that graced
The "tree of olden fame,"
In plucking them I do not think
That Eve was much to blame.
I find but one fault with the dame,
Though some have found a score—
To eat the fruit she should have gone,
Behind the parlor door.

MODERN POETRY.—The following delectable little morsel is an extract from a poem, furnished by a correspondent of the Northern Cabinet over the signature of "Synonymous." Truly the poets are not all dead yet!
"There was a man in Canada,
A cobbler by trade
He married him a handsome wife
And after words she died
He married next a buty
Her cheeks were like the rose
Her eyes like sparkling diamonds
True virtue did disclose
She settled down in Stockholm
Upon a piece of land
And there they built all for there use
A log house And a barn.
In just about 3 month from this,
There was a noughty cry
That he had gave her pison stuff,
Oil for to make her dry."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A boy returning home from Montreal with the price of a pr. of oxen, was lately accosted by a highwayman, who presented pistols, with the usual order, "stand and deliver!" The boy becoming alarmed, pulled from his pocket the purse containing the money, which fortunately dropped on the road; the robber immediately jumped out of his sleigh, which was then some yards in advance of the purse, and ran back for his longed-for treasure, when the boy, with great presence of mind, took hold of the reins, and drove off as fast as he could, with both horses and sleigh. The robber then fired his pistol, the contents of which passed through the back of the sleigh and between the boys legs. The boy reached home in safety, and after examining the sleigh, found in the box of it, which was locked, the sum of three thousand francs.

SCHOOL BOY WIT.—A poor old horse covered with wounds and painful sores, turned to die by some cruel owner, found his way to the gate of the public school one day last week; where he patiently studied away a starving existence. One of the boys fastened on his mane a paper with the following notice:
"Wanted.—A peck of oats. Enquire within."

CALVES.—You are from the country, are you not sir? said a dandy clerk, in a book-store, to a handsomely dressed quaker who had given him some trouble.
"Yes."
"Well, here's an Essay on the Rearing of Calves."
"That," said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, "they had better present to thy mother."

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, and in the course of the battle of knives and forks, accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee sitting opposite, who bawled out, "I say, Mister, don't make that 'ere hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall starve to death!"
O Yis! O Yis! O Yis!!!—Cried an Irishman on the street, a few days since, ringing a bell, "Lost betwene twilve o'clock and Mr. McKinstry's store, on Market strate, a large brass key. I'll not be ather tellin ye what key it was; but it was the key of the Bank, sure."
A kiss by mistake is now called blunder-buss.

From the Evening Mirror. Homoeopathy, Allopathy and Young Physic. (Concluded.)

There is a case equally remarkable, showing the effects of ipecacuanha in this disease, recorded by Dr. Scott, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1778. The patient was the wife of an apothecary, and became subject to regular attacks of asthma after her marriage. For some years no particular cause was suspected; but it was at length discovered that the paroxysm invariably came on when ipecacuanha was powdered in the shop. This practice was accordingly discontinued, and she continued well eight or ten years, until one day, when her husband again brought home some powdered ipecacuanha, and opened the packet in order to put the drug into a bottle, "his wife not being far off at the time, and in perfect health." This occasioned a most violent fit of asthma, which lasted eight days, becoming better during the day, and much worse at night.

How much ipecacuanha did this druggist's wife inhale! what was its weight! what would it look like, if put on the end of a penknife! Shame on such material doctrines!

Dr. Forbes notices the report of Fleischman, physician to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Vienna, during a period of eight years, from the beginning of 1836 to the end of 1843. The number of patients, all of whom are treated Homoeopathically, was 6551, of whom 407 died; being one in 16, or a fraction over 6 per cent. Doctor Forbes sums up his opinion of the result of the treatment, in the following words:
"No candid physician, looking at the original report, or at the small part of it which we have extracted, will hesitate to acknowledge that the results set forth would have been considered by him as satisfactory, if they had occurred in his own practice.

But the results presented to us in the several internal inflammations, are certainly not such as most practical physicians would have expected to be obtained under the exclusive administration of a thousandth or a millionth, or a billionth part of phosphorus, every two, three or four hours. It would be very unreasonable to believe that, out of 300 cases of pleurisy, and 105 cases of peritonitis, (in all 629 cases) spread over a period of eight years, all the cases, except the fatal ones, (27 in number) were slight, and such as would have seemed to us hardly requiring a treatment of any kind. In fact, according to all experience, such could not be the case. But, independently of this *a priori* argument, we have a sufficient evidence to prove that many of the cases of pneumonia, at least, were indeed severe cases. A few of these cases were reported in detail by Dr. Fleischman himself, and we have ourselves had the statement corroborated by the private testimony of a physician (not a homoeopathist) who attended Dr. F.'s wards for three months. This gentleman watched the course of several cases of pneumonia and traced their progress by the physical signs, through the different stages of congestion, hepatization, and resolution, up to a perfect cure, within a period of time which would have appeared short under the most energetic treatment of allopathy.

Dr. Forbes also notices Professor Henderson's cases, and observes in regard to them that they would have been regarded as very satisfactory under any mode of Allopathic treatment; that many were successful, and some of them triumphant? Indeed he bestows so much praise on Professor Henderson, that the thought seems to occur to him that he is overstepping the limits of orthodox Allopathy, and thus apologises for his warmth.

"But many of our readers, we expect, will be of opinion that, in admitting what we have done, we are betraying the cause of legitimate medicine, and lending our aid to extend the heresy of Homoeopathy. If such should be the result of our admissions, we cannot help it; we have said only what we believe to be true, and if what we believe, is in reality the truth, the promulgation of it cannot lead to evil.—Truth is good! If the art of medicine, as we profess and practice it, cannot bear investigation, and shrinks before the light of truth, from whatsoever quarter it may come, it is high time that it should cease to be sanctioned and upheld by philosophers and honest men."

The same idea seems to have occurred to Dr. Forbes; for he says, on a subsequent page:—
"But while we are thus exalting the power of nature at the expense of Homoeopathy, are we not, at the same time, laying bare the nakedness of our own cherished Allopathy! If it is nature that cures in Homoeopathy, and if Homoeopathy (as we have admitted) does thus cure, in certain cases, as well as Allopathy, do we not, by this admission, inevitably expose ourselves, defenceless, to the shock of the tremendous inference—that the treatment of many diseases on the ordinary plan must, at the very best, be useless; while it inflicts on our patients some serious evils, that Homoeopathy is free from, such as the swallowing of disagreeable and expensive drugs, and the frequently

painful, and almost always unpleasant effects produced by them during their application?"
"It is often said," adds Dr. Henderson, "that the benefits of Homoeopathy flow mainly from the omission of medicine altogether, of which the system is supposed, by its opponents, in reality to consist. This opinion had better be reconsidered, if it lead to the practical inference, as I think it does, that some 80 or 90 per cent. of the patients who employ medical practitioners would be better off without them." (p. 227.)
Dr. Forbes proceeds:
"This estimate may or may not be accurate; we will believe that it is exaggerated; but be this as it may, we concede to him at once the TRUTH of HIS GENERAL PROPOSITION; (1) and still adhere to ALLOPATHY." (!)

Listen now to his reasons for his belief and unbelief:
"In doing so, we consider that we are embracing a system extremely imperfect, &c., while in rejecting Homoeopathy, we consider that we are discarding what is at once false and bad—useless to the sufferer, and degrading to the physician."
Heaven's! what deductions from the premises laid down by the reviewer himself! He rejects Homoeopathy, because it is "false and bad, useless to the sufferer," before the ink is well dry with which he records the successes and triumphs of Homoeopathy.

The reviewer next proceeds to the examination of Allopathy, which, sooth to say, meets with no very delicate manipulations at his hands and concludes with a few suggestions, "things to be thought of, and things to be done," from which we make the following extracts:
"No. 6. To endeavor to substitute for the monstrous system of Poliprarmacy, now universally prevalent, one that is at least, vastly more simple, more intelligible, more agreeable, and it may be hoped, one more rational, more scientific, more certain, and more beneficial."

"No. 8. To inculcate generally, a milder and less energetic mode of practice, both in acute and chronic diseases; to encourage the *Expectant*, preferably in the *Heroic* system, at least where the indications are not manifest."

"No. 9. To discountenance all active and powerful medication in the acute exanthemata and diseases of specific type, as small pox, measles, scarlatina, typhus, &c., until we obtain some evidence that the cause of these diseases can be beneficially modified by remedies."

"No. 10. To discountenance, as much as possible, and eschew the habitual use, (without any sufficient reason) of certain powerful remedies, a practice now generally prevalent, and fraught with the most baneful consequences."
"This is one of the besetting sins of English practice, and originates partly in false theory, and partly in the desire to see manifest and strong effects resulting from the action of medicines. Mercury, iodine, colchicum, antimony, also purgatives in general and blood-letting, are frequently misused in this manner."

"No. 12. To make every effort not merely to destroy the prevalent system of giving a vast quantity and variety of unnecessary and useless drugs, (to say the least of them,) but to encourage extreme simplicity in the prescription of medicines that seem to be requisite."
Well, here are admissions enough heaven knows to satisfy the staunchest homoeopath. What, encourage milder and less energetic mode of practice? Eschew powerful medicines, and larger doses! Take away mercury, blood-letting and purgatives? and what will you leave poor Allopathy? The power of its drugs and the size of its doses, we thought, were its grand distinctive characteristics. But hear Dr. Forbes once more:

"No. 13. To endeavor to break through the routine habit, universally prevalent, of prescribing certain determinate remedies for certain determinate diseases, merely because the prescriber has been taught to do so, and on no better grounds than conventional tradition."
"No. 14. Also to teach students that no systematic or theoretical classification of diseases, or of therapeutic agents ever yet promulgated, is true, or anything like the truth, and that none can be adopted as a safe guide in practice."

"No. 15. To endeavor to introduce a more comprehensive and philosophical system of Nosology, at least in chronic diseases, whereby the practitioner may be led less to consider the name of a disease or some one symptom or some one local affection in a disease, than the disease itself—that is, the whole of the derangements existing in the body, and which it is his object to remove, if possible."

Hahnemann's self could not have spoken more like Hahnemann. What classification of disease! no classification of drugs! Are we to have no more antispasmodics, no more diuretics, no more emmenagogues, no more diaphoretics? Even so and Dr. Forbes brings us back to the individual character of disease and the specific application of drugs, not, indeed, to the names of disease, but to the totality of the symptoms in each individual case: this is true Homoeopathy.

The reviewer, after having thus demolished Allopathy, endeavors, naturally enough, to knock away the supports of Homoeopathy, and to refer everything back to the curative powers of nature, with the significant hint that the "Reformation" of "Practical medicine" (Allopathy) "is impending," and narrates an anecdote of "a highly respected and learned physician of Edinburgh, still living at an advanced age," as illustrative of this point. "On some one boasting before him of the marvellous cures wrought by the small doses of the Homoeopaths, he said, 'this was no peculiar cause for boasting, as he himself had, for the last two years, been curing his patients with even less, viz: 'That the curative powers of nature suffice to explain all the triumphs of Homoeopathy.' Indeed! How, then, will the 'highly respected and very learned physician of Edinburgh' and the host of Allopathic doctors answer at the bar of God for drenching their poor patients with poisonous drugs, for exhausting their life's blood from their veins, for torturing them with blisters, cups, setons, issues, moxas, and the actual cautery, while their champion is obliged to acknowledge that the curative powers of nature (i. e. being let alone, or as Dr. Forbes would say, the Homoeopathic treatment) would produce what even he is forced to own as a triumph!"

We should like to give him a few general reflections on the whole subject, but find that we have already transgressed the bounds we had marked out for ourselves, and have, no doubt, tried our readers' patience. The views of Dr. Forbes acquire additional force from the fact that he has, for a long time held a prominent position as a medical practitioner, and has for many years stood in the foremost rank of British reviewers. The favorable testimony borne to Homoeopathy, and the unfavorable to Allopathy, from such a source, must, if anything can, arouse the sleeping Allopathists from their dream of security, and urge them to the investigation of a subject—ignorance of which, in Dr. Forbes's own words, is "mere ignorance."

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

The Washington correspondent of the *Portland Argus* furnishes the following interesting description of the operations of that branch of the General Post Office Department to which are transmitted all the uncalled for letters remaining in the various post offices throughout the Union:
Among the places which I have visited, is the *Dead Letter Office*, in the Post Office Department. It is certainly an interesting part of that building. You will be surprised at some facts I learned there. The business of the dead letter office alone employs four clerks all the time. One opens the bundles containing the letters sent to Washington, from the several Post Offices, after they have been advertised, and no answer found for them. He passes the letters over to two other clerks, who open them all, to see if they contain any thing valuable. If they do not, they are thrown on to the pile on the floor. No time is allowed to read them, as that would be impossible, without a great addition of help. The number of dead letters returned to the General Post Office is astonishingly large. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is *fourteen hundred thousand* a year, and under the cheap postage system is increasing! Hence it requires swift hands to open so large a number, without stepping to read a word. Any one who is so silly as to write a mass of nonsense to an imaginary person, supposing it will be ultimately read by some one, may save himself the trouble hereafter. He may depend upon it, not a word will be likely to be read of the letter, unless he encloses some thing valuable in it; and that would be paying too dear for so small a whistle. At the end of each quarter, the letters that have been opened having accumulated to a huge mass, and having been in the mean time stowed into bags, are carried out on the plains, and there consigned in a bonfire. The huge bags make five or six cart loads each quarter.

The letters containing any thing valuable, or in fact, any matter enclosed—are passed over to a fourth clerk, who occupies a separate room for the purpose, and there are canvassed by this gentleman. It is very interesting to examine the heterogeneous materials of this room, that have been extracted from letters, and accumulating for years. Here you see the singular matters that are sometimes transported through the Post Office.—The amounts of moneys, that at various times has been found in letters, is very large. When any thing of value, as money, drafts, &c. is found, the rule is, to return it to the Post Office, whence it came, and the Postmaster of that office must advertise it, or use any other means best calculated to find the owner. If all his efforts fail, he returns it to the General Office; it is labelled and filed away. Sometimes as much as \$300 are found in a week in dead letters! I think within this month several hundreds have been found. An iron chest is kept on purpose for these deposits. In looking over the files in that chest, I was astonished at

the amount of money there, and the large sums contained in some of the letters. Some single letters containing \$50, \$40, \$10, and down to \$1. One letter contained a £10 note—very likely the property of some poor emigrant, (intended for his wife or children,) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found.
Among this money is a good deal of counterfeit—The letters are all labelled, not only with the sums, but also whether containing counterfeit or good money. There were many small bills, scattered through the piles. In one case there was a bad half eagle—in another were two letters, each containing \$300 counterfeit money! It was on some New York Bank, new, and very nicely done—and was, no doubt, the remittance of one counterfeiter to another—who had been in the meantime apprehended, or was suspicious his was watched, and hence had been too cunning to call for the wicked deposit of his confederate. In the strong box, was a box of change, of all kinds, and a large string of rings of various fancies and values, taken from the dead letters. Many a lone token of this modest kind, enveloped in a letter couched in most homed words, and intended, in the mind of the writer, for the dearest girl in the universe, had, instead of reaching its interesting destination, brought up in the dead letter office, passed through the practical hands of these cold, grey-haired clerks, who never stopped to read the tender effusion that cost so much racking of the heart-strings—and the delicate pledge of affection had been tossed into the iron chest, instead of encircling the taper finger of 'the love' for whom it was purchased.
But passing out of the chest, the matters that meet your eye on the shelves, and in the cases are equally interesting. Here are books and ribbons, and gloves, and hosiery, and a thousand other things. I saw one specimen of a most splendid ribbon, of several yards that seemed very much out of place here—when it was intended to adorn the bonnet of some lady. A package lay near that had not been opened. It was from England. The postage was \$5.63. It had been refused at the office where sent, because of its enormous postage and was sent to the dead office in due course of time. Now, said the Superintendent, I will show you what valueless things are sent through the mails, in comparison to their expense. I do not know what is in this, but we will see. So he opened it, and behold, it contained about a yard of coarse cloth, like crash, worth perhaps a shilling, which had been sent to some dry goods' house in this country, as a specimen of the manufacture of the article, by some factory in England.—Of course, the postage being thirty times its value, it was refused by those to whom it was directed. I saw two night caps that were taken from a letter only a few days since; if the poor fellow to whom they were sent does not sleep in a night cap until he gets these, his head will be cold. It is impossible for the Department to attend to finding owners for the comparatively valueless things that are received; as night caps, ribbons, garters, stockings, stays, bustles, &c. &c., and they are therefore thrown into the receptacle of 'things lost to earth,' and a pretty 'kettle of fish' there is in that receptacle, you may depend.

In the cases, arranged and labelled for the purpose, are the legal documents found in letters. These are numerous, and run back for a long time of years. They are most carefully preserved. The beneficial policy of this preservation has been often illustrated, and most strikingly so, only the other day. A gentleman in a distant State wrote the Superintendent that some seven or eight years ago a large package of most valuable papers had been lost thro' the Post Office. They involved the right to a large estate. If he could not find them he would be irretrievably ruined, and begged him to search in the Department for them. He did so. He told me that the first case he opened, under a pile of other papers, he saw a large package, answering the description. He took it out, and it was the very papers wanted. They had slept there quietly for years. The postage was about \$10—and they had originally, by some mistake, failed of their rightful owner. The package had been carefully preserved, and the owner was pecuniarily saved.
I have given you but a faint description, after all, of this interesting portion of the General Post Office operations. My letter, however, has reached a prudent length, and I must stop. The gentleman who superintends this wing is Jere O'Brien, Esq., of Brunswick, in our country. He has been here about ten months. To his politeness I was much indebted, in my observations. I have heard his gentlemanly deportment spoken of by others in this connection. He is a fine specimen of the New England gentleman, and I am happy to record his success in obtaining a place in this Department.

Col. Crockett once said that 'popularity is like soap; it hardly stiffens before it goes back to lye and grease again.'