

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND
JOSEPH FISHER, PROPRIETORS.
M. B. MASSER, Editor.

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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.—JERZANOW.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Feb. 6, 1847.

Vol. 7—No. 20—Whole No. 332

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, 50 cts
1 do 3 do 1 00
1 do 5 do 1 50
Every subsequent insertion, 25 cts
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$6; 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.

Boot & Shoe ESTABLISHMENT.

DANIEL DRUCKMILLER,
his Old Establishment, in Market Street,
Sunbury.

(OPPOSITE THE RED LION HOTEL.)
RETURNS his thanks for past favors, and respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture to order, in the neatest and latest style.

CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES.

Sorted of the best material, and made by the experienced workmen. He also keeps on hand a general assortment of fashionable Boots for gentlemen, together with a large stock of fashionable gentlemen's, boys', ladies' and children's Shoes, of which have been made under his own immediate inspection, and are of the best material and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash. In addition to the above, he has just received in Philadelphia a large and extensive supply of his Shoes, of all descriptions, which he also offers for cash, cheaper than ever before offered in this place. He respectfully invites his old customers, and others, to call and examine for themselves, repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
Sunbury, August 15th, 1846.—

REMOVAL.

JOHN H. PURDY,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his stock of hats to the Stone House, on Market square, formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. Dewart, where he will apply to serve his old customers and the public generally, on all good terms, and at as low prices as can be had elsewhere.
A large assortment of Groceries, Dry Goods, Cannedware, constantly on hand.
Tue 27th, 1846.—

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HAT & CAP WAREHOUSE.

304, Market Street, above 5th, South side, PHILADELPHIA.
THE subscribers respectfully call the attention of their friends and the best of their large well assorted stock of Hats and Caps of every riparian, well adapted for the spring trade. Be made of the best material and by the most experienced workmen, they feel confident to give equal satisfaction to all who may favor them with it, as they offer to sell as low as any house in the city.
BARTALOTT & BLYNN,
Philadelphia, January 3, 1846.—

PREMIUM PIANOS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, and beautiful exterior finish, and for depth, sweetness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. Following is a recommendation from GARET, a celebrated performer, and himself a manufacturer:
A CARD.

Having had the pleasure of trying the excellent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and tried at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker to state that these instruments are quite equal in some respects even superior to all the Pianos I saw at the capital of Europe, and during a sojourn of two years at Paris.
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. One is requested to call and examine for oneself, at the residence of the subscriber.
Inquiry, May 17, 1846. H. B. MASSER.

Counterfeiters' DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three letters upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom) containing a fac-simile signature of my handwriting, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These are engraved on steel, beautifully designed, done at an expense of over \$2,000.—Therefore I believe that the only thing necessary to produce the medicine in its purity, is to observe these letters.
Remember the top, the side, and the bottom, following respective persons are duly authorized and hold:
CERTIFICATES OF AGENCY
of the sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Liver Pills.

Northumberland county: Milton—Maskey & Mabelin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser, M. E. Wenzel—Irland & Meixell. Northumberland—Wm. 5th. Georgetown—J. & J. Walls.
York County: New Berlin—Dobler & Win. Selingsrove—George Gudrum. Middleburg—Isaac Smith. Beaverstown—David Hubler. Mt. Pleasant—Wm. J. May. Millersburg—Meacham Ray. Hartleton—Daniel Long. Freeburg—F. C. Moyer. Lewisburg—Wells & Green. Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Cassa—C. G. Braets. Bloomersburg—John R. ex. Jesse Town—Levi Briel. Washington t. McCay. Limestone—Balliet & Mc-Ninch. Where that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing, upon which will also be seen exact copies of new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pills.
Philadelphia, office No. 8, North 8th street. B. BRANDRETH, M. D. Jns 24th 1842.

George J. Weaver, OPE MAKER & SHIP CHANDLER.

No. 13 North Water Street, Philadelphia.
AS constantly on hand, a general assortment of Cordage, Seine Twines, &c. viz: Ropes, Fishing Ropes, White Ropes, Manila Ropes, Trawl Ropes for Canal Boats. Also, a complete assortment of Seine Twines, &c. such as Shad and Herring Twine, Best Patent Gill Twine, Cotton Shad and Herring Twine, Gill Twine, &c. &c. Also, Best Goods, Clog Lines, Tars, Tarred Cotton and Linen, Carpet Chains, all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.
Philadelphia, November 13, 1842.—17.

From the Miners Journal.
Continuous Railroad from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

This subject has excited much interest, during the past year in many parts of the State. It is one of great importance to her future prosperity. The selection of a proper route is a matter of no small consequence; a mistake in this first step of the work may lead to the most disastrous consequences—only to be remedied by the future expenditure of millions. In Philadelphia meetings have been held and addresses issued in which a decided preference has been given to what is termed the Middle Route and many arguments are adduced to prove that a railroad on that route would not injure but rather benefit the State works. In this we think they are mistaken.

What is called the middle route for such a rail road, commences at Harrisburg, and passing up the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers to near Lewistown—parallel with, and in most places in close contiguity with the Pennsylvania Canal is from Lewistown to Logan's Narrows, on the Little Juniata, the road leaves the river and is to be carried across chasms, over ridges and through mountains, considerably shortening the distance, but descending again to near the bed of the river, so that nothing is gained in this distance, in ascent towards the great Summit of the Allegheny mountains, save the actual rise in the river between the two points. Soon after passing Logan's Narrows the road begins to ascend the Allegheny mountain, and it requires 32 miles of climbing along the south eastern side of it to attain the summit; and it thence descends 50 miles or more to the Conemaugh—the whole distance in the vicinity of the State works. After crossing the Conemaugh it is to be carried across hill and dale to the Monongahela, and down it to Pittsburgh. The whole length is stated to be 329 1/2 miles; or the whole distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in round numbers is 336 miles. The road is to have ascending and descending grade both ways, the maximum of which is 45 ft. per mile. There will be 12 summits, and 12 tunnels varying in length from 150 to 1600 yards, amounting the whole to 6131 yards or three and a half miles.—There is to be viaducts or bridges 80, 90 and even 130 high! with cutting 80 and 90 feet deep and embankments 50 and 60 feet high, and both of great length. These are a few of the gigantic obstacles to be overcome. How many more there may be and of what size has not as yet been made very apparent. For in the report from which the above is derived, and which is constantly appealed to by the advocates of the route as undoubted authority, the 80 miles of the mountain division, the heaviest, most difficult and rugged part of the work, is passed over with few details, in place of which we have the oft repeated remark that much heavy work will occur.

The cost of the road as estimated by the engineer is about \$4 millions of dollars. Its advocates however, say that the cost will not exceed 7 million, owing to the greater knowledge and experience that we now have in making railroads—be this as it may, we predict that it is much more likely to cost 14 millions than either of the above sums, before it is fairly in operation. Should the road and its equipments cost equal to the Reading railroad in proportion to its length it would not be safe to set it down at less than 25 millions. Now can a road that must necessarily be very costly to make and having ascending grades of 45 feet to a mile compete with a Canal whose rate of tolls is very low and must continue so, to ensure a share of trade. If it cannot, what is to become of the investment, until there is trade enough for both! But suppose it can carry cheaper than the Canal, or in some other way should obtain the preference, what then becomes of the State works and the millions expended on them? We know it is confidently asserted, that the construction of the railroad will increase the business of the Canal, and the case of New York is cited. But was it the proof! A part of the railroad from Albany to Buffalo is strictly prohibited from carrying freight while the canal is open, and at other times it is duly permitted to carry freight by paying to the State tolls equal to those charged on the Canal. The making of the rail road from Philadelphia to Harrisburg has not increased the business on the Union Canal, neither has the construction of the Reading railroad increased the business on the Schuylkill Navigation, thus far, whatever it may do hereafter while it has drawn to itself a tonnage unprecedented, in this country at least.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

That the Democratic party is shorn of its strength by a want of harmony in its ranks, is too evident to the plainest understanding to need the production of facts.—That it cannot hope for future success without a restoration of that harmony which achieved its former triumphs, is admitted by every one. Under circumstances so discouraging, it seems to us that every Democrat, who is sincerely attached to those principles, the ascendancy of which has made this Union respected and admired throughout the civilized world, would be anxious to heal all breaches, to endeavor to restore harmony, and to place the party in that attitude in which it could defy the most strenuous exertions of its opponents. What is the obstacle to our success? Simply an indisposition on that part of a portion of the party to nominate such a candidate as will be the most likely to unite the whole Democracy of Pennsylvania. The warm friends of Gov. Shunk insist on his re-nomination. If they succeed in their effort they feel, they know, that they will give the Whigs a most decided advantage, because the Democracy will enter into the contest with broken ranks, and dispirited by the almost certain prospect of an inglorious defeat. Their fealty to the man has most unaccountably, but we trust only momentarily, overcome their fealty to their principles. The party is in imminent danger. A new candidate will invigorate the rank and file—restore harmony—ensure a concert of action—and place the success of the Democratic ticket next fall beyond all dispute. Yet they, composing but a minority of the masses, pertinaciously insist upon the re-nomination of their favorite, who, in the opinion of every one conversant with public opinion cannot be re-elected. Is this Democratic? Does it not savor more of a devotion to men than to principles? No matter how strong may be their belief in the fidelity and political honesty of Gov. S. their convictions of duty to their principles should overbalance all personal predilections. The success of the party should be paramount to all other considerations. It is in danger. But that danger can be removed. The party is disorganized, but its unity can be restored.—There is an almost universal disposition to harmonize. Let that disposition be cherished, and our late disastrous defeat will be fully retrieved. We want a candidate whom we can all cordially support. The Democracy of the State can furnish many such candidates. Then why not make such a selection? A re-nomination of the present Executive will prove disastrous.—The selection of a new candidate will go forth as the harbinger of triumph. Is it not then worse than madness to hesitate for a moment as to the course to be pursued? The portion of the party who feel convinced that Gov. Shunk cannot be re-elected, ask that the Democracy may be saved by the nomination of a new man. Is not their demand reasonable? Is it not strictly Democratic?—Harrisburg Argus.

AN OFFER TO GOVERNMENT.—The Wyoming Troop have patriotically offered their services to government for the war in Mexico, and have appointed a committee for the purpose of securing the acceptance of the same, by uniting, if possible, with the regiment of Cavalry now forming in Philadelphia. Success to them. If any cavalry are needed for the war, we hope the Wyoming boys will have a chance.

[From the Cincinnati Times, 23d ult.]
Seventeen Lives Lost—Several Flatboats Wrecked.

The following memorandum, from the log book of the Ben Franklin, No. 7, arrived this morning from New Orleans, is from the books of the Merchants Exchange.

"Left New Orleans on Monday night, the 11th inst., at 10 o'clock. Boats in port for Cincinnati, Jamestown, John Hancock. Lost 30 hours in the Mississippi, saving a flatboat, which we found about six miles below Helena, at the head of Montgomery bar, floating, sunk to the roof, with five men on board; the boat belonging to Patterson, of Cincinnati, W. H. Marand, master, and loaded with flour, whiskey and oats. The Ben, No. 7, towed the boat to shore, and succeeded in saving the cargo in a damaged condition. Another boat was lost one mile above, same night, name and destination unknown.

"We also took in our passage, the crews of four different boats that were lost in the late storm, who informed me that there were many more lost between Memphis and Plum Point. Mr. Charles Smith, who came passenger with us from Raleigh, informs us that there were two coal boats sunk at the mouth of the Wash, the crews of which, thirteen in number, were all lost, except one man, by freezing and drowning. Some succeeded in reaching the timber on the island, but it being overflowed, they hung on the trees until they froze and dropped in the river. Five miles above, another boat with five men, was lost with all on board. The S. B. Louisville ran over a flat boat at Enterprize, and sunk her instantly. A great deal of ice was running out of the Wash, and also out of the Upper Mississippi at Cairo."

Shocking Accident.—On Wednesday night last during the storm, two flatboats lashed together struck a log near the head of Tennessee Island, and one of them was so injured as to sink immediately. The boat was freighted with pork, from Cincinnati, and bound for New Orleans. John Ulrey was the Captain and was on board the boat. Two of the men after considerable exposure and suffering made their escape to the shore. No boats being near, one of them was unfortunately drowned. The other two men who escaped were badly frost bitten.

LATE FROM THE ARMY.

Christmas at Saltillo.
The New Orleans Picayune has the following interesting letter from its correspondent at Saltillo, giving an account of the celebration of Christmas at that place.

SALTILLO, MEXICO, Dec. 26, 1846.
I will give you a little sketch of Christmas in Saltillo, the most interesting and exciting one I ever enjoyed. If you could have peeped into the kitchens of any of the barracks before daylight, you would have beheld the busiest set of soldiers in Christendom. While some were engaged beating up egg-nogs, others were picking chickens and turkeys, scalding pigs and making all sorts of preparations for a real old Yankee Christmas dinner, while out of doors the streets were thronged with thousands of the natives, as well as soldiers, going to mass. The cathedral was beautifully lighted, and the silver altars in each apartment were splendidly decorated with flowers; but I will pass over egg-nog and other fine fixings, by saying that all enjoyed themselves during the morning to their hearts content. About 12 o'clock an express arrived from Gen. Wool, informing General Butler that he was in momentary expectation of being attacked by the enemy. Orders were immediately issued for every man to "pack up his duds," put on his accoutrements, and fall in, which was performed in double quick time. All was excitement and joy. In the mean time, old Madame Rumor was hard at work, and I never saw the old lady more industrious. One story was to the effect that Wool was within twenty miles of us, retreating on the place, and fighting 20,000 Mexicans as he came along. Another was that a portion of his column had been cut to pieces, and a hundred other stories of the same kind were circulated. Although many did not believe these reports, they thought there was something like a fight ahead, particularly as the orders from headquarters had been so explicit. The streets before the quarters presented an interesting spectacle. The guns were all stacked before the doors, and every man wore his accoutrements, ready and anxious to be off; but the most amusing part of the scene was the Christmas dinner. There was scarcely a man but what had the limb of an old gobbler, the rib of a pig, or something else of the kind, enjoying it probably, from the novelty of the scene, better than they ever did a Christmas dinner before—and then all candidly believed we should wind up the day with another battle. About two o'clock, P. M., Webster's battery, and the Ohio and Kentucky volunteers, who were encamped six miles below town, came in, and such cheers as the regulars gave them, and such as they returned, put me in mind of the shouts which accompanied the different victories in Monterey. Webster's battery took up a position on the top of the hill, while the pioneers were busily engaged making loopholes through every house near the road. The horses belonging to the light batteries were all kept harnessed and the caissons filled with ammunition. I never saw men so enthusiastic as they were now. There was one thing only that I prayed for, and that was that a portion of the battle, if we did have one, might take place in town, for the Mexicans who did not *bamos* to the *ranche* when the news first came, or a large portion of them, promenade the streets and appeared to be delighted at the prospect, and those that did not tell you *mucha fanfango poco tiempo*, would give you a look as much as to say, "now you will catch it."

The inhabitants all agree that there are between seven and eight hundred *ladrones* and *leprosa* in town whom they fear in case of an attack, more than the soldiers, for as soon as they have an opportunity they are sure to commence their work of murder and plundering; but there is little prospect of our commander giving them that chance.

Gen. Butler is commander-in-chief of this place, Monterey, and Gen. Wool's command.
Yours, &c., ALTO.

DEPARTURE OF VIRGINIA TROOPS.—Four companies of the Virginia Regiment, including the one which contained a number of Philadelphians, left Old Point Comfort on Tuesday last, in the May Flower, Capt. Hitchcock, for the seat of war—the whole under the command of Lieut. Col. Rynold. Other companies will be ready to embark in a few days, in the Victory. The Richmond Republican says:
"The May Flower has 333 officers and men on board, and all very comfortably fixed. The Victory is a new vessel, and has fine accommodations for 250 men. The berths of both, (as we learn from Col. Hamtracck, who had himself inspected them,) are wide, and will contain two men each, and all on board are very much pleased. They have 40 days' rations on board and a double supply of water. In two weeks these companies will probably be on the banks of the Rio Grande."

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, is stuck up a pole with this inscription:—"Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

Famine and Appalling Distress.
The English papers are filled with shocking details of the misery caused by a want of food in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland. We can scarcely realize the existence of such suffering as is described, and which is brought upon the unfortunate victims by no fault of their own.—

Appalling Distress.—We entreat our readers' attention to the following shocking description of the state of Skibbereen, and the surrounding district of West Carbery, in the county of Cork, premising that it is only an aggravated epitome of the sufferings of the poor starving peasantry in other districts. It is by Mr. Cummins, a county magistrate, who thus writes to the Duke of Wellington:

"I went on the 15th inst., to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland district which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situated on the eastern side of Castletown harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning, they were alive—they were in fever, four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the details; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes, I was surrounded by at least 200 of such phantoms—such frightful spectres no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavor to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neck-cloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant apparently just born in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found lying on the mud floor, half devoured by the rats.

A mother, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about 12, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered by stones. In another house, within 300 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the Dispensary Doctor found seven wretches unable to move, under the same cloak. One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse. Equally disheartening is what follows from the Moughan Standard:

The state of destitution in this neighborhood is absolutely frightful. In every street, at every corner lean and cadaverous beings meet your eye, famine in the face, want in the hollow glance, emaciation in the wasted frame, and yet they do not die. Strange how much suffering the body accustomed to want can bear before the spirit wings its flight! It has not yet been ascertained how little a man can live on. Men who fed moderately in other years are surprised how they are alive, they get so little now. The able-bodied laborer is no longer so—he is haggard and famine-worn. There is no charity amongst those who give ninety per cent. of the shins of the country—the farmers; they are buying themselves oats; flour is 1s. 6d. per stone, and is sold to buy meal; the horses are starved, and the family, like a vessel in a calm, is on half allowance. The poor-houses are filling with frightful rapidity.

In Congress, on the 21st ult., a personal explanation was made between Messrs. Culver and Sawyer. The latter pledged himself to prove that Mr. Culver had endeavored to obtain improperly the secret of Lodges for publication. Mr. Culver pronounced the statement to be false, and if compelled to fight, he should insist, as the challenged party, to have the choice of weapons. The New York Tribune suggests that Mr. Culver should choose mannaes as weapons.

It is said that at a certain time a Chinese widow, who was fanning the grave of her husband, was asked why she performed so singular an operation. She said she had promised not to marry again while the grave of her husband remained damp, and as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting the process.

PRINTER'S FESTIVAL AT WASHINGTON.—The Columbia Typographical Society of Washington, held their thirty-second Anniversary in that City on the 24 ult. The proceedings, as published in the National Intelligencer, are very lengthy, but interesting.—Among the large number of toasts offered on the occasion, we find the following, sent in by Printer Cameron, U. S. Senator from this State, who was unable to attend the meeting of the Society.

"The Poor Boy's College.—The Printing Office: industry, intelligence, integrity and perseverance will ensure distinction and honor to its greatness."

Upon which the N. Y. Globe remarks, that there is more truth than poetry in this sentiment. "The Printing Office" has indeed proved a better "college" to many a "poor boy"—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has brought out more latent intellect and turned it into practical, useful channels—has waked up more mind, generated more active and elevated thought—than many of the literary colleges of our country. How many a drome or dolt has passed through one of these colleges, with no tangible proof of fitness to graduate, other than his inanimate piece of parchment! himself, if possible, more inanimate than his leathern diplomas. There is something in the very atmosphere of a printing office, calculated to wake up the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school, will have his talents and ideas brought out, if he have any; if he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out.

LOAN TO THE BANK OF FRANCE.—The London papers say that a loan has been negotiated by M. Hottinguer, one of the Directors of the Bank of England. The securities are determined upon, the rate of interest agreed upon, and the loan is called substantially one of silver bullion. For, as silver is the standard of value in France, and the circulating coin composed of that metal, it will therefore be more profitable to send silver than gold. The loan is made for the purpose of aiding the Bank of France in its present difficulties, arising from the diminution of the amount of bullion in the vaults of the Bank, estimated at 65,000,000 francs. The New York Evening Post says:

The causes which have produced this condition of the bank are an external drain of bullion, in payment for the balance due to other countries created by the enormous purchase of grain and the internal drain of bullion caused by the high price of provisions in France, and the consequent larger sum required to circulate them. The internal drain also aggravated by the fact that the farmers, receiving large prices for their produce, retain the actual coin for several months, until they either expend it or invest it; it is also aggravated by the fact that the extent of discredit which exists in France induces bankers and notaries throughout the country, who always hold large sums of money which can be called for at pleasure, to larger reserves to meet such demands than usual.

The mode of transmitting the loan to France excites some attention, and the question is raised whether it should be done by bills on London, issued in Paris, or by purchasing silver with the funds which the Bank of England may advance. This will be determined by considerations which relate to the condition of the exchanges between the two countries, and also with the rest of Europe. Very little apprehension is, however, manifested in relation to the influence of the loan upon the money market. It is thought that at the utmost it might add other causes which are in operation to make money dearer before long, but of itself would not have any important effect.

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.—It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulders; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, 'You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road.'

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured.—When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, 'A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat.' The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained.—The soldier had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.