

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

# 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.—J. W. WALKER.

By Messer & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 29, 1847.

Vol. 7, No. 28.—Whole No. 248

### PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, . . . . . 50 cts  
1 do 2 do . . . . . 75  
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Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25  
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$20; half  
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length of time they are to be published, will be  
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-  
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### CHEAP WATCHES & JEWELRY.

"Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"  
No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of Quarry.

GOLD Lever Watches, full  
jewelled, 18 case cases, \$35 00  
Silver Lever Watches, full  
jewelled, 23 00  
Silver Lever Watches, se-  
ven jewels, 18 00  
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, finest  
quality, 14 00  
Superior Quartz Watches, 10 00  
Imitation Quartz Watches, not warranted, 5 00  
Gold Spectacles, 8 00  
Fine Silver Spectacles, 1 75  
Gold Bracelets with topaz stones, 2 50  
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 12 cents.  
Gold Finger Rings, 37 1/2 cts to \$5; Watch Glasses,  
plain, 12 cts; patent, 12 1/2; Lunet, 25. O-  
ther articles in proportion. All goods warranted  
to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.  
On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines  
and Quarters, lower than the above prices.  
Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1846.—17

### Boot & Shoe ESTABLISHMENT.

DANIEL DRUCKEMILLER,  
At his Old Establishment, in Market Street,  
Sunbury.

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

**CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
warranted of the best material, and made by the  
most experienced workmen. He also keeps on  
hand a general assortment of fashionable Boots for  
gentlemen, together with a large stock of fashion-  
able gentlemen's, boys', ladies' and children's Shoes,  
all of which have been made under his own imme-  
diate 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  
from Philadelphia a large and extensive supply of  
Boots, Shoes, &c. of all descriptions, which he also  
offers for cash, cheaper than ever before offered in  
this place. He respectfully invites his old custom-  
ers, and others, to call and examine for them-  
selves.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.  
Sunbury, August 15th, 1846.—

### PREMIUM PIANOS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent,  
for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-  
BRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PI-  
ANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain,  
massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth  
and sweetness of tone, and elegance of workman-  
ship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.  
The following is a recommendation from CARL  
DREWS, a celebrated performer, and himself a man-  
ufacturer:

**A CARD.**  
Having had the pleasure of trying the excel-  
lent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and  
exhibited at the last exhibition of the Franklin In-  
stitute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker  
to declare that these instruments are quite equal  
and in some respects even superior, to all the Pi-  
ano Fortes, I saw at the capitals of Europe, and  
during a sojourn of two years at Paris.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's  
lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower.  
Persons are requested to call and examine for  
themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.  
Sunbury, May 17, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

### Counterfeits DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brand-  
reth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three la-  
bels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom)  
each containing a fac-simile signature of my hand-  
writing, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These la-  
bels are engraved on steel, beautifully designed,  
and done at an expense of over \$2,000.—Therefore  
it will be seen that the only thing necessary to pro-  
cure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these  
labels.

Remember the top, the side, and the bottom.  
The following respective persons are duly authori-  
zed, and hold  
**CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY**  
For the sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal  
Pills.

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey &  
Chamberlin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser. M'Evans-  
ville—Irland & Mezell. Northumberland—Wm.  
Forsyth. Georgetown—J. J. White.

Union County: New Berlin—Bogar & Win-  
ter. Selingsgrove—George Gundum. Middle-  
burg—Isaac Smith. Beaverstown—David Hubler.  
Adamsville—Wm. J. May. Millburg—Mensch  
& Ray. Hartleton—Daniel Long. Freeburg—  
G. & F. C. Moyer. Lewisburg—Wells & Green.  
Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds  
& Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Cata-  
wissa—C. G. Brobs. Bloomsburg—John R.  
Moyer. Jessy Town—Levi Biesel. Washington  
Robt. McCay. Limestone—Ballie & McNinch.

Observe that each Agent has an engraved Cer-  
tificate of Agency, containing a representation of  
my BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing,  
and upon which will also be seen exact copies of  
the new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pills  
Boxes.

Philadelphia, office No. 8, North 8th street.  
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.  
June 24th, 1845.

### GEORGE J. WEAVER, ROPE MAKER & SHEPHERD.

No. 13 North Water Street, Philadelphia.

HE constantly on hand, a general assort-  
ment of Cordage, Seine Twines, &c., viz:  
Tara Ropes, Fishing Ropes, White Ropes, Manila  
Ropes, Tow Lines for Canal Boats. Also, a  
complete assortment of Seine Twines, &c. such as  
Romp Shad and Herring Twines, Sea Patent Gill  
Net Twines, Cotton Shad and Herring Twines, Shoe  
Threads, &c. &c. Also, Bad Coats, Plough Lines,  
Belton, Cranes, Cotton and Linen Carpet Chains,  
&c., all of which he will dispose of on reasonable  
terms.

Philadelphia, November 12, 1845.—17.

**MOLASSES.**—The first quality Sugar House  
Molasses, only 1 1/2 cents per quart; also, a  
superior article of yellow Molasses for baking, only  
1 1/2 cents per quart;—for both of the store of  
June 15, 1846. HENRY MASSER.



### ROUGH AND READY. The Soldier's Story.

[The following specimen of martial poetry,  
the best that we have seen for many a day, we  
copy from the Boston Daily Times. It is from  
the pen of Mr. F. A. Durivage, a poet of some  
celebrity. The production is credible, highly so,  
to its author, and tells the story of Old Rough  
and Ready's character and victories in spirit-  
stirring and truly harmonious rhymes.]

'Twas in the trench at Vera Cruz,  
A group of soldiers lay,  
Wearied and worn with working  
At the guns the livelong day,  
Their faces were begrimed with sand  
And soot from shot and shell  
Exploding in the crumbling earth,  
For fast the missiles fell.

Yet cheerily they chatted,  
For their hearts with hope beat high,  
And they knew the hour of victory  
Was surely drawing nigh.

There came a war-worn soldier,  
To mingle with the rest—  
They bade him welcome to their cheer,  
And gave him of the best.

He'd served with General Taylor,  
And they asked him of the man  
Who first and last had led the way  
To victory in the van;

On the winding Rio Grande,  
On the 8th and 9th of May,  
Through Buena Vista's carnage  
And the storm of Monterey.

"I knew him first," the soldier said  
"Among the Everglades,  
When we gave the savage red-skins  
Our bayonets and our blades.

I think I hear his cheerful voice:  
'On! column! steady! steady!  
So hardy and so prompt was he,  
We called him *Rough and Ready!*

"He rode upon an old white horse,  
And wore a brown surcoat—  
But oftener, when the ground was deep,  
He trudged with us on foot.

The man from whose canteen he drank,  
Was envied and thought lucky;  
He had the brave and kind good heart  
That honored old Kentucky.

"By wounds outworn, I left the field;  
But when a new campaign  
Against another foe commenced,  
I joined the ranks again.

'Twas fun alive, boys, once again  
To hear the sabre's clank,  
To see old *Rough and Ready* ride  
His white horse on our flank.

"At Palo Alto, comrades there  
He gave us work to do,  
And o'er La Palma's sulphury smoke  
His flag triumphant flew.

When from the fire his aid-camp  
Would have the chief retire,  
Old *Rough and Ready* merely said,  
'We'll ride a little higher.'

"You should have seen the brave old boy  
In the streets of Monterey—  
When the cannon swept the plaza,  
How he sternly stood at bay.

When shell, and grape, and cannon ball  
On their deadly errand went—  
The General seemed a man of steel,  
And fire his element.

"And if a wounded soldier  
In the streets of Monterey,  
Or friend or foe looked up to him  
Imploping, whence he lay,  
He stooped to wipe the drops of pain,  
That dimmed the marble brow,  
Or proffered from his own canteen  
A drink—I see him now.

"At Red Buena Vista  
My part I could not bear—  
But they tell me that the brown surcoat  
And old white horse were there.  
And well do I believe it,  
For the foe stood four to one,  
And without old *Rough and Ready*  
How had the fight been won?

"I've worn the sargent's chevrons  
And I may wear it yet—  
But old *Rough and Ready* tells me  
I shall wear the epaulettes—  
But in the ranks or out of them,  
To him I'll still prove steady,  
And long as I've a tongue to talk,  
Speak out for *Rough and Ready!*"

So spake the war-worn soldier,  
To his comrades as they lay  
Beneath the breastwork, where they'd served  
The guns the livelong day  
And their sleepiness and weariness  
It fairly chased away.

When of Rio Grande's hero  
Spoke the man from Monterey.

An eminent writer has said that when "any  
great misfortune happens to you, examine your-  
self well, and you will always perceive that it  
was, in some measure, owing to your own fault.

### Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista.

With a discrimination which seems entirely  
just and free from invidious reflections, the New  
York Courier speaks of the battles fought in  
Mexico within the past year. In reference to  
the brilliant attack at Cerro Gordo the Courier  
says—

Gen. Scott accomplished all that NAPOLEON  
or WELLINGTON could have accomplished under  
similar circumstances; and so at Vera Cruz—  
But those affairs cannot be compared to Buena  
Vista. That was, altogether, a very different  
concern, and offered an opportunity for distinc-  
tion which very rarely occurs in whole cen-  
turies of war. Monterey, Vera Cruz and Cerro  
Gordo, are of the same class of battles—where  
the victors did all that men could accomplish—  
all that circumstances would permit. But  
Buena Vista is another Marathon, it is sui  
generis—it stands alone among the many won-  
derful defenses which history records; and in  
all human probability, centuries may elapse  
without an opportunity offering for such an-  
other signal triumph. We look in vain for any-  
thing of the kind in the battles of the Revolution  
or the war of 1812; and even European  
history offers nothing superior, if there be any-  
thing to equal it.

Gen. Taylor's determination to fight the  
battle of Buena Vista, instead of retreating to  
Monterey, as advised by Gen. Scott, demon-  
strates in itself the highest order of military  
genius; it shows a comprehensive and clear  
intellect, the heroic reliance of courage on its  
own capacity to do and dare, and that prompt  
boldness of decision which marks the faculty of  
command.

The Courier intimates that the prestige of  
the gallant achievements of Palo Alto, Resaca  
and Monterey, was a powerful element in Tay-  
lor's success at Buena Vista. No doubt—in  
so far as those battles had shown the quality and  
temper of the man. And this we presume is  
the meaning intended, since the subsequent re-  
marks take that turn. "He possesses," says  
the Courier, "the extraordinary power, so sel-  
dom bestowed on men, of inspiring his army  
with the conviction that where he is, defeat is  
impossible. The veteran and gallant Wood did  
all that Scott or any man could have done in  
the early part of the day, and yet when Tay-  
lor came on the field, his troops were actually  
giving way to the overwhelming number of the  
foe. The mere presence of Gen. Taylor, how-  
ever, turned the current of events, and gave us  
victory instead of defeat. The "Little Corporal"  
was not on the ground, and his soldiers thought  
no more of retreat."

When the news of SANTA ANNA'S advance  
reached Saltillo, with the intelligence of the  
capture of Major Bostland's command, the rum-  
ors which came thronging into the town of  
the great force of the enemy filled our little  
army of volunteers with alarm. Gen. Taylor,  
returning from a tour of observation, arrived at  
this time, and as he entered Saltillo, says a pri-  
vate letter, "every hat was lifted, and fear and  
apprehension fled from every countenance."

The last remnant of distrust gave way to confi-  
dence and buoyancy when TAYLOR gave the  
memorable order to march to Agua Nueva,  
twenty miles nearer the enemy. One would  
almost think that the hero-spirit of JULIUS CAESAR  
had prompted this. And throughout the  
whole of an ordeal so terrible that those who  
passed through it so manfully cannot look back  
upon it now, perhaps, with calmness—the spir-  
its of our men were high and confident; and  
when the Mexican lines deploded upon the field  
in glittering array and in countless numbers, a  
shout went up from our little host that made  
the gorges of Buena Vista ring again.

Our military critic whom we have been quot-  
ing recapitulates his discriminating eulogy of  
TAYLOR by saying:

We repeat, therefore, that his success at Buena  
Vista, is mainly attributable to the fact of his  
possessing the extraordinary quality of im-  
pressing his men with a confidence of a truth  
which admits of no defeat, and which his so  
rarely being possessed by man; and we litened  
no disrespect to others when we say, that he is  
the only man living who could have won that  
battle,—which is certainly without any parallel  
in modern history, and which, in all human prob-  
ability, will stand isolated and alone on the  
page of history for centuries to come.

The New York Journal of Commerce says:  
"Immense orders for flour have been sent by  
telegraph to Buffalo within the last week. One  
house alone, supposed to be connected with the  
Rothchilds, has remitted \$50,000 to that city  
for the purpose. Indeed, more money went up  
by Livingston & Well's Express, on Monday  
night, than ever was forwarded at any one time  
before, and chiefly for account of flour specula-  
tors."

The bags of Ireland, which occupy nearly one  
seventh of the entire surface, contain an amount  
of turf fuel estimated to be equal to four hundred  
and eighty millions of tons of coal, and worth at  
five shillings the ton no less than £120,000,000  
sterling.

### Duke of Wellington.

Lady Mornington was compelled last week  
to make application at a Police court for relief.  
Her husband is a nephew of the Duke of Wel-  
lington, better known as the prodigal Long  
Pole Wetlesley. The lady was divorced from  
her first husband, on account of a faux pas with  
her present husband, who has deserted her  
rather from whom she is "separated." I cannot  
better than give the following account of the  
case:

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, on  
Wednesday, an elegantly dressed lady, evidently  
suffering under mental distress, accompanied by  
a gentleman understood to be her legal ad-  
viser, entered the Court to make an application  
to Mr. Bingham, the sitting magistrate. The  
gentleman who was spokesman, said, "Sir, I  
have to solicit your advice in a case of a very  
painful nature. It is a case in which I do not  
know whether it is in the province of this Court  
to give assistance, and this increases, if possi-  
ble, the painfulness of this public application.  
This lady is the Countess of Mornington; she  
has been separated from her husband, the pre-  
sent Earl of Mornington, for about fourteen  
years. At the time of the separation the Earl  
of Mornington settled on his lady £1000, to be  
paid out of his estates. The arrears, which  
have accumulated for thirteen or fourteen years  
amount to £14,000, or, if Lady Mornington is  
entitled to charge interest, to £17,500. About  
six or seven months ago, Lady Mornington  
came to England to see about her Chancery  
suit. She resided at Hatchett's Hotel, and she  
has no cause of complaint against Mr. Thomas,  
the proprietor, except that looking to his own  
interest, and seeing no prospect of speedy pay-  
ment of his bill, he gave her ladyship notice  
to leave the hotel on Saturday. Lady Morning-  
ton, therefore, at this moment, is really in a  
state of destitution. She has not a farthing in  
the world. Lord Mornington's family have been  
appealed to, but they all refuse to interfere in  
any matter in which Lord Mornington is in-  
concerned, and state that in everything connected  
with Lord Mornington the law must take its  
course. In consequence of Lord Mornington's  
conduct, Lady Mornington is reduced to a most  
pitiable situation. God knows what is to be-  
come of her, for she has but a six-pence at pre-  
sent, and not even the means of getting a night's  
lodging. My application to you, sir, is to know  
if you, by some summary process, can bring  
Lord Mornington, who is now at Mivert's Hotel  
before you, to show cause why he does not pro-  
perly maintain his wife. When Lady Morn-  
ington was ill at Hatchett's Hotel, an applica-  
tion was made by Mr. Thomas to Lord Morn-  
ington for assistance. The answer of the Earl  
of Mornington was, 'Bring me word that she is  
dead, and I'll pay your bill; otherwise, I'd not  
give a farthing.' I hope your worship will, at  
least, give this lady your advice.' Mr. Bang-  
ham: I see no difficulty in the case whatever.  
The course to take appears to be perfectly plain.  
The lady complains that her husband does not  
allow her support. I understand she lives at  
Hatchett's Hotel, which is in the parish of St.  
George, Hanover Square. She is at present  
without the means of support, and she there-  
fore comes within the description of casual poor.  
The lawful course is for her to apply to the  
parish authorities to be relieved. The husband  
is bound to supply means of subsistence to his  
wife, and a parish has power to compel him to  
do what a husband is bound to do—timely, to  
contribute to the support of his wife. The ap-  
plicant, on behalf of Lady Mornington, thanked  
the magistrate for his advice, and then with-  
drew.

Gen. LA VEGA.—The Courier des Etats U-  
nis contains a paragraph in relation to this dis-  
tinguished Mexican General, which seems to  
verify the opinion of the

"Ancient philosopher,  
Who had read Alexander Ross over,  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of fighting and of love."

For, according to this authority, it would ap-  
pear, that the gallant Mexican, at the very time  
he was fighting our countrymen in Mexico, was  
himself subdued by one of our equally irresisti-  
ble countrywomen.

Says the Courier, speaking of the captured  
Mexican Generals, "Among them was General  
La Vega, who, doubtless calling to mind his  
previous captivity, appeared delighted to return  
to the United States, and chatted quite gaily  
with Gen. Scott the very evening of the battle."

"If a certain chronicle is to be believed, which  
we have reason to think is predicated on good  
information, Gen. La Vega goes to New Orleans  
to recommence a pleasant, sweet romance,  
which his release and return to Mexico had in-  
terrupted, and the denouement of which seemed  
postponed to the conclusion of the war. This  
is the explanation of the resignation with which  
he meets his new captivity."

Gen. La Vega, perhaps, may settle down in  
New Orleans, and, after having served a suffi-  
ciently long apprenticeship as a citizen of the  
U. States, represent Louisiana in Congress.—  
Why not, as well as General Houston, Texas?  
N. Y. Tribune.

### The Vapor of Ether.

The "Lethion" is coming into use for a va-  
riety of purposes never thought of by the Reu-  
lity. Unruly horses are put to sleep, and waken  
up new-shod; squealing pigs are rendered in-  
sensible, and when up (as the London magis-  
trate said) "with their throats cut;" and now,  
at last, hives of bees are stupified by the ether,  
and find themselves when they begin to buzz  
again, minus their honey. A correspondent of  
the Boston Transcript gives the following lively  
and interesting account of the last process:

A friend of mine having neglected last Fall  
to scotch the honey in a hive of bees, determi-  
ned to take what remained of it to-day; not in-  
tending, however, that the "yellow-breeched  
philosopher," as one of our poets terms them,  
should keep "fast" too strictly, he provided them  
with sugar and water.

At about sunset we repaired to the bee house;  
taking with us some highly rectified Sulphuric  
Ether. The bees had just retired. Wetting a  
sponge with the ether, we thrust it into the  
hive, filling every part of it with the fumes of  
the gas.

The excitement and buzzing was intense for  
a moment; the next, all was still, calm and quiet.  
Now in the time, whispered Tom, and o-  
pening the hive, we speedily secured the hon-  
ey. The bees were scattered about in every di-  
rection, dreaming, I have no doubt, the most  
pleasant and delightful things, and seeing vi-  
sions of apple blossoms, roses, and an intermi-  
nable flower garden in the perspective. A slight  
buzzing warned us that we had better depart.  
Closing the hive, we removed the sponge, and  
in a few minutes the whole air was alive with  
bees, dithering out and in, over and about our  
heads; and we finding our position rather un-  
safe, took up our "line of march" with about the  
same speed as the Mexicans do when "Old  
Rough and Ready" is after them.

He says further, that the bees the next morn-  
ing were in a state of high mental and physical  
excitement, manifesting every sign of health  
and pleasure. Certainly the bees would much  
prefer to be put to sleep with ether, than to be  
suffocated with smoke.

**RANK IN THE ARMY—OR, A DAREBY'S DIGNI-  
TY.**—After a portion of the troops had huddled  
on the beach near Vera Cruz, on the night of  
the 9th of March, a body of the enemy com-  
menced a brisk fire of small arms into the en-  
campment. Of course, all hands were on the  
qui vive expecting the Mexicans would make  
some demonstration upon our lines during the  
night, and when the firing commenced, conclu-  
ded there was about to be a general attack. The  
lines were soon formed and not a word could be  
heard from the soldiery, but there was a negro  
who kept running from one little point of hill  
to another, apparently in a state of great ex-  
citement. He finally laid himself flat on his  
face, and commenced working himself into the  
side and with a good deal of energy. On be-  
ing asked what he was about! he replied, "I  
'reid some uh dem 'ere copper bills will put  
a stop to me drawin' my rahusa." Why, asked  
the party speaking to him, 'don't you get up  
and fight them!' 'No, sir ee!' he said, 'dat's  
my mass's part uh de business; he done been  
to West pint, where dey makes fightin' people  
to learn dat, and you don't ketch de nigger  
meddin' heeself wuh other people business. My  
mass's do de fightin' an' I waits on him and  
nurses him. If he gets promoted 'You get  
promoted! What good will your promotion do  
you?' inquired the individual. 'Oh, dat ques-  
tion is been settled long time ago in des parts  
down here; a colored gemmen what waits on  
a kurnel always outranks one dat waits on a  
captain; an' de way we colored gemmen regu-  
lars makes dese volunteer niggers equal is a  
caution to white folks.'

**TO PREVENT THE POTATO ROT.**—A writer in  
the Lancaster Union and Tribune, who says he  
speaks from experience in the matter, suggests  
the following mode of preventing the potato rot,  
and of producing the best crop:

Let every farmer plant his potatoes above  
ground in the following way: When your  
ground is well covered with manure, every 24  
or 30 feet throw the light turrows together, with-  
in 2 or 3 inches, then lay your seed on the top  
10 or 12 inches apart, and cover it lightly.—  
Afterward give them the ordinary ploughing  
and dressing. The seed remains near the sur-  
face; the ground becomes more mellow, the po-  
tato grows much larger, and in a wet season  
the unnecessary water will run off and prevent  
the rot. This experiment was tried by a gen-  
tleman in a lot, one half of which was put in  
the ordinary way, by ploughing down; and the  
other half put in as above. In the fall, when  
taken up, not one could be found diseased, and  
more than double the quantity is kept, as they  
had grown much larger than those planted on  
the other part of the lot.

In Russia the Emperor's pet scheme of a rail-  
road from St. Petersburg to Moscow is urged  
with his usual imperious will, and 50,000 sol-  
diers were recently put upon it as laborers, so  
that its completion in all next year might be in-  
sured.

### STATE OF THINGS IN IRELAND.

An idea of the  
deaths from famine in this county, says the Cork  
Reporter, may be formed from the statements of  
three Roman Catholic Clergymen, whose testi-  
mony we are accidentally able to adduce in this  
day's impression. The Rev. Mr. Mahoney says,  
that in his parish of Corchford, the population of  
which is 6000, the average of deaths from famine  
is fifty weekly; the Rev. Mr. Barry, V. C.,  
states that nearly four thousand persons, if not  
more, have fallen victims to famine in Barry  
alone; and the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of  
Cloyne and Ross, states on the authority of a pa-  
rish priest of his diocese, that in one of his pa-  
rishes, containing a population of 3700, the num-  
ber of deaths for the last month was two hundred  
and eighty; and that "in one of the sea-coast vil-  
lages, which six months ago contained a popu-  
lation of 250 persons, there are now standing but  
three hovel, with about a dozen persons;" he  
adds, "the other hamlets have been entirely de-  
populated."

The Cork examiner contains the following  
shocking statement:—"We this day witnessed  
a most horrid and appalling spectacle at the  
Shandon guard house, at the foot of Mallow-  
lane. Under the sheds attached to that building  
lay some thirty eight human beings—old and  
young men, women, children and infants of the  
tenderest age—all huddled together, like so many  
pigs or dogs, on the ground, without any other  
covering but the rags on their persons, and these  
in the state of filth and hideousness. There  
they lay—some dying—some dead—all gaunt  
and yellow, and hideous with famine and disease.  
We have seen many sights of horror within the  
last month, but never any thing equal to this con-  
gregated mass of human debasement. The smell  
that came from the unfortunate was offensive in  
the extreme, and was sufficient of itself to pro-  
pagate disease. Two of these wretched people  
died this morning, a man and a child. How ma-  
ny will follow them before the evening to their  
home of eternal peace we may not calculate.  
Several dead bodies, principally of children,  
were found this morning in various parts of the  
city. Hundreds of wretched objects lie about  
under sheds, without food or covering."

**Wise Answers.**  
Thales was one of the Wise Men of Greece  
A certain person wanted to puzzle him with diffi-  
cult questions, but he replied to them all with-  
out the least hesitation, and with the utmost  
precision—as follows:

What is the *ubiquitous* of all things? God; be-  
cause he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The world, be-  
cause it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space  
because it contains all that has been created.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope  
—because it still remains with man, after he  
has lost everything else.

What is the best of things? Virtue, because  
without it there is nothing good.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought,  
because in less than a moment it can fly to the  
end of the universe.

What is the strongest? That which makes  
men see all the dangers of life.

What is the easiest? To give advice.

What is the most difficult? To know your-  
self.

One Mr. Patrick F. was annoyed exceedingly  
by a strange dog—as Coleridge says, a  
"harmless dog," who invaded his domicile, made  
abstractions from his cellar, and was very much  
in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen.

On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a  
knife, and the snow frozen to as to blun like  
carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been  
turned out of doors no less than three times, and  
the last time requested to go to a warmer place  
unmentionable, Patrick was awakened from a  
warm and comfortable sleep by the noise of a  
rather expensive fracture of glass. The dog was  
in the house again. Patrick waited upon  
him out, and both were absent some fifteen min-  
utes; so that Mrs. Patrick F., becoming surpris-  
ed if not alarmed at such a prolonged absence,  
arose and once went to the window.

From her point of observation she saw, in the  
clear moonlight, her lord standing "unnatural-  
ly" barring his shirt, and the wind making  
free with that, as of course it would at the north-  
east corner of the house. The dog seemed to be  
sustained on his "last legs," his lot's legs  
forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What can you be doing there, Patrick?"  
There was such a chattering of teeth that the  
answer for some time was somewhat unintelligi-  
ble. At last came:

I'm tryin' to frize the devilish bastid by a  
d-death!"

**A LADY'S AGE.**—A lady the other day was  
asked by an envious female acquaintance, her  
age. "Really," said she, "I do not know, but I  
must be about thirty." "It is very extraordina-  
ry," replied the other, "in an enter, 'that you do  
not know your age.' 'I never count my years,'  
said the lady. 'I am not afraid of losing a sin-  
gle year; I fear of my female friends will rob  
me of 999.'

A sardonic smile, which, it takes many years  
to acquire it, but the actions of an hour may de-  
stroy it forever.