

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSEY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
J. S. EISELY, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. 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 arrearages are paid.
No subscriptions received for a less period than six weeks. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republic, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JAYSON.
By Massey & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 14, 1847. Vol. 7, No. 47—Whole No. 850

FRICES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, 50 cts
do do do do 1 00
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Every subsequent insertion, 25 cts
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$50; half column, \$25; three columns, \$125; two columns, \$75; one column, \$50. Half-yearly: one column, \$25; half column, \$12; three columns, \$60; two columns, \$40; one square, \$30.
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Fifteen lines or less make a square.

CHEAP WATCHES & JEWELRY,

AT THE
"Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"
No. 28 North SECOND street, corner of Quay.

GOLD Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, \$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jeweled, 23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels, 18 00
Superior Quartz Watches, 14 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, 16 carats, 2 00
Gold Finger Rings 3 75 to \$8; Watch Glasses, plain, 1 25; patent, 1 87; Lunet, 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.
On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarts, lower than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1846.—17

Boot & Shoe ESTABLISHMENT.

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

RETURN his thanks for past favors, and respectfully 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 fashionable gentlemen's, boys', ladies' and children's shoes, all 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 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 customers, and others, to call and examine for themselves.
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
Sunbury, August 15th, 1846.—

IMPORTANT TO ALL COUNTY HOUSEKEEPERS.

YOU may be sure of obtaining, at all times, pure and highly flavored **TEA.**
By the single pound or larger quantity, at the Pekin Tea Company's Warehouse, 30 South Second street, between Market and Chestnut streets.
Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed, almost impossible, always to obtain good Green and Black Tea. But now you have only to visit the Pekin Tea Company's Store, to obtain as delicious and fragrant Tea as you could wish for. All tastes can here be suited, with the advantage of getting a pure article at a low price.
June 27th, 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, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth and sweetness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. The following is a recommendation from Cass DIXON, a celebrated performer, and himself a manufacturer:
A CARD.
Having had the pleasure of trying the excellent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and exhibited at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 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 Pianos Fortes, I ever 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. MASSEY.

COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom) each containing a fac-simile signature of my handwriting, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These labels 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 procure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these labels.
Remember the top, the side, and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold **CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY** For the sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey & Chamberlin; Sunbury—H. B. Massey, M. E. Wensville—Irish & Weitzel; Northumberland—Wm. Forsyth; Georgetown—J. & F. Walls.
Union County: New Berlin—Boger & Winter; Selinsgrove—George Gundrum; Middleburg—Isaac Smith; Baxtersville—David Hubler; Adamsburg—Wm. J. May; Middleburg—Mensch & Ray; Hartleton—Daniel Long; Freeburg—G. & F. G. Moyer; Lewisburg—Walls & Green; Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds & Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse; Catawissa—C. G. Drotts; Bloomsburg—John R. Moyer; Jersey Town—Levi Bissel; Washington Robt. McCay; Limestone—Ballie & McVinch.
Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of BRANDRETH'S Manufacturing 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, June 24th, 1842. B. BRANDRETH, M. D.



The following lines were written in the Album of a lady in Philadelphia, by the eloquent Dr. Hawkes, of New Orleans:
The Blind Boy.
It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.
In pleasant thoughts I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
'Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither stray'd
Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl recline'd.
His hands in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.
The children knew not I was near;
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.
"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"
"Yes, Edward," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister I wish that I could see."
"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees."
"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God hath made."
"So sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"
"No doubt Edward, there all see—
"But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."
Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so thick and blind;
His widow's mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.
He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said—"Oh, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see."
"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But mother when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."
He spoke no more but sweetly smil'd
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up that poor blind child
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

The Lady's Defense.
"Cold as marble," it is well
Thus my truthful heart to blame,
Though its pulses roared and fell
Calmly when I heard your name.
Though thy hand unanswer'd lay
In your trembling, fond embrace,
And I coldly turned away
From the pleading of your face.
Though thy eyelids did not fall,
When you whispered soft and low,
And no maiden shame did fall
To my brow the sudden glow.
Though my accents faltered not,
Answering back your wildest prayer,
And you seemed that I forgot
What had won you such despair.
Yet my heart, that passed the hour
Of your wooing all unstrid,
Trembles like a summer flower,
"Neath another's lightest word;
And my coward accents fail
To another's voice replying,
While my eyes their softness vent
From another's glances flying.
Say not, then, my heart is cold,
That it bows to one alone;
For its inner leaves unfold
Love undying as your own,
And the vow my lips have spoken
Cannot perish for your sake,
It will live unchanged, unbroken,
Till my heart itself shall break.

To FARRAR'S GRAIN.—A discovery of considerable importance has been announced with regard to preserving grain. To preserve rye, and secure it from insects and rats, nothing more is necessary than to heat it after it is threshed, and to stow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this state it has been kept more than three years, without experiencing the smallest alteration, and even without the necessity of being turned to preserve it from humidity and fermentation. The experiment has not yet been made with wheat and other kinds of grain, and they may probably be preserved in chaff with equal advantage.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE POOR RELATIONS OF KINGS.
One morning during the last severe winter in Paris, a tier, on which was laid a wretched coffin, emerged from one of the poorest streets of the faubourg St. Marceau, followed by two assistants, and a female, whose sole protection against the heavy snow that fell was a wollen shawl, partially concealing features once beautiful, though now changed by suffering and privation, yet still beaming with resignation.
The young man whose remains were thus borne to the common sycamore was one whose forefathers slept in the vaults of St. Denis and who, by birth, was entitled to wear the arms of the Bourbon family. In speaking of Henry II. or any other of the kings of France, there was no fiction in this unfortunate being, while living, calling them 'my ancestors.' According to the etiquette of courts, he had a right to be called by the king, 'my cousin'; and equally so, by right of consanguinity, by the Bourbons of Spain and the imperial house of Austria.
Charles de Valois de St. Remy was, however, but a poor journeyman book binder, employed by one of the many of that trade who struggle for an existence in the neighborhood of the College of France. Even with the assistance of his aunt, Marguerite de Valois, he scarcely earned enough to subsist on. Like many others when placed in situations little in accordance with their birth, Charles de Valois had acquired notions respecting the greatness of his ancestors which led him to steadily pursuing his avocations. Devoid of that energy which is the basis of all self-advancement, he would remain for hours pondering on his ignoble fate. "One path lies open to me," he would sometimes exclaim; "I shall become a soldier and face the enemy of France!" In these reveries he was no longer the humble artisan, but in imagination one of the noble of his race, regarding all the territory his ancestors had lost. To put these dreams into execution, however, one thing was wanting—Charles de Valois had not the heart of a Bohemian.

Henry II. of whom he was a lineal descendant, had a son, to whom he bequeathed large territories—the title considerable being that of St. Remy; but his descendants gradually decreased in power and wealth, and at length they sunk into such obscurity that their existence was almost doubted. A ray of sunshine would at times gleam on some member of their family, but as if a fatality hung over their race, it was succeeded by darker shadows.
During the reign of Louis XV. the Marchioness Bouillonville, wife of the Prevot of Melchani, one day passing between Rhinns and Politie, remarked a little girl by the roadside tending a cow, and pleased with the pretty countenance and figure of the child, called her to the door of the carriage, and offered her a piece of money. The young Jeanne de Valois sprang and proffered the coin with the pride of a Spanish Hidalgo; and ere long her little person, she recounted to the marchioness her still genealogy—the only thing, beside her paternoster, she had ever learned. On being questioned, she gave sufficient proof of the truth of what she stated; and her listener, estimating nothing more than high birth, though she herself was but the daughter of a revenue officer, made the little cowerd get into the carriage, which rolled off to Paris.

After having been educated by the first masters, her protectors introduced her to the fashionable world, and even at court, where she was looked on as a sort of curiosity. She was pensioned by the king, and afterwards married the Count de la Motte. The queen, Marie Antoinette, took her into favor, and employed her near her person; but she repaid the royal kindness by the deepest ingratitude. By forging her majesty's signature, she procured large sums of money; and by the same means prevailed on Cardinal Rohan (who was at the time in disgrace at court, and glad of the opportunity of regaining favor) to purchase a necklace, as it for the queen, worth nearly two millions of francs, for the payment of which the countess alleged that her majesty would give a note in her own handwriting, to be defrayed from the private purse. The necklace was given into the hands of the countess, who immediately sent her husband to London with it. But the period of payment being allowed to pass, the jeweler made his complaint to the queen; Cardinal Rohan, and many others arrested on suspicion, were thrown into the Bastille but were ultimately released on the culprit being discovered. The countess was publicly whipped, and branded on the shoulders; a sentence of imprisonment for life was recorded against her; but after ten months' confinement, she effected her escape, and died in London in 1791.

Residing at Troyes, in Champagne, was an uncle of Jeanne de Valois, and looked on as the head of her branch of the family. In a thoroughfare of that town might be heard from morning until night, the noise of his hammer, accompanied by merry songs, issuing from a frail wooden edifice, erected against the walls of the bishop's garden and under the shadow of the cathedral clock. Though aware of his genealogy, learned from his father, who died in the Hotel Dieu at Paris, in 1750, it had inspired him neither with pride nor regret—looking on human grandeur, as he did, with the most philosophic indifference. Having never bestowed a thought on claiming the right of his birth, he worked, he slept, he sang, and appeared so really contented and happy that one would have been inclined to believe, according to the old adage, "that the king was not his cousin." This gaiety was not without merit, if it is recollected that Henry de Valois, issuing from the reigning family of France, was a cobbler.

In 1778, while the countess was in favor at court, a detachment of the guards, after accompanying the queen to Chateau Vilain, received directions to return through Troyes, and pay their respects to the illustrious artisan, who had been already spoken of at Versailles as one of the remaining representatives of the branch of Francis I. along with the little cowherd of Fontaine. As the guards approached the shed, over which a board was fixed, with a bot painted in black, and the words, "Henri, reparateur de la chaussure humaine!" (Henry shoemaker, to the human race!) they heard a mainly voice singing a provincial ditty, while a hammer beat time to the measure. The soldiers, dressed in splendid uniform, advanced respectfully, their hats off, preceded by their lieutenant the Marquis de Nantouillet. The cobbler, little accustomed to such visitors, regarded them with surprise; but his looks being mechanically directed to the officer's feet, and perceiving his splendid boots, laced with brilliant, he remarked—"You are in error, monsieur; I mend only shoes. Ask for Christophe, the first street on the right."

The marquis, with many forced compliments, having explained the cause of his presence, the cobbler, lifting his cotton cap from his head, created a dumbfounder's look of three or four pairs of old boots, and made a sign to the officer to be seated; the other soldiers not being able to find room, had the felicity of contemplating his august visage through some latticed sheets of paper, substituted in the window for glass.
"The king has learned, monsieur," said the marquis, as he accepted the seat, "that you are in a position little becoming your illustrious origin, and his wish is to change this state of things. Your niece is already a convincing proof of the royal solicitude."
"And I have many doubts," replied the old cobbler, "whether this royal solicitude will much benefit the girl. As for me, monsieur, I am aware that if Henry II. had wished, he could have converted this bench that I sit on into a throne, this hammer into a sceptre, and that instead of this cotton cap, I might wear a brilliant head-gear of gold and diamonds, though much more weighty."

The marquis was somewhat startled at this liberty of language, but concealing his astonishment behind a courtly smile, the cobbler continued—"Ah, well, monsieur, I have no regret at seeing her cousin of Bourbon stride at the crown of France. Think you that I envy Louis XV. I do not. I am my own master; no person has an interest in deceiving me; all the world are contented with me, and I with them. Can the king say so much? This reminds me that my work proceeds—will you permit me?" And the old man, who seemed to take delight in treating without ceremony the king of France and his envy, busily resumed his employment.
"You had better reflect," remarked the officer. "I have no need of reflection; I require nothing."
"But you have children, monsieur; accept for them what you retain for yourself, and allow your sons to fill that rank to which you are entitled."

The old man scratched his ear, as if undecided how to act; at length, pulling his cap over his gray locks, he replied, "It is my frank opinion, monsieur, that the boys will not reflect much honor on the family; but that is their affair; so, in their name, I shall accept the king's generosity. The old proverb says that 'it is needless to upset good sauce with the foot.' But perhaps you could not guess what are my thoughts?" continued Henry de Valois in a tone of tallity. "I think the king is about doing what I do daily—to patch on old boots, which never lasts long."
"Very good! very good!" exclaimed the courtier, laughing boisterously. "Permit me, however, to finish the simile, added he; I am sure the king's work will be solid. I shall now retire, and inform his majesty of your intentions." The visitors had scarcely disappeared, when the old man resumed his song—a proof that the perspective of grandeur did not much trouble the mind of the cobbler, who has been so well described in the songs of Beranger.
A short time afterwards, heedless of the sarcasms and repartees which it occasioned, the king pensioned Henry de Valois from the privy purse, and made him a count. His nose entered the service. One of them was created Baron St. Remy, and became captain of a corvette; but, as had been predicted by the old cobbler, none of them added much to the honor of the family.

The affair of the necklace here is a mistake. The Countess de la Motte hastened their downfall. Abject misery succeeded the perpetration of the crime. The revolution arrived, and the descendants of Henry II. sank into greater obscurity than that from which they had never taken a few years previously.
The St. Remy de Valois had their origin in a royal castle. The splendor of a throne was reflected on their cradle. In three centuries afterwards what is their fate? The last male of their line, struggling with poverty during his life-time, has his ashes finally consigned to the common city burying place—unknown and forgotten. She who followed his remains was the great grand-daughter of the old cobbler, and his only known survivor of her race.

Our advancement in life depends mainly on our own exertions and energy. Whatever assistance we may derive from others, if without corresponding exertions of our own, is too limited to be of permanent advantage; and the prospects of those to whom kings lavish their favors, like the sun preceding a storm, are never more uncertain than when they appear most dazzling.
Amongst many who stand pre-eminently for self-advancement, may be mentioned Amyot, Vincent de Paul, and Sektus V. The one, picked up dying on the public road, became Archbishop of Sens, and preceptor to the King of France; the other, the son of poor parents, uncertain from day to day of the bread they ate, shows a career of virtue and good actions, and was enabled in his old age, to retire in affluence; the third, from being a wine-herd, became pope. Colbert, Chevert, Catinat, all owed to themselves the dignities to which they were raised.
Our elevation is but the result and the recompense of persevering industry, and a steady adherence to the path of rectitude and justice. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances; and fortunes made by honorable pursuits, are ever the most durable.

LIEUT. PARKER.—The Union publishes the following official announcement of the death of the gallant Lieut. Parker.
U. S. FLAGSHIP MISSISSIPPI,
Anton Lizardo, July 13, 1847.
Sir:—It is with sincere regret that I announce to the department the death, last evening, at a few minutes past 11 o'clock, of Lieutenant James L. Parker, my aid and flag lieutenant. Mr. Parker has been with me on all my late expeditions, was severely wounded in the attack on Tapan, and, though still suffering from the effects of his wound, joined me in accompanying me in the attack on Tabasco. On this last expedition, he must have contracted the disease which terminated his valuable life.
This accomplished officer was remarkable for his indomitable courage, for his extraordinary acquirements in the languages, and for his excellent disposition and character. As a lieutenant of the Somers, he escaped from the wreck of that vessel, and joined me as aid; to be subsequently wounded, and to fall a sacrifice to the fever of the climate. The loss is irreparable to me, and no one can deplore it more than I do. His remains will be deposited, with all due honors, within a neat enclosure upon the island of Salina, upon which the hospital of the squadron has been erected.
I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,
M. C. PEARL,
Commanding Home Squadron.
Hon. John Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy,
Washington city, D. C.

IRON CARRIAGE WHEELS.—The Salem, N. J., Standard says that a carriage wheel entirely of iron, and constructed upon purely scientific principles, is now being exhibited at Mr. Mulford's Hotel in Salem. It was patented by Ira Holme of New York State, and is called the "Double Dished Metallic Carriage Wheel." There is a double row of solid iron spokes with counter-sunk heads, diverging alternately from the outer and inner rim of the hub to the felloe, where they are also counter sunk and effectually fastened—the spokes thus drawing both ways, and throwing as much of the weight of the carriage upon the upper as the lower part of the wheel. The principal is that of an arch. Should the iron felloe break, which is scarcely possible, the wheel under ordinary circumstances could not be made to fall to pieces. The burthen which a very slight wheel thus constructed is capable of bearing is immense, if we may credit the calculations of Professor Comstock. It has an exceedingly light and graceful appearance, is not liable to get out of order, and can be purchased at about half the cost of the ordinary wooden wheel.

INVESTMENT IN LOCOMOTIVES.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, suggests the substitution of an octave or so of musical pipe, in the place of the hideous steam whistle. The engineer might then, entertain the passengers and the surrounding country with favorite airs. "Old Dan Tucker" is suggested for road crossings and passages through populated districts, on account of the appropriateness of the chorus, "got out de way."

There are some things which farmers should know.
It is an error to plant seeds from a state farther South. In a cold season, only the seeds of a colder climate will ripen well.
Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health; for when it lies in a hard bound state, enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.
Woods, exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow may be called garden sinks.
The hand and the hoe are the instruments for eradicating weeds; yet if there is room between the rows for the spade it is well to use it.
Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.
It will not do to hoe a great field for a little crop, or to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land and it will pay you for it. Better farm thirty acres well than fifty acres by halves.
In dry pasture dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequently near the surface on a height than in a vale.
Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in the summer, and with a sharp instrument; they will bleed freely and die.
Never plough in bad weather, or when the ground is very wet.
When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but first let it be well cleaned.
Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay very little attention to the mow.
The depredations of birds are fully compensated by the services they render in preying upon insects.
A bare pasture enriches the soil, nor fattens the animals, nor increases the wealth of the owner.
One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.
Sow clover deep; it secures it against the drought.
Weeds that grow uncollected round the fence, stumps, and stones, scatter their seeds over the farm, and are very likely to grow.

A writer in the Boston Chronotype, describing a visit to the "Tomb," in the city of New York, says:—
"We called in at the 'Tomb,' this forenoon, where our old friend, and the friend of the drunkard, Colonel Larkin Snow, figures as Clerk of the Police Court. We were kindly conducted by him through the various departments of the prison. Col. Snow pointed me to a pitiful looking man seated at a little distance from the rest, and asked me if I did not recognize the countenance. I told him I thought I did, and asked him who he was. Whereupon Col. S. related the following incident:—
Last Sunday, said he, I was passing Tammany Hall, and saw, sitting upon the stoop, a man with his head buried in his hands, and covered all over with filth. The poor fellow was almost naked, and the Col. took him and asked him who he was. He looked up and called me by name, saying, at the same time, that he only wished for a place to die! I gazed upon his disfigured features, added the Colonel, and was horror struck at the mighty change! I recognized in him a man who was, a few years ago, editor and proprietor of one of the most respectable daily journals of the City of Boston! The man who was a partner with him then is now conducting the same paper under a new head. He was correspondent of the National Whig Organ for some time—was at the Inauguration of Harrison at Washington, and introduced two gentlemen to Webster and Clay who have since seen him in his present low situation in the Tomb. He looks bad, but the Colonel says he means to make a man of him yet. He had a letter in his pocket that he received from his wife, who lives in Boston—"and," stammered out the sorrow stricken man, "she begins as she always did;" and burst into a flood of tears. Curiously called the Colonel's attention to the letter, and it began thus—"My ever dear Husband! What a sad picture!"
Last Sunday a meeting was held in the Tomb, during which time two men were dying with the delirium tremens. Twenty-six took warning and signed the pledge. Friend Snow tells me a man was kicked out of a rum shop, night before last, and brought to the Tomb, and died in a few minutes afterwards.
A GOOD REASON.—The other day we heard a young man telling his companions that since he left off smoking cigars, only about two weeks, he felt much better and had gained six pounds in weight.
A SILLY HOAX.—The story going the rounds about the destruction of the leaning tower of Pisa by an earthquake.
Why are girls talking like a pleasant summer drink? Because they are lazes in water.
The do for the Yankees.

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A SILLY HOAX.—The story going the rounds about the destruction of the leaning tower of Pisa by an earthquake.
Why are girls talking like a pleasant summer drink? Because they are lazes in water.
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There are some things which farmers should know.
It is an error to plant seeds from a state farther South. In a cold season, only the seeds of a colder climate will ripen well.
Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health; for when it lies in a hard bound state, enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.
Woods, exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow may be called garden sinks.
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