



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 4, NO. 6.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

OLD SERIES VOL. 11, NO. 32.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Agents for:
P. & A. Rowland,
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Somers & Souders,
Reynolds, McFarland & Co.,
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THE VERY LATEST ARRIVAL

of
NEW GOODS,
AT THE STORE OF
IRA T. CLEMENT,

WHO takes this method of informing his friends and customers, that he has just received and opened a splendid assortment of

NEW GOODS,

which he offers to the public at the lowest prices. His stock consists of every variety and quality, necessary for the farmer, mechanic, and laborer, as well as the professional man, viz—

Mens' Apparel,

SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTES, VESTINGS, &c.

Also a large assortment of
Calicoes, Muscades, De Laines, Alpaccas,
Merinos, Shetlands, Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, Hosiery, Checks,
Cambrics, Ginghams, &c.

Also a large assortment of
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Gum over Shoes,
ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF
READY MADE CLOTHING.

A general assortment of Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Cheese, Molasses, Spices,
An assortment of
Hardware, Nails, Steel and Iron.

Liquors,

Such as Brandy, Gin, Rum, Whiskey, &c.
Produce of all kinds will be taken in exchange, and the highest market price paid for the same.
Sunbury, Nov. 20, 1850.—ly.

GREAT ARRIVAL

of
NEW GOODS!
Market Street, Sunbury, Pa.

JOHN W. FRILING respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received a large and handsome assortment of

Dry Goods,

Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, De Laines, Calicoes, Fancy and Staple Goods.
ALSO:
GROCERIES of every description, MEDICINES AND MEDICINES.
QUEENSWARE AND HARDWARE.
Fish, Salt, Plaster and a general assortment of all such goods as will suit all classes: the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Gentlemen of all professions.

The Ladies

Will find a great variety of all such articles as they will need for the present season.
Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange at the highest market price.
Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850.

CLOTHING!!!

Wholesale & Retail,
At the **PHILADELPHIA WARDROBE,**
South East Corner, Market and 6th Sts.
Clothing Fashionably Cut and well Made.
P. R. McNEIL & Co.

INVITE the attention of Wholesale and Retail Buyers, to their extensive and complete stock of Spring and Summer Clothing, comprising every variety of style that can be produced. Our aim is to please and accommodate all; and in order to do this, we manufacture Clothing at almost every price. Selling for cash only enables us to offer clothing at a very trifling advance. Our motto is, Small Profits and Quick Sales. We are confident that an examination by you is all that is necessary to confirm what we say, and secure your custom.
P. R. McNEIL & Co.
Philadelphia, March 15, 1851.—lm.

NEW STAGELINE

FROM POTTSVILLE TO SHAMOKIN.
A new line of stages is now running daily between the above places. A comfortable two horse stage will leave Mt. Carmel for Shamokin, immediately after the arrival of the Pottsville stage at that place, and will return the next day from Shamokin, so as to meet the Pottsville stage on its return to Pottsville.

From Shamokin to Trevorton there will be established a DAILY LINE by next spring so as to connect with this line at Shamokin. In the mean time private conveyances will be in readiness at Shamokin on the arrival of passengers.
CONRAD KERSHNER.
Shamokin, Dec. 14, 1850.—lf.

NOTICE.

AS the subscriber intends making new arrangements in his business on the first of January 1851, all persons knowing themselves indebted to him, are requested to call and make settlement up to that time, by payment or giving their notes for the amount due.
JOHN W. FRILING.
Sunbury, Dec. 28, 1850.—lf.

SELECT POETRY.

Indigenous Poetry.

The authors of America have not been generally fortunate in attracting the attention of the literati of foreign countries. The gem we give below has enjoyed a better fate; and indeed achieved a high renown for its author in all lands where taste, genius and cultivation are appreciated. We are not above the influence of local pride. Erie county is now the centre of the political world, as it is or was the residence of the most famous of poets.—*Buffalo paper.*

THE THREE THAYERS.

In England some years ago the sun was pleasant fair and gay John Love on board of a ship he entered and sold in to a mermaid.

Love was a man very perceiving in making trades with all the sea he soon engaged to be sailor to sail up and down on Lake Erie,

he then went into the Southern countries, to trade for furs and other skins but the cruel French and savage Indians came very near of killing him.

But God did spare him a little longer he got his lodging and came down the lake he went into the town of Boston Where he made the gont mistake.

With Nelson Thayer he made his station thru the summer for to stay Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Israel Love lent them money for three debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money he did betwixt them every way but the cruel creturs that could not be quiet till they had taken his sweet life away.

One day as they were all three together this dreadful murder thad did contrive she agreed to kill Love and keep it secret and then to live and spend three lives.

On the fifteenth evening of last december in eighteen hundred and twenty four she invited Love to go home with them and she killed and murdered him on the floor.

First Isaac with his gun he shot him he left his gun and went away Then Nelson with his ax he chopt him till he had no life that he could perceive of

After she had killed and most mortly broud him she draw'd him out where she killed three hogs she then carried him of a peace from the house and deposited him down by a log.

The next day she was so very bold she had loves horses riding round Some asked the reason of Loves being absent she said he had cleared and left the town.

she said he had forged in the town of Erie the sheriff was in pursuit of him He left the place and run away and left his debts to collect by them

she went and foug'd a power of turney to collect loves notes when they were due she tore and stormed to get three pay and sevral nabobs they did sue

After they had run to a high degree in killing love and forgery this soon were taken and put in prison where they remained for three cruelty

They were bound in irons in the dark dungan for to remain for a little time she were all condemned by the grand jury for this most foul and decaifal crime

Then the Judge pronounced three dreadful sentence with grate caudliness to behold you must be hang'd intell your ded and lord have mercy on your souls.

Humorous Sketch.

SCENES IN ILLINOIS.

This State has a sort of heterogeneous population—a sort of pepper and salt mixture of all the different races of mankind. The smoking, phlegmatic German, the Sueded, the Norwegian, the beer-drinking Dutchman, the self-complacent John Bull, the mercenary Frenchman, the rollicking Irishman, and the ever present, ever active Yankee, together with the Buck-eye from Ohio, the Hoosier from Indiana, and the illiterate, drinking, fighting, generous Southerner—all are here in about equal proportions, and give about their equal quota to the character of the State, and supply a choice variety of their peculiar expressions to its language. The Hoosier 'allows,' the Southerner 'suspicions,' the Buckeye 'reckons,' while the Yankee 'calculates,' and the Missourian 'opinions.'—The State has yet no settled character—its different elements not having yet had time to harmonize and settle together. So its laws, its manners and its languages. A Southern farm house, for instance, is a mere cabin, constructed without regard to looks, convenience or comfort. The furniture, cooking utensils, and dress of the inmates correspond with the house; while the fences and out-houses are in the most wretched description, and the dooryard and fields are given up to weeds, and crops wasted with the most reckless disregard to thrift. Cows will be allowed to run all the season with their calves to save milking—or if milked, only when they happen to come up themselves, or when the boy happens to find them, which is rare. Families with good farms will have no butter, but they will have eggs and chickens without stint. It is not uncommon to see two hundred hens about a man's door, and four pounds dressed is not uncommon weight. So common are they that you can purchase them for a bit 'a pair.

The Yankee here is the same as the Yankee anywhere—only more so. More liberal, less saving, less religious, less honest, less careful appearances—but quite as enterprising, and bound to get a living at his own or somebody's expense.

An Irishman is improved here—more intelligent, thrifty and steady, and in every respect, more of a man, and a better citizen than he is elsewhere where I have seen him.

The Englishman gets a good proportion when he likes, and always alone, or with his own countrymen—keeps a pointer or setter, a double barreled gun, and enjoys field sports when he pleases. A great many are scattered over the country, but do not readily assimilate with the people, and continue to prefer brandy to corn whiskey—in which I think they show good taste.

The Scotchman here is always a good citizen, and a man of property—steady, thrifty and law-abiding. The German and the Jew do the fiddling and the huckstering, the gardening, wood-sawing, cooking, and a large part of the thinking. The only men I have seen drunk here were Germans, and yet they are good citizens. The Swedes and Norwegians are steady, hard-working fellows, and give nobody any trouble. The Hoosier is a sort of cross between the Southerner and the bear, with all its qualities—mental, moral and physical, just about equally divided between the two races—with a touch of the wandering Arab. He is a wandering animal, and his home and house are wherever his wagon happens to be—near some timber or fence or firewood—and where there is water enough for coffee—whiskey he takes raw—and washing is to him and his work of supererogation.

The young Sucker, the rising generation of all these heterogeneous materials, is the devil just as nearly as he is anything—undisciplined, ignorant, uncivilized, self-dependent, free, lawless, unpollished, resolute, careless, confident, tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking, suspicious of good clothes or good manners in others, and finally, to use his own expression, 'don't care 'shucks' for law, gospel or the devil.' One general characteristic of the animal is, that he is always anticipating somebody to 'feel big,' which he considers his duty to resent before it happens.

The way the young Sucker volunteer fought in Mexico, may give you some idea of his characteristics. He was there perfectly desperate in a fight. One of the officers related to me a little scene which occurred at Buena Vista. It was in the very crisis of the fight, when the Indiana troops broke and retreated, and left the whole brunt of the Mexican advance to be born by the Illinois regiment. It seemed as though they would be annihilated by superiority of numbers, and there were some signs of wavering, when a young Sucker drew his rifle deliberately and dropped a Mexican. 'Set up the pins!' he shouted, and the whole regiment took up the word, and with every fire would shout like demons, and with as much drollery and fun as if on a spree. At another time, when a charge was ordered, one of the officers could not think of the word, and he shouted 'Let 'em rip!'—when the whole line burst out with a yell—'Let 'em rip!' and dashed in amongst the Mexicans, laughing and shouting this new battle cry. Of course there are many honorable exceptions, but the characteristics of the Sucker are mainly as I have represented. The reasons are obvious. The State itself is yet but a little over 'twenty-one years of age,' and was settled all in a heap. Poverty piled in the settlers very unceremoniously, and they had to struggle with all sorts of hardships and difficulties—sickness, privations and bereavements, and even dangers. So the youth were conceived, nursed and brought up in a mixture of all sorts of exigencies, which makes them what they are.

The sheriff dragged him off, however, and the next day when he was sober, he made a proper apology, and was forgiven.—Equally ludicrous scenes have occurred among the free and easy people, enough to fill a volume; but the class of men who were the actors are rapidly disappearing, and in all the towns of ten or twelve years' growth there are good lawyers, good public buildings, and respectable courts, though conducted with none of that imposing ceremony which you see in Canada, or even in New England.—*Journal, Standard, Canada East.*

It is an axiom that a young girl seldom marries her 'first love,' nay, she rarely has any choice at all, and marries some man who has chosen her. At first sight, this seems wrong, yet Mrs. Loudon, the celebrated English writer, philosophically says no—it is right—and, being a widow, her experience is worth something, in addition to her excellent powers of observation. She asserts that men should choose rather than women, and here is her argument:

Men are proverbially inconstant; and, after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children are beginning to be felt, and when the most trying time of all the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children; unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness.

A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if she were indifferent before, no well disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear for them to neglect some of those little attentions which men seem naturally to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are most feeble.

It is a strange but melancholy fact, that when young girls fancy themselves in love, they are seldom if ever happy, if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person as an individual, from the imaginary object he had appeared as a lover. The imagination in most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible and impossible perfections are assembled together in the young girl's mind to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society is generally invested by her with the halo of these secret thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because the fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relations on both sides share in the same feelings—'what would she have?' they cry; 'she married for love, and see the consequences.'

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases, generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth in all its hard stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown round it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of these accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

NEW AND INDIGENOUS TOOTH PULLER.
Dr. J. C. Borch, of Evansville, Indiana, has invented one of the most ingenious and effective instruments for pulling teeth stumps, that we have ever seen, and we believe it is the best for the purpose in use.—The cause which brought into energy the faculty to make this instrument, was the great number of decayed teeth which he had been called upon to extract—teeth of which nothing was left but the stumps. He found great difficulty with the old instruments to rout out such troublesome old friends, although very ill-liked ones, and he had recourse to his head to conceive something to meet the case—for doctors and lawyers have their cases, and very serious ones too, sometimes. The new instrument has a neat, small pad, forming one side of the jaw, while the other side is of the hook bill form, like the old kind, and has a lateral motion. The shoulder and lever handle of the hook-jaw has a joint in it which is operated by an inside spring, so that when the two handles are brought together like those of a pair of pincers, the joint spoken of throws the hook jaw into and grasps the tooth at once, while the cushion is made to rest on the jaw, and gives a firm fulcrum for action. The operator jerks the decayed radical tooth from its seat, with the utmost ease. The doctor has found this instrument to operate even beyond his expectations—it is up trouble either to patients or the operator—we mean the drawing of bad teeth.

Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of five dollars against Mr. —.

—Wal, judge, I guess you think this old boss haint got the money, but you're mistaken, old teller?

Judge—Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of ten dollars?

—Wal, old feller, I can fork up, and he threw down the gold to pay the fine.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty dollars?

—Wal, Judge, here's my pewter, but if only we two are going to play this game, put up your money if you take down the pile?

Judge—Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of fifty dollars?

—Hold on Judge, that's to big an ante.—This old boss got the lead, but I wont play if you dont put down the stakes—I draw the bet's?

By this time the Judge was savage, while the whole crowd was vastly amused.

Judge—Mr. Sheriff, commit this man to jail for contempt of court?

—Hold on, Judge, you're a too fast or I be—and I guess it's me. I bid off the jail-yard, jail and all, for the taxes—and I guess I own that are public institution—and you won't imprison a man in his own house, I reckon?

This was said with an air of drunken gravity that made it irresistibly ludicrous.

A Historical Sketch.

ENCOUNTER WITH A HUNGARIAN ROBBER.

Prince Frederic Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The Prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gomer and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Agtelock, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being over-filled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the Prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the deep descent of the road was so dangerous that it was most hazardous to proceed. The Prince tried to reassure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, whilst his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, in case his master should want any aid.

The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly-arrived guest. The Prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: 'This is for the wine these good folks have drunk; they are my guests. But now,' he continued, addressing the robbers, 'it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady; the entertainment has lasted long enough; I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise.'—The robbers jumped from their seats, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: 'Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?'—An uproar followed. The men vociferated: 'We are poor lads, and therefore we are masters here.'—'We are no timorous gentlemen, who take off our hats to every peasant.'—'We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we are.'—'We will not be ruled.'—All this was almost simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult from all sides.

All the robbers had got up. The Prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak—I am a master of the craft in which you are but apprentices,' he exclaimed with dignity. 'You are robbers; I am a soldier; and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe.'—During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said in a commanding tone: 'Silence! low any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise.'—The robbers jumped from their seats, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: 'Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?'—An uproar followed. The men vociferated: 'We are poor lads, and therefore we are masters here.'—'We are no timorous gentlemen, who take off our hats to every peasant.'—'We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we are.'—'We will not be ruled.'—All this was almost simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult from all sides.

The Prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared. On the morning the lady continued the journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes and drops of rain glistening on the branches reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman 'halt.' The horses stopped; the Prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mein, rode close up to the carriage door and said: 'We yesterday sacrificed our comfort for the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it is worth the trouble.'—With these words he lifted the veil, which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed and the robber

said: 'She is really very pretty.' He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words: 'Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak; and if you sometime hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Ave Maria* for his soul.' The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished. Two years later, newspapers related that the robber Haburak had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.

THE FAMILY THAT NEVER READ A NEWSPAPER.
The second night after I left your city, I put up at the large brick tavern, known as the—House. The proprietor in answer to some interrogatories informed me that he owned 400 acres of land, had raised the present season 800 bushels of wheat, 950 bushels of oats, and expected to harvest 1500 bushels of corn—that he owed no man a dollar and never took a newspaper in his life.

I had a great curiosity to learn how a family kept up with the current news of the day when deprived of the only means of obtaining it. Soon after I entered, the family circle consisted of the parents and six children, and a daughter on the shady side of twenty-five. The Mother commenced with: 'Mister, do you know whether that great Mr. Webster is hanged yet?'

'Yes Madam.'

'Wal,' said the daughter, 'I allow he'll not make any more of them are spelling books?'

'I suppose not.'

'I've lived so long in the world,' said the mother with a deep sigh, 'and I never see'd any body hanged yet. I always tho't I'd like to see one hanged, but it never happened to come right, and I am getting so old now, I don't expect I ever will. I've seen the sarcus and caravan and such kind of shows?'

'Stranger,' said the daughter, 'there's going to be an animal show to morrow down here 'bout six miles, may be you'd like to lay over and go down. Brother James says they've got two snakes there, the same kind as that can swallow an elephant but I don't believe there ever was any such snake—do you?'

'No, Miss.'

'Wal, then the jography lies,' replied James, a youth of about some twenty-two years.

'I allow it does,' said the mother, 'why shouldn't them lie just like other folks?'

'Mother,' said James, 'you don't know nothing what you're talking about. Don't the United States make all the jographies. What's the use of putting lies into 'em—They make 'em every ten years; they're going to make another in a few days. They send out men all over the country and find out everything; that's what that chap was for the other day, asking so many questions about. Stranger your supper's ready?'

PREACHING TO THE POINT.
There is a lesson, a valuable one, in the following report of a negro preacher's sermon in Montgomery. It faithfully pictures the progress and result of periodical religious excitement, and deserves a thoughtful perusal by hundreds who have got out of the current.

'My Brethren,' says he, 'God bless your souls, 'ligion is like the Alabama river. In the Spring comes de fresh and bring in all de old logs and sticks dat hab been lying on de banks, and carrying dem down in de current. Bynady de water go down—den a slab gits catch on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes—and dere they lie, with 'ren and dyin' till dere comes nother fresh. Jus' so dere come a 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner float in, dat old backslider bro't back, and all de folks seem coming; and hab mighty good time. But God bless your souls, my dear brethren, bynady de 'vival come—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin, den dat ole backslider run around whar he was afore, on just such a rock; den one arter 'nother dat hab got 'ligion lies all long de shore, and dar dey lay till 'nother 'vival come. God bless your souls, my dear brethren, keep in de current!'

RASPBERRIES.—These should be pruned as soon as the surface of the ground becomes thawed in the Spring. All the old stems, and all the smaller young shoots, should be cleared away to the ground, and about half a dozen of the largest stems of last year's growth left for bearing. Their upper extremities, for a foot or two, should be cut off, being weak and useless, and detrimental, from their weight and shade. The remaining stems, if not of a stiff and upright variety, should be loosely tied to stakes.

LIQUID MANURE—GRAPE.—The *Ohio Cultivator* says that a grape vine at a hotel in that state, but three years old, has climbed to the second story, and has extended its branches round the corners of the building, to a distance of twenty or thirty feet, nearly the whole being full of clusters of fruit.—The only unusual treatment it had received, was a watering every day with dish-water, and occasionally with soap-suds.

The first authentic version of 'God save the King' appeared in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' for 1745, arranged for two voices. The lady blushed and the robber

HOW TO BEHAVE AT FIRES.
The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way—for the fastest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood-pile, so much the better, you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks out on your view, 'break!' for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a low window. Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too—'twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a 'powerful auxiliary.' If you attempt this, however, you had better keep an eye close-wand. When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it, or if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail, and make him run up. The effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few buckets-full of water, judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. You might swear a little, too, if you can do it scientifically.—If you belong to the 'Eagle,' don't the 'Hope,' and if to the 'Hops,' don't the 'Eagle,' and if to neither, don't be partial and don't be both. The louder the better of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity the greater necessity for 'doing it brown.' Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man 'smoke' that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking, and if his legs don't do their duty, let him pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crew bar and pry away the stone steps, or if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the wash boards in the basement story, and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the 'deavouring element' still pursue the 'seven tenor of its way,' you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out pitchers and tumble out the tumblers.—Yell all the time!

If you find a baby asleep, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty their contents out of the back window, telling some body to hold up the sloop barrel and the rain water hogshand at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstance, drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break his legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes on the floor and show the spectators that you can 'beat the bugs' at knocking a bedstead apart and chlopping up the pieces.

By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building burnt down. In either case your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.

FRIGHTENED BY A COMET.—A. D. 1712
Wiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire the Friday following. His reputation was high and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barks on the Thames thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and Indian stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the sea that the ship might not be endangered. At noon after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were terrified over to Lombard, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, these being now in the church service.—People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and acted some on this belief, more as if some great temporary evil was to be expected. On Thursday, more than 7,000