SUNBURY



AMERICAN.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Memspaper-Devoted to Politics, Literature, Moratty, Fortign and Domestic Lews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 18

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The attention of Cabinet Makers and Carpenters is called to our new style of TWIST MOULDINGS. Printer's Riglets at \$1 per 100 feet. February 7, 1852.—1y, W. O. HICKOK.

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TUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC or Singing Schools. He is also opening at

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and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6,00. A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania re-

specting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$4,00. Travels, Voyages and Adventures,-all of which will be sold low, either for cash, or country produce. February, 21, 1852.—tt.

OYSTERS!

THE undersigned is thankful for past fadence of his old costomers and friends and the public generally. He is now in daily re-ceipt of the best of Baltimore Oysters, put up by A. Field, Esq., who is celebrated for put-ting up a good article. His oysters are opensame morning, they leave for this place and are consequently only about 16 hours on the way. He can send oysters all directions by stages, boat and other convey-ances. Price-cans \$1,25, half cans 625

N. R. - Apply at the residence of the sub-scriber or at Lee's, or Hans's Hotel. Northumberland, Oct 16, 1852 .- tf.

R CORNELIUS. I. F. BAKER. W. C. BAKER. Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFATURERS OF Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c.

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Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal pro-perty, or renewing policies for the same. Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

SELECT POETRY.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching, Filled with eloquence and power. One is old, with locks of white, Skinny as an anchorite; And he preaches every hour With a thrill fanatic voice, And a Bigot's fiery scorn :-

BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations, Man to misery is born ! Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer-Born to labor and to pray; 10 00 Backward! ye presumptions nations, Back!—be humble and obey!

The second is a milder preacher, Soft he talks as if he song, Sleek and slothful is his look, And his words, as from a book, Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self content,
High he lifts his fair white hands: STAND YE STILL! ye restless nations, And be happy, all ye lands! Fate is law, and law is perfect; If ye meddle, ye will mar; Change is rash, and ever was so,

We are happy as we are.' Mightier is the younger preacher, Genius flashes from his eyes : And the crowds who hear his voice, Give him, while their souls rejoice, Throbbing bosoms for replies.

wed they listen, yet elated, While his stirring accents fall, FORWARD! ye deluded nations, Progress is the rule of all : Man was made for heathful effort; Tyranny has crush'd him long, He shall march from good to better, And do battle with the wrong.

Standing still is childish folly, Going backward is a crime ; None should patiently endure Any ill that he can core :-ONWARD! keep the march of Time, Onward! while a wrong remains To be conquered by the rright, While oppression lifts a finger To affront us by his might, While an error clouds the reason Of the universal heart, Or a slave awaits his freedom,

Action is the wise man's part. o! the world is rich in blessings-Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind, Have unnumber'd secrets still, To be ransack'd when you will, For the service of mankind; Science is a child as yet,

And her power and scope shall grow, And her triumphs in the future Shall diminish toil and woe; Shall extend the bounds of pleasure With an ever-widening ken, And of woods and wilderness

ONWARD !-there are ills to conquer, Daily wickedness is wrought, Tyranny is sweell'n with Pride, Error entertwined with Thought,

ice and Misery rampant crawl. Root them out, their day has pass'd Goodness is alone immortal; Evil was not made to last : NWARD! and all Earth shall aid us Ere our peaceful flag be fuil'd. and the preaching of this preacher Stirs the pulses of the world.

A New Dear Storn.

A HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB. JR.

It was a bitter cold night on the twentyfourth of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon riding half way up the heavens, lent a crystaltine lustre to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep ont the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the tearful foot-prints of the demon, Intemperance. Poor, wretched and debased, he looked and such in truth he was

Before him, at the end of a nearly fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such a one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. Tho tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage, and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured;

"O, thou fond home of my happier days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the ido! of my soul, and within thy peaceful walls God | Can it be that Thomas has stolen them ! gave to me two blessed children. Then peace and plenty were mine, and love and gentle soul-was happy then, and my children--may heaven protect them-laughed thee !" and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool bow, "is our father gone?" loseth his own salvetion! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my neart drove us from your sheltering roof. And these six years? O, what misery what have they not brought to me and my poor wound her arms about him. family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy and friends are gone-all, all gone ! O, thou was I. I who did it! Year after year I ther be good to us once more ?" tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smiles. But, but;" and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man-and I will be

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hovel, sat a woman and two children-a boy and a girl.

that man. ?"

embers that still smouldered upon the hearth. The only furniture were four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scanty covered Walker. bed; while in one corner, nearest the fireplace, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting place candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that truth I pity him." wretched mother's countenance. It was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her parlor. lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully

under her prayerful guardianship. At length the sound of footst-ps upon the snow-crust struck upon the mother's ears, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly had they crouched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man whom we have already seen be- Walker, in a blunt, but kind tone. fore that pretty cottage, entered the place. dy to crouch back from his approach, when cottage beyond the hill."
the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek "I do." the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that pearly drop was in troth a tear! No-perhaps a snow-flake had tallen there

upon the point of speaking some word to why do you ask?" his wife, but at length he turned slowly away and silently undressed himself, and firm and manly tone, even though his eyes must thank dear father. Then lay your soon after his weary limbs had touched the glistened and his lips quivered, "I have head in my lap again."

gaze upon the features of her husband after thing that made life valuable, I have alhe had fallen asleep. There was something most lost. My wife and children have strange in his manner-something unac- suffered, and God only knows how keenly countable. Surely he had not been drink- I have long wandered in the path of sin. rested there. His features were rather sad snapped asunder; my name has become a and thoughtful, than otherwise; and-O, by-word, and upon earth I have been but her husband entered. With a trembling fear er, issued from his lips while yet he slept! grave, I have dragged forth my heart, and

by their side, and after imprinting upon morning I commence work."

the repose of her pillow. Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas "Yes, sir-to see if I could hire it of Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself you," replied the poor man. and left the house. His poor wife awoke have told him that she had no fuel, no bread-not any thing with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had her children crawled fromout their resting place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a light sled were being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid upon the table a heavy wheaten loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle; then from his pocket he took another paper parcel and again he turned towards the door. When next be entered be bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go and re- my wife and children," turn with a load of the same description .-Then he bent over the fire-place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them: then he went to the hedside tion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured :

"Kiss me, Lizzie." kiss, she pressed it upon her lips,

"There-no more," he uttered, as he gentley laid the arm of his wife from his you and our children," and as he spoke he

tremblingly she examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she found milk, one of the papers contained two small bundles-one of tea, and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcels she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus in his hand a neatly covered basket. spread before her, "Whence came these! No, he never did that ! And then that look ! that kiss !- those kind sweet, sweet

"Yes, Charles," "O, tell me, mother-did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?" "Yes, yes-he did," cried the mother, agony, what sorrows and what degradation as she flew to the side of her boy and

"And mother," said the child, in low, trembling accents, while he turned a tearfatal cup-no, I will not blame thee! It ful look to his parent's face, "will not fa-

That mother could not speak-she could only press her children more fondly to her osom, and weep a mother's tear upon

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her

children down to that morning meal ? At

least, a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor fore daylight every morning, and during death shall again take us hence. Our good, pounds of flesh from his right thigh. swept through the room, the mother and engaged in reading, when one of his ser- that time she knew that he had drunk no kind friend here will explain it all. O. Liz- this time Packard was so nearly exhaus her children crouched nearer to the few | vants informed him that some one at the | intoxicating beverage, for already had his | zie, if there be happines on earth, it shall that he lay as if dead, and the bear left him door wished to see him.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir."

"Never mind," said the captain, after a moments hesitation, "show him in. Poor for the brother and sister. Part of a tallow | fellow," he continued, after the servant | need of; but yet with all this, he had been had gone; "I wonder what he wants. In

With a trembling step and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's "Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain,

what has brought you here?" The poor man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity ?" while his eyes gleamed with a proud light. so did nine, and ten, and yet her husband "Then sit down and out with it," said

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor With a trembling, fearful look, the wife ga- man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have zed up in her husband's face, and seemed rea- come to ask you if you still own that little

> "And is it occupied ?" "No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed his visiter with uncommon interest. "But

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Every- his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she A faint hope, like the misty vapour of love still has its home therein. I have approaching morn, flitted before his heart- seen my old employer at the machine-shop, broken wife. But she could not grasp it- and he has given me a situation, and is even she had no foundation for it; and with a anxious that I should come back; and sir, deep groan she let the phantom pass. She he has been kind enough to give me an orwent to her children, and drew the clothes der in advance for necessary articles of more closely about them; then she knelt clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow

their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a "And you come to see if you could obfervent prayer in their behalf, she sought tain your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

just as he was going out, and she would have your business ?" bluntly asked the old Capcalled him, but she dared not. She would tain, without seeming to heed the request. "My employer is going to put me on job work, sir, and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to four-

teen dollars a week." "And how much will it take to support

your family ?" "As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week." Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir." A few moments Capt, Walker gazed into the face of his visiter, and then asked : "Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart, I have but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to Captain Walker sat down to his table

and wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a trembling but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it. "Wilkins," said the old man as he took

his visiter by the hand, "I have watched of his wife, and, while some powerful emo- well your countenance, and weighed your words. I know you speak the truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago I paid them one thou-Tightly that wife wound her arms about sand dollars for it. It has not been harmthe neck of her husband, and, as though ed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the love of years were centered in that one the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably neck; these things I have brought are for spare until it is all paid. I will ask for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and will take but a single note and mortgage,

upon which you can have your own time." Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when at length he returned, he bore

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up my friend. Here are some titbits for your wife and children -- take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel oy were mine. My wite-God bless her words! O, my poor, poor heart, raise half as happy in receiving my favors as I not a hope that may only fall and crush do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed." "O God!-God will bless you for this,

sir ?" exclaimed the kindness-stricken man : son, who had raised himself upon his el- and if I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant !" "Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old Captain, as his f-iend took the basket. "If

you have time to-morrow, call on me, and will arrange the papers." As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street his tread was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul

that he was once more a man.

The gloomy shade that ushered in the

The cold wind found its entrance through Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea captain of home every evening, and gone away be- more our own; and nothing but the hand of horrible work by taking out about : face began to assume the stamp of its for-"Tell him to come in, then," returned mer manhood, and every word that he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike to all questions, and only speaking such the husband's lips wended its way to the words as were necessary. The poor, de- throne of grace; and with the warm tears voted, loving wife began to hope! And trinkling down his aged face, old Captain notwithstanding he is so terribly mutilated why should she not. For six years her Walker responded a hartfelt "Amen." husband had not been thus before. One week ago, she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this new charm "No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and came not ?

> clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "isn't this the Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out last night of the old year ?"

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, as he used to But he wont, will he! He's too PRESENT. poor now ?"

'No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we

The boy laid his curly head once more in

gazed upon his inocent form. The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch .ing; for his countenance had none of that One after another the tender cords of friend- But hardly had the sound of the last stroke vacant, wild, demoniac look that usually, ship that used to bind me to the world have | died away ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more heavens! is it possible — a smile played a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth, I she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild about his mouth, and a sound, as if of pray- am a man! Up from the depth of its long thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw all thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw all there was open and bold-only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud

> "Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accent, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me, and I now ask a favor of thee."

> "Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidedtly on her husband's

"And you will ask me no questions," coninued Wilkins.

6No 1 will not "Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss open his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us-The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. Ah! no question! Remem-

ber your promise !" Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it wrenched her very hear-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the toad. The moon shone brightly, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife gazed upon her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy

At length a slight turn the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They aproached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wifkins opened the gate-his wife tremblingly blowed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into grate, and every thing looked neat and comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man, and then upon ber husband-Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the tich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected .-They met rather as friends and neighbors.

What could it mean? cycle is about to commence its flight over

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife | safe. within his own, and then drawing from his At this moment he cried out, 'Here's the flesh of the crosses and pure bloods, as osom a paper, he placed it in her hand, re- bear within a rod of me !" but hardly got fineness or flavor. There is some satisf marking as he did so,

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the New Year!"

it. She realised its contents at a glance; carrying man and tree both with her to the A New York farmer says, here is no ne but she could not read it word for word, for ground. He fell upon his back, and the cessity for selling cattle as winter approach the streaming tears of wild, frantic joy would bear seized him by the left side of his head es, if the farmers would only get in the not let her. With a quick, nervous move and face, tore his left ear completely from way of using oil meal, which on account of ment she placed the priceless pledge next to his head, laying bare his scult. She then its extra fattening qualities makes it cheapher bosom; and then, with a low murmur, seized him by the other side of his face, er and better for farmers at all times to buy like the gentle whisper of some Heven-bound cutting a deep gash in the upper lip and this food for their cattle than to feed the

uttered the redeemed man, "look up and tendons, breaking some of them, and biting English and German farmers give it the prefallen over the snow-clad earth. Within smile upon your husband; and you too, my his right hand through and through. She ference over all other kinds of fodder even the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins children, gather about your father-for a then left the upper part of the body and at a higher cost. In Pennsylvania, the Gerthere was more of comfort than we found husband and a father henceforth I will ever made an effort seemingly to tear open his mans feed it largely during a very good when first we visited her, but yet nothing be. Look up, my wife. There! Now, Liz-

year, let us commence to live in the future." Gently the husband and wife sank upon

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, or more respected family does not exist. And Lizzie-that gentle, confiding wife-as she takes that simple paper from "Mother," said little Charles, just as the the drawer, and looks again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew .in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her HUSBAND's

[From Punch's Pocket Book.] THE LAST FLY IN SUMMFR.

'Tis the last fly of summer, Left buzzing alone; All its black-legged companions Are dried up and gone. Not one of its kindred, No blue-bottle nigh, To sport 'mid the sugars,

Or in the milk die. I'll not doom thee, thou lone one. A vieti n to be, Since the rest are all vanished, Come dine you with me. Thus kindly I scatter Some crumbs of my bread, Where thy mates on the table Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish, I'm sadly afraid, For the glass is at sixty Jest now in the shade. When wasps have all vanished, And blue bottles flown. No fly can inhabit

This bleak world alone. FEROCIOUS ATTACK BY A GRISLY BEAR

IN CALIFORNIA.

Valley, a man who had been most horribly Creek, on the emigrant mad, while hunting, discovered a she bear, with two cubs about the size of a common dog, coming up a ravine within gun shot of where he was standing in the road. As the bear had not discovered him, he determined to give her a shot The ball struck her back of the shoulder, but too low to prove fatal. She immediately raised upon her hind legs; turning her head from side to side to discover her assailant. He had commenced loading, but before he got his powder down the bear discovered him. He took to a tree and barely escaped, as the bear was so near that he kicked her head with his foot before he got out of her teach. She was enraged and kept him in the tree for over two hours. While there he shouted for help, and succeeded in attracting the attention of some men in the employ of Bradley, Berden & others we know of. In several cases, who Co., who went to his relief; but when they raising very early chickens, we have had reached the tree the bear had been gone broods, part Shanghai or Cochin China, and about ten minutes. They tracked her into a thick chapparal, covering about three acres, the common without losing one of the

After dinner they mustered double barrelled guns and rifles, to the number of four- small. Indeed, these fowls do not arrive at teen shots, and started for the chapparal - full maturity in less than eighteen mouths Upon reaching it the men very improdently. For this reason we think it would be better have a deed for the estate, and in return 1 the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the scattered, some venturing in to see if they to raise crosses to kill in the fall. We kille could start her, while others climbed trees a dozen crosses last year, at about six to be in a place of safety, and to get a view monthsold, the smallest of which weight of the ground. Among those who took a six pounds dressed. They were from com tree was a man by the name of Charles H. mon hens and a Shaughai cock. We also Packard, who has gone a short distance into killed several Shanghai and Cochin Chinthe bush, and, as he had no gun, placed chickens at about the same age, taking a himself in a sapling about six inches hitle pains to test the quality of the flesh. through The tree forked about six feet and disregarding the Scripture in junction to Hark ! the clock strikes twelve ! The old from the ground, and Packard went up one call in the "hall, and lame, and the blind," year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged of the branches, a distance of about twelve invited a few of our friends who are good feet from the ground, and in reply to one of judges of what a fewl should be, and they his companious said he considered himself | were unanimously pronounced first-rate, and

the words out of his mouth before she made tion in carving from a chicken that wetowards him furiously, jumped at and caught from six to seven pounds " the tree a few feet below him, and with The wife took the paper and she opened her tremendons weight split it at the forkangle, she fell half fainting into her husband's tearing the flesh from the right corner of produce of their farms. This has been the mouth spear the large artery in the thoroughly and successfully tried by all ex"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," neck, then by the fore arm, laying bare the tensive dairymen in Orange county. The Towards the middle of the afternoon, For the last six days her husband had come our own house? Yes, this cottage is once deep as to enter the cavity, and finished her cattle.

benceforth be ours! Let the past be forgot- Some of the company were within twee ten, and with this, the dawning of a new steps of the wounded man, but were unatter to render him any assistance. They saw the bear break down the tree, heard has their knees, clasped in each other's arms; cries for help, but after he strock the and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their ground, they could see neither bear n conscious, happy children. A prayer from man, so thick was the chapparal around

Mr. Packard was carried to the house and is in a fair way to recover. He said the morning that he thought he would be up in a few weeks. Dr. Slaughther, of Pleasan. Valley, dressed his wounds. This bear is said to be one of the largest kind, and, in consequence of being wounded, had becomferecious. She has not been captured.

CAUCUS OF CROWNED HEADS .- It seems the Emperor Napoleon III has left Paris for Berlin, where the Emperor of Austria waexpected on the 15th December. What France, Prussia and Austria are concacting we do not yet see; but Napoleon is widawake to strengthen his new throne, and to render permanent the re-established empire.

THE new imperial crown of Napoleon III is not only a masterwork of the jeweller's art. but one which will surpass every royal ornament in its richness in pearls and precious

Some wags in Wilmington got up a sulscription for the burial of Mr. Oldyear, who it was alleged, died on Friday night last .-Several benevolent gentlemen subscribed :

THE Chicago Journal notices a shipmen of a lot of 5,000 quails by express for New York. Game of all kinds is very plenty being shipped East daily by the ton.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE SHANGHAI BREED OF FOWLS.

The Genesee Farmer makes the following Statement respecting the Shanghai fowls, and we republish it, in order that the opinion of a paper of so much respectability, on a subject just now in its zenith, may be known .-We give it for just what it is worth, neither

subscribing to it fully or objecting to it fully The Cochin China and Shanghai are much larger than our common fowls, probably av The following exciting story is told by a graging three times their weight. Of about correspondent of the Sacramento Union, fifty we raised last year, the smallest her I saw yesterday, about fifteen miles from pounds, at one year old. They produce mar this point, on the road from here to Carson eggs than any fowls we have ever kept. The hens often commence laying in less than there mutilated by a grisly hear. On Wednesday weeks after hatching a broad, and continue morning last, a man living near Sly Park laying every day regularly, at the same time taking care of the chickens untill they are able to care for themselves. We made a present of a pair of Shanghai fowls to a gentleman well known to all agricultural and horticultural readers. After a few weeks, happening to be at his place, we inquire how the fowls prospered, and where told that the hen had not layed. Thinking this strange, we asked to see what eggs they had, will we found between two and three dozen eg laid by our pullet, which we readily rece, nized. On pointing out her eggs to o friends he remarked; "My wife has seve times observed that the hen that layed it. vellow eggs, layed more than all the others

He had some half dozen in all. "They are good mothers, but lay a large number of eggs before wanting to sit-gen erally from forty to sixty. The young chickens are very hardy-much more so than an part common chickens, and lost nearly all

"The eggs of pullets the first year are no difference could be detested between the

OIL MEAL AS A SUBSTILTE FOR HAY .-