The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 5.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1855.

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The Sunbury American,

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We have connected with our establishment a well selected IOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute the execute content of printing.

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA. es attended to in the Counties of Nor

thumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and Galumbin. References in Philadelphia: Ber Joh R. Treon, Chus, Gibbons, Esq., Somera & Spodgrass, Linn, Smith & Co.

NEW DRUG STORE!

WEISER & BRUNER, Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

Market St., next door to E. Y. Bright's Store, OFFER to the public the largest and best SUNBURY, PA.

selected stock ever opened in this section of ountry, consisting of FRESH AND PURE DRUGS, Medicines, Chemicals, Ground Spices, Paints, Olis, Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, Window Glass, Patent Medicines, together with a complete asentracet of Paint, Clothes, Hair, Tooth, Nail

at t Sharing Brushes, Dressing, Side, Neck and Parket Combs, Fancy Soaps, Shaving Creams Tableto, Segara, Port Monias, Stationary, Con-PURE WINES AND BRANDIES For Medicinal use, English, French and Ameri-

ean Perfamery, Fancy Goods of every descrip-The Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, GEO. B. WEISER, WM. A. BRUNER.

Saubury, May 13, 1854 .-WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL, FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,

Northumberland county, Pa., HERE we have very extensive improvements, and are prepared to offer to the public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of Iron and making Steam. Our sizes of Cool ar .:

LUMP, > for Smelting purposes. STEAMBOAT, > for do. and Steamboat BROKEN, of Family use and Steam. EGG.

NUT, I for Limeburners and Steam. Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arts generats are made to load boats without any

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO. I. J. Cocanan, Lancaster. C, W. PEALE, Shamokin.

BENJ. REINHOLD, Lancaster. A. BAUMGARDNER, do. Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury. will receive prompt attention. Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

LEATHER FRITZ, HENDRY & CO. No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

MOROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & Feb. 17, 1855 .-- w tv

Files and Rasps. NEW STREET FILE WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber is constantly Manufacturing for Wholesale and Retail, Files and Rasps, of every description, and having been practically engaged in the business more than Thirty Years, en guarrantee his work at the lowest prices. Manufacturers and Mechanics, can have their Old Files re-cut and made equal to New at half

No. 61 New street, (between Race and Vine and 2nd 4 3d Sta. Philad's. Feb. 3. 1855.—w 3 me. 3

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S Celebrated Dolce Campana Attachment

PIANO FORTES. 386 Chestnut Street opposite U. S. Mint, PHILADELPHIA. Branch-117 Market Street, Wilmington, Del JOHM MARSH.

Do you want a Bargain?

IF SO, THEN CALL AT J. YOUNGS' STORE, WHERE you will find the cheapest assement of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS in Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Good Groreries, Queonsware, Hardware, Cedar-ware, Fancy Articles, Stationary, Confectionaries, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash of country produce.

Ground Salt by the sack or bushel.
Sunbury, Nav. 4, 1854.—

Latest New Goods in Sunbury I. W. TENER & Co.,

HAVE just received another targe lot of new Winter Goods to which they respectfully tavite the attention of their friends and the pub-lic—they will be sold cheap as heartofore.— Amongst them will be found some good READY MADE CLOTHING.

Granberries for sale.

I. W. TENER & CO.

Sunburs, Dec. 2, 1854.—

Select Poetry.

LINES.

To a Numbrella Vender, sujested by secin' him crawlin' round a tryin' to sell 'em.

Pore feller! how I pity you sech a wet day as this is,
Streken round the streets wet as a wharf rat,
With plenty of unbrellers under your arm
And nary one over your head, cause you hain't got no chance to spread one. P'rhaps your dryer than you would be under

one of 'em, And the handle might come off where it's glued, And then you'd have to spit on it make

Nobody but a Nirishman would have took up such a business :— Nobody ever thinks of buyin' a numbrella, When he can get one by just steppin' into a

nentry. You must be greener than the greenest in your lot, Pore feller! I think I see you up to Worces-

Discharged incurable. Buyin' umerellars! My pity's turned to scorn, pore crederlous fool. The world had once a Bank of Honesty-

But that has busted long and long ago-The president obtains a precarious livin', And every man's grabbing for himself. Buyin' umbrellas! Clear out, ragmuffin-I've heard that a nidiot's sometimes danger-

And you're one of the darkest dye-avanut !

A Thrilling Sketch.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

The following thrilling adventure is from an English Magazine:
"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his

work every morning.
"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it's so risky; thy father's to be the last up."
"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em give a shout afore he comes down,"

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all day amongst the

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in was engaged in, and then her heart sought tect and bless her treasures

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as m, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that every thing was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above! "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was remo ved, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down.
without their remembering to take the rope
up. There was a dead silence. They all silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground

The day passed as industriously and as swiftly as usual. with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her hus-band and children, in some way or other; and to-day she has been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-mor-row. She had just finished all her prepara-tions, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy bome, and fur all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in. His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out: "Mother! mother!

He canna get down."
"Who lad? Thy father?" asked his mother "Who lad? Thy father f" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope."
answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.—
His mother started up, horror struck, and
stood for a moment as if paralized; then
pressing her hands over her face if to shut
out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite hopeless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came

down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."
"Thee munna to that lad!" cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice: "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me Jem?"

The man wards a sign of assent for it.

thread, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thinker by the wind, but at last it received the outstatched hands that were

hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while-his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. "Now, hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it.—
They watched it gradually and slowly uncoil-They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn

There was but one coil left. It had reach ed the top, "Thank God! Thank God!" ex-claimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and, trembling, rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them ?-would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety ! She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with-as if the little thread had carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on Him as on a rock

There was a great shout, "He's safe, mother, he's safe," cried little Tom, "Thou'st saved me Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seeme'st more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground-the sudden joy, after such great fear, overcome her. "Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the carness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day-was it not, indeed, a thanksgiving day?

(From the Sunday Atlas)

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK ! The query "what shall we eat?" has been one hand and some bread in the other. His discussed from time immoral, without any mother stood at the door, watching him as positive results, for among the diversity of he went merrily whistling down the street, viands with which the markets teem, a choice and then she thought of the dear father he is no difficult matter; but, "What shall we drink?" is a question that really begins to assume a degree of importance, from the fact its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to pro- that the range of choice is very much circumscribed. We may have a Maine liquor law enforced, which may prevent the procuring of ardent spirits; and if so, "What shall we drink?" becomes a serious consideration. Although such an act has passed, its enforcement may prove a difficult matter; yet the query needs an answer nevertheless. The teetotallers assure us there are no genuine liquors in the market; that Hennessey, Otard, gnac and Dupuy are arrant humbugs; that though last year's vintage at Maderia was a failure, the supply of that particular wine has not at all diminished; that there is more "champagne" drank in New York, than that entire district produces; the gin is a sham, and Irish whiskey a foo-foo. In fine that no good liquors are imported, and as to domestic spirits, their quality needs no comment from any one. The lover of the ardent, retorts with equal truth, perhaps, that small beer ferments upon the stomach; that tea is but another name for gypsum and copperas; that beer is synonomous with coculas indicus and rotten wheat; that the water is either so filled with animalcules as to make one's stomach an aquatic menagerie, or else so impregnated with lime as to convert one's bowel into a stone quarry. Indeed the question becomes very difficult to decide when we examine the paucity of beverages suitable for gratifying the palate and allaying thirst.— Soda water which is so popular during the summer time, is often impregnated to such an extent with copper, that if a soda bibber were to be dissected his interior would be knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skillfully enough to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in is so identified with chicory and peas, that the true aroma of the Arabian berry is almost a forgotten thing. Lager beer is attracting some attention, but it requires considerable time to acquire a taste for it; and the peculiar flavor it derives from the coating of pitch which the interior of the barrels re-

ceive, is anything but satisfactory to an unsophisticated palate.

Then, in view of these facts, we repeat "What shall we drink?" With no good brandy, objectionable water, bad milk, drugged coffe, poisoned tea, ale only fit to kill fish, porter made principally from decayed herrings and rain water—all the beverages of the day open to similar objections.—"What shall we drink?"

TOBACCO AND BACCHUS. With tobacco and Bacchus you pass all the

day,
To Bacchus tobacco you puff;
you use up your system and drive health

Is not Bacchus himself strong enough for th Why tobacco can dry you alone! tobacco to Bacchus—the grape to the

Is the cruelest folly that's known.

Scene.-The crowded deck of an American Californian to the Skipper-"I should like "Skipper—"Why, where have you been sleeping these last two nights since we left?"
Californian—"Well, I've been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he is getting better cow, and be won't stand it any longer."

Ing, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me Jem?

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted ed by a foreigner."

The Springfield Republican says, that the Know Nothing who would not use the word patriot, because it began with pa, has concluded to emigrate somewhere, because he has at last found out that "America was discovered by a foreigner."

Poetry.

I Saw Her First in Cabbage Time.

BY SLOCUM SLOGGS, ESQ.

I saw her first in cabbage time, She was a cutting crout-She'd stop the cutter, now and then, To turn a head about And as she'd salt it in a tub. And stamp it down awhile, Upon her fresh and rosy lip, Reposed a witching smile

I saw her next in winter time,

And still she gaily smiled; For there upon the cooking stove, Her grub was being b'iled. Around the huge and greasy pot, The steam came pouring out;
And from the smell, I knew that she Was cooking "speck" and crout. When next I saw her, in the spring,

She smiled not as before; A heavy weight was on her heart— The crout was "all no more!" The pot she used to cook it in Was eaten up with rust ; The cutter hung upon the wall, 'Mid spider webs and dust.

I never hope to see her smile, Till cabbage time again!

I've seen her often since that time, When all around were gay— When others laughed and talked the most She'd frown and turn away: I've watched to see a ray of joy; But watched, alas ! in vain

KISSING MARRIED WOMEN IN FRANCE. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not at all intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she be a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But though the modern est American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet on New Year's day it is imperative. On that morning, says a Paris letter-writer, I came down to my coffee about 9 o'clock. I sat down quietly, bidding Madame a bon jour, as on ordinary occasions. But I was not to get off so easily. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with "Mons. B., I am very angry with you." I expressed, of course, a regret, and ignorance at having given her offence.

"Ah," said she, "you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace

me when you came down this morning." Madame was a lady of perhaps twenty-eight, with jet-black, glossy hair, large lus-trous black eyes, a clear, fair complexion.— She was very beautiful; had she been plain 1 should have felt less embarrassed. She waited as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat all this time trembling in my seat. At length Madame said: "Mons. B. embrassez moi." The worst had come. I arose tremblingly, put my white-bloodless lips, all greasy with butter, and wet with coffee (for in my embarrassment, I dropped my napkin) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUANO

The Montreal Commercial Advertiser says that a French farmer, by the name of Malon, has discovered a method of converting the offal and refuse fish into a valuable manure equal in fertilizing power to the best Peruvian guano, and possessing no offensive quali-ties. He conceived a project of converting these fish into a more compact and convenient kind of fertiliser, and accordingly, after a few trial experiments, embarked in 1851 for Newfoundland and established a large factory at Herpon, in the Straits of Belle ale. He associated with himself a partner who established also a similar factory at a little fishing village near Brest, in France. At these factories the refuse fish and offal of all the fishermen in the vicinity were bought. They were first boiled under a pressure of fifty pounds to an inch and then the pressed cakes were reduced to a pulp by a mechanical rasp, and dried in a hot stove. The material was next ground to powder in a mill, and packed away in bags and barriels for use. One hundred parts of the fresh fish yielded twenty-two of fish powder, and is eagerly purchased by the farmers.—From the water in which the fish is boiled, about two and a half per cent. of oil is skimmed. The French factory produces some fifteen, hundred tons a year of fish manure, and that of Newfoundland is expected to produce annually eight or ten thousand tons.

FROST AND IRON .- During the very severe cold weather of the past winter a difference was observable in the wear and tear of the rails upon the New York Central Road .-There were three kind in use under the observation of our informant-those weighing 56 lbs. to the yard, those weighing 65 lbs., and those weighing 75 lbs. to the yard. The heaviest rails were worn the worst, the next heaviest loss, and the lightest the least of all; and the heaviest were injured more in propor-tion than either of the others. The 56 fb. rail stood the frost and percussion of the pas-sing trains, as compared with the 65 lb. one, better than the latter did as compared with the 75 lb. rail.

It has been observed upon the Central road during the winter, that wheels and rails were more apt to break the day after intense cold, than on that day itself. As a mechanic phrased it to us, "Iron breaks worse, Sir, when the frost is going out, than when it is going in."—Buffalo Democracy.

THE SPIDER'S LOVE FOR HER PROGENY .- All her limbs, one by one, may be torn from her body without forcing her to abandon her hold of the cocoon in which she had wrapped her eggs: and if, without mangling the mother, it be skillfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralyzed, and coils her tremendous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure to defend it to the last.—

THE LONDON TIMES is compelled to issue a supplement daily, and as the act abolishing the stamp duty requires all snpplements to be charged with postage, the Times will have to pay for two stamps, while the other English papers generally will require but one. The price of the postage stamp is much lower than the stamp duty. It is intimated that the act was passed by way of retailing on the Times for its bold attack on the Ministry for their mismanagement in the conduct istry for their mismanagement in the conduct of the war.

PRICES OF LIVING IN ITALY.

An American traveler in Italy, "a nice An American traveler in Italy, "a nice young man," writing from that country, says that when once a man or a family prepared to withdraw from society, with the view of living cheaply then there are no places in the world like the Italian towns. A man with steep of manual as the momentary respiraan annual income of \$400 may, after he has learned the language and the customs, lead dition for sleep cannot prevent its approach. a very decent, not to say elegant life. He Coachmen slumber on their coaches, and may take his meals at the first restaurant, may visit the public assemblies daily in befiting attire and be a regular subscriber to the Opera, during the carnival season of forty During the retreat of Sir John Moore, sever-Opera, during the carnival season of forty nights. Of course by abandoning all the extraneous habits, the expenses may be reduced to \$250 per annum. Look at the list of prices: Breakfast at a first class cafe, including bread, butter, beefsteak and potates, coffee with the yolk of an egg in it, instead of milk, seventeen cents. This is not a slop shop price, but the price of the best articles the city affords. A first-rate dimer is possible for twenty-five cents, which is not at Paris. Ciething is not so reasonable. not at Paris. Clothing is not so reasonable. first to drive away sleep, soon becomes indisbut nearer our American standard. Lodg- pensable to its existence; thus a stage coach ing is cheaper. He says: "I have seen at Nice, Florence and Genoa, two furnished passengers. The proprieter of an iron rooms, fit for a bachelor, and each containing a fire-place, carpeted, curtained, and generally well ordered for \$60 a year.—A servant may be obtained to come three times a day, and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on and do all sorts of unbargained for odds and that account, passed sleeplers nights until the ends besides, for one dollar a month. Twelve mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in dollars will feed one fire-place through a winter. Naples kid gloves (Paris gloves are a luxury not required by the highest fashion) the Illiad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the Gods, exapting Jupiter alone. cost 30 cents a pair; if worn loose, they are

more apt to slip than real kid. The average rate paid by American artists dividuals and at different ages; but it can-for their studios, unfurnished, is \$100 a year. The same quarters, they tell me, would cost sleep, relative to the strength or energy of \$600 at home.—They consist for the most the functions of the body or mind. From part, of four rooms, of which the annual rent six to nine hours is the average proportion, is \$24. For \$800, a family of four may live yet the Roman Emperor, Caligala, alept only respectably and comfortably, and maintain an honorable position in the first English and American society. A family spending and American society. A family spending \$2,000 a year in New York, and finding themselves poorly treated for the money, is longest and most profound. Women also might, in many of the beautiful Italian cities, sleep longer than men, and young men lonfor the same sum, live in considerable style, ger than old. The sleepless nights of old Laving a box at the opera, give a dozen style, ager than old. The sleepless nights of old age are almost proverbial. It would appear small parties in the winter, a grand route in the Carnival, and keep a one-horse brougham all the year round. I think such a family could wear Paris kid gloves. What a comfortable prospect for some of our "Dim-mecrats" who have laid by ten or twelve thousand dollars, and wish to be able to say like the learned monkey who visited Rome-"I have seen the world."

ANECDOTES OF CATLIN.

We have seen a most interesting letter, says the London Morning Advertiser, from a young man who has recently settled in Brazil, in which he speaks of a recontre with Catlin, the celebrated ethnographer and traveller. He met him in George Town, Demerara, and was immediately recognised, although it was ten years since they had seen each other in the Egyptian Hall, "You won't know me;" he said to Catlin, "it is ten years since you saw me," Catlin, in answer, receeded, together, 1,500 miles, "by land and by water, through forests and swamps and prairies," following the course of the Amazon, and we select the following incidents on the journey. The first relating to Colt's pistols. contains a hint to some old Chief in England We must explain that Catlin had received the name of "Governor" from his youthful associate:

How the Old Chief was Astonished by Col.r.- "The Governor had one of Colt's pistols in his belt; and one of his revolving rifles always in his hand, and I had the old Minie, with whose power you are somewhat acquainted. I had let out the idea that the Governor's gun could shoot all day without reloading, which made an illustration necessary. They were all anxious to see it 'set in motion, and I placed the door of our which was part of a cow skin stretched on a hoop, at the distance of sixty or seventy with a bull's eye in the centre. whole village had assembled, and the Governor took his position and went off,-one! two! three! four! five! six!-I then stepped up and told him that was enough, 1 pre sumed : and while the old Chief was assuring him that they were all convinced, and it was a pity to waste any more ammunition, the Governor was slipping the empty cylinder off and another one on, with six charges nore, without their observing what he was doing—he offered to proceed, but all were satisfied that his gun would shoot all day without stopping, and this report travelled ahead of us to all the tribes we afterwards visited in that region."

The next is a Tiger story :

KEEP COOL AND DON'T SPILL THE GRAVY.—
"One day when he had landed and most of our party were lying asleep on the boat, which was drawn under the shade of some large trees, the Governor and I had collected wood and made a large fire, over which we were coasting a fat pig which I had shot from the boat during the morning. I was squat down on one side of the fire, holding a short handled frying pan in which we had made some very ich gravy, which the Governor, who was squatted down opposite to me, was ladling over the pig, with an Indian wooden spoon. All of a sudden, I observed his eyes fixed upon omething over my shoulder, when he said to me in a very low tone, "Now I want you to keep perfectly cool, and don't spill the gravy—there is a splendid tiger behind you!" I held fast to the frying pan, and turning my head gradually a ound. I had a full view of the fellow within eight paces of me, lying flat on his side, and with his paws lifting up and playing with the legs of one of the Spaniard's, who had laid himself down upon his belly and was fast asleep. Our rifles were left in boat! The Governor drew himself gradually down the bank, on his hands and feet, order ing me not to move; I was in hopes he would have taken his old Minie, but he preferred his own weapon, and getting it to bear upon the breast, he was obliged to wait some minutes for it to raise its head, so as not to endanger the poor Spaniard; at the crack of the rifle the poor Spaniard; at the crack of the rifle, the animal gave a piercing screech, and leaped about 15 feet straight into the air, and fell quite dead. The Spaniard leaped nearly as far in the different direction; and at the same instant, from behind a little bunch of bushes on the opposite side, r \(\) not half the distance from our fire, and right behind the Governor's back, where he had been sitting, sprang the mate, which darted into the sprang the mate, which darted into the thicket and disappeared. We ckinned this beautiful animal, which was shot exactly between the eyez, and after all hands had withdrawn to the boat waited several hours in hopes that the other one would show itself again, but we waited in vain, and lost our game."

NECESSSITY OF SLEEP.

No person of active mind should try to passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast furnace, would awake if there was interruption to them during the night;

cepting Jupiter alone. The length of time passed in sleep is not the same for all men; it varies in different induring eight. It is during infancy that sleep

THE RORRORS OF WAR.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY .- The London Times lays before its readers the particulars of a horrible affair, which recently occurred near the Dutch settlement of Transvani, at the Cape of Good Hope, and which can only be paralleled in atrocity among the achievements modern times by the exploit of Marshal St. Arnaud in Algiers, when he smoked and burned to death thousands of his barbarian opponents who had sought refuge in a deep d spacious cave :

In the case at the Cape of Good Hope, the Caffre Indians had murdered, in October last, under circumstances of great barbarity, ten or twelve men and women of the Dutch settlement. Immediately General Pretorious raised an army of five bundred men, and, accompanied by Commander General Potgiefter, proceeded on an expeditic to revenge the blood of the victims. After an absence of several weeks, they reached some remarkable subterranean caverns, half a mile in length, and from three to five hundred feet in width, where the Caffree had entrenched themselves Upon his arrival at this spot, General Pretorious attempted to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush the savages beneath the ruins. The peculiar character of the stone, however, rendered this scheme impracticable, and he then stationed his men around the mouths of the caves, and built up walls in front of them. After a few daos, many of the women and children were driven by hunger and thirst from their biding places, and were allowed to escape; but every man who came forth was shot dead by their rifles. On the 17th of November, at the close of a siege of three weeks, the besiegers, seeing no signs of life, entered the caverus, and the silence within, together with the horrible odor arising from the bodies of the dead, told how effectually their object had been accomplished.— More than nine hundred Caffres had been shot down at the mouths of the caverns, and a much greater number had perished by slow degrees, suffering all the horrors of starvation in the gloomy recesses within.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

One of the most remarkable instances of reservation from shipwreck at sea has just hoppened in the loss of the ship William Laytin. This vessel put to sea from New York on the 16th of February last, freighted with a rich and assorted cargo, bound for Antwerp. On the 20th of February a severe gale, which lasted for some days, completely wrecked the vessel, and, lashed to her floating and helpless hull, the captain and crew passed six days and nights, without a single drop of fresh water and without a mouthful to eat, excepting a single rat that was found swimming about the wreck, and which was fortunately caught and shared among the sufferers. The account furnished by the captain says :-

For our better security, we each of us lashed ourselves to the wreck, with whatever of the rigging of the ship's ropes we could get hold of. This alone saved us from being swept away. In this condition, tied to the wreck and constantly drenched and almost smothered with breaching seas, we remained six long days and nights, each minute of which was almost an eternity of agony. We were unable to loosen ourselves or stir about the ship, for fear of being carried overboard. We waited, but waited in vain, for a lull in the sea or tempest. The first day passed at our lashings, and we were weak with hunger. The second day, and the gnawings of bunger made all other sufferings insignificant in com-parison. The third day, and our thirst and hunger together held us in tortures but little short of the pains of hell itself. Death at this time would have been a relief. In the meantime the hatches of the ship had been burst open, and the cargo was floating aroun us, but none of the provisions within our

The knowledge that our ship's hold was full of provisions, and we were starving and unable to reach it, only added to our sufferunable to reach it, only added to our sufferings. Still, to aggravate our pains, the potash in the ship was dissolving, and making a ley that was eating into our flesh. Having no water, we each took a piece of cold lead into our mouths, and chewing this kept our mouths moist, and was found to be a great relief. At this period of our sufferings, a rat and water, we each took a piece of cold lead into our mouths, and chewing this kept our mouths moist, and was found to be a great relief. At this period of our sufferings, a rat was seen swimming about, and coming near enough to one of the saffors, it was captured. Never did Hunter secure his game with greater satisfactory than did the seamen secure this drowning rat. The rat was shared among the company, and never was shared among the company and the company wounded.

A Botanical Garden.—The most promising attempt yet made in the United States towards the establishment of a botanical garden is now in progress in Brooklyn.

Messrs. Hunt, Longley and Kent have made a donation, in fee, of sufficient land for the purpose, the value of which is stated at \$25,000, and various citizens of Brooklyn sn.! Ar Work Again.—The Midlothian coal pits, in Virginia, at which the late fearful explosion occurred, are again being worked.

Never did Hunter secure his game with greater secure this drowning rat. Therat was shared among the company, and never was a morecan received with a better relish. All that we explosion occurred, are again being worked.

New York have subscribed magnificent sum fowards the great object. Thus, Wus. Hunt is stated at \$25,000, and various citizens of Brooklyn and New York have subscribed magnificent sum fowards the great object. Thus, Wus. Hunt is stated at \$25,000, and various citizens of Brooklyn and Secure this drowning rat. Therat was shared among the company, and never was a morecan received with a better relish. All that we had in addition to this rat, were the boots for smaller sums.

and shoes upon our feet, which were mostly

On the third day of our sufferings—on the 25th of February—a vessel hove in sight, and we were all clated with the prospect o'relief. In this, however, we were disappointed. This vessel, the name of which I do not remember, came within bailing dis-tance of us, and speaking the captain, I asked him to send me a boat. The reply was, he could do nothing for us; and leaving us to our fate, we were compelled to see this vessel sail away from us. The sea was running very high at the time this vessel spoke us, but to have hid to and waited for a calm, or to have made some show of a disposition to help us, we thought was not too much to expect. When this vessel was beyond our sight all hope seemed surely gone. Still all the crew kept up their spirits, as indeed they did to a remarkable degree Juring the whole period of their sufferings. During all this time the weather was cold enough to make What was the most remarkable, after

the third day our hunger seemed to abate. On the fifth and sixth days some of the On the fifth and sixth days some of the crew said they did not feel so much the want of food as they did on the third day. This was the feeling of most if not all of us. The fourth day and night passed, and no assistance came. The fifth day came, and with it succor. On this day we were hailed by the barque Sylph, Cap. Hellox, from Guadaloupe, bound to St. Peters, Newfoundland. This vessel spoke us, and learning our situation, promised to lay by till the storm abated. It still blew a gale, and the sea was very heavy. This promise revived us. During the right

still blew a gale, and the sea was very heavy. This promise revived us. During the right of the fifth day of our sufferings—the 27th of February—the Sylph drifted away from us, and the next morning was out of sight.

I cannot describe our feelings when the next morning dawned up, and again showed us nothing within our vision but the tempestuous ocean. Capt. Hellox, however, upon ascertaining, on the morning of the 28th, that he had lost us, crowded on all the sail his baroue could carry, and commenced the his barque could carry, and commenced the search for us. He was successful, and found us after a few hours' search, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 28th we were taken rom our lashings, and taken on board the Sylph. When relieved none of us were able o stand, although all of us retained our senses. One of the crew, when taken from his prison of ropes, lost his toes, which dropped from him as he was lifted from the ship. The potash lye had eaten the feet of the sufferer to this effect.

Miscellany.

Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rocster is so tall, that he has to get down on his kneen

A Yankee in Iowa has taught ducks to

wim in hot water, and with such success, that they lay boiled eggs. An editor out in Iowa, says they don't brag

of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon sure crop. One of our Western editors, in giving an

account of a tornado, heads it as follows ;--Disgraceful Thunder Storm. Dobbs says he would have died of cholera

n August, if it had not been for one thingthe doctor gave him up." A lot of fellows went on a dear hunt the other day, in Arkansas, and in less than three

iours, captured five girls and a woman. A rascally old bachelor asks-"what is the most difficult operation a surgeon can per-form? To take the jaw out of a woman."

Louis Napoleon, it is said, has been investe ng large sums in California, in the names other persons.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they

AN Ex-GOVERNOR TURNED MAYOR .- The

Hon. Alexander Ramsey, Ex-Governor of Minnesota, has been elected Mayor of the city of St. Paul, in that Territory. Physicians rarely take medicine, lawyers seldom go to haw, and ministers steer clear of

other parson's churches. Editors, however, read all the papers they can get hold of. To go to sleep easy, read some of the Philadelphin "weekly papers."-New York Sunday

To which the Philadelphia Post, rejoins : "To go to the devil easy, read some of the New York Sunday papers." WHEAT CROP IN THE WEST .- We continue to have the best accounts of the coming wheat

diana and Michigan, all reports are cheering -the wheat crops never looked better. Good Parces .- At a sale in Doylestown, Pa., on Thursday last, oats sold at 72 cents per bushel, cows about \$50 each, and other things in proportion. And on Saturday, at

crop. From Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, In-

the same place, the price of horses ranged from \$61 to \$205. STRENGER - Why do you kill my dog ? Hes :- Because he was going to bite me STRANGER.—Why didn't you use the little end of your stick? You could have frightened him and not killed him. Hunr .- Why didn't your dog come at me

tail first then ? Scene in an apotherary shop after the pas-sage of the Maine Liquer Law.—Two nice young menenter. "Come, Jim, what will you take?" "Well, I guess, I'll take a prussié acid smash." Clerk, to second gent.—"What's yours?" "I'll také a burning fluid cocktail."

Cot. Bearon has written a letter, dated the 15th instant, in which be states that there is no Indian war on the Upper Missourr and North Platte—that he has received ample proof to sustain this assertion, and that the new regiments were raised for another purpose, which, he thinks, lies in the direction of

Serious Accinent from Powner On Saturday night, Mrs. Henry, wife of a grocer at Richmond, Va., while hi the store snuffed a candle, and throwing down the snuff, it fell into a three pound cask of gunpowder, which instantly ignited. She and her husband were