The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance, or a proper discount will be allowed until all arrearages are paid.

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We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

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

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WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL

FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,

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WHERE 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 Coal are:

LUMP, } for Smithing purposes.
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BROKEN, }
EGG, } for Family use and Steam.
STOVE, }
NUT, }
PEA, } for Limeburners and Steam.

Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arrangements are made to load boats without any delay.

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.

J. J. Cochran, 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

EXCELSIOR EATING SALOON!

A. C. H. FISHER & C. B. WHARTON

HAVE taken the Saloon formerly occupied by J. W. Washington,

In Market Square, Sunbury,

where they will be happy to dispense to their friends and the eating public generally, all the delicacies of the season, including Oysters fresh and spiced. The bill of fare will include substantials and delicacies, calculated to satisfy those who are hungry, and those who desire merely to have their palates tickled. It will be open at all hours of the day, and all reasonable hours of the night. Give us a call and taste for yourselves.

Sunbury, Sept. 22, 1855.—

LEATHER.

FRITZ, BENDERY & Co.

No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

MOROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & KIPS.

Feb. 17, 1855.—w 1y

P. H. SMITH,

FORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, AND

Dressing Case Manufacturer,

N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Always on hand a large and varied assortment of

Port Monnaies,	Work Boxes,
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Also a general assortment of English, French and German Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razor Straps and Gold Pens.

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N. W. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philada.

N. B.—On the receipt of $1, a Superior Gold Pen will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail;—describing pen, fine, medium, hard, or soft.

Phila., March 31, 1855.—ply.

Do you want a Bargain?

IF SO, THEN CALL AT

J. YOUNGS' STORE,

WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

in Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Cedarware, 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, Nov. 4, 1854.—

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

IRA T. CLEMENT respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that he has been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated red ash coal, from the Mines of Boyd Rosso, & Co. All the various sizes prepared and screened will be promptly delivered by leaving orders with the subscriber.

IRA T. CLEMENT.

Sunbury, Dec. 30, 1851.—tf.

HARDWARE.-Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws' Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO.

Sunbury Dec. 2, 1854.

COAL Buckets, stove shovels, Ames' shovels, forks, Door and pad locks, curry combs, &c., at YOUNG'S STORE.

Sunbury, Nov. 18, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by WEISER & BRUNER.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

WINES and Liquors for Medicinal purposes at WEISER & BRUNER'S.

Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

Select Poetry.

ASK ME NOT TO DRINK.

BY R. H. HUNT.

Fair Lady, ask me not to drink,
A toast to thee to-night
For broken vows and blasted hopes,
Expose the demon's blight:
Put back the wine I dare not taste—
Put back the sparkling bowl!
For who hath quaffed a draught so deep,
And reached a blissful goal.

Oh! ask me not, there lies within,
A poison deep and dire!
And every drop but serves the more,
To fan the latent fire.
Each draught will quench my sense of guilt,
And blast youth's budding hope;
Each drop will sink me deeper still,
In moral night to grope.

Oh! press me not to touch the cup,
Within are glaring eyes;
And starving widows, hungry babes,
And freezing orphans' cries;
Whom the Gods destroy they first make drunk,
Then ask me not to drink:
Oh tempt me not; but spare my soul
From death's eternal brink.

I have three sisters mildly fair,
Like angels round my way,
Whose love is like the stars that shine,
With undiminished ray;
Shall they be doomed to see me fall,
A prey to maddening drink;
And rendered be the love that binds,
Or exalt the golden link.

Another sleeps where sedly waves,
The willow in the vale,
And midnight whispers from the sky,
Come on the sighing gale:
She passed away as summer's breath,
In life's fairest bloom;
Then tempt me not, I would not mar
Her slumbers in the tomb.

Oh! ask me not again to drink,
Fair Lady, I implore:
Put back the wine—the rosy wine,
And tempt me then no more;
For if I taste 'twill rouse again,
The raging thirst within:—
A father prays, a mother weeps,
Then spare me from this sin.

Select Tale.

THE REFEREE CASE.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

The outline of the following sketch was related to me by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion—a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and most comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say, in the language of *Æneas, "quorum magna pars fui."*

"Many years ago," said Mr. E——, "I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim and the strange story which it disclosed.

"The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

"After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies.

"His wife was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children, and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letter, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude.

Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and, after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and fourteen years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress.

"A merchant of New York, in moderate but prospering circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

"After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure.

"Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of house-keepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from that time until the period of which I speak the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story.—After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans.

"Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.—There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth.

"Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims.

"He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law who are to be found crawling about the halls of justice advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

"It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court-room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

"The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth.

The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance.

"Small in person, but remarkably well formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch-traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable.

"But there was one peculiarity about him that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement which involuntarily makes one think of treachery; and in the course of a long life I have never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin fingers to one of the pages desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the *principal witness.*

"We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—

"'Do you know this lady?'

"'I do.'

"'Will you swear to that?'

"'I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter.'

"'Can you swear to her identity?'

"'I can.'

"'What is her age?'

"'She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April.'

"'When did you last see her?'

"'At her own house a fortnight since.'

"'When did you last see her previous to that meeting?'

The plaintiff hesitated, a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"'On the fourteenth day of May 17—.'

'When she was just three weeks old,' added Burr. 'Gentlemen,' continued he, turning to us, 'I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is.—The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart sickness, the wasting anguish deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part.—Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or self-indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men.—Let us ask the witness—she now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of the true-hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two has been her father.

"Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life; a slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

"'My first recollections are of a small, ill furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out, every Saturday evening, the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it would sometimes happen that our only supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father."

"She paused.

"'Would you excite my own child against me?' cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke.

"'You are not my father,' exclaimed she, vehemently. 'The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father; You, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father,' pointing to the agitated defendant; 'there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affections, and share my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children.'

"She drew her veil hastily around her, as she spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

"'Gentlemen,' said Burr, 'I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you, the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice.'

"I need scarcely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well merited shame."

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE WITH THE SIOUX.

CAMP ON THE BLUE WATER, Sept. 5, 1855.

Agreeably to my promise to keep you advised of whatever may be worthy of special note, in the progress of the Sioux expedition, I have now to inform you that Gen. Harney's command, which left Fort Leavenworth about a month since, arrived at Ash Hollow on the evening of the 2d inst., at which point the General ascertained that a band of forty or fifty Bale lodges were encamped on Blue Water Creek, (a fine tributary of the North Platte,) about six miles from Ash Hollow.

The General at once determined to attack the camp early on the morning of the 3d, and, in order to be more sure of his game, he despatched the principal portion of his mounted force, at 3 o'clock A. A., to gain a position in the rear of the Indians—a movement which had to be made in the dark, of course, and over an exceedingly rugged country.—It was, however, eminently successfully, being affected without rousing the suspicion even of the Brules.

General Harney left his camp, between four and five o'clock, A. M., with the infantry portion of his command, merely leaving a sufficient force to guard the train, which remained at Ash Hollow during the operations He moved directly upon the first Indian village (for it afterwards turned out that there were two,) but before he could reach it, the lodges were all struck and their occupants in rapid retreat up the valley of the Blue Water. This, however, was just what was expected and desired, for if the cavalry gained the position assigned it, the Indians would be brought to a stand, and be compelled to fight. They finally halted and took up a position on the bluffs, which skirted the bank of the stream, within a few hundred yards of our cavalry, which had concealed themselves so adroitly, that the General himself doubted very much whether they had succeeded in gaining the place assigned them.

It was for this reason that in a parley which here ensued, between General Harney and the Brule Chief, "Little Thunder," the General's principal object was to amuse the Indian until he became satisfied of the presence of the cavalry. At last it became pretty obvious from the commotion among the Indians that something had been observed by them that made them uneasy; so the General at once cut short the parley, and opened the ball to the music of the Minie rifle from the skirmishers of the Sixth Infantry. The bluffs were scaled by these in an incredibly short time, and cleared of the Indians, who had scarcely left their stronghold before they found themselves intercepted by the cavalry, and placed between two fires.

The affair had by this time become exceedingly lively. The Indians plunged down the bluffs with their light care footed ponies, and darted off through the only avenue not closed against them, being pursued in most gallant style by the mounted troops, who followed four or five miles, sabring and shooting a large number of them on the way.

It is quite impossible, owing to the extent and the nature of the country covered by the two parties, to ascertain precisely the loss of the Indians killed and wounded; but from observations subsequently made on the ground of principal combat, the number killed cannot fall far short of sixty or seventy. About fifty women and children were captured, and some sixty ponies and mules taken. As for lodges, buffalo meat, robes and camp furniture of various descriptions, the end has not been seen yet, although a number of wagons have been employed in bringing this booty into the camp.

I have purposely avoided anticipating the official reports, by mentioning any names but that of the commander of the expedition.—The troops engaged were companies "I" and "K" 2d dragoons, Light company "E" 10th infantry. These were all mounted, and served as cavalry. Companies "A," "C," "H," "I" and "K," 6th infantry composed the infantry portion of the attacking force. The entire loss sustained by the command was four men killed three dangerously wounded, one slightly, and one missing, (supposed to have been killed or captured.)

It is probable that a temporary post will be established by the General at Ash Hollow after which he will advance into the Sioux country.

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.—Capt. Pendleton, of the schooner E. S. Pendleton of Gloucester, Mass., was drowned in that harbor on Sunday evening. He had just returned from a fishing cruise. He was the twelfth one of a family of fourteen sons who have been drowned.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD TRICK.—An "exiled Hungarian Count," who was recently lionizing at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, and who created a tremendous sensation among the unmarried ladies, turns out to have been a journeyman barber of New York.

A NEW YORK SPECULATION.—A Guano Company has been formed in New York with a capital of $10,000,000, who profess to own an island in the Pacific, containing over 200,000,000 tons of guano! They say they expect to sell 400,000 tons the first year, at $30 per ton, out of which they will realize a profit of $2,400,000.

A Modern Philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded, without taking cold!

CURE FOR HARD TIMES.—At Connersville Ind., potatoes are a drug in the markets, at fifteen cents per bushel.

Poetry.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in wordly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your minds repose,
That wealth's a thing that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

The time is near at hand when sweet potatoes for next year's seed should be packed away for the winter, and this is a suitable time to give the results of our experience and observation, for the benefit of the reader.

Select fine days during the first and second week of October, and take the potatoes from the hills, carefully, so as not to bruise them, let them dry thoroughly, but specifily, either in the sun, or spread upon the floor under cover. The boxes or bins for stowing will be in size according to the quantity you wish to keep, but in no case over two feet in depth.

Gather a sufficient quantity of sand or fine road-dust and have it thoroughly screened and dried. Put a thin layer of sand upon the bottom of the box, and lay in a course of potatoes from 8 to 12 inches thick, then pour in more sand until it fills all the interstices between the potatoes at the bottom of the box. When this is done, next fill up the box with potatoes, and then again pour on sand to fill up as before, and fasten on a cover to keep out mice if necessary. If several boxes are used, they may be piled on the top of each other, and in this case always with sticks to leave a space between of one or two inches to allow a free circulation of air.

In order to complete success in keeping, it is indispensable that the boxes be stored in a dry room where a pretty uniform temperature can be maintained, the safest range being between 50 to 60 degrees Fah. A wider range, if not of too long duration, may not do much harm. Potatoes put up in this manner will not be subject to loss of over 3 to 10 per cent.

Sweet Potatoes for winter use can be preserved in much the same way, and will keep suitable for cooking all winter, with but a slight deterioration of quality. To keep them from the atmosphere—dry and of an equal moderate temperature, are the great requisites to complete success.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

NATURAL BAROMETERS.—Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat. The different species of Trefoil always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The Tulip, and several of the compound yellow flowers, at close before rain. There is a species of wood sorrel, which doubles its leaves before storms. The Bauhinia, or mountain ebony, capia, and sensitive plants, observe the same habits.

THE EDITOR AND THE PREMIER.—Black, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, was a great favorite with Lord Melbourne. On one occasion the Peer said: "Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me, who forgets who I am." The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. "You forget that I am the Prime Minister; everybody else takes especial care to remember it, but I wish they would forget it, for they only remember it to ask me for places and favors. Now, Mr. Black, you never ask me for anything, and I wish you would, for seriously I should be most happy to do anything in my power to serve you." "I am truly obliged," said Mr. Black, "but I don't want anything; I am editor of the Morning Chronicle; I like my business, and I live happily on my income." "Then," said the Peer, with an oath, "I envy you, and you're the only man I ever did."

A KING CONSORT FOR SPAIN.—The latest piece of gossip at Paris relative to Spanish affairs is, that the Duke de Montpensier, the husband of the Queen of Spain's sister, has just had an interview with the Count de Chambord, and that at such interview it was settled between the princes that the Queen of Spain should be persuaded to resign in favor of her sister; that the Duke of Montpensier should then, in right of his wife, be named King Consort, and, subsequently, by his wife's appointment, and with the universal approval of the Spaniards, he elected King Regent to the throne of Spain.

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.—Much excitement has for some days prevailed about Prince George C. H., Va., on account of the sudden death of a Mrs. Wm. Gill and her infant, and the disappearance of her husband. The body of Wm. Gill was found last Sunday, much disfigured by buzzards, but without marks of violence, and it is the general belief that the wretched man administered poison to his wife and child, and then to himself.

IMPORTANT FACT ASCERTAINED.—W. Garbutt, a well known farmer and miller of Monroe county, N. Y., has proved, by careful experiments, that "grown" wheat retains all its vitality, and is as good as the best for seed. This was doubted, and farmers in western New York were going to heavy expenses to procure wheat, entirely free from the "sprout" for seed.

THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

There is a golden romance clustering around this family, which makes the death of one of its prominent members a matter of historic notoriety.

The Baron Solomon, whose funeral took place recently at Paris, with somewhat of public solemnity, was the fourth son of the founder of his house and was at his death aged eighty-two. Anselm, the first son, who was at the head of the Frankfort house, has some time since passed away. Nathan, the second, who reigned over the great London house, is also gone; and of the second generation of these moneyed Mohicans there are now left but James, also of Paris, and Chas., of Naples.—Not so much in the loss of their persons, however, as of their powers, have the Rothschild family received a severe blow in the death of two of its members—the only able one surviving being James, who, both in monetary genius, elevation of character, and range of mind, is the star of the house of Rothschild. Anselm was great by his sagacity; Nathan by his industry; James is by his genius. Anselm singularly combined the instincts of a low cloth Jew with the penetrating vision of the statesman. Nathan united all the steadiness of a merchant with the craft of a smuggler. He it was who while established at Manchester, amassed an enormous fortune by smuggled trade during Napoleon's blockade of the continent. He knew the result of the battle of Waterloo 8 hours before it reached the British government, and we should fear to surmise what each minute in each of those hours was in his hands worth. But James has, in addition to the sagacity of the one and industry and craft of the other, that which they did not possess—great genius a most courtly bearing, and polished cultivation of mind, which makes his relations with the royal house of Europe wear more the character of a diplomatist, while those of his brothers, Anselm and Nathan, never rose above the Jew.

The sumptuous palace in which Solomon died was, of course, known to all Americans who have ever visited Paris; to many, perhaps, was also known the humble house on the Ghetto of Frankfort, in which he was born. But a few years ago, and the windows of this house on the Ghetto were always seen once within the annual circle, on one particular night, to wear a glitter of light, which, as it was cast from the old Jewish lamps, threw a strange ghastly glimmer on the dingy, decayed and dust-eaten dwellings around. This night was the eve of the Jewish New-Year's Day, when were gathered, no matter with what travel, the five sons of Frankfort, Vienna London, Paris, and Naples, around a withered, but shrewd looking Hebrew woman. This was the mother of the money Gracchi, who still clung to the old Ghetto house from which the family had started. The house yet stands, but its stair, on the New-Year's Night, is silent. The windows throw their glitter no more. The mother is dead; three of the sons have departed, and the two that are left—of Paris and Naples—have no talisman now to attract them to the old homestead.

Solomon, originally of Vienna, but more recently of Paris, who has just died, and Charles of Naples, were always considered the most insignificant of the brothers. He of Vienna, was a fat, pompous old man proud of his living in fellowship with bankrupt Austrian nobles and drunken Transylvanian Bayers; and Charles of Naples delights in playing the senile beau with the penniless princesses and countesses who abound at the enlightened court of King of Bomba. In roster days of youth he affected a tender passion for the Sontag, and the loiterers made much merriment in watching him follow her with amorous eagerness as she passed through the streets of Frankfort, bowing, and smiling, and chatting, while his red, rubicund, face beamed with fat and self satisfaction. He married when yet young a Miss Hertz, a girl of singular beauty; and as he might have wedded a large fortune, the old father who was alive at the time, cursed him and cast him from him, and refused to his last hour to take him to his heart or house.—During the residence of Charles at Naples, it is well known to all the habitues of that court that the beauty of his young wife inspired King Bomba with an immense admiration, and in the absence of the excitement of a new miracle, he passed so many hours in loitering at the feet of the lovely Jewess as to force her husband to fly at discretion, and for a time taken up his bags and walk. Baroness Lionel Rothschild, wife of the member for London, is the offspring of this union of Baron Charles and Miss Hertz, and possesses all the fascinating gifts of her mother, fortunately without any of the foolish attributes of her father. She is a woman of singular beauty of both mind and person.

In England, the three present representatives of the house—Baronts Lionel, and Meyer, and Sir Anthony Rothschild—live in that sumptuous solitude and domestic magnificence with which the Jews so deeply delight to surround themselves, like some few the Christian Israelites in our own palatial avenue. With the exception of Sir Anthony, who is a senile sensualist and gourmand, they extend but little hospitality, and wrap themselves up in a selfish indulgence. When, however, they do receive, it is with an oriental gorgeousness, and the Maitres de Cuisine of both Sir Anthony and Baron Lionel are among the most cunning chefs in Europe. The residence of the one in Grosvenor Place, and of the other in Piccadilly, Place, next Apsley House, the town palace of the Duke of Wellington, are furnished with an affluence of splendor, and their ordinary daily life is surrounded, like that of all the wealthy Jews, with every appliance of luxury. Indeed, one of the banquets given by Baron Rothschild, at his country villa, equalled anything ever told in story of the luscious orientall feasts. It was in summer, and the banquet was served in the beautiful conservatory. Music floated around, and art lent its lovely light everywhere. The Sevres on which dessert was served containing each a different picture of rare artistic excellence, which might have been dreamed by Veronese or Claude Lorraine.

SANTA ANNA.—The Havana correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes that Santa Anna has, besides his possessions in Venezuela and the United States, for his sacrifices, personal and pecuniary, $2,000,000 with him; in the Bank of England and other places of deposit, an equal or larger sum, and in the United States several hundred thousand dollars—making an estimate of his property, all told, out of Mexico, $7,000,000.

STATISTICS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is estimated that there are 10,000 daguerreotype establishments in the United States, these taking daily twenty pictures each, at an average of $2.50 each, giving 200,000 pictures at an expense of over half a million of dollars. The amount of money paid annually for daguerreotypes is thought to exceed one hundred and fifty millions. Still the business is increasing.

Items of News.

OHIO STATE FAIR.—The receipts of the Ohio State Agricultural Fair, held last week, amounted to about ten thousand dollars, exclusive of three thousand dollars contributed by the citizens of Columbus. The premiums distributed amounted to six thousand dollars. It is stated that six thousand dollars were offered and refused for one of the bulls exhibited. Another was held at five thousand dollars, and two others at three thousand dollars each.

DEATH IN JAIL.—On Monday last, Mary Ferguson was committed to jail, in default of payment of $50 fine for selling liquor on the previous Sunday, in Allegheny city, Pa., and died in her cell, early the next morning, from the excitement and distress caused by the incarceration. She stated in Court that she would never live through her sentence.

YOUNG LADY MURDERED.—Miss Virginia Frost, aged 17, daughter of Austin Frost, of Raleigh, N. C., was reproving a negro woman for insolent language, last Monday morning, when the latter shot her with a pistol, killing her instantly.

THE WASHINGTON STAR has a letter from a member of the Carmel Expedition to Tunis, which states that the store ship Supply has reached Tunis, and the officers have been presented to the Bey, who has presented the United States with a pair of camels. The supply took on board a beautiful block of marble from the ruins of Carthage for the Washington Monument.

PRODUCTIVE ONE.—The Salem (Mass.) Gazette says:—"We were informed, by Mr. Asa Bushby, Jr., of South Danvers, that he lately gathered 6000 bunches of onions from half an acre of land, which sold, delivered at our wharves, for more than $200."

HANDSOME BEQUEST.—The late Joseph P. Fairbanks, of Johnsbury, Vt., bequeathed $10,000 to Middlebury College, $10,000 to constitute a fund for the support of aged and infirm ministers, and a like sum in aid of poor young men preparing for the ministry.

A SAD STORY.—About three months ago, a party of fifty young Gascons embarked at Bordeaux, bound for this country, for fear of being drawn in the conscription and sent to the Crimea. They landed in New Orleans, La., about four weeks ago, and, on the 4th inst., the last of the fifty was consigned to the earth.

A PROFITABLE VESSEL.—There is now a whale ship lying at the wharf, says the Nantucket (Mass.) Enquirer, which has just accomplished her third voyage into the Pacific, to which she was fitted as a whaler, and she has made already clear to her owners, over and above an interest account, the snug little sum of $80,000.

BROOM CORN.—In New York State hundreds upon hundreds of acres are apportioned to the cultivation of broom corn. Broom corn never was stouter, not a better crop than during the present year. It will soon be cut, and busy hands will be employed in making up that article so indispensable to every housekeeper.

THE FUSEL OIL PUBLIC OPINION.—The Sunday Beer Bill, respecting which so much feeling was displayed in London, has been repealed, and the law, that of keeping open the public houses from one to three and from five to eleven on Sunday, is once again in operation.

STEALING HIS OWN BOOTS.—John Donovan was fined two dollars and costs, in Charlestown, Mass., on Monday, for *stealing his own boots.* He had taken them to be mended, and stole them without paying for the repairs.

THE PEACH TRADE OF CINCINNATI, Ohio, is considerable; the average number of baskets received daily through the season has been between 800 and 1000. The average price is one dollar per basket.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—At a late meeting of the Boston Natural History Society, Dr. Harkee made some remarks upon the mosquito. Among other things, he stated that he had satisfied himself, from repeated examination with the microscope, that the male mosquito has no sting, and cannot draw blood, the female alone being endowed with that organ.

LOVELY AHEAD.—A very handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaus I should marry in case I should become a widow.

AN INTELLIGENT WITNESS.—A witness in a liquor case in Manchester, Mass., the other day, gave the following testimony: "Gal soda is lime and water and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not; it makes one feel good—feel lift certier.

PRESIDENTIAL IN MICHIGAN.—The Detroit (Mich.) Democrat says: "There is more pepper and grown in St. Joseph county, Michigan, than in any other locality in the Union. It is the staple product of our town. The oil is extracted and sold at $4,50 per pound. An acre will yield from fifteen to twenty pounds, making a very profitable crop.

NAVIGATING THE PRAIRIES.—A Mr. Thompson, of Kansas Territory, has, it is said, just completed a prairie ship or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes, with thirty companions, to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains next June. A good chance to canvass the territory for the fall election.

Sidney Smith says, "It seems necessary that great people should die with some sonorous and quotable saying. Mr. Pitt said something not intelligible to his last moments, G. Rose made it out to be "Save my country Heaven!" The nurse, on being interrogated said that he asked for *barley water.*"

A MISTAKE.—Sir John Irwin was favorite with George III., who once observed to him—"They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine."—"Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty, have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

VALUABLE QUARRIES.—It is said that the quarries of the village of Medina, Ohio, will turn out, this year, over $200,000 worth of stone.

Col. A. K. Corsyn, some years ago a member of the Legislature from Perry county, and an eloquent advocate at the bar, died in Bloomfield, Perry county, on the 4th inst.