

The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American,

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Select Poetry.

I MUST HASTEN HOME.

I must hasten home, said a rosy child,
Who gaily roamed for hours;
I must hasten home to my mother dear—
She will seek me amid the flowers;
If she chides, I will seal her lips with a kiss,
And offer her all my flowers.

I must hasten home, said a bezzar girl,
As she carried the faithful store
Of crumbs and scraps of crusted bread
She had gathered from door to door;
I must hasten home to my mother dear,
She is feeble, and old, and poor!

I must hasten home, said the bal-room belle,
As the day began to dawn;
And the glittering jewels her dark hair decked
Shone bright as the dew of morn;
I'll forsake the joys of this changing world
Which leave in the heart but a thorn.

I must hasten home, said a dying youth,
Who had vainly sought for fame—
Who had sought to win laurel wreaths,
But a stranger, he died on a foreign shore—
All the hopes he had cherished were vain.

I am hastening home, said an aged man,
Where oft ere age had silvered his hairs,
His feet had lightly trod;
Farewell! farewell! to this lovely earth—
I am hastening home to God!

Select Tale.

THE COUSINS; OR— THE BOUQUET OF DAISIES.

It was midnight. I was alone and cozily seated by the side of a good fire that threw its light into the darkest corners of my room. I had no inclination to sleep, and yet half closed my eyes, looking at, without seeing, the thousand charming objects that decorated my chamber, and rendered it so agreeable to me, when all at once I was startled by a slight sound. This sound, though scarcely audible, went to my heart.

I then roused from the state of torpor in which I had plunged, and looked with terror at a bunch of daisies, quite withered, which occupied a place of honor in a crystal vase on one of my stands. One of the flowers of this bouquet had dropped to the ground, and as it fell, produced a slight rattle, inaudible perhaps to any other ear than mine, but which, nevertheless, caused me to shudder. It was because this melancholy bonnet, the leaves and flowers of which retained no trace of their primitive colors, recalled to my memory a touching story of the heart. This story is as follows:—

Two years before I was on a visit to one of my aunts who possessed a charming seat at Marly-le-Roi, and I was to pass part of the summer with her. My aunt was a widow, and had an only child, a charming girl only two years younger than myself. Denise, for that was my cousin's name, was seventeen, and I was scarcely nineteen. She was fair, of slender figure, and graceful as an maiden could be. Her education had been most excellent, and her manners were very superior. She had some talents, but unfortunately she was of a character romantic to excess, and this was frequently a great drawback on her other qualities.

Myself an only daughter, we had been brought up together and loved each other as sisters. My aunt was very rich, and very brilliant offers had already been made for the honor of my cousin's hand. But thus far Denise had declined them all. She intended, she said, to marry only for love, and my aunt was not to be dissuaded from her wish, which she called childish whims.

Denise had often told me that she would give her hand and heart to none but the man who should please her at first sight, and who should be equally smitten with her. It was a foolish fancy, and very often did I lecture her for her on the subject, and advised her, but in vain, to bring her to more reasonable views. Poor child! She was one day cruelly to expiate her romantic fancies.

I had been at Marly about a month. I was one morning walking in a pleasant little grove at the extremity of the garden, when I heard the clear, silvery voice of Denise calling me in a joyous tone.

"Mary, my dear Mary, where are you?" cried she, running. I went to meet her,—"Oh! such good news!" she exclaimed. "In the first place, we are going to a ball this evening at the Countess of—'s, at St. Germain."

"I know it," I replied.

"Yes, but you don't know all," said Denise. "To this ball the brother of one of our dear friends, M. de Kergueron, a naval officer, on leave for a few days, is to be invited, and—"

"And what?" I interposed, seeing her hesitation.

"Well, then, it is for my sake that he comes," said Denise. "I told that to my dear friend, a handsome and charming young man, who wishes to marry me, but," added she, smiling, "he wants to see me first *incognito* before coming to our house as a suitor, and for that reason he will be at the Countess's to-night. His sister, who cannot be so long without writing to inform me that she has heard of my coming, may easily recognize me by my toilet, which always consists of a white frock, a bouquet of daisies in the middle of the waist, and a similar one but larger on my hand."

"So then," said I, interrupting her, "I must choose other flowers, for you no doubt remember that we are to be dressed as two sisters to-night?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "and that is why I place me so much; so mind you change nothing in our arrangements."

"But," cried I, "how then will this officer recognize you?"

"His heart will guide him," answered my cousin, throwing back her beautiful head in excitement.

"And if he should prefer me to you?" I said.

Denise looked at me fixedly for several minutes, and then exclaimed gaily, "You are my dear Mary; but there, frankly, I think I am before you." Then kissing my forehead, she left me to go and instruct her mother in the part she was to play in this little comedy.

Denise was right; I was not so pretty as herself; her light brown hair encircled with its luxuriant curls a face of remarkable fairness; my hair was dark, and simply arranged in bandeaux. Her complexion was fair and rosy, mine pale and colorless; she had fine, large, blue eyes; mine were black, and shaded with long lashes. Her mouth was filled with the teeth which her rosy lips disclosed

when she smiled; my teeth were like hers and my lips redder. But her features were regular, while mine were not.

The whole day I felt uneasy and oppressed. My cousin's project disturbed me, and several times I advised her to give it up, and even threatened to dress differently or to choose other flowers. But she was so urgent in her entreaties that at last I gave way, especially as my aunt, who thought the plan charming and very original, joined her entreaties to her own.

On the evening of that same day when I entered the drawing-room where my aunt and cousin were waiting for me to start, I trembled like a leaf agitated by the wind, and looked much paler than usual. Denise came and stood by my side. She also was trembling with emotion, and looked all the more beautiful for it.

"The triple *édit* of her white toilet dress was raised on the left side by three little tufts of natural daisies, and similar flowers ornamented her hair and coronet. It was very simple toilet, but the dress was made by the cleverest workmen in the trade, and fitted her exquisitely.

"Oh!" exclaimed my aunt, "if you were fair, Mary, you might be taken for two sisters, the same as if you were one!"

"Yes," interrupted I, "but I am much less pretty than Denise."

"Will M. de Kergueron be of your opinion?" said my cousin, blushing and smiling.

"No doubt of that!" answered my aunt hastily.

My heart rebelled and I trembled more than before. We set off, and along the road from Marly-le-Roi to St. Germain we exchanged but very few words.

It was already late when we reached the Countess of—'s, where all the aristocracy of St. Germain were assembled, as well as the gentry of the neighborhood and part of the officers of the garrison. After speaking a moment with the noble hostess, we passed through several saloons filled with elegantly dressed crowds, and we at last succeeded in finding without some difficulty, however, in finding vacant seats in the gallery, where dancing was going on.

I was still trembling, and suffering from an uneasiness I cannot describe. At last, making a violent effort to overcome my emotion, I said to Denise, "Well, now where do you go?"

"But," said I, immediately, "how will you recognize him in the midst of this crowd, since you have never seen him?"

"His sister Adelaide tells me in her letter that he is so much like her that I cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance," said Denise, "and she also adds that he will probably be the only one of his corps in uniform."

"How is he?" I inquired, "and what is his rank?"

"He is twenty-seven, and a Lieutenant. But what use you have for that?" she replied. "You are trembling, and frightfully pale."

"Oh! nothing," answered I, "except that the excitement caused by your childish science has quite unbalanced me. But it will soon be over, and I shall be as usual."

"Here he is!" interrupted my cousin, becoming pale in her turn. "Oh, he is handsome!" she said, bending down her head to her bouquet to conceal a rising blush.

My eyes had followed the direction of hers, and on seeing M. de Kergueron I could not help saying, like her, "Oh, yes, he is handsome!"

He was a fine young man, of a light and easy carriage, and tall manly figure. He wore elegant uniform with an ease and grace full of distinction. His long black hair gave a striking charm to his countenance, expressive and somewhat sunburnt complexion. He wore neither beard nor moustache, but his lips of deep red set off to the best advantage the dazzling whiteness of his teeth. His large eyes, rather full, were shaded by long and thick, inky eyebrows. His nose was straight, and when they glanced met mine a sensation I cannot describe thrilled through me.

"I shall love him! Oh! I feel by the beating of my heart that I love him already!" said my cousin, leaning toward me.

"Yes, girl," said I, "may you aside your romantic notions, and wait at least till he has spoken to you and till you know more of him ere you decide; and besides," added I again, "if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise shook her beautiful, therefore, she innocently answered, "It is impossible."

The probability of a quadrille was now heard. M. de Kergueron advanced towards us. I was very pale—Denise trembled. My aunt, who sat behind us, suddenly leant forward, and said to us, "The one he first invites will have his preference."

Denise trembled very much, and I felt ready to die. I was afraid for my cousin's sake that he might ask me first.

M. de Kergueron was now only a few steps from us; he appeared calm, and yet his eyes were anxiously fixed on us, and turned from one to the other. He was hesitating, perhaps! At last he came, and addressing Denise, said, with a gentle, thrilling voice, "Miss, will you grant me the honor of dancing the first quadrille with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, in my turn, in a voice scarcely audible, feeling that the young officer's eyes were fixed on me.

He offered his hand to Denise and she went with him, radiant and proud of her triumph. My aunt's face was beaming, she was so happy at the preference accorded to her daughter, and began to breathe, when an officer of dragons came to request the honor of dancing with me, and conducted me opposite to M. de Kergueron and my cousin, whose *si-cis* we were.

When, after the quadrille, Denise and I found ourselves again seated side by side, she recounted to me her impressions, and I was alarmed to find what a pitch of excitement she had reached.

"Mary," she said, "I love him; oh! that is no longer doubtful; and I can assure you that if he should not love me it would be my death."

Her words bore such an accent of truth that I trembled for her.

Some minutes passed before the prelude of the waltz was heard. I was calmer, but anxious to see and hear the officer who was likely to have so great an influence over my cousin's future fate. When he took my hand, I thought I felt his tremble; and I could no longer doubt, when borne along in the whirl of the waltz, I felt the pressure of his strong arm around my waist. His heart beat violently, and his breathing was short and uneven. At times, by a movement of irresistible power, he seemed eager to press me against his breast; at others, on the contrary, he gently held me off, and we waltzed away and had not yet exchanged a single word.

I was not like my cousin, having no faith in sudden passions inspired all at once at a first sight by the exchange of a look or the contact of one hand with another. Nevertheless—must I avow it?—I felt happy—

yes, indeed, very happy! I was under the influence of a vague emotion, till then utterly unknown. Never had the pleasures of the waltz caused me any such intoxication; but I sought to support such emotions any longer, I said to M. de Kergueron, "Pray, sir, let us rest a moment!"

He took my hand, and laying it on his arm, inquired with a trembling voice, "Are you unwell, miss?"

"Oh! it is nothing, sir," I replied; "only the heat of the room."

He hastily took me near an open window looking into the garden. "It is rather stuffy," resumed he after a moment's silence; "perhaps that is the cause of your indisposition, and—"

"Probably, sir," I answered, "but I am better now;" and in saying this I voluntarily raised my nose to my lips; one of the flowers broke off, and after rolling down my dress fell at M. de Kergueron's feet; he stooped and picked it up.

"Allow me, miss," he said, "to keep this flower."

"I had the weakness not to answer; it was a tact concealing M. de Kergueron's eyes shone with a feverish brightness, but he did not utter a word, and conducted me in silence to my seat.

"Well," asked Denise, some few minutes after, "how do you like him now you have had a nearer view?"

"As well as I," answered I with some indistinctness, and she looked at me with a certain eagerness against my coldness and want of enthusiasm about the young naval officer, and began to make a pompous eulogium of him. She compelled me to notice his graceful manners, manly beauty, and the fact that he was a Lieutenant, the very ideal she dreamed of. "Poor girl!" I listened to her, and felt a pang of remorse, for I reproached myself with not having found an opportunity of telling M. de Kergueron that it was she whom he ought to love, and that she loved him; and that she would have been glad to be preferred, as he had engaged her first, without some difficulty, however, in finding vacant seats in the gallery, where dancing was going on.

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Poetry.

A CALL TO SPRING.

Come! Oh come! thou hast tarried long!
Come with the glory of light and song!
Earth rises for thee on a thousand shores
Where the billow breaks and the wind wild
roars:
There's a voice of wail 'mid the ancient trees
Thou and test by the wintry breeze,
Death hath shrouded our pleasant bowers,
And every hour on its fleeing wing
Bears away a prayer for thee, Oh Spring.

Come! Oh come! I pine for thee
As pines the wanderer for home, at sea!
As the captive pines in his lonely cell
For the dashing waters and the breezy dell!
We sigh for the influence that life renews,
For the spell of soft sunbeams and balmy
dews.
For the genial air and the pleasant rain,
To waken our blossoms and streams again.
"Come, I come," I am coming back!
Thine answered a voice from the Sun's bright
track—
"I will clothe the heavens' fair face with
smiles,
I will call the birds from a thousand hills,
The trees shall laugh where the violets
blow,
The trees exult and the laurels glow,
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,
That the charm of my presence shall not
renew."

Not so, Oh Spring! I never then last
Of much of beauty that's from us past;
Eyes that looked love into sun's arc
Bright young faces have passed away,
Places are vacant at full of day,
Thou canst hang the leaves on a thousand
trees,
Thou canst bring the flowers, the birds and
bees,
Thou canst loosen the streams and the sil-
very fountains,
And breathe a glory o'er vales and mountains,
But thou canst not restore to our yearning
arms
The vanished past with its lovely forms.

"Yet I speak to the heart in my radiant
bloom,
Of a Spring that opens beyond the tomb,
Where's the lost and loved of the earth
found,
Where the severed wreaths are forever bound,
Where comes no dimness o'er eyes of light,
And the cheek of beauty no longer a blight,
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,
That the charm of my presence shall not re-
new."
March, 1856. Rochester.

Decision of the Privater Brig Gen. Armstrong Case in Favor of the Claimants.

The important case of the privateer brig General Armstrong against the United States was decided in favor of the claimants by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 22d of March, 1856. The case was argued by the Attorney General, Mr. Cass, and the claimants, Mr. Armstrong, and the decision was in favor of the latter.

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AMERICAN SUBSIDIES IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.

There are, at present, twelve American surgeons serving in the Russian army in the south of Russia. Eight of these, Marshall, of California; Smith, of New Orleans; Wilson, of New York; and others, are stationed at Simferopol, in the Crimea. The other four are stationed at Odessa. Thirteen others have served in the Crimea, of whom five have died there, seven have returned, and one died at Berlin, on his way to America. Dr. Brayner, of New York, died of typhus fever, at Simferopol, on the 10th of March, 1855. Dr. King, of Charleston, South Carolina, died of typhus fever, at Kerch, on the 20th of March, 1855. Dr. McMillan, of New Orleans, died of cholera at Sebastopol, in June, 1855. Dr. Jones, of Maryland, died of cholera at Simferopol, on the 21st of October, 1855. Dr. Stoddard, of Baltimore, Md., died at Berlin, on the 21st of January, 1856. Dr. Harris, of New York; Tappan, and Dawson, of South Carolina; Henry, of Mobile, Ala.; Eldridge, of Maryland; Reed, of North Carolina; and Holt, of Georgia, have retired from the Russian service.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME IN BUENOS AYRES.

A mysterious crime in Buenos Ayres—A following appears in the Buenos Ayres correspondence of the New York Express:—"The most mysterious murder remains to be related. Early one morning, the nearly nude corpse of a young and beautiful female, Dona Estrella, was discovered in the street, near the residence of the New York Express. The body was found in a state of anxious expectation. I was at the piano, and my fingers wandered mechanically over the keys. A knock entered with a letter on a silver—'For Miss Denise,' he said, advancing towards her, and she took it with a trembling hand. The servant retired. My aunt hastened toward her daughter, and wanted to take the letter; the poor mother was suddenly seized by a terrible presentiment. Denise gently refused her, saying, 'No, no, it is for me, and I wish to be the first to know my happiness.' I wanted to approach her, but my strength failed me.

She had scarcely looked at the fatal letter, but had scarcely looked at it when a livid paleness came over her features, and she dropped from her hand, and she fell insensible on the sofa. My aunt rushed toward her, and I ran and ran to get assistance. My cousin's hand was laid long, very long, and when she was raised, she started at us, and burst into a loud laugh. The poor girl had nearly died for the romantic dreams she had indulged in."

I picked up the letter, the cause of this catastrophe. It was as follows:—"I am in despair, my dear Denise; I am not very alone at the Countess's ball yesterday, and by a singular fatality your cousin (I guess it was she) was dressed the same as you; my brother's heart smote him; he took her for you, and he died, in love with her. Thus we are all my life science overthrown. I have not courage to tell you any more to-day. Accept my kindest love.

"ADELINE DE KERGUERON."

Some months after my poor aunt died of grief, and Denise was placed in a private asylum, and she died there. M. de Kergueron never had any more of her, and yet I loved him.

A short time after he sailed for distant seas to remain there for several years.

"Now, madam," sorrowfully added, as she

Poetry.

THE SPECTER.

Difficulty in Wisconsin—The Specter of Wisconsin, has called the attention of the Legislature to the alleged usurpation by the Supreme Court of that State. Governor Barstow was returned by the canvassers appointed by the Legislature, and the Court issued a writ upon Governor Barstow, to show by what warrant he held and exercised the office of Governor. Governor Barstow contends that the Court has no jurisdiction in this case, and he declines submitting his official rights and powers to the determination of a coordinate tribunal, usurping a jurisdiction. He has brought the matter to the attention of the Legislature.

PAINTED DOGS.

A recent traveler in South America, who accompanied a number of James on a tour, says that, besides the hunters, their party was composed of women and boys of the village, together with a score of two dogs. Of the latter he adds: "These dogs were painted to look like a stranger. The ignorant of the customs of the Jumbas, would have been so much less to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were of yellow, others were of a mottled with a variety of tints. What could it mean? But I know well enough. The dogs had been dyed. Yes, it is a custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hair of their dogs with brilliant colors obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red, the yellow, the blue, and the black of the white mango. The light grey, often white hair of these animals, forms the staining process, and the effect produced pleases the eyes of their savage masters; on my side, the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first saw the dogs in their painted colors. Pictures to yourself a pack of scarlet, orange, and purple dogs."

GERMAN YEAST.

GERMAN YEAST consists of ordinary beer yeast, which has been pressed in a close canvas bag under a screw press, until the excessive liquid has passed off, and the residue consists of a solid mass of yeast, after which it is preserved in close vessels—a simple method for operation upon a small scale, to well which the yeast mill forms a uniform liquid mass, and then lay it with a soft brush evenly and thinly on dishes, on which it can be exposed to the sun and air; repeat the operation until the yeast is completely dried. The mixture should be put on with a whitewash brush, around the body from the earth up, and on the larger limbs as far as the operator can reach.—Am. Farmer.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.

The latest improvement in the manufacture of barrels is stated as follows: Lake Superior 2,000 barrels, Lake Michigan 15,000, Lake Erie 2,000—making in all 35,000 barrels. To which is added Detroit river, white fish, 7,000, making a total of 42,000 barrels. The quantity of white fish is estimated to be 21,000 barrels, the aggregate amount of sales being \$1,000,000, or nearly half a million dollars. Probably one-sixth of all the fish caught in Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior are trout, the remainder being white fish. In some waters it is better to use the lake trout, and in others the white fish. The quantity of fish is estimated to be 21,000 barrels, the aggregate amount of sales being \$1,000,000, or nearly half a million dollars. Probably one-sixth of all the fish caught in Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior are trout, the remainder being white fish. In some waters it is better to use the lake trout, and in others the white fish. 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