The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 46. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862. OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 20

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. No PAPER discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

TO CLUBS:

Three Copies to one address	$5 00
Seven do. do.	10 00
Fifteen do. do.	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square of 12 lines 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 00
Six months,	3 00
One year,	5 00
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	3 00
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly.	10 00

☞ Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING.

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.

References in Philadelphia:

Hon. Jos. R. Tyson, Chas. Gibbons, Esq.
Somers & Sandgrass, Linn Smith & Co

CHARLES MATHEWS
Attorney at Law,
No. 128 Broadway, New York.

will carefully attend to Collections and all other matters entrusted to his care.
May 21, 1859.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
REBUILT AND REFURNISHED,
Cor. of Howard and Franklin Streets, a few Squares West of the N. C. R. R. Depot,
BALTIMORE.

TERMS, $1 PER DAY
G. LEISENRING, Proprietor,
July 16, 1859—tf From Selins Grove, Pa

WILLIAM S. SOMERS CHALKLEY SOMERS.
G. SOMERS & SON,
Importers and Dealers in
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Taylors Trimmings, &c.,
No 22 South Fourth Street, between Market and Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Merchants others visiting the city would find it to their advantage to give them a call and examine their stock.
March 10, 1860—

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
BROADWAY, CORNER OF FRANKLIN STREET
NEW YORK CITY,

offers inducements to Merchants and Tourists visiting New York, unsurpassed by any Hotel in the Metropolis. The following are among the advantages which it possesses, and which will be appreciated by all travelers.

1st. A central location, convenient to places of business, as well as places of amusement.

2d. Scrupulously clean, well furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Ladies Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

3d. Large and superbly furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

4th. Being conducted on the European plan, visitors can live in the best style, with the greatest economy

5th. It is connected with

Taylor's Celebrated Saloons,

where visitors can have their meals, or, if they desire they will be furnished in their own rooms.

6th. The fare served in the Saloons and Hotel is acknowledged by epicures to be vastly superior to that of any other Hotel in the city.

With all these advantages, the cost of living in the International, is much below that of any other first class Hotel. GILSON & CO., Proprietors.
August 4, 1860.—1y

A Good Chance for an Enterprising Man.

THE subscriber wants a partner in the Marble business, a sober perservering man who can speak both the English and German languages, to one that will suit, no cash capital required. For particulars inquire of

JOHN A. TAYLOR.
Northumberland, Aug. 3, 1861.—3m

STOVES! STOVES!!

FOR SALE AT THE INDUSTRIAL STOVE WORKS No. 31 North 2nd Street, Philadelphia, opposite Christ's Church, the most celebrated Gas consuming Cooking and Heating Stoves of the day. LEHIGH, VICTOR COMPLETE, and all other Cooking and Heating Stoves. All of which are Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.—Please give me a call.

WM. C. NEMAN.
October 12, 1861.—3m j e c.

SPALDINGS Prepared Glue, and Shelleys Mucilage Price per bottle and brush 25 cents
Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark & Benzine, for removing grease.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
Sunbury, March 17 1860.

A NEW LOT OF HARDWARE & SADDLERY. Also, the best assortment of Iron Nails and Steel to be found in the county, at the Mammoth store of FRILING & GRANT.
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

CRACKERS! CRACKERS, just received and for sale by the barrel or pound, at the Confectionery store of M. C. GEARHART.
Sunbury, October 13, 1860.

Kerosene Lamps.

A VERY LARGE and cheap assortment will be found at the Mammoth Store of
Dec. 15, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

HO! YE LOVERS OF SOUP! A fresh supply of Macaroni and Confectionery at
FRILING & GRANT'S.
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

PATENT BRITTANIA STOPPERS for bar bottles for sale by
H. B MASSER

A FRESH SUPPLY OF DRUGS at the Mammoth Store. Also, a new lot of perfumery, Soaps and Fancy Article. Very cheap.
FRILING & GRANT.
Sunbury, May 26, 1860.

SKELETON SKIRTS.

AT the Mammoth Store will be found a very large assortment of Skeleton Skirts from seven hoops up to thirty.
Oct. 6, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

BAR Iron, Steel, Nails, Picks, Grub-Hoes and Mason Hammers, at low prices.
BRIGHT & SON.
Sunbury, June 16, 1860.

BLACK SILK COATS.

Gored Mantles,
Poplin Dusters,
French Saques,
Silk Basquines,
Newest Designs, Ready Made, or Made to Order.
COOPER & CONARD,
N E. Corner Ninth and Market, Philadelphia.
May 18, 1861.

Select Poetry.

THE GAME OF LIFE.—A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's
called *Euchre;*
(Though I never have played it, for pleasure
or lucre,)
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their
positions,
And one of them cries in a confident tone,
"I think I may venture to *go it alone!*"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the
bard's,
A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of Life;
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or
throne—
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galliloo proclaimed that the
world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,
But only derision and prison and chains,
"It moves, *for all that!*" was his answering
tone,
For he knew, like the Earth, he could "go it
alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and
star,
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his
name,
Derided his learning, and blackened his
fame,
"I can *wait*," he replied, "till the truth you
shall own;"
For he felt in his heart he could "go it
alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or
friends;
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds, with a
groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it
alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you
may hold;
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and
gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As, each in its way, a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for
your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for
pelf,
Let this be your motto—"*Rely on yourself.*"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or
throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

New York Ledger.

Miscellaneous.

THE LATE BATTLE IN KENTUCKY.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE FIELD

The distance from Fishing Creek to Webb's Cross Roads, where our forces had been bivouacked the night before the battle, is two and a half miles. We had made about two miles of this distance, when the artillery ceased firing, and soon after we met a man riding furiously down the hill. When we succeeded in bringing him to a halt, he told us Zollicoffer was dead, and his army in full retreat. This man was hardly recognized by his old acquaintances; for his naked, sparkling eye balls seemed to be the only two spots about him not covered with mud. It was Dr. Hale. When he had told his story, on he flew to tell it to other persecuted Union men.

My first inquiry was for the Kentucky Twelfth; but no one could tell me where they were or what part they had taken in the action. Only one dead man had been brought in. The body laid upon the ground in front of one of the Minnesota tents, surrounded by some twenty soldiers. It had been stripped of all the clothing except the pants, and two soldiers were busy in washing off the mud with which it had been covered. It was almost as white and transparent as the most delicate wax work. The fatal wound was in the breast, and was evidently made with a pistol ball, as it could be easily covered with the end of my finger. There was another wound upon the inside of his right arm, above the elbow, and still another glancing wound a little above his hip. This was Zollicoffer! He whose name had so long been a terror to men who loved their country on the banks of the Cumberland. With some doubts at the time in my mind as to whether this was really the body of the Rebel chief, I turned away to visit the field of battle.

The hospital tents had been hastily pitched in a small open field at the cross roads, and along the edge of the woods skirting the south side of this field were the first marks of the storm of destruction which had raged so fearfully an hour before. Nearly through the middle of the field is the road leading to Mill Springs, in a south or southwesterly direction. I entered the woods on the east side of this road. Along the edge of the open field lay the bodies of four or five of our men. As I advanced into the woods, the marks of cannon shot could be seen on every side, but I saw none of those marks nearer than twenty feet from the ground; nor did I see a dead or wounded man who had been struck with a cannon shot. Dr. Cliffe, Zollicoffer's Brigade Surgeon, afterwards told me that among all their wounded, so far as they had come in, only one had been injured by artillery, and he had lost his arm. Passing through the woods from the first open field, a distance of nearly half a mile, we reach another open, half cleared field on the left of the road. In this field there stands some deadened timber, many large stumps and trees, some of the latter have been cut down, and some fallen to decay.

In this field the ground is quite steep, with a southern descent to near the centre of the field, and then rises as rapidly till you reach the woods on the south. In the eastern part of this field is a log house and barn and an apple orchard. Eighty-five dead Rebels lay in this field, which, by way of distinction, I will call the "old field." Further on, and to the right of the road, is the corn field where the brave Indiana Tenth suffered so severely. In the woods and along the road the scene was dreadful. One body was placed in a sitting posture with the back leaning against a tree, the hands crossed in his lap, his eyes partly open and lips slightly parted. The ball had entered his left breast just above the region of the heart. Another laid upon his side, with head and arms thrown back; the ball had cut away a part of the skull over the left eye. Among a score or more of our noble dead I saw not one badly mangled body like those which I saw at Vienna.

My own brave boy was either among the slain or pursuing the flying foe. In which of these positions I might find him, I knew not. With all the anxieties common to parents, I searched for his well-known countenance among the slain. So close was the resemblance in many cases, that my pulse quickened and my brain began to reel. I remembered that he wore a pair of boots of peculiar make and before I looked in the face of a corpse, I looked at the boots, till at last I felt confident I had found what I sought. I looked again and again before I dared let my eyes rest upon the face. There was a mark—not on his. I passed on in haste, but suddenly felt compelled to stop once more; against a tree, leaned in back the most classic composure, was the fairest and most beautiful countenance I ever saw in death. No female complexion could be more spotless. The silky locks of wavy auburn hair fell in rich profusion, upon fair temples and a faultless forehead.

Some friendly hand had parted his garments, baring his breast, from which the red current of life flowed out, and had bathed his temples, which were still warm, but had ceased to throb forever. O ye winds, bear these tidings softly to the loved ones at home! Among the wounded of our men, it was really comforting to see with what patient heroism they bore their pains. I said to one poor fellow with a shattered leg, "You must be in great pain; can I do anything for you?" He said, "There are other worse off than me; when they are carried in you can tell them where I am if you please." Another man had a ball through his right hand, breaking two of the bones. He had done it up himself with a wet bandage, and with his other hand was carrying one corner of a stretcher with a wounded man; carrying another corner of the same stretcher, was a man with his head and face covered with blood. He said he was not hurt at all; he had only lost a large piece of his hat and a small piece of his scalp.

In the "old fields" among the Rebels, some of the scences were horrid and revolting in the extreme. A large number of the dead were shot in the head. One was shot directly in the eye and the brain was oozing from the wound. Five dead and wounded lay behind one log, all but the wounded one was shot in the head. One Rebel had a ball through his neck which destroyed the power of speech—though I don't think his wound was mortal. Several of the dead were old grey-headed men. A dark complexioned man with a heavy black beard, who said he was from Mississippi, was lying on the ground with a broken thigh. He was stern and sullen—he had only one favor to ask—that was that some one of us would kill him. I said to him, we will soon take you to the surgeon, and do all we can to relieve you, for we are satisfied you have been deceived by wicked men, and do not know what you have been doing. To which he meekly replied—"that is possible." A young man, quite a boy, begged me not to let the Lincoloites kill him. An elderly man sat with his back against a stump with a ball directly through the centre of the head at the base of the brain. There was a ghastly grin upon his countenance—his eyes were stretched widely open and staring wildly into vacancy, while his breath was rapid, deep and heavy. His was a living death, for he was senseless. A lad of fourteen, with a mashed ancle, protested his innocence and begged to be taken care of. He said he was pressed into the service, and had never fired a gun at a Union man, and never would. Numbers of Rebels made in effect the same declaration.

I left these fields of human suffering with feelings such as I never before experienced. The freshness of death seemed to fill the whole atmosphere. It was a scene which a man needs only to look upon once in his lifetime in order to occupy all his power of reflection. Following the wake of our victorious and pursuing army, the road, adjoining fields and woods, were strewn with blankets, knapsacks, haversacks, hats, boots, shoes, guns, cartridge boxes, broken wagons, &c., &c., as perfect a scene of destruction as can well be imagined. I soon came up with our rear guard, and reached the advance column about two o'clock P. M. While the line was halted for the skirmishers to scour the woods, I had an opportunity of conversing with Col. Fry, of the Kentucky Fourth, relative to the death of Zollicoffer. His version is as follows:—While on the border of "old fields" a stranger in citizen's dress rode up by his side, so near that he could have put his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "don't let us be firing on our own men—those are our men," pointing at the same time towards our forces.

Colonel Fry looked upon him inquiringly a moment, upon which he rode forward not more than fifteen paces, when an officer came dashing up, first recognizing the stranger, and almost at the same instant firing upon Col. Fry. At the same moment the stranger wheeled his horse, facing Colonel Fry, when the Colonel shot him in the breast. The Colonel showed me the fieldglass which he took from the body, and which was identified as the one owned by Major Helveti at the time he was taken a prisoner by the Rebels. Colonel Fry also has the coat and watch taken from the body. The watch has the name, F. K. Zollicoffer, engraved upon it. I make this statement in justice to Colonel Fry, because there are at least half a dozen different men claiming the honor of killing this famous Rebel. The body has other wounds which we have seen, but only one of them, and that the mortal one, is a pistol shot; and Colonel Fry is the only one who used a revolver on the occasion. The ball from the Rebel officer passed through the clothes of Col. Fry, upon his right side, slightly fracturing the skin.

I have only noticed such items as came under my own observation, and comparatively only few of them. Liet. E. G. Jacobs told me that he saw a Minnesotian boldly advance from the ranks some distance, and placing his rifle by the side of a tree, took a long and deliberate aim toward the old log house, when a rebel head, which had been peering from behind the corner of the house, was suddenly discovered to have a body attached to it, by its pitching at full length from the end of the house. I found seven dead bodies in this old building, who must have been killed by close shooting between the logs. *When I left, one hundred and ninety Rebels had been buried in the "old field," and many more were still in the woods.* Thirty-eight of our own men had been buried in the first field, near the tents.

E. J.

One of the New York regiments contains thirty schoolmasters. It ought to be able to "lick" the southern boys.

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

Five Hours with the New Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, January 27, 1862.

To-day was the first day that it was generally understood by the people that any one could get to see the new Secretary of War, without an introduction, or having to wait in the lobby a week or two, as suited the convenience of some petulant door-keeper, or, as a military man would say, the outer pickets.—Mr. Stanton occupies the room formerly used by previous administrations, at the head of the stairs in the second story.

The adjoining room is used by Mr. Watson, Assistant Secretary. In this room Mr. Stanton receives the crowd; in the centre is a table at which his amanuensis, Mr. Moore, is sitting, and in the corner is Mr. Watson, at his desk. The clock strikes ten, the awaiting crowd rush in as the doors swing open, and being among them, we soon find ourselves in the presence of the Secretary. Now one stands in front of him, and with a smiling countenance he reaches out his hand and takes a hearty grip with a grey haired man. "Well, sir, what is your wish?"

"My name is ——; my son fought at Springfield, and was wounded in the arm.—He was on Fremont's Staff, but is now without a commission; I want one for him that he may again try his other arm here on the Potomac, or in Missouri." "You shall have it sir!" replied Mr. Stanton, and turning to his Secretary he ordered him to note the case; "return home," he added, "and the papers will be sent you;" and as the man attempted to thank him, he stepped to one side to two ladies who had just come in.

"Madam, what can I do for you?" "Want a clerkship for my son; his father was killed at the battle of Belmont." Turning again he noted the case, took the address, and told the lady to send him a sample of her boy's writing and he would care for him. The other was connected with a Minnesota Regiment over the river, and had some complaint about the treatment she had received in camp from some of the officers. "Madame, you must go to the head quarters of Gen. McClellan." "I have been there, sir, and they would not read my papers or listen to my case." "Then give them to me, and I'll see why."

A small bright eyed boy, all alone, was trying to work his way through the crowd, and the Secretary turned to him and asked what he wanted. "I want my father got out, sir; he was taken at Bull Run, and has not come home with the rest." He gave his name and regiment, it was noted, and the Secretary, lifting him up, kissed him upon the forehead, and said:—"Your father should be proud of such a noble boy, and I'll see that he is released.

A man with a half military dress says he has been wronged by the Examining Board, and has been deprived of the command of his regiment (a Philadelphia Cavalry Regiment). "Sorry, sir, if it is not all right; I cannot go back to investigate the acts of my predecessor." The Colonel insisted that his case was a plain one, if he could be heard. "Well," said the Secretary, "if you will get the officers to reconsider it, I will then listen to it."

An individual has some new invention for fire-arms. "Go to the ordnance department and get them to investigate it, and if they will recommend it, I will be glad to see it adopted." A *Colonel* with a green uniform on has some passes he wants to read. "Are you an army officer?" "Yes, sir." "Then you cannot be heard until to-morrow; come and see me then."

A large and well dressed man wanted a few words in private. "What about?" "Some little matter about a contract I have for horses." "Cannot interfere, sir; go to Gen. Meigs; if there is anything wrong he will rectify it."—Another succeeds in getting him off to the side of the room, and the conversation is inaudible until the Secretary replies:—"No sir; on no account will I interfere with any contract, while I am here, for anything from a thimble up. There are men appointed to attend to that department, and I shall hold them to a strict accountability for every action."

Two soldiers wanted to be paid for the time they were in confinement at Richmond, having just been released, and presented a furlough they had received a week ago, and also an order for their pay for time and rations.—"Why do you not take this to Maj. Beckwith and have him to attend to it?" "We did, sir, and he says he has no order that will cover our case, and for want of 'forms' we are afraid we will be kept here until our time is up and we want to go home and see the folks before going at it again." Turning to his Secretary he ordered him to write to Major Beckwith, and ordered him to report forthwith in writing why these men were not paid up, instead of being kept in waiting. It was done; he signed it himself and said: "Here, take this to him, and bring me an answer."

A western man, who said he hailed from the Reserve in Ohio, had about a dozen quires of paper written over two or three times, which he said was an 'essay on cheese.' The Secretary laughed! "You must go to the Commissary-General; he has charge of the feeding of the army." "I have been first at one and then at another all summer, and somehow or other, I do not get any further ahead, and that is why I want you to investigate it;" and he commenced to unroll his papers. "Indeed, sir, I do not know how cheese would agree with the soldiers."

"That's just why I want you to read these papers and examine these certificates." "But I have not time, sir." All hands commenced laughing, but the Ohio man stuck it out bravely. "I assure you there is not a soldier in the army who does not like crackers and cheese, and I can make it for three cents a pound.—"Now I tell you what you had better do; go to Senator Wilson, and get him to put it into his bill: it will then pass the Senate and become an army regulation to give out cheese rations." "Well, could you not endorse it, and then it would be sure to be passed?" "No, I cannot endorse it, because I know nothing about it." "Oh, well, I will leave these papers," and he made for the table. "I will never read them, if you do, until the war is over." With a look of despair, Ohio made for the door, inquiring of every one he met, if they knew where Senator Wilson lived?

Judge Wilkins, of Pittsburg, here came in, received a hearty shake of the hand, and a number of congratulations passed between them. The door-keeper of the little room announced the President, and off the Secretary went to see him. He soon returned, however. In came Maj. Beckwith, with the note sent by the returned prisoners. "Why are those men kept waiting?" "Because I have no order for their special case." "Mr. Wilson, issue an order that will cover all the prisoners that may be released in future, and allow them full pay for every day they are confined in rebel prisons. Major, I have just learned that there are over 150 now waiting for their pay; every man must be paid to-day and speed them on to their homes."

A tall man wants a commission in the regular army. "Have you been in any battle yet, sir?" "I was in the Mexican war." "That won't do; that is too far back." "I was at Great Bethel" "That is better. I will examine your record myself, and inform you if you are appointed."

A stout healthy young man wanted a commission or clerkship. "Have you been in any battle?" "Then it will be of no use to apply, for I shall make all my appointments from the list of heroes; those who fight the country's battles must be cared for first."

The New Secretary of War—A Chapter in his History.

A year ago, when General Cass—grieved and indignant—left Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Attorney General Black was transferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr. Stanton, then absent from Washington, was fixed upon as Attorney General. The same night he arrived at a late hour, and learned of his family of his appointment. Knowing the character of the bold, bad men then in the ascendancy of the Cabinet, he determined at once to decline; but when, the next day, he announced his resolution at the White House, the entreaties of the distressed and helpless President, and the arguments of Mr. Black, prevailed upon him to accept.

At the first meeting of the Cabinet which he attended, the condition of the seceded States and the course to be pursued with the garrison at Fort Sumter was discussed, Floyd and Thompson dwelling upon "the irritation of the Southern heart" and the folly of "continuing a useless garrison to increase the irritation." No one formally proposed any course of action, but the designs of the conspirators were plain to the new Attorney General. He went home troubled. He had intended, coming in at so late a day, to remain a quiet member of the discordant council.—But it was not in his nature to sit quiet longer under such circumstances.

The next meeting was a long and stormy one, Mr. Holt, feebly seconded by the President, urging the immediate reinforcement of Sumter, while Thompson, Floyd and Thomas contended that a quasi-treaty had been made by the officers of the Government with the leaders of the rebellion, to offer no resistance to their violations of law and seizure of Government property. Floyd especially blazed with indignation at what he termed the "violation of honor." At last Mr. Thompson moved that an imperative order be issued to Major Anderson to retire from Sumter to Fort Moultrie—abandoning Sumter to the enemy, and proceeding to a post where he must at once surrender.

Stanton could sit still no longer, and rising, he said, with all the earnestness that could be expressed in his bold and resolute features, "Mr. President, it is my duty, as your legal adviser, to say that you have no right to give up the property of the Government, or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if followed, is *treason*, and will involve you and all concerned in treason." Such language had never before been heard in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who had so long ruled and bullied the President, were surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked. Floyd and Thomas sprang to their feet with fierce and menacing gestures, seeming about to assault Stanton. Mr. Holt took a step forward to the side of the Attorney General. The imbecile President implored them piteously to take their seats. After a few more bitter words the meeting broke up. This was the last Cabinet meeting on that exciting question in which Floyd participated. Before another was called Washington was startled with a rumor of those gigantic frauds which have made his name so infamous. At first he tried to brazen it out with his customary blustering manner; but the next day the Cabinet waited long for his appearance. At last he came; the door opened, his resignation was thrust into the room, and Floyd disappeared from Washington. Such was the end of Floyd and the beginning of Stanton.

Canary Birds—How to Tame Them.

Mr. W. Kidd, author of the Natural History of Song Birds, (an English book,) writes as follows:

"A delightful companion is a little bird, intelligent, cheerful, good-tempered, and affectionate. But in order thoroughly to appreciate his good qualities, it is needful to secure his heart and confidence. Nothing is more easy, particularly if he be young. Instead of sending him up stairs, any where, to get him out of the way, at once make a guest and companion of him. Where you are, there let him be. Talk to him, whistle to him, dance to him. There more playful you are, the more playful and merry will he be. A week ought to suffice to tame any bird. At the end of that time, he should be able to dance a jig. All depends, however, upon the natural disposition of his master or mistress. Birds have no sympathy with a cold disposition. This is the simple reason for so many ineffectual attempts to tame them. Not long since, a lady who attended one of my lectures, gave me a special invitation to her house, wishing, as she expressed it, to introduce me to her 'happy family.' She had been delighted, as I afterwards learnt, by freshness of my anecdotes about birds. 'Never shall I forget her entrance. The drawing-room door opened, and in she walked, her countenance radiant with smiles. Seated on the first finger of her right hand was one of the 'happy family' before alluded to. It was a canary. 'What a loving pair,' thought I, as I witnessed the endearments that passed between them. It is not needful to recount the exploits of this little pet. Suffice it to say, it was destitute of all fear, and as tame as any bird possibly could be; singing sweetly all the while it was bitting its fair mistress' lip. This was one out of a round dozen other tamed feather pets. These, before taking my leave, I put through some marvellously curious exercises, to the intense amazement and delight of the master, the mistress, and the maid. All were present to see the fun. Birds are never so pleased as when they are noticed and played with. True physiognomists are they; they intuitively know who loves them.

"It has been objected to me, that some birds are naturally more shy than others, and more difficult to tame. It is quite true. The best way of meeting the difficulty is, to pay the neglected creatures double attention; to feed them in person, and never trust them to the care of a stranger. They then get used to you, watch for your footsteps, and are not happy unless when in your society."

RUNAWAY AND ACCIDENT.—On Monday Dr. Vallerchamp went down the Isle of Que in a sleigh. He stopped on business at the house of Samuel Fisher. While there Miss Amanda Fisher and Miss Rachel McCoy got into the sleigh and drove up to town for a ride.—The horse ran away for them. Miss McCoy jumped out first, and we believe escaped unhurt; but Miss Fisher was less fortunate.—She jumped out in front of Mr. Shindel's house, and was considerably hurt. In fact, she was picked up for dead. She was breathless and pulseless. Five men carried her into Mr. Shindel's house. She soon gave signs of life and is fast recovering.—*Selinsgrove Times, 24th ult.*

Consternation in a Respectable Family.

We regret to state that, through the blundering of a country cousin, one of the first families of this city were recently thrown into a state of consternation and indignation which it is impossible to describe. For a while serious consequences were apprehended but after proper restoratives were applied, and explanations made, the family were enabled to take their meals with the accustomed regularity and relish. The misunderstanding was caused in a singular manner, and can, in a measure, be attributed to the prevailing war and number of military heroes who infest the city.

It seems that the cousin, who caused the trouble, is a native of Vermont, and is now on a visit to an uncle in the city. One evening, during the recent spell of cold weather, the only daughter of the house, a lady of seventeen, whose delicacy is a part of her nature, and whose mind is entirely above earthly things, with the exception of the opera, new dresses and a carriage, remarked, in the presence of her cousin and her family, without a word of warning, that she was fearful of freezing if she went to bed.

Her mother was about to utter some expressions of consolation, when the cousin, (rude man that he is) remarked, in a loud tone, so loud that every one heard him:

"Why don't you take a *major* to bed with you?"

There was a faint shriek, and Henrietta was observed to fall senseless on the plush sofa. Her position, however, was noted for its grace and the careful manner in which her crinoline was adjusted.

"Wretch," cried the father, "you have murdered my daughter with your vulgarity."

"Monster," exclaimed the mother, "how could you? And such delicate nerves as she has too."

"I swow," yelled the Vermonter, with a doleful look, I didn't mean—"

"Silence sir," cried a brother, who had attempted to obtain a commission as brigadier general, and failed only because he once belonged to a home guard and knew, therefore, too much on military affairs.

"Darn it, won't you—"

"No sir, we will not," cried the enraged parent. "A man that recommends my daughter to sleep with a major is not fit for decent society.

"But I did't mean—" screamed the Yankee, but no attention was paid to his words.

"She revives—she revives—the shock has not killed her," the doting mother said, bending over her child, and kissing her.

"Only to think," sobbed the fair one, "that cousin should recommend a common major, when there are so many major generals without wives.

"It was a cruel blow, but you must bear up, darling," whispered the mother.

"Darnation won't somebody listen to me," cried the perplexed Vermonter. "I didn't mean that Hen should sleep with a real live major—one of them malicious officers. In course I didn't. And I don't want her to unless she is married, and then she may for all I care. I wanted her to do as our girls do cold nights. They heat bricks and put 'em at their feet, and up in our parts the gals call 'em *majors*. That's what I mean, and what's the use of making a fuss about it, that's what I want to know?"

"It seems that they were laboring under a mistake said the head of the family, "but really, hereafter, when there are young ladies in the room, I don't think I'd mention such things. The ladies of the city are too delicate for such vulgar names."

The Vermonter promised to be more careful in future, and the family are doing well.—*Boston American Union.*

Facts About Bees.

One square inch of worker comb contains about 25 cells on one side, on both, 50. Hence, a piece of comb 4 inches by 5 will contain 1,000 workers.

One square inch of drone comb contains about 16 cells, and both sides 32.

The cells of workers are 7-16 of an inch in depth, and drones are 9-16.

It makes about one-half pound of comb to hold 15 pounds of honey.

One gallon of honey weighs 12lbs.

The least possible space for a loaded worker is 5-32 of an inch.

One pound of honey contains about 20 cubic inches.

Bees gorged with honey never volunteer an attack,

Bees may always be made peaceable by inducing them to accept of liquid sweets.

Bees, when frightened by smoke, or by drumming, fill themselves with honey and lose all disposition to sting, unless they are hurt.

Bees dislike any quick movements about their hives, especially any motion which jars their combs.

Bees dislike the offensive odor of sweaty animals, and will not endure impure air from human lungs.

The bee keeper will ordinarily derive all his profits from stock strong and healthy in early spring.

Queenless colonies, unless supplied with a queen, will inevitably dwindle away, or be destroyed by the bee-moth or robber-bees.

The formation of new colonies should ordinarily be confinded to the season when bees are accumulating honey, and if this, or any other operation must be performed when forage is scarce, the greatest precaution should be used to prevent robbing.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The following scene occurred at the examination of a witness at the Donegal Assizes Ireland.

Mr. Doherty —' What business do you follow?"

'I am a schoolmaster."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer Irrelevant questions."

"Are you a great favorite with your scholars?"

"Ay, troth, am I, a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you this night, sir?"

"This night!" said the witness. "There is a learned man. This night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night." [Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked as if in triumph.]

"I presume the schoolmaster was abroad that night doing nothing?"

"Define nothing," said witness.

Mr. Doherty did not comply.

"Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it. It is a footless stocking' without a leg" [Roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.]

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask I will answer them."

The Charles Driesbach estate, midway between Lewisburg and Mifflinburg, sold as follows: Farm of 23 acres, $155 per acre, to William H. Kleckner. Storehouse property for $2500, to William Spotts.—*Lewisburg Argus.*

Sorghum in Ohio.

We have printed a great deal upon the production of sugar and molasses in some of the States West and Northwest, but little or nothing of what is doing in Ohio. The following brief communication to the New-York Tribune, from a correspondent, gives us some interesting information on this head, which it gives us great pleasure to lay before our readers.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, January 8, 1862.—Yesterday a large Sorghum Convention was held in this city. Farmers from every part of the State were present, and the convention having been turned into an experience meeting, much valuable information was drawn out.

Fifteen splendid samples of sugar were presented, beside enough molasses to load a dray. The sugar was of very fine color and handsomely crystalised. From the discussions it would seem that large numbers of cane-growers had succeeded well in making sugar upon the Cook Evaporator, and I believe all the samples in the convention were made on this Evaporator.

About 3,000,000 gallons of sirup were made in this State last fall, which has been sold at an average of 60 cents per gallon, or about $1,800,000! Many of those who tried succeeded in crystalising their sirups in about 24 to 48 hours. One gentleman, Mr. Myers, of Springfield, said he had made 160 barrels, another 50, and so on. Mr. Myers also presented a specimen of wine equal to Madeira.

A committee was appointed to compile the most valuable information obtained for publication.

WARLIKE ENTERPRISE.—Napoleon remarked at St. Halena:—'Generals are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, establish themselves, consider their combinations, but then commences their indecision; nothing is so difficult, and at the same time so important, as to know when to decide."

Wellington said: "The fault with most commanders, however brave, is backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies are large; arising from deep moral anxities, and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue."

Washington, in a letter to Congress in 1780, expressly speaks of "our security depending on a want of enterprise in the enemy," and says that "we have been indebted for our safety during a greater part of the war to their inactivity."

THE GROWTH OF THE BREAD.—The fashionable growth of the bread and moustache has effected the trade of the barbers to a degree which is hardly credible, were it not for statistics upon the subject. In Philadelphia alone the number of barber shops has become reduced from over two hundred to less than one hundred; the shaving brushes manufactured have declined one-sixth, and the importation of razors has declined in a corresponding ratio.

Two poor fellows were picked up in Washington the other day sick, and an order was procured for their admittance to the Seminary Hospital, and an ambulance to convey them. The order was given to the driver who read it and drove straight to the Cemetery. He stops at the lodge. "Where are these to go?" 'Got an order?" "Yes." "How many are there?" "Two," "all right, I'll show you." the lodgekeeper, and walks on, the ambulance following, till he comes to two freshly opened graves. "Back around there," driver does so—railroad over the graves. The Sexton lifts the curtain, and a soldier sits up and looks out. "What in thunder is this? I ain't dead yet by long a shot."

As a specimen of the way in which Grain comes to Lewisburg, we notice that last Friday John Walls & Co. took in 2,368 bush. and 40 lbs. of Wheat.—*Lewisburg Argus.*

They call the oil region in Pennsylvania Modern Grease.

John C. Heenan the 'Benecia Boy,' is in Cincinnati, raising a company for the war.

Forty citizens of Centre county (of the Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment) are now prisoners at New Orleans.

In forty years, Mexico has had no fewer than fifty-five different Governments.

The alarm of fire on last Tuesday evening, was caused by the burning of the brewery. The fire was extinguished before any material damage was done.—*Danville Democrat.*

Our streets have been slippery for several days past, and pedestrianism has been pursued under difficulties. Mr. Nevins, a clerk at the furnaces of Grove Brothers, fell on last Sunday morning, we regret to learn, and broke several ribs, while an old lady by the name of Mrs. Williams, broke her leg on the same day.—*Danville Democrat.*

The prisoners at Fort Warren are so well satisfied with their condition there, and have so little stomach to be further "counted in" in the fight on the Southern side, that from forty to fifty of them have voluntarily surrendered their right of exchange to others.

Thanks to the skilful and vigilent management of his father, the Prince of Wales will next year enter into the enjoyment of an income of $250,000 a year and $2,500,000 in ready money from the revenues of the Duchy Cornwall.

Every thing is large in Africa. A rat or a bandicoot was recently caught in Katagom, measuring two feet seven inches from the nose to the top of the tail. It was of a light grey color, with black tail and round head, covered over with long hairs.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

All our laws would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are *broken* every day.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener by constant use.

Recipes, &c.

EXTRA GINGER COOKIES.—One teacup of molasses; ½ do. of sugar; ½ do. of shortening; ½ do. of hot water; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 do. of ginger; just flour enough to roll and no more.

GOOD GINGERBREAD:—One and one-half cups of molasses; 1 teacup of cream; 1 do. of buttermilk; 2 eggs; 1½ teaspoons saleratus; 2 do. of ginger; 4 small teacups of flour. Beat thoroughly and spread on two baking tins.

BAKERS' VARNISH.—A varnish, such as bakers use, can be made for rusks by beating the yolk of an egg and one teaspoonful of pulverized sugar together. Spread on just before baking. Put them on round pie tins to rise. They look nice on the table.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—One cup cream; 1 cup sweet milk; 1½ cups flour; 1 teaspoonful tartar; ½ teaspoonful soda; 3 eggs; little salt.—Dress tart apples to the amount of one pint; stew and sweeten them some. Then take a two quart basin, butter it well, place the apples in the centre, pour the batter over, and bake one hour.—Dressing for the pudding—sugar, butter, flour, cooked with boiling water.