

# Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 6.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1855.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 15, NO. 32.

## The Sunbury American,

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**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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Messrs. J. B. Truitt, Char. Gibbons, Proprietors & Publishers.  
Messrs. J. B. Truitt, Char. Gibbons, Proprietors & Publishers.

## NEW DRUG STORE!

**WEISER & BRUNER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,  
Market St., next door to E. V. Bright's Store,  
SUNBURY, PA.  
OFFER to the public the largest and best selected stock ever opened in this section of country, consisting of  
**FRESH AND PURE DRUGS,**  
Medicines, Chemicals, Ground Spices, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, Window Glass, Patent Medicines, together with a complete assortment of Patent Cutlery, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shaving Brushes, Dressing, Side, Neck and Pocket Combs, Fancy Soaps, Shaving Creams, Tobacco, Segars, Port Monias, Stationery, Confectionaries,  
**PURE WINES AND BRANDIES**  
For medicinal use, English, French and American Perfumery, Fancy Goods of every description, in short every article kept by Druggists generally.  
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.  
GEO. B. WEISER,  
Wm. A. BRUNER,  
Sunbury, May 13, 1854.

## WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL

FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,  
Northumberland county, Pa.  
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 stock of Coal is  
LUMP, for Smelting purposes.  
STEAMBOAT, for do. and Steamboat  
BROKEN, for Family use and Steam  
STOVE, for do.  
PEA, for Lumbermen and Steam.

Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arrangements are made to load boats without any delay.  
**COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.**  
J. W. COCHRAN, Lancaster.  
G. W. PAUL, Shamokin.  
Beyer, Reisinger, Lancaster.  
A. B. WARDNER, do.

Orders addressed to Shomokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention.  
Feb. 10, 1855.—ly

## LEATHER.

**FRTZ, HENDRY & CO.**  
No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.  
MOROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and Dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & KIPP.  
Feb. 17, 1855.—w ly

## Files and Rasps.

**PHILADELPHIA**  
THE subscriber is constantly Manufacturing Files and Rasps, of every description, and having been practically engaged in the business more than Thirty Years, can guarantee his work at the lowest prices.  
Manufacturers and Mechanics, can have their Old Files re-cut and made equal to New at half the original cost.  
J. B. SMITH,  
No. 61 New street, (between Race and Vine and 2nd & 3d Sts.  
Philad'a. Feb. 8, 1855.—w 3 no. 3

## Sole Agency for

**BOARDMAN & GRAY'S**  
Celebrated Dolce Campana Attachment  
**PIANO FORTES.**  
256 Chestnut Street opposite U. S. Mint,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
JOHN MARSH,  
Phila. Jan. 24.—3m. C.

## Do you want a Bargain?

IF SO, THEN CALL AT  
**J. YOUNG'S STORE,**  
WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of  
**FALL AND WINTER GOODS**  
in Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Quince, Hardware, Cedarware, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Confectionaries, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash or country produce.  
Ground Salt by the sack or bushel.  
Sunbury, Nov. 4, 1854.—

## Latest New Goods in Sunbury.

**I. W. TENER & Co.,**  
Have just received another large lot of new Winter Goods to which they respectfully invite the attention of their friends and the public—they will be sold cheap as heartsealers.—Amongst them will be found some good READY MADE CLOTHING.  
Candies for sale.  
I. W. TENER & CO.  
Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.—

## Select Poetry.

From the Dublin University Magazine.  
**MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.**

The lordly merchant in his hall,  
Recounts his gain with pride,  
His hawk for spics, his gems of price,  
And wharf and warehouse wide,  
He feasts on dainty fare,  
He quaffs the blood-red wine;  
And yet his lot I envy not,  
Nor would I change for mine!  
With bosom light and spirit free  
To wander where I may,  
Up to the hills, and conched on heath,  
To view the hamlets spread beneath,  
And blue lakes, far away.

Oh, lowland marts, and marble domes,  
Still craven vassals gave;  
But never yet on mountain top  
Was born or dwelt a slave.  
On mountains peak the prophet first  
God's awful mandates bore;  
On mountain peak the dove did rest,  
That flew the Deluge o'er.  
Then you, whose hearts doth weary beat,  
With ease or sorrow riven,  
Come climb with me the mountain's brow;  
And let your thoughts, like Titans, now  
Ascend from quiet to heaven!

The scholar hath a quiet look  
Within his cloistered cell;  
He poureth over some goodly book  
Till peals the vesper bell.  
But through his life unrolled flows,  
Like gentle streams that glide  
All smooth and still through level plains,  
With sunshine on their tide,  
That student pale I envy not—  
Such quietude I sought in vain.  
Oh, better far the wave-tossed lake,  
The placid ocean, the forest brake,  
And soft or harsh heather fern.

The trickling rill that cools your lips,  
Soft flowing through the glen;  
Or else the spring that bubbles from rocks,  
Like tears from rugged frown;  
The daisy that grows in the meadow,  
The thyme that grows in the glen;  
The daisy that grows in the meadow,  
The thyme that grows in the glen;  
The daisy that grows in the meadow,  
The thyme that grows in the glen;  
The daisy that grows in the meadow,  
The thyme that grows in the glen;

## Select Tale.

**A WIFE'S DEVOTION.**

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

The long and desperate struggle which had for years been carried on between the Imperial Government of Brazil, and the revolted southern provinces, was drawing to a close. The Emperor, who had been at the head of the army, was now at the head of the government, and was about to return to the capital, and to take possession of his throne.

My home, or rather that of my wife was on the banks of the beautiful Uruguay, on the extreme western limits of the Brazilian Empire, and my wife thither led across the serrated peaks and through the wild passes of the Southern Brazilian Andes, a region swarming with every species of wild beasts, fierce savages, murderous banditti who killed for more pastime, and bands of Imperial troops, more savage than brutes, Indians or robbers.

Seven long tedious days went by, and I had struggled on, thus far without coming in contact with wild beasts, savages, robbers or Imperial soldiers, to which I had been so long a journey's end; when my overtasked energies could bear me up no longer, and despatching the most intelligent of my servants to apprise my wife and her family of my situation, I lay down under the shelter of a shelving rock in one of the most rugged and desolate mountain passes I had ever seen, with but slight hopes of surviving till aid should arrive from my friends on the Uruguay.

It was near noon when the negro departed on his mission, and as I had promised him freedom and ten ounces in gold if he reached my wife's home that night, I knew he would not lose a moment, and I might expect relief before night the next day, provided I lived till that time; which did not seem very probable, as within two hours I was half-delirious, and the hot blood driven to the extremities by the raging fever seemed like leaping liquid currents of fire; while my very vitals appeared to scorch and crisp with the subtle heat, and my whole frame was racked with the most exquisite torture.

Twenty times during the afternoon, I had sent the remaining slave to the stream which wound along the bottom of the ravine, for water to slake my burning thirst.  
The sun was perhaps an hour above the horizon, when I was suddenly surrounded by a band of some twenty ferocious-looking brigands, who were traversing the mountain passes to the westward in pursuit of a train of mules loaded with merchandise that had proceeded from the city the day previous.

But all my entreaties, prayers, and promises of reward were unheeded. I could not prevail on them to assist me forward, nor upon any one of them to remain with me till my friends should arrive. They were intent only upon the capture and plunder of the mules, and so they departed, leaving me there alone, sick and dying, in that wild desolate mountain pass.  
My scanty supply of water was soon exhausted, and I was raving mad with intolerable thirst. I tore the bandages from my half closed wounds, beat my head against the rocky fragments that formed my bed, and Oh! how I prayed for death.  
There I lay all that long, horrid night, till it was daylight again; and then I sank into a death like sleep, from which I was aroused by a heavy weight pressing on my chest, and my first glance as I opened my eyes fell on the well-remembered features of the most deadly enemy I had on earth—Col. Martins Arcoles, of the Imperial army of Brazil.  
"By the Cross we are well met, Senor Raymondo," spoke the brutal ruffian, with his booted heel crushing into my throat till my eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and my black, swollen tongue protruded from my mouth, and the wretch laughed in derision of my terrible agony, as he continued:  
"We are well met, I say, Senor Raymondo, and I don't doubt your beautiful bride—the lady Læa of whom you robbed me, will be very grateful when I tell her how faithful I was to you, and how I kept your letters, as I was bound to do, in your last moments.—Come, my man! this gallant officer must needs be somewhat chilly; gather a good supply of dry brushwood, and we will try what effect fire will have on the disease that seems to be wasting him."  
Fifty bronze-faced ruffians set about obeying their commander's order, and then after five minutes had elapsed, and I was placed, all helpless as I was, on a huge pile of dry branches, I understood it. I felt the infernal fire was about to consume me there alive!  
I would not ask my life of the demon, for I knew that it would be unavailing—But O God! may I never again suffer such mental torture as I did while lying there surrounded by those devils in human shape, as well as by the light of the infernal fire, which was about to consume me there alive!  
I would not ask my life of the demon, for I knew that it would be unavailing—But O God! may I never again suffer such mental torture as I did while lying there surrounded by those devils in human shape, as well as by the light of the infernal fire, which was about to consume me there alive!

## Poetry.

**EDEN.**  
BY GERALD MASSEY.

There is not a rift in the blue sky now,  
Where a million tempests tore it;  
There is not a furrow on ocean's brow,  
Though a million years have passed o'er it,  
And for all the storms and the strifes that  
Have rolled  
Down the ages grim and gory,  
Earth weareth her pleasant face, as of old,  
And laughs in her morning glory,  
And man—though he beareth the brand of sin,  
And the flesh and the devil hath bound him—  
Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin,  
Only nature up Eden around him.

O, the cloud may have fall'n on the human face,  
And his lordliest beauty blighted;  
For love hath gone out with a darkening  
Trace  
Where the inward glory liveth,  
Yet the old world of love liveth still in her heart,  
As we were many a sweet revelation,  
And the world's feet in tears are upstart  
With the warm flood of holier feeling.  
Ay, man—though he beareth the brand of sin,  
And the flesh and the devil hath bound him—  
Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin,  
Only nature up Eden around him.

O, the terrors, the tor'tures, the miseries  
Dark,  
That have cursed us, and crushed and can-  
dled  
Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin,  
Only nature up Eden around him.

Yet are from the delirium humanity's ark  
Hath on some serene Ararat anchored,  
O' the golden chains that link heaven to earth,  
The rust of all time cannot sever,  
Evil shall die in its own dark hearth,  
And the good shall live forever,  
And man—though he beareth the brand of sin,  
And the flesh and the devil hath bound him—  
Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin,  
Only nature up Eden around him.

**BOARDING.**  
"Don't talk to me about keeping house,"  
You'll hear a young bride say; "I will  
board, and be free from care, trouble, and the  
annoyance of servants." All very well in  
theory. But the reality of boarding is not  
altogether so agreeable. Here is the other side,  
presented by a correspondent of the Home  
Journal. He says:  
"It is not living—it is only staying—in a  
houseful of strangers—people with whom  
we have no feelings in common—if disagree-  
able to you, still compelled to meet them,  
morning, noon and night; and if agreeable,  
to have your time unrelievedly, your room  
entered at all times, lacking all sense of privacy  
or retirement—if in trouble or in joy, feel  
compelled to hide all traces from the gaze of  
strangers. To lack the comforts of a home—  
to have your own little, comfortable, well-  
cooked as they please—whether sick or well—  
living under a system of surveillance, almost  
equal to that described by Bayard Taylor as  
existing among the Japanese—feeling only  
free when your door is locked for the night—  
to feel constantly obliged to entertain com-  
pany, or a stranger, who has no right to be  
in your house, and who is not bound to  
be treated as a guest, but as a hired servant—  
obliged to keep everything under lock and  
key—these are a few of the pleasures of  
boarding out, which so many choose in preference  
to a home."

## ROMANTIC GIRL.

The European correspondent of the New-  
York Sentinel, in speaking of the recent death  
of Silvio Pellico, the Italian poet who suffered  
ten years' imprisonment for the liberality  
of his political opinions, relates the following  
bit of gossip, which we presume will be as  
new to our readers as it certainly is to us.  
"A young English nobleman, who had been  
reading his 'Le vie Prigione,' became so in  
love with the picture which her warm imagi-  
nation drew of Pellico, as to leave her home  
in search of him. She arrived at Turin with  
the full intention of laying herself out for  
his feet. Young enthusiasts were not un-  
conventional rules. She sought at once the  
house of the hospitable Marquis Barolo,  
where the poet found his home, and was  
ushered into his presence, her heart beating  
with the rapid pulse of loving expectation.  
Seeing before her a little, shaggy-looking  
man of forty, with spectacles and bald head,  
she inquired of him eagerly for Silvio—at  
the same time looking earnestly about in search  
of the dark-haired, languishing-eyes Italian  
poet, which her fancy painted him. 'Behold  
him!' said Pellico, nodding towards the  
lady's admirer. She fell into the chair  
offered her, her bright dreams falling to  
nothing at her feet, and the sober actual  
sitting her in the face. Poor daughter! She  
had come for something—that was evident  
—what had she come for? was now the ques-  
tion."

"The charitable soul of good Pellico  
thought of anything but love—save love for  
all mankind, womankind only included in the  
lump. 'She never told her love,' i. e., she  
did not tell *him*, and why was she there?  
Something coming from her lip about  
'Le vie Prigione,' and Pellico then only  
thought what he had heard there, that English  
woman was patterns of modesty. He did his  
best, however—his best was not the least  
backward—to raise the young lady's courage  
to speaking pluck, and to give her encour-  
agement for her comments on his writings.—  
She left, to say the least, in a reactive state  
of mind and heart, sought her lodgings, and  
went to bed. She had no dreams that night!  
The next day Pellico, of course, returned the  
call. In conversation, the very soul of the  
poet sympathetically entered into her views,  
and at once to beam out from his sunken eyes.  
She saw the dried up case which enclosed it  
no longer, and in a fresh fit of enthusiasm  
declared her passion, offering the hero of Spier-  
berg a generous maiden's hand and heart.  
He regarded her with a moment, and then  
broke out into a discourse on love—its nature,  
its principle, its effects—so eloquent, so convinc-  
ing, that the poor young lady saw for the  
first time the difference between love and  
caprice, and felt for the first time that she  
loved him—not her ideal Silvio—but such as  
he could never love her! She returned to  
England a wiser maiden than she came, and if  
not more in love, more capable of loving—  
more worthy of love!"

## POSSIDERS OF A DOG FOR THE EXERCISE OF

**PIRES.**—A recent notice of the London fire  
organization, refers to an animal who has  
become famed in the annals of the Brigade for  
"Chance" first made their acquaintance by  
following the men of a station home from a  
fire. Although several times reclaimed by his  
master he invariably escaped, and returned  
to his adopted friends, until he was finally  
allowed to become a part of the establish-  
ment. For many years he was invariably accom-  
panied the engine now upon the machine, now  
under the horses' legs, and always, when ap-  
proaching the conflagration, running in ad-  
vance, and announcing the welcome event of  
the extinguisher by his glad bark. At the  
fire, he assuaged himself by pulling burning  
logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth!  
Although he had his legs broken many times,  
he remained faithful to his pursuit, until at  
last, having received a severe hurt than  
usual, he was being departed, leaving me there  
alone, sick and dying, in that wild desolate  
mountain pass.  
My scanty supply of water was soon ex-  
hausted, and I was raving mad with intoler-  
able thirst.

## THE TRUE WIFE.

She is no true wife who sustains not her  
husband in the day of calamity, who is not  
when the world's great wrong makes the  
heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel,  
growing brighter and more beautiful as mis-  
fortunes crowd around his path. Then  
the true wife is not content with the  
her temper being only with a transient light,  
or like the steady glow of the morning star,  
shines as brightly under the clouds. Has  
she then smiles just as charming? Does she  
say "Alas! cannot touch our purity, and  
should not quench our love? Does she try  
by happy little inventions to lift from his  
sensitive spirit the burden of the thought?  
There are wives—nay, there are beings  
who, when the dark hours come, fall to resi-  
ding and upbraiding—thus adding to outside  
the result of the day, the result of the  
of an angel's love, the result of domestic  
strife—as if all the blame in the world  
made one hair white or black, or change the  
decreed gone forth. Such know not that our  
darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but  
steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we  
ascend we may at last gain that eternal light,  
and bathe forever in its blissful beauty.

"Is that all? and the gentle face of the  
wife beamed with joy. Her husband had  
been on the verge of distraction—all his  
earthly possessions were gone, and he feared  
the result of her knowledge, she had been  
so tenderly cared for all his life! But she  
tried his beautiful story, a friend advised him  
to give up sleep to his eyes nor slumber to  
his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all  
his hapless case."  
That was her answer, with the smile  
of an angel. *Is that all?* I feared by your  
sadness it was worse. Let these beautiful  
things be taken—al! this splendor let it go;  
I care not for it—I only care for my hus-  
band's love and confidence. You shall for-  
get in my affection that you were ever in  
poverty—only still love me, and I will aid  
you to bear these little reverses with cheer-  
fulness.  
Still love her! she a man must reverence,  
ay, and liken her to the very angels, for such  
a living woman is a living revelation of  
Heaven.

**THE LAW OF NUMERICAL LIBERTY BETWEEN  
THE SEXES.**—The "Annals of Scientific Dis-  
covery" contains the following interesting  
facts concerning the numerical relation of the  
sexes.  
"There is a natural law of relations be-  
tween the sexes, which is found to vary at  
different ages according to the different dan-  
gers to which they are exposed. This is one  
of the most curious of natural laws, and one  
of the most interesting. It demonstrates the  
admirable economy of adaptations between  
the several parts of the natural system. If  
the number of males and females born was  
exactly equal, the result would be, that be-  
fore they reached middle age, the female sex  
would be reduced to one and become inade-  
quate to the purpose which it has to fill. In  
fact, the number of females born is always  
greater than the males by about 4 per cent.  
At 20 years of age, this preponderance is  
entirely lost, and there are more females than  
males. At 40 years, the balance is again  
the other way, and there are more males than  
females. At 70 the sexes are about even,  
and the ultimate age of the human being is  
reached without any decided advantage to  
either sex. Both the census of 1840 and  
1850 prove this. Beyond the age of 40  
the probability of longevity is much  
greater for American women, than that of  
men. The contrast singularly with the  
fact that the *physique* (relatively) of Ameri-  
can men. That fact, as has been shown,  
however, is very true, and is not a matter  
of trifling importance. The longevity of  
women is very extraordinary. There are  
now 430 American women above one hundred  
years of age.

**A DEAF MAN AND HIS DOCTOR.**—A deaf  
man, invited by one of his physicians to at-  
tend the performance of one of Spontini's  
operas. It is pretty well known that the  
orchestra of this celebrated composer was  
notorious for thunder and lightning crashes.  
At the first act the doctor enquired of the  
sick man, "Do you hear? No! After the sec-  
ond act. Do you hear? No! But in the third  
act the thunders of the orchestra were  
terrible. Suddenly the deaf man cried out  
I hear! I hear! His words were drowned by  
the noise of the music; but the doctor saw  
the expression of joy depicted on his counte-  
nance, and asked him, "Do you hear? The  
deaf made a sign in the affirmative. Bah!  
replied the doctor. How can that be when  
the orchestra is not playing! The patient  
was completely cured but the doctor had be-  
come as deaf as a post.—*L. Echo du Pacific.*

**WHY YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR HAT.**—  
Young men, a word. We want to tell you  
when you should take your hat and be off.  
And mind what we offer. It is when you are  
asked out to take a drink.  
When you find out you are courting an ex-  
travagant or slovenly girl.  
When you find yourself in doubtful com-  
pany.  
When you discover that your expenses run  
ahead of your income.  
When you are abusing the confidence of your  
friends.  
When you think you are a great deal wiser  
than older and more experienced people than  
yourself.  
When you feel like getting trusted for a  
new suit of clothes because you have no money  
to pay for them.  
When you wait upon a lady just for the  
fun of it.  
When you are making a noise in a printing  
office.  
When you don't do your duty.

**CLEVERNESS.**—Some people talk a great  
deal about ministers, and the cost of keeping  
them, paying their houses rent, table expenses,  
and other items of salary. Did such croakers  
ever think that it costs thirty-five millions of  
dollars to pay the salaries of American law-  
yers; that twelve millions of dollars are paid  
annually to keep our criminals, and ten  
millions of dollars annually to keep the dogs  
in the midst of us alive, while only six mil-  
lions of dollars are spent annually to keep six  
thousand ministers in the United States.  
These are facts, and statistics will show  
them to be facts. No one thing costs such  
a mighty influence in keeping this mighty Re-  
public from falling to pieces, as the Bible and  
its ministers.

**POWER OF COCOA.**—Professor Johnston, in  
his "Chemistry of Common Life," states,  
that by the use of cocoa, the Peruvian  
Indians undergo the most incredible labor.  
He says, "With a feeble ration of dried maize  
or barley crushed into flour, the Indian, if  
duly supplied with cocoa, toils under heavy  
burdens day after day, up the steep slopes of  
the mountain passes, or digs, for years, in the  
subterranean mines, insensible to weariness,  
to cold, and to hunger. He believes, indeed,  
that it may be made a substitute for food  
altogether."

## SINKING OF A BRITISH VESSEL BY A WHALE.

The London Shipping Gazette of the 26th  
of March, publishes the following report of  
Captain Jones, of the British schooner Water-  
loo, of Portsmouth, which was sunk in the  
North Sea by a whale:

The boat proved to be from Lynn for  
Schedonia (with Harley) on the 19th inst.  
At 10 A. M. of the 21st, Lowestoft bearing  
W. by N., distant about 50 miles, wind E.,  
strong gale, and high sea, vessel under dou-  
ble reefed canvass, upon a wind; on the port  
tack, perceived a large whale to windward  
running down for the vessel, partly out of  
water, and swimming at a very rapid rate;  
and, when about ten yards from the ship's  
side, dipped, and struck the vessel under  
water, abreast of the fore rigging, on the  
port side, with his head, with a great blow,  
when the vessel was perceived to heel and  
crack, and after striking the vessel the whale  
plunged into the deep headmost and rose  
his tail on high, nearly touching the foreyard,  
and then disappeared.

The pumps were started and worked, but by  
half-past 12 found she had five feet of water  
in the well, and setting down fast, when the  
long boats were cleared and lashings cut  
away, and nearly floated off the decks, when  
all hands (six in number) jumped into her,  
without food or water, and the master, mate  
and two more without jackets, and only one  
oar and a piece of another in the boat, with  
the sea running very high. In about twenty  
minutes after abandoning the vessel she was  
capsized, and floated for about the same  
space of time on her side, and then disap-  
peared, about half past 1 P. M.

At the time she capsized there was a  
French fishing boat about four miles win-  
dward, and on perceiving her capsize, imme-  
diately bore up for the sinking vessel, and  
within twenty minutes she was alongside, and  
Joseph Leclerc, of Calais, which took all the  
crew on board at about 2 P. M., where they  
were all most kindly treated, and landed at  
Calais at midnight, where they were provided  
for and furnished with jackets, by Mr. Bon-  
ham, Esq., H. B. M.'s Consul, and sent to  
London.

**WHAT IS A TON WEIGHT.**  
The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania re-  
cently decided that according to the laws of  
the State, a ton weight consisted of 2,000  
pounds, and that a greater number of pounds  
could not be legally exacted in purchasing a  
ton of coal, notwithstanding the custom of  
giving 2,240 in one part of the State, and  
2,268 in another. The United States Dis-  
trict Court at Philadelphia, on Monday,  
however, decided in quite a different man-  
ner, and held that the standard weight of a  
ton of coal is 2,240 lbs., and that the coal  
dealer has no more right to give less than  
sixteen ounces to the pound. As the consti-  
tution of the United States gives to Con-  
gress the power to fix the standard of  
weights and measures, it is supposed that  
the act of 1824 passed by the Assembly in  
Pennsylvania, must yield to the highest au-  
thority, and all the laws of the State prescri-  
bing the size of the yard measure, the cubic  
content of a bushel and of a gallon are null  
and void where they differ from the United  
States standard.

**SPONGING IT.**  
The last dodge we have heard in reading  
the State Liquor Law, occurred yesterday, at  
one of our fashionable drinking saloons. An  
individual walked up to the counter deman-  
ding a dime bottle of brandy. Now the rule is to  
charge fifteen cents, unless an empty bottle  
is furnished in return for the bottle received;  
and as the consumer laid only a dime on the  
counter, the extra five cents was demanded.  
"I don't want the bottle," said he, "draw  
the cork."  
"The liquor can't be drunk on the premises,"  
replied the bar-keeper.  
"I ain't going to drink it on the premises,"  
replied the other, and the bar-keeper, sup-  
posing that he had some money, and that he  
would draw the cork, when the gentleman  
pulled out a sponge from his pocket, and  
poured the liquor into it; then, taking his  
seat, commenced leisurely sucking it.  
"You see," said he, nodding complacently  
at the astonished bar-keeper, "ain't going  
to draw the cork, for the law says the stuff  
shant be drunk on the premises."  
The bystanders came to the conclusion that  
the stranger would make an appropriate Gov-  
ernor for Illinois, being decidedly the greatest  
sucker of them all.—*Civ. Ing.*

## Miscellany.

**TWO-THIRDS OF A MAN.**—In Smith's *Federal  
Calendar* an amusing anecdote is given,  
to the following purport:—A first rate class  
was undergoing a close examination in mental  
arithmetic, in reply to a question con-  
cerning the number of men required to per-  
form a certain piece of work in a specified  
time, the class responded, "Twelve men and  
two-thirds." But one bright fellow, more  
discerning than the others, instantly added,  
"Twelve men and a few forty years old."  
Another Artemus Well Exhumed.—  
On the 14th inst., the Artesian well in  
Selma, Ala., which had reached a depth of  
440 feet, and was delivering nearly 500 gal-  
ons of water per minute, suddenly sank some  
15 or 20 feet below the surface, for an extent  
of about 300 yards in length, and of a vary-  
ing width. The most extraordinary consent  
of this phenomenon is, that all the wells in  
the vicinity have become dry.

**A VIRGINIA DIAMOND.**—A rough diamond,  
picked up near Manchester, Va., a small  
town opposite Richmond, has been received  
in New York. The stone is about the size  
of a hazel nut, and weighs forty-three karats.  
It has a flaw in the center, but it is otherwise  
quite promising. The Richmond jeweler  
estimates its value at four thousand dollars,  
and claims that it is the largest diamond ever  
found in North America.

**HEROIC REWARD.**—A little drum-  
major in the British army, who was in the  
thickest of the fight at Inkermann, combat-  
ing the foe, and, as a relaxation, carrying  
water to the wounded, has been presented by  
Prime Abou falling to pieces, as the Bible and  
its ministers.

**ODD FELLOWS' COLLEGE.**—The Grand  
Lodge of Odd Fellows of Virginia has ap-  
proved the Martha Washington Female College,  
at Alexandria, and will take measures to  
insure its completion. It is contemplated  
to make such arrangements as will insure to  
the intelligent daughters of every degree  
Old Fellow the benefit of a good education.

## PAINTER AND ROASTER AFFAIR.

Some three years ago, a Gentleman left his wife  
and child in South Natick, Mass., and went  
to the West to seek employment. Not hearing  
anything of her from him, the wife concluded  
he was dead, and about two months since  
married another Gentleman, with whom she  
lived happily until last week, when the first  
husband came on from St. Louis, Mo., where  
he had lived in the interim, to take her and  
his child to his new home. After much grief  
and perplexity, she concluded to go to St.  
Louis with the first husband, leaving the  
second one nearly distracted with grief.

A fair correspondent asks Diogenes, whether  
he thinks an action for breach of promise  
of marriage would lie against the writer of  
the following verse:  
"Angel! beneath whose folded wing  
My soul would rest,  
Be mine for ever, I've thought the ring,  
And all the rest."  
Of those whose treasures and treasures,  
Which every one who rises this state to better law,  
Diogenes doubts the success of an action for  
breach of promise of marriage, but a more  
glaring case of "breach of promise of poetry"  
he declares never came under his observa-  
tion.

**MONEY STOLEN BY RATS.**—Col. Anory, who  
keeps an eating-house opposite our office, in  
Congress street, having recently missed some  
of money from his till, was surprised yester-  
day in discovering that some rats had been  
using bank bills as the lining of their nests  
under the counter. Fragments of bills, suf-  
ficient to ascertain that at least \$15 had been  
abstracted and converted by the rats to their  
own use, were found.—*Boston Transcript.*

**CAPTIVE MAY, April 19.**  
A party of twelve gentlemen engaged in  
fishing up the bay, reported having seen the  
Sea Serpent yesterday. They describe it as  
being from 80 to 100 feet long, with a head  
of large dimensions, similar in shape to that  
of a snake, with two large tusks protruding  
from the upper part of the snout. A reward  
of \$1000 is offered for his capture, and a  
party is going in pursuit of his snailship.

**NOTE, BUT GOOD REASON FOR DECLINING A  
CHALLENGE.**—The New York Times states  
that on Tuesday a flare-up occurred in Brook-  
lyn, which resulted in Col. Jack, a lawyer  
challenging a professional brother, named  
Schonmaker, and that the latter declined  
accepting the invitation, "unless the Colonel  
would shut himself up to be a mark  
to shoot at." Col. J. has not yet indicated,  
his intention to accede to the request.

"I come for the saw, sir."  
"What sawer?"  
"Why the saw, sir, that ye borrowed."  
"I borrowed no sawer."  
"Sawer you did, sir, you borrowed a saw."  
"Get out, you rascal, I never saw your sawer."  
"No, but you did, sir, there's the saw,  
sir, now, sir."  
"Oh! you want the saw. Why didn't you  
say so?"

**NEW ENGLAND RUM AT THE CRIMINAL.**—  
New England Rum is selling at Constantinople  
at 80 cents a