The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 20.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855. OLD SERIES, VOL. 15. NO. 46.

The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERT SATURDAY BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly is

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID. TO CLUBS. Three copies to one address,
Seven Do Do
Fifteen Bo Do

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and Cank letters containing subscription money. They are permit-ted to do this under the Post Office Law. TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Sounce of 14 lines, 3 times, Every subsequent insection, One Square, 3 months, Six months, One year,
Susiness Cards of Five lines, per annum,
Merchants and others, advertising by the
year, with the privilege of inserting
different advertisements weekly.

F 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 Nor-thumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and References in Philadelphia: Men. Joh R. Tyson, Chas. Gibbons, Esq. Somers & Snodgrass, Linn, Smith & Co.

WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,

Northumberland county, Pa., THERE we have very extensive improve when the manufacture of Iron and making Steam. Our sizes of Coal are:

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

NUT, | for Limeburners and Steam. Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where ar-COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.

J. J. Cochran, Lancaster. C. W. Peale, Shamokin. BENJ. REINHOLD, Lancaster. A. BAUMGARDNEN, do.

1.5 Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention. Feb. 10, 1855.—1y

LEATHER. FRITZ, HENDRY & CO.

No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia. porters of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & Feb. 17, 1855,-w ly

F. H. SMITH, PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, Dressing Case Manufacturer, N. W. cor, of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA. Always on hand a large and varied assortment o Work Boxes, Part Monnaies, Cabas, Traveling Bags, Backgammon Boards, Bankers Cases, Note Holders, Chess Men, Portable Lesks, Cigar Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Memorandum Books Also, a general assortment of English, French and Ger san Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors Razor Strops and Gold Pens. Who sale, Second and Third Floors.

F. H. SMITH. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philada B.—On the receipt of \$1, a Superior Gold will be sent to any part of the United States, mail;—describing pen, thus, medium, hard,

Phila., March 31, 1854 .- ply.

A CARD.

GEORGE BROWN, Inspector of Mines, ten ders his services to land owners and Mining Companies, in making examinations, reports &c., of Mines and Coal lands. From his experience in mining operations, as he understands the different branches, having carried on Mines for a number of years in Schuylkill Co., and having now a large number of collieries under his super-vision—he hopes to give satisfaction to those who may want his services. Refers to Benjamin Miller and W. Payne, Esqrs., Philadelphia, and D. E. Nice and James Neill, Esqrs., Pottsville. Communications by Mail promptly attended to Pottsville, March 17, 1855.—3m.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!! TRAT. CLEMENT respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that he has been appointed agent for the sale of the celebra-ted red ash coal, from the Mines of Boyd Rosses & Co. All the various sizes prepared and screaned will be promptly delivered by leaving orders with the subscriber. IRA T. CLEMENT.

Sunbury, Dec. 30, 1851 .-- tf.

Do you want a Bargain? IF SO, THEN CALL AT

J. YOUNGS' STORE, WHERE you will find the cheapest ass

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS n Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Cedarware, Fancy Articles, Stationary, Confectionaries, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash of country produce.
Ground Salt by the sack or bushel.
Sunbury, Nov. 4, 1854.—

HARDWARE.—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pock et Knives, Hand saws' Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO. Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.

COAL Buckets, store shovels, Ames' shovels, forks, Door and pad locks, curry combs, c., at YOUNG'S STORE.
Sunbury, Nov. 18, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by WEISER & BRUNER. Sunbury, May 19, 1855 .-

WINES and Liquors for Medicinal purpose WEISER & BRUNER'S. Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

Select Poetry.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man!
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunding on thy face—
Through thy torn living annuty great Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace: From my heart I give thee joy— I was once a barefoot boy! Prince thou art—the grown up man Only is republican. Let the million-dollared ride— Barefoot, trudging at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy, In the reach of ear and I-Outward sunshine, inward joy : Blessings on the barefoot boy

Oh! for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day; Health that mocks the doctor's rules; Knowledge, never learned of schools; Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wild flower's time and place, Flight of fowl and habitude Of the tenants of the wood, How the tortoise bears his shell, How the woodchuck digs his cell, And the ground-mole sinks his well; How the robin feeds her young, How the oriole's nest is hung; Where the whitest lilies blow, Where the freshest berries grow Where the ground nut trails in vine, Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; Of the black wasp's cunning way, Mason of his walls of clay, And the architectural plains Of gray honest artisans !-For, eschewing books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks; Hand in hand with her he walks, Face to face with her he talks, Part and parcel of her joy— Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time of June, Crowding years in one brief moon, When all things I heard or saw, Me, their master, waited for. I was rich in flowers and trees, Humming birds and honey bees For my sport the squirrel p'ayed, Plied the snouted mole his spade; For my taste the blackberry cone Purpled over hedge and stone; Laughed the brook for my delight Through the day and through the night, Whispered at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond, Mine the bending orchard trees, Apples of Hesperides! Still as my horizon grew, Larger grew my riches too, All the world I saw or knew Seemed a complex Chinese toy Fashion'd for a barefoot boy!

Oh! for festal dainties spread, Like my bowl of milk and bread-Pewter spoons and bowl of wood, On the door stone, gray and rude ! O'er me like a regal tent, Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent, Purple curtained, fringed with gold Looped in many a wind swung fold; While for music came the play Of the pied frogs' orchestra; And to light the noisy choir, Lit the fly his lamp of fire. I was monarch; pomp and joy Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble speared the new mown sward, Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool winds kiss the heat; All too soon these feet must hide In the prison cells of pride-Lost the freedom of the sod, Like a colt's for work beshod Made to tread the mills of toil, Up and down with ceaseless moil-Happy if their track be found Never on forbidden ground— Happy if they sink not in and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou couldst know the joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

Select Tale.

THE NEW KNIFE.

BY ANNA H. PHILIPS.

A brighter, rosier, happier face was never seen than little Harry Willett's, as he saun-tered one sunny afternoon in May, down the winding lane that led from his father's green farm, and took the road to the village. The warm breeze tossed his brown locks lightly, and the merry sun peeped saucily now and then through the torn brim of his straw hat, into his frank blue eyes, and flashed into the dimples of his happy month dimples of his happy mouth.

A fine face Harry had—not a pretty face

if by that you mean very nicely formed fea-tures, and great, handsome, long-lashed eyes—but an open, a kindly, truthful, generous face—such a one as made you think, with a quick, warm glow at your heart, what a com-fort and pride he must be to his mother, and

Harry, and it needed the witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really no dream. Harry's father, although a thrifty farmer, who gave his little boy good clothes and all home comforts, had seldom any money to bestow for his own especial spending—Harry's utmost ambition and success having heretofore extended to a bright dime. An old friend of his father from a distant city, spending a few days with them, I think.

pitying nim as sne cin.

She could not say the words she words and soothe him. She could not say the words she would rather have said than any other—that she would have soon replaced his loss.

"Don't cry, dear mother," said Josey, faint-ly; "knives can't last forever, you know; and if this must break, see how nicely it has come off so near the handle. I can use the blade for a great many things, and one of your knives will help too. I can get along nicely, I think.

Cooling and ventuating the validation of a succession of wire cylinders revolving in water, which deprives the air in passing through them, of every particle of dust. The fan drawing in the air from outside is kept in motion by a belt and pulley attached to the axle of the car, and the reservoir is supplied with ice, about five hundred pounds being required for a run of four hours.

A thermometer suspended in the car be-

to buy anything he might happen to want.

"Happen to want!" Oh, how much and how long Harry had wanted a knife! How long he had wished and hoped—and wondered when the time would come that he should own such a treasure! Twelve years old and no knife, had been a damper more than once when he had tried to follow with the big boys at school, and you may be sure there was not a moment for indecision as to how or when the money should be spent. For a knife that very afternoon it should go-that was settled

What boy does not remember the pride and pleasure that came with his first knifeand pleasure that came with his first knife—
the dignity and manliness its ownership conferred? What boy will not appreciate the
glad thoughts that filled Harry's heart, as he
walked along through the warm dust of the
highway to the village? He could not quite
decide whether it should have a white handle
or dark one, but at all events it must have
two blades—and wouldn't he show Joe
Smith next day, that some how could make Smith, next day, that some boys could make whistles as well as others; and couldn't he mend little Susy Martin's lead pencil for her, instead of seeing her go up to the master every time it wanted sharpening? Oh, to-morrow was to be a grand, happy day!

ments, his mother fauning him with her broad palm-leaf fan. Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon when he came again towards the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light of the cars are manufactured espectacy to the cars are manufactured espectacy to the cars are manufactured espectacy.

On the setting sun fell about Josey's low window, and the pale boy lay looking out on the

On Harry's way, a rod or two back from the dusty rond, stood a small, dark, unpainted house, at the low, open window of which he caught sight of a face that he knew very well; and he paused, and then walked up with a pleasant smile to speak to his friend Josey Wood. Josey was a weak, suffering, crippled boy, and he half reclined now on a couch his od mother had made for him, all stuffed good mother had made for him, an stated with hay, and covered with neat chintz, and drawn up close to the window, so that the sweet, warm air blew in on his forehead, and he could reach out his hand and touch the creeping rose-vines filled with buds that clam-

Josey's mother was very poor, and she worked hard all day with her needle, for there was no one to provide for herself and her little crippled boy, and yet she found time to do a world of kind things for him. She it was who trained the roses—who kept the room so daintily clean—who carried him in her so daintily clean—who carried him in her so was not into the folds in the warm days in the make up for the one you broke. so daintily clean—who carried him in her arms out into the fields, in the warm days, that he might feel the soft grass, and hear the birds sing, and watch the feeding of the flocks. She it was who sung old songs to him, and told him stories when he felt ill, and the pain made him nervous and sad. She was a good mother to Josey, and he loved hards a good mother to Josey, and he loved her distributions. It is a solution to have the handsomest knife in the world. I bought it with my own money, on purpose for you. Your sorry and affectionate friend, Harry.

Poor Josey! The tears that had been kept back fell fast enough now, and like a little. But not a something in her distribution in the mande in the handsomest knife in the world. I bought it with my own money, on human distribution in her distribution in the distribu always spoke to her gently and sweetly.

could not make many of these, for his little nervous fingers were often useless with pain, and some days he was obliged to lie very still on his back, doing nothing. But the joy he had whenever his mother did bring home money of his own earning, was more than I can tell you. His hot cheeks would glow for the whole evening, and his mother had to take him in her lap and soothe him gently to sleep, or he would have lain awake all night, dream-

ing of his riches. He was feeling very bright to-day, and the little pine table, drawn up to the side of his couch, was covered with bits of wood and tiny cups of coloring that belonged to his work. He laid down his knife with which he was cutting, and put out his thin hand to meet Harry's with an expression of delight. The two boys had not seen each other for some time, and Harry had a host of wonderful things of boy interest to relate, and altogether was so affectionate and cordial, that his presence served to do Josey as much good as the May sun-shine—and, indeed, his plump, glad face, all in a glow with exercise and the warmth of the day, was a cheery sight for anybody.

"What are you making there?" said Harry, pointing to the materials on the table.
"Oh, something famous," said Josey, smiling. "It's going to be the greatest thing I ever did. It's a kind of work-box, you see.—

should like to see how you go at it—it's such a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are

made. I am sure I could never do it in a life-time."

"Oh, perhaps you could if you'd nothing elso to do," said Josey, pleasantly; but the words made Harry sober, as he thought of his own strong limbs and vigorous frame, and thousand ways of amusement, and he stood looking at Josey, as he worked, in silence.—
It was curious, indeed, to see how skilfully he cut and carved, and how gracefully and smoothly the rough wood came into form, under the mode of the cut and carved, and how gracefully and smoothly the rough wood came into form, under the mode of the cut and carved. The work evidently interested him greatly; but now and then his hands trembled, and his shortened breath showed how fatiguing even a little exertion was; but he talked pleasantly to Harry, explaining the why and the wherefore of everything he did, seeming to enjoy his admiration and sympathy very much.

Who Is She?—The question regarding the pointed out to me, take pleasure in correcting the indentity of Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess" as she is called, is likely to be settled in a court of justice. The Troy (N. Y.) fort and pride be must be to his mother, and how her eyes must brighten, whenever he shone in upon her through the busy day.

But Harry's face, contented and smiling as it usually was, wore a peculiarly gratified expression to-day; that something delightful had occurred there could be no doubt. He was altogether too happy to whistle, and he sauntered along with his hands in his pockets, and those glad, blue eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

"What a sharp knife that is of yours, Josey," said Harry; "it cuts like a razor."

and those glad, indee eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

To Parker Metals from Rusting.—Melt
together three parts of lard and one of rosin.

Yes," said Josey, "that knife was my
taltiness of that warm afternoon, you might
have heard an occasional very pleasant jingling in that right trowsers-pocket of his, and
if good Betsy, the maid at the farm, had been
there too, she would doubtless have told you
what a budget of old nails, and bits of lead,
and tin, and all sorts of trumpery Harry alwars carried in his pockets, greatly to
wear and tear of said pockets, greatly to
wear and tear of said pockets, and of the home
patience in mending them. But ah, Miss
Betsy, something rather better than old nails
and lead sinkers, and tin "whizzers," rattles
there now! Nothing less than two big, bright
silver half-dollars, all Harry's own, to spend
as he likes! Now and then he takes them
out and looks at them, to be sure that they
are safe, and a reality, and with the utmost

To Parker Metals From Rustins Fr

content at the confirmation his eyes give to the fact, drops them back again into the jingling pocket.

The truth was, that the possession of this wonderful treasure was the greatest event in the money way, that had ever happened to Harry, and it needed the witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really no dream. Harry's father, although a little how and that she would have soon replaced his loss.

But Josey found it hard to comfort his poor mother. She knew how many lonely hours that knife had cheered—how many dull starting the doors and windows of the car

dow, and the pale boy lay looking out on the rosy and golden clouds in the western sky.—

There was still a sad look on his face, but he smiled when Harry came up, and listened pleasantly to the boy-gossip he had brought from the willage for summer use alone, from the willage for summer use alone,

from the village.
It was not until some minutes after Harry It was not until some minutes after Harry had bade him good-bye, and he had ceased to watch his stout little figure hurrying up the road, that Josey discovered in the far corner of the window, a closely folded package of white paper directed to himself; and, as he slowly and wonderingly unrolled it, there dropped from it heavily upon his couch, a big beautiful knife, stouter and handsomer than the one he had lost, and with two fine blades! the one he had lost, and with two fine blades!

her dearly, and tried as much as he could to keep back from her his trouble and pain, and breast, too glad and grateful for words.

But yet a something in her air Restored me to the vanished always spoke to her gently and sweetly.

But Josey had one great pleasure of his own; he had a remarkable talent for cutting that night—no strong beautiful knife, better curious and beautiful little things out of than the silver, to take its place; but his wood; these he stained with dye that his mother's kiss was tenderer than ever, when

mother made for him, and she carried them down to the village and sold them, when she went home with her work. To be sure, Josey Heaven .- Little Pilgrim.

FILTERED AIR INCAPABLE OF FERMENTATION.

"Schroder and Von Dusch have lately given the effects produced by filtered air, upon fermentation, etc. They have established the fact, that when air is passed through a tube filled with raw cotton, moderately complete the repulse of the 18th of June, was regaining confidence, and from the strength pressed, it becomes incapable of inducing fermentation or putrefaction in substances that would rapidly undergo these changes if common air was substituted. Thus, meat, broth, flasks. No change of any kind was percepti-ble, even in summer weather. When milk was tried in the same manner, however, it be-to the sea. I've got a splendid picture for the top, and here's a queer invention of my own for the spools. I shall be rich, I expect, when I sell it. Eh, mother!" and he smiled playfully.

At the word rich, Harry's hand instinctively dropped into the pocket that held the result of the lask and confined with a thread, to prevent the passage of air between the sides of the aperture and the plug of cotton. Meat broth, thus prepared, was found to be perfectly sweet and unchanged in every respect after the lapse of six weeks, in the months of June and July a profile in the result of the instance upon our trenches, with their usual shouting, but after each attempt they were compelled to retreat by the steady fire and calm attitude of our soldiers, leaving behind them many of their slain.

July 17th.—General Simpson telegraphs nothing of importance has occurred. The

VENTILATION OF RAILROAD CARS.

A highly successful experiment was yesterday made of "Barry's Ventilation and Cooling Apparatus," in applying it to a passenger car on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. The apparatus re-

hours that knife had cheered—how many dull ones it had brightened—how much delight were all closed, which is required for the sactelling them that I was watching for a tiger, his work had always been to him—how impossible it was for her to get him another, for a long time—and she remembered, too, that No sooner had the train started than a velon these slight earnings of Josey's she was dependant for the means of procuring for him those little luxuries that were almost necessaries, when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not read to the train started than a velocity of the sum of cold air was forced into the car from two registers placed in the centre, and in a few minutes that thermometer indicated 80 and finally 75 at which point it is not at the same moment a growl arcse from some bushes between me and finally 75 at which point it is not at the same moment a growl arcse from some bushes between me

gathered up the severed handle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little table. Oh, how few the boy's sources of happiness must be, when the breaking of the simple knife could put such a desolate look into his face! Excitement, as it usually did, had made Josey a little faint, and while he lay back with his eyes closed, for a few moments, his mother fauning him with her broad palm-leaf fan. Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon when he came again towards the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light but is converted into a warm nir generator, by a stove being substituted for the ice, while nary mode.

THE OLO LOVE.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

She stooped, and trod with tottering feet The voice was harsh that once was sweet.

Restored me to the vanished time, My heart grew young and seemed to wear I took her withered hand in mine Its touch recalled a ghost of joykissed it with a reverend sigh, For I had loved her when a boy,

THE NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. The general prospect of the war, at home and abroad, were not very encouraging. Partial successes before Schastopol have however, revived the drooping spirit of the army, although the small reported losses of the details of experiments tried by them upon | the Allies show that the successes were not

of importance, Pelissier, whose character suffered much

A despatch from General Simpson is pubwort, etc., were preserved for weeks in flasks in which they were boiled—a constant current of filtered air being drawn throug's the Pelissier placed a garland of immortelles on

was tried in the same manner, however, it became sour nearly as soon as in the open air—thus indicating an essential difference in the principles involved in the respective decompositions.' The author has himself repeated the experiment of preserving boiled meat and water in a flask, having an aperture of at least one inch in diameter, closed merely with a plug of raw cotton, part of the cotton being formed into a ball, surrounding the neck of the flask and confined with a thread to prevent the passage of air between

At the word rich, Harry's hand instinctively dropped into the pocket that held the two
half-dollars; but he looked at Josey's wan
face, and worn, patched clothes, and parading
his newly acquired wealth.

"Don't stop working, Josey," he said. "I

According to the news received this morning CHALLENGE REPUSED .- The controversy be- the Russians attempted another sortic last a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are made. I am sure I could never do it in a Clay, and Mr. Prentice, editor of the Louis of Careening Bay, and were vigorously re-

WATCHING FOR A TIGER.

The spot I selected was at the edge of a tank, where a tiger used to drink. There was a large timerind tree on the banks and Jiere I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch twelve feet from cooling and ventilating the Walnut street
Theatre, by the same inventor, with the addition of a succession of wire cylinders revolthe tree for a bait. Well, we remained on our perch for a couple of hours without any-thing stirring—it might be eight o'clock; the moon had risen, and so clear was the light that we could see the Jackals at the distance of half a mile sneaking stealthily toward the village, when a party of Brimparries passing by stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time, and, becoming impatient, I got down from the tree with a when they started off immediately.

saries, when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not speak, but his bine eyes were full of tears, and a great pain filled his heart, as he caught the look, more touching than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed bandle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little table. Oh, how for the severed bandle and blade, table, Oh, how for the severed bandle and blade, table. than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed handle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little

in the most pitious manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something was wrong, he walked growling around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At length he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shrick rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggle under him, uttering faint cries, which became more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life's blood.

I know not what possessed me at this mo-

ment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he

But what was my peon about all this time?

He had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, he, poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle; but all the locks diseases than ripe berries and fruits, eat in ing to fire my double rifle; but all the locks have bolts which he did not understand, and proper quantities and at proper times. Unie could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that it was my only chance; so when he could do no good he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there, he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in auother direction that day. Well, some min-

utes passed thus. The tiger made no attempt to come at mer a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dy-ing. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his het breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed; but why did he not attack me? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his proy distinctly. Now, I was quite concealed by the date leaves; and while I

emained perfectly quiet, I still had a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless at my side, to attempt to oad it, would have been instant death. knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The termenting mosquetoes swarmed around my face, but I ared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours, that seemed years, rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hall the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger arose, sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe.-

Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wender that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before three o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

PRUSSIAN SYMPATHIES .- As an illustration of the nature of Prussian neutrality, the fol-lowing story is told. In the attack of the Mamelon, a Russian Colonel was slain in a hand-to-hand fight by a French officer, M. X.—, which latter, possessing himself of some letters and papers found upon the deceased, discovered, among others, one to his daughtbr in St. Petersburgh, announcing the receipt of a decoration from the King of Prussia, who had senta number, besides many snuff-boxes, by Count Studgardt, for distribution among the Russian officers engaged in the defence of Schastopol. This important document was immediately handed over to General Pelissier, who will, no doubt, know how to appreciate its contents.

THE SHANGHAI DRILL .- A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican at Old Point To Pasvent Metals from Rusting.—Melt together three parts of lard and one of rosin. A very thin coating will preserve Russia iron stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations. The effect is equally good on brass, copper steel, &c. The same compound forms an excellent water proof paste for leather. Boots, when treated with it, will soon after take the usual polish when blacked, and the soles may be saturated when blacked, and the soles may be saturated when blacked, and the soles may be saturated with it.

Locust Bires.—A man in Cleves, Chio, was lately stung by a locust. The effects are similar to those produced by the bite of a mad dog; the man has fits so violent that it takes five or six men to hold him in bed, and he has bitten his tongue into strings.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT.

It is difficult, during the sultry heats of mmer, to ascertain the best kinds of food the best, as well as a matter of taste, as in out of economy and neurishment. Beef enting is out of the question with the multitude, as the price is still so enormous, and although floor has declined considerably, it is sufficienttures to recommend several substitutes, and to give some seasonable hints, as follows :--Homony should have a high place on our list of edibles. It is one of the indispensibles on every Southern table. It comes upon the board as unfallingly at every meal as doos bread. When properly made and well cook-ed (it should be soaked before cooking, and then boiled from half an hour to an hour, ac-

cording to its coarseness) it is one of the best, most nutritious, and cheapest articles of hu-man food. Cracked wheat, catmeal mush, boiled rice, &c., should not be forgetten in Beans and peas should be more general! eaten than they are. They are exceedingly natritions, very palatable, and comparatively cheap. At present prices, a dollar's worth of beans or peas will yield of substantial nu-triment—of the muscle forming elements—at least aix times as much a dollar's worth of

potatoes. They may be either baked or stew-ed. In New England "pork and beans" hold a place of honor, but elsewhere in this country they are almost unknown. Leaving out the pork, nothing can be better. A little sait, with the addition of sweet milk, cream, or butter, while baking, leaves nothing to be

Good, ripe, mealy Irish potatoes are excel-lent, as also are sweet potatoes, and we would by no means exclude beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, etc., from our tables; but at present prices economy does not warrent their free ensumption by persons of moderate means, Let us hope that the crops of the present season will bring them again within our

We do not like the German's sauer krout, nor do we approve of vinegar and pepper as condiments, but we do like cabbage boiled by tself in pure water till it is cooked perfectly soft, and served up, adding a little salt, and perhaps a little butter. In this form it is ome and nutritive.

But nature indicates very plainly that berries and fruits should have a prominent place in our summer dictary. They are not only produced in abundance at this season, but him and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, and then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, but they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life rushed with distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable.

But what was my peen about all this time?

ripe fruit should be scrupulously avoided. That which is in any measure decayed scarcely less objectionable. Fruit and berries should not be considered as mere occasional luxuries. They should be eaten every day during the summer, and make part of alnost every meal. In the city most kinds are xpensive articles of diet, we admit. We are orry they are so. Still, we can better afford o cat them than meat, potatoes,, turnips, green, etc. In the country, where they abound, there is no excuse for neglecting them. Depend upon it, berri-s and fruits should enter largely into our summer diet.— Let them be ripe and fresh, and eaten, like everything else, with moderation, and you ed not fear the results.

To these hastily penned, but not unconsidd hints toward an answer to the question with which we commenced our article, we will add only a single remark, but a very important one. The waste of material in our systems being much less in summer than in winter, we require proportionally less food to supply the loss; so whatever you eat, do not eat too much !

A READY-WITTED MADMAN. - A gentleman y the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor mmates, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed: "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, he replied, "I am a double man; I am a Man by name and a man by nature," "Are you so?" re-joined the other; "why I am a man beside myself-so we two will nght you two."

LOANS FOR THE WAR .- In the present war in the East, the Sultan and his western friends have been put to some expense, as the following table indicates: British loans extraordinary, Turkish do 16,000,000

\$396,000,000 A pretty round sum for eighteen months'

A Few evenings since, a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be look-ing about her for a husband, was praying with ervency-"Oh, thou knowest what is the de sire of my heart!' si e exclaimed "A-m-a-n!' responded a brother, in a broal accent. It was wicked, but we are quite sure that several grave members smiled on the occa-

Lord Brougham hoped to see the day when very man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon. "It would be much more to the purpose," said Cobbett, "if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could eat bacon,"

A Gipsy Woman promised to show to two young ladies their husband's faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed. "Why, we only see our faces. "Well," said the gip-sy, "those faces will be your husbands' when

you are married." "What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school examination, chief use of bread," answered an urchin, ap-parently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on."

A Soldier on Trial for habitual drunken. ness was addressed by the President—"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defence?"—"Nothing, please your henor, but habitual thirst.