The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American.

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Orders solicited. 13. 1858 .- 6m

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Grease is recommended to the notice of goners. Livery Stable keepers, &c., as reason to anything of the kind ever in-As it does not gum upon the axles shadow of death had settled. h more durable, and is not affected by ner, remaining the same in summer at and put up in tin canisters at 375 and for sale by A. W. FISHER.

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KS! BLANKS! Mortgages, Bonds, Warrants s, Justices' and Constables

Original Poetry.

WHY DOST THOU STUUGGLE?

BY ECHO QUILLPEN.

Why dost thou struggle, lover. From early morn till night? Why is thy step so steady? Why seems thy heart so light? "Because there is a maiden

I love dear as my life, Who says when I am wealthy, She will then be my wife." Why dost thou struggle, husband?

Why face the blast and storm? Why bear the heats of summer? Why labors hard perform ? "Because I love my family-A wife and children dear:

They strew my path with blessings, And fill my bome with cheer. Why dost thou struggle, student !

Why burn the midnight oil? Why tax thy brain improdent? Why pale thy face with toil ? Because there is a temple

Where great men write their name, And all the world doth worship-I struggle hence for Fame.' Why dost thou struggle, miser ?

Why dig in dirt and dust? Why is thy face so callous? Why darkened with distrust? Because my soul is sordid-

My heart is base and cold : I seek for rust to hoard it-I worship nought but gold !" Why dost thou struggle, christian?

Why bear reproach and scorn? Why be so muck and gentle When probed by censure's thorn? "Because there is a heaven,

And Saviour there to love ; I reck not worldly glory-My treasure is above." August, 1858.

Select Cale.

THE BEST ORIGINAL STORY OF THE

THE KINLOCH ESTATE. AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

CHAPTER I. "Mildred, my daughter, I am faiot. Run and get me a glass of cordial from the baf-

The girl looked at her father as he sat in his bamboo chair on the piazza, his pipe jost with tropic suddeness. He left one child gone with consumption. "Twasn't a mite let fall on the floor, and his face covered with only, his daughter, Mildred, then just turned strange that little Mildred took to her so a deadly pallor. She ran for the cordial, and of eighteen; and as Mrs. Kinloch had only kindly; plenty of women could find ways to

"No, my dear, the spasm will pass off pre-But his face grew more ashy pale, and his jaw drooped.

"Dear father," said the frightened girl. 'what shall I do for you? Oh, dear, if mother were only at home, or Hugh, to run for the

"Mildred, my daughter," he gasped with difficulty, "the blacksmith,-send for Ralph Hardwick,-quick! In the about cabinet, middle drawer, you will find-God bless you, my daughter !- God bless"-The angels, only, heard the conclusion of he sentence; for the speaker, Walter Kinlock, was dead, summoned to the invisible world without a warning and with hardly a

But Mildred thought be had fainted, and, raising the window, called loudly for Lucy Ransom, the only female domestic then in the

Lucy, frightened out of her wits at the sud den call, came rushing to the piazza flat iron in hand, and stood riveted to the spot where she first saw the features on which the awful

Run for some water! Get me the smellingsalts!" Lucy attempted to obey all three orders at ice, and therefore did nothing.

Mildred held the duresisting hand. "It is warm," she said. "But the pulse,-I can't "Deary, no," said Lucy, 'you won't find it."

"Why, you don't mean""Yes, Mildred, he's dead !" And she let fall her flat-iron, and covered her face with But Mildred kept chafing her father's tem-

ples and hands,—calling piteously, in hopes to get an answer from the motionless lips.— Then she sank down at his feet, and clasped his knees in an agony of grief. A carrage stopped at the door, and a hasty

step came up the walk.
"Lucy Ransom," said Mrs Kinloch, (for t was she, just returned from her drive,) Lucy Ransom, what are you blubbering about? Here on the plazza, and with your flat-iron! What is the matter ?"

"Matter enough !" said Lucy. "See !- see Mr."—But the sobs were too frequent.— She became choked, and fell into an bysteri-

cal paroxysm. By this time Mrs. Kinloch, had stepped upon the piazza, and saw the dropping head, the dangling arms, and the changed face of "Dead! dead!" she exclamed. "My God! what has happened? Mildred, who was with him? Was the doctor sent for? or Squire Clamp? or Mr Rook?— suppressed tones; their countenances were What did he say to you, dear?" And she as sad as their garments. All this was terrived to lift the subbing child, who still clang rible to the impressible, imaginative, and

climbed for a kiss.
"Ok, mother? is he dead?—no life left," 'Calm yourself, my dear child," said Mrs. inloch. "Tell me, did he say anything?"
Mildred replied, "He was faint, and before I could give him the cordial be had asked for he was almost gone "The blacksmith," he said, 'send for Ralph Hardwick'; then he said something of the ebony cabinet, but could not speak the words which were on his lips. She ald say no more, but gave way to uncontrol-

lable tears and sobs.

By this time, Kinloch's son, Hugh Branning, who had been to the stable with the horse and carriage, came whistling through the yard, and cutting off weeds or twigs along

the path with sharp cuts of his whip.
"Which way is the wind now?" said he, as he approached; "the governor asleep, Mildred crying, and you scolding, mother?" In a moment however, the sight of the ghastly face transfixed the thoughtless youth, as it had done his mother; and dropping hi whip, he stood silent, awe-struck, in the presence of the dead.

"Hugh," said Mrs. Kinloch, speaking in a a very quiet tone, "go and tell Squire Clamp

On the village green the boys were playing a grand game of "round-ball," for it was a bell were heard, and we stopped to listen.—
Was it a fire? No, the ringing was not vehement enough. A meeting of the church? In a moment we should know. As the bell ceased, we looked up to the white taper spire to catch the next sound. One stroke. It was the liquidation of his debts. She had only pirate, and the easy manners which travel always gives to observant and sensible men.

But his rather stately carriage produced no envy or ill-will among his number neighbors, for his superiority was never questioned.

Men bowed to him with honest good will, and boys, who had been flogged at school for confounding Congo and Coromandel, and putawkward obeisance and stared wonderingly, as they met the man who had actually sailed round the world, and had in his own person.

At this period Walter Kinloch's wife died, ver. Curious vases adorned the hall and sideboard; and numberless faint trinkets, whose use the villagers could not even ima.

Mrs Greenfield, the doctor's wife, admitgine, gave to the richly furnished rooms an air of Oriental magnificence. Tropical birds sang or chattered in cages, and a learned but lawiess parrot talked, swore, or made mischief land's sakes! he, with his mint o' money.

"Oh ho!" said Mr. Clamp, "that is it?—
"Well, you are a sagacious woman,"—looking up, used to good company, and all that; but, lawiess parrot talked, swore, or made mischief land's sakes! he, with his mint o' money.

"I can see through a millstone, when there

styles and patterns.
so, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing descriptions. Boots and Shoes, Hats and "Shan't I go for the doctor, father?" she girl would seem to be well provided for.—
a chance to please themselves." Mildred was sweet-tempered, and her step

mother had hitherto been discreet and kind. had caused. Administration was granted to the widow, conjointly with Equire Clamp, the lawyer, and the latter was appointed guardian for Mildred during her mi-

Squire Clamp was an ill-favored man, heavy browed and bald, and with a look which, in a person of less consequence, would have been silenced. He was the town's only lawyer. (a quetly manage to receive fees for advice from | to render herself agreeable. both parties in a controversy. He made before come into his hands.

If Squire Clamb's reputation for shrewdwould have been of questionable character ; grity. If there was any suspici kept close, not bruited abroad.

He was now an almost daily visiter at the business that required the constant attention of a legal adviser? The settlement of the were no debts. There was but one child, dower, the estate was Mildred's. Nothing, therefore, could be simpler for the administrators. The girl trusted to the good faith of her step-mother, and the justice of the lawyer, who now stood to her in the place of a father. She was an orphas, and her innocence and childlike dependence would doubtless be sufficient spur to the consciences of thought at all,-and so all charitable people

were bound to think. How wearily the days passed during the month after the funeral! The shadow of death seemed to darken everything. Doors creaked dismally when they were opened. The room where the body had been laid, seemed to have grown a century older than the other parts of the once bright and cheerful house,-its atmosphere was so stagnant and full of mould. The family spoke only in tried to lift the subbing child, who still clung rible to the impressible, imaginative, and to the stiffenine kness where she had so often naturally buoyant temper of Mildred. It climbed for a kiss. cried out for very loneliness. She must do something to take her wind out of the sunless vault,-she must resume her relatious with the dwellers in the upper air. All at once she thought of her father's last words-of Ralph Hardwick, and the ebony cabinet. It was in the next room. She opened the presence in the silent space. She could hear dignity of navy her own heart best between the tickings of cap and sword. the great Dutch clock, as she stepped across the floor. How still was everything! The air tingled in her ears as though now dis-

She opened the cabinet, which was not looked, and pulled out the middle drawer. She found nothing but a dried rose-bad and a lock of sunny heir wrapped in a piece of yellowed paper. Was it her mother's hair? As Mi dred remembered her mother, the color of her hair was dark, not golden. Still it might have been cut in youth, before its hue had deepened. And what a world of mystery, of feeling, of associations there was in that scentless and withered rose bad! What fair hand had first plucked it? What edge did it carry? Was the subtile aroma ting.

"It is merely a legal form, embracing the items which you gave to me; it must be returned at the next Probate term."

Mrs. Kinloch took the paper and glanced over it.

"This statement must be sworn to, Mrs. Kinloch."

"By you?"

"We are joined in the administration, and both must awar to it."

There was a panse. Mrs. Kinloch, resting the hands on her kees, torsed the hem of her dress with her foot, as though meditating. turbed for the first time.

In a few minutes the dead body was carried | of love ever blended with its fragrance? Had | In a few minutes the dead body was carried into the house by George, the Asiatic servant aided by a villager who happened to pass by Squire Clamp, the lawyer of the town, came and had a conference with Mrs. Kinloch, repecting the funeral. Neighbors came to offer sympathy, and aid, if need should be.—
Then the house was put in order, and crape hung on the door handle. The family were alone with their dead.

On the village green the boys were playing the funeral of the pass by the family were alone with their dead.

On the village green the boys were playing the funeral of love ever blended with its fragrance? Had her father borne it with him in his wanderings? The secret was in his coffin. The struggling lips could not utter it before they were stiffened into marble. Yet she could not believe that these relies were the sole things to which he had referred. There must have been something that more nearly concerned her—something in which the black-smith or his nephew was interested. CHAPTER II.

In order to show the position of Mrs. bal holiday. The clear, silvery tones of the Kinloch and her son, in our story, it will be

a death, then,—and of a man. We listened one child, Hugh, to support; but in a counfor the age tolled from the belfry. Fifty-five.
Who had departed? The sexton crossel the man can do to earn a livelihood; and she green on his way to the shop to make the coffin, and informed us. Our buts and balls had lost their interest for us; we did not even ask our tallyman, who cut noches for us seldom used in Innisfield.) she would often on a stick how the game stood. For Squire
Walter Kinloch, was the most considerable
man in the village in Innisfield. Without
being highly educated, he was a man of reading and intelligence. In early life he amassed a fortune in the China trade, and with it
he had brought back a deeply bronzed complection, a scar from the creeze of a Malay
pirate, and the easy manners which travel always gives to observant and sensible men.—

ting Borneo in the Bight of Benin, made an erry, was yet far distant, she managed to

distrated the experiment of walking with his head downwards among the antipodes.—
His house had no rival in the country round, and his garden was considered a miracle of the urgent request of the widower, remained and his garden was considered a miracle of art, having in popular belief, all the fruits, flowers, and shrubs that had been known from the days of Solomon to those of Linneus.

Prodigious stories were told of his hoard of gold, and some of the less enlightened thought that even the outlandish ornaments of the bolustrade over the portice were carven sil-

lawless parrot talked, swore, or made mischief as he chose. The tawny servant, George as he chose. The tawny servant, George hands of the Pacific, completed his claims is on the administration of the untraveled.

He was just ready to enjoy the evening of life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of consecution of the untraveled.

The was just ready to enjoy the evening of life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of consecution of the untraveled.

The was just ready to enjoy the evening of life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of death closed upon him life when the night of consecution of the untraveled.

The was just ready to enjoy the evening of life when the night of death closed upon him life when th

one son to claim her affection, the motherless please a child, if so he they could have such The general opinion seemed to be that The faneral was over, and the townspeople | she could get him : but that as to his intenrecovered from the shock which the sudgen tions, the matter was quite doubtful. Nevertheless, after being talked about for a year, the parties were duly published, married, and

settled down into the quiet routine of country Doubtless the accident of daily contact was the secret of the match Had Mrs. Branning been living in her own poorly-furnished house, Mr. Kinloch would hardly have called "hang-dog,"—owing partly, no doubt, thought of going to seek her. But as mis-to the tribulation he had suffered from his tress of his establishment she had an oppor vixen spouse, whose tongue was now happily | tunity to display her house-wifely qualities. as well as to practise those nameless arts by fortunate circumstance,) so that he could fre. which almost any clever woman knows how

The first favorable impression deepened, all the wills, deeds and contracts, and settled until the widower came to believe that the all the estates he could get held of. But no whole parish did not contain so proper a such prize as the Kinloch, property had ever person to be the successor of Mrs. Kinloch, as his bousekeeper. Their union, though childless, was as happy as common; there the chair tipped over." ness had belonged to an irreligious man, it was nothing of the romance of a first attachment,-little of the tenderness that springs but as he was a zealous member of the church from fresh sensibilities, for she at least was did? You were trying to peep ever the door. "Rub his hands, Lucy!" said Meldrid, he was protected from assaults upon his inte- of a matter-of fact turn. But there was a Go to the kitchen ! If there was any suspicions they were constant and hearty good feeling, resulting

from mutual kindness and deference If the step-mother made any difference widow Kinloch's. What was the intricate her treatment of the two children, it was in favor of the gentle Mildred. And though the Squire naturally felt more affection for estate so far as the world knew, was an easy his motherless daughter, yet he was proud collect. matter. The property consisted of the dwel. of his step-son, gave him the advantages of ling-bouse, a small tract of land near the vil. | the best schools, and afterwards sent him for | again lage, a manufactory at the dam, by the side a year to college. But the lad's spirits were of Ralph Hardwick's blacksmith's shop, and too buoyant for the sober notions of the money, plate furniture, and stocks. There Faculty. He was king in the gymnasium, and was minutely learned in the natural his and, after the assignment of the widow's tory and betany of the neighborhood; at least, he knew all the haunts of birds, rabbits, and squirrels, as well as the choicest orchards of fruit.

After repeated admonitions without effect. a letter was addressed to his step-father by vote at a Faculty-meeting. A damsel at service in the President's house overheard the discussion, and found means to warn the her protectors. So the girl thought, if she young delinquent of his danger; for she, as well as most people who came within the fairly bridled and saddled him, so that he was sphere of his attraction, felt kindly toward driven he knew not whither.

The stage-coach that conveyed the next morning's mail to Innisfield, carried Hugh Branning as a passenger. Alighting at the in the well known hand of the President, pocketed it, and returned by the next stage as we may sell the property, we shall want to o college. This prank only moved the Squire to mirth, when he heard of it. He knew that Hugh was a lad of spirit,-that in scholarship he was by do means a dunce; and as long as there was no positive tendency to vice, he thought but lightly of his boyish peccadilloes. But it was impossible for such rregularities to continue, and after a while Mr. Kinloch vielded to his step-son's request and took him home.

Next year it was thought best that the young man should go to sea, and a midship man's commission was procured for him. Now, for the second time, after an absence of three years, Hugh was at home in all the dignity of navy blue, anchor buttons, glazed CHAPTER III.

"I have brought you the statement of the property, Mrs. Kinloch," said Mr. Clamp. It is merely a legal form, embracing the

"I shall of course readily make oath to the schedule," he continued,—"at least after you have done so; for I have no personal knowledge of the effects of the deceased." His manner was decorous, but he regarded

her keenly. She changed the subject. "People seem to think I have a mint it the house; and such bills as come in! Saw in, the cabinet-maker, has sent his to-day, as soon as my husband is fairly under ground; forty dollars for a cherry coffin. which he made in one day. Cleaver the butcher, too, has sent a bill running back for five years or more. Now I know that Mr. Kinloch never had an ounce of mest from him that he didn't

cheat the widow"----

mperturbable. "We must begin to collect what is due," she continued.

"Did you refer to the notes from Ploughman?" asked Mr. Clump "He is perfectly good; and he will pay the interest till we

want to use the money."
"I wasn't thinking of Ploughman," she replied, "but of Mark Davenport, Uccle Rulph Hardwick's nephew. They say he is a teacher in one of the fashionable schools in New York, -and he must be able to pay if he's ever going to." "Well, when he comes on here, I will pre-

sent the notes." "But I don't intend to wait till be comes; where he is 7"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but that course And each, as hand on high he raise will necessarily be attended with some ex-

"I choose to have it done," said Mrs. Kin-loch, decisively. "Mildred, who has always been foolishly partial to the young upstart, insists that her father intended to give up the notes to Mark, and she thinks that was what he wanted to send for Uncle Ralph about, just before he died. I don't believe it, and I don't intend to fling away my money upon such folks."

"You are quite right, ma'am," said the lawyer. The inconsiderate generosity of whose image never may depart, school-children would be a poor basis for the Deep graven on this grateful heart, transactions of business."

"And besides," continued Mrs. Kinloch, "I want the young man to remember the blacksmith's shop that be came from, and get over his ridiculous notion of looking up to our "Oh ho !" said Mr. Clamp, "that is it ?-

"I can see through a millstone, when there | And laid a hand upon his sword,

And Mr. Clamp rolled up his eyes, interlocking his fingers, as he was wont when at

church-meeting he rose to exhort. "I don't pretend to be a judge of doctrine Mrs. Branning would marry the Squire, if dow; "but Mr. Rook says that Torchlight is a dangerous man, and will lead the churches off into infidelity."

"Yes, Mrs Kinloch, the free-thinking o this age is the fruitful parent of all evil-of Mormonism, Unitarianism, Spirtualism, and Though the "Cable" has brought us intelliof all those forms of error which seek to over-

There was a crash in the china closet .-Mrs. Kinloch, went to the door, and leading out Lucy Ranson, the maid, by the ear, exclaimed, "You hussy what were you there for 'Il teach you to be listening about in closets,

"Quit!" cried Lucy. "I didn't mean to feet deep, and the river two hundred yards listen. I was there 'rubbin' the silver for wide. They were not resisted in their course for I was afeard."

What made the smash, then ?" demanded I was settin' things on the top shelf, and

Don't make it worse by fibbing! If that how came the chair to tip the way it

Lucy went out with fallen plumes. Mr. Clamp took his hat to go also. Don't go till I get you the notes," said

As she brought them, he said, "I will send these by the next mail, with instructions to

'Mr. Clamp, did you ever look over the deed of the land we own about the dam where the mili stands?" "No, ma'am, I have never seen it."

"I wish you would have the land surveyed ecording to this title," she said. privately, you know. Just have the line run and let me know about it. Perhaps it will be as well to send over to Riverbank and get Gonter to do it; he will keep quiet about

Mr. Clamp stood still a moment. Here was a woman whom he was expecting to lead like a child, but who on the other hand had "Why do you propose this, may I ask

Mrs. Kinloch ?" "Oh, I have heard," she replied, carelessly that there was some error in the surveys,-Mr. Kinloch often talked of having it cor rected, but, like most men, put it off. know what we have got."

"Certainly, Mrs. Kinloch, I will follow our prudent suggestions,"-adding to bin self, as he walked away, "I shall have to be tolerably shrewd to get ahead of that woman. I wonder what she is driving at."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RAPID DECREASE OF VOTES .- At the recent election in Kansas, the Oxford precinct, which, when Caudlebox Calhean had the footing of the returns, gave nearly eighteen hun-

dred votes, stood as follows; For the English Bill, Total.

This is an unhealthy season in Kansas; but

this astonishing mortality, is unparalleled.-Shawnee, which gave eight hundred majority at Calboun's command, only a year ago, now foots up thus : For the English Bill,

Here is a decrease that needs explanation We believe it was Bigler who demonstrated in the Senate that Oxford and Shawnee real ly polled a bong fide vote of 2600 between them. He can amuse the Senate next winte by showing some cause for the rapid diminu-

Against

Poetry.

THE TOAST.

MY SIR WALTER SCOTT. The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine In lordly cup is seen to all no Before each eager guest, And silence fills the crowded hall, As deep as when the herald's call

Thrills in the royal breast. pay for. If they all go on in this way, I had smiling cried, "A toast! a toast! And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!

To all our ladies fair, "And orphan," interposed Mr. Clamp.

She looked at him quietly; but he was presturbable.

Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—

The Lady Gaudamere." Then to his feet, each gallant sprung, And joyous was the shout that rung As Stanley gave the word : And every cup was raised on high, Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,

Till Stanley's voice was heard. "Enough, enough," he smiling said, And lowly bent his haughty head, "That all may have his due, Now each in turn must play his part, And pledge the lady of his heart, Like gallant knight and true !"

Then one by one, each guest sprang up, can't you send the demands to a lawyer And drained in turn the brimming cup, where he is?"

And named the loved one's name; And each, as hand on high he raised,

Her constancy and fame. Tis now Tt. Leon's turn to rise: On him are fixed those contless eyes -A gallant knight is he; Envied by some, admired by all; Far-famed in ladies' bower and hall, The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye, And lifts the sparkling cup on high; "I drink to one," he said, "Till memery be dead."

"To one whose love for me shall last When lighter passions long have passed. So boly 'tis and true ; To one whose love bath longer dwelt, More deeply fixed, more keenly felt, Than any pledged by you!

Each guest up-started at the word, With fury-flashing eye; — And Stanley said: "We crave the name, Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,

Thus light to another. Then bent his noble head as though To give that name the reverence due, And gently said, "MY Мотиви."

Miscellancous

gence of peace in China, the advices by mail bring intelligence down only to the advance upon Pekin. The Allies were six days advancing from the mouth of the Peiho river to Tien-tain eighty miles from Pekin. The Peiho was found to be a very crooked river, turning and winding at acute angles, but the (giving the ear a fresh tweak,) "you eaves steamers towed up the force without much trouble, the water being from ten to forty you come. Then I didn't wanter come out and the shores were lined with spectators of their progress. Some brought eatile and poultry as presents. Tien-tain is said to have lost considerable of its commercial importance. The city itself, situated on the angle between the grand canal and river, is only a square of about one mile on each face -a collection of mean one-storied houses. intersected at right angles by two good streets the rest a miserable collection of lanes and kovels; walls in perfect ruins. But there are proofs of a great business being done there, in grain and merchandize, with the ieterior. The French and English Ambassadors reside in a temple opposite the city and commanding a fine view around. They were visited by two Imperial Commissioners, and the treaty of peace followed this conference. The prospects of trade, now that the war is over are discussed. A correspondent of the London Times, writing from the Pechelli Gulf, says the imports at first will mainly consist of rice, wheat oil cake and flour, cotton of a coarse description and cheap, like American drills; woollen cloth and flannel camlets, hardware and glass, besides articles of luxury, whether for eating, wearing or domestic purposes; the exports, metals, wool hides, flax, tallow, and wood fit for spars or building.

> THE ATLANTIC CARLE .- The following brief but comprehensive depact plan of the Sub marine Cable, will be read with interest at

The central conducting wire is a strand made up of seven wires of the purest copper, of the gauge known in the trade as No. The strand itself is about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and is formed of one straightly drawn wire, with six others twisted around it; this is accomplished by the central wire being dragged from a drum, through hole in a horizontal table, while the table itself revolves rapidly under the impulse of steam, carrying near its circumference six reels or drains, each armed with copper wire. Every drum revolves upon its own horizon tal unis, and so delivers its wire as it turns. The twisted form of conducting wire was first adopted for the rope laid across the St. Luwrence in 1856, and was employed with a view to the reduction to the lowest possible amount of the chance of continuity being destroyed in the circuit. It is improbable in the highest degree that a fracture could be accidentally produced at precisely the same spot in more than one of the wires of this twisted strand. All the seven wires might be broken at different parts of the trand, even some bundreds of times, and yet its capacity for the transmission of the elecin any inconvenient degree. The copper used in the formation of these wires is aseayed from time to time during the manufac-ture, to insure absolute homogeneity and purity. The strand itself, when subjected to atrain, will stretch twenty per cent. of its length without giving way, and, indeed, with-out having its electricity-conducting power much modified or impaired.

A HIGH RENT. - A hole

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF GRAPES,-We saw yesterday an extraordinary production of grapes, consisting of a single bunch, or rather a series of bunches, or sub divisions on the same stem, weighing 71 bs. and measuring two feet across in each diameter, and two feet deep, and occupying a box of eight cubic feet. It was raised near Bordentown, New Jersey, at the country residence of Goo. Childs, Esq., of the well known publishing house of Childs. & Peterson, and presented to him by A. J. Drezel, Esq., the banker. The growth was of the variety known as the Palestine grape, and this, we understand, was the first bearing of the vine. If this is a specimen of the production in the land to which it is indigenous.

it folly accounts for the representations that we sometimes see in scriptural illustrations of men with poles upon their shoulders, bearing enormous bunches of grapes between them. A variety like this is worth the culti-vation. We suppose that there was from fif-teen hundred to two thousand berries upon the bunch. Our citizens can have an oppor-tunity of seeing this remarkable bunch of grapes at 1019 Chesnut street, where Mr. Drexel has placed it as a curiosity worthy of o' a place by the side of the century plant of Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, which has been on exhi-

bition for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association. Another remarkable vegetable production shown to us was an ear of corn, fourteen inches long, and 75 inches in circumference, containing sixteen distinct rows of corn, fiftyfive grains in a row, or 880 grains on the cob.
This corn was raised on the farm of Henry
Grambe, Esq. Cashier of the Commonwealth
Bank, on the Delaware river, two miles above Bristol. It is a fair sample, we are told, of ten acres, and is certainly a very extraordina-yield, compared with the general growth of corn this season. The s ed of this corn will be for sale by Mr. Jas. Daniels, 805 Market street.—Public Ledger.

NEWSPAPER CONSOLIDATION -The Harris ourg Patriot and Union and the Keystone have been united, and will be henceforth published as one paper, under the name of the former, and under the joint proprietor-ship of Messrs. O. Barrett and R. J. Haldeman. Mr. Haldeman takes charge of the

editorial department. The new firm have also purchased the Daily Herald establishment, with the intention of commencing the publication of a daily paper in connection with their weekly. On the first of next month, the Herald will be discontinued, and in its place the Daily Patriot and Union will be issued. We wish our editorial friends success in their new and, we think, advantageous association.

RAPIDITY OF COMMUNICATION BY THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.-The New York Tribune states (open what authority, does not appear) that the instruments now in use at Trinity Eav and Valencia, record words at the rate of two per minute. Prof. Morse's estimate of the power of the Atlantic Telegraph was that it would be easy to telegraph from Ireland to Newfoundland at the speed of at least eight or ten words per minute, which may be the case when the most perfect apparatus is employed at both end

INTERESTING FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY .t is stated upon the authority of those who have heard it, that a cut when her tail is pinched between a door and post utters the owels a, e, i, o, u, with great distinctness .-If the injury be prolonged, she gives to, and w

umorous

AN IRISHMAN IN COURT. - During a session of the circuit court at Lynchburg an Irishman was indicted for stabbing another on the canal and the only witness was Dennis O'Brine who was required to enter bonds for his appearance at the next court. The recognizance was read in the usual form :

"You acklowledge yourself indebted to the commonwealth of Virginia in the sum of \$200. Dennis-"I don't owe her a cent sir." As soon as the clerk recovered from his amusement at the answer he explained the meaning of the form and read it over again Dennis-"I tell ye I don't owe her a cent.

Its more money nor I ever saw, nor my father before me At this stage of matters a prother of Den . nis interferred, and said :

"Ye must jest say it, Dennis; it's one of the forms of the law." Dennis-"But I won't. I'm a decent, honest man, what pays my debts, and I'll spake the truth, and the divil may drink all my whisky for a month if I say I owe anybody a

cent. Now cheat me if you can." RowLAND HILL, was always annoyed when there happend to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything happened to divert the attestion of his hearers from what he was say-On one occasion, a few days before his death he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you." A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Hill, in

reply, said : No, si, it arn't the devil as is doing i ; it's a fat lady wot's fainted as don't seem likely to come to again in a herry. "Ob, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon-and the devil's too.

A HARD NUT FOR PRESTICE .- Frem the subjoined jeu d'esprit it may be inferred that the Boston Post is not very friendly to the editor of the Louisville Jentual : Prentice has tried how aptly and well be

Could ratile his jokes on poor Monsheur But an older French gentleman seems more fit And natural butt of Prentice's wit. "For"-says Old Hunz, whose tongu-

no corb on, Haso't Prentice, for years, be Old Bourbon ?" THE Riviers and Blout affair h

ed upon by the Boston Post: "Your daughter sal be lady of vot Dat's me-vit all my love eten. Said Monsieur Riva-yare to Ma "You lie you scamp," roars

Colonel :-"You're but an unpaid bala MA man being assured the as be had a cousin in I