The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 12, NO. 8.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

OLD SERIES, VOL 19. NO 34

The Sunbury American. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. M AER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half year in advance. No paren discontinued until all arrearages TO CLUBS:

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

rostmasters will please set as our Agents, and frank
etters containing subscription money. They are permit
at to do this under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One Square of 12 innes 2 times, 25

Svery subsequent insertion, 25

One Square, 3 months, 500

Six months, 500

One year, 800

Business Cards or Five lines, per sumum, 200

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly.

The Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING. We have connected with our establishment a well se-lected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUMBURY, PA.

Rusiness attended to in the Counties of Nor humberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia: Hon. Job R. Tyson, J. P. SHINDEL GOBIN-GEORGE HILL.

HILL & GOBIN, Attorneys at Law

SUNBURY, PA. AVING associated themselves together for the practice of Law, all business in this and adjuining counties, entrusted in their charge will be attended to with fidelity and despatch. Office North side of Market Square; a few doors east of the Court House.

Cer Counsel given in the German language.

Sunbary, April 30, 1859 .-

BLANKS! BLANKS!! A new supply of Summons', Executions, Warrants, Supernas, Deeds, Mortgages, Honds. Leases, Naturalization papers, Justices and Constables Fee Bills, &c., &c., just printed and for sale at this Office. Sunbury, April 30, 1859.

HIDE, OIL & LEATHER STORE D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS, No. 31 South Third Street, between Market and Chesnut Streets, PHILADELPHIA,

POR sale Spanish Hides, Dried and salted; Dry and Green Salted Patan Kopas, TANNERS' OH, TANNERS' AND CURRIERS' TOOLS, and general assurtment of Leather, Finished and in the Rough. ALSO RED SOLE LEATHER.

all of which will be sold low for Cash, or the usual Credit.

(**P All kinds of Leather in the Rough wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, in easi, or taken in exclauge for Hides.

Leather Started free of Churge, and Sold on Commission. Philadelphia, July 3, 1838.—19

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!! UST received by A. W. FISHER, at his

Drug Store, Sunbury, Pa., SCOOPS, SHOVELS, FORKS, LOG-CHAINS, MILL SAWS, CROSS-CUT SAWS.

Also, Screws, Butts, Door Knobs, Thumb Lutches, and all hardware necessary for building. A splendid 1st of pocket and table cutlery, Scissors, German Silver Spoons.

Looking Glasses. A. W. FISHER.

Sunbury, July 17, 1858 .-

PATENT WHEEL GREASE, FINIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Wagoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being Surruson to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles is much more durable, and is not affected by he weather remaining the same in summer af To winter, and put up in tin canisters at 375 and A. W. FISHER. 75 cents, for sale by

GILBERT BULSON,

Successon To J O CAMPBELL & CO., AND L. C. IVES, (Formerly No. 15 North Wharves.) DEALER IN PRODUCE, PRUIT AND VE-GETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door Market street, Philadelphia.

Oranges, Apples, Dried Fruits Lemons, Onions, Mercer Potate Mercer Potatoes, Cheese Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Beans, Pea Nuts, Peaches, Cranberries Eggs, &c. Orhers for Shipping put up with care and dis-

GOODS sold on commission for Farmers October 24, 1857.

SOLOMON B. BOYER. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Market street, opposite Weaver's Hotel,

SUNBURY, PA. Collections attended to in Northumberland and adjoining Counties. Is acquainted with the german language.

H. J. Wolverton, Esq., Sunbury, Pa., Geo. F. Miller, Esq., Lewisburg, Pa. J. H. Ziegenfus, Philadelphia, Pa. Benjamin Kamerer. Sunbury, Aug. 14, 1858 .- 1y.

Blacksmithing. JAMES F. DEEN.

SUNBURY, PA., RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has commenced the above business in Sunbury, and is prepared to do all kinds of black-emithing to order, including horseshoeing in the

He will also put up iron railing in the most approved style and pattern. Country produce taken in exchange.

Sunbury, Oct. 16, 1858 .-- uf

FURNITURE POLISH. 8. RAE'S Premium Patent Enamel Furniture Polish.—This polish is highly valuable for resto ring the polish on all kinds of Furniture, Glass, Carriage Bodies, Hair Cloth, &c. Also, for removing spots, hiding scratches, &c., &c. War-ranted to dry immediately and retain its gloss.—

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by A. W. FISHER. July 17, 1858.

DICKLES of various kinds, Lobsters, Sardines, &c., &c., just received and for sale the DrugStore of A. W.FISHER Sunbury, August, 1857 .- ly

LAND WARRANTS.—The highest price will be given for Land Warrants bythe sub

Select Poetry.

THE FISHER.

RANSLATED FROM GORTHE BY THEODORE MARTIN The water rushed and bubbled by, An angler near it lay, And watch'd his quill with tranquil eye

Upon the current play.

And as he sits in wasteful dream

He sees the flood unclose,

And from the middle of the stream

A river maiden rose. She sang to him with witching wile, "My brood why wilt thou snare With human craft and human guile, To die in scorching air ?
Ah! did'st thou know how happy we,

Who dwell in waters clear, Thou would'st come down at once to me And rest for ever bere. "The sun and layde-moon they lave

Their tresses in the main :

And breathing freshness form the wave, Come doubly bright again. The deep blue sky so moist and clear, Hatb it for thee no lure ! Does thine own face not woo thee down

Upon our waters pure ?" The water rush'd and bubbled by, It lapp'd his naked feet; He thrill'd as though he felt the touch

Of maiden kisses sweet. She spoke to him, she sang to him— Resistless was her strain— Half-drawn, she sank beneath the wave, And ne'er was seen again.

Select Tale.

NOT MARRIED FOR LOVE.

"And so you are married, Melvil! Rather rapid proceeding for a corate just ordained. By the by, did you not say you were married before you were ordained?"

"Yes, before I took my degree."

"I would have kept you out of that felly, if I had been at hand, at any rate. And, of

course, you are as poor as church mice?"
"As poor as church mice—not a doubt about that;" and the young clergyman glanced round his little cottage study, which glanced round his little cottage study, wanted was luxuriously furnished with two cane chairs, and a low-railed chair, cushioned with delights, like other pretty villages; and one of the most serious of these was a tendency of the most serious of these was a tendency pation, a stained deal-table, and heaps of books piled on shelves fitted into the walls. It was summer time, and as the window was open to the lawn, with a framework of creepers all round it, and the sun shining in, it did not look so very disconsolate as might have been supposed. Mr. Melvil had often thought it a happy retreat before; but he fancied it poverty-stricken now, because his wealthy

nothing better. ironically.

two, and then said, confusedly, "Not married for love, yet so indiscreetly tied up! How was it then, pray?"

"I'll tell you-it was for pity. "Could not have been a worse motive ; but that's, by the way-go on." "You remember Sandys, our tutor."

"Yes-good fellow,"
"Too good by half He provided for everybody but his own family, as if he meant to live forever; then at the most inconvenient A large stock of Looking Glasses, received and season possible he died, and his income died with him. There was the widow and the two boys, and there was Clary-you recollect

"Yes; the wild little gipsy! but you surely did not marry her?"

"Yes; Clary is my wife." "Why, she must have been a baby?" She was sixteen within a few weeks after we were married. You see, the little thing came to me crying, and saying that she was to be sent to some horrid school, where she did not want to go-"

"I perceive; and you, being soft-hearted. invited her to become your wife on the spot." "Precisely so."
"And she, blushing celestial rosy red, an-

wered that she would be very glad !" "Mamma consented promptly, and the sa-I never was in love with her. Is it not that of Clary except as a child, until pity for ber

of matrimony If Mr. Melvil and his friend had been quick-eared, or rather less absorbed, they might have heard a light-step crossing the turf as they talked together, and retreating fast-fast as the last words were spoken. It either the approach or the flight, and they went on talking quite composedly.

Benham offered me his London curacy but Clary bates London, so I took this, and

"And how many more by and by ?" insinuated Mr. Warenne, spitefully. Just in time to prevent a reply, the treasure of an Irish servant opened the studydoor, and announced in her rich brogue, Plase, Sir, t'tay's ready in t'drawing-room,

an't' miss s waiting."
"Come along, then, Warenne. I wonder whether Clary will recognise you." The two gentlemen crossed the passage the opposite parlor, which Nors agnified as the "dbrawing room," and found the young

mistress of the house seated before the tray. prettily dressed in a clear blue muslin, with her soft, brown bair flowing in wavy curls, and with a smile on her rosy mouth-the little hypocrite! Her heart was fit to break under that gently swelling boddice, where she had so daintily fastened a cluster of George's favorite flowers. She had attired herself in her best to do her husband's friend honor, and as Mr. Warenne shook hands and received the welcome of an old acquaintance, he thought in his own mird that-the indiscretion of the marriage apart—she was as comfortable a little wife as a man need desire to possess. She was not exactly pretty, but she looked very nice and lovable; ber skin was so clear, her complexion so pure, her finger so girlish and graceful.— Then all her mays were quiet and gentle; she had affectionate eyes, and an expression

not in love with his wife, Mr. Warenne would never have discovered it, for the curate was assiduous in his attentions to her as if

Hark, how the lines limp! I wonder how the devotion, and patience of that time will never escape Georgie's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial," he would possibly

these were their courting days.

Clary gave no sign that anything had happened to grieve her; but she was relieved when ten was over, and George went out with Mr. Warenne to show him the village, which was considered pretty by strangers, and which had been beaven to her. She had been very happy with her young husband, and had found nothing wanting to her con-tent; but now, as the two walked away through the garden, she stood watching them blind as not to see that it was a sacrifice and

that she could only fret and disturb his peace by betraying what she had accidentally overheard; so she kept it to herself, and only tried to make him love her better. "Though he does not love me, I know he would miss me and be very sorry if I were gone," she said in her heart; and after a while the sore pain that first stab had given her had passed away, and the same bright face smiled by his hearth, the same lighttripping feet went by his side, and the same affectionate sanshine filled his house as here-

There was plenty of work in his parish for Mr. Melvil, for his rector was rarely at home; but the young clergyman took a conscientious view of his post, and did his atmost. Clary was a great help to him. The cottagers liked her, and the school-children liked her. The people, and the squire at the head of them, said the Melvils were an acquisition to the parish, and ly g might they stay there ! The young wife, especially, was beloved those who were in trouble said she seemed to know how to talk to them about faith, patience and comfort, better than the curate bimself, though what trials could she have known at her age ?

In the village there were many ladies, single and double, portionless and well dow-ered, pretty and plain, but among the whole troop, had the curate been free to choose, he

to low fever when the spring season had been unusually damp.

flowed in the rains, and when it retired to its bed, left behind a deposit that bred pestilential vapors that poisoned the lives of the people. The curate's cottage stood high, and out of the influence of the baleful exhalations; but his duties carried him to and fro college friend seemed to pity him for having among the poor, and exposed him daily to "Married for love?" suggested his friend, him evade these duties, heavier at this sea-The curate contemplated the threadbare nees of his black trousers for a minute or knees of his black trousers for a minute or that she should stay at home; and Clary stayed, like the obedient little wife she was. instead of being foolishly heroic, and adding to his inevitable anxieties.

But Clary watched him with furtive tenderness all the time, and was ever ready with dry clothing and warm slippers when he returned home, to spare him the risk of cold, But what was to be came to pass for all her love and all her care!

One steamy April night, after a long and fatiguing afternoon on the Marsh, as the lower part of Greenfield was called, the curate came home, ready to sink with weariuess, and complaining of a pain in his head and sickness. Clary stole out of the room, and dispatched the Irish treasure to summon the doctor. When the doctor came he or-dered George to bed, and said he hoped to set him up again in a few days. But, instead of improving. George grew worse; the fever ravaged his frame terribly, and he was delirious day after day. This went on to the climax of the disorder, and then it took a favorable turn; but a long season of uselessness and inaction lay before the curate. He must leave Greenfield for sea-air, and lie by for mouths. Meanwhile his absence must be supplied by another clergyman.

These inevitable musts, so trivial to other "Mamma consented promptly, and the sa-crifice was accomplished," said the curste, in and simply a sentence of destitution to the mock heroic style. "Clary is a good girl, but Melvils. George wanted to stay at home, and get occasional help from his neighboring sagacious worthy Sir Thomas Moore, who clergy; but Clary made up a determined says we never ardently love that for which little face, and said "No." They must go we have not longed? I had never thought over to the Isle of Wight for the summer months, and regain health and strength for forlornness surprised me into the commission | him, even if Greenfield had to be resigned altogether.

Clary managed somehow; she would not give details, on the plea that George must keep his mind quiet; and in the beginning of June they found themselves lodged in a retired farm cottage, standing in the midst of a I have had for a long while, to see how you was Clary. Neither of them, however, saw delicious meadows, with a view of a glorious bay, cliffs and distant towns. They luxuria-ted in the beauty around them like a pair of happy children; and, though George was not in love with his sunshiny little wife, he would myself very lucky. We get the have got on there very differently without her cottage cheap, and eighty pounds a year a She petted and indulged him to that extent decent starving for the three of us; we have that he grew stout, and strong, and selfish a treasure of an Irish servant, besides our-selves, to feed." very fast indeed; and would sometimes have forgotten how very ill be had been if she had not watched him and taken such extraordipary care of him. She liked to hear herself claimed in his short, imperative way; it showed, at any rate, that she was needful to him. If she had gone into the polished farm-kitchen to superintend or to concoct with her own hands some wonderful tempting dish, to coax bis delicate appetite, presently be was heard from the parlor or garden crying out, "Clary, what are you doing? I want you!" Then, when she appeared, with flowry little paws and fire-beaten cheek, he would just look up at her and say: "Why you run away and leave me for hours together, Clary?" and she would laugh and tell him she had not been gone ten minutes-what did he mean? and then disappear again. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen himself, and sit down in Farmer Hood's great chair, and follow her about with his hollow eyes, and finally take her off, with his arms around her waist-although he was not a bit in love, and only pitied her!

He was not allowed to study solemn books; but Clary permitted a little light mental aliment to be taken each morning and evening from certain thin, blue magazines, which she borrowed from the library in the village, which tering place. One evening, while she was doing a little of the fine darning, in which nebody excelled her, George, who had been for some time sitting allent over his book, broke

roic style, which certainly made them infinitely ludicrous. At first Clary colored a lit tle; but before he came to the end she was laughing as heartily as himself.
He then volunteered to read a short story.

ert tled "Patience Hope's Trial," which he did with a running commentary, such as "That is bad grammar"—"The penctuation makes nonsense of every other garagraph' .-"High-flown rhapsodical rubbish, &c. &c.; and, when he came to the end, he pronounced with clasped hands and tears in her sunny eyes, repeating under her breath, "George said he did not love me; he married me for pity! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Perhaps many young wives in Clary's painful position would have made a virtue of about that same siliest little tale he had ever read.—Clary darned on most composedly, and agreed with George that it was silly; but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, as if she was sorely tempted to make a confession about that same siliest of little tale he had ever read.—Clary darned on most composedly, and agreed with George that it was silly; but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, as if she was sorely tempted to make a confession about that same siliest little tale he had ever read. it the silliest little tale he had ever read .proclaiming their wrong, and inflicting misery on themselves and belpmates; but not so George's girl wife. Her first impulse was against herself, that she should have been so creetly held her peace, and contented herself creetly held her peace, and contented herself by making him imbibe her earnings under not a joy to him to marry her; but then she reasoned that it was done, irrevocably, and various strengthing and agreeable forms.

ple's regret; for its subscribers were not, as a rule, highly trained, educated, college gen-tlemen, but day workers and toilers in the world's wide labor fields, who find an agreeable relaxation in the perusal of a cilly little tale, whose interest turns on the humble, daily virtues which they have so much occasion to exemplify in their own obscure lives. 1 believe the editor was inquired of once or

twice why "Ivy" had ceased her contributions.
"Ivy" was otherwise occupied.
In the first place, Mr. Warenne had presented George with a small living, and there was a queer little rectory house to paint, paper and generally embellish. Far be it from me to derogate from Clary's dignity; but I will tell one thing of her, because I think it was to her credit. The first time Mr. Warenne went to see his old friend, George was in his study, as usual, but it had been made to look more cosy and homelike than that at Greenfield, and the rector looked proportionbly more dignified in it. After a little desultory chat, George proposed to seek his wife
—and how does every body think they found
her employed? She was preparing her own
frawing room, that little drawing room which
was afterwards the admiration of the whole neighborhood! Mounted on some steps, in a big aprop, the property of the Irish treasure, with her brown curls tucked behind her little ears, and with pasty hands, and sleeves rolled up above her dimpted elbows, she was sticking the pretty, simple paper upon the wall—the last bit of it. What did she do? Jump down in blushing horror at being caught in A beck that ran across the green over. | such dishabille, and cover every body else and berself in confusion? Not a bit of it! She looked radiantly over her shoulder, and said -"You must wait five minutes; then I'll speak to you!" and proceeded to finish her task, to the admiration of the Irish treasure,

> ishment-of Mr. Warenne and George. The work done, she decended; and, as the gentlemen had got into possession of the win-dowscat, she placed herself on the lowest step but one of her ladder, and they all talked bout the island and the sea, a recovery, and the new rectory, and other interesting topics; and Clary was so altogether bright, unaffected and charming, that when George and his friend left her at length, the latter said, "Melvil, if Clary where not your wife. I should make up to her myself !" And George actually laughed, and said he had better take care what he was about, or he should be oliged to quarrel with him; and then he extelled her virtues very much, as if -as if he were in love at last; but this time

who had acted as her assistant; and also to

the admiration-and not a bit to the asten-

Clary was not there to overhear. This was Clary's first occupation; her next was different. Perhaps the physical and mental strain had been, for the last twelve months, almost too much for her youth ; for those who loved her began to notice that her spirits flagged, and that her brisk feet went slowly to and fro the garden walks George watched her anxiously; but his friends told him to be patient, and wait awhile, and she would be better soon. But it is very hard to be patient when we see what we have learnt to prize above all else in the world fading slowly before our eyes-and so Clary

George you must take care of Clary, or you will lose ber," her mother told him, abruptly ; "I do not like her symptons at all," It was after this barsh communication-for the mother spoke as if he were to blame for her child's fate—that George involuntarily betrayed to his young wife how much he fear-

"And you would grieve to lose me, George ! said she a little mournfully. "It would break my heart, Clary ! Oh, don't talk of my losing you!" cried be, passionately kissing her thin, white hands. "Who have I in the world besides you ?- who loves me as

"I think nobody loves you as I do, George! It is selfish in me - but it is the happiest time would be sorry if I were gone. I should not like to think you could forget me soon." "Clary, you will live to bless me for many

a year yet! That must be as God wills. George; let us both say, that must be as God wills. "As God wills, my darling !" and George hid his face on Clary's besom, that she might

Perhaps the covetous, watchful tenderness that now surrounded the young wife revived her courage and strength for she rallied visibly; and, after a few months, George had to baptise a little copy of himself, and return thanks for Clary's safe deliverance. After that day nobody, could have persuaded him that there had ever been a time when he was not is love with his wife, or that he did not think her the dearest treasure in the whole

There are three children at the rectory now and it is one of the happiest homes that can be found in the country. Mr. Warenne, who from the slavery of the needle to the joyour has become cynical than ever, quotes the pair exercise of the largest liberty, has had the as an exemplification of how well two people who are rightly matched in other things may get on through life without falling into that enthusiasm of love which hot headed boys and girls esteem the grand climax of existence. One day, in the confidence of friend-ship, he was so ill-advised as to remind the rector of the confession be had formerly made himself, and George was actually offended,

"Not in love with Clary? she is the only woman for whom I ever cared a chip!" cried he; "You are under a delusion. Warenne; I world knows you are a flatter er!" never can have said anything so absurdly

escape Georgie's. If he knew who wrote escape Georgie's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial," he would possibly be inclined to call it a "gem of fiction" now, instead of what he did then, because he would "LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS see it from a real point of view.

General Washington's First Love. A correspondent of the Century, in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover county Virginia, gives an account of General Washington's suit to and rejection by Mary Cary: Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of "Ce-leys," in the county of Elizabeth City, descended from the noble family of Hunsdon, in England. His relative, Col. Archibald Cary, of "Ampthill," in Chesterfield, was at his death the heir apparent to the earldom. The worthy old gentleman seems, from all we know of him, to have been as proud as the Coucys or the Somersets; and to have thought his family the noblest in the land .-He lived in great state, with charlot and horses, plate and velvet and embroidery—a worthy of the old school, fully satisfied with magazine readers were familliar with Clary's signature of "Ivy;" but after that she disappeared suddenly from its pages, to many people's regret. them has made her remembered in many books He was a young man of very high character, a relative of Geo. Wm. Fairfax, Esq., who lived at Belvoir, on the Potomac; and here he met with Miss Cary who came to visit Mrs. Fairfax, her eldest sister. The Gentle Evening throws her cortain young man at once proceeded to fall in love.

O'er the landscape, far and nearwhich he did with an order characteristic of his nature. When Miss Cary went back home to "Celeys," on James River, he follow ed her like a courageous gallant, and laid open singe to the fair fortress. In the good old times, however, something more was necessary than the consent of the young lady; and so the youth duly asked a private interview with the awful old lord of the manor, who listened to him silently throughout .- When the lover had finished, Mr. Cary rose, made him a low bow, and said that if this were young Mr. Washington's errand at "Celeys," his visit bad better terminate; his 'daughter had been accustomed to ride in her own chariot." And with this allusion to To die alone methicks is fearful; the poor condition of the younger son, the interview terminated. Young Washington bowed and turned away, and in due time May her voice salute my ear; married Martha Dandridge Custis, who "resembled Miss Cary," says my authority, "as much as one twin sister ever did another."

But the old tradition does not end here. Many years fied away—Mary Cary was Mrs.
Ambler—and her discarded suitor was the
man who had just received the sword of
Cornwallis at Yorktown; whom the whole civilized world hailed as greatest among the great—"the foremost man" not only of America, but of "all the world." He passed through the old metropolis, Williamsburg, at the head of his victorious troops, and the people were crazy with joy and adoration almost. The vast multitude nearly prevented his horse from proceeding-the calm statue on horseback passed on serenely. All at once he perceived at a window, or in the crowd, his old love, Mary Cary. He raised his sword and saluted her profoundly. She

fainted. But it does not seem that the lovely we- Heaven bless thee-angel-woman ! man was to blame. She had not been able Thou dost of life's shadow's know to return the affection of the youth—that was Heaven bless thee, angel-mother! all. She married him who won her heart, Edward Ambler. He was not unworthy of this noble lady in rank or in character. He was descended through his mother from the great Hoguenot house of La Roche Jaque- May thy latest hours be peace! line, in Vendee, and inherited the honest instincts of his race. At twelve he had been sent for his education to England; he gradu-ated at Cambridge, and then made the grand tour of Europe, returning to Virginia when be was twenty-one. He was married to Miss Cary soon afterward; became Collector at York, and was so much respected that when Lord Bottetourt came to Virginia as Governor, be brought a letter of introduction to the Collector. He died at thirty-five; and the Revolutionary War breaking out soon pature, and it retains its moisture for a greatfrom the scene of her grief, and took refuge in the "Cottage," far up in Hanover.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY .- On Teusday afterlast, Mr. William Dempsey was struck by lightning, and instantly killed. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. William Dempsey and his father (John Dempsey) were on their way to the city, and when within two or three miles (north of the city, and near Hickory Grove) a thunderstorm came up. The tion commences. Sea-weed, where they can father was driving his team, and some eighty or ninety feet in front of the son, when he was suddenly stunned by the shock of the lightning. Upon recovering his consciousness and quieting his horses, who were madly rearing he looked around for his son. Imaging his consternation when he beheld both horses apparently dead, and his son missing. Upon going to the wagon, he found him stretched upon his back, a lifeless corpse. Dr. Chenoweth soon after came up to the scene of the disaster, and though every effort was made to restore him, all proved unavail-ing. The lightning struck him on the back part of the head, scorehing the hair, and cutting his head— passed down the body, tear-ing his boots from his feet, and thence through the wagon. It has seldom been our sad duty to record so sudden and terrible a death. The parties were in the open prairie, at the time .- Decatur (Ill.) Chronicle, 28th ult.

How to PROMOTE HEALTH.-American mothers are doomed to early graves, in consequence of their sedentary in-door employment. Every consideration of affection, data and the preservation of a healthy posterity. should prompt the heads of families, and others, to assists in averting results so disastrous to the weil being of society at large .-Thousand of house-wives have recently found ample leisure for healthy, out-door exercise, by purchasing and using one of GROVER & BAKER'S Family Sewing Machines, by which they have been enable to do all their sewing in a stronger and more beautiful style than they could have done by hand. The transion from the slavery of the needle to the joyous happiest effect upon the bealth and temper of the fair possessors of the GROVER & BA-KER machine, and every woman who is practically familiar with their value, regards them with great favor, as the only Missionary Agent that is at all likely to emancipate the sisterhood from the slavery of the needle.

"I Declare," said Brown to Robinson, never knew a flatter companion than yourself. "Ah, my friend," said Robinson, "all the

I Suppose, Jim, that if I were to jump into

Poctry.

MOTHER."

BY REV. J. W. CARHART.

In a lone and dreary chamber, Where the sunlight seldom shines, And the cobwebs thickly gather For a cartain o'er the blinds . Where no hand of kindred lingers To sustain the aching head, Nor flowers placked by gentle fingers Fragrance round the dying shed;

See that form, once full of vigor, Clad in beauty's rich attire, Now in sickness weakly writhing-Soon in sorrow to expire. See that ghastly hand uplified, Towards the home for which he sighs ; Hear him call to "God!" and "Mother!" Hear him, ere he faints and dies,

Raven lock, so oft, so gently Pressed by loving hands in prayer, Hang dishevel'd o'er his forehead—
None to smooth that vagrant hair! From his cheek the flush has faded-Melted seems that gentle eye-Snowy white his brows no longer-

Parched his skin a golden dye. O'er the landscape, far and near-Nature seems to hush her authems As it human sighs to hear; Death is lingering at the portal, With his keen and icy dart, Waiting with intent to thrust it To the young man's lonely heart. Midnight's sable pall is hanging

Round the world in awful gloom-Death's form advances sternly, Dressing mortals for the tomb; Enter he that lonely chamber, Perposed ne'er with pray to part-Lays his chilling, iron tingers

On his victim's bleeding heart. May her whispers soothe my spirit, As she talks of home on high-On her breast my head be pillowed As in Jesus' arms I die.

Such were the wishes faintly whispered By the lips of him we sing, Till his spirit freed from sorrow, Spread for home its trembling wing. Morning's golden gates are open, Strangers bear the form away-Huste to hide the young, the noble, 'Neath the cold and silent clay. An aged female form is bending O'er the open, greedy tomb,

Listening for the coming footsteps. Startling morning's early gloom ; Soon she bends above the coffin, While the tears unceasing flow-"Let me kiss him for his mother !" Says in accents sweet and low.

Thou dost of life's shadow's know Save thee from life's further wo, May thy sons ne'er die forsaken! May thy sunshine e'er increase,

Farmers' Department.

Application of the Various Manures. vegetable matter is an excellent manure .-Instead of collecting all the weeds, useless of ground is to be dug, go round and collect all the decaying vegetables, and immediately dig them in. The sweeping of grass walks and lawns are also of much use as a manure : and on being brought every day into the garden, they should be dug in before fermentabe procured, make excellent manure for most vegetables, but particularly for asparagus and the like ; this manure, however, is very trausient in its effect, and does not last more than for a single crop, which is accounted for by its containing a large portion of water, or the elements thereof. The dung of birds, either wild or domesticated, affords a powerful manure, particularly that of the former, which, in the shape of guano, is now in extensive use Pigeons' dung has long been known for its fertilizing properties; but it should only be used as a compound, or if used as a simple manure, the greatest care must be used, in the distribution of it. It has been found to be the best manure for strawberries of any that has been tried.

The dung of sheep affords good manure, but is seldom used in gardens. Soot is is a very powerful manure, and ought to be used in a dry state, and thrown on the surface of the ground. It has been advantageously used in crops of onions. It is used at all times with good effect, and where it has been used, no magget has appeared. The ashes of wood, if not too much burnt, are considered to be a lasting manure. They are fre quently used amongst turnips, and are supposed to be of use in protecting them from the fly. Of the mineral mannes lime is most known, and generally used; it should not, bowever, be applied with animal manures, unless they be too rich, or for the purpose of preventing noxious effluvia; it is regarded as injurious when mixed with common dung .-Mayures, whether animal or mineral, are so important to regetation, that all possible diligence should be used in collecting, preparing and applying them.

To KILL BURDOCK AND OTHER NOXIOUS WEEDS .- The fence corners and road sides often abound with Burdock, Canada Thistle, Jamestown weed and similar dopleasant en-cumbrances. These may be killed out root and branch by cuttig them off at the surface of the ground, or an inch or two below, just at that period when growing with the great est luxuriance, or about the time they are in full bloom; tepeat this a year or two and they will give no further trouble. No attention need be paid to the phases of the moon No atten-

CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS .- The bark

Grasses for Pasture.

Timothy alone, or timothy red top and blue grass, will make a permanent meadow, which will produce beavy crops of good hay for ma-ny years, if well treated. So orchard grass alone, or orchard grass and red clover, will a good, permanent meadow, with reference to the product of which no reasonable man will have cause to complain, unless he feeds it off too close the first year, and suffers it to be abused subsequently. But for good, permanent pasture, many grasses are wanted. Yet in one section of our State we find laid down to blee grass; in another section to timethy; in a third to orchard grass and red clover combined. Rarely do we find more than two or three grasses growing in the same pasture; yet not less than one hundred species, have been described by botanists growing spouta-

noonsly in the great Mississippi valley. lo England, as many as twenty two species of grass have been found growing upon a squre foot of ancestral pasture that had been grazed unremittingly through many generations. And English pastures wear well, producing food for a long period, from very early in the spring to very late in the fall.— Wby? Simply because instead of being confined to one or two grasses that start about the same time in the season, and mature about the same time, as is the American cus-tom, they seed down the lands intending to remain for a series of years in pasture with all the varieties that will grow upon them, and thus secure a regular succession of succelent and nutritious food the season through .--

CLEARING THE BARK OF FAUIT TREES .- The fungi on the bark of trees, scaly inset on pear trees, cocoons and ova of insects, etc., may be all removed by a few applications of the wash we have so often recommended. We are induced to write again on this subject, in answer to the numerous inquiries made, as to the best method for cleaning the bodies of dwarf pear trees etc. The ordinary Sal Soda of the shops, when heated to reduces in an iron vessel, parts wit water and carbonic acid becoming caustic soda, sometimes called "Bleacher's No. 1 Soda." One pound of this soda dissolved in one gallon of water, is the best tree wash in the world. Unlike potash, it does not kill or injure live plants, but rapidly decomposes dead bark, fungi, ova or insects, cocoons, scaly insects, etc. It may be applied with a sponge, then suffered to dry on the bark; the first rain or heavy dow will remove it, running down the bark to the soil, where it is worth all it costs as manure. In bad cases, such as scaly insects, hide bound trees, old trees with much dead or unsightly bark, it may require to be applied several times, and to be assisted by rubbing the tree with a stiff brush and sand, or an old carpet or other woolen cloth, sanded. The smooth bark trees, plums, etc., become really polished by its use, and insects find it difficult to attach themselves. Old apple bark decays and and is thrown off as the tree expands, leaving a new and clean surface, and sometimes producing fruit after having been useless for years. We believe that a clean surface to a tree is just as important as a clean skin to an animal. The natural functions of the tree cannot be developed with such an unhealthy

TO KEEP HAMS NICE FOR SUMMER USE .-The them securely in paper, cover closely ashes. This keeps them sweet, and protects from all insects.

umorous.

A MAN WHO DIDN'T READ THE PAPERS-MRS. FUBBS AND MR. FUBBS --- CORRECT VIEWS OF THE FORMER .- 'Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and I want you to listen while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but Of the various manures in use for gardens, the dung of horses, cows and exen is an excellent manure for light, hot soils; it is also well calculated for soils of a dry absorbent tures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except afterwards, his beautiful widow moved away or length of time than most others. Green a little Bible that the Christain Association gave you, and a tract which that fellow called Porter, left one day, entitled "Light to the vegetables, &c., into one heap, the following simple plan may be pursued. When a piece heathen, Fubbs; you may feel thankful you of ground is to be dug, go round and collect ain't a Mormon! Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haven't but one wife You never would know that there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs if I hadn't told you, 'cause you're' too stingy to take a paper,? New Fubbs, I declare your name ought to be Fiba lost a dollar and a half on butter I sold to a pedlar, because I didn't know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. A d then you are so ignonant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down to the bis marsh a hunting because some one said the the Turkeys were marching into Rushes Yes ; y o-u d-i-d ! You needn't deny it Fubbs Didn't kill any, did you? It was a bad day for turkeys, wasn't it, Fubbs ? Ha! Ha! Ha

PUTTING IT ON THICK .- Barney Dunn was cute and cunning as a fox. He came into the office of my friend, Mr. H, who was in the habit of giving Barney a half-dollar or quar ter when he came to see him. Mr. H. had ton of coal left at his office door, and he as ed Barney would be put it in the coal-bo Barney said, "Yes yer honor," and went work.

The coal was all in, when Mr. II. sail Barney, how much do I owe you for putting in this coal?" "Divil a cint at all, yer honer."

"Oh, nonsense, Barney; I don't wan't men to work for me for nothing," said Mr. H., "so tell me at once how much will pay you. "Och, then, Mr. Mr. H.," quoth Barney,

is it me that I'd be after chargin' yer honor for such a trifle; be gorrab, I wouldn't take a cint for it Mr. H. put on a very serious face and said, Now, Barney, if you don't say at once how much I owe you for putting in that ton of coal, you need not come into this office again. So, now you have your choice. Let me know

how much, and let me pay you. "Och, thin, yer honor, sooner than ye'd get angry about it, ye can say twelve shilli Mr. H. gave him the money, and also the

nformation that when he wanted Barney to do enything again he would make a bargain with him beforehand. By a Steamboat Explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unburt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the

shore, the ing like a porpole the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was tion need be paid to the phases of the moon, but rather to the condition of the plant in its ting. - "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had caught by a by-stander and drawn out pan hard time. eh ?"

OURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS.—The bark "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, consider in of a willow tree, bornt to ashes, mixed with Wasn't doin it for myself, though, was work-

sensible as well as sweet, and her voice was some time sitting gilent over his book, broke musical as a bird's. Unless Mr. Melvil had told his friend in so many words, that he was bere, Clary; here are some beautiful verses!

Also reads who travels a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-foot-strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will in for one o' them insurance offices in New tales in thousand hours may be tolerably quick-foot-strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will in for one o' them insurance offices in New tales in thousand hours may be tolerably quick-foot-strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will in for one o' them insurance offices in New tales in the thin blue magazine; perhaps it tales in the thin blue magazine; bere, Clary; bere are some beautiful verses!