SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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BY purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers
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Have opened a Warehouse, No. 135 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel,
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Phila. May 27, 1848—3m

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.

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For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tone upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.

☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C Meyer, by the Frahklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos, although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the last 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.

At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber. H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHADES OF DEATH.

BY EDITH.

"It is of no use, Evaleen—for heaven's sake don't stand hesitating any longer, while I am waiting in the cold. The road is blocked up with snow, and the horses will not and cannot drag the carriage any farther. "And Thorne Tyrrel rather impatiently disengaged his little wife from the buffalo robes in which she was wrapped, and placing her upon tera firma, left her standing upon a pile of snow drifts, where like Noah's dove, she "found not a dry spot for the sole of her foot."

They had halted before one of those rude way houses so common in the northern forests of Pennsylvania. Upon the roof, and above the eaves of the low wide piazza running across its front, the snow was already heaped in massess, and the unpainted boards of its walls looked still blacker by contrast. A door opening into an apartment, half parlor, half bar-room, had been thrown back, and the glare of a huge fire that roared and crackled within, leapt out into the dusky twilight. A group of men in the rough attire of the forest blocked the entrance, and there stood gazing at the wearied travellers, now commenting in suppressed tones upon the beauty of their equipage, now reprimanding the snarling hounds, that at every approach of the newly arrived, bounded ferociously forward. Meantime the master of the carriage, mounted upon its steps, had with some difficulty succeeded in arousing its remaining occupants. Three enormous dogs, bound together by a leash, sleepily arose, and persuaded to exchange their luxurious couch for the icy bed beneath, slowly followed the servant to whose care they were entrusted. Guns, rifles, powder-horns and shot-bags, *ad libitum* were next drawn forth until at last, fully satisfied of the safety of his treasures, their master turned his eyes upon the little creature who stood shivering at his side. Lifting her in his powerful arms, as if she had been an infant, he bore her rapidly through the storm into the apartment that shall in courtesy be christened a parlor, and then, drawing toward the fire a sort of rude lounging chair, placed her in it.

The hounds, freed from the leash, had laid themselves upon the narrow strip of carpet before the hearth, and Tyrrel, bending down, talked to them in the quiet and familiar tone with which one addresses a rational being. They were specimens of a scarce and foreign breed, and the extreme [illegible] of their position, among the nobler classes of the brute creation, the indisputable warrant of natnre's aristocracy—drew from him many an admiring look, many an enthusiastic commendation. One crossed his feet as daintily as a lady; one, stretched at full length, his muzzle resting upon the floor, beat his feathery tail from side to side as he continued to hear the sound of his master's voice, while a third, with a single paw delicately folded beneath his chest, his head majestically raised, his round eyes fixed upon the flames, seemed watching the red column of sparks that at every fresh blast of wind rushed up the roaring chimney.

A few minutes had scarcely elapsed since the entrance of the travellers, when a sound of voices in earnest conversation issued from a side room, and Tyrrel was presently summoned to take part in the debate. He returned with an impatient tread and a clouded brow. The host had declared his inability to accomodate the whole party, and at a farm house three miles distant, the dogs and servants were to find shelter for the night. This Tyrrel hastily explained to his wife, as he drew on his furred gloves and buttones his overcoat more closely about him. But her terror was extreme.

"Ah! for heaven's sake, Tyrrel! don't, don't leave me alone with these half savages! Let Johnston take care of the dogs You can trust him this once. Don't go, I entreat you."

"I must," said her husband, resolutely. "I would rather fast until morning, or sleep by the wayside, than know that either Czar or Juan were suffering; and the servants are too tired to do their duty unless my eye is upon them. "Don't, Eva," brushing her hand from his arm with an imperious gesture.

"Let me go with you, then," she persisted. 'I will walk through the storm rather than stay here. I am quite ready; I shall not detain you a moment."

"Nonsense! folly! remain where you are. You would come with me, and must take the consequences."

"Ah, Tyrrel, I shall lose my senses!" springing after him, as he walked toward the door.

"What will you have?" he said, turning with a movement of angry impatience; "shall I leave you one of the dogs? shall I unbuckle Czar?"

She hesitated, remembering, poor little thing, in what agony she had passed the day with her proposed protector at her feet, afraid to move, lest she should provoke one of those lion-like growls, or even a more palpable evidence of displeasure. But when, as though to decide the questiou, he stretched his enormous limbs, and yawned, displaying in that expression of ennui common to man and beast, a set of teeth, sharp and glittering as a wolf's, she drew back and shook her head despairingly. Tyrrel gazed upon her with undisguised contempt.

"That with my peculiar tastes I should have married so arrant a coward!" he said, accompanying the ejaculation by a disdainful elevation to the shoulders. Again he prepared to leave the house, and this time Eva lacked sufficient courage to detain him. Relenting in a measure, however, he turned back, and flinging wide a door opening into the parlor, pointed to a sleeping apartment within. Kneeling before the hearth, a woman beyond all description forbidding in appearance, endeavored with her breath to fan the smouldering embers into a blaze—but in vain. If a disconsolate little flame sprang up for a moment, the wet wood only hissed and sputtered more uncomfortably, and the wind that roared without swept down the chimney, whirling the dust and ashes into her eyes, and all over the dingy, uncarpeted floor. A cross look bestowed upon the intruders was the only acknowledgement of their presence, and Eva, sick at heart, turned away.

"You see," said her husband, as he closed the door, "that in a few minutes your own apartment will be ready, and to that, if you wish, you can at any time retreat." A hoarse call from without, a hasty wave of the hand, and he was gone.

Resuming her seat in the lounging chair, she gazed with a mixture of disgust and terror around the room of which she now sole occupant. Only a stool, a few rude benches a table covered with half emptied glasses, a dark framed, greenish mirror, and a dirty rag carpet, constituted its furniture. But the warm blaze upon the hearth before her presented a more cheerful object of contemplation. Into the chimney's flaming cavern the great trunk of a maple had been thrown, and already its burning heart glowed with the intensity of molten iron, while bright tongues of flame licked up the sap that yet bubbled from its extremities, or ran like serpents through the cinders and under the curling bark. Silently marvelling at the infatuation which could induce the most fastidious and luxurious of men to exchange the elegancies of home for the fatigue of a solitary hunt, and the discomforts of the country through which they had passed, she sank back, and with her cheek resting upon her hand, her small feet crossed upon the hearth, abandoned herself to the vague reverie that so often and so deliciously follows unwonted fatigue of mind or body.

At first her train of thought, if thought it could be called, was rather cheerful than otherwise: but as the storm without redoubled in violence, and the flames roared up the chimney yet louder, and with a fearful hollow sound, her fancies gradually took a more sombre hue, and a nervous excitement which she felt beyond control, banished the languid calm that had so pleasantly succeeded her terror. With veiled eyes and a throbbing heart, she reclined, indulging in that species of self torture in which we all, perhaps, at times find an unaccountable fascination.

Like one who in darkness watches the she lay, with terrible scenes, each fast following its predecessor, flitting beneath the shadow of her closed lids. In imagination, already she heard the approaching foot of her murderer, his step upon the threshold, his wary tread over the uncarpeted floor, his pause beside her, his very breath, as it played among the light curls upon her temples. With a faint shrick she started up; for a latch was indeed raised, and a door—the outer door—flung open. Ere she had resumed her seat, two rough backwoodmen noisely entered the room. Placing a flask and glasses upon the table, they seated themselves beside it.

Her eye rested for a moment upon two of the most repulsive countenance that she had ever beheld, and then was instantly averted. A few minutes more and she became conscious that their glances were stealthily turned upon herself. Then the loud voices were suddenly lowered and they conversed only in whispers.

A thousand horrible suspicious flashed across her mind. Strange that in a house of this character no accommodations could be provided for their servants or the trusty hounds. To what den of murder had they been taken? How difficult in these interminable forests for the strong arm of justice to reach an offender—how easy of performance the most lawless deed. She glanced at the travelling cases, the elegant dressing boxes now piled in a corner of the parlor, and shuddered at the temptation their contents might present to the necessitous or vicious. And all this time the younger of the two men sat gazed stealthily upon her face.

If she started when his heavy hand fell upon the table, he glanced significantly at his companion; if she moved, he leaned forward and watched her with a hardy and impertinent curiosty. Once or twice he rose, and, on pretence of wishing to warm himself at the fire, passed so near her as to brush her arm, and then, standing with his back turned to the blaze, gazed at her with a half suppressed smile playing around his lips.

Unable to disguise her agitation, she hastily arose and approaching a window took up a volume that lay beside it. It was the "Pirate's Own Book," and she opened at a villanous wood cut, a distorted scene of murder and violence, that caused her to close the volume and precipitately turn away. She retreated to her bed room, but the dismal gusts of smoke and wind that puffed from the fire-place drove her thence in despair. A small, rudely sketched map of the country through which they were travelling caught her eye as she again crossed the parlor, and to this she turned, hoping to drive away, by otherwise occupying her mind, the terrible fancies that beset her. Without difficulty she traced their route by the little towns they had passed until she paused at a portion of the country evidently that in which they were now detained, a region commonly known as "The Shades of Death." A faint exclamation escaped her. A very trifling circumstance will suffice at certain moments to overthrow composure, and she returned to her seat with limbs shaking and cheeks pale with dread. She heard her persecutor laugh softly and then speak in a low voice to his companion. Their whispered conversation was resumed.

It was called the Shades of Death, then, this wild region, with its eternal pine forests, its frowning, overhanging crags, its paths of darkness and terror. But little had been wanting to render her desperate, and she was now ready to rush out into the storm to follow her husband, no matter at what peril. Turning to glance at the clock she raised her eye glass, the only article of value carried about her person, and as the diamond initials wrought upon its golden case glittered in the blaze, the younger of the men leaned eagerly forward, and in his look she read a horrible confirmation of her suspicious. Just then a vehicle stopped before the house, the hounds without recommenced their yelping, a hasty step sounded upon the piazza, and Tyrrel entered.

When her senses again returned she found herself upon a bed in the adjacent chamber while her husband was bending over bathing her temples. The gentlenss of his touch the unwonted tenderness of his look & manner were inexpressibly soothing, and she closed her eyes, willing to indulge for a few moments longer in sensations so rare and exquisite. But the remembrance of the dangers surrounding them aroused her. To spring to her feet, and, clinging to his arm, tell the history of those hours of misery she had passed during his absence, was but the work of a few minutes. He only laughed at her terrors.

An absolute stranger to fear, this agony was to him incomprehensible. At first he endeavored to reason with her, to quiet her excited nerves by his own resolute calmness, but finding this in vain, his patience suddenly gave way, and he peremptorily forbade all mention of the subject. Her tears which now flowed in torrents, completed the overthrow of his good humor, and turning away he proceeded to inspect the room in which they were destined to pass the night.

Near opposite doors, both, by the way, unfurnished with locks, two couches had been prepared. But the furniture of each although scrupulously clean, was of the coarsest texture, and Tyrrel, delicate as the most refined woman with regard to all that approached his person, surveyed them with a disgust that knew no bounds. Notwithstanding her agony Eva could scarcely repress a laugh as she watched his elaborate preparations for the night. A napkin taken from his dressing case was carefully spread over the pillow, a buffalo robe surmounted by his furred cloak and two or more box coats covered the counterpane, [illegible] dressing gown and slippers, condescended to throw his elegant limbs upon the rich heap of sables and velvets, dropping almost immediately into the very deepest of healthful slumbers.

But for Eva, sleep was impossible. Sitting, rather than reclining upon the couch nearest the door opening into the parlor, she listened breath lessly to every movement of those without. Still together they whispered, plotting, so said her busy fears, most horrible deeds of bloodshed and violence. At intervals the murmuring sounds would hush as though they, they, too, listened, and most terrible was that silence, broken only by the soft breathing of the sleeper and the loud beating of her own throbbing heart.

Two hours had she passed thus—she glanced towards the uncurtained window and saw that a faint light trembled in the east. It must be dawn, and her pulses bounded at the thought. But no, the golden hands of her watch rested upon the hour of twelve, and the soft light was the glory of a rising moon. And up rose the lady of the night, parting with her white hand the drifting clouds. The stars brightened, and the wind died until the rush of its wings sounded only in the distance.

Still more audible those murmuring voices. Now she could distinguish words, almost unconnected sentences. Presently a chair was pushed back, and some one rose; there was a step towards the door, and she bounded from the couch,—a smothered oath, the sound of retreating footsteps, and again all was still. The outer door was now opened, and she heard several men enter, shaking the snow from their overcoats and heavy boots. They took seats by the fire and talked, she could hear them well, of the coldness of the night, the clear sky, and the north wind that was drifting the snow in heaps across the road and hill side. Their loud tones, too, gradually dropped into whispers, and she crouched by the door, listening eagerly, but in vain.

Half an hour passed, and with limbs cramped by the uneasy posture from which she had not dared to stir, shivering and giddy with lack of rest, she crept back to the couch. A drowsiness which even her terrors could not overcome, stole over her. The sound of voices came less and less distinctly to her ears, the stars to which her eyes were raised, faded softly, and she slept—but a restless, uneasy slumber.

In slumber, she lay by the wayside, out by that frozen road, icy cold and half senseless. Already it crept over her, the fatal sleep, the sleep of death, and she struggled to shake it off, but hopelessly. A voice murmured almost at her pillow, "at last, at last she sleeps." *That* was no dream.

Springing to her feet, again she listened, and again those footsteps retreated, but less cautiously than before. There was time to be lost, she flew to her husband's side and shook him violently, "Wake, Tyrrel, for God's sake wake!" He opened his heavy eyes and gazed, half unconsciously, upon her face.

She stood wrapped in her white dressing gown, the moonbeams showering upon the long ungathered hair that had fallen upon her shoulders. Her streaming eyes, her wringing hands,—yes, yes, he understood it now, and a change passed over his features.

"Eva," he said slowly, raising himself upon his elbow, "I do not know you to-night, you have certainly lost your reason. Go lie down, and disturb me no more! I require rest if you do not. Go!"

She could not speak. She gazed upon him imploringly, but that look of stern command was more powerful than the fear of death. She stole back to her couch, and again she slept.

Ere long, what appeared to be a dispute among the whisperers, aroused her attention. A rough voice said with an oath, "Come along, or it will be morning before you have done talking." Then all rose and moved towards the door. It was opened very quietly, she did not hear it, but a bar of red light fell suddenly across the ceiling. Now a foot crossed the threshold, a tall figure silently passed,—another, another, another,—all with heads bent, and eyes fixed upon the floor. She could not scream now, even to save her husband. Her tongue was paralyzed and the great drops gathered in the palms of her hands, and upon her temples. Towards Tyrrel's couch they approached. She raised her head from the pillow, and gazed after them with distended eyes. They passed him. The opposite door was slowly opened. One by one they disappeared, and it closed. With a loud laugh she fell back senseless. The mystery was explained. *Their bed-room could be entered only by passing through her own.*

GEMS OF POSEY.

CHRISTIAN WAREFARE.

Soldier, go, but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind the gulfs are burning—
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's walking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done;
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

Renovation of old Apple-Trees.—The following information, received from a gardner who for many years largely supplied the London market with fruit, may probably be new to many of our readers:—It is generally found that after an apple-tree has borne for a certain number of years, it becomes comparatively unproductive. It has been usual in such cases to remove the old tree and replace it by a younger one. This may be obviated by reingrafting the old tree; and according to the testimony of gardner above-mentioned the older the stock, the better is the age, among several hundreds that his orchard contained, when the writer visited it, that had undergone this process more than once. There were trees whose trunk were so hollow as in some parts to be a little more than a shell, which had been subjected to this operation the season before, and judging from the vigorous appearance of the grafts, with perfect success. The plan he adopted was the following:—The ends of the branches were sawn or cut off where they were about the size of a man's wrist, or rather less, and two or more scions inserted in each, according to circumstances. By this means, in the course of three years he obtained a large full bearing tree.—The principal difficulty was to protect the young grafts from damage in high winds. This was overcome by ingrafting the half of the tree at one time, and leaving the other to form a shelter; and completing the other half when the grafts were sufficiently grown to return the shelter. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this precaution did not supersede the usual appliances for giving the scions support, by means of poles attached to the branches. It may also be remarked, that the productive powers of the apple-trees are frequently impaired by the want of sufficient attention in gathering the fruit. The greatest care should be observed in removing the apple, that the bearing spear be not broken or injured thereby.

A little girl, Miss Olive Miner, about 12 years old, compositor in *The Lodi Democrat* office will set 6,000 "m's" per day, distribute her own matter and keep her case in perfect order. Miss Olive has been at the business about 3 months.—*Portland Gaz.*

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP AMERICA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

IMPORTANT FROM IRELAND!

Another Outbreak and Retreat of the Police.

THE PATRIOTS 4000 STRONG.

SERIOUS CONFLICTS WITH THE POLICE.

CAPTURE OF CANNON.

DESTRUCTION OF BRIDGES.

EXCITEMENT IN PARIS,

DISTURBANCES IN TUSCANY.

COTTON MARKET STEADY.

Breadstuffs Declining.

New York, Sept. 29.

The steamship America arrived at her berth this afternoon about 5'clock. The following is an abstract of the intelligence brought.

IRELAND.—REAL REBELION COME AT LAST.

Clonmel, Sept. 13.—The rebels have posted themselves in almost inaccessible positions at New Inn, near Cartick on the Suir and Kilmacthomas mountains. Doheny commands in Waterford. The Government troops yesterday captured nine scouts. Last night there was a general rising of the peasantry within about six miles of Carrick.

At 6 o'clock, a large body of the rebels marched to attack the police station.

Clonmel, Sept. 14.—The out houses of the parsonage of the Protestant clergymen were burned last night. The 3d Buffs came into Clonmel to-day with twenty-eight of their men handcuffed for shouting repeal.

At the insurgents' camp, seven miles from Clonmel, they roast bullocks and sheep on iron gates and are pressing every one to join them.

At Glenbower, about eight miles from Clonmel, the police were preparing to seek refuge in Carrick when the insurgents fired upon them. A fight ensued which lasted a quarter of an hour. A number were killed on the part of the assailants, but only two or three were wounded on the part of the police. The insurgents left their dead upon the field.

The police have fled from the out stations, and to-night it is feared will reveal awful scenes.

Callan, Sept. 13.—The reports prevalent in Kilkenny are thought to be much exagger- and on every occasion defeated the insurgents. Among the insurgents that assailed the police station, four or five wore the uniform of the 82 Club. It is believed that some pieces of cannon have been captured by the insurgents.

The Cork Examiner of the 13th, publishes the following:—

Rumors reached Cork this morning in reference to the disturbances in the county of Waterford. Information was received by the Police authorities, this day, that the Police barrack at Portlaw were attacked at an early hour, by a body of armed peasantry. The barrack was occupied by about ten police, commanded by Constable O'Regan. After a short struggle the assailants were put to flight, but not without serious loss on either side—two of the police having been shot, and several of the assailants having been killed and others seriously wounded. It is not known whether the police where shot dead or only wounded. We give the report as it reached us without being enabled to add any confirmation to it.

It is rumored this morning that the bridge at Waterford has been blown up or otherwise destroyed yesterday. It is also rumored that the bridge of Grany ferry, about a mile from the city of Waterford and on the road to Carrick, shared a similar fate.

By the arrival of the Goughal coach, at 12 o'clock, we have confirmatory intelligence with respect to the latter bridge.

The troops stationed at Goughal barracks were despatched at early dawn this morning to Cappoquin by a steamer on their route to the localities said to be disturbed.

It may be mentioned in confirmation of this movement of troops towards Waterford, that two detachments have received orders to hold themselves in immediate readiness to leave Cork as a garrison for Goughall and Middleton, to replace the troops sent on They may have marched out of Cork before this.

The following succinct account has reached us from Kilkenny. The intelligence from the surrounding district has been much more alarming than was anticipated. No doubt now remains of the fact that a considerable insurgent force has assembled and shown a spirit of the utmost determination. The main body of the insurgents, said to be 4000 strong, has encamped on Aheny hill, in the county of Tipperary, immediately adjoining the State quarries in the county. There can be no doubt that their leaders have some military experience, and are being regularly drilled. They are chiefly armed with pikes, but many have rifles.

Richard O'Gorman is said to be the chief in command, and Doheney is also said to be among them.

The Commissariat is regularly supplied by the neighboring farmers, who voluntarily send cattle and other provisions.

FRANCE.

Gen. Cavaignac, it is said, is so much alarmed at the prospects of Prince Louis Napoleon being elected to the Presidency, that he is determined to present a decree for illegalizing the election on the ground that Prince Louis Napoleon is a pretender. It is reported that, in the event of the Assembly excluding Prince Louis, it is not improbable that Prince Pierre Napoleon, who is already a member of the Assembly, will become a candidate for the Presidency.

On the 10th inst. an officer, walking in the garden attached to Gen. Cavaignac's residence, was fired at from, as it is supposed, a house in the Rue de Babylon. Little doubt exists that he was taken for Gen. Cavaignac.

A CURIOUS CASE.

Illustrating the good sense of the Adage, "look before you leap."

A few years ago a rich but eccentric old bachelor of this city, to the indignation of all his door relations, married his washer-woman. She was rather good looking, but could neither read nor write. They lived together a year and a half, when he fell sick and died, leaving her about a thousand dollars. Six month rolled by, and the widow was still in black, when one fine morning the postman brought her a letter, bearing the postmark of a town in Virginia. Summoning a friend who could read, the widow found that the letter was from a gentleman who spoke of having, when on a visit to the North, met and admired her previous to her late marriage. The writer then went on to ask a reply to his letter, assuring her of his unbounded esteem and sincerity. The widow (although she knew the writer has mistaken his man, or his woman, rather) was greatly tickled, and determined, with the kind assistance of her friend to reply. In due time another letter came from the Southerner, who was overjoyed at his success. Again the widow replied, and now the love epistles came and went almost as "thick and fast, as lightning from the summer cloud," until the widow found herself on the eve of a second marriage without having once seen the "object of her affections," who, nevertheless, had made himself known to her as a man of wealth and influence. The wedding day was fixed and the lover, accompanied by a friend, came on to claim his blushing bride. Judge of his dismay, when he discovered that he had, to use a significant phrase, "woke up the wrong passenger." Here was a dilemma. After a brief interview, and without coming to an explanation, the gentleman and his friend retired to their hotel, where the whole matter was gone over.

"Will you marry her?" inquired the friend.

"Can I, as a man of honor, avoid it?"

"I more am to blame, and I have gone too far now to back out."

"Well, she's rather good looking—"

"And intelligent. Writes a good letter—"

"Is tolerably comfortable."

"About your age, too."

"And would probably die of a broken heart if I were to—"

"Marry any body else."

"So I suppose I shall have to go on."

"Then you had better not make known your disappointment."

They were married next day, and took their departure for the South, where the washerwoman was introduced into the first society, but with what success we have never learned. A true story, good reader, Of course you will say this is an exception to the rule that "matches are made in Heaven."—*City Item.*

Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God;
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod,
The stormy working soul spits lies in froth.
Dare to be True. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.—*Geo. Hebert.*

The Queen and her Sweetmeats.—The total royal expense for making sugar plums, cakes and tarts, independent of the cost of materials, is £1,200 per annum. The royal babies must be remarkably sweet-toothed.

"Milking the Bull."—This is generally considered to be hopeless process, a synonym in fact, for labor in vain. But there is one Bull, John Bull, who can be milked without trouble, and to the great profit of all who like to apply themselves to his well-stored udder.

The Committee of Supply brings out curious evidence of the quantity this patient animal produces of that cream of the milk of human kindness, which mantles in the pale of society—we mean money—and of the odd ways in which the nutritious product is distributed. There is hardly a country in Europe but furnishes its calves to suck this great good-humored Bull. The distressed Poles drain to the tune of an annual £10,000. St. Domingo sufferers, and Corsican emigrants (Who the deuce can they be!) absorb their driblet of £4400. The King of the Belgians is "a regular suck" to the amount of we don't know how many hundreds or thousands, for travelling expenses. This item accounts for the extraordinary propensity to gadding about which we have noticed in this monarch, who ought to contest the title of Railway King with Mr. Hudson. It turned out that John Bull pays his fares: it appears to us that he ought to go further and fare worse, before we pay another farthing for his railway and steam boat tickets.

Besides, there is the King of Abyssinia, who comes in for a drop of comfort, in the shape of £400 for presents, this year. This is too bad! As if John Bull had not already European pulls enough on him, they must go to the interior of Africa for black leeches to bleed the poor ever-wrought old fellow with.

Snow has made its appearance on Mount Lebanon, New Hampshire.