

**PLAQUEMINE:**  
**SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.**

**A DILEMMA;**  
**OR, HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.**

BY J. W. WATSON.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined heartily by his wife—my own cousin, May Stephens, that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one eventful evening that it was satisfied, by hearing the reason why.

All that long sentence without telling what that way was, or how he was joined in it by May?

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other, and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other reason than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I see no reason why that foible of my sex should elicit no charity, and no reason why sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth, one evening, when we three, Morgan, May and myself, were drawn up before the fire, and settled for a talk. There was no use mincing matters, was my first idea, and with this thought, I dashed boldly in with—

"Mr. Morgan"—I usually call him Charley, but I was desirous of showing that I was really in earnest—"Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May, when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question, and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the plan, and laughed as though the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in all the world. I could do nothing, of course, but look grave and solemn, which, in a few moments brought them both round to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and me that brings the laugh; to us it is a droll remembrance, but perhaps in telling it there would be nothing to amuse any one."

This explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and with a smile, I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you, for so long have you excited my curiosity that even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane shall have that story, May, and I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with:

"Now, Charley, that is really too bad! You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself." And then, after a pause, she said: "When we are alone."

"You shall do no such thing, Madam May," was Charley's laughing response, as he got up and kissed May directly in the mouth, just in time to stop a torrent of words that in another minute would have poured out. "You shall do no such thing. This time I shall have my own way, and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more, without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that, in some way, Charley was sure to come off victor; so, merely saying that I would be back in a few moments, I slipped out of the room, and walked about the garden, until I felt sure the point was settled, when I went back, and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds, and laughing the old laugh as usual. As I entered Charley drew up the rocking-chair, and, after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story about how I first met my wife."

"It is just five years ago, this summer, that I was granted an exemption, for one month, from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not met there with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality of the Hyatts—for the solid old time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a couple of days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcocks, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—but which, let it be understood, does not mean Horace's two sister, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports.

"They rode, to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess, were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen and I was just hesitating as to which one of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident—for so, I suppose, I must call it—though really seeming like a special providence. What this was, I shall tell in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyric lavished by the young ladies upon a once school-fellow of their own, May Stephens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the repetition of this Miss Stephens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion. I formed, at last, an imaginary May Stephens, and do what I would, the figure was with me. At last, I was worked into an agency of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts, and of the two sisters' continual conversation. In what this would have ended, it is impossible for me, at this time, to say, had not I heard one morning, as I entered the breakfast-room, the startling words from Nettie:

"And so she is coming at last. I am so glad!"

"Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point, at that moment, or what, I cannot say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carry with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words, I knew that the hitherto only heard-of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment—though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week! It was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion, of

nearly two weeks duration, for Nettie and Carrie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before the new queen. With this idea, I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Nettie and Carrie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on my way to town, to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and had faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at Hyatt's, to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day to create a grand ensemble of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should, at the first glance, strike the beholder silent with admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing 'Paradise Lost' was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and re-dressed, compared, rejected and, at the end of that time, I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset; having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's instead of waiting over until morning.—No sooner said that done. I packed my habiliments, and then we went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninterrupted road is provoking of sleep, so I found it when the shades of evening fell; for to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream of which May Stevens, attired in book-muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud and admiringly inquired who my tailor was!—Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—the 6.26—that had run off the track, smashing things generally and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy.

(Concluded in our Next.)

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—*One of the Seven Wonders of the World Unearthed.*—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript announces the recent discovery of the Mausoleum, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Everybody has read the story of Artemisia, that most inconsolable of widows, who, when her husband (her own brother, by the way) Mausolus, King of Halicarnassus, died, drank his ashes in her grief, and erected to his memory a monument which, for grandeur and magnificence, was called one of the seven wonders of the world. Guided by Pliny and other writers, Mr. Newton pitched upon a miserable hamlet in Asia Minor as the site of this ancient wonder. Having obtained the consent of the Turkish Government, the next thing was to purchase the rights of the jealous occupants of the soil, a matter of no small difficulty. One old woman loaded her musket, and declared by the Holy Sepulchre that she would neither sell nor budge.

However, on being offered enough money to pay the expenses of a pilgrimage to Mecca, she came down. Removing the huts, Mr. Newton commenced his excavations, and soon had the satisfaction of handling portions of the famed mausoleum, exquisite friezes in alto re-

lief, fragments of colossal lions, and of beautiful statues, some of which he was enabled to reconstruct. He ascertained that the great tomb was a quadrangular building of about 421 feet circuit, 100 feet in height, surmounted by a pyramid, on the top of which stood a beautiful four-horse chariot, in which was the statue of Mausolus. This agrees with the ancient accounts of this magnificent tomb. It was erected more than two thousand years ago, about the year 353 before Christ, and Mr. Newton is of opinion that it was cast down by an earthquake. That the fragments of this proud monument of human affection should now be dug up beneath the site of a miserable Turkish village, is a striking commentary on the changes and vicissitudes of the world's history.

**UMPIRE.**—The great race for the Derby came off, probably, on the 24th inst. It was one of the prominent events in the history of the sporting world, and while annually in Europe some hundreds of thousands of dollars change hands upon the result, a large amount of money will go through the same operation in this country in consequence of the position occupied by the American "Umpire."

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Have this fall (1858) taken the **First Premium**

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- STATE OF MARYLAND, at Baltimore.
- STATE OF VIRGINIA, at Richmond.
- STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
- STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, at Pittsburg.
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- STATE OF MICHIGAN.
- STATE OF INDIANA.

And also at the Fairs in—  
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The following is the published report of the **PENNSYLVANIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY**, on awarding the premiums at the conclusion of their Fair, at Pittsburg, on the 1st of October last:

"The Committee have given a full opportunity to the exhibitors of several Sewing Machines, to show and explain their several articles, and after a close investigation have concluded, while Singer's Machine for heavy work is equal to any, and also an excellent Machine for general use, Grover & Baker's is more simple in its construction, and equal in its ability to perform for general purposes; but without disparaging the merits of either of the above, the Committee feel constrained to award a diploma to the Wheeler & Wilson Machine as being the best for all family purposes.

(Signed) **R. B. MOORHEAD,**  
**MOSES F. EATON,**  
**WM. MURDOCK,**  
**JOHN A. SMALL,**  
Committee.

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An ample supply of these **FIRST PREMIUM** Machines will be received by every steamer from New York; and for sale at the

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