H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Dewspaper-Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Bomestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 42.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday nust be PUST PAID. TO CLUBS.

three cripics to mus relitricity, itteen De Do 190 Five dollars in advance well pay for three year's s Our Sounts of 15 lines, 3 times,

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German language.
OFFICE:- Opposite the "Lawrence House," . few doors from the Court House Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851 .- 1y,

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please all our customers who want good work done, it is hoped that all the trade wil' give us a call.

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Judge Reads edition of Blackstone; Commer and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6,00.

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ordon, price only \$4,00. Korsuth and the Hungarian war : comprising complete history of the late struggle for freedom of that country, with actices of the leading chiefs and statesmen, who digtinguished themselves in council and in the field, containing 288 pages of

interesting matter with authentic portraits. Kossuth's address to the people of the United States, with a portrait, printed on broadcast, and put on rollers after the manner of maps, price only 50 cents. Washington's farewell address, uniform style with the above. February, 21, 1852 .- tt.

Alden's Condensed Reports of Panna UST Published, and for sale by the subscriber-the Second Values of Alden's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the last three volumes of Yeales' Reports, and two first volumes of Biology's Reports. The first vol-ume of Alden, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 vol-umes; and Yeales' Reports, valume 1, is also un hand, and far sale. The alsays two valumes are complete within themselves, and equiain all of Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yeatas Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes of Bioney's Reports. The third volume is ready will be put to press immediately H. B. MASSER, Agent.

Sanbury, Aug. 16, 1851,-

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Sunbury, Peb. 28, 1852 .-- if. TNK-Boureau's celebrated ink, and also Conpres ink for sale, wholesale and retail by December 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY.

BY SAMUEL LOYER.

On the eighth day of March it was, some prople say. St. Parrick at midnight be first saw the

Whilst others declare twas the math he And twas all a mistake between midnight and morn.

For mistakes will occur in a horry and shock, Whilst some blamed the baby and some blamed the clock,

Till with all their cross-questions sure no care could know

Now the first faction-fight in Quld 4reland, Was all on account of St. Patrick's birth-

Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth some would die, And who wouldn't see right, sure they thekeard his eye.

Till Father Malony, who told them their Said, 'No one has two birth days except it Says he, "Don't be fighting for eight or for

Don't he always dividing, but sometimes

*Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is Let that be his birth-day !" "Amen !" said So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss

A Wumorous Sketch.

FOR THE AMERICAN. TIM CALLAGHAN, The Inimitable Piper.

Oh! ye whom business or pleasure shall henceforth lead to the County of Wex- site to the blazing fire. "Now he'll play fard, especially to the baronies of Forth in airnest!" cried they, as one and all gath; I knew who was full before me. lazy-looking fellow, with sleepy eyes and huge cocked nose, dragging his feet along Cabinet and Carpenter work either on hand or helping him forward, dawdling along the "the Boyne," or commence the all-enlivenhighways, or lounging about a public house, ing "Patrick's day."
with a green bag under his arm, beware of "What religion is t him, for that is Tim Callaghan !-fling him a sixpence or shilling if you will, but ask

him not for music. Tim Callaghan seriously assured me fine a piper as ever put chanther ondher an the great man's especial notice. arm;" and that at the end of that wellburing a few odd turns here and there the King," which couldn't be conquered, and of no consequence, a golden store in his opinion.

your fine taste and superior set of pipes you did not try to conquer the half dozen at

she ought. Bekase if ye did, ges I again, dignity bristled up. yeld goon say, thright was yerself, Tim cently, widout axin' people to do what's about, but at this pertickler moment we apposible." An now I appail to you, brains wid sig or geven whin three does my man! an' give us one of Jackson's jigs."

pusiness as well. As in duty bound, I admitted that his argument was unanswerable, and thencefor- rick's Day" set them all in motion for a ward we were the best friends possible .-Grateful for my patience and forbearance, he eternally mangles the three unfortunates or my gratification; and I doubt if I could now relish them with their fair proportions, taries, in 3 vols. 8 vg. formerly sold at \$10.00; so accustomed as I have been to Tim's "short measure !"

"After all, Tim Callaghan was a politic fellow; and these three tunes were expressly chosen and learnt to win the ears and suffrages of all denominations of Christian men. Thus, the "Boyne water" is the propitiatory sacrifice at the Protestant's loor, "Patrick's Day" at that of the Roman Catholic, and when he is not sure of the creed of the party he wishes to conciliate, to suit Quakers, Methodist seekers, and Jumpers, "God save the Queen" is the third. For many years he was contented to give these favorite airs in their original purity; but some wicked wight-a gentleman piper, I suspect-has at last persuaded him that his melody would be altogether irresistible if he would introduce some oramental variations, "such as his own fine taste would anggest;" and poor Tim, unaccustomed to flattery, and wholly unsuspicious of the jest, caught at the bright idea, ponquered his natural and acquired fazi-When he ness, and made an attempt. thought he had mastered the difficulties, he wistfully at a marl-hole or his garters, listen | ed from him. to Tim Callaghan's "varry-a-shins," and watch his face while performing them, and

ever will again for laughing! When Tim arrives at a gentleman's door, his usual plan is to commence with the

he will require "both poppy and mandra-

long, and he sees no great chance of redisagreeable and opposite to the politics of ha! ha!" the offender. If the party be a Roman Boyne water" performed with unusual

spirit; and it a church-goer, he will never en with an energy that will render the thunes in the world, an' none ov them wound unnealable! If he is asked for any right! Arrah, what's yer name, avic !" favorite or fashionable air-and you might as well ask Tim Callaghan to repeat a passage of Homer in the original Greek-his civilest reply is, "I haven't that, but Pil might be the piper that played before Mo-If the child was too fast or the clock was too give yez one as good," when one of the ses.'-Ha! ha! ha!" trio follows of course; and if the impertinent suitor for novelties in his ignorance persists in demanding more than is to be Sang the cook, as she returned, to her had, he is angrify cut short, especially if avocations. But the butler, as master of of inferior rank, with "How bad years for the ceremonies, showed his disappointment sortins! yer masther wud be contint wid and displeasure in a summary ejection of

drone of the bag pipe startled our ears into Nothing! And they keep up the custom from that day tained. The petition was granted, the bright countenances of the ladies were sitting still, before and after supper, till at

and Bargie, should you see a tall, stout, ered around him in expectation of music. gions, among the inferior gentry, and wil- the subject. as if they were clogs imposed on him by ling to please all orders and conditions, benature to restrain his motion instead of gins to consider whether he shall repeat low," was the reply.

> "What religion is the sarvints ov ?" replied he at length to a little cow-boy gaping with wonder at the grand ornaments of

what he sarved seven long years will as Tommy in reply, and reddened all over at

spent period he began to enchant the King's ly; then deciding instantly, with much splendid set of pipes, and three whole tunes squeezed forth the conciliating "God save

The butler listened awhile with the sapient air of a judge, "you're a capital per-"Ah, then, Tim," said I, when I was former, piper!" said he at length patron- and the effect Tim produced was corresperfectly acquainted with himself and his izingly, and with a hand on each hip; musical merits, "what a pity that with "an' that's a fine piece ov Hannibul's compersition! but it is not shutable for all occashing, an' a livelier air would agree with our temperament betther. Change it to "Ogh, musha!" quoth Tim, looking sul- somethin new." And tucking his apran ky and approved. What same quisthen has aside, he gallantly took the rosy tips of the been put to me by dozens, and I hate to housemaid's fingers and led her out, while hear it! It was only yestherday that an- the gardener as politely handed forth the other lady axt me that same. "Arrah, cook. The piper looked sullen, and still ma'am, ses I, 'did ye ever play a thune on continued the national anthem as if he pipes in yer life? Niver, indeed, ses knew what he was about, and was deterlookin' ashamed or her ignorance, as mined to play out his tune. The butler's

"Railly," he observed, and smiled superallaghan, to get over the three thunes da- ciliously, "we are very loyal people heredon't want to join in a prayer for our Sav-Miss, where's the use ov bodherin people's ren's welfare! stop that melancholic thing,

"Out ov fashin," quoth Tim sullenly, but I'll give yez one us good," and "Pat-

quarter of an hour. "Oh, we're quite tired ov that !?" at ength lisped the housemaid; "do, piper, give us a walse or co-directle. Do you play, 'Taul-palpitty ?' Jene Sidebottom and used to dance it beautifully when I lived at Mr. A---s!t

"What does yez call it ?" asked Tim rather sneeringly.

"Tauty-pol-pitty," replied the damsel, drawing herself up with an air enough to

kill a piper! "Phew !" returned the musician contemptuously, "that's out ov fashin too; but PH give yez one as good;" and the Boyne" followed, played neither faster nor slower than he had been taught it, which was in right tune, and anything but duncing time, to the ng small annoyance of the dancers. Another and another jig and reel was demanded, and to all and each Tim Callaghan replied, "I have ni that, but Pll give yes one as good ." and the "King," the "Poyne" and the "Day," followed each other in due succession.

Was there any thing more provoking There stood four active, zealous votaries of Terpsichore, with toes pointed and heads erect, anxiously awaiting a further development of Tim Callaghan's powers! There stood the dancers, looking beseechingly at did me the honor to select me as judge to the piper; there sat the piper staring at pronounce on his melodious acquisitions; the dancers, wondering what the deuce and all I shall say anent them is, let the they waited for, quite satisfied that they blackest hypochondriac that ever looked had got allethat could reasonably be expect-

"And have you nothin! else in ver chanther ?" at last angrily demanded the butler. "E-ab ?" drawled Tim Callaghan, as if gora to medicine him to sleep" it sleep he he did not understand the querist. The question was repeated in a higher

"Arrah, how bad yez are for sortine!" suitable screnade, and drone away at that retorted the piper; "yer masther wud be

"By Jupither Amond!" exclaimed he ward or entertainment within doors, he be- of the white apron, "this beats all the playcomes furious, and in his ire rattles up that in' I ever heerd in my life! Arrah, do ye one of the three which he supposes most ever attind the nobility's concerts !-- Ha!

"Pon my voracity" cried the smiling Catholic, he will be unpleasantly electrifi-oil, and all his antipathies aroused, by "the get 'piper's pay-more kicks than half get 'piper's pay-more kicks than half pence,'-Ha! ha! ha!" "An' good enough for him!" added the

recover the shock of "Patrick's Day," giv- gardener; a fella that has but three half "What's that to you?" growled the pi-

"Oh, nothin'! only I thought that you

"Oh! the world may wag Since nu got the nag,

what I gave ye, an thankful into the bargain!" Thus qualified to please, it is not of the fire and the house altogether.

of "Bouquet a-la-Reine," and the gentleman a perfect "Pelham," from the aristo-Thus qualified to please, it is not of the fire and the house altogether.

to be wondered at that he is celebrated Again I had the exquisite delight of cratic arch of his brow to his shoe tie, through three baronies as the piper!"

Again I had the exquisite delight of cratic arch of his brow to his shoe tie, hearing Tim Callaghan. It was in another having retreated to their seats with looks When first I had the pleasure to see and part of our County, and where he was and jestures of horror and disgost, quite unnoticed by Jim Callagham, who hear Tim Callaghan, it was in the middle quite a stranger. A lady had assembled a of winter, dark and dreary, and in a retired number of young persons to a seaside country place, where even the "vite dance one evening; but, alas! ere the hour hold bard of the olden time, in his elescreeching of the wry-necked file" would of meeting arrived, she had heard that the ment, playing his own favorite tune, and a large family, they are initiated into the turns, the sentries exacting the same explahave been welcome in lieu of better. Con- fiddler she expected was ill, and could not quality actually dancing to his music !- mysteries of high, low, jack, game; right nation, and receiving the same answer as

attention and expectation! The very ser-vants were clamorous in expressing their was communicated, the gentlemen in spite be had, "Patrick's Day," continued in redelight, and in beserching that the piper of themselves looked terrifically glum, as quisition, now as a quadrille, now as counshould be brought into the house and enter- if they anticipated a doll evening; and the try dance, by all who preferred motion to minstrel was led in "nothing losts," and overcast, though as usual, sweet creatures! seated in the hall. Well, Tim's first essay they tried to look delightful under all visiat the minister's house was of course "the tations. In this dilemma one of the beaux take "Boyne," and endeavor to move to it Boyne," played very spiritedly and accu- suddenly recollected that "he had seen a rately on the whole, with the exception of piper coming into the village that evening; a few rather essential notes that he omitted and he thought it was probable he would as unnecessary or troublesome, or (as the stop for the night at one of the public houservants supposed) in consequence of the ses." Hope instantly illuminated all facold of his fingers; and finally they took him to the kitchen, and seated him oppo-

part, whenever I heard a piper mentioned. What gort of person is your piper ?" ask-Our piper being now in the lower re- ed I of the gentleman that had introduced I was not in right mood for dancing to

> "A tall, stout, rather drowsy-looking fel-"Oh!" cried I, "it is the Inimitable !-

I was eagerly asked if he were a good performer; and as I could not venture to reply with any degree of gravity, one oth-"They are ov all scarts, sur," whispered othy and his ways, with admirable composure answered, "That under the shield of Miss Edgeworth's mighty name be would "Ov all scarts " mutters Tim significant- decline trumpeting the praises of any one, she having expressly declared in her novel heges on his own account, master of a solemnity of face and strength of arm he of Ennui, that whoever enters thus announced appears to disadvantage; and therefore "said my friend, "we leave Tim

Callaghan's musical merit to speak for it-Nothing could be better than this. ponding.

While the messenger is away for our piper, I must relate an anecdote of another servant, and a rustic one too, once sent on a similar errand. John's master had friends spending the evening with him, and he desired his servant to procure a musician for the young folks for love or money. In about half an hour John returned after a fruitless search; and instead of saving in usual style that "he could not find one," he flung open the drawing-room door, and announced his unsuccess in the following imprompto," spoken with all due emphasis and discretion :-

I searched the city's cir-cum-fer-ence round, And not a musician is there to be found! I fear for music you it be at a logs,

and then made his bow and retired. The city, by the way, was a village of some all-dozen houses. So much for John, and

now for Tim Callagham.

Bregently the identical Tim made his appearance, and was placed in high state the top of the room, with a degree of attention and respect fully due to his abilities. For my part, the very sight of Tim, and the thought of his consummete assurrance or stupidity in attempting to play for dancing, amused me beyond expression : but I suppressed all symptoms of this, and kept my eye on the alert in expectation of what was to follow. A bumper of his favorite punch was prepared for him and cut, had we ushered him in with a flourish while sipping it, I thought be cast a scrutinizing and auxious glance on the company, probably thinking how he should adtime to pause. A quadrille set was immediately formed, and he was called on to play !- the sapient helles and beaug never following colloquy commenced :reaming that a modern piper ever wight not play quadrilles. Never did I find it so laughter! There stood the eight eleganles, ane drawing forth his tablets. ringleted, perfumed, white-gloved, and refined; and there sat Tim Callagham in all his native surly stupidity, dreadfully certainly remember Tim Callaghan! I puzzled, "looking unutterable things," humming and hawing, and tuning and droning much longer than necessary-no in the least aware of the demand that was to be made on himself or his pipes, but puzzling his brains as to which of his own

he should play first. "A quadrille, piper !-- the first of Mon-taques !" called out the leading gentle-"E-ah !" said Tim Callagham,

The first of Montague's set of drilles!" repeated the beau. "Ogh, Mountecutes is out ov fashin

ing his sleepy eyes, surprised with some

little animation

till the few pence he is piring for sends contint wid what I gave yez, an' thankful Pil give yes one as good;" and the com-him away content. But if he is detained into the bargin." | Pil give yes one as good;" and the com-pany being mixed, of whose opinions he spread through the thirty-two Counties of pany being mixed, of whose opinions he spread through the thirty-two Counties of could not be sure, the quadrillers were astounded with "God save the King" in most | glory !" execrable style.

All stared, and most laughted heartily ; but what was of more consequence to poor Tim, his arm was fiercely seized, and he was stopped short in the midst of his loyalty by an abgry demand "if he could play no of Tim, and I began to fear that he had "tattoo" all strangers are expelled; and, the quadrilles? Not or or and and evanished from the earth altogether "withthe name of a dozen quadrilles and walt- out leaving a copy;" but, lo! this very perative necessity as fire or sudden i'mesa zes were mentioned, that the unfortunate summer, (1841) that "bright particular star" can procure their being reopened till the apminstrel had never heard of in all his days appeared unto us again, with a strapping and travels. In his dire extremity he wife, and a young Timotheous at his heels commenced "the Boyne," when at the in- -a perfect fac-simile of its father, nose, stant some person called the lady of the sleepy eyes, shovel feet and all; and all house. The name seemed a Catholic one subsisting, nay flourishing, on three tunes -a sudden cry of joy shot through his and their unrivalled "warry-a-shins!" frame to his finger's ends, and from thense to his pipes, and poor "Patrick's Day" was the result. A kind of jigging quadrille was then danced by the least fastidious and better humored of the party; the first top couple, superfine exquisites!—the lady an importation from London, and odorous stores, and four groceries, where, from cratic arch of his brow to his shoe tie,

It was a great day for the house of Callawhan Well! as there seemed nothing better to last every one was weary of it and a gen-eral row was made to drop the "Day" and as best we could. By that time, too, our piper seemed most heartily tired of his patron saint, and having quaffed his fourth full-flowing goldet, appeared rather inchned for a doze than to renew his melody. But he was roused up by our worthy host,

who, good, gay old man! was the very soul of cheerfulness. "For pity's sake, piper," said he, try and give us something that we can foot it to ! night till now. If you be an Trishman, look at the pretty girl that is to be my partner for the next dance, and perhaps her eyes may inspire even you, you drowsy fellow, with momentary animation, and

Short as this address was, and gaily as it was uttered, it had no other effect on er person present, who knew honest Tim- our piper than administering an additional

While the old gentleman was speaking, the drowsy god was descending faster and was shaken up.

"What does ye want 31 grow'ed he at length. "What the d-- | does ye want?" looking as if he would say :

"Now my weary life I close,

Leave me, leave me to tep se." "Music! Music!" said our hosts, laughing. "Any sort of music, any sort of noise," and he left the piper and took his place among the dancers.

Tim mechanically fumbled at his pipes while the gentlemen busigd themselves in procuring partners. There was silence for some seconds. "Begin, piper," called out our host. "Out ov fashin," muttered Jim in bro-

ken half-finished seutences : "but-I'll-give -yes-one-as-good;" and a long, a loud reverberating snore at the instant made good his promise of music almost as harmonious as the sound elicited from his bag

Imagine to yourselves, ye who can, the scene that followed. The saits-bottle and perfumed handkerchief of the exquisites were in instant requisition, as if they felt sensations of fainting! the nervous started as if a pistol went off at their heads, and those who bore the explosion with fortitude joined in a chorus of laughter, increased to pain when it was perceived that the Inimitable, no ways disturbed or alarmed, prolonged his repose, and agreeably to the laws of music, and in excellent taste, bringing his nasat performance as a grand finale

to each resounding peal! Now," observed the friend who had answered for me at a critical crisis, "has not Tim Callaghan made his own panegyric? Has not his merit spoken for itself? What a figure our inimitable piper would have

of trumpets !" When the cachinnatory storm had subsided, and when all considered that their ist his polities there. But he had little unrivalled musician had had enough of slumber, he was once more aroused, to receive his well-earned guerdon, when the "Bray, piper, what is your name?" de-

manded the master of the house, with all difficult to restrain myself from immoderate the gravity of a magistrate on the bench, "E-ah I why, Tim Callaghan." "Ha! Tim Callaghan (writing,) I shall

> suppose, Tim, you are quite celebrated P' "I suppose you are very well known ?" "Why, those that knowed me wanst, knows me agin," quoth Tim Callaghan.
> "I do believe so! I think I shall know

> you at all events, who taught you to play the pipes l' "One Tim Hartigan, of the County

"Had he much trouble in teaching you?" "He thrubble! I knows nothin' ov his thrubble, but faix I well remimber me own There is lumps in my head to this very day, from the anmarciful cracks he used to give it when I wint as thray."

"Faix, I'd rather be surfeited wid a good dinner!" quoth Tim Callaghan, and made bis exit.

For a couple of years I quite lost sight M. G. R.

In the State of Tennessee, there is a cerhe expressed it the proprietor of the hotel; conversation takes place between him and a widower who like

bore

"Jeptha, Judge in Israel,

Und a daughter passing fair. Fanny, the daughter, was one of pretient girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digress in order to lay down as our ipse dixit, that Tennessee women, in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Miss Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neigh- voutly respond "Amen." The officer on borhood, whom we shall designate by the

ter. After a desultory conversation between gings. the two gentlemen, on the state of the | The ceremony over, not only is all egresa weather, the prospects of the approaching and ingress totally preluded, but even with-Major appeared to study for a moment, then nel whose post he crosses abruptly proposed a game of Gold sledge," faster on Jim Callagham. He dozed and or aseven up," the stakes to be his dangliter course, the young man indignantly refused, Tower was on fire. because he could bear the idea that the hand of her he layed should be made the BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING HAIR. beat," and that there was a strong probabili- readers :

ty of loosing both wheat and wife.

ent's one.

winked knowingly and said :

The old man turned up a frump-it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand -her heart sank; he held the three and tions," says that if the ashes of vine bran; right spots, and the king! She then looked ches are boiled in red wine, and this (the liat Robert's hand, and lo I he held the age, quid) applied milk-warm to the hair every neen, deuce and knaye. She whispered evening, it will prevent the hair from falling Robert to beg ; he did so.

"Take it," said the Major.

Fanny alond Robert led his deuce, which the Major The head must be well brushed when these ollowed by playing the king; Robert put lotions are applied. By washing the head his queen on it. The Major supposing it with a solution of borax, say twice per was the young man's last trump, leant over week, those predisposed to dandruff, will he table, and tapping the last trick with his find a perfect core for it. inger, said :

"That's good as wheat-"? "Is it W asked Robert, as he displayed to the eyes of the astquished Major the ace and jack yet in his hand.

High, low, jack, gift, and the game, shouted Robert. "Qut !" sententiquely exclaimed

"Good as wheat," added Robert, as he lung his arms around her neck and kissed us of the elementary canal being out of order, In due time they were married, and eyer

after, when anything occurred of a pleasant nature to the happy couple, they wo'ld ex- being killed by getting a pound of tough beef wess their emphatic approbation of it by in the sarcofogus, another kills himself by the phrase, "Good as Wheat."

would make me a pair of false bosoma."-I should think," replied she, "that one bag away."-Carpet Bag. "Ha! ha! oh, poor fellow! well, bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

LOCKING UP THE LONDON TOWER. Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery with-

in. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigirlly preenutionary as if French invasion, were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled; and, tho

pointed hour the next morning. The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curions, and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of elevenon Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve-the Head Warden (Yeoman Potter,) clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a large bunch, "GOOD AS WHEAT; OR "SEVES UP" FOR of keys, and attended by a brother Warden; carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard house, and calls out in a tain village, boasting of its tavern, three loud voice, "Escort Keys !" At these words the Sergeant of the Gantd, with five or six morning till night, and from night till dawn, men, turns cut and follows him to the a person entering the town may find in the "Spur," or outer gate; each sentry challendifferent stores or groceries aforesaid, one ging, as they pass his post, "Who goes or more groups of persons playing cards .- there " - "Keys." The gates being care-Gambling there is reduced to a science- fully locked and barred-the Warden wearhimself with all the dignity of a house- the history of four kings thoroughly studied, ing as solemn an aspect and making as from the miss in her teens, to the mother of much noise as possible—the procession reand left bower; the honors and the odd before. Arrived once more in front of the trick. One of the best players in the village main guard-house, the sentry there gives a was Major Smith, the tavern keeper ; or, as loud stamp with his foot, and the following

> the approaching party "Who goes there ?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys ?"

"Queen Victorials keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and alliq The Youman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria.2 The main guard de-

duty gives the word, "Present arms !" the firelocks rattle ; the officer kisses the hilt of It happened one day before harvest, the his sword; the escort fall in among their young man was detained in the village, and companions; and the Yeoman Porter marchfound him as usual, at the hotel, scated be es majestically across the parade alone to tween the Major and his charming daugh- deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lod-

versation, the Major asked Robert how his furnished with the countersign; and any wheat crop promised to yield. In reply, he one who, unhapply forgetful, venture, from was told that the young farmer expected to his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is make at least one hungred bushels. The sure to be made the prey of the figt senti-

All of which is pleasantly abford, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the Fanny against the crop of wheat. This, of crown was carried about, when the White

subject of a bet, or that he should win a The Scientific American gives the followwife by gambling for her, and, perhaps, be- ing directions for making a beautiful hair cause he knew the "old man" was "hard to oil, which may be of use to some of our

Take a plat of olive oil and bring it up to It was not until the Major, with his usual 200 degrees of heat in a clean pan, (not obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won iron) and add half an ounce of pearlash and her, he should never have her, that the stir well for ten minutes. Take it off and young man was forced reluctantly to consent set it to cool; when cold, a sediment will be found at the bottom. Pour off the clear The table was placed, and the players through a catton cloth, and put it up in a took their seats, with Miss Fanny between buttle for use. The pearlash combines with to watch the progress of the game. The the margerin acid in the oil, leaving the cards were regularly shuffed and cut, and olein; this will be free from odor. It can it fell to the Major's lot to deal. The first be colored red with garancin, (a preparation hand was played, and Robert made gift to of madder,) but hair oils should never be his opponents high low game. Robert then colored. All the hair oils of the perfumers dealt, the Major begged; it was given, and are either of a red or yellow color. This is the Major again made three to his oppo- to please the eye of the boyer, who mistake an adulterated for a superior article. Hair "Six to two," said Miss Fanny with a oils should be clear and nearly golorless .igh. The Major as he again delt the cards By exposing the clive oil, refined as described, to the sun, in well corked bottles, it "I am good for that wheat, Master will soon become colorless, limpid as water and exceedingly beautiful. Any person can thus prepare his own bair oil.

An article in the "Philosophical Transagout. A mixture of good brandy and clive oil is good to prevent the hair from falling "Three to six," said the agitated Miss out, by applying it with a sponge before gomg to bed, and brushing the head well .-

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN .- "Diseases is ye; ry various,33 said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The Dr. tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs ; It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The dis. gases is so various! one way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another way of the brown creatures; here they tell and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of a neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men discovering his jocular vein. Things changes so, that I declare I dod't know how to sub-'Wire't, said a tyranical husband one scribe for any disease now-a-days. New norning to his abused consort, "I wish you names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb

Pigg. -Love reduced to tears.