# The Sunbury American.

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1856.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 16. NO 26

### The Sunbury American, Select Poetry. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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U.S. OF A. "God and our Native Land." SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U.S. A. holds its stated assaions every Mesnar evening in their New Hall, opposite E.

Y. Brights store. Sunbury, Pa. Inititation and regalia, \$2,00. D. O. E MAIZE, W. C. EN'L WILVERY, R. S. Sanbury Jan. 12, 1856 .- oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M. SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A M. meets every Traspar evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sanbury, Pa. Members of the

erder are respectfully requested to artend. P. M. SHINDEL, C. A. Hooven, R. S. Sunbary, Oct. 20, 1855.

J.S. OF A. WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19 J. S. of A holds its stated meetings every Saturday svening, in the American Hall, Market Street,

Sanbury. A. A. SHISSLER, P. A. J. Rockefeller, R. S. Sunbury, January 5, 1855,---tf.

Cheap Watches & Jewelr WHOLESALE and Retail, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, PHILADELPHIA.

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he highest market price will be paid. Sunbury, October 6, 1855 .-- tf STOVES-

FOR SALE an excellent second-hand Cook ing Stave, also several Oylinder Cool to se. En juite at this office.

[From the Warren (N. J.) Journal.] Jonathan's Reply, in Verse, to John Eall's Boasting in the London Times.

wonder. John, if you forget, some sixty years ago, When we were very young, John, your head was white as snow But found out your mistake, John, one day

at Lexington. And when we asked you in, John, to take a cup of tea, Made in Boston harbor, John, the tea pot of

the free, You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite select; There were some aborigines you didn't quite

expect. 1000 You didn't like their manners, John, you couldn't stand their tea, You thought it got into their heads and made them quite too free,

But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little still.) ran down Bunker Hill.

o'er and o'er. half a score :

wallis that was one.

far too fat to run. You havn't got the legs, John, you had at Bennington.

And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you could'nt run. You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of Iron and making Steam. And gave your sword, fye, John, for shame, to one George Washington.

I do not think you'll e'er forget the time you went to York, And ate so like a beast, John, you raised the price of pork,

Then we had some to spare, John, our hooks with pork we baited, And hung them out on Jersey shore, and you evacuated.

Another much-loved spot John, such sweet associations, When you were going down to York to see your rich relations. The Dotchmen of the Mobawk, John, anxious to entertain, Put up some "Gates" that stopped you John, on Saratoga's plain.

from you Fort Ti

I know you'll grieve to hear it, John, and feel quite sore and sad, To learn that Ethan's dead, John, and yet there's many a lad Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns and noise,

And gets up just as early, John, as those brave Green Mountain boys.

Oh no, we never "mention it," we never thought it haky. The day you charged the cotton bage, and got into Kentucky.

I thought you knew geography, but misses Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Origans.

The "beauty" it was there, John, beyond the cotton bags. And did you get the "booty," John? somehow my memory flags : I think you made a "swap," John, I've got it

in my head, Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead. The mistress of the ocean, John, she couldn't | 1 have stated that my cottage was situated rule the lakes. You had some ganders in your fleet, but,

John, you had no "Drakes;" Your choicest spirits too, were there, you took hock and sherry,
But, John, you couldn't stand our fare—you couldn't take our Perry.

We make them all just so, John, on land or on the sea, We took this little continent on purpose to be free; Our Eagle's free, he loves to sour, he cannot

bear a cage, But, John, he loves, to scratch the bars, and make lion rage.

Our glorious stars are sparkling bright, increasing year by year, Supported by a thousand hearts that never

Our children lisp it in their prayers, 'tis carried o'er the sea ; Dost hear it, John? it thunders there, "We're children of the free."

and true, To worship God, and keep the land, dear

Until the last bright star shall set on the last freeman's grave.

# Singular Narratibe.

ALBERT LACHNER: -OR-

THE DOPPLEGANGER.

Albert Lachner was my particular friend and fellow student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was posessed of a moderate competence and a little
estate at Ems. on the Labn; so I devoted
myself to the tranquil life of a proprietore

my inheritance

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the tusby margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old Kurhaus, the suspension bridge, and, fur-ther away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up a library and smoking-room; and furnished one bed camber espe-You didn't count as much, John, and thought to make us run.

Cially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a book-case, and filled it with his favorite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favorite color .--When all was complete I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came ; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat | the deep groove pressed by his body! It was subject to fits of melanchely abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind-some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

The day you marched across the Neck, and ces-never feight a duel at the Hirschgasse never been one of the fellowhood of Foxes never boated, and quarrelled, and gambled You acted just like mad, John, and tumbled like the rest of us, wild boys as we were! But then he was constitutionally unfitted for By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled such violent sports; and a lameness which da- a basin of fine sand. First of all, I closed ted from his early childhood, proved an effec-tual bar to the practice of all those athletic floor all round the bed with sand; shut and But now I hope you are sober, John; you're tual bar to the practice of all those athletic exercises which secure to youth the mens sana locked the chamber door, and left the key, in corpore sano. Still be was strangely alter-ed; and it cut me to the heart to see him so in the town. Katrino was witness to all this. Sad, and not be permitted to partake of his That night I lay awake and restless; not a sad, and not be permitted to partake of his sound disturbed the utter silence of the audying too closely; but this be protested was tumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves not the case. Sometimes I fancied that be against my casement. was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error; he was changed-but how or why, I

found it impossible to discover. After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to aliade to the rapid pro- right in the Herr Lachner's bedroom." gress that was making everywhere in favor of ment of the science, and defended all its phe- the day before, were wide open revelation, with the fervor of a determined

believer. spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an

Who called you to surrender, in "Great Jeho- he had stepped into the diligence, and was a labyrinth of narrow, old-fashioned streets gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without know- and paused at length before a high, red-brick You recognized the "Congress" then, authority most high.

The morn he called so early, John, and took gone. Feeling distribed, yet without the way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days tern answered my summons; and, on my inafter his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came.-Somehow, our long arguments dwelt unpleas antly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs: and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the musicmeetings, which are so much the fashion here. and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind

the doubts and reflections which had so much One evening, as I was returning hemeward from the house of a friend in the town, I excaused me a very disagreeable sensation. on the banks of the river, and was surrounded | here like a king." by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing boat by moored. This evening. I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here knew that I was coming?" and there intercepted by villas and private enclosures. N w, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own gardenfence without once diverging from the riverpath. I was musing and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when all at once. I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little damain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, Free as our sires of '76, as bold, and brave and true, and true, and true, and true, delight deprived me at first of all power of John, we took from you;
To keep our flag free on the land, unsulfied kind of you. When did you arrive?" He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words, and with a like result. "Albert, look round, man !" Slowly he turned his head, and looked me in the face; and then, O horror! even as I was looking at him he disappeared. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there .-Trembling and awe struck, I went into the house, and strove to compose my shattered nerves. Was Albert dead, and were appari-

> ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when he first left me. It was about four days from this time when circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plate beside

tions truth? I dared not think-I dared

and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside what do you want now?" drew forth a florin, with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in She courtesied again, and shook her head, She courtesied again, and shook her head, Thank you, master; but it is not that." Something in the old woman's tone of voice

"If you please, master-if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?"
"Here!" I repeated, "What do you nean ?" "In the bed upstairs, master."

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue. "The bed has been slept in master, for the last four nights" I flew to the door, thrust her inside, and in

a moment sprang up the staircase and into Albert's bedroom; and there, plainly, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more do deception this, but a strange and incom-silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed prehensible reality. I ground aloud, and even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew

prehensible reality. I grouned aloud, and staggered heavily back.

"It has been like this for four nights master," said the old woman. "Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that may.

"But I saw you—I saw you standing in my He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagan-day; but this time I thought I would speak day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well, Katrine, make the bed once more : et us give it another trial; and then-I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work. I returned from Eras with the key. "Come with turned from Eras with the key. "Come with lent. Presently he raised his head, poured me, Katrine." I said; "let us see if all be out a half a tumblerful of brandy, drank it at

At the door, we paused and looked, half mesmerism, and added some light words of tarrified, in each other's faces; then I sumincredulity as I spoke. To my surprise he moned conrage, turned the key, and entered expressed his absolute faith in every depart. The window-shutters which I had fastened nomena, even to clarivoyance and mesmeric | no mortal hand; and the daylight streaming in, fell upon the disordered bed-upon footmarks in the sand! Looking attentively at I found his views on the subject more ex-these latter, I saw that the impressions were tended than any I had previously heard. To alternately light and heavy, as if the walker stitutionally inclined more towards those in-We looked—we looked into each—each mesmeric influences, he attributed all those | had rested longer upon one foot than the

bled spirits; all those banshees of family apparitions; all those haunting and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest that room, locked the door again, and resolv.

bled spirits; all those banshees of family apparations, I pierced at once to the essence fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a partition, and passing from the condition of the doctrine, and passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became "Albert!" I shrieked, "look up. ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

| Consider the deer again, and reserve the deer again, and reserv

That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and very green.

We mean to have it lithographed, and sond it to your queen.

I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it o' nights.

The name it bore in '76, was simply Bemis

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, bunds in mine; they were cold as marble. The name it bore in '76, was simply Bemis

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel. The promising to visit me in the autumn, when the promising to visit me in the autumn, when the promising it was simply Bemis

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and fatiguing, and only a subjoint and sold be achieved by train. Thought the most extraordinary rapports behands in mine; they were cold as marble. In the present social system as regards the martine in the next day I set off for Cassel. The bands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, be promising to visit me in the autumn, when the promising to visit me in the autumn was a least spasmodic effort. The power of an autumn the more singular plants and myself, and myse be often with you." could not delay at the inn to partake of any He was holding my hands in both his own refreshment, but hired a youth to show me could not delay at the inn to partake of any you to analyze with me the ordinary process | course of his gaze. Hack ! a doll, dull sound | "The downward passage. 'Call at the Can Your old friend, Ethan Allen, John, of Continental fame,

as he said this, and a peculiar expression flittinental fame,

tinental fame,

ted across his countenance the next moment at once upon my search. He led me through quiring if Herr Luchner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

"Then he is living !"I cried eagerly. on my way-"living! Mein Gott, we want no

dead lodgers here." After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the bread banisters. As I ascended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice ex-

"Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one."
It was Albert holding a candle ih his hand os well and substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms. "Albert, Albert, my friend and companion.

alive-alive and well!" room and closing the door. "You thought

me dead ?" "I did indeed," said I, half sobbing with joy. Then glancing round at the blazing perienced a delusion, which to say the least of hearth-for now the nights were chill-the cheerful lights, and the well spread suppertable : "Why. Albert," I exclaimed, "you live

"Not always thus," he exclaimed with a melancholy smile. "I lead in general a very sparing bachelor like existence. But it is that I-I also-may be-O rather, far, far not often I have a visitor to entertain; and rather would I believe myself deluded, dreamboating, and I had constructed, therefore, a sparing bachelor like existence. But it is you, my brother, have never before partaken ing-even mad! Twice have I felt a conhospitality."

"How!" I exclaimed quite stupified; "you "Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment. I gasped for breath, and dropped into a

"And this power, this spiritual knowl-"Is simply the effect of magnetic relation of what is called rapport."
"Explain yourself."

you have this day undergone. Eat now; eat and rest. After supper we will talk the sub-

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of anpetite, and I rejoi-

friend, "that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over other, a certain rapport, or intimate spiritval relationship becomes the mysterious link between those two natures. This rapport does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many in-stances may be altogether omitted. By this, I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolency or even clarivoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his own. I cannot better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator que, when my servant entered the room, and courtesied for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for demastic purposes, I pulled out my purse tablish between or."

This rapport I have long sought to establish between or."

But for have not succeeded."

resist me. and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving caused me to look up hastily. "What is the instance, during many days after leaving matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed Ems. I left a strong impression upon your

"Which I tried to shake off, and did." "True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddealy, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free

"At what time in the day was that ?" I asked, falteringly, "About half-past eight o'clock in the even-

"But where were you, Albert ?" I muttered n a half-audable voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion ; then as if catching the reflex of my agitation even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead. "I-was-here," he said, with a slow and

laboured articulation, that added to my disgarden, just as I was thinking of you, or rather, just as the thought of you had been forced

upon me."
"And did you speak to-to the figure?" "Twice, without being heard. The third "'Albert, look round man !" interrupted my friend, in a hoarse quick voice.

"My very words! Then you heard me: "But when you had spoken them," he continued, without heeding my question—"when you had spoken them—what then?" "It vanished-where and how, I know not."

Albert covered his face with his hands, and grouned aloud "Great God!" he said feebly; "then I am

I was so horror-struck, that I remained sia craught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and prenatural ly even tone, related to me the following strange and fearful narrative :--

Dr. K .-- , under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the mesmeric doctrine, before then, I was as hardened a sceptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in fluences-soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seemed almost of memory. Memory is the reproduction or —measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet summoding back of past places and events ascending. My blood froze; I could not re-wouldn't settle. He is put asbore. 'How With some, this mental vision is so vivid, as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its of the eye, so as to present it with all its and nearer—across the landing—upon the landing—upon the limit. The bursted trunk! The discovers of the landing—upon the l shadows. Such is our so-called memory— who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if "Living!" echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wonderously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syl-Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a distinct bodyyet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being in mements of earnest thought went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life, "Nay," he continucd, observing my extreme agitation, "this hands, to loosen his neckcloth, to open the thing is not wholly new in the history of mag-"Yes, alive he replied," drawing me into the coom and closing the deer. "You thought me dead?"

"You thought it psychologically speaking, the power of farmore appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body-that of being here and elsewhere at the same time -that in becoming, in short, a doppleganger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth 1 have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparallelled horror. believed, but I drended; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought sciousness of self-absence-once, a conscious ness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all per-ception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fornight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights since. at the period of which you have spoken. Or that second evening, Henrich"-here his voice trembled audibly-"1 felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power .-I thought of you, and impelled the influence "Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which time I found no resisting force opposed to

mine : you yielded to my dominion-you be-"I was so," I murmured faintly. At the same time, my brother, I felt the ost earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your fronk and friendly face, to be standing again in your control, deprived me of anpetite, and I report ced when, drawing near the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine-wine, we resumed the former conversation.

The former conversation is a second that spot is a second from the second from that spot is a second from the second fro came over my senses-the picture on my nemory grew wider, brighter: I felt the coo breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far-woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently I became aware as of the approach of something I knew not what—but a something not the same nature as myself-sometning that filled me with a shivering, half compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound smothered and strange, as it unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating clear, and loud— Albert, look round, man!" Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me. I returned—I saw you! The next moment a charp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and

"Not altogether; neither have my efforts I then found myself without any apparent been quite in vain. You have struggled to lapse of time or sensible motion, sitting by you der window where, gazing on the sunset. I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered-I lifted my hands to my brow; they were numbed and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to waich an order to the sound of t You say I was visibly present in your garden; I know I was bodily present in this

room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possers a double being?" We were both silent for some moments,- Pes Nut Pedlar. At last I told him the circumstance of the bed and of the foot-marks on the sand. He

was shocked, but scarcely surprised.
"I have been thinking much of you," he said; "and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay-nny, even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of farworking. It is true that I have awakened each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to ver study and constitutional weakness."

your first experience of this spiritual ab-Albert sat pale and silent, as if he heard

not. I repeated the question. "Give me some more brandy," he said, and I will tell you." I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in still a lower voice than before. "The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading-reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul-when I fore my eyes; the room darkened; I appeard ing dusk; plainly the harrying passengers; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door: it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the

and there"-He paused; his voice grew busky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

gloomy staircase; I entered my own room;

"And there you saw," I urged-"you "Myself! Myself, sitting in this very chair.

other's eyes—we—we—we"—— His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel

I hung frantically over him; I seized his very threshold of the chamber. A sudden fall beside me, a crash, a darkness! Albert had slipped from his chair to the floor, dragging the table in his fall, and extinguishing the table in his fall, and extinguishing the MSS, of the Baggage the lights beneath the debris of the accident Forgetting instantly everything but the danger of my friend, I flew to the bell and rang wildly for help. The vehemence of my cries, and the startling energy of the peal in every creature there; and in less time than it price of one dollar. takes to relate, the room was filled with a erowd of anxious and terrified lodgers, some tion and dissemination of the copies, the just roused from sleep, and others called from One Hundred and Twentieth Edition will be

their studies, with their reading lamps in their hands. The first thing was to rescue Albert from where he lay, beneath the weight of the fallen table-to throw cold water on his face and

"It is of no use," said a young man, holding his bead up and examining his eyes. "I am a surgeon: I live in this house, Your friend is dead."

"Dead !" I echoed, sinking upon a chair. "No, no-not dead. He was he was subject to this." "No doubt." replied the surgeon : "it is probably his third attack."

"Yes, yes-I know it is. Is there no He shook his head and turned away. "What has been the cause of his death?"

asked a bystander in an awe-struck whisper. "Catalepsy." DICKEN'S PICTURE OF WOMAN.—The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislatives exercise themselves in making laws for her nuise; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet and who does not disdain to be beautiful who believes in the virtue of glessy hair and well fitting gowns, and who exchews rents and ravelled edges, slip-shod shows and andacious make ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much ;-who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blind ly; who never argues, but adjusts with a smile; -such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance

AN UNLUCKY KICK .- J. W. Gilman, of Jonesboro', Me , while at work in a saw-mill. in attempting to kick a dog from the end of the log, accidentally brought his foot in con-tact with the descending saw, which severed the foot from the leg in a twinkling.

Lady fashionably dressed-Little boy can go through this gate to the river? Boy-Perhaps. A load of hay went through this morning.

A cotemporary says that the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's Ark, is that one was Maid of Orleans, and the other was made of Gophir wood

Four hundred emigrants sailed from New Orleans for Nicaragua on the 5th inst.

There are now 58 post offices in Kansas.

## A GOOD TAKE-OFF.

We have never seen a better travestie of the outrageous puffing advertisements of mere worthless stories, than the following-

tising columns as a genuine article.

Will be published early next month, uniform with the Lamplighter, the Hot Corn Girl, the Watchman, the Barber and the A new and extraordinary American Ro-

mance, entitled

\* THE BAGGAGE SMASHER ! This wonderful work has been over eight months in preparation, and is the joint production of six of the most distinguished authers connected with the Sunday Owlet; who, under the assumed incognitos of "Bux," Jux," "Nux," "Chux," "Qux," and "Tux," have for years past delighted the literary world with their thrilling and soul-inspiring productions I "Will you not tell me the particulars of It was thought that the engagement of such an array of talent could not fail to result in

> The most astounding Fiction ever issued from the Press !. And the verdict of posterity will show that

> n this expectation, the publishers have not been disappointed !

### ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS & DAY.

He has paid to the authors of Bacquage Smasher, during their labors; and each, in his proper department, has showered upon it the most brilliant correscations of his genius. experienced quite suddenly, a scusation of The plot has been elaborated by Dux—tha extreme lassitude. The book grew dun be-characters have been developed by Jux—the conversations have been wrought out by Nux to find hyself in the streets of the town, and Chux—and the scenery been depicted by Plainly I saw the churches in the gray even. Qux: while the jokes have been gleaned by Tux from the sayings of the

## TIPPER TEN TROUSAND

With those natural traits of brilliancy and refinement Tux is, by station and association, nerfectly familiar . The plot of the Baggage Smasher, t' ough

novel in the extreme, is strictly founded on fact. The Baggage Smasher, bursting open a trunk by too hastily dropping it upon the deck, discovers a fatherless bey neleep inside. He adopts the child as his own, and is rewarded for his generosity by being promoted from one situation of trust to another, until he arrives at the dignity of being clerk of the steamboat. In addition to which the friendless boy is subsequently discovered to be a cast-off son of the

## DURE OF WELLINGTON !

The whole is severe and correct, inculcating the virtue of newspapers, the liability of great men to err, the inefficiency of patent leather straps upon baggage, and the evils of

Master for the press, over thirty gross of Maynard & Noyes' Writing Ink have been used, solely for grasures and interlineations; ter of an inch thick, manufactured expressly the midnight silence of the house, roused for the purpose, and will be sold at the low

In order to prevent delay in the prepara-

Published First. In addition to which, special trains on the Hudson River and Central Railroads will be fitted up with twelve of Hoe's Mammoth Presses, upon which the work will be struck off, while the cars are going sixty miles an hour, and the copies, as fast as printed, will

be thrown out at all the stations on the Apply early! Orders received by DOEM, BROWN & SELLEM. New York City.

# The First Grey Hair.

Here it is, a wee bit of silver thread, yet on its slender form hangs a tale of sufficient weight to bear down the spirits, and load tho mind with unpleasant reflections. It tells that childhood's days are past, the only days of unalloyed pleasured days in which we laughed and sported all day long unconscious of future ills, days in which we dreamed not of sorrow. It fells of boyhood's days when hilarity was our greatest characteristic and the schoolmaster's rod our only fear; days in which in farrey we acted over future life, as a warrior winning battles and conquering na-tions, and then returning in triumph from a hero's achievements to claim the hand of our Julcina, then the little blue eyed girl of our acquaintance. It tells of our college days, when we labored up the hill of knowledge, and struggled hard for the mark of its honors; days of college freindships which we thought, were endless, some of which are so, but others, alas, are ended by neglect, and the object passing below our freindship, in in-temperance and disgrace. It tells of boylood's love as true, perhaps, as any, but not so stable; of our youthful manhood's love, when we admired the object of our affection as a pure, faultless being; yes, as an angel of perfection sent to corth expressly to make us happy; but, alaz, it was a delusive fancy, and now is past. It tells of disappointed hopes and aspirations of youth when, indeed,
"Hope told a flattering tale," promising
wealth and fame. It tells many a misspent
hope, of misdeeds that brings the blush of
shame to the cheek to, think of. It reminds us of our gray-baired father, when first the frost of age began to: settle on his manly head, and reminds us that, like him, we soon must totter with age, or lie down in death.—
It reminds us of that grey-haired mother,
whose life has been a continual sacrifice to our comfort, too often repaid by unkindness. It reminds us that we are passing away, and soon must be forgotten. Much more it tells us that is profitable for reproof, for edification, and for bettering the heart.

A distinguished literary tourist was once

found in a paroxysm of tears over the sup-posed temb of Washington, at Mount Ver-non, but it turned out to be only the ice-