The Sunbury American,

BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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May 3, 1856 .- if

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Having removed from No. 59 to No. 73

U.S. OF A. "God and our Natire Land." SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U.S. A. holds its stated sessions every MONDAY evening in their New Hall, opposite E. Y. Brights store, Sunbury, Pa. Inititation and regalia, \$2,00.

D. O. E MAIZE, W. C. EM'L WILVERT, R. S. Sunbury Jan. 12, 1856 .- oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M. SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A. M. meets every Tranger evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the soiler are respectfully requested to artend.
P. M. SHINDEL, C.

A. Hooven, R. S. Sunbury, Oct. 20, 1855.

J. S. OF A. WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19 J. S. of A holds its stated meetings every Thursday evening, in the American Hull, Market Street, H. CLEMENT, P.

Henry Y. Friling, R. S. Sunbury, January 5, 1855 .-- tf.

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

PHILADELPHIA. Gold Lever Whiteles, full jeweled, 18 cent cases, \$25,60 Gold Leptins 1sk. \$24,60 Fine Silver Spectacles, 1,50 Silver Lept full jeweled, 80 Gold Bracelets, 3,00 Silver Lever, full jewelled, 12 failest Gold Pencils, 1,00 Silver Lever, full jewell 12 [Jailest Gold Pencils, 1,00 Silver Tea spoons, set, 5,00 triad Specialris, 7,60] Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Holder, 1,00

Gold Finger Rings, 371 cents to \$80; Watch Glasses, plain, 125 cents; Patent, 187; Lunet,

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On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices. Sept. 6, 855 .- 1y.

The best collection of Glees ever Published, TIP-TOP GLEE & CHORUS BOOK. A new and choice collection of Copyrights never before harmonized, and many of the

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EPPRICE-ONE DOLLAR. Just published by LEE & WALKER, No 188 Chesnut Street, and J. B. LIPPINCOTT 13 Sample copies will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of \$1.

March 22, 1856.—4m—c4

FOR SALE! 2 STEAM ENGINES 90 Horse power each, with boilers. Would make excellent pumping ongines, together with 2 large blowing cylinders, suitable for a blast furnace. Apply to HENRY LONGENECKER & CO.

Shamokin Iron Works,

Shamakin, July 21, 1955,-

Select Poetry,

(From the Iroquois Free Press.) CORN POETRY.

The West can boast of glorious streams, And prairie's grandest laws— Of lake and forest old and green, But most of Indian Corn.

'Tis sweet when summer suns go down, When winds have ceased to blow To list its rustling, crackling sound, And think we hear it grow.

I love to pull it from the stalk When it is in the milk, And husking out its sheath and talk Of its soft, shining silk.

And when at noon aside we dash Give me a dish of succatosh, Or ears of Indian corn.

I'll take it with a true delight, And costlier dishes scorn; For nothing tempts the appetite Like ears of roasted corn.

Then when its sheaves stand thick about, And fruits the fields adorn, How gushes out the merry shout From huskers of the corn.

Where freedom floats on every breeze And fields of Indian corn Are spread out on the land like seas, I joy that I was born.

Select Tale.

THE WILD-CAT SKIN.

A Story of the Australian Gold Diggings.

tary state. This tenement was situated in a lightful woodland scenery, and surrounded by was short, and uttered in an odd, incoherent very extensive park-like grounds. There was sort of way, for which I could not account. a right of free worren attached to the prop-erty, and good shooting in the neighborhood. himself in a the supper was over he sented which was made over to me by my friends, the Colters, when they set out for Mouat Korong, and which I believe to have been one of the best appointed and most convenient and he stared at me as though surprised at land the stared at me as though surprised at

and the top slightly on an incline; an origi-nal grid-iron, or bent hoop; several empty bottles; two benches; one shelf, or sheet of morrow, I fell asleep.

I did the same; and, having determined to name called, loudly, louder still, and then faintly. He may all ast succeeded, though he was still in

was no keeping them out. I put my damper that he should soon be better.
into double bags, and hung it from the ceilinto double bags, and hung it from the ceiling—that is to say, from the ridge pole—but they climbed down the rope and guawed a which Gardner occupied was at right angles I caught one, and made an example of him; could see his face from where I lay. He was but I found that example was entire lost up-evidently struggling with some fearful dream. on the rest. They were incorrigibly hungry, and would cat. They increased and multi-

all living creatures in their proper places.—

There was an old frog-headed tizard which resided in my chimney, and which was of a social disposition, and would come out some
same time as Gardner, and probably in his times and pass the evening with me. He would sit on the hearth, and stare fixedly at me with his contemplative eye for an hour to-gether. I never thought of doing him any harm; but then he was not obtrusive in his

ls. 6d. a pound. effects were lasting. I got out my revolver, leaded it carefully, and having placed my last new damper, uncovered, in the middle of the floor. I turned into bed, keeping my eye on the damper and my finger on the trigger .--But not one of the cunning little rescals would come out. Several times one fat old fellow popped his head out of his hole as though on the watch-my residence was entirely undermined by these animals-looked at me, and then popped back again, I think

he winked at me.

The other inhabitants of the hut were less troublesome. There were some tarantulas, or "tri-antelopes," as Colter called them, which lived in the bark, and were in the habit of biting people, but I was told they always respected the person of the proprietor. Then there was a number of insects, of such curious forms and brilliant colors as would have delighted an etomologist. Any one with a proper regard for the interests of science would certainly have collected some of them in a bottle and burned lucifer matches in it; however, contented myself with watching them as they crowded on my table at night. When by chance I had got a newspaper, and was busy reading, they would delight to walk over the white paper and flutter their gor-geously painted wings. There was a kind of moth, with four wings, a little grey-coated fellow, which I used to observe with a melancholy curiosity. He would come flying down upon the paper, where he would walk for a while, and then, as if he preferred that mode of travelling, would cast off hts wings, one after another, and become a mere grub. Here was a theme on which perhaps a gold-digger

might moralize.
The diggers in the neighborhood went away, one after the other, till I became con-fined almost exclusively to the society I have described. However, there was a store still standing about a half a mile off, and as long

out sauce or ceremony.
On the whole, I was not dissatisfied with

my company, nor particularly pleased when I found my privacy intruded upon by a stran-ger. One night, on returning home from work, I found a man lying asleep on my bed, with his hat on and his face buried in his arms. I stood for a moment in admiration of his coolness, and then stirred him up with a pick until he awoke.

"Who are you, pray?" I asked. He turned towards me, and said: "It's me,

Mr. Smith; don't you know Gardner?" His clothes were in disorder, and his face haggard and dirty; but I recognised him at length as a man who, a few weeks before, had been working in the gully, but who had been absent since that time. He began to tell a story of how he had gone with a party to the Ovens Diggins, then just discovered. He had met with no luck at the Ovens; and as he had quarreled with his party, he had come to stay with me. This was highly pleasant and satisfactory. I knew nothing of Mr. Gardner, and was by no means disposed to have his society thrust upon me in this manner. I was at a loss to understand why he should have come to me, for I remembered him as a civil-spoken man with whom I had sometimes exchanged a word, but who had

However, it would not do to turn him out eprnestly for this surly offer that I became offered them a parting glass at his own ex-better disposed towards him, especially when pense, a civility which neither refused. During my stay at one of the Australian he insisted upon making himself useful, and, desirable locality, in the midst of de- in answer to a question; and then his reply dwellings at that time on the Digging. the question. He was not cold, he said. I The fixtures and furniture of the hut also advised him to turn in; and he then got up came into my possession, including a table, and proceeded to heap some logs on the fire, were, upon his heart, such as he had never of which the legs were weak and uncertain, after which he rolled himself in his blankets, felt before. Then he thought he heard his

I considered myself one of the most fortu- be better. It seemed to me that he suffered nate fellows in the country, till I discovered that the Colters had left behind them other things of a less desirable nature. After having bought my first bag of flour, I became to see. He expressed his gratitude for such instantial and the control of the country, till I discovered more pain of mind than of body, and the control of the country that the country aware that I had come into the reversion of services as I was able to render him, and was a revolver at his assailant; but the pistol a populous colony of mice, which consumed among them almost as much flour as I did.—
They rattled over my furniture at night, and what ailed him, and to avail himself of any serenaded me with faint squeaks of pleasure knowledge of medicine I might possess, he as they pitched into my provisions. There would make no answer, or only say, as before,

hole in the bags. After many fruitless efforts, with mine, and as the fire was still burning 1 His breast heaved convulsively; a gurgling note issued from his throat, and presently he plied to such an extent that at length matters | broke out with a cry of "Ned-Ned!" several I hope I am not by nature cruel, nor much given to what are called antipathles. I like before he left the gully, was a man commonly

my companion; and, having lit a candle, I saw that the convulsions were renewed, and that he presented all the appearance of a man in a fit. I took hold of his arm and known he would be suspected of having killed awoke him. He stared wildly about him as his mate for the sake of the gold he had manners-above all, he did not eat flour at man in a fit. I took hold of his arm and Powder and shot were expensive, but their I did so, and then recognizing me, he sunk

back with a deep sigh of relief. "Gardner," I said, "where's Long Ned?" out his hand to his face.

"Why don't you answer me?" "What makes you ask that ?" he grouned "No matter : I do ask it. Where is he?" and a suspicion had occurred to me which I

letermined to set at rest at once. "Look you, Gardner, I must know what's the reason of your groaning and crying out in rour sleep. Such dreams as these don't come honest men "

"What do you take me for ?" "I believe you have got something on your mind. If it is anything you dare tell, I ad-vise you to tell it, or I shall think the worst.' He made no reply, and I continued—
"Did Long Ned go to the Ovens along

with you ?" "Don't ask me. I can't tell you." "I ask you again, what's become of him?"
He made no reply for some minutes, and
then suddenly raising himself up, he said, "I
will tell you. You won't wrong me, will

"Wrong you !- why should I? What do ou mean ? "I've got a bad story to tell you, and per-Paps you won't believe it; but it's all true.-You asked me where Ned was?"

"Well?" said I, impatiently.
"Well, poor Ned's gone; he was murdered in the bush—not by me—don't look like that.

My companion seemed so much agitated that I got him a drink of tea, after which he grew calmer. "Tell me all about this," I said. "How

did it happen ?"
I will not trouble the reader with the quesas that remained there was no great cause of complaint. A butcher I had no need of while the powder and shet lasted, for the woods yielded plenty of game, and in abundant variety. There were quail, pigeons, (these are fine birds with golden wings; larger than the English wood-pigeon,) parequets

—capital in a pie; not to speak of many smaller birds, which were not to be despised when the big ones were scarce. Then sometimes a shot might be had at an opossum or a bandy coot, or some other four-footed tenant of the woods, which, like the birds, went into the frying-pan, and was consumed without sauce or ceremony. get so drank in the middle of the day, that it would be impossible to get him away from the place until the next morning; and on this

one afternoon, while they were going to stop by the roadside for dinner, Long Ned caught sight of a tent standing back from the road, on which a dirty cotton handkerchief was flying the breeze, as a sign of more or less good cheer to be had within. On a nearer inspection this place of entertainment proved to be a frame of rude sticks covered with pieces of tarpaulin and strips of old blanket, and beside it stood a shed for a horse and cart. The proprietor was dozing beside the fire, with a short stump of a pipe in his mouth. Long Ned, in his usual way, declined the offer of coffee, and desired the man to and galloped away. bring out a bottle of "stuff," at which all The doctor prono three were presently occupied.

saw there, was a short, squat man, unusually dirty even for the diggings, and with a face that purpose; and we took down the door of so covered with dark matted hair that the the hut, which was formed of a sheet of bark, his best, in a rough way, to please his visitors.

Long Ned began to brag about the gold he had found; how he had got forty ounces in his "swag," and tickets for above lifty ounces in his "swag," and tickets for above lifty ounces. never shown a disposition to court any socie-ty beyond that of the man with whom he was The landlord said that it wasn't everybody had as much luck.

However, it would not do to turn him out at once; the night was coming on, and he was evidently too much fatigued to go elsewhere for a lodging. He had sold his tent and everything belonging to it, having trusted, as he informed me, entirely to my hospitality. I gave him to understand that he was welcome to the shelter of the hut for the night, but that I wished to work alone, and There being no room for all three to sleep night, but that I wished to work alone, and did not want company. He thanked me so brought out another bottle of spirits, and

During my stay at one of the Australian diggings, I purchased a commodious residence, in which I lived for some time in solidary state. This tenement was situated in a commodine of the control of the c about his manner. He never spoke, unless | pefaction of brain, accompanied with giddiness. His companion soon began to suffer from the same symptoms in a greater degree, sort of way, for which I could not account.—
As soon as the supper was over he seated himself in a corner of the fire-place with his scarcely conscious of where they were going, To descend to particulars, I may say that the residence in question consisted of a bark-hut, I supposed he was falling asleep, a sadden two "miams," or bash tents still standing,— Gardner managed to get under one of the miamis, and immediately fell into a deep

He said he never had such a sleep as that. All sorts of shapes seemed dancing before his eyes, and there was a cold weight, as it Market Street, Philadelphia,
Are prepared, with greatly increased facilities, to bent learning candles, on best terms, from a full assortment, including Railroad Shovels, Picks, &c.

Country merchants and others will find it to their interest to call; and examine our stock being purchasing elsewhere.

April 12, 1856.—1y

Market Street, Philadelphia,
Market Stree The latter, though surprised by the attack, soon freed himself, and snapped two caps of mi sing fire, he caught up the bundles of Long

Ned and made off into the bush. Gardner had no strength to follow him, ut sunk down by the body of his mate, and down there he could not tell how long .-When he ogain came to himself, it was broad laylight. Having satisfied himself that Ned had ceased to breathe, he ran away from the spot, and walked two days without sleeping. I he found his way back to my hut.

"It's all true," Gardner said when he had ended his story.
"What made you keep it secret?" I asked Did you give no information to the police?" "I dared not. They would have said it

I could hardly restrain my indignation at "I know what the police are," he repeated; "and if you was like me, you wouldn't have

told them either." He would not explain what he meant; but afterwards found out the reason of his fears, I got out of bed for the purpose of waking | which were not altogether groundless, Gardner was, in the language of the colonies, an "old lag"—that is to say, a discharged con-vict—and be knew that if the murder became

I told Gardner that I should give informa-"Gardner," I said, "where's Long Ned?" tion to the police at once. Seeing that I be raised his head with a scared look, and was resolved, he at length gave his consent. and I set off to the government camp and inquired of the guard for one of the commissioners who bore a good name on the Dig-gings. Fortunately, that gentleman was en-gaged in a rubber of whist, and therefore, dthough it was near midnight, I had no diffi-"I-I don't know," be gasped.

I felt certain he was not telling the truth; although it was near midnight, I had no difficulty in getting to see him. He listened to me politely, and showed a degree of energy not at all common among those officials.

you describe, but why should this man want to conceal it? I must see him?"

I told him Gardner's condition, and he sent for the dector from the whist table, order had taken place on the third night be-

saw him?" the commissioner asked.
Gardner said he could not; he was so tupefied that he remembered nothing about him, except that he was a stout man. "You say there was a grog-tent where you topped about a mile from the place ?"

Gardner assented.
"That tent is not there now; I was all round the place last night. "I knew he wouldn't believe me," Gardner

"You are mistaken; I do believe you. I know there was such a tent there. You say the man took your mate's swag with him .--"Nothing but a possum-rug that his gold was tied up in."

"Why it was made in a hurry, or else in a place where 'possums arn't so plenty as they are here. There was one wild-cat skin in

"You are certain of that?" "I am, sir," he replied. "Could you swear to the man that kept

that coffee tent, if you saw him?"
"I should know him anywhere." "Very good," said the commissioner.—
"Doctor, I'll leave you to examine your patient. Let him have anything he wants from the camp. You need not be alarmed, my man; you are not suspected about this affair. Good-night to you."

I followed the commissioner outside, and asked if he thought if he could trace the man at the grog-tent on whom our suspicion had "I think I can," he said. "Time is every-

thing; he has three days' start of us, but it may be done." And the commissioner mounted his horse

The doctor pronounced it necessary to have Gardner removed to an hospital tent which The owner of the tent, the only person they had just been fitted up at the camp. Next features were scarcely distinguishable. How- and with its assistance we constructed a rude ever, he seemed of a social temper, and did litter on which the sick man was carried with-

which a wide view stretches over plain and

an officer, were lounging before the door as he passed and bade him "Good-evening."

"Evening," replied the man.
"Let us look what you have got in your cart, my man," said the officer. "What's your game?" was the reply "There's nothing in the cart but my traps. Look if you like," And he scated himself on a log, and smoked his pipe, while the police-

men turned over the contents of the cart.
It contained articles of bush-furniture, ooking utensils, two or three casks, and other articles of a similar kind. In one corner, tied up with a rope, was an opossum-rug, which the officer unrolled and spread out on the ground. The man on the log then took the nine ant of his mouth. The rug was a large one, with a defect in the make, which was very unusual; it contained one wild-cat

"What do you want with that?" said the owner of the cart graffly. "Is this your rng ?"

first unable to move, but at length, with a rug from him and forty ounces of gold, which

you have got now in your pocket." At this speech the man dropped his pipe, and sat for a moment stupefied : then sudden-ly started up and put his hand to his belt, in which he carried a revolver. The officer, who saw the motion, was beforehand with him, and, catching him by the throat, threw him

"Joe, tie his hands," the officer said to his The prisoner, having been secured, was searched, and a quantity of gold was found upon him, amongst which was a bag containing exactly forty ounces. He was then pla-ced in confinement, and subsequently sent

back to the Diggings.
As soon as Gardner's state of health would permit, he was confronted with the prisoner, and immediately recognizing him as the keep-er of the tent where Long Ned and himself stopped on the afterternoon of the murder, and where he had no doubt they had both

When the prisoner was brought to trial in Melbourne, it was proved that he was a man of notoriously bad character, and there was answered, with a quivering lip. great reason to fear that poor Ned had not been his only victim. With respect to the crime for which he was arraigned, other facts came out which removed all doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned and execu-

As to Gardner, I never saw him after he ecovered from his illness; but before he left the diggings he informed me that he should go to Tasmania, to a little farm he possessed there. I wished him good-luck, and returned with considerable satisfaction to the society

Textan Tale .-- All the world in Texas knows Old King, as he is called, a sort of Daniel Lambert of a man, weighing his 350 lbs., full of jokes and hospitality, renowned for his "Seditions" in his new house, and whose only trouble in the money line is his "This is a strange story," he said. "The "costive" gals, as he terms them. He once fact of the murder is true enough, for the body has been found under the circumstances pay, when due, in silver, but he had made his creditor a tender of a blank bill, which was refused-suit braught, judgment obtained, and property levied on. Hear him in his sent for the dector from the whist table, ordered three horses to be saddled, and desired me to lead the way to the hut. In halfan hour more he had heard the story from Gardner's own lips, and ascertained that the murder had taken place on the third night here. writ of execration on your truck, what would you do in sich a case ?" "Don't know, Colonel," said the Squire, "it would depend on circumstances." "Well," replies old King, "I'll tell you what I'll do: if that varmint sells my truck, d—n me if I dont' make a sacrament of him.

> There is a Physician in Troy who now and then deals in a little sharp practice. When-ever business is dull he gives a juvenile party and so crams the rising generation with pastry and warm lemonade, that in less than twenty-four hours, a cholera morbus gets in among "his young friends," that keeps him profitably employed for the next three

"Nothing but a possum-rug that his gold was field up in."

"Nothing else?"

"Not that I know of."

"The commissioner considered. "That's twkward," he observed to the doctor. "A large of gold only any one said, and the apostles, "Ah, he was a good clever old soul, I know,—for he once said, the said only the sa you know, that we must cat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience I can't help lore us, and ask no questions for conscience I can't help sake. I always thought I should like him for "Nover try benefactor."

hus pitifully of the schoolmaster : "Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow (a boy) attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements.

hearthstone was never made bright by chil-dren's smiles, nor his sad reveries broken by

their joyful romping. One of our writers, who now wields a magic pen, speaks of "that much oppressed and calumniated class called boys:" and to her better judgment we yield, for her ears have been for long years used to their ringing laughter and their boisterous games. She has had experience among them—she knows the lesson taught by their mirth and by their sadness: she feels the genial influence of the kind man if lesson taught by their mirth and by their sadness; she feels the genial influence of the dead one over the heart. O, children are often the wise teachers, while we, with earthstained and sin-hardened hearts, are the celd, dumb learners. Many a lesson of faith and meek submission can be learned of "these little ones;" and man; a care can be banishlittle ones;" and man; a care can be banishlittle ones;" and many a care can be banished by their guildless prattle and original questions. How many an artless word, spoken by a baby, gone, is this day locked up like a jewel in the torn heart from which the

of heaven. The evening coach was full-"so full that it was an imposition on the passengers;" so said Miss Trimmer, who, with two or three pattern bats and a box of artificial flowers, was the last one to enter, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which she put her fellow

child was severed, "Of such is the kingdom

The village Squire-never too amiablewas returning from court, where he had been non-suited in a case involving about a fiftieth | pression which promited a new one. part of his estate; of course, he was morose

and impatient.

A worn looking woman was trying to quiet a restless baby, by tossing it up where there was not room to toss a bird, because a simpering school girl on the next seat had whispered aloud to her very young gallant that "babies were a nuisance in a stage-coach, and that she should think any one would rather stay at home than travel with one," Poer unfortunate baby! poor, sensitive, widowed mother! Theirs was no pleasure trip, they were going, uncertain of a welcome, to a rich relative of the newly dead, the only one on earth of whom they could ask for aid. Comfort or pity the mother did

not look for. It was between these and the surly Squire that Miss Trimmer inserted herself. At the cruel remark of the incipient belle, the widow turned her head to wipe away a tear, when

seat farthest removed from the vicious baby,

and the old man in her place Now this cramped-up child was a perfect democrat. She did not know that she was poor and fatherless; nor that, when he lived, her father was only a hard-working bricklayer. She knew nothing of all this, and seemed to think she had as good a right to shout and crow as any other baby, and to pull flowers out of bonnets, too, if she would, Her first effort was to secure his white beard, but that was immovable. She next

reached out her hand for the seals and lastly grasped the cane. Well, little imp," cried the dear old man, if you want to get at my seals, you had better come a little nearer.'

So he took the willing chub from the weary mother, and installed her on his own knee. The poor woman straightened berself and drew a long breath, as if relieved from a burden she had not strength to bear. "You look tired, madam; have you come far to-day?" asked the merciful man.

'I've held the baby, sir, thirty-six hours in answered, with a quivering lip.
"I don't see how any one can take care of a tiresome baby," again whispered the little

"Somebody held us all once, and took care of us too, my child," replied the old gentleman, whose cars were too keen to loose ry minute description of the machinery and her remark. "Children must be taken care of; they have their work to do, and they generally do it faithfully." And he rattled his seals and key again for the happy child.

The mother cast a look of numingled gratitude on her benefactor-yes, benefactor he was, though he had never given a crust nor a copper-for kind words are often better than either. This good man alone, of all the passengers-save the unconscious baby-

seemed to be at his ease. At length the horses stood still, and all eemed pleased at this prospect of having the company thinned. Miss Trimmer looked hopefully at the widow and baby, but they did not move. An anxious care-worn gentle-man began to unwedge himself preparatory to alighting. Then, in the deepening twi-light, there bounded from the dwelling, be-side which the coach had halted, a curlyheaded boy of four years.

"O pa, pa," as the paternal head emerged from the coach door, "I've good news for you; you can't guess what has happened today "And clapping his chubby hands and dancing for joy, he exclaimed, "O papa, the baby's got a tooth !" There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in

the coach. The passengers all laughed heartily at the vast importance of the news from that little world. home. Miss Trimmer put her head out of the coach window, and "What a darling little fellow!"

The coachman forgot to crack his whip for whole minute, as he gazed at the happy y. The father turned round, smiled, raised his hat and said "good bye" to his fellow travelers. The surly Squire laughed and drew home his feet, which had all the way been stretched out on the widow's territory,

to her great inconvenience, saying:
"Beg your pardon, ma'am."
Even Miss Trimmer was softened, for she opened the cover of her reticule and gave the offending baby a stick of candy, saying : "Foor little thing, she must have something

to amuse her."
"Well," cried the laughing school girl, "I do love children after all-they are so funny

treasures—a tooth for the baby—has changed a coach full of ill-tempered people, into a cheerful and even kind-hearted company and in his path, and in all his movements. Boys are capital fellows in their own way among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. Even a child, that 'plaything for an hour,' tires always."

Alus! for poor lamb; he never had enough companionship with children to know their influence on the heart. He was himself his mother's youngest born, and his own dull hearthstone was never made bright by chil-

grandmother will give even a strange baby a welcome-for we've just buried our pet at home-my daughter's little one. She made the house very cheerful for us, but she's gone; but not forgotten! No. I believe grand-mother loves all babies better since she died;

so don't be afraid of intruding." Moved by such kindness, the widow, in an under tone, told her painful erfaild to her

good friend.

Overcome by such unlooked for kindness, she wept out the tears which had all day been gathering in their fountain, under the cold looks and sarcastic words of those around

Miss Trimmer, who, when not in a hurry or a crowd, was really a kind-hearted woman, looked compassionately at the faint effort the young widow had made towards wearing black for the dead. "Won't you call at my shop with the lady,

as you go by in the morning, Mr. Bond?" she asked; "I should like to speak with her;" and again she glanced at the straw hat, with its band of thin black ribbon, with an ex-"Well, here we are, my friend," cried the old man as the coach stopped before an old

brown mansion, "and there is grandmother in the door waiting for us," The little belle offered to hold the baby while the mother alighted, and the softened Squire handed out her carpet-bag and basket. "Good night"-erack went the whip-and the cheerful travelers rode to their own homes. Light and warmth, and a cordial welcome for the night, and prosperity on the morrow, awaited the lonely widow; "and all," so said her noble friend, "because a baby had a tooth, and his little brother told of it !"

Humorons Column.

Modest Assurance.

A good looking young fellow stopped all the boat, and went down himself without paying his bill. Said the Major:

"Sir, you must not leave without paying your bill. I can't afford to hire servants, buy provisious, and board people for nothing." You can't ?

"Well, then, why in creation don't you self out your tavern to fome one who can? Our informant is extremely anxious to chalk that man's hat both ways, as a slight tribute of respect to his magnificent impu-

Not Dond Yet.

It seems that Mrs. Jamison was a spright ly old lady in her hundredth year, who had long been promising her handsome fortune to her nephew. He had waited for it half a century, hoping daily to have the pleasure of closing her dying eyes and fingering her mon-ey. Every night, if he heard the slightest sound in the house, he hastened to her door in the fond hope that his dear aunt was in the last pains, and his day of possession was at hand. At last she rang her bell violently at one o'clock in the morning. He flew to

"Aunt, dear aunt, what can I do for you?" "In! John, nothing's the matter; its the first day of April, you fool, you. I am not dead yet!"

Explaining to the Children.

A gentleman on board a steamboat with

its principles in the following words:
"You see, my dears, this thingambob here goes down through that hole and fastens the igmarce, and that connects with the-crinkum-crankum; and then that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind of stirs up the what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes

An angedote is told of Finney, the revivolist, and a canaler, to the following ef-

He was holding forth at Bochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a beatman who was swearing furiously. ing up he confronted him, and abruptly ask-

"Sir do you not know where you are going The unsuspecting boatman innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the beat "Johnny Sands."
"No sir, you are not," continued Figure, "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat

can convey you.

The boatman looked at him in astonish. ment for a minute and then returned the

"Sir, do you not know where you are going "I expect to go to heaven." "No, sir you are going into the caual.

And suiting the action of the word, took
Finney in his arms and tossed him in the

murky waters, where he would have drowned "What's the difference between a Northern man and a Southern man ?"

"Case one's a free-holder and the other st slave-holder." "No, sir." "I give it up, then."
"Case one blacks his own boots, and the other boots his own blacks."

"Good, I'll treat."

can't help it?"

"Nover try to help it, child," said the baby's enefactor. "They ought to be loved, for owest him, for he hath need thereof.