NEW SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 21.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO 47

### The Sunbury American. PURLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TWO DULLARS per annum to be paid half year-y in advance. No rarks discontinued until all arrenages are paid.

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WILLIAM E. SOMERS CHALKLEY SOMERS. G. SOMERS & SON. Importers and Dealers in

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#### J. P. SHINDEL GOBIN. Attorney & Counsellor at Law

SUNBURY, PA WILL attend faithfully to the collection of claims and all professional business in the counties of berland, Montour, Union and Snyder, ounsel given in the German language. Office one door cast of the Prothonotary's

Sunbury, May 26, 1860,--1y

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL. BROADWAY, CORNER OF FRANKLIN STREET NEW YORK CITY,

flors inducements to Merchants and Tourists visiting ow York, manipused by any flotel in the Metropolis, the following are among the advantages which it possesses, and which will be uppreciated by all travelers. 1st A central hecation, convenient to phices of business, is well as places of amusement.

2d. Serapubusky clean, well furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Ladies Pattor, communding an extensive view of Broadway

3d. Large and superbly furnished sitting rooms, with a magnifical Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

4th. Being conducted on the Furopean plan, visitors can live in the best style, with the greatest economy.

Taylor's Celebrated Saloons,

where visitors can have their meals, or, if they desire they will be furnished in their own rooms.

6th. The fair served in the Salsons and Hotel is acknowledged by epicates, to be vasily superior to that of any other Hotel in the city.

With all these advantages, the cost of living in the International, is much below that of any other first class Hotel.

GILSON & CO., Proprietors. Hotel. August 4, 1860.—1y S PALDING'S Prepared Glue, and Shelleys Muclings S Pring per bettle and brosh 25 cents Price per buttle and brush 25 cents. Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark & Benzine, for removing

Sunbary, March 17 1862. A NEW LCT OF HARDWARE & SAD-

Nails and Steel to be found in the county, at the Mammoth store of FRILING & GRANT, Sunbory, June 2, 1860.

CONFECTIONARIES, TOYS &c. M.C. GEARHAT.

CONSTANTLY keeps on hand all kinds of Confectionaries, Fruit and Toys, which be is selling at wholesale and retail. Having the necessary machinery &c., he is manufacturing all kinds of Toys, and keeps up his stock, so that purchasers will not be at a loss for a supply of almost any article they may desire.

APPLES! APPLES!! APPLES!!! Just received, a large lot of apples, which he is selling at wholesale and retail, at low prices Give us a call. M. C. GEARHART

Sunbury, March 5, 1861 .- tf A DATENT BRITTANIA STUPPERS to har bottles for sale by H. B MASSER,

Rerosene Lamps. A VERY LARGE and chesp assortment wil be found at the Mammoth Store of Dec. 15, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

HO! YE LOVERS OF SOUP! A fresh supply of Macaroni and Confectionery at FRILING & GRANT'S. Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

T is important to the .. ADIES to know that Friling & Grant, have the best and largest assortment of Dress Goods in the county. Sunbary, June 2, 1860.

A PRESH SUPPLY Mammoth Store. Also, a new lot of per-fumery, Soaps and Fancy Article. Very cheap FRILING & GRANT. FRESH SUPPLY OF DRUGS at the Sunbury, May 26, 1860.

SKELETON SKIRTS. AT the Mammoth Store will be found a very large assortment of Skeleton Skirts from seven hoops up to thirty, Oct 6, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

BAR Iron, Steel, Nails, Picks, Grub-Hoes and Mason Hammers, at low prices. BRIGHT & SON. Sunbury, June , 1860.

## Select Boetry.

### THE LADY GRACE.

I was the keeper's base born son, So God forgive me if I gazed Too fondly on her face ! My homespun coat became me well, My blood was clean-no more-She taught my blushing blood to mock The coat my fellows wore; I bung alof, a thing of shame,

Heart haunted by her noble name. She was the daughter of the Earl; But, spite the path she trod, I saw sweet meaning in the smiles She threw to every clod; The bitter lie of hope illumined The path I trod alone :-

Poor fool! to trust the smile a queen Dispenses from her throne,— To trust the gentleness which meant The scornful pride of old descent. I said, "I deem her noble birth Too weak to sneer me down ; God gave the privilege of hope

Alike to king and clown."
False creed! For ill befall the fool Who leaves his lawful ground, To question and infringe the laws His betters warrant sound. False creed, and bitter !- In the street Her carriage splushed me head to feet.

I said, "The English Adam looks Alike from all our eyes; Bis linesge is of God, he made This Custom king of lies; My lofty lady, like the rest, Is made of common earth;"I spoke in heat, yet could not choose

But love her noble birth! Ob, hollow cheat! I could not dere But love the height that made her fair. I might have spoken-I was bold: But all that made me base Came crimson from the heart to brand

My father in my face; Sneer as I might at hollow rule, She est too high above, And I adored the noble birth That shut me out from love. I could not dare, O high-born maid, Pilfer the shrine at which I prayed !

But I, who loved her, broke the laws, The world is right to frame-Better for both my love was crushed Beneath her honored name! The world was wise, it joined us not, To live as slave to slave. It spared the kiss that would have shamed

Her Norman kissman's grave. The world was wise, I say, to hide Me in her pity and her pride. Thank God, my tale was never told

In my high born lady's ear ! Thank God! her lips were never curled To kill me with a sneer! And thank Him, too, who willed so well This love should die alone,

That she I worshipped never moved A step from off her throne, To mock my pitiful estate, And corse it with a gift too great. Such love dies out with youthful blood-

Mine did, I know, at last; And now her face shines dimly, ball Forgotton in the past. I took a wife, sharp-tongued jade, With vulgar wants and joys; But one who knew the woman's knack Of rearing girls and boys.

Not fair-a girl undowered and base, With something human in her face. The high-born dame has charms no more Far others or for me.

Her face is seamed with fifty years, And mine with fifty-three; They bought and sold the zirl for all Her noble name was worth.

And she has scarcely learned to bless Her beauty or her birth. A child of hers was given away To twenty thousand pounds to day,

## Select Cale

### MARRIED FOR A DINNER.

The down train from London bad just entered the great Cokehampton station; the hour was 8 50 A. M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Coke-bampton the railway traveller is allowed to eave his carriage for a few minutes, in order to snatch a basty cap of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows, the custom at Cokehampton to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the repast is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite towards the refreshment saloon was a straight, long limbed. handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting jacket, brown monstache, and a wideawake that had seen service. This was my friend Raffaelle Smith, of Clipstone street London, landscape painter, journeying in search of back-grounds, fore grounds, and other "bits" of nature, as he termed them, for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general reader, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to annual custom. the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on this particular occasion, that although Raffaelle Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvasses colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether be should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his break-Breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokehampton, some sixty miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten

minutes, gents !' To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition, such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveller usually seeks the Cokehampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the realway time table, gave promptness to Raffaelle Smith's movements, and coused that young luminary of art thrust his head out of the window. He was to be among the first of those who sought resolved to put his idea at once upon an refection at Cokehampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly, the pressing injunction of the goard had scarcely been uttered. when my friend found himself at the most Poung man," he continued, addressing the plentifully garnished portion of the table.— groom, "I want you to answer me a question." The Cokehampton waitresses are no less neat handed than matty, and Raffaelle Smith's groom was at the door in an instant. appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question inquired Raffaelle.

aterrupted his prefator order for "Soup !"

"Is there a gen'l'man here called Smith?" | The artist scrntinized the faces of his fellow travellers, in order to ascertain whe-ther the question were addressed to any of them; and as no one replied, be himself went

up to the servant. "It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"
"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."
"H'm! but I am unknown to a single

inhabitant in this town."

"The reason why you are sent to me!" repeated Smith, in great astonishment. "By

"Perhaps you will be kind ecough to follow me," continued the mysterious groom. "I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private." A sudden misgiving took possession of practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, 1 charge him, in the name of stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to avow it at once, and to allow me to stilize, without interruption, the few minutes

that yet remain." In answer to this povel summone, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity imposed on the stomach a delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, informed his travelling companions that he would return in a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom, who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street, said-

"Beg pardon, sir, but wesn't you having a laugh at them gents! They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to lunch there."

"I'll tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once-if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense -1 shall not leave you without a sound thrashing" (the groom bowed respectfully)
"for causing me to lose my lanch and miss my train."

"Ab, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the importurbable groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well "Here is that you will not leave Cokehampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa "

"Then I am expected to dine by your master. "You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well," cried Raffaelle, flickering off the dost from his boots with his handkerchief, "all that is not very slarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn. Once more," he added, speaking to the domestic, ty. It appears that Charles has not accom-"are you quite certain that it is to me, Raffaelle Smith, Clipstone street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this

"You are the very gent, sir," answered the groom, readily; "and here's the note she

Raffaelle hastily snatched a little note though the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle, but to crown the mystery the note was aponymous and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed on his alacrity and discretion."

Now, this was an adventure that commenced in too charming a fashion not to be followed up. Raffaelle at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokehampton, and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to "go on." "It is not two minutes walk," answered the

servant, leading the way.
"All the better," thought the artist; "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity." But, on suddenly turning a corner out of the High street, Ruffaelle saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaelle had learned nothing from his interrogation of the groom .-He threw himself back on his seat, and resigned himself to await the denoument of his travelling adventure. "Ab, ha!" he said to himself, and the brougham dashed along the road, "the whole thing resembles an incident in a play, and I am at this moment performing the part of a fushionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate, it will be a good story to tell my friends -that is provided the play does not terminate in a lugubrious fashion. One thing is certain," be continued, "which is, that I don't know a single individual in Cokehampton .-Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge? No, that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going .-

The horses still maintained their fast pace, and Raffaelle threw himself back in the carriage, giving free rein to his imagination. "I have it!" he cried suddenly slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the engine.—

I'll wager that this is the work of Thompson or Megilp. I don't know which, but I have a dim recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokehampton. That's it. Either Thompson or Megilp is rusticating down here-bus seen me get out at the railway station-and (sublime idea) has sent me an improvised invitation. A clever and discreet groom-a mysterious note-1 am carried off-I alight at the avancular door-delightful surpriseintroduction-good dinner-capital little party-choice wine-conversation. Ah! a good joke."

Raffaelle had no sooner brought his solilo quy to this satis actory termination, than he thrust his head out of the window. He was authentic basis, by extracting a few confirmatory replies from the groom. "Hi, coachman! just pull up a moment.

"Your master's name is Thompson?" The groom touched his hat. "No, sir."

replied the laconic groom. routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the webicle was whirling rapidly along the road.

Raffaelle pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed bis arms, and felt like. Raffaelle pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed other for this arms, and felt like a general whose elite forgotton corps, sent forward to turn the tide of battle. Charles!" "I know that, sir," answered the groom, readily. "That is the reason why I am sent diately opened. The artist descended, and diately opened. The artist descended, and had just been repulsed-annihilated. At the mechanically followed a servant, who led him across a garden. After proceeding along a trimly kept gravel walk, he reached the back entrance of a country mansion.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the domestic, "but mistress thought you would not mind coming into the bouse through the kitchen, as you Reffaelle Smith. "Come, gentlemen," be might not like to be seen by the company till said, addressing his fellow travellers, "Is it a you had changed your dress." "Don't mention it," replied Raffaelle, casting a glance at the great fire, the spit. and the bright stewpans. They crossed the

kitchen, and the servant, opening the door, led the way up the narrow staircase. "Hush! be silent as you can, sir; we are on the private stairs of the house, leading to singularity of the adventure, the desire to see your apartment. Pray take care, hold on by the rail-follow me !" Raffaelle ascended on

mistress.' Raffaelle dropped into a chair, once more entangled in an inextricable maze of suppo-

"There is evidently some mistake here. It is quite clear that I am mistaken for some one else. When the lady of the house discovers that I am a total stranger-well, I shall be politely shown to the door, amidst the laughter of the company, that's all!-Come, the affair is taking a tragic turn. That splendid repast, on which my imagination dwelt, is being whisked from under my nose, like Sancho Panza's dinner. But if it turns out so," muttered the enraged artist between bis teeth--"if I am ejected from this house, my unappeased appetite will drive me to half kill that villainous flunkey who has brought me into this scrape. Hark! I hear footsteps! They approach! The catastrophe is now at

The servant entered, and whispered to "Here is my mistress !"

At the same instant a lady entered the apartment. She appeared about fifty years of age. Grave, self possessed, and perfectly lady-like, her deportment reassured the be The last phrase, though not more compre-bensible than the other portion of the groom's servant to wait outside, advanced, and held conversation, somewhat calmed the artist's out her hand with a smile, in which there was just a shade of elegant, and well-bred famili arity. Raffaelte responded to this polite reception by making several bows of an attempted aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. The lady appears to look upon me in the light of a friend. wonder what reason she will assign for my abduction ?" "Ah, sir!" began the lady, "we have been

awaiting your arrival with the greatest auxipanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate we have received you." (Another smile on the part of the lady-giving her, in Raffaelle's eyes, the most Sphinx like attributes) "I am sure you will agree with me when I say that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe

which the groom held towards him. The "Owe me, madam! I am sure-yes-ah!" address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith," al. replied the young painter, judging that in "Owe me, modam ! I am sure-yes-ab!" such a reply there was nothing to compromise

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the imperious motives which have caused us to act in this abrubt manner; and these strange and exceptional circumstances will. I trust, completely excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate friend of my son-a friend whom he has known since boyhood; a gentleman in whom we could confide as in him-such a person only could we admit to a complicit in our plot. The culogium which Charles passed upon you, in his letter of yesterday, informing us of your immediate departure from London, has fully satisfied us My dear sir, I am certain we shall never have to repent having reposed our entire confidence in you -of having confided to you that which we hold dearest in the world, and I beg of you to rest assured that you will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the

honer of Charles and ourselves,"
"I am certain of it modam," answered Ruffaella, whose curiosity was now raised to the

highest pitch. "But the time draws near. You are some what iste," continued the lady; "all the company are assembled in the drawing-room .--Charles wrote to inform us that he had arranged everything with you. I can assure you we have neglected nothing. Ah! I see you are in your travelling dress, and, in your baste, have forgotten your luggage at Cokehampton. You will find in that wardrobe some clothes of Charles'. He wrote to us that you were both of the same stature-1 see that you are a little taller. However, that is not material. Pray, attire yourself as quickly as you can. In a quarter of an hour my brother, the mayor, will come here for He will introduce you to the family and our friends. A dieu, for the present, then, my dear sir-I may almost say my dear Smith." said the lady, holding out her hand, with another of her elegant but inexplicable None of my chums know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good bye by letter.

smiles. And she went, leaving my friend in a condition bordering upon out, complete after I had put fifty miles of railroad between | stupefaction. "Well, well," he said, after he had some what recovered himself, "if this is a farce, it is not a bad one. I must admit that the matron of the piece plays her part in the most capti vating manner But I think I may be allow ed to call her a puzzling old lady. Ah! if I only understood a single word of this affair! If I pely knew her son who is called Charles, and her brother, the major, who is to come to conduct me to the assembled company, to introduce me, and to offer me-something to eat, I hope! But I must hasten to but on the clothes of Charles, my most intimate, though unknown friend! The lady said they were in the wardrobe. Ah! this is capital Coat, waist coat, cravat, patent leathers, all here! and on the table, oils, brushes, cosmet-Charles is evidently a swell of the most resplendent character!'

In a very short time Raffaelle Smith was transformed into an elegant cavalier. White be was contemplating bimself with some satisfaction in a looking glass, and taking in by several holes, the hand of that article of attire which envelopes the neither extremities, with a view of silencing the murmurs of his stomach, an individual entered the apart ment, and Raffaelie heard behind him in a deep base voice-

Weil, my dear Mr. Smith are you ready ?" A glance at that tall, meagre, military when we enter the carriage-feign illnessform, that hooked nose, that white monstache, I told the painter that it was the Mojor. Raff.

"Then you are in the service of Mr. selle was by no means comfortable in spirit passing through the mind of the young man as he turned toward the old man. The whose arm was in his own, conducted him to "Don't know no person of that name, sir," latter, however, seemed to review him a seat in an elegant brougham, which was

other for the first time. I hope you havn't forgotton the instructions given you by Charles!"

Major, who sat opposite to him, with a cold forgotton the instructions given you by Charles!"

"On that point, my dear sir," replied Raffaelle, you may be quite easy. I can assure you that I have not forgotten one word of Charles has told me.

"Very good. You will recollect that my niece's name is Emily, and that it is abso lutely essential, in order to save her in the eyes of the world, and particularly in the eyes of my old cousin Lucy's friends-it is imperative, I repeat, in order that our proceedings may not appear strange, unbecoming and abrupt, that you should pretend to have made the acquaintance of piece while she was staying with her mother in London, Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Major, perfectly." "Then let us go down at once."
Ruffaella Smith experienced considerable pesitation at this critical moment; but the the conclusion and it must also be added the devooring appetite which termented him,

tip-toe. This is your room, sir. Will you all united in compelling him to follow in the please take a seat while I go and inform my Major's footsteps. The latter led the way Major's footsteps. The latter led the way down a vast and richly decorated staircase, and opening a door, ushered him into a magnificent drawing room, where the bewildered painter found himself in the presence of a brilliant and numerous assembly. The entrance of the Mojor and painter produced a general sensation.
"I have the honor," said the Major, "to

introduce to you Mr. Smith, the future hasband of Emily Shuttleworth, my niece." At this extraordinary announcement Raffaella felt his knees giving way beneath him-all the blood in his body seemed to be rushing into his cheeks-he was a victim to vertige-he was fairly stunned-and if the Major had not supported him, he would certainly have fallen backwards. "Be cool," whispered the Major, "be self edifice.

possessed, Smith! Master your emotion." To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he had ever made in his life. The Major conducted him towards the lady whom be had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. la a very short time Raffaelle found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of marrying than of allying himself matrimonially with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaella felt bimself somewhat of a culprit, us he stood there receiving congratulations, and overloaded with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in the house wherein he had no better claim to be present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrasment, Raffaelle turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence. The Major, taking him into a recess of one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry

out his honorable intention. "Tut, tut!" said he with true promptitude; "not a word, my dear Smith I repeat, your arrival makes me the happiest

"My nicce thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just imagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Cokehampton-several carriages smashed, sir; and you had been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand

The perplexed Raffuelle could only repeat the numerals in reply.
"Yes, my dear Smith," continued the Major; 'fifty thousand, sir! For to morrow

the date given in my old cousin Lucy's will expires. "To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that Raffaelle could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir. But that stupid dog Charles could have told you all this. But perhaps he has only very imperfeetly explained to you my cousin's extraor-

dinary will." Very imperfectly," replied Raffaelle.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the details. You must know that my gousin Lucy died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds Now that sam was left to my niece Emily, on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the which, all the properties goes to charities, We loved Emily too much to force her into a busty and distasteful union. Emily not reached her twenty-first year; and she has never yet met one on whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on and we were on the point of resigning the bril liant fortone which had been left to her o such extraordinary conditions, when, a few days since, her brother Charles suddenly wrote to us- Emily shall be married before the appointed time.' We at first received this intimution as a piece of idle pleasantry but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration-he drew such a favorable pic ture of your disposition your principlesspoke in such a touching manner of the brotherly love which had united you and himself since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy. You know the rest, my dear Charles sought you - he offered you the hand and heart, which you accepted-and in a few hours you come here to become my nephew, and the husband of our dear Emily Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles, an myself, are all to whom the secret of this imprompts marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why my sister and myself pretended to had you as an old ac quaintance from the first moment of your entering this house. That is my story, my dear pephew." At the instant when the Major had concluded

his speech, and when the artist was about to avow, with exemplary frankness and honesty that he was not the real and expected Smith, there arose a great commotion in the

drawing room. "Hasten, my dear friend," cried the Major "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar. The carriages are at the door. Raffaelle reflected a moment. "If I speak out now," he said to himself, "I bring trouble, scandal, despair upon this excellent family I must tell the truth to the Major

anything to save my bonor." The Major, little cospecting what was

from head to foot with an air of satisfac- drawn up with several other vehicles before

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further !"

The pallid features and trembling voice of the young artist alarmed the old man.
"What is the matter?" he cried, "what can you have to say at such a moment as

thia !

"dir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected !" The Major fell back on his seat as if struck by a cannon shot.
"You are not Mr. Smith?" he cried, in a

choking voice. Herenpon the painter related, with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the home of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there up to the moment of his introduction to the guests in

the drawing room, and the real, thought apparently trivial motives which had prevented him from proclaiming the truth. "Ah, sir," cried the Major in despair, "what shall we do now?—what step can we take? My niece is ruined. And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromisedlost—as well as her mother's and my own Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we know you some time. How can we retract these words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my

niece, sir." "I am ready to do anything," said Raffselle. "How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?" "It is too late !" cried the Major. There s no way of saving ouselves." At this moment the couch pulled up at the

church door. "What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted at the door of the sacred

"My dear sir," answered the Major, whose military decision seemed to be restored, "this is to be done-you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me, but so my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken the truth to me, tells me that you are a man of bonor. Hasten, sir !- take Emily's hand ! but remember not a word of this to any one : it is a secret between us both.

With these words, the Major hastily push ed Raffaelle into the church. In a few moments the artist stood before the altar, beside a young and charming girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. exquisitely heautiful. She raised her eyes at the approach of the artist; her glance, at first timid, became more reassured as she saw what a handsome, and more than all, what an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the Major afterward declared, it might have been seen by any one that th emotion and blushes of both Raffaella and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repust. The Major took advantage of a favorable moment to slip out, so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other and original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighboring town to Cokehampton. He learnt that both had been passengers on the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unburt; but his friend had

received a severe injury.

The Major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith No. 1, after lying for some time in a dangerous condition, at length recovered, and was induced to go back to London without making any protest against the marriage, to which a common form of surpame and the accidents of steam had given rise. Charles at first wanted to lodge the contents of a five barreled Colt's revolver in the breast of his improvised brother-in-law; but after a few months he shook hands warmly with the man whom he found to be dearly loved by his sister, and soon became as devotedly attached to him as to the Smith of his school

Raffaelle is an excellent busband. Chance has made this pair more happy than thou-sands who have spent time and thought in choosing. Emily loves her husband; Reffnelle Smith adores his wife, but he is very careful never to tell her that he was "married

VALUE OF TRAINED SOLDIERS - Allison, in his History of Napoleon, cites the language of that great general in discussing the question of how much time is required to make a reliable soldier. In a conversation respectng the naval conscription, Truget obs-rved : Much longer time is required to make a sailor than a soldier. The latter may be trained all his duties in six months." plied : "There never was so great a mistake. Nothing can be more dangerous than the propagation of such opinions. If acted upon, they would lead to the dissolution of the ar-At Jemappe there were 50,000 French against 9,000 Austrians. During the first our years of the war, all the hostile operaions were conducted in the most ridiculous napper. It was neither the volunteers por the recruits that saved the republic; it was he 180,000 old troops of the monarchy, and the discharged veterans whom the revolution mpelled to the frontier. Part of the recruits described, part died; a small portion remain: ed, who in the process of time, formed good soldiers. Why have the Romans done such great things? Because six year's instruction were, with them, required to make a soldier A legion composed of three thousand such men was worth thirty thousand ordinary troops. With fifteen thousand such men as the Guards, I would everywhere beat forty thousand. You will not find me engaged soon in war with an army of recruits.

CLERICAL -Some years ago Mr. Kimwell was preaching to a large audience to a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text-In my father's house are many maneious ife had scarcely read his words when an old oon stood up and said : "I tell you folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in Kentuck in an old log cabin, and there is but one room in the boose."

The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Greenland, that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miges exclaimed the philosophic savage : "I have

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### A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

BY RALPH RANDOM.

YANKER DOODLE came to town, To view the 'situat on.' And found the world all upside down, A rumpus in the nation; He heard all Europe lough in scorn.

And call him but a nondle ; 'Laugh on,' he cried, 'as sure's you're borne, I still am Yankee Doodle.' Chorus :- Yankee Doodle, etc.

He found the ragged Southern loops A training-like turnation, They'd stolen all his silver spoons, And rifled his pantaloon; 'I'll wait awhile,' he quietly said, They may restore the plunder; But if they don't, I'll go shead, And thrash them well, by thunder!'

Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc. And then the lovely Queen of Spain Told him in honeyed lingo, That she had courted—not in valu— A darkey in Domingo: 'My dear,' said he, 'if you will roam With all the male creation, Pray, don't come here-I can't, at home, Allow amalgamation.

Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc. The British lion slyly eyed His bales of Southern cotton-'Dear YANKEE DOODLE,' soft he cried, 'That stuff is slave begotten : A brother's tears have bleached it white, It speaks your degradation, But I must have it, wrong or right, To keep away starvation.

Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc. 'Hands off! hands off! good consin John.' 'I am no braggart cotton Don, Who'll bear the system feudal I've heard you prate in Exter Hall, Of sin and slave pollution, But now I see 'twas blarney all,

You love the institution

Chorus- Yankee Doodle, etc. False words, to high and low. Bring righteous retribution; And cousin John, mayhap you know The frigate Constitution! She now is but a rotten boat, But I have half a notion, To set ber once again afloat, And drive you from the ocean.

Chorus-Yankee Doodle etc. 'And if, in league with her of Spain, With all the past forgotten, You dare to lift the head of Cain In aid of old King Cotton, Be sure you guard those costly tops You call your 'broad dominions,' For I have lots of Yankee boys

Can flog your hireling minions. Chorns-Yankee Doodle, etc. 'I trust in God, and in the right, And in this mighty nation; And in this case would freely fight The whole combined creation; For when, in Time's impartial gage The nations are reviewed all, I know the meed of bonest praise

# umorous

Chorns - Yankee Doodle, etc.

### Sophia and the "Fellers."

Will rest on YANKEE DOODLE!

The New Orleans Picayone says : We have laughed not a little, while reading the following letter from Sophis, 'out West,' to Clarinda, 'down East,' detailing the facilities the former section offers to such girls as find the 'fellers' scarce in the latter. If Sophia's account be true, the female marriagables stand a chance of being 'snapped up,' like winking in the Western country. But bear the girl talk :

'DEAR CLARINDA :- I got here two weeks

ago, and here I shall certainly spend my days. Mr. Garrison that came out with me left me at Shekiggo, and I was glad on't for I never saw a feller stick to a gal as he did to me, and it warn't for nothin' neither, but he didn't talk of marryin' me but was just hangin' round, but I told him to keep his distance -that's the way to serve such fellers. I've a notion that he's in a fix with a girl down in Kentucky-anyhow, I wouldn't look at him now, for I have five fellers to spark me since I cam here, and another wants to cam, but I give him the bag. One of my sparks has got three secshaps and a house, and is six feet tall, and four yoke of oxsen, and is a widorer, and wants tomarry me next week, but I shall wait a little and see if I can do any better, for, between us, widdorers are so queer and talk up so, they always frighten me-but, however. I don't spose they mean more than uther men. This country is very large and so is the men, and they say the prayrys is tolles but I don't see but they are as still as any uther place. Meetins is scarce here and wheet don't fetch but 2 and 6-bay and potatoes they almost give away and sich lots of children-and the onfeelin mothers feed their babys on pork and potatoes, on account of the milk sickness in the country, a poorty way to grow babys I guess you'll think.

'Now, you must cam out, I know you'll make your fortin here, Jim sez there's only one gal on the bull of big prayry, with golden bair, like yourn, and she got an offer every day in the week after she got here. Now she's got a busband, and a nice kouse and a pair of twins. You can't help liking the ountry-tell Amy if she'll come out here she won't have to keep looking for the fellers as we used to in Westbrook-out here they are right after you pefore you know it. Tell mother I hope she'll come out here as soon as I get to housekeepin', and if she thinks on it she may bring them little red socks in the till in my chest. When you cum, be sure and go in the steamer Chespack, Captain Dilsy at Bufferlow-he is the nicest man on the water, was so good to us all, I almost luv him if he is a married man. Give my love to Jane, and ask her how she and William gets on, and if he popped the question yet. She may have him for all me-I can do better .-I can pick up my likens among the fellers No more from your levin cousin til. feath.

-BETSY JANE. "THAT ICE WON'T BEAR," is one of the latest quaint sayings which expresses so much and is so universally applicable to the shams and bumbags of the day. Ralph Waldo Emet .

How deep is it to the bottom of the sea!

always had a fish bone through my nose and said King Henry Vill to the Abot o plenty of train oil to drick, what more could blingdon. "A stone's throw, an't please to possibly desire?" was the reply.