SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY & MARKET STREET.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

PORTER & ENGLISH,
GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Dealers in Seeds,
No. 3, Arch St PHILADELPHIA
Constantly on hand a general assortment of
GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c.
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sold on Commission.
Philad April 1, 1848—

BASKET MANUFACTORY,
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HENRY COULTER,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of childrens willow Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and traveling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.

Country Merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles, good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him in the best manner.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

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Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS.

Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance &c. &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality, Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.

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Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

COUNTRY MERCHANTS
Can save from 15 to 25 per Cent.
BY purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers
POTTER & CARMICHAEL
Have opened a Warehouse, No 135 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel,
PHILADELPHIA,
where they will always keep on hand a complete assortment of *Patent Elastic Carriage Oil Cloths* 36 38 40 46 and 54 inches wide, Figured, Painted, and Plain on the inside, on Russian Drilling and Linen. *Table Oil Cloths* of the most desirable patterns, 36, 40 46 and 54 inches wide. *Floor Oil Cloths*, from 28 inches to 24 feet wide, well seasoned, and the newest style of patterns, all of their own manufacture. Transparent Window Shades, Carpets, &c. All goods warranted.
Phila. May 27, 1848—3m

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.

These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.

For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W V Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Warerooms No 52 south Fourth st.

☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C Meyer, by the Frankin Institute, Oct 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute Oct 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still great improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition. At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition. These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturers lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.
H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—

GEMS OF POESY.

ORIGINAL.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

I.

Fitful meteors!
Wondrous creatures
Of the great creative power!
Glancing hither,
Flitting hither,
Phantoms of the midnight hour!
Whence your coming?
Whither roaming?
What your mission, prithee, tell?
Your history
Is mystery,
Dark the region where you dwell.
Vain our dreams are
What those gleams are,
Whence or wherefore, none can say;
Vainly science
Bids defiance,
Your myst'ries are hid for aye.

II.

Do the Peris
From their eyeries
Far away near Heaven's gate
'Mid lightning blent
Wing their descent
Earthward messenger of Fate?
Or, gleaming far
'Yond farthest star,
Light'st the fair assembling throng
For festival
In Heaven's hall,
Angelic dance, and seraphic song?
Or from the Pyre
Of Heaven's ire [down
Shoots thou in wrathful vengeance
'Gainst fated head
Of the misled
Of mortals old in error grown?

III.

"Vain guesses all,"
A mystic pall
Hangs e'er the hist'ry of your race
Forbidding man
Your ways to scan,
Or going to and fro to trace.
Imaginings
No nearer brings
Nor science with her argus-eyne
Thy depths defy
Philosophy,
We know no more than what is seen—
A glorious light
Adorning Night,
Phantom spirits of the sky,
Wand'ring ever,
Resting never
In their pathways far on high!

City Item.

[From Sharpe's London Magazine.]

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LIFE OF

GEN. SIR F. H—, K. C. B.

I WELL remember the first scenes of my existence, at the least those when my young observation began to look around. I have some indistinct remembrance of a long staircase, and a small room with a sloping roof, a window, a leaden gutter in front, some old flower-pots, and my sister beating me for pulling the leaves; my mother scolding her, with the harsh voice of my father above all; and although these are bygone sensations, I verily believe, could I find out the miserable garret, should know it again.

My next and more perfect impressions are of a great room, with curtains at the window, and a street in front, thronged with people; my father dressed better than his neighbors, and my mother and sister in far different attire than I had been accustomed to see them. I, too, was well and warmly clad; had cakes, and oranges, and meat—all I could desire.

How the change came about I never knew, but I do remember hearing that my father had been lucky, and some of his acquaintances (and he had naughty ill-behaved men always backwards and forwards,) say that he was a clever lucky fellow.

My ideas then were that men and boys ought to swear, for my father seldom spoke without swearing; but that the women should not, for my mother never did and it always seemed to vex her. She was the mildest, softest-mannered creature I ever knew, and if I then had a redeeming quality in my character, it was love for, and imitation (sometimes) of my mother's manner. My father was a tyrant in his family, we none of us dared to say anything when he was at home; my mother always trembled when he came in. I remember once in the street saying something to one of my playfellows, in which I mentioned that I was sure it was true, for I heard my father say so; at that moment I received a blow on the head, which felled me to the ground, and then I was lifted up by my clothes, and carried home. I never shall forget the fry with which my father (for it was he who struck me,) stood over me, and the threats he used even of killing me, if ever I repeated any sayings of his. I never did again as long as he lived.

Sometimes we had plenty, at others we fared scantily; and I have seen my father take the very furniture of the room, all for some days, nay weeks, it did not come back. I afterwards found out it was pawned.

"This boy must go to school," said my father, one day, "or he will never be fit for any thing. I have made a good thing of that old house lately, so send him;" and to school I went. I learned to read and write, and then was taken away. My father wanted me.

"F——," said he to me one day, "you must do something for me to-night; be ready when I call you, and say nothing." I did not like the tone of his voice, nor had I any fancy for what I was to do, although entirely ignorant of its nature; but with me to hear was to obey. I had been asleep some hours, when I was aroused by being shaken, and my father stood over me. He bade me dress myself; I did so; and we went down stairs together. I observed he waited till the watchman had passed, and the sound of "Twelve o'clock" struck on my ear. We walked many streets, and at length came to a garden wall, under the shade of which stood two men, friends of my father. One said, "Have you brought the boy."

"Yes," said my father; "is the cart ready."

He was answered in the affirmative, and we proceded a few steps; at last one of the men took a rope out of his pocket, and tied it around my waist; they instructed me how untie it, when I should be in the garden on the other side, and go to the garden door and undo the bolts; if I could not, I was to come back, and tie myself up again, and be drawn back. If I was found, I was to say I had got over the wall, and not being able to get back, had hidden myself till night, hoping to get out then. I was very much frightened; but the fear of my father was above all; so they lifted me on to the top of the wall, and let me down on the other side. They gave me two or three tugs to remind me to untie the rope, which I did, and saw it run up over the wall. I felt inclined to sit down to cry: I could not have been more than nine years old; however the fear of my father was paramount, so I set off on my walk. I had to cross the garden, pass round the glass-house as they described it to me, get into another garden, and then go under the gardener's window, where I was to be sure and make no noise. You may be certain I was like a cat after cream. At last I found out the door, and contrived to undo it: at the other side I found my father and the other two men with the horse and cart. They left meat the door, soon returning with an immense quantity of grapes, so as to load the cart, in which one of them drove off, the other with my father shutting the door very gently.

We walked home gently; it was half-past three as we came to our street. Again we waited till the watchman had passed, and I was soon in bed. It was a great time before I could go to sleep; when I did, I dreamt that a great dog held me by the leg, and I awoke crying out.

The next morning at breakfast the other two men came in; they laughed heartily at old George the gardener, who they said was half mad; told me I was the finest little fellow in England, gave me a few halfpence, and congratulated my father on having so clever a son.

It is not my intention to detail all my adventures: how I was dropped into cellars by day, and at night opened the doors for those abroad: or how I was at last so accustomed to this sort of life, and so successful, that I could stand behind a door without quaking while the master of the house or a servant passed up to bed. One thing I must mention: to steal was no part of my business; to open the doors and make the best of my way home, was all I had to do.

I remember being concealed in a room belonging to a jeweller in the neighborhood, and opening the window at midnight as directed, (a matter of constant occurrence;) and that after I had been home and asleep, I heard a bustle in my father's room, and that my mother got up, and my father groaned very much; but I fell asleep again, and should have forgotten it all in the morning, had not my father kept his bed, and looked very ill as I passed through his room. However, he said nothing to me, and I walked out after breakfast as usual: I soon met a boy, a son of one my father's friends, who, like me, was often employed in these matters. He made a sign to me to follow him, and we walked together into the fields. We sat down under a hedge, and he asked me if I had heard the news? I said, "No: what news?" "Why," said he, "old miser Golding, the silversmith, is murdered."

I had lost all qualms of conscience as to robbery, for although I knew it was wrong, still the frequency of the event, my never having been found out, and my fears of my father, which I always concluded would be my excuse, had deadened my feelings. But, murder! it struck me as if I had been shot. I had, however, presence of mind not to commit myself, and only answered by inquiring the particulars. Robert, my companion, was very anxious to find out if I had been there. The old man had been found murdered, in a pool of blood, upon the threshold of his own counting-house—the very room the window of which I had opened to admit my father. I however, denied it to my companion, and we returned together. The bill-stickers were at work—200*l.* reward!

My heart was sick when I went home. I was told to say my father had gone to M—— for a fortnight, a journey he often took on pretence of business; for he was what they call a weaver's agent, and did something in that way.

After dinner I again ventured out, and strolled into the crowd at the silversmith's door. The first words I heard were, "Murder will out!" "Them as had any hand in this is sure to be hanged!" &c. &c. I passed on in a cold sweat, and sat me down on the low wall of the church-yard. I looked up at the sun-dial and read these words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and the people that forget God." This was the first moment of my life that I felt any symptoms of religion. I had never before thought of a God but as a name to swear by. All day it haunted me. The gallows and hell were my tormentors; I could not get them out of my thoughts. The poor old man, murdered, I could not doubt, by my father! I had been in the same room with him only the night before; concealed under a chest of drawers, I saw him lock his boxes, take off his shoes, put on his slippers, kneel down and say his prayers, and heard him go into the next room and get into bed. Now he was *dead*, only since yesterday! Might not I die too? Nay, I must die some time or other; and again the words "Murder will out!" rang in my ear. I could not go home; I could not stand still. I did not know where to turn; however, I must go home, or my father would beat me. My father! a murderer? I determined he should be my father no longer;—but, how to avoid it? And then my mother, my dear mother! And so home I went.

At the door I met Robert; he was watching for me, and appeared very inquisitive to know "where I had been? why I did not come home sooner?" I could hardly shake him off; but my mother called me, and I was breaking away from his hold when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and looking up saw the face of the chief constable of the town: a face I knew well. I tottered and fell. What next took place I knew not. No questions were asked me. A posse of constables entered the house; my mother shrieked; all was confusion. They went up-stairs, and, in about half-an hour, I saw my father brought down stairs upon his bed, and carried out. He looked ghastly pale, but said nothing. When he was gone I own I felt relieved, for I feared, and never could love him; all my love was for my mother, and when they made me walk away with them I cried bitterly for her. I was locked up by myself in the jail. I slept little that night; my misery was excessive. My food was good; I saw no one but the keeper, and he was very kind. I determined, however, from that moment, never to be concerned in robbery again, not even for my father—I believe I hated him then.

At last I was taken before the magistrates. I had been too well tutored to disclose any thing, indeed I had been in my bed by half-past twelve, and not even my mother knew I had been out,—no one ever came into my bed-room, and I had crept into the old man's house after dark, whilst he was at supper. I was, however, remanded. In the afternoon of that day the chaplain of the jail came to me. He was a mild, kind, pleasant, but grave man; he said nothing to me of the late murder, but talked to me of God and his all-seeing eye,—left me a Bible, and marked down certain places for me to read. In the solitude of that cell I did read; every word seemed to enter my soul. The promises of God to the good vexed and alarmed me, for I was not good. Yet I would read them again and again; and when I found the promise that, "If the wicked man would turn away from his wickedness, he could save his soul alive," I seemed as if I could not take my eye off the passage:—It was a treasure to me. I never shall forget my emotion as I read the 130th Psalm. Could I be included in this? I determined to ask the chaplain, and in the mean time, boy as I was, I kneeled down and asked God. How long I know not; but I was sobbing as if my heart would break, when I felt a soft hand touch me. I looked up; the owner of the Bible stood over me; his eyes were filled with tears. I turned and clasped his knees, and asked him if God would ever pardon me; he gently disengaged me, and sat down upon the side of my bed. We had much talk together, but he never alluded to the cause of my being there. He spoke of a Redeemer, of Jesus Christ, and then said, "I found you praying; let me pray with you," and he knelt down. So did I; and he prayed so midly, so earnestly, so heavenly, every word went to my heart. I was calmed. The effect was like magic; I no longer feared the gallows so much as the anger of God. When he went away I could have worshipped him. Bad thoughts, however, returned as my excitement passed away—I would not betray! I, indeed, confess! No: I would be a man;—and then I fell asleep.

Is it to be wondered that in the state of my feelings I should have dreamed? I did dream, and the impression of it still remains vividly upon my mind; every thought is now clear before me. I thought that my father and myself had been hanged: that we were dead and lay in the churchyard. Cold, very cold, it was; and I thought that my father turned and tried to take hold of me, but he could not; sometimes, indeed, his fingers almost reached me, and I shuddered—oh, it was if a serpent touched me! On the other side was my good clergyman, and he too put out his hand towards me; and I longed as much for his touch as I abhorred that of my father. Presently there came a dreadful figure, and shook its hand at the chaplain, and told my father to seize me: I can never describe what that figure was like; it haunted me for years: I see it now, but no effort I could ever make was sufficient to describe it. As it spoke, my father again reached out his hand: I felt he must get hold of me, and by a violent effort rolled towards the other side. The voice of the clergyman said, "If you come to me you must come wholly, entirely,—will you?" I looked at the figure, I felt the cold icy fingers of my father as they began to touch and creep up my side to grasp me, and I cried out, "Yes, yes; wholly and entirely; I will, I will, indeed!" and I awoke.

My hair was on end; a cold sweat ran down my face and limbs; for many minutes I could still but fancy I was dead, and that I felt those cold fingers touch my side; nay, even now I have a feeling of the sensation. It was, however, daylight: I got up: I walk backwards and forwards, terrified and amazed.

Again the thought of being a man, of not *peaching*, came across me; but, child as I was, I could understand the moral of my dream; I even then thought I must go wholly to God, or that figure would have me. The idea was too deadful for hesitation; I discarded all thoughts but one; my resolution was made. From that moment I believe I may date that decision of character which has so materially conduced to my success in life. My resolution, I said, was made; "yes; wholly, wholly, I am resolved." I believe few conversions from the ways of iniquity, acting upon a mind as yet not fully imbued with the knowledge of a Saviour, were ever so speedy and so fixed as mine. I waited with impatience until my friend the chaplain came again, and then, asking him to shut the door, told him all, confessed my whole course of life, and my determination to be hanged at once; and turning to my dear 130th Psalm asked him if God would ever forgive me. His explanation of the Scripture, of the mercy to be found in Jesus, and the reason why he became a man, entered my heart like a two-edged sword; I absolutely devoured his words; I craved more and more; so much so that more than once the good man stopped and stared at me as if he thought I was acting a part and deceiving him.

"And what use am I to make of your confession?" he said.

"Any use you please," said I; and he left me.

In his next visit he repeated the same question; I at once returnad the same answer.

"Do you know your evidence will hang your father?"

"Oh yes, and myself too."

"No, no, my boy," he said, "not you;" and he explained to me that the law would deal very differently with me.

I asked his advice; he said, that unless it were necessary, he thought I ought not to say any thing; but that the crime was so dreadful, the offender must be punished.

"Did I know any thing of how the old man was killed?"

I assured him, no; I was in bed, and did not hear of it till morning. I did not even see my father go to the house, only I was told to get in and leave the window undone, which I did. "But if I am asked again," I said, "I must tell the truth."

"I will endeavor," said he, "to spare you that;" and he kept his word. My evidence was not called for; the goods were found upon an accomplice, who turned king's evidence;—it was *Robert's father*.

I pass over the horror of hearing my father condemned, and the little joy I felt at my own release. Turned out of the gaol, I walked straight home;—I hated the noise of the streets; every one, I thought, stared at and hunted me. I longed to return to that quiet cell where I had learned and felt so much—it appeared a blessed place. I hated liberty, I feared the faces of my acquaintances; but I longed to see my mother and sister:—I opened the door and walked in. Alas! what a scene awaited me! I shut the door hastily as one afraid; as if the very stones of the street would rise up against me. I went up at once to my mother's bedroom, for I could see nobody below. The sound of my footsteps brought my sister to the landing; she held up her finger as a sign of silence, and beckoned me towards her. When I came up, we fell into each other's arms, and I believe that silent embrace did more to endear us to each other than all the years of our childhood. Alas! we were alone in the world! Poor Clara had no thought of religion; my impressions were young, and although fixed, yet not strong. She took my hand and led my into me mother's room—never shall I forget the feeling. I had been prepared to find her unhappy, ill, in tears; but I had expected to kiss her, to comfort her, to tell her my feelings, and to hear her applaud my new resolutions. My hopes of future happiness all rested upon her. I had formed a thousand plans of working for her, and teaching her all that I felt. She was so mild and placid, I was sure she would listen to me, and we should do so many things together. And then I loved her so intensely,—it was her kind voice which stood between me and my father's anger; I had seen her take even blows for me. When, therefore, I entered her room, it was in the hope and with the purpose of laying the whole burden of my soul before her.

Concluded next week.

THE OUTWITTED HUSBAND.

A few months since, a fun-loving friend related to us, says a New York paper, the following amusing story, which we have never seen in print. Last spring two steam-boat agents, in Buffalo, occupied a double house, and their families were on very intimate terms. One morning when they were all together, their wives asked them for a little spending money, which they provokingly, yet good naturedly, withheld. The women resolved to accomplish their object, and threatened, in the event of a continued refusal, to sell paper rags, and thus buy what they desired. The husband's sneered, and told them to do so if they dared. Soon after the men went out to attend to business, and the women were left to mature their plans, Mr. G. had almost forgotten the morning's threat, when while eating his dinner, he was reminded of it by overhearing his wife directing a servant to wait until the gentlemen returned to their offices, and then go to a closet in a certain room, get the bags belonging to Mrs. W., and carry them as privately as possible to Haywood's store, sell the contents, and bring back the money immediately. All this amused Mr. G. exceedingly. He managed to gain the ear of his crony W., and informing him of what he had heard, suggested the propriety of appropriating the rags, and drinking their wives' healths from the avails of the plunder. The latter approved the plan, and they instantly entered upon its accomplishment. Stealthily approaching the important closet, each of the gents seized a bag, and slipping quickly out of the back door, by dodging around out-houses and skulking along fences, they succeeded in reaching the store unperceived. They then repaired to the paper store, where they disposed of their contents, one receiving fifty-six and the other sixty-nine cents. In fine glee, at the success of their undertaking, the hopeful husbands then resorted to the Mansion House, and proceeded to spend the avails of the rags for sundry "creature comforts." All went on merrily, and the fund was almost exhausted, when, as they were leaning back in their chairs, sipping each a glass of good wine—indulging in jokes and refreshments at the expense of their wives—an acquaintance came in, and addressing the clerk, said—"Sam, have you heard what a fine haul Haywood made this afternoon?" "No," repied the clerk, "what was it?" "Why," said the former speaker, "he bought two bags of paper rags, and paid about ten shillings for them, and when he opened them what do you suppose he found? Two new dress coats worth forty dollars apiece, four good satin vests, and half a dozen pair of broad-cloth pants, and lots of other first rate clothing, worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars. His boy don't remember of whom he bought them. Pretty good afternoon's trade, isn't it?" And off he went. In the meantime the husbands had been far from inattentive listeners. Dropping his glass, and starting to his feet, one of them exclaimed to his equally agitated accomplice—"By Hevens! the women have made us sell our best clothes! D-m it, what a pretty fix we are in." How the clothes were returned, we know not, but we have heard that the husband's expressed a lively anxiety that the affair might be forgotten, and the wives soon after appeared in new bonnets and shawls, and have never since asked in vain for spending money.

THE POST BOY'S SONG.

The night is dark and the way is long
And the clouds are flying fast,
The night wind sings a dreary song,
And the trees creak in the blast:
The moon is down in the tossing sea
And the stars shed not a ray,
The lightning flashes frightfully,
But I must on my way.

Full many a hundred time have I
Gone o'er in the dark,
Till my faithful steeds can well descry
Each long familiar mark;
Withal should peril come to-night
God have us in his care!
For without help and without light,
The beldest well beware.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate,
Forwark and back I go,
Bearing a thread to the desolate
To darken their web of woe;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
And a mingled one to all,
But the dark and the light I cannot part
Nor alter their hues at all.

On, on my steeds! the lightning's flash
An instant gilds our way.
But steady!—by that fearful crash
The heavens seemed rent away.
Soho!—now comes the blast anew,
And a pelting flood of rain;
Steady!—a sea seems bursting through.
A rift in some upper main.

'Tis a terrible night a dreary hour.
Yet who will remember to pray,
That the care of the storm controlling power
May be over the Post-boy's way?
The wayward wanderer from his home,
The sailor upon the sea,
Have prayers to bless them where they roam,
Who thinketh to pray for me?

But the storm abates—uprides the moon
Like a ship upon the sea;
Now on my steeds!—this glorious moon
Of a night so dark shall be
A scene for us. Toss high your heads,
And cheerily speed away,
We shall startle sleepers in their beds
Before the dawn of day.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate
Forward and back I go,
Bearing a thread to the desolate
To darken their web of woe;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart
And a mingled one for all;
But the dark and the light I cannot part
Nor alter their hues at all.

☞ In some Parish Churches it is the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, the noise is not among us." "So much the better," answered the priest, "it will be the sooner over."

EXPORTATION OF ENGLISH FELONS TO THIS COUNTY.—According to the London Times, an association in England, of which Lord Ashley is the President, are busily at work weeding English society of the thieves, felons, pickpockets and reprobates of all descriptions, and sending them out to this country. The Times denounces this expedient as an "intolerable injury unjustifiably inflicted on the United States."

FARMER SMITH AND MA'AM JONES.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal that he wanted to see somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, merry as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was spoken on both sides, and the widow waited for what further was to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, nor nothing any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me dosen't know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it?"

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow; at Brindle—then at the widow; at the Downing cow—then at the widow again—and through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday, and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient; Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creatur" but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and the walked around her—not the widow but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is an old milch, and so is Brindle—but I had known better." A long stare followed this speech, and the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord, Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want *do say so.*"

The intention of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and customs in Massachusetts; and as they were "out published they were married."—[*H. Hastings Weld.*

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

The story of Adele Barron, published in a recent number of the *Knickerbocker*, which turns upon some missing letters, has brought to mind an incident related by Frank Granger as having occurred when he was at the head of the post-office department. A letter was one day recieved from the postmaster of a town in New Jersey, enclosing a letter very old and dingy, and covered with fly specs in every part, except where a tape had passed over it, indicating that it had been for a long time placed in the paper or card-rack of some bar-room or shop. The superscription, if there had been any, had entirely faded away. The postmaster wrote that he had found it in his letter-box, and had tried in vain to discover who had deposited it there, in order that it might receive a propor direction, as it apparently contained money. As it had not been advertised, it was not, in strictness, a dead-letter; but he sent it to the department in order that they might dispose of it. The Postmaster-General took the responsibility of opening it and found that it was dated at Philadelphia in the year 1821, (twenty years before) and enclosed a twenty-dollar bill of the United States Bank. It was addressed by a man to his wife, at a village not far from the post-office where the letter was found informing her that he (the writer) should start for come in two or three days; but that, as his brother was about to leave for home, he took advantage of the opportunity to send her by him the enclosed sum of money wherewith to make preparations for an approaching wedding.

The Postmaster-General caused a letter to be written to the address of the writer, informing him of the circumstances. In the course of a week, a reply was received from a female, who stated that the writer of the letter was her father, and the she to whom it was addressed was her mother, both of whom were dead—that, twenty years before, on the eve of her own wedding, she remembered that her father and uncle had quarrelled, the former having been led, from suspicious circumstances, to discredit the latter's assertion that he had lost a letter containing money entrusted to his care, and to insinuate that he had appropriated the amount to his own use. The consequence was, that all intercourse between the families had from that time been suspended, and that she should immediately write to her uncle and cousins, who were still living at a distance, to beg that the intercourse and friendship so long interrupted might be resumed: the discovery of this letter having satisfied her of what she had long suspected, that her father was wrong, and lieved her mind from a weight of painful anxiety.

Whether any farther clue to the manner in which the letter had arrived at the office at so late a period was ever ascertained, is not known; the probability is, that the letter had been picked up at or near some country tavern on the road, and was placed, with the variety of business cards and miscellaneous pepers which usually fill the tapes over the mantel-piece of such a place, and there it had remained from year to year, perhaps concealed from notice by other papers and letters, until, on a change of landlords, or an improvement of the house, the landlord had disposed of it by depositing it in the nearest post-office.—*Home Journal.*