

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES VOL. 5, NO. 13.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 39.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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Three copies to one address	\$5.00
Five copies to one address	10.00
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One Square of 10 lines, 3 times, \$1.00
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Will attend faithfully and promptly to all professional business, in Northumberland and Union Counties. He is familiar with the German language.
OFFICE: Opposite the "Lawrence House," a few doors from the Court House, Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—ly.

J. STEWART DEPUY,
A T. 229 North 2d street, above Wood, (Dunst District) Philadelphia, would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public in general, to his large and well selected stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Window Shades, Stair Rugs, &c., &c.
Venetian Carpeting from 75c to 100c per sq. yard.
Three Ply " " 100 " 125 " " "
Dunston " " 125 " 150 " " "
Door Mats.—He would invite the attention of dealers and others to his large stock of Door Mats—which he manufactures in great variety and of splendid quality.
Oil Cloths from 1 yard to 8 yards wide wholesale and retail.
April 10, 1852.—6m.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.—Wood Turning in all its branches, in city style and at city prices. Every variety of Cabinet and Carpenter work either on hand or turned to order.
Bad Posts, Balusters, Rosettes, Slat and Quarter Mouldings, Table Legs, Newell Posts, Patterns, Awning Posts, Wagon Hubs, Columns, Round or Octagon Chisel Handles, &c., &c.
This shop is in STRAWBERRY ALLEY, near Third Street, and as we intend to please all our customers who want good work done, it is hoped that all the trade will give us a call.
Ten-Pins and Ten-Pin Balls made to order or returned.
The attention of Cabinet Makers and Carpenters is called to our new style of TWIST MOLDINGS. Printer's Rules at 81 per 100 feet.
W. O. HICKOK.
February 7, 1852.—ly.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS, PHILADELPHIA.
Nos. 31 & 33 Market Street, Philadelphia.
February 21, 1852.—6m.

WM. McCARTY, Bookseller, BROADWAY, SUNBURY, PA.
HAS just received and for sale, Purdon's Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only \$6.00.
Judge Read's edition of Blackstones Commentaries, in 3 vols., as corrected and sold at \$11.00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6.00.
A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Deceaseds, by Thomas P. Gordon, price only \$1.50.
Kossuth and the Hungarian war: comprising a complete history of the late struggle for freedom of that country, with notices of the leading chiefs and statesmen, who distinguished themselves in council and in the field, containing 288 pages of interesting matter with authentic portraits of Kossuth's address to the people of the United States, with a portrait, printed on broad cast, and put on rollers after the manner of maps, price only 50 cents. Washington's farewell address, uniform style with the above.
February 21, 1852.—4t.

Alden's Condensed Reports of Foucault.
EST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the first volume of Alden's Reports, and the first volume of Alden's Condensed Reports, 4 volumes, and Yeates' Reports, volume 1, is also on hand, and for sale. The above two volumes are complete within themselves, and contain all of Alden's Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yeates' Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes of Binney's Reports. The third volume is ready and will be put to press immediately.
H. B. MASSER, Agent.
Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—

WANTED TO BORROW
TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in two sums of six hundred dollars each, for which good freehold security will be given. Address M. W. Sunbury, Feb. 28, 1852.—4t.

INK—Bourne's celebrated ink, and also Conroy's ink for sale, wholesale and retail by December 28, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

EVELINE.
BY W. R. WALLACE.
—The many eyes of the maiden fair
Give answer better than voice or pen
That as he loves he is loved again.—C. C. LEANE.

Love me dearly, love me dearly, with your heart and with your eyes,
Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they gush, blushing rise;
Throw your soft white arms about me; say you cannot live without me:
Say you are my Eveline; say, that you are only mine in my love recline:
That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Eveline!

Love me dearly, dearly, speak your love-words as sweetly clear;
So I may not doubt this early of your fondness, of your truth.
Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom closely, warmly to my own;
Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you live for me alone.
While I fix my eyes on thine,
Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted, rosy Eveline!

Love me dearly, love me dearly; radiant dawn upon my bloom:
Let me in thy love recline:
Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Eveline.

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, with your heart and with your eyes,
Whisper all your sweet emotions as they gush, blushing rise.
Throw your soft white arms around me; say you love me in my love recline:
Say it, say it, Eveline! whisper you are only mine in my love recline:
That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
That you cannot live without me, artless rosy Eveline!

A Sketch.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following marvellous and interesting narrative is given in a letter from Paris, under date of the 15th January last, from the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican:

The venerable Abbess of the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, whose life was, perhaps, one of the most eventful on record, died last week at the advanced age of ninety-eight. For fifty years she has been an inmate of the convent, winning the love and respect of all who approached her.

In the summer of 1762, there broke out in the city of Paris a disease very similar to what is now called cholera, and which was quite as fatal in its consequences. Although not contagious, the immense number of persons attacked by it led the people to think it was so, and terror took hold of the minds of all. Mothers abandoned their children, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, and almost as many perished by flight as by the disease itself. In two months thirty-one thousand persons were buried in the different burial grounds around the city. The hospitals were crowded—so much crowded that the physicians and nurses passed with difficulty among the beds, and the demand for admission was so great that every day a long file of sick might be seen at the door, some supported by relations, but the most part lying on the ground, waiting until their turn should come to be admitted, but often before night the half of them were carried to the cemetery, instead of the infirmary. As may well be supposed the task of the physicians was no light one, and finally they were obliged to organize their labor, and force themselves to repose a certain time every day, and take the service in turns, in order to be able to bear up under the extraordinary efforts they were called upon to make.

One day, as a young physician, he who twenty years later was known as a celebrated Dr. Soulie, was leaving the hospital to go and take his turn of repose, a servant man, breathless and pale, met him at the gate and asked him if he was a physician. The doctor answered in the affirmative, and the man begged him, for God's sake, to go to a house in the neighborhood and see a sick person. Although against the rule they had established, the doctor consented, and was conducted to the house by the servant who showed him into a large, handsomely furnished room. In this room the doctor remarked first of all, a handsome woman, with her hair all in disorder, and her face pale as a corpse, standing near, and screening a child, who lay upon a sofa. Around her was collected a group of twelve young girls, who looked to the doctor to be nearly of the same age, and made him suppose it was a boarding school, particularly as these young girls all wore dark green silk dresses, and had their blond hair braided and tied with blue ribbons. One of the doctor could see no difference between any of them; they all had fair skins, small blue eyes, light hair, long noses and large mouths; but before he could ask any questions about them, the woman advanced hurriedly, and seized him by the arm, led him to the sofa, and in a hoarse voice said—"Look at that child!" The doctor looked—before him lay a beautiful little girl of about ten years of age, but utterly different from the others. Her hair was black as midnight, and hung in ringlets over her shoulders; her eyes were closed, and her livid complexion and contracted features showed that the dreadful disease had seized upon her.

"Open that window!" said the doctor, "and bring some vinegar immediately to rub the child's body."

"What!" cried the woman, "she has not got the plague!"

"Why, certainly; did you not know it?" answered the doctor.
"No, no, take her away, take her away. She shan't stay here to kill us all. Come my daughters, come away quick! Oh! the wretched child, she will be the death of you!" and she pushed the twelve girls out of the room, and went after her.
But the doctor sprang after her.
"Are you the mother of that child?" he inquired.
"Yes; but take her away—she shan't stay here."

"She must be put to bed and taken care of," said the doctor.
"She shall not have a bed in this house—take her away."

"But where am I to take her? besides she will die if removed."
"I don't care, take her to the hospital; anywhere; only take her away from this house."

Though horrified by the feeling expressed by this unnatural mother, the doctor tried a moment to persuade her to do something for her child; but finding it useless, and seeing that if he left the little girl in the house she would die from neglect, he took her in his arms, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to the hospital, where he was fortunate enough to find a vacant bed for the little sufferer.

The doctor then made some inquiries concerning her parents, and learned that Monsieur Domergue was a manufacturer of large means, and his wife really the mother of thirteen children, all daughters, duly registered at the Mayor's office as having been born in seven years.

Six times Madame Domergue brought a pair into the world all wonderfully resembling each other, light hair, blue eyes, fair skin and sharp features. The mother adored them, and her pride and joy was at the clinics when she found her family again about to be increased. But alas! this time she was disappointed, for a little girl arrived, but without any companion. This alone would have been enough to have turned her mother's heart from her, but besides this she was entirely different from the twelve others. The mother could see no beauty in her clear brunette complexion, her black curling hair, dark eyes and exquisite features, and from the moment of her birth, little Esther was an isolated being, unloved and uncared for. While her sisters were dressed in silk, she wore cotton, and while they were fed upon dainty food, she ate with the servants in the kitchen. As she grew she gave her mother fresh cause for dislike, for whereas her sisters were endowed with intellects of the most mediocre order, and learned the simplest things with the greatest difficulty, Esther's talents and quickness of perception made her the wonder even of her sisters. Seeing this, that her twelve pets were likely to be thrown in the shade, Madame Domergue stopped Esther's lessons entirely, and the most poor child could obtain no permission to remain in the room while her sisters were with their teachers. By this means she was enabled to learn a great deal, and as she afterwards often said these were her only happy hours. The father of the large family, though a kind-hearted man, was exceedingly weak and the slave of his wife. Besides, he was much from home, and when in the house, never dared to interfere in the regulations made by his wife.

All these particulars the doctor heard from the servants and the neighbors, and the interest he felt for the child thus singularly placed under his care, was doubled, and he determined to use every means to save her life. He accordingly watched her himself night and day, and finally found his efforts crowned with success. The child yet got well.

I was just three weeks after his visit to the house of Monsieur Domergue, that the doctor returned, taking with him the little girl who had been almost miraculously saved. When he reached the door some men were just bringing out two coffins to be placed in a hearse which stood in the street. The doctor and his protegee ascended the stairs, entered the parlor and proceeded to another room, without seeing anybody or hearing any noise. But Esther in the greatest alarm pushed open the door that led the way to the room where she and her twelve sisters had slept together. The door was open, but four beds alone occupied the room, and two of them were empty. On the others lay two of the fair haired twins, and by their side stood Madame Domergue looking at them as if stupefied. Esther, with an undefined dread of something frightful, rushed up to her mother and threw her arms around her. But as soon as Madame Domergue saw her she threw her from her, then seized her and would have torn her to pieces if the doctor had not snatched her from her grasp. As it was, the poor child's face was all scratched and bloody, and she fainted almost immediately.

"Why do you bring her here?" cried Madame Domergue. "She is the cause of all my misfortune. There lie the only two I have left. Take the little demon away or I will kill her in spite of you!"

Almost frozen with horror, the doctor answered not a word, but bore the insupportable and bleeding child from the room, out of the house, and placed her in a carriage which he saw and stopped. He ordered the coachman to drive to an obscure little street where lived, in the most humble manner, the doctor's venerable mother. She received the unhappy girl, gave her all necessary relief, and installed her in a small room near her own.

It was as Madame Domergue had said; in three weeks ten of her idolized daughters had fallen victims to the terrific disease, and the day after the doctor's second visit the other two died, and were buried like their sisters. A few days more and the mother herself followed, and when the doctor, hearing of it, returned, he found

that house once so noisy with young voices, and full of the joy and pride of a large family, silent as the tomb, occupied only by a prematurely old man, left alone in the world and prostrate with his grief. A few months afterwards, M. Domergue died in hopeless insanity.

Esther, brought up under the motherly care of Madame Soulie, budded into womanhood as lovely a young creature as could possibly be seen. When in her eighteenth year she became the wife of the doctor, who was now beginning to be known in the saloons of Paris, and was for many years the most admired woman of the time. She became the mother of five children—four sons and one daughter—whom she brought up and educated to be an honor to herself and ornaments to the society in which they lived. Dr. Soulie became in time one of the physicians of the court of Louis XVI, and when the political troubles began to break out, he unfortunately wrote a pamphlet in favor of the court, and thus became a marked man. In the fall of 1793, at three o'clock one morning, the police forcibly entered Dr. Soulie's house, dragged him and his two eldest sons from their beds, and in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the poor wife and mother, carried them off. It was nearly a week before Madame Soulie could hear any news of her loved ones, and then, they had already been dead four days—the guillotine had done its work for them. Madame Soulie clasped her three remaining children in her arms, two boys of seventeen and eighteen, and a girl of fifteen years of age. But as she strained them to her in the agony of her grief fresh trouble was preparing for her. Her sons swore within themselves to revenge the murder of their father and brothers. It would take too long to narrate all the circumstances which followed; but these two young men placed themselves at the head of a conspiracy against the government, and one year precisely from the day on which she had learned the death of her husband and two eldest sons, Madame Soulie received a short note, as follows:

CONSPIRACY, Thursday noon.
Mother, dear Mother—We have conspired against the government—we have been betrayed and are to die to-morrow.—Bear it bravely, mother, we die for our father and our brothers.

HENRIET VICTOR.
What words can describe the despair of that poor mother! At first she prayed God to take her life or her reason. But a ray of hope dawned upon her. She might, perhaps, save her boys; the tribunal which had condemned them could not be deaf to a mother's prayer—a mother's despair.—But alas! Madame Soulie little knew the man upon whose compassion she counted. In vain she supplicated, in vain she prayed; they could by refusing to listen to her any longer. She did all that could possibly be done to save her boys from death; she even, after the example of Madame Chalais, tried to bribe the executioners. But they accepted her money and then betrayed her. Finding all her efforts useless, she tried to resign herself, and determined as she could not obtain her sons' lives, at least to get permission to aid them to die. This was with great difficulty granted her, but at last she received it, and a couple of hours before the execution was to take place, she presented herself before her unhappy boys. Then all the grandeur of her soul, the devotion, the resignation which was so remarkable in her after life, showed itself. No useless tears, no reproaches, no lamenting. One short burst of agony, which the sight of the mangled limbs of her children forced from her in spite of herself, and she was done with this world. Every moment was precious. God, and the eternity into which these two boys were so soon to enter, formed the sole subject of the conversation between the mother and her children, until the jailor came to announce that the moment had arrived to say their last prayers. Madame Soulie stood by while the chains were knocked off; she knelt and prayed with the priest, who had been sent to accompany them to the scaffold; and then she took an arm of each of her beloved boys and left the prison with them.

The public place was crowded with people. They could not help pitying those two handsome youths about to be executed; but tears ran down the hardest cheeks at the sight of that noble mother still mourning for her husband and two eldest children, and now accompanying her two remaining sons to death. She a-cended the scaffold with them, embraced them tenderly, offered up a short prayer with them, and then allowed herself to be led away by a friend. But she was not out of hearing when the shouts of the multitude announced to her that all was over.

Well, in 95 she was herself condemned to death on the charge of concealing her brother-in-law, a political prisoner who had escaped from prison. A second time she mounted the scaffold, and was preparing to die, when an order came for her release. She then retired to a little farm she owned near Blois, and soon after married her daughter to a man every way worthy of her. But misfortune was to be her lot through life. Her only child that had left her to love and cherish, died in childbirth, eleven months after her marriage.

It was then that Madame Soulie turned her eyes towards the cloister. After considerable delay she was received into the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, and in 1823, made Lady Abbess, which place she held until her death. Her last moments were soothed by the presence of those upon whom she had conferred her benefits and charities, and she died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep, her lips sealed to the crucifix, and her eyes turned to that heaven to which certainly, if afflictions accord the right to enter, she had won.

THE KENTUCKY FORGER.

It is related that an unfortunate man Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas, the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's Settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and colonial law passed by him was strict in prohibiting an asylum for refugees and all persons rendered infamous by crimes of whatever description they may be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost rigor. Hence, as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days, on pain of summary punishment.

The messenger was William S—, Austin's private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, a noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon, and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was the dining hour.

As the dining hour delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over, and then said mournfully:

"Tell Gen. Austin that I shall never move from this spot until I move into my grave.—It is true that I committed a great crime in my native State, but I also suffered the severe penalty of the laws; and then with my dear wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but in my family's account I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughter implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary prepare for a new home in the wilderness. But prayers and entreaties were alike in vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer in a calm and sad voice, "I chose my place of burial the first day I set my eyes on my little grove, and I shall not now change my mind."

Not returned, deeply smitten with the scene he had witnessed, and related to Gen. Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded earnestly for a relaxation of the laws which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the beautiful Emma," said Austin, with a smile.

S— tried to look indignant, which efforts merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General, "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its usual mask of tranquility. His story, as told to Gen. Austin, was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the State Prison, and while a member of the Senate opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many Banks. Those Banks soon after beggared thousands, among them me and my family. I was then tempted, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale which the State and Banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit for my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have but one desire, to be let alone to die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever after his steadfast friend.

S—, the private Secretary, made another visit to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a "bright particular star" of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume; with his hand raised towards heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

QUESTIONS FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.—If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?
If 8 miles make a fur-long, how many will make a short napped hat?
If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong?
If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?
If 54 feet make one Flemish ell, how many feet will make an English 1/2?
If one hornet can make a horse run, how many hornets would it take to make a horse fly?

I. S. H.—These letters are seen in Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, which signifies "Jesus, the Saviour of Men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman Alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name Jous, spelled thus.

THE GREY MARE IN THE GARRET.

A CURIOUS ENGLISH LEGEND.

In the portal of the ancient church at Reculver, dedicated to the blessed Saint Mary, hung, many centuries ago, a picture, the portrait of a certain Dame Mary Maycote and her two children, of whom this singular story is related. The picture was covered by a curtain which she worked with her own hands. Her husband, Sir Cavaliero Maycote, was, in the year of grace 1140, a rich burgomaster of the flourishing city of Canterbury, though he resided latterly in the fair town of Reculver, living at the sign of the Parquet, in the Market place. During his lifetime a fearful plague desolated the south-west quarter of Kent, and among other he fell sick; though his wife, Mary, who also fell sick of the pest, never recovered but to all appearance died. After the usual period had elapsed she was buried in the vaults of the church at Reculver dedicated to the blessed Saint Mary. She was buried as the custom then was, with her jeweled rings on her fingers, and most of her rich ornaments on her person. These tempted the enmity of the sexton of the church.—He argued with himself that they were of no use to the corpse; and he determined to possess them. Accordingly, he proceeded in the dead of the night, to the vault where she lay interred, and commenced the work of sacrilegious spoliation. He first unsewed the coffin lid, he then removed it altogether, and proceeded to tear away the shroud which interposed between him and his prey. But what was his horror to perceive the corpse clasp her hands together; and finally to sit erect in the coffin. He was rooted to the earth. The corpse made a move as though it would step from its narrow bed. He fled, shrieking, through the vaults. The corpse followed, its long white shroud floating like a meteor in the dim light of the lamp, which, in his haste, he had forgotten. It was not until he had reached his own door that he had sufficient courage to look behind him; and then, when he perceived no trace of his pursuer, the excitement which had sustained him so far subsided, and he sank senseless to the earth.

In the meanwhile, Sir Cavaliero Maycote who had slept scarcely a minute since the death of his dear departed wife, was surprised by the voice of his old man servant, who rapped loudly at his chamber door, and told him to awake and come forth, for that his mistress had risen from the dead, and was then at the gate of the court-yard.

"Bah! bah!" said Sir Cavaliero, pettishly; "go thy ways, Jacob; thou art mad or drunk; or thou art surely in a dream.—What thou sayest is impossible. I should as soon believe my old grey mare had got into the garret, as that my wife was at the court-yard gate."

Trot, trot, trot, suddenly resounded high over his head—trot, trot, trot.

"What's that?" asked he of Jacob.

"I know not," replied Jacob, "an it be not your old grey mare in the garret, Sir Cavaliero?"

They descended in haste to the court-yard, and looked up to the window of the attic. Lo, and behold! there was, indeed, the grey mare with her head poked out of the window, gazing down with her great eyes on her master and his man, and seeming to enjoy very much her exalted situation and their surprise and consternation at it.—Knock, knock, knock, went the rapper at the street gate.

"It is my mistress!" exclaimed Jacob.

"It is my wife!" exclaimed Sir Cavaliero in the same breath.

The door was quickly unfastened, and there stood the mistress of the mansion, enveloped in her shroud.

"Are you alive or dead?" exclaimed the astonished husband.

"Alive, my dear, but very cold," murmured the lady faintly, her teeth chattering all the while, as those of one in a fever chill; "help me to my chamber."

He caught her in his arms and covered her with kisses; he then bore her to her chamber, and called up the whole house to welcome and assist her. She suffered a little from fatigue and fright; but in a few days she was as well as could be expected under all the circumstances.

The thing began to be the talk of the good town of Reculver; and thousands flocked to see not alone the lady that was rescued from the grave in so remarkable a manner, but also the grey mare, who so strangely contrived to get into the garret, and so contribute to that rescue.

This excellent lady lived long and happily with her husband; and, at her death, was laid once more in her old quiet resting-place.

The grey mare, after remaining in the garret for three days, was got down by means of ropes, pulleys, machinery, and on inclined planes, quite safe and sound. The interesting animal sometime survived her mistress, and grew to be a general favorite with the good people of Reculver. When she died, her skin was stuffed and placed in the arsenal of the Roman station as a curiosity.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have been presented striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain, curiosity led him to experiment upon a horse and a dog, which he brought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel-organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks; such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several regular dances with a dog.

All this, it may be said, was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time, the results showed the power of culture in subduing natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, executing at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well-known Cat's Opera, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over the animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to bind several marches on the drum with its hind legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary-birds, linnets and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular contra-dance. He also taught a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog.

THE DEUCENIES OF LIFE.
There are some persons in the world, says the Cincinnati Nonpareil, who in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. Those persons will commit many acts, which, if they had true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the cognomen of *not decent*:

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.
It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.
It is not decent for persons to be always talking ill of their neighbors.
It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate others pecuniary means for their own gratification.
It is not decent for young people to show respect to the aged.
It is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for others to look at.
It is not decent in persons going to places of amusement to incommode others in various ways.
It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.
It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to be sending clothes for the young negroes of Africa, when you have so many ragged children nearer home.
It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.
It is not decent to cheat your neighbor, because you happen to have a little more knowledge than he is possessed of.
It is not decent to be borrowing papers all the time, when you can get the American once a week for sixpence.

RHUBARB PIE.—Strip the skin off the tender stalks of rhubarb, and slice them thin. Put it in deep plates lined with pie crust, with a thick layer of sugar to each layer of rhubarb. A little grated lemon peel may be added. Place over the top a thick crust press it tight round the edge of the plate, and perforate it with a fork, that the crust may not burst while baking, and let the juice of the pie escape. Bake about one hour in a slow oven. Rhubarb pie must be quick baked. Some stew rhubarb before making it into pies, but it is best without stewing.

A BARKIE having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—"As soon as day landed in de ribber, dar moos began to water to be on land, and soon as dey waded to de shore, dey didn't see any goat, but dey found such a large supply of nofia to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a brickyard."

The King of Siam has given assurance that he will not set the missionaries.