The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 9, NO. 9. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856. OLD SERIES, VOL. 16, NO 35

The Sunbury American,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly 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.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address,	$5 00
Seven Do Do	10 00
Fifteen Do Do	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square of 12 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 00
Six months,	3 00
One year,	5 00
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	5 00
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly.	10 00

☞ Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:

Hon. Joh R. Tyson, Chas. Gilliams, Esq.
Somers & Sonderson, Lum, Smith & Co.

NEW GOODS.

LATEST ARRIVAL.

Largest and Best Assortment

CHEAP, HANDSOME & DURABLE

THE subscriber takes pleasure in informing his customers and the public generally that he is now in receipt of an unusually large and

Splendid Assortment of New Goods.

To endeavor to enumerate the one hundreth part of the articles would be useless. Suffice it to say, they have been selected with the greatest care, and they will be disposed of at as low prices as the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. My motto is

"Quick Sales and Small Profits."

He takes this method of presenting to the public his thanks for the liberal patronage extended to him, and by strict attention to business, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. It will be advisable for purchasers to call and examine his assortment before purchasing elsewhere. All kinds of produce taken in exchange.

EDWARD Y. BRIGHT.

Sunbury, December 1, 1855.—

U. S. OF A.

"God and our Native Land."

SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U. S. A. holds its stated sessions every MONDAY evening in their New Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Sunbury, Pa. Initiation and regalia, $2,00.

D. O. E MAIZE, W. C.

EM'L WILVERT, R. S.

Sunbury Jan. 12, 1856.—oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M.

SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A. M. meets every TUESDAY evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order are respectfully requested to attend.

P. M. SHINDEL, C.

A. HOOVER, R. S.

Sunbury, Oct. 20, 1855.

J. S. OF A.

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

H. CLEMENT, P.

Henry Y. Filling, R. S.

Sunbury, January 5, 1855.—tf.

Cheap Watches & Jewelry.

WHOLESALE and Retail, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 98 North Second Street, corner of Quarry,

PHILADELPHIA.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case,	$23,50		
Gold Lepine 18k.	9,00	Fine Silver Spectacles,	1,00
Silver Lep. full jewelled,	8,00	Gold Bracelets,	2,50
Silver Lever, full jewl'd 12	7,00	Gold Pencils,	1,00
Superior Quartzers,	7,00	Silver Tea spoons, set,	6,00
Gold Spectacles,	7,00		
Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Holder,			1,00

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $50; Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents; Patent, 18¾; Lunet, 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices.

Sept. 6, 855.—1y.

The best collection of Glees ever Published.

TIP-TOP GLEE & CHORUS BOOK.

A new and choice collection of Copyrights never before harmonized, and many of the

Gems of modern German & Italian Composers

Arranged in a familiar style, and adapted to the use of Glee Clubs, Singing Classes, and the Family Circle,

By C. JARVIS and J. A. GETZE.

This work contains a great number of new and favorite Songs, harmonized in a style adapted to general purposes, while many of the Gems of Mendelssohn, Abt, Kucken, and other celebrated composers, are presented in an Original form.—The great variety of musical compositions here introduced, eminently adapts it to the taste and capacity of the Singing School, the Glee Club, and the Family Circle.

☞ PRICE—ONE DOLLAR. ☜

Just published by LEE & WALKER, No. 188 Chesnut Street, and J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., No. 20 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

☞ Sample copies will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of $1.

March 22, 1856.—4m—c1

FOR SALE!

2 STEAM ENGINES 90 Horse power each, with boilers. Would make excellent pumping engines, together with 2 large blowing cylinders, suitable for a blast furnace. Apply to

HENRY LONGENECKER & CO.

Shamokin Iron Works,

Shamokin, Pa.

Shamokin, July 21, 1855.—

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

1000 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. Y. Bright, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Sunbury, October 6, 1855.—tf

STOVES.

FOR SALE an excellent second-hand Cooking Stove, also several Cylinder Coal Stoves.—Enquire at this office.

THE SALAMANDER SAFES

OF

PHILADELPHIA AGAINST THE WORLD.

EVANS & WATSON,

No. 26 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

Have had the surest demonstration of the following Certificate, that their manufacture of Salamander Safes has at length fully warranted the representations which have been made of them tendering an unmatched security against the terrific element:

PHILADELPHIA, April 12th 1855

Messrs. Evans & Watson:—Gentlemen—It affords me the highest satisfaction to state to you, that owing to the very protective qualities of two of the Salamander Safes which we purchased of you some few months since, we saved a large portion of our Jewelry, Books, Papers, &c., exposed to the calamitous fire in Runstead Place, on the morning of the 11th inst

When we reflect that these Safes were heated in the fourth story of the building we occupied, and that they fell subsequently into a heap of burning ruins, where the rear concentration of heat caused the brass plates to melt, we cannot but regard the preservation of the valuable contents as most convincing proof of the great security afforded by your Safes.

We shall take much pleasure in recommending them to men of business as a sure reliance against fire.

GEORGE W. SIMONS & BRO.

PHILADELPHIA, April 12, 1855.

Messrs. Evans & Watson:—I have to offer you my testimony in favor of the great security afforded to my entire stock of jewelry, plate, &c., papers, &c., during the recent disastrous conflagration in Runstead place. From the fact that the same were contained in two of the Salamander Safes manufactured by you.

Having fallen from the fifth story of the Artisan Building, where they were previously placed, and exposed to a red heat for a long time, the preservation of the valuable deposits secured to every one who witnessed the opening and interior examination, a matter of profound admiration!

To all who may require a perfect protection from the ravages of fire, I shall not hesitate to recommend the use of your Safes, as I consider they have now undergone the severest trying test.

N. E. MORGAN.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1855.

Messrs. Evans & Watson—Gentlemen—No doubt you will be deeply grateful to learn the good which attends the efficacy of your Salamander Safes, as manifested in the fire of the fall from its former elevated position in the third story. I could entertain but slender hopes prior to its interior inspection, that the contents which I once so highly prized would ever be of any service to me, but as those fears are now happily removed, I feel it only due to say to you that I can henceforth recommend the use of your Safes to all who may wish to feel a confidence in the perfect security which such means provides against so frightful an element.

EDWARD GASKILL, Bookbinder.

Constantly on hand Patent Powder and Thief Proof Locks for Banks, Stores, &c.

April 26, 1856.—1y

ADAMS'

FRIENDS' CENTRAL DRY GOOD STORE,

S. E. Corner Eighth & Arch Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber having made very important additions to his establishment, by connecting the first floor of his Old Store with that of the beautiful four story building adjoining known as HARMONY HALL, (surmounted with a high Cupola, invites his Old Customers and Friends to an examination of an Entirely New Stock of

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,

selected expressly in reference to the present opening.

The assortment comprises:

Seasonable Dress Materials, of new and elegant kinds,
Plaid India & Black Silks,
Shawls, of all kinds,
Hosiery, Gloves & Mitts,
Embroideries & Linen Cambrick Handkerc'fs,
Furnishing Goods of all kinds,
Irish Linens, Flannels, Moreens, &c., to which are added New Goods daily, of choice descriptions.

CHARLES ADAMS.

P. S.—Persons wishing a splendid view of the City and Vicinity, can ascend the Cupola, by a private Stairway which will be found well worth a visit.

March 29, 1856.—2m w

MACHINE CARDS.

THE subscriber is still engaged in the manufacturing of superior Machine Cards for Cotton and Woollen Factories. The best quality of Leather and wire used in making the above, and after an experience of twenty-five years, is prepared to warrant them equal to any made in this country. I am also making superior Leather Bands, cemented and copper rivited, the stretch taken out by powerful machinery. Elevator Straps for Grist Mills also.

Leather Hose, of superior quality, made as above.

JOHN H. HASKELL,

No. 25 South Gulaw Street,

Baltimore, Md.

March 29, 1856.—2m

DILWORTH, BRANSON & CO.

Hardware Merchants,

Having removed from No. 59 to No. 73 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Are prepared, with greatly increased facilities, to fill orders for HARDWARE of every variety, on best terms, from a full assortment, including Railroad Shovels, Picks, &c.

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

April 12, 1856.—1y

BLINDS AND SHADES,

☞ AT REDUCED PRICES. ☜

B. J. WILLIAMS,

No. 12 North Sixth St., Philadelphia,

Originator of all new styles of VENETIAN BLINDS, Gold Bordered and Painted Shades, of beautiful designs. Buff and all other colors of Holland, used for Shades, Fixtures, Trimmings, &c., &c.

STORE SHADES PAINTED TO ORDER.

B. J. W. thankful for past patronage, respectfully solicits the citizens of Northumberland County to call and examine his large assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

April 5, 1856.—3m c

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

Walk this way for Bargains.

BEING desirous of disposing of my entire stock of Books and Stationery, comprising some 25,000 Volumes of Law, Medical, Religious Scientific, Blank, Musical, School and Miscellaneous Books.

Also, 100 Reams of letter paper and a lot of wall paper, steel pens, waters, &c.

I will dispose of the whole stock at public sale at my store, opposite the Court House, commencing on Monday the 7th day of April, 1856 at 1 o'clock, P. M., and continuing, every afternoon and evening until the whole stock is sold.

WM. McCARTY.

Per JOS. H. McCARTY.

Sunbury, March 15, 1856.—tf

PAY UP.

ALL persons indebted to the firm of Filling & Grant, on Note, Book account or otherwise are respectfully requested to come forward and pay up between this and the first of April as they wish to go to the city to lay in their Spring supplies.

FRILING & GRANT.

Sunbury, March 15, 1856.—tf

Select Poetry.

FOOLS AND WISE MEN.

When at the festive board you sit
Where flows the sparkling wine,
Remember, though to drink be sweet,
That to abstain 's divine;
That nature's beverage should suffice
To cheer both great and small;
That fools will drink the maddening cup,
But wise men not at all.

In work or play remember too
This sacred rule to mind,
Your work should be for noble ends,
Your pleasures pure in kind;
Then, though you have a merry heart,
Forget not, lest you fall,
That fools will sport in wicked ways,
But wise men not at all.

And when in youth's advancing hours
You feel yourself alone,
And seek some woman's trusting heart,
Then give her all you own;
Remember, if your passions roam,
Those pleasures soon must pall,
That fools will court the wanton's smiles,
But wise men not at all.

And if deceived by fair pretence
Of friendship in your kind,
Learn thence to judge your fellow men
With a discerning mind;
A faithful friend shall bring you bliss,
A false one only gall;
Fools trust their all to treacherous knaves,
But wise men not at all.

And for your neighbor's weal or woe
E'er have a kindly care;
Remember what is safe for you
May lead him to despair;
Then pause before you take a step
May cause a brother's fall.
For fools live for themselves alone,
But wise men live for all.

In all your intercourse with men
Be this your constant aim,
To help the good to walk aright,
The wandering to reclaim;
Each baser appetite to check,
Lest it should work your thrall;
For fools indulge in sordid lust,
But wise men not at all.

A Select Tale.

From Frazers' Magazine.

THE FIRST BRIDAL VISIT.

PART FIRST.

CONTINUED.

He stooped and kissed his little wife quite tenderly. I was blushing still at his praise when the servants threw open the drawing-room door for us. What a circle! and all eyes turned to me! Then I was formally introduced to everybody; beginning with Mr. Bannister, my two nieces, and three nephews, who stared at me most numerically. In the midst of the fray, I looked round for Lauriston. He was at the other end of the world, talking away to a handsome gentleman in the window. I never knew the full dignity and relief of being married till Mr. Bannister, when dinner was announced, led me in before all those other tall ladies. Often and often my sisters and I had counted heads, wondering if, in the scramble, we should get anybody to take us in, or a seat when arrived—those days were at an end. The handsome man sat opposite me, next my eldest niece, who looked wooden and unconcerned, and continually stared at me. So did the gentleman; but I did not mind him so much, for, if I looked up, he turned away his eyes. It was very seldom I had dined at regular state parties. The whole evolutions of the table impressed me with great awe. I did not like drinking wine with people at first; a sudden stiffness seized just that joint in my neck which ought to have been supple. Latterly I grew bold, and almost felt inclined to make a grimace instead of an unmeaning little bow. But there was a fate against my attaining a well-bred composure. Just as they were arranging the second course, I felt something pulling at my head. I turned and saw that a footman had caught his button in my hair. I spoke to him, and I put my hand to my head, and still he tried to break away, quite innocent where the hitch lay. Then I screamed—for I could bear it no longer. Up jumped Lauriston from the bottom of the table. Every eye was on me. That awkward man had wrenched down all my hair, and it hung in masses over me. The handsome gentleman said something about "golden tresses" to my niece, loud enough for me to hear, and Mr. Bannister called his daughter to twist up the hair again, saying kindly, it was not every lady who would have felt the loss of her head dress. He went on to tell a funny story about himself, how once, in a high wind, he lost his hat and wig. Syntax-like, in the Strand, and was obliged to walk home bald-headed. This made a diversion, and every one exclaimed, at the natural appearance of his wig, "indeed, no one could have guessed it was false hair," &c.; and, meanwhile, my handsome *vis-a-vis* sent a servant to ask me to drink a glass of champagne with him.—There was no mistaking the look in his eye as he drank it; it said, as plainly as an eye could speak, "Here's to our better acquaintance." And we *did* improve it.

Nobody knows what the young ones endure of dulness and inhospitality during the reign of matrons and dowagers after dinner. The charitable nod; the scandalous keep themselves awake by racy anecdotes of friends and neighbours; young brides talk consequentially of servants and housewifery. Alack! I did not know veal from mutton. I never could "play pretty" in my life. But I set all the young ones agog about a famous bustle, the pattern of which I possessed. There never was such a sensation! In the middle of it, while dame and miss, (oh, I most except my sister-in-law, she only smiled indulgently,) were tiptoe around me, and I was fashioning my pocket-handkerchief into the shape of the bustle, in came the gentlemen. The ladies looked as if caught in the act. How was it? I grew nervous, for I stood alone in the middle of the room, flourishing the handkerchief. I was irresistibly prompted to reveal the mystery. Oh, company of masons! ye never looked more aghast, when ye discovered the listener in the clock case, than did these worthy women, as the gentlemen roared and tittered at my disclosure. I took courage when I saw even my husband biting down a smile. But I wanted a chair, and demure female faces hedged me in on all sides. "To the rescue!" There stood the knight of the handsome countenance motioning to me. I darted into the empty chair, and was well nigh buried in its depths. My knight was a modest man. It was by degrees only that he insinuated himself into a light, sportive vein. I am sure he took me (as I was) for a rustic lately snared, and put various leading questions, which I parried or laughed at as the humor took me. At last I fairly asked him—

"And pray who are you? Do tell me your name?"

He looked so amused, that I blushed and hung my head for shame. However, he said he was "one Fred Vernon, of the ——." So I asked him a great deal about Spain, for I had heard enough of these matters from my husband, which I told him, and he said something about Desdemona, and glancing at Major Lauriston said, in an under tone,—

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them."

Adding a most significant "Eh!" I did not half understand him. But this strain of badinage continued, and he by some means found out my name. "Rose!" Well, he certainly was skilful at quotations. I listened, amazed at all the fine poetry he spouted; and then he was so infinitely amused to find I had never read *Lalla Rookh*, and promised to bring it for me the next day. He told me the prettiest stories about the rose and about the Bulbul, only I was ashamed to be obliged to ask him who this Bulbul was? There was a great deal of music, for the Miss Bannisters played duets "*con spirito*," so all our nonsense flowed lightly on, and none the wiser for it but ourselves.

I was quite sorry when the party broke up—this stiff party of strangers which I had so much dreaded. Captain Vernon was full of plans for pic-nics, and begged hard to be allowed to be my knight on all occasions; and I told him he must settle matters himself. I called him "Sir Launcelot the Fleurs of Chivalrie," and he said I was a second Queen Guenever.

Alas! my King Arthur was somewhat sterner and more virgilant than the bold prince of old. I was quite frightened at his black, sullen visage, when only the family party remained. I suddenly felt I had been foolish again to some purpose. What *had* I done to make him so angry? I looked round. My sister-in-law was such a grave, proper sort of person. The girls looked as cold as stones. The boys seemed my only allies and I thought they meditated future frolics with their skittish aunt. I was quite glad when Mr. Bannister returned from handing the fat old lady to her carriage. He always looked jolly and complacent. I thought they were all stiff and frigid to the lowest degree. I had not been used to such ways. I almost burst out crying when Mrs. Bannister formally wished me good night. And then I had to endure Ellis' cross questionings, and her spleen about the accident to my hair. I certainly have contrived to displease everybody tonight. No! I checked my petted tears—*not* everybody! for I remembered me of that deep blue eye, and the singularly exquisite mouth, that smiled so bewitchingly on me. I am afraid I wished Heaven had made me such a man." Then in came my lord and master, in his blue dressing-gown, which I told him made like look as if he had been playing at snap-dragon; whereat, in a very day way, he said, "For his part he had left off childish follies." That detestable Ellis looked as if she expected a curtain lecture. So I, glad to have a safe subject for my irritation, gave her a tart notice to quit the room. Yet, when I found myself alone with my tall, grim husband, wished her back again. I shook in my slippers as he began, in a cold, deliberate tone—

"Rosamond!" Now he never before had called me anything but Rose, or his "little wife." "Rosamond, I did hope my wife would know sufficiently how to conduct herself as not to make me ashamed of her in the eyes of my own family, especially on the first occasion of her introduction."

If he had been the least kind, the small remains of my animal strength and my spirits (never valiant) would have given way, but his harsh words made me think of Othello, and I told him sharply, "If he were disappointed, so was I; I did expect my husband would have shown some consideration for his little young wife, but as he did not, and as his sister and her family had evidently taken a dislike to me, and left me quite in the lurch, I should certainly shift for myself as I best could. I had been used to kindness, and I had no doubt I should still get it somewhere." I trembled at my own hardihood.

Conceive my astonishment when my husband, finding I was no meek Griselda, suddenly turned down from the lion to the lamb. He assured me that he had no intention of neglecting me, that it was not the thing at all to pay the *sposo innamorato* in public; that I must know he would rather talk to me, and have me all to himself, than any one else. Could I say the same? I pouted and sputtered a great deal about exclusiveness and jealousy, and unbearable reserve. He read me a lecture on discretion and matronly behavior. How funny we must have looked! I tearing out my long hair, and perched on the stool; he leaning Don Quixote-like against the wall, the very image of that "knight of the sorrowful countenance." Alas! I was yet in the land of flowers, and he had stepped far into the barren wastes of life. Really, though, he spoke in such a kind dignified way, and looked so sad, I longed to beg his pardon. Instead of doing it submissively, I jumped on my feet, and putting my mouth up to be kissed, said, half-crying and half-laughing—

"If I had only some name to call you by, I think I could love you very much."

Thereupon he took me upon his knee and petted me.

"Can't you call me Julius? Why not my own Christian name?"

"Christian! I should think of that swarthy Roman who put away his wife! Julius! the very name stirs up war! No, no, not Julius!"

So our first quarrel finished in a very lover-like way indeed. But, as I lay awake, I thought seriously of the ocean of troubles on which I had embarked. This was to be married! I must not speak, or look, or move, without referring mentally to my husband. I, who had never reflected for any two minutes consecutively in my life—I to be sage, staid, circumspect, give up my butterfly life? And he who set my these rules? What did I know of him? All! it fell upon me like a crash, that I had heedlessly joined myself to one I knew nothing of. How could I know him? He used to shoot with my father, ride with me and my sisters, listen to our songs, read to us a little, dance with me, and give me jewels, and on this I married him. We had been engaged for three months, and here was I tied to him for life. But could I have known him better after ten years' acquaintance? In those days was he not bent on pleasing me? but now it was I who must please him. I felt I knew no more of my own husband's peculiarities of temper and taste than I knew of Julius Cæsar. I had just glanced on the outside. I was liable to offend him every moment, through sheer ignorance and inexperience; and I was so wilful, I knew it. I had been chidden for thoughtlessness from a child. Why didn't Susan marry him? Grave, good sister Susan, who always got me out of scrapes, and never was in one herself? I wept bitter tears over myself—the tomb of my youth. Youth, pleasure, and gaiety vanished! and I bethought me of the old song.—

"What can a young woman do with an old man?"

Yet he was only in the prime of life; a handsome man, kind, and good withal. Oh! for my sake and his, we must love each other; we must bear and forbear. I grew philosophical as I became more and more drowsy, and fell asleep dreaming of the Fortunate Isles of married life that still bloomed for the virtuous.—By some spell of glamourie, dark eyes melted into blue, black hair changed to clustering chestnut curls. I thought he had thrown himself at my feet before them all, vowing himself my knight for life, and clasping my hand in his. My husband stood with a stormful brow opposite. I awoke. The drops stood on my brow, my teeth chattered. There lay my husband asleep, holding my hand in his.

PART II.

"I dreamed a dreary dream last night,
God keep us a' frae sorrow."

It was Sunday morning, and I had been warned last night to be in time for prayers at half-past eight. At my home a visitor, on her first morning after a long journey, would certainly have been excused coming down at all; but Mrs. Bannistar did not look as if she had her breakfast in bed in her life; so I stumbled out of mine, though I felt as if I had not been asleep at all. I blundered through the preliminaries of the toilette, and seated myself on the sofa to put on my shoe and stocking. My eyes were as heavy as lead. I seemed to hear Mrs. Bannister's precise voice; that busy, prim housewife, with starched mob cap, and handkerchief pinned across her chest. What had I done now?—Oh, what a laugh sounding in my ears! I sprang forward, my husband had come in and found me fast asleep, "one stocking on and one stocking off." The bell had rung for breakfast, what was to be done? He only laughed, and said I looked as snug as kitten coiled up in the sunshine; but he knelt down and gallantly assisted at the *chaussure*. I did not half like him for my maid, so I sent him off, and rang for Ellis. "That spiteful Ellis! this was her way of paying off a grudge, as if she could not have come up to see why I did not ring my bell. I came down looking as penitent as Jane Shore. Mrs. Bannister said, somewhat roundly, she hoped I did not mind cold tea and tough toast; she pointed to the teapot, bid me lock up the sugar when I had done, said her girls had gone to the school an hour ago, and trotted away to gather her husband his Sunday nosegay. I was ready for church. There I got so faint that nothing but the dread of my sister-in-law kept me up. That was a "*twisht*" Sunday for me. They were all so well and so brisk, and I so good for nothing: I could scarce choke down the tears. In fact I was tired. My husband said it was only my way, "Rose was always either up or down," and I was ashamed to say how ill I felt. That evening Mrs. Bannister said a great deal about the duty of serenity and cheerfulness, and how essential these qualities were to the comfort of life, especially the married state. My husband assented. I knew she was lecturing me. I don't like side-hits. I drew back sullenly into the dark corner of the sofa, and cried in silence. Mrs. Bannister proceed on about spirits and the variety of tempers she had met with. She talked well, but I wished that night that the old man's black pudding in the fairy tale would stick to her lips. "She knew some pe ple," she said, "like the lark, who never would harmonise with the aspect of others; so vivid in their spring-days, as to overpower their neighbors, so conspicuous in their sadness as to attract all eyes to their excessive show of grief. Extremes were bad." If I had listened to the rest of that exordium, I should have had St. Vitus' dance. I hastily wished good night, was in bed, and pretended to be asleep before Major Lauriston came up stairs. Was he, forsooth, to sit by and hear me shut at like that? I wouldn't endure it, and that he should know. I wouldn't stay in a family who despised me; I would go home; there I was never treated with contempt. Cousin Alick, Susan, my own mother, take back your little Rosy! I cried half the night, my husband snored. I had shed more tears since I married, than all those that stained my spelling-book and dirtied my work in the days of stocks and backboards.

Soap-bubbles! to be sure I could blow soap-bubbles; but where could we get the soap?

"Ah," said my nephew Dick, "there's the rub! Mother has the key of the store room!"

"Won't she give us a bit?"

"Not a shaving! Don't you know my mother better than that? She wouldn't give old Molly Tucker a cut to wash her old flannels with; but soap-bubbles? little aunt, you're no housewife!"

But I was bent on blowing soap bubbles with the boys, so I sent Ellis to the village shop to buy pipes and soap. Ellis turned down her lips and regarded me with gentle contempt; nevertheless, we made beautiful soapy water, locked ourselves into the old school room, and blew bubbles all the morning. Mine were the best. They were the largest; they floated like fairy balloons in the air. The gentlemen were shooting; my good nieces instructing their classes; sister-in law, of course was acting Phillis. Our window was close to the portico. Heigh ho! somebody was riding up the drive. We kept very still. The gentleman rode leisurely up to the door. He little knew how many eyes were upon him. He rode a superb grey horse.

"Why, it's Captain Vernon!" said Dick.

"So it was. I blew such a fine bubble. It lighted just upon the horse's ear. He (the captain) started and stared. I clapped my hands and then, jumping off his horse, he slipped his arm through the bridle, and came under the window. Robert offered to lead his horse to the stable, if he would come in and blow bubbles. Nothing loth, he put his hand on the sill and vaulted into the room. I thought he looked more graceful and handsome than ever. He seemed to like blowing soap-bubbles as well as the boys, but he used up all my soap, and kept taking my pipe instead of his own. We were a merry quartette; but after a while the new-comer tired, and proposed a stroll in the garden. I was always ready for change, so we agreed to squirt the soapy water over the geraniums in the green-house. Robert gave us the slip. He wanted to inspect that gallant grey. Dick went to hunt for the squirt. Captain Vernon asked me if we were going to the ball at Southwood? Oh, yes! Sir Edward was Major Lauriston's old brother-officer. We were going to spend the week at Southwood—"how charming!"—so was he; and then he engaged me, I don't know how many deep, for the ball. I broke off a beautiful rosebud by accident; he caught it, and said, with a look that I could not meet, that there was no flower like the rose. Suddenly I remembered my husband's admonitions after my last persiflage; I grew confused—I am such a simpleton, to this day I cannot help blushing at the merest trifle. I said "I must go." He begged me to stay a few minutes—only a few minutes. There was nobody at home; why should I hurry away? How did he know that? I asked. "Why," said he, "you don't suppose I did not find out so much before I came?" However, I would not be coaxed nor laughed into staying, though he did quiz me about Petruchio and Othello. I ran off, and bade him follow at his peril. I was in a complete flutter all day. Expected every moment that the boys would say something about Captain Vernon. I had an uneasy fear about the mentioning of this morning's freak. At dinner, whenever conversation paused, I grew red and pale, and thought, "Now I'm in for it; here it comes." I watched Mrs. Bannister piling up each separate crumb of cheese on her square piece of bread in a nervous agony.—Down fell a morsel of cheese, and my eyes were riveted on her till the little pyramid was leisurely conveyed into her mouth. Then I thought she never would have done scraping the plum stones. They were to be cracked, she said. I thankfully listened to a famous receipt for noyeau, and then Mr. Bannister said kindly, "Ah, she'll do at last, so skittish as she looks! There's one wrinkle for you; you may get many more from my wife." I knew she and the rest of them were wrinkling my brow before its time. At last she made the sign to depart, and I bounded so joyfully out of the room that Mr. Bannister said he had almost a mind to go to Southwood after all, if it was only to see me dance. Mr. Bannister at a ball! I was divided between this ludicrous notion and the fear of a natural concatenation between Southwood and Captain Vernon. To my infinite relief, I found the Bannisters were not going to Southwood. The evening passed away without mention of soap-bubbles and Captain Vernon. The boys had their fears as well as myself. In this Benthamite *menage* such a prodigal waste of soap would have been as severely censured as a flirtation. Joy, joy! my nephews were to go back to school the next day. They would be off early. I was safe.—Dreams sometimes go by contraries.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Poetry.

COURTING.

Boys, when you court,
You should deport
Yourselves with circumspection.
It is a sin,
To seek to win
And trifle with affection.

Nor when sincere
The men appear
In gallantry and wooing,
Can woman jilt
Without the guilt
Of similar misdoing.

Too many court
In thoughtless sport,
Nor think when they have parted
On what they've done—
The loving one
Left courted broken-hearted.

Too many jilt
With equal guilt,
Nor think while thus they trifle,
That sex have hearts
To feel Love's darts,
Though they their feelings stifle.

In all we do
We should be true,
Nor raise an expectation,
Unless 'tis meant,
To full extent,
To meet the obligation.

DEATH OF PERCIVAL, THE POET.—The Telegraph brings us intelligence of the death of James G. Percival, the poet; he died at Hazlegreen, in the State of Illinois, on Friday last. Mr. Percival was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in the year 1795, and graduated at Yale College in 1815. He wrote verses at a very early age, but his first appearance as an author was in 1821, when he published his *Prometheus* and other poems. He published another volume of poems the following year, and at that period he was the most popular of American poets; the tenderness and melancholy sweetness of his verses being in accord with the prevalent taste of the day. In 1824 he was appointed an assistant surgeon in the United States Army, and stationed at West Point to lecture on chemistry; but he resigned his commission after holding it a few months. He published a third volume of poems in 1827, and in 1843 appeared his *Dream of a Day*.—Dr. Percival was a man of purely scholarly tastes and eccentric habits, and he united a remarkable love of scientific pursuits with his taste for poetry. He possessed great linguistic acquirements, and assisted Noah Webster in the compilation of his great Dictionary—He had made a geological survey of the State of Connecticut, and at the time of his death he held the office of State Geologist of Illinois. He was never married.

The owner of one of the princely palaces on Bleecker street, New York, some time ago leased it for several years for two thousand dollars a year. The tenant failed, and his surety wished the owner to resume possession of the premises, which he refused to do—whereupon the surety opened a fashionable negro boarding house in the premises, stuck up a sign of "Colored People's Hall," established a restaurant for the colored population—and has balls thrice a week for the "upper ten" of sabledom. From these he is realizing a thousand dollars a year, above rent and other expenses, and in his turn refuses the offer of the owner to take the premises off his hands. He won't pay rent until summoned before a Court, when he appears just a warrant of ejectment is about to be issued.—The owner has tried to get the house indicted, but the neighbors won't complain of it as a disorderly house; they rather enjoy the fun, and many of them pay their twenty-five cents to see high life among the colored gentry.

IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap, melted without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and of three fourths the labor of washing—improves the whiteness of the fabrics, besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washer-woman.

Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy? Because his is all *net* profit.

BEAUTIES OF MORMONISM.

Among a party of nine hundred Mormons, who recently left comfortable homes in England, to surrender themselves to the sway of Brigham Young and his hopeful associates, came two girls, whose transfer to the Utah land of abominations has very much the character of kidnapping. The story of their flight, as related in the English papers, is as follows: Their father was a man in middle life, well to do and industrious. His labors had placed his family, consisting of a wife and several children, in a state of decent competence and happiness. Satan came among them in the guise of a Mormon emissary, and beguiled the eldest son, who made a pilgrimage to the land of rogues. True to their instincts, the crafty elders of Salt Lake made Mormonism so delightful to the neophyte, and advanced him so rapidly in their fraternity, that he returned to England as a preacher of the delusion. The father, whose employment took him away from his family for periods of a week at a time, returned to the house one Saturday from a business excursion to find it deserted. His whole family had disappeared, with whatever portables they could lay hands upon; and his wife had stolen his money to no inconsiderable amount—all that she could collect or pilfer. He traced the fugitives to Liverpool, and reached that place to discover that they had embarked, under the persuasions of his Mormon son, in an emigrant ship, the Enoch Train. The distracted father chartered a steam tug, and taking with him a police officer, overtook the vessel. After an infinite deal of persuasion aided by the master of the ship, and opposed by the Mormon leaders, he succeeded in inducing his wife to go back with him. He also, as a matter of great favor, obtained the surrender of his infant children. But his two eldest daughters refused to return with their parents, and the heart broken father went without them. Their fate, going thus unprotected to Utah, may well cause a shudder.

A community thus replenished is maturing measures to apply for admission as one of the States of this confederacy. We were never among those who "calculated the value of the Union," or who dreamed that the possibility of its being sundered was among contingencies to be considered in any case. But the possibility that our fathers may have fought to establish a shield for a community of adulterers and bigamists, and their progeny, makes us pause. That all which we hold sacred in religion, or virtuous in social and family relations, may be trampled under foot by a State represented on equal terms with those founded by Penn and the Pilgrims, by Oglethorpe and the Cavaliers; that the Old Dominion and the land of the Puritans may be allied with a fraternity of licentious and debauched rogues—these possibilities, should they become facts, will leave no value to the Union for any body to "calculate." Nothing has cast so great a doubt over the future of this country as the Mormon plague spot.—And if the State of Utah is to be admitted into our constellation, the sign will lose its present proud significance, understand—as stars sometimes do in an equivoque—the representatives of something too foul to be spoken or written

MR. JOHN A. WASHINGTON AND MOUNT VERNON.—The Charleston Mercury, speaking of the result of recent attempts to purchase the burial place of Washington, says:

"But there must be an irrepressible feeling of indignation at the conduct of Mr. Washington in this whole affair. With him it seems to have been a cold speculation from the first.

"As soon as he found there were several parties in the field for the purchase of the birth-place and burial place of the most revered man of North America, he seems to have had but one idea of making the greatest possible amount of money out of the dust of the man whose name he bears and dishonors.

"If he had refused absolutely to sell the property, we should have understood that there was a motive before which all men must bow in respect. But the circumstances do not allow us to attribute to him anything but mercenary motives, with a small mixture of family and State pride, to his proceedings. The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association are compelled to deal with a huckster for the privilege of consecrating the burial-place of Washington."

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars that have had sweet meats or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty were wanted for future use. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot,) and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearl ash.

EGG AND MILK.—Take a fresh egg, break it in a saucer, and with a three-pronged fork beat it until it is as thick as batter. Have ready half a pint of boiling milk, sweetened with white sugar; stir the egg into the milk, and serve it with a piece of sponge cake or slice of toast. It is considered very light, nourishing food for an invalid. Some prefer the yolk and white of the egg beaten separately.

WEBSTER ROGERS AND CHOATE.—The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald says truly that few persons say more good things than Rufus Choate. He gave a lecture in Boston a few weeks ago, upon the last days of Samuel Rogers, for whom he expressed a good deal of admiration, and whose "Table Talk" has been recently published. Mr. Choate's great personal attachment to Mr. Webster, and admiration of him, are also well known. It is said he was recently asked how he thought the conversational powers of Mr. Rogers would compare with those of Mr. Webster. He replied, "*As a fiddle to two hundred Organs.*"

A NOBLEMAN IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican says: Count Beaufort, an old French nobleman, who distinguished himself at Sevastopol, has concluded to resign the fatigues of military life for a time, and is now in this city on his way to the Upper Mississippi. He and his suite—consisting of six young French nobles, some of whom are accompanied by their wives