# The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 43.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.-SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18. NO. 1

#### The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TWO BOLLARS per annum to be paid ball year-in advance. No rarga discontinued until all arrestages

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E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUMBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-

thumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and References in Philadelphia;
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#### NEW STORE. ELIAS EMERICH,

of Lower Augusta township and the publately kept by Israe Martz, in Lower Augusta Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal township near Emerica's Tayera, and has just honors at the University of Virginia.

But little honefit to the Virginia.

Palland Winter Goods. His stock consists of Clatha, Cassimeres, Carrinells of all kinds, linen, cotton and Worstell.

Also, Calienes, Ginghams, Lawns, Monsseline
De Laines and all kinds of Ladies Bress Goods.

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the highest market prices. Lower Augusta twp., October 10, 1857.—tf.

#### PATERT WHEEE GREASE.

Wagoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being Screaron to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axies is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer of in winter, and put up in un canisters at 373 and 75 cents, for sale by A. W. FISHER. March 14, 1857 .-

MUSIC! MUSIC! MR. O. KIMBALL, late of Flaura, having tecome a resident of Sunbury, respectfully infarms the clizens and others, that he intends to form a Singing Class, both secular and sacred and will impart instruction to all who may desire

to place themselves under his charge.

N. U.-Mrs. O. Kimbali is prepared to give instructions to a few more putils on the Piano

Sunbury, September 19, 1857,---tf

#### New Philadelphia Dry Goods!!

SHARPLESS EROTHERS. LATE TOWNSKAD SHARPLESS & Sor. AVE removed to their new store, N. W. corner of Chesnut and 8th Streets, and have spenial their usual full assortment of Autumn and Winter DRY GOODS, which they offer at very low prices. Their stock includes Shawls, Black and Pancy Silks, Merino's and other Dress Goods, Men's and Doy's

Wear, Blankers, Housekeeping Goods, and Goods for "Priends Wear." Oct. 24, 1857.-6m2c

SUNBURY STEAM PLOURING MILL FENHE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill In this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the Bist day of Au-

Having engaged a competent and careful Miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them astrology?" SNYDER, RINEHART & HARRISON.

Sunbury, August 29, 1857 .-- tf

#### GILBERT BULSON, SUCCESSOR TO

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Others for Shipping put up with care and dis-GOOD Saold on commission for Far mers

and Dealers. October 24, 1857 .-

#### The \$10 and \$15 Single and Double Threaded Empire Family Sewing Machines.

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application will be necessary.

The peculiar adaptation of these Machines for all purposes of Family Sewing, will, where ever they are offered for sale command a ready and unlimited demand.

JOHNSON & GOODALL, S. E. Corner of 6th and Arch Sts., Philadel'a. August 15, 1857 .-- if

#### BLANKS! BLANKS! ANK Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Warrant's BLANK Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Watrathe Attachments, Commitments, Summens, Su-penas, Executions, Justices' and Constable Fee Bills, &c., &c., can be had by applying a

HYDROLEUM PAINTS,-These paints are mixed with water, thereby saving thecost A. W. FISHER.

#### THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION. Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Mur-ders,"--recalled to my mind the strange cir-cumstances of one of the most mysterious demestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to de-

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime as her bands flew up and covered her face.—

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned After a minute or two she dropped them, and ranges of mountains cross each other at

irregular mountain cross, were owned as then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the

The western and most valuable estate was this, that before my twentieth birthday, the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan beitess, granddaughter and ward of Madame the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the

Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsi-monious habits, and almost fabulous wealth. The southern farm—named, from the ex-travagant cost of the clayant mansion-house, claborate out-buildings, and highly ornament-ELIAS EMERICII, ed grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey

But little benefit to the heir was to be apped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly-doubtless to prevent a foreclosure,

and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his

arrival that he found the intle hotel, and, appearance. appearance.

If came not alone. On his arm he brough great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress. Miss Honora Paule, had just stepped there, and passed through here is leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from whose it leaves off here. If you cannot get the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story from the fact that the continuation of the story

These who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who and not, listened with vagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning. The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended

church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Anderly's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the dergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astoxishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honors, and said:

I take an especial personal interest in paying capital punishment abolished-Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently ipon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered ---"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in

Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that

was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art." "A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughy, drawing near, with eagor interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, sming, "a prediction which, if I believed, would rtainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death pensity. Three years since, while I was accounting for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to east my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave bim, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly. "My horoscope was a nonnon-scope indeed ! t predicted for me-a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death." "Good Heaven! But-the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass." "And that was-?" "The less of my patrimonist estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" juterrupted Mr Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey,
"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as redicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the anexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"
"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to "Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage

with the woman I should worship.

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired-"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones ns low as to meet only her ear. "The fourth and last prediction was, that

looking bim steadily in the face, said with

oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grand-to you. The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madamo Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school. heiress, granddaughter and ward of Madame
Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called,
from being the deepest vale of the four—
Hawe's Hele—was the property of old Hagh
Have a widower of gloomy temper, parsi-

#### CPAPTER II.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE. The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up! their quarters for govern days with Madame Auderly. tors, for several days, with Madame Auderly; and the only lady, in his konor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighors to visit her that evening.

When ten was over, the company adjourn d to the drawing-room, where, soon after the guests invited for the evening joined

First came Father O'Louherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland

locks of jet.

and now his ward, who had arrived only that

little talk, that confirmed her first favorable tone. maresgions, she took the hand of the orphan

Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule. Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly. they were just about to form what she called Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the 'Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence resigned. Rosa shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded— "What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal unswer. "Draw !"

The young man hesitated for a while smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one. "Read !" he said, extending the card to the

"Hear !" she exclaimed :

"A widow benetiful as light, "Twiff be your lot to wed-With a rich jointure, which thall poor Its tdenzings on your head,""

There was a general clupping of hands, and shouts of laughter. It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test ber fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely quired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was-

" "To dandle fools and chronicle small beer." " a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie

for the evening.
"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indelent cariosity upon the game of the young people. Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune

"Well, well-the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn

voice, she read-Thy fate looms full of horror ! From fulse friends,

Near at hand, pecilition threatens thee !--An enemy-a ficual backs close beinnd The indiance of thy planet -Oh, be warned " "

had all the while been posted behind him, peopling over his shoulder. "Will you permit me to test my fortune?" nquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response. I would know the future."

"Draw!" aid the Sybil, in a tene of assumed sternness. miling his graceful but most sinister smile the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the

"Hear !" said the latter, lifting the tablet offate, and reading-"I know thee !-- thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercung stars, and her deep winds' might-There's a tone in her voice fain thou wentlist shun, For it asks what the secret soul hath done ! And thon !- there's a weight on thine !- away !-

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has | ers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One Magpie," snappishly, would really think to look at him, that a "Perhaps you will deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the later turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that appen his brow that she had never seen believe to be be a seen believe to be a seen

her, Rose said : "What seek you in the magic circle, lady ?" "My destiny," answered the luscions

"Invoke the knowledge!" Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it as usual to the Sybil, who read-"'Oh, nik me not to speak thy fate!

On, tempt me not to tell.

The doorn shall make thee descrite, The wrong then maynt not quell! Away ! Away !- for death would be Even as a mercy unto thee !" " Agnes shuddered, and covered her face

with her hands. "Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose. "Not for the world !-now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine. thin faded shawl which covered her; the child The cheek of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be un-worthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who

in an effective voice read-But how is this! A dreum is on my sou!! I see a bride- all crowned with flowers, and smiling, As in delighted visioos, on the brink

Of a drend charm-and thou art she !" " Honora heard in silence, remembring the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was more coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart, "Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the

tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be pe-

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read--" Disgrace and ill, And shameful death are near !"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said; "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future !" The above is the commencement of Mrs. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Wil-oughby, and Mr. Heine.

Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We In next arrivals were care.

In mediately after-them came Dr. and Mrs.

Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great ginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation and elegance, the lady, a delicate, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of the second of the pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight tion of it can only be found in the New York face, beaming softly out between her fleecy Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country con-And last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his New York Ledger of January 16, and in it

morning, and whom, presuming on Madame a year, or two copus for \$3. Address your he was bailed by Jack Mandres and sister, he was bailed by Jack Mandres and sister, he was bailed by Jack Mandres and sister, he was bailed by Jack Mandres and sister. tured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was best family paper in the country, elegantly certainly attracted towards her; and, after a illustrated, and characterized by a high moral

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. lovely heroine, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile as noft her heart so kind, Her voice for pity's tones so fit, All speak her woman ;-but her mind Lifts her where bards and sages sit.

#### RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one clerks, during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter human and discharged George. The latter human and discharged George. ged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a lew years became a habitual drunkard; his wife supporting herself and two children-Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth year and Mary, a sweet child of six-by selling, one after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year n which our story opens, Rachel was without abundance of drick. Pespite the temporafood, light or fire, and that very day the rent ry relief given by sulphur and the excellent accomplish great results with a little strength the mass resembles brown sugar. Rub the must be paid. Little Mary was meaning for bread, and

rying with cold. cle of value left-a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Ma-'s cries for food she seized the locket, rushto a pawnbroker's obtained a few shillings, put by the amount of the rent and with the rest purchased a little bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit Mangles, who had ever been kind to ber, to of the very first quality runs a fearful risk -

was surrounded. On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk mark on the more revolting appearance which was not at home. Rachel discovered that her the average of drunkards now have compared husband had been home and stolen the sam to what the same class used to present. she had put by for the rent from the place is all little by little becoming known. where she had concealed it, and gone off again | results are shown in an increased demand for to "The Crown and Magpie" tavern to waste malt; they would be still more manifest in cle of age in any other country, and the spe-it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and cheap wines could the latter be had. hangry, began to cry for food, and the suffer-"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" ex-claimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who

George Hoffman had gone. stout, vulgar looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers-was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was treating-for it must not be forgotten that it was New-Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickended the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she sentered into the house.

Somebody says that a wife should be like roasted lamb, tender and nicely dressed. Somebody size wickedly adds, "and without rentured into the house." ventured into the house. "Is Mr. Hoffman bere?" she inquired,

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

"Can't tell the names of any of my custom."

Nothing can be so and as a could get and yet, strange to say, it is never so happy as when it is beating.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertain ing,"
"Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally!
Three and eight pence, sir. Half-and-half

"So they all say," answered the woman with a speer. There was a course mocking laugh from

the crowd of balf drunken wretches standing

near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily ; but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother restrained him. "Let us return home," she said in a des-pairing tone. "I feel faint and sick at

And leaning upon the arm of her son, the unhappy wife tottered rather than walked from the place, The keen, frosty air partially restored her strength and Rachel proceeded with her chil-dren till she reached the thoroughfare leading through St. Margaret's church-yard towards | He frothed his bumpers to the brim; the Almonary, when a faint moan from Mary whom she still carried in her arms, arrosted

was cold as ice, and shivering as though seized by an ague fit. "She is dying!" grouned the terror-strick-en parent—"dying for the want of food!"

The heart of her boy could endure no more—it was breaking. The cop of misery and endurance had been filled to overflowing.—

His brain was on fire-tears could not queuch "Take her home mother!" he cried-"take her home! never fear but I will bring you food! Mary shan't die! I'il beg-beg," he added; anything to save her!"
"Richard! Richard! do not leave me!

shricked his agonized parent. "Let me not lose both my children! if you tore your moth-er return—for pity's sake return!" The appeal came too late. Her son, stung, naddened beyond endarance by the sufferings of those so dear to him, had broken from her ceble grasp, darted down the thoroughfare,

and was already beyond the reach of her Ruchel clung to the railings of the churchyard for support, till a second mean, still fainter than the first, sent a pang through her

maternal breast.
"She must not die in the street!" murmured Rachel. Home-home! if I have strength to reach it." "Oh, God !" she cried with a sudden burst

of anguish, "protect my boy! Shield him from crime; guard him against vices and the bideous snares which in a thousand forms as sail unfriended youth; or take him," she sol-emnly, "take him in Thy mercy." It was a Christian's prayer wrung from a mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony, and

tears; and angels bore it to the mercy seat on high. Clasping her perishing child yet closer to

you will get the continuation of the story from her aching bosom, the drunkard's wife bus-where it leaves off here. If you cannot get tened to her home, mly intent on the one idea of getting, by some The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at \$2 | means, food for his famished mother and sister, acquaintance who lived near Richard's home, and to whom he told the desparate state in which he had left those so dear to him. Jack listened with much interest, and at once proposed to Richard to help him to pick the pocket of an old gentleman, who was staring into a window on the opposite side of the street, Richard refused with horror, although Jack urged the necessity of at once getting something to save the life of his mother and little Mary. Jack then undertook the business alone, and just as he had relieved the old gentle of kis pocket-book, a policeman sprang from a doorway to arrest him; but made good his escape. Not so Richard, who was at once seized by the policeman as an ac-

complice of the escaped pickpocket.
"I am no thief, sir," cried Richard break-

poverty and henger tempted to me become one. My mother and sister are starving."

#### American Wines.

It may be a long look ahead, and yet it extremely possible that America may yet become a land of light wines and "mild malts," a country of temperance and one devoid of the maddening vices which now flow from one doubts that the vine of Europe is doom-It is run out. Only in America is there The drunken father was at the dram-shop. fresh life in it, life as yet untried, and untired by thousands of years of exhausting culture. When our West has filled up but a little more, wine growing will be generally recognized as the most profitable specie of agricul-ture; it is indeed that now, and we shall ex-

port largely.

Add to this the daily increasing poisonous that intemperance and intexication will be-come rare. Little by little it is becoming consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he same quantity of drink which would once bring on the delirum tremens will effect it now .-This is an established fact. Policemen re-

Few branches of agriculture would pay more, and none require so little labor as the raising of wine and selling it at fifty couts a gallon. Expensive wines require much care; the ordinary, which are still wholesome and had "outlived their usefulness," There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie." The landlady—a pains requiring than cider. In a very few retail shops by the shoemakers of Mulberry stout, valgar-looking weman, with red ribbons years California will raise all her own wines. and there is no reason why the Western St les should not yet supply the world.

rheumatism than are bachelors. Dr. Francis assigns as the reason—they sleep warmer.

sauce." Nothing can be so kind as a woman's heart,

### Select Poetry.

Full knee deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily righing Toll ye the church bell and and low, And tread softly, and speak low, For the Old Year lies a dying. Old Year, you must not die, You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily

Old Year, you shall not die

He lieth still : he doth not move ; He will not see the dawn of day; He hath no other life above-He gave me a friend, and a true, true love. And the New Year will take 'em away. Old Year you must no go, So long as you have been with us, Such joy you have seen with us, Old Year, you shall not go.

A jollier year we shall not see : But though his eyes are waning dim, And though his foes speak iil of him, He was a friend to me.
Old Year you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,

Old Year, if you must die. He was full of joke and just, But all his merry grips are o'er; To see him die, across the waste, His son and heir doth ride post-haste,

But he'll be dead before, Every one for his own : The night is starry and cold, my friend, And the new Year, blithe and bold, my friend. Comes up to take his own.

I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro The cricket chirps—the light burns low, 'Tis nearly one o'clock. Shake hands before you die; Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,

How hard he breathes! Over the snow

What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die, His face is growing sharp and thin-Alack! Our friend is gone! Close up his eyes; tie up his chin; Step from the corpse and let him in That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor, friend, And a new face at the door, my friend, A new face at the door.

# Miscellancons.

His Character?—Professor rowler says of seven hours, that those whose motions are awkward, yet of the pot, let it stand a few minutes to cool, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into portion as they become refined in mind will their mode of carriage be correspondingly improved. A short and pulck step indicate a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads; yet if their steps be slow, they will make comparatively little progress, while those step is long and quick will accomplish proportionately much, and pass most of cheir competitors on the high-way of life. Their heads and plaus too will partuke of the same far reaching character evinced in their carriage. Those who sluf or draw their beels, drawl in everpthing; while those who walk with a springing, bounding step, abound in a mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affected and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish much; whereas those who walk carelessly, that is, ing from the strong grasp that held him, and naturally, are just what they appear to be, throwing himself at the feet of the old gentle-man, who had just come to she spot, "though who in walkins, roll from side to side, lack who in walkins, roll from side to side, luck directness of character, and side every way, according, to circumstances; whereas those who take a bee-line—that is, whose body moves neither to the right nor left but straight of January 16, which is for sale at all the forward-have a corresposding directness of forward—have a corresposding directness of with the sugar. For pies, sift as pumpkins adding small bits of lemon or orange peel. who teeter up and down when they walk, rising an inch or two every step, will have many corresponding ups and downs in life, because of their irregularity of character and feeling. Those, too, who make a great a ado the beef needs to be cut in stripes before in walking, will make much needless parade salting. For one hundred pounds ment take In everything else, and bence spend a great amount of useless steam in all they undertake

yet accomplish little; whereas those who walk

mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character; so that, so fer as you

can see such modes, you can decipler such

outline of character.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BOOTS?-The Shoe and Leather Reporter contains the following solution of the great mystery-where the old qualities of spirits, and we have another hope that intemperance and intexication will be- has been a greatly increased demand throughout the country for old boot legs; and mysterious pedlars of an antiquaran east of countremance, have cleared out all the garrets of New Jersey, to the extreme wonder and delight of the unsophisticated natives. For the last six months, the importations of eld leather by the Jersey City ferry boat, have the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter | known that the man who drinks whiskey not | terious pedlars of an antiquaran cast of counbeen positively immense, and we recommend to the attention of the collector these butan-This od arrivals of dutiable merchandize from a The foreign port. Now boots which are considerrians bring to the Bowery for sale, are so impregnant with red clay, and so atterly poured over them, and you get all the true destitute of backbone, that the Spartans dayor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is destitute of backbone, that the Spartans could not hesitate to acknowledge that they to certain revivilying processes, are manufactured and returned in the shape of "Oxford ties." We examined a few of these shoes in Married men are less troubled with the the hands of the operator, and found them a neat and serviceable looking article."

> A German in Albany lately came into possession of \$24,000, the bequest of his wife, who ran away to California with another man several years ago, made money infamously, dren who will have the benefit of the fortune. I hoops on a griddle.

WHY TURCALOOSA ALWAYS VOTED AGAINST Gen Jacason.—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscalousa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refresh-TRE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR, ment of the sick and wounded for a few days.

The citizens of Tuscalcosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the General. A departation of militia officers, armed capa-pie, were to Carthage to extend the invita-tion to Jackson. They found him busy, of foot, near the main road, dismounted, and

with well set phrase, their spokesman invited him to dinner.

"For how many have you made provisions?"
saked Jackson. "For rill my men?"
"No only for yourself and officers."
"Then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer
of mine will cut a dinner not provided for all my boys!" Then turning on his heel abruptly, be left them,

The poor militia men were sadly discomfit-ted and mortified at this rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A genter master, or his assistant, had laid his hands upon every horse of the delegation, and clamed them for public service. Furious, they ap-pealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirswas surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for the transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm-the military trapping, coat, sword, boots' &c. all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No convey-ance, however, could be had. The generals, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia walked to Tuscaloosa, "And that's the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General."—Mobile Mercury.

## Recipes.

How to Make a Plum Pudding. The following receipt for making this re-

nowned pudding, without which no English set dinner would be complete, will be found to be all that a first-rate pudding demands. Take half a pound of flour, a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a pound of beef-suet, chopped fine, a pound of carrants, well picked, washed and dried, a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, three quarters of a pound of soft sugar a quarter of a pound of candied orange and emon peel, an ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of ground ginger, a nutmeg, grated, twelve bitter almonds, blanched and grated, and a little salt; mix these well together; then beat up seven eggs, strain them through a sieve, and add a little sweet milk, if required. Stir this well into the other iuredients; make it thick, but not too stiff -Just before you are going to boil it, stir into it a glass of rum or braudy, scald a cloth, flour it and lay it in a basin; poor in your phidding; then have ready another cloth, also scalded and floured, which lgy over the top. tie it round tightly, and put it in boiling water Does One's Style of Walking Indicate as plenty of room. Keep it boiling for six Ilis Character?—Professor Fowler says or seven hours. When it is done, take it out of which there should be abundance, as well a dish, and serve it with caudle sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less

Cooking Dried Apples. Wash sour dried apples, being careful to do it quickly, and put in a parceluin kettle .-Have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and as they require more water add boiling. When they are cooked, tender. ready to pour out, have about the proportion of 3 pints of juice to 3 quarts of the aple. If they are beiled too dry they will be strong, and empleasant, if too much water is left it-insipid. Do not sweeten while warm, but as you wish them for the table-a tablespoonfull of sugar to a vegetable dish full of the sauce. Dried apples, in this fruit growing country, are not usually counted among the becaries of the table, but in this year of scarcity they will be found exceedingly palatable, prepared in the above menner-having much the flavor of the fresh fruit. If you with them "extra nice, add grated lemon peel from a lemon partly dried, at the same time

EXCELLENT DRIED BEEF .- For convenience, two quarts of coarse or fine salt, and two ounces of saltpetre. Put these in a large, smooth iron bettle, and place it over the fre easily, expend little strength in walking, will until quite hot; then add to it molasses, until both mentally and physicially. In short, weat, piece by piece, on all sides, in this keep-every other individual has his own peculiar ing the ressel over the fire; immediately packing them at in a tub or jar. Turn the pieces over every day. It needs no water, as the sait and juice of the meat are sufficient to fill all crevices. After ten days, take out the meat, rinsing it very slightly in water, and hang it up to dry, where it will not freeze. Meat thus propaged is very tender, and has a peculiarly delicious flavor.

+6401 How to Mass Tea Property.-We clip have practised for these twelve months is this: The tempet is at once filled up with boiling water; then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom ; the result is that the leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is required in this way than under the old and common practice.

CALUES' FOOT JELLY .- Four feet, one pullon of water boiled to one half do., and siew all night; add the juice of four lemons, and the rind of one cut very thin; the whites of nine eggs and shells well beaten together; ne-half pound lump sugar; a pint and a balf of sherry, one-fourth of a pint of brandy.

WATER CURZ JUNDLES,-Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two cups sweet milk, two teaspoonfulls oream tartar, one of soda.

Murring.- Take one pint of new milk, one but repented on her death-bed, and made atonement by leaving her property to the injured husband. Meanwhile, the German married a second wife and has several chil-