THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 26---NUMBER 38. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18, 1851. WHOLE NUMBER, 1390.

Selected Miscellany.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF ANTONIA.

Among those who attended the first of the King's levees, during the London season of 18—, was an unmarried gentleman of large fortune, named Streatfield. While his carriage was proceeding slowly down St. James' street, he naturally sought such amusement and occupation as he could find in looking on the brilliant scene around him. The day was unusually fine, and crowds of spectators thronged the street and the balconies of the houses on either side of it, all gazing at the different equipages with as eager a curiosity and interest, as if fine equipages and fine people inside of them were the rarest objects of contemplation in the whole metropolis. Proceeding at a slower and slower pace, Mr. Streatfield's carriage had just arrived at the middle of the street, when a longer stoppage than usual occurred. He looked carelessly up at the nearest balcony; and there, among some eight or ten ladies, all strangers to him, he saw one face that rivited his attention immediately.

He had never beheld anything so beautiful, anything which struck him with such strange, mingled, and sudden sensation, as this face. He gazed and gazed on it, hardly knowing where he was, or what he was doing, until the line of vehicles began again to move on. Then, after ascertaining the number of the house, he flung himself back in the carriage, and tried to examine his own feelings, to reason himself into self-possession; but it was all in vain. He was seized with that amiable form of social monomania called "love at first sight."

He entered the palace, greeted his friends, and performed all the necessary court ceremonies, feeling the whole time like a man in a trance. He spoke mechanically, and moved mechanically—the lovely face in the balcony occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. On his return home, he had engagements for the afternoon and evening: he forgot and broke them all; and walked back to St. James street as soon as he had changed his dress.

The balcony was empty; the spectators who had filled it but a few hours before, had departed—but obstacles of all sorts now tended only to stimulate Mr. Streatfield: he was determined to ascertain the parentage of the young lady, determined to look on that lovely face again; the thermometer of his heart had already risen to fever heat! Without loss of time, the shopkeeper to whom the house belonged was bribed to loquacity by a purchase. All that he could tell, in answer to inquiries, was that he had let his lodgings to an elderly gentleman and his wife, from the country, who had asked some friends into their balcony to see the carriages go to the levee. Nothing daunted, Mr. Streatfield questioned and questioned again. What was the old gentleman's name? Dimsdale. Could he see Mr. Dimsdale's servant? The obsequious shopkeeper had no doubt that he could: Mr. Dimsdale's servant should be sent for immediately.

In a few minutes the servant, the all-important link in Love's evidence, made his appearance. He was a pompous, portly man, who listened with pompous attention, with a stern, judicial calmness to Mr. Streatfield's rapid and somewhat confused inquiries, which were accompanied by a minute description of the lady, and by several explanatory statements, all very fictitious, and all very plausible. Stupid as the servant was, and suspicious as all stupid people are, he had nevertheless sense enough to perceive that he was addressed by a gentleman, and gratitude enough to feel considerably mollified by the handsome douceur which was quietly slipped into his hand. After much pondering and doubting, he at last arrived at the conclusion that the fair object of Mr. Streatfield's inquiries was a Miss Langley, who had joined the party on that morning with her sister; and who was the daughter of Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall, in ——shire. The family was now staying in London, at —— street. More information than this, the servant stated he could not afford—he was certain he had made no mistake, for the Miss Langleys were the only very young ladies in the house that morning—however, if Mr. Streatfield wished to speak to his master, he was ready to carry any message with which he might be charged.

But Mr. Streatfield had already heard enough for his purpose, and departed at once for his club, determined to discover some means of being introduced in due form to Miss Langley, before he slept that night, though he should travel round the whole circle of his acquaintance, high and low, rich and poor, in making the attempt. Arrived at the club, he began to enquire, resolutely, for a friend who knew Mr. Langley of Langley Hall. He dissatisfied gastronomic gentlemen at their dinner; he interrupted agricultural gentlemen who were moaning over the prospects of the harvest; he startled literary gentlemen who were deep in the critical mysteries of the last Review; he invaded the card-room; dressing-room and smoking room: he was more like a frantic miniature whipper-in, hunting up stray members for a division, than an ordinary man; and the oftener he was defeated in his object the more determined he was to succeed. At last, just as he had vainly inquired of every body that he knew, just as he was standing in the hall of the club house thinking where he should go next, a friend entered, who at once relieved him of all his difficulties—a precious, an inestimable man, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Langley, and who had lately been staying at Langley Hall. To this friend all the lover's cares and anxieties were at once confided; and a fitter depository of all such secrets of the heart could hardly have been found. He made no jokes—for he was not a bachelor; he abstained from shaking his head—for he was not a seasoned husband, or an experienced widower; what he really did was to enter heart and soul into his friend's projects—for he was precisely in that position, the only position in which the male sex generally take a proper interest in match-making: he was a newly married man.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Streatfield was the happiest of mortals—he was introduced to the lady of his love, to Miss Jane Langley. He really enjoyed the priceless privilege of looking once more on the face in the balbony, and looking on it almost as often as he wished. It was perfect elysium. Mr. and Mrs. Langley saw little or no company—Miss Jane was always accessible, never monopolized—the light of her beauty shone day after day, for her adorer alone; and his love blossomed in it, fast as flowers in a hot-house.

Passing quickly by all the minor details of wooing, to arrive sooner at the grand fact of winning, let us simply relate that Mr. Streatfield's object in seeking an introduction to Mr. Langley was soon explained, and was indeed visible enough long before the explanation. He was a handsome man, an accomplished man, and a rich man. His first two qualifications conquered the daughter, and the third the father. In six weeks Mr. Stratfield was the accepted suitor of Miss Jane Langley.

The wedding day was fixed—it was arranged that the marriage should take place at Langley Hall, whither the family went, leaving the unwilling lover in London, a prey to the business formalities of the occasion. For ten days did the ruthless lawyers—those dead-weights that burden the back of Hymen—keep their victim imprisoned in the metropolis, occupied over settlements that never seemed likely to be settled. But even the long march of the Law has its end, like other mortal things; at the expiration of ten days all was completed, and Mr. Straetfield found himself at liberty to start for Langley Hall.

A large party was assembled at the house to grace the approaching nuptials. There were to be tableax, charades, boating trips, riding excursions, amusements of all sorts—the whole to conclude (in the play-bill phrase) with the grand climax of the wedding. Mr. Streatfield arrived late; dinner was ready: he had scarcely time to dress, and then bustle into the drawing-room, just as the guests were leaving, to offer his arm to Miss Jane—all greetings with his friends and introductions to strangers being postponed till the party met around the dining table.

Grace had been said; the covers taken off; the loud, cheerful hum of conversation was just beginning, when Mr. Straetfield's eyes met the eyes of the young lady who was seated opposite at the table. The guests near him observing at the same moment that he continued standing after every one else had been placed, glanced at him inquiringly. To their astonishment and alarm, they observed that his face had become suddenly pale—his rigid features looked struck by paralysis. Several of his friends spoke to him; but for the first few moments he returned no answer. Then, still fixing his eyes upon the young lady opposite, he abruptly exclaimed, in a voice the altered tones of which startled every one who heard him—

"THAT is the face I saw in the balcony! THAT woman is the only one I can marry!"

The next instant, without a word of explanation or apology, he hurried from the room.

One or two guests mechanically started up, as if to follow him; the rest remained at the table, looking on each other in speechless surprise. But, before any one could either act or speak, almost at the moment when the door closed on Mr. Streatfield, the attention of all was painfully directed to Jane Langley. She had fainted. Her mother and sisters removed her from the room immediately, aided by the servants. As they disappeared, a dead silence again sank down over the company—they all looked round with one accord to the master of the house.

Mr. Langley's face and manner sufficiently revealed the suffering and suspense that he was silently enduring. But he was a man of the world—neither by word or action did he betray what was passing in him. He resumed his seat at the table, and begged his guests to do the same. He affected to make light of what had happened; entreated every one to forget it, or, if they remembered it at all, to remember it only as a mere accident, which would, no doubt, be satitfactorily explained. Perhaps it was only a jest on Mr. Straetfield's part, rather too serious a one, he must own. At any rate, whatever was the cause of the interruption, it was not important enough to require everybody to fast around the table of feast. He asked as a favor to himself that no further notice might be taken of what had occurred. While Mr. Langley was speaking thus, he hastily wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to one of the servants. The note was directed to Mr. Streatfield, and contained these words:

"Two hours hence I shall expect to see you alone in the library."

The dinner proceeded, the places usually occupied by the female members of the Langley family, and the young lady who had attracted Mr. Streatfield's notice in so extraordinary a manner, being vacant. Every one present endeavored to follow Mr. Langley's advice, and go through the business of a dinner, as if nothing had occurred; but the attempt failed miserably. Long pauses occurred in the conversation; general topics were started but never pursued; it was more like an assembly of strangers than a meeting of friends; people neither ate nor drank as they had been accustomed to eat and drink; they talked in altered voices, and sat with unusual stillness, even in the same position. Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, all alike, perceived that some great domestic catastrophe had happened; all forboded that some serious, if not fatal, explanation of Mr. Straetfield's conduct would ensue; and it was vain and hopeless—a very mockery of self-possession—to attempt to throw off the sinister and chilling influences that recent events had left behind them, and resume at will the thoughtless hilarity of ordinary life.

Still, however, Mr. Langley persisted in doing the honors of the table, in proceeding doggedly through all the festive ceremonies of the hour until the ladies rose and retired. Then after looking at his watch he beckoned to one of his sons to take his place, and quietly left the room. He only stopped once as he crossed the hall, to ask news of his daughter from one of the servants. The reply was that she had had a hysterical fit; that the medical attendant of the family had been sent for; and that since his arrival she had become more composed. When the man had spoken, Langley made no remark, but proceeded at once to the library he locked the door behind him as soon as he had entered the room.

Mr. Streatfield was already waiting there—he was seated at the table, endeavoring to maintain an appearance of composure, by mechanically turning over the leaves of the books before him. Mr. Langley drew a chair before him; and in low but very firm tones, began the conversation thus:—

"I have given you two hours, sir, to collect yourself and consider your position fully—I presume, therefore, that you are now prepared to favor me with an explanation of your conduct at my table to-day."

"What explanation can I make?—what can I say, or think of this most terrible of fatalities?" exclaimed Mr. Streatfield, speaking hastily and confusedly; and still not looking up—"There has been an unexampled error committed!—a fatal mistake which I never could have anticipated, and over which I had no control!"

"Enough sir, of the language of romance," interrupted Mr. Langley coldly; "I am neither of an age nor a disposition to appreciate it. I come here to ask plain questions honestly, and I insist as my right on receiving answers in the same spirit. You, Mr. Streatfield, sought an introduction to ME—you professed yourself attached to my daughter Jane—your proposals were (I fear unhappily for us) accepted—your wedding day was fixed—and now, after all this, when you happen to observe my daughter's twin sister sitting opposite to you—"

"Her twin-sister!" exclaimed Mr. Streatfield and his trembling hands crumpled the leaves of the book, which he still held while he spoke "Why is itintimate as I have been with your family, that I now know for the first time that Miss Jane Langley has a twin sister?"

"Do you descend, sir, to subterfuge, when I ask you for an explanation?" returned Mr. Langley angrily. "You must have heard over and over again that my children Jane and Clara were twins."

"On my word and honor, I declare that—"

"Spare me all appeals to your word or your honor, sir; I am beginning to doubt both."

"I will not make the unhappy situation in which we were all placed, still worse, by answering your last words, as I might at other times feel inclined to answer them," said Mr. Streatfield, assuming a calmer demeanor than he had hitherto displayed. "I tell you the truth when I tell you that before to-day, I never knew that any of your children were twins. Your daughter Jane has frequently spoken to me of her absent sister, Clara, but never spoke of her as her twin sister. Until to-day I have had no opportunity of discovering the truth; for until to-day I have never met Miss Clara Langley since I saw her in the balcony of the house in James' street. The only one of your children who was never present during my intercourse with your family, in London, was your daughter Clara the daughter whom I now know for the first time, as the young lady who really arrested my attention on my way to the levee—whose affections it was really my object to win in seeking an introduction to you. To *me* the resemblance between the twin-sisters has been a fatal resemblance; the long absence of one, a fatal absence."

There was a momentary pause as Mr. Streatfield sadly and calmly pronounced the last words. Mr. Langley appeared to be absorbed in thought. At length he proceeded speaking to himself:—

"It *is* strange! I remember that Clara left London on the day of the levee to set out on a visit to her aunt; and only returned here two days since, to be present at her sister's marriage. Well, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Streatfield, "granting what you say, granting that we all mentioned my absent daughter to you as we are accustomed to mention her among ourselves, simply as 'Clara,' you have still not excused your conduct in my eyes. Remarkable as the resemblance is between the sisters, more remarkable even, I am willing to admit, than the resemblance between twins usually is, there is yet a difference, which, slight, indescribable though it may be, is nevertheless discernable to all their relatives and friends. How is it that you who represent yourself so vividly impressed by your first sight of my daughter Clara, did not discover the error when you were introduced to her sister Jane, as the lady who had so much attracted you."

"You forget, sir," rejoined Mr. Streatfield, "that I have never beheld the sisters together until to-day. Though both were in the balcony when I first looked up at it, it was Miss Clara Langley alone that attracted my attention. Had I only received the smallest hint that the absent sister of Miss Jane Langley was her twin sister, I would have seen her at any sacrifice, before making my proposals—For it is my duty to confess to you Mr. Langley, (with the candor which is your undoubted due,) that when I was first introduced to your daughter Jane, I felt an unaccountable impression that she was the same as, and yet different from, the lady I had seen in the balcony. Soon however this impression wore off. Under the circumstances could I regard it as anything but a mere capriee, a lovers wayward fancy? I dismissed it from my mind; it ceased to affect me until to-day, when I first discovered that it was a warning that I had most unhappily disregarded; that a terrible error had been committed for which no one of us was to blame, but which was fraught with misery, undeserved misery to us all."

"These Mr. Streatfield, are explanations which may satisfy you," said Mr. Langley in a milder tone, "but they can not satisfy me they will not satisfy the world. You have repudiated in the most public manner an engagement, in the fulfilment of which the honor and the happiness of my family are concerned. You have given me reasons for your conduct, it is true; but will those reasons restore to my daughter the tranquility which she has lost, perhaps forever? Will they stop the whisperings of calumny? Will they carry the conviction to those strangers to me, or enemies of mine, whose pleasure it may be to disbelieve them? You have placed both yourself and me, sir, in a position of embarrassment—nay, a position of danger and disgrace, from which the strongest reasons and the best excuses cannot extricate us."

"I entreat you to believe replied Mr. Streatfield, "that I deplore from my heart the error—the fault, if you will—of which I have been unconsciously guilty. I implore your pardon both for what I said and did at your table to-day; but I cannot do more. I cannot and I dare not pronounce the marriage vows to your daughter, with my lips, when I know that neither my conscience nor my heart can ratify them. The commonest justice, and the commonest respect towards a young lady who deserves both, and more than both, from every one who approaches her, strengthen me to persevere in the only course which is consistent with honor and integrity for me to take."

"You appear to forget," said Mr. Langley, "that it is not merely your own honor but the honor of other, that is to be considered in the conrse of conduct which you are now to pursue."

"I have by no means forgotten what is due to you," continued Mr. Streatfield, "or what responsibilities I have incurred from the nature of my intetcourse with your family. Do I put too much trust in your forbearance, if I now assure you candidly and unreservedly, that I still place all my hopes of happiness in the prospect of becoming connected by marriage with a daughter of yours?" Miss Clara Langley—"

Here the speaker paused. His position was becoming a delicate and dangerous one; but he made no effort to withdraw from it.

(To be continued.)

The Unclad Horseman.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particulaist men perhaps that ever lived, though some people said that when his wife was alive he used to dress as common as a field hand, did'nt used to take no pains with himself at all. In his own settlement he had a monstrous bad name particularly among the wimming; he used to say that he would'nt allow his wife more than one dress a year and as for shawl or bonnet, the poor woman did'nt know anything about such things. Every one noticed how he spruced up a few days after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went up to church regular every Sunday, but they did'nt have no confidence in his religion, and they used to say that he only went to show his new suit of mourning and to ogle the gals.—Old Mrs. Rogers hated him like pisen, and said she believed his poor wife died broken hearted, and as for pretendin to be sorry about it that was all sham, for she could see plain enough at the funeral that he had one eye in the grave and tother on the gals that was thar, tryin' to pick out of them a wife.

With such a character among the wimmen, it ain't to be supposed he stood any sort of chance of getting another Mrs. Nipper near home; and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was or not, one thing was certain, he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nipper's church, and filled his eye exactly, so he sot to cortin her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning, to go to church with the family and ride home in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and in the world to come, at the same time, without loosing any of his week by day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to spoil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers, did'nt mind the fatigue so much as his horse, but in a matter such as he had in hand it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a bandbox. This was a happy expedient and what nobody but a widower loved would think of. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would ride off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes, and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning, Mr. Nippers had arrived at his dressing ground. It was an important occasion. Everything was promising and he made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind but that he would return home an engaged man and he was reckoning over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and negroes, while he was setting on his horse making his accustomed change of dress.

He had the reins on his horse's neck, that was browsing about, making up his last nights scanty feed from the bushes in his reach.

"I'll fix the business this time ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint this time," ses he as he untied the handkerchief with his clean clothes and spread them on the saddle bow.

"Wo, Ball," ses he—"I've just to say the word, and wo!" ses he to his horse that was kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo you bloody old fool! and the business is settled jis like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head when Ball gave a sudden spring that made him loose his balance. "Wo," ses he—but before he could get his arms out of his sleeves, Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like rath at somethin' that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all on the ground.

"Confound yonr pictur'—wo now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins.—But before he could get hold of 'em, Ball was off like a streak of lightnin' with a whole swarm of yellow jackets around his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop the horse, but it was of no use. Away went the infuriate Ball, and taking the road he was used to travelin', another moment brung him to the house. The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck hollerin' "stop him! hornets! hornets! hornets!" as loud as he cou,d scream.

Out came the dogs, and after the horse they went round and round the house, scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the black boys out of their senses—the noise bringing the wimmen to the door.

"Don't look Miss Nancy! hornets! wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as with spent breath he was dashin' out the gate again, with the dogs still after him, as the horses tail was switchin' in every direction like a hurricane. Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, but fainted before she got her apron to her eyes, while his fast receding voice cryin' "hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears.

New Tomb for a Horse.

A Parisian pen proposes the following English event for history:

At the recent races at Ascot, the famous horse Tiberius broke his leg by bounding against one of the posts of the barrier, while preparing for the race.—His owner, Lord Millbank, lost ten thousand pounds in bets upon him, besides his value, and others heavily—the law of the course being that all lost bets shall be paid whither the failure to win come from accident or less speed.

Three days afterwards, Lord Millbank gave a very sumptuous dinner. The most distinguished of the English Peerage were present, and the conviviality ran high. Towards the close, the noble host rose in his place, and proposed to drink to the departed Tiberius. It was clamorously received, but the speaker remained standing, with his glass in his hand.

"We drink to Tiberius," said Lord Millbank, when the shouts subsided, "the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most spirited courser whose hoofs ever trod British turf."

Shouts again rose to the roof.

"You know," continued his lordship, "the achievements of this horse. His deeds belong to history. Fame has taken charge of his glory. But it it belongs to me—and to you, my lords and gentlemen—to do honor to his mortal remains. I wished that this lofty courser should have a burial worthy of his deservings. He has it. My cook has fitly prepared him, and you have feasted on him to-day. Yes, my lords and gentlemen! this meat which you have relished so keenly—those dishes which awakened such inquiry as to what animal could be so delicious—it was Tiberius. The noble courser reposes in your stomachs! May your digestions be light!"

At these words the enthusiasm concentrated for a moment—possibly with some vague thought of an immediate resurrection; but with a sudden burst of hurrahs, the idea took the turn of a sublimity, and another glowing bumper was sent to join the departed Tiberius.

☞ "The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and their is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made bro't him nearer to the ground. His eyes are dim, and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave."

The Somersetski.

The editor of the Petersburgh (Va.) Intelligencer thus describes a new style of dancing which he lately witnessed at Old Point:

"The Somersetski is the name of a new dance which bids fair to knock the Waltz, and Mazourka, the Polka, the Redowa, and the Schottische into a cocked hat.—The last named dance is by far the most ridiculous affair that was ever particited in by sane people. We never see it without thinking of a gander balancing himself on one leg, and nodding affectionately and amorously on his faqorite goose.—But from all accounts, the Somersetski is the dance of the age. It is danced by four persons—two ladies and two gentlemen. The ladies are dressed in a frock reaching to the knee, and the continuances are of stockinet, and the others wear one green and one red stocking.

"The gentlemen are dressed in shorts, and their stockings are of pink and purple colors. The dance begins by the gentlemen turning somersets over the ladies, after which the ladies turn somersets over the gentlemen; and then the whole party turn somersets over each other rapidly, promiscuously, and miscellaneously.

"During this last named movement the performers, with their variegated costumes, present all the changes of the kaleidescope. Those who have seen this dance admire it greatly. It will doubtless be in vogue at all the watering places this season."

American Character.

I like the Americans more and more; either they have improved wonderfully, or the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging, and seem, I think amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility, and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly not among the higher orders of the people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides, (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England,) extremely distinguished looking. By the way, the captains of steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanly race of men in general, particularly courteous in their department, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.—*Lady Wortley Stuart's travels in the U. States.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator, became a member of the Legislative body in one of the Eastern States. In speaking he was addicted to an old habit of handling his spectacles; first placing them on his nose—suffering them to remain a minute or two—throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them up and laying them before him on the desk. One day a very important question came up for consideration, and he commenced a speech in opposition. A friend to the proposed measure, who was a most incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the Hon. Member's remarks and accordingly, before he entered the house provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced with usual ability. But a few minutes elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the Speaker. These were taken up and by gradual gradations gained a place on his forehead by the side of the other. A third, fourth and fifth pair were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the Hon. Members, which gradually enlightened into a grin, and at last when the Speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was one long and loud peal of laughter from all quarters of the room—President, clerks, members, joined in the chorus. The speaker looked in astonishment at this curious interruption but raising his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority probably in consequence of the gentlemans silly and useless habit.

THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.—A correspondent of the Uniontown *Democrat* who has recently visited Monticello, the residence of JEFFERSON, thus describes it:

"The interior of the house is just as Jefferson left it, except the furniture, which is all gone, save some paintings, mirrors, &c. The house, both outside and inside, bears all the evidences of neglect and decay, but is still retains all its fair proportions, and its venerable outline grown gray and mossy by time and neglect, perhaps adds, rather than otherwise, to its appearance, particularly to a stranger. And the venerable aspen trees growing around, throw a kind of melancholly over everything that seems to whisper in your ear, and point you about three hundred yards down the woods, to the grave of him who planted them—to the humbleat grave in appearance that ever held the ashes of human greatness. I made a sketch over it.

"I enclose you a little flower from a branch of vines said to have been planted by Jefferson himself, beneath the window of the room in which he died; they have spread all over the side of the house."

Political Selections.

Gov. Johnston's Sinking Fund.

We ask the attention of our readers to the following proclamation:

PENNSYLVANIA, ss:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

BY WM. F. JOHNSTON,

Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, In and by an act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, passed the 10th day of April, 1849, entitled "An act to create a Sinking Fund, and to provide for the gradual and certain extinguishment of the debt of the Commonwealth," it is enacted and provided as follows, viz:

Sec. 1. That the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Auditor General, and State Treasurer, for the time being, shall be Commissioners, who are hereby authorized to receive the revenues appropriated by this act, or which may hereafter be appropriated for the same object, and to purchase therewith the debt of the State of Pennsylvania at its market price, if not exceeding the par value thereof, to the full extent of the said revenues, and to hold and apply the same, and the interest thereon accruing, firmly and inviolably on the trusts and for the purposes hereinafter specified.

Sec. 2. That all revenue derived from the following sources, to wit: taxes on collateral inheritances and the per centage assessed upon any bank or railroad, or coal mining, or railroad and coal mining, or improvement company charter, all taxes assessed on distilleries and breweries, on billiard rooms, bowling saloons and ten pin alleys, on new counties, on theatrical, circus and menagerie exhibitions, and on eating houses, beer houses and restaurants, and all such revenues as the Legislature may from time to time set apart for the purposes mentioned in this act, shall so soon as the same shall be received at the Treasury, be paid over to the said Commissioners, who shall forthwith proceed to purchase the debts of the Commonwealth, on the terms and for the purposes set forth in the first section of this act.

Sec. 3. That the said Commissioners shall be authorized to receive the interest due and payable on the debt, so as aforesaid purchased and held by them, which interest shall be likewise applied to the purchase of said debt, so that the same shall form a constantly accumulating fund for the extinguishment of the state debt.

Sec. 4. That it shall be the duty of the said Commissioners, on the first day of September, 1851, and on the same day in every third year thereafter, to certify the amount of the debt of the Commonwealth held by them, to the Governor, who shall direct the certificates representing the same to be cancelled, and on such cancellation issue his proclamation, stating the fact and the extinguishment and final discharge of so much of the principal of the state debt.

Sec. 5. That the said Commissioners shall, within ten days after the organizature, in the year 1852, and in every third year thereafter, specially report to the Legislature the amount of the public debt so as aforesaid liquidated and proclaimed by the Governor to have been cancelled, and what reduction of taxes may in consequence thereof be made, in order that the Legislature may provide for such reduction in the burthens of the people.

And whereas, Alexander L. Russell, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Ephraim Banks, Auditor General, and John M. Bickel, State Treasurer, Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, have certified to me as follows, viz:

Office of Com'rs of Sinking Fund }
Harrisburg, Sept. 1, 1851. }

To his Excellency, Wm. F. Johnston, Governor of Pennsylvania:

SIR—In compliance with the 4th section of the act entitled "An Act to create a Sinking Fund and to provide for the certain and gradual extinguishment of the Commonwealth," approved the 10th day of April, 1849, the Commissioners of said fund hereby certify that the amount of the debt of the Commonwealth purchased since the passage of the act of Assembly, referred to, and now held by them is $659,122 98, consisting of 5 per cent. loans negotiated under various acts of Assembly.

Your obedient servants,
A. L. RUSSELL,
E. BANKS,
JNO. M. BICKEL,
Com'rs of the Sinking Fund.

Now therefore, In obedience to the requirements of the 4th section of the act of the General Assembly as aforesaid, I do hereby issue this Proclation, publishing and declaring the *payment, extinguishment and final discharge of* SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY NINE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY EIGHT CTS. ($659,122 98) of the principal of the debt of this Commonwealth, and that I have directed the certificates representing the same to be cancelled.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Harrisburg, this 4th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-sixth.

By the Governor:
A. L. RUSSELL,
Sec'y of the Commonwealth.

In addition to the foregoing $659,122 98, Gov. Johnston has reduced the public debt $137,794 02. In two years and a half he has paid off *seven hundred and thirty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-five dollars and ninety seven cents* of indebtedness contracted by his predeces-