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R. LAMBERTON.

Carlisle, Oct. 31, 1850—6t

BLANK DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetical.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The golden sunshine of the summer days
Is left upon the shocks of yellow corn,
As the soft light of heavens, in holy rays,
Shines on the features of a saint new born.

Rich clusters of the purple grape appear,
Transparent paleness overspread his features;
Transparent jewels on the fading vine,
Like good fruits of an aged Christian here,
Whose limbs are shrunken, but whose virtues shine.

Behold the ruins of the lovely rose,
Its fragrance and its queenly beauty fled,
Its leaves are buried in the ground like those
Dear friends now numbered with the honored dead.

More glorious than emperor, king or pope,
Or regiments of royal princes crowned
With gold, are stately trees on yonder slope,
Where the rainbow tinted foliage paves the ground.

The gorgeous sun drops down behind the hill,
And leaves a glowing wake of crimson light;
Like a young bride the moon is blushing still,
For lo! the day-king kissed the queen of night!

The last red ray of the declining sun
Met the first smile of the ascending moon
And when the monarch's daily task was done
He gave the empress of the skies his throne.

Miscellaneous.

A THRILLING STORY--INCIDENTS OF RUSSIA.

On the 22d of May, 1841, a batallion of the military colony, established at Novogorod, was drawn up on the public ground adjoining the extensive barracks, constructed in the most ancient and solitary portion of the city, near the church of St. Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood Gen. L——, a tall man of fifty, remarkable for his erect carriage, meagreness, sallow complexion, and large gray, restless eyes. He was known throughout the camp for his bravery, of which he had given many brilliant proofs in the campaigns of Turkey and Persia; it was clear that domestic infelicities had soured his temper, or that his heart had become hardened by the frequent applications of a discipline, degrading in its nature and often horrible in its effects. Gen. L—— had become a terror to the soldiers, and scarcely a day passed in which his command was not signalized by acts of such severity as well deserved to be called ferocious.

It was known that this man cherished a profound attachment for a young girl, the daughter of an old companion in arms, killed in battle. He adopted the orphan child, brought her up with care, and never allowed her to be separated from him. And she, though grateful for the kindness of her father, by adoption, was not the less governed by an irresistible feeling of constraint when in his presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech, imperious manner, and cold severity of aspect. She was known among the troops by the expressive name of Solowieva (Nightingale,) given to her in recognition of the grace with which she sang the wild pathetic ballads of the Sclavonians.

Solowieva, to please the General, appeared at the reviews. One day she was sitting at a window of the Genaral's quarters, in a room on the ground floor, whence her eye ranged along the extended ranks—and a bright flush overspread her features as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome features of a young surgeon-major, Ivan Polovoi, whose manly form was set off to a rare advantage by the simple uniform of his military grade.

Gen. L. passed and re passed along the front line of the battalion without a single word, but with a frowning brow and an angry expression on his features, for he perceived that some of the men were absent. Suddenly was heard the slow and muffled beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each carrying in his hand one of those long rods which are still used in the Russian service as the tool of a hateful punishment. At this sight the General turned in amazement to his aids, and in a voice of thunder demanded who had given the order, and who was to be the victim.

A sergeant, conspicuous by his scarred and livid countenance, darted before the General, snatched from him his sword, struck him on the face, and coolly answered, 'You!'

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass along the ranks, and a gleam of hate lighted up the habitually passionless features of the man. By a spontaneous movement, the officers advanced from the line to the rescue of their commander; but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the ground, and menaced by half a score of bayonets.

Ivan was alone exempted, for his humanity had won for him the affection of the troops. A grenadier who stood near him, whispered in his ear, 'Whether the nightingale sings or remains silent, do not move. A word, a single step, and you are dead.'

Recovering from his stupor, Gen. L. grasped with each hand one of the bayonets pointed at his breast, turned them aside with a powerful effort, and cried out, with a ferocious glance along the line, 'To your knees, vile brutes, and beg for mercy, or there will not be skin enough on your backs to expatiate for your crimes.'

A savage chuckle was the answer to this threat, and the sergeant, with frightful tranquility, which indicated a settled purpose, said—

'Every one of us knows the doom that awaits him, and is prepared to sacrifice his life. When your sentence is fulfilled, we shall go before Gen. Busoff, the Governor of Novogorod; we shall lay at his feet your sword, belt, orders, and what remains of your body, and we shall say to him, 'Gen. L. was a tiger; we have slain him; here are our weapons, we await our punishment.' And thus saying, the sergeant tore away the General's epaulettes and trampled them under his feet.

'These decorations belong not to you,' he continued; 'a knot should be borne by the executioner.—Remember the soldier Batskoff, scourged with rods for having been a moment too late in presenting arms. Remember the old subaltern, who, for a spot on his uniform, was ordered by you from the ranks, and struck upon the face with your whip, until the blood ran down his cheeks. The unhappy man, frantic with rage and pain, lifted his hand in resistance, and for this he was flogged, and sent, maimed and dying, to Siberia.'

The sergeant, while he spoke, had continued, with a terrible composure, to strip the General of his belt, his coat, and his under garments.

'That subaltern, like myself, bore the name of Guedenoff; we were born in the same cowl—he was my brother.'

Spite of his indomitable firmness, the General could not refrain from shuddering as he listened to the fearful accusation, so eloquent in its calm simplicity, so passionless in its brevity. As for Solowieva, she had looked on at first with vague wonder, unable to comprehend the scene that passed before her; but when she saw the General deprived of his sword, his uniform torn away, his form exposed—then she began to perceive the purpose of his assailants, and to understand that he was doomed to receive the degrading punishment he had so often inflicted. Seized with horror, she rose to her feet, clasped her hands in supplication, and shrieked in terror and despair.

Ivan had till this moment stood motionless and silent, but he could not resist the anguish of her he loved. He forgot the stern excitement of the loved, the hopelessness of his interference, and made a step forward; but the loud ring of a musket was heard—Ivan threw up his arms, turned on his heel convulsively, and fell to the ground a corpse. The bullet had pierced his heart.

A gigantic soldier stepped forward from the ranks, lifted the body, and bearing it to the window where Solowiova stood, he threw it at her feet, and said, 'Nightingale, this belongs to you.'

White as marble, she gazed upon the corpse of her lover, bent towards it, wiped the bloody forehead with her handkerchief, gave forth one terrible cry, and fell by its side.

Meantime Gen. L. had been bound to a gun carriage, dragged through the ranks, and scourged with rods, the torture of which was but the beginning of his punishment. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line, when a voice exclaimed, 'To the oven!'

The unhappy General, half dead with agony, heard the words, and know their horrid meaning. One hundred voices repeated, 'To the oven!'

A mortal paleness overspread his features; his courage gave way; he groaned and begged for mercy. But the hurrahs of the battalion drowned his voice, and Guedonoff, approaching him once, replied: 'I, too, begged for mercy, when my brother fell dying with the blows you ordered.'

We will not pursue the hideous details of the scene that followed, only adding that Gen. L. and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in ovens, which the vengeful soldiers took care to heat slowly, were literally baked alive.

This crime presented a frightful originality, and it was deemed meet its expiation should be likewise.—The tidings were borne to the Emperor, and eight days afterwards several battalions of artillery marched through the streets of the ancient Russian capital; they had been preceded by a major-general, who had won for himself in the Polish campaign the title of Warsaw Executioner. One of his aids appeared at the barracks of the mutineers, and ordered them to parade the next morning, in fatigue dress and without their weapons, in the small square at the western end of the city. They replied by their invariable KARACHO, (good,) put on their long gray coats and round caps, and oiled their moustaches as for an ordinary field day; then, pale, silent, and with white lips, but keeping perfect order in their ranks, they traversed the city between two files of Cossacks, followed by the terrified gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the square, they posted themselves in solemn columns, noiselessly and without confusion.

The drums beat—the bells of the churches pealed forth, a solemn clang—and the batteries of cannon, planted in the avenues that led into the square, opened upon them a deadly fire of grape shot. Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, a multitudinous groan, with which were mingled the wild songs of those who prided themselves on dying like men who know no fear. Three hours the fire was kept up; and when, at the close, the executioners of this awful sentence traversed the place through a lake of blood, they found but five whom the grape shot had not reached—among these was the sergeant, Guedonoff. They all perished under the murderous blow of the knout. The sergeant maintained his firmness and composure to the end. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed unconscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh, and addressing the executioner, he coolly asked if his allotted number of blows would soon be complete.

"They are finished now," said the executioner.

"So much the better," replied Guedonhoff, "for I am very hungry."

Curran's Gratitude.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran one evening to a large party "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing marbles in the village of Ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy, after all the happiest we shall ever see, perhaps, rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of a half a century, just as he stood before me in the little Ball-alley, in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning and full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return home one day from the Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was may friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!'—He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!"

LIFE.

Life is a great fact. We live. Here is a momentous verity. Most mysterious, and yet most real, is this solemn *now*. We live, and some few years since we were not. Out of the dread, dark, speechless abyss of possibilities, we have come to be among the things which are to move, to breathe. Before us lies the immense unknown, and deep silence is its covering. *We live*, and in that is profound import; we feel, we think, we act. We have senses; we hear, see; we have affections; we have passions; we love, we ask for love, we desire, we hope, we fear, we are angry, we are pleased, we grieve, we are glad; we have intellect; we apprehend, we speculate, we remember, we reason, we believe, we imagine; we see visions, and we dream dreams. We have conscience, and are formed for enjoyment in virtue, and not less for misery in sin. We have religious sentiment: we seek for God, we trust, we reverence, we worship; we have within the faculty of doing; we translate ideas into deeds; cause will to come forth in power, and power to exist in results.

What a sacred thing in its completeness, is an hour of human life, containing, as it seems, the elements of all other life. More sensation is grateful, and to feel being even in *that*, is a privilege. To breathe the air, to look upon the light, to hear the voice of nature in her countless tones, to rest upon her fragrant lap, and to be consolous of a beating pulse, this, few as it seems, is not unworthy of desire. But when existence is glorified with the perception of beauty, with the sentiment of grandeur, with the radiance of fancy, with the graces of culture; when it is cheered by the warmth of friendship, by the sweetness of affection; by the associations of memory; by all that stirs within a kindred and a loving humanity; when it is sanctified, moreover, by the sacred convictions of religion, it is of worth unutterable.—*Giles' Christian Thought.*

A DUTCH HINT.—A dutchman from the west a few years ago, went to pay his excellency, the President, a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time asking him if there was anything new or strange in the country.

"No, I tink not, except that one of my cows has five calves."

"Ah, indeed; and do they all suck at one time?"

"No, sir," replied the Dutchman, "four on 'em sucks; while the tudder looks on shust as I dosh."

The hint was so magnificent that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman was seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his excellency the President.

OLD WOMEN OF THE '76 HOUSE.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

What relates to Washington, and the war he led in, can never be tiresome. Here is an incident of a visit lately made by LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK to the "Old '76 House," at the village of Tappan, and related in the editorial gossip of the July *Knickerbocker*:

Arrived at the "Seventy-Six House," we examined the room in which Major Andre was confined, and from which he went forth to die. Our friend, and the jotter down hereof, were made happy by a present, from the obliging proprietor of the house, of two of the pictured tiles which compose a framework around the fire place. Pocketing these interesting mementos of the past, we next repaired to an old, crumbling, low-roofed mansion, once the head quarters of Gen. Washington. We drew rein at the gate, and passed into a little patch of meadow that lay between us and the house. It was about half mown; the sweet scented grass lay in swaths around; and where the mower had stopped, in his labors, there lay his scythe and whetstone. Little faith had our companion that "Old Nick" could deftly wield that instrument of "Old Tempus," but ask him now. Ask him if he didn't make the little meadow resound with the cling clang of the whetstone, and then, seizing the sharpened instrument, with long, sweeping strokes, lay as close cut and clean a swath around that field as he ever saw in his life. There are several things that we can't do—but we can mow! Well, rejoicing in the glow which that best of all exercise has given us, we next repaired to the old house. It was more than a hundred years old, and the very personification of decay. We entered, and were cordially welcomed by its occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house. Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than those two women. One was nearly eighty, and the other turned of seventy, but both were most agreeably lively for persons so old, and were obligingly communicative. "Many and many a time," said the elder of the two, "in this very room, has Gen. Washington held me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday. He was a most lovely man, General Washington was—lovely! Here," she continued, going to a cupboard, "he used to keep his things, and here's his very bowl he used to make his wine sangaree into; and used to pass it round from one officer to another, when they come to see him. He seen a good deal of company, Gen. Washington did." We spoke of Major Andre. "O," said the old lady, "I see him more'n fifty times. He was a handsome man, and he was a kind man. I see him the very morning they took him to the top of the hill to hang him. Every body felt sorry for him."

We asked how Gen. Washington seemed to feel on the occasion. "Oh, he must ha' felt dreadful! He walked back'ards and for'ards all that morning in this very room, and I've heard Pop Blanvelt says that he never see him feel so bad afore. He kept looking at his watch every now and then, and was uneasy till the time had come, and Major Andre was hung. I seen Major Andre myself when he was a swinger; and I seen him when he was dug up, and so did you, too, Polly, didn't you?" The old lady mentioned a circumstance connected with the revolution and with this spot, that struck us as interesting and somewhat instructive. The enemy, it would seem, were in the habit of coming sometimes into the rich valley of Tappan, and driving off cattle, sheep, etc. "One day Pop Blanvelt's nigger boy Jim, hearing some of 'em coming, drove all our cattle into the swamp, and when they came up he told 'em he didn't seen no cattle, and so saved 'em. Pop Blanvelt liked him so much for this, that he told him he might have his liberty, but Jim wouldn't; he stayed with him more'n forty years after that."—And thus these good old people beguiled an hour with reminiscences of the revolution, to some others of which we may have occasion to refer hereafter. Our ride home in the evening was made doubly pleasant by all that we had seen and heard, and we retired to rest to dream of other days, and of the "times that tried men's souls."

First Sight of Jerusalem.

Taken as a whole, Jerusalem is one of the most ill-built, complicated Eastern towns I ever visited; large portions of the Hill of Acra are completely waist and encumbered with ruins. The Hill of Zion literally, as prophecy foretold it, "is ploughed as a field," the streets are dirty and unusually narrow; in many of them you meet large flights of steps extremely difficult to mount or descend or horseback; the buildings are for the most part mean and squalid. The streets, after nightfall, are wholly in the possession of the Turkish sentinels and hordes of prowling dogs; the latter, fortunately for the inhabitants, acting as public scavengers. By day, within the walls, there is little more than one unvarying scene of lifeless inactivity; without the gates the picture is still more lonely; a stray fellah, a few women fetching water from Siloam, a stealthy Jew or wandering Bedawee, comprise the chief living objects to be met with in our solitary walks. It is association that sustains the interest of the traveller; he lives amongst recollections of the past; the past sheds a halo round the present, gilding the desolate and dreary prospect with some faint recollection of the brightness of bygone days, till memory, fondly dwelling on the page which chronicles the history of God's peculiar people, calls to her side the aid of busy fancy; imagination, with a touch, peoples the solitude, restores the palaces, and makes glad the mourning ways of Zion.

Pearl Fishing off Ceylon,

Is described by Sirr as very interesting. He says no sum of money, however large, no temptation held out, sufficiently strong, would induce the divers to descend into the ocean unless two shark-charmers were present, who, as they believe, by means of their charms and potent spells, can prevent the finny monsters of the deep from injuring the pearl seekers.—One of these imposters goes out in the pilot's boat and remains at the head of it, muttering a prescribed form of incantation as each man descends to brave the perils of the vasty deep. The other shark-charmer stays on shore, where he is shut up in a room in a state of nudity until the boats return with their divers. A large brazen bowl is left with him, filled with water, in which are placed two silver fishes, and it is affirmed that the moment a shark appears in the vicinity of the divers, these fishes agitate the water, and if an accident is about to happen, one fish will bite the other. When he perceives such indications, the charmer immediately "binds the shark" with a potent spell, and thus compels the creature to abstain from injuring the divers. These shark-charmers reap an abundant harvest during the fishery, as the natives believe that unless they are liberally remunerated they will exert their powerful spells to make the sharks injure them, instead of compelling the monsters to remain quiet until the pearl fishery is over. It is rather singular that, although sharks are frequently seen by the divers, an accident rarely happens, and numberless fisheries have taken place without a single accident occurring.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—If charity were fashionable, we suppose it would be universal. Pity, for the suffering of our race that it is not so. A practical illustration of the difference between things as they are and as they should be, is conveyed in the following incident recorded by the editor of the Easton Argus:

While standing in one of the music stores in Broadway, last week, we saw hundreds of anxious persons pay six, eight, ten, and fifteen dollars for a Jenny Lind Concert ticket, and go away perfectly delighted at the idea of securing a ticket at any price. On the steps of the same store stood an old man, whose hairs were as white as silver, his limbs trembling with age, holding out his hands for alms, with a printed slip containing the words "I AM BLIND," on his breast. Not one of the hundreds who had just paid such high prices for tickets, threw one peny into the poor old man's hat, who was perhaps suffering for want of bread. What a cold, uncharitable world this is!

A THRILLING SCENE.

The tiger scene described below occurred at Toronto a few days since:

"An affair occured at our exhibition on Tuesday last, of the most intensely exciting and terific description, and which, but for the intrepidity, daring and presence of Van Amburg, would certainly have resulted in the horrible death of our old friend, Signor Hydralgo. The circumstances were as follows:

At about nine o'clock, Hydralgo went into a cage in which had been placed our largest Panther, the Bengal Tiger, the African Lioness, the spotted Leopard, a Cougar, and the Hyena. The exhibition proceeded, and Hydralgo seemed to have the animals completely under his control, and the audience seemed to be both delighted and interested at the daring of the "tamer." The performance had progressed very nearly to its close, when, from some unaccountable cause, the tiger became sulky, and refused to leap. He struck him with a whip, which so enraged the furious beast, that breaking through all discipline, and with one bound and a yell of fury that terrified the audience, he rushed upon Hydralgo, and brought him to the floor of the cage. He could do nothing—he had lost all control over the brute. Everything was in confusion; women fainted, others screamed in terror, children cried, and the men seemed paralyzed. It would have been all up with poor H. had not Van Amburg, who was on the other side of the arena, rushed to the spot; in an instant he was in the cage, and in less time than it takes me to write it, he had the enraged animal under his feet in perfect subjection, and released his friend from his perilous situation, fortunately more frightened than hurt. Van Amburg's presence of mind, his courage and intrepidity are deserving of all praise, which he received in three hearty cheers from the audience. For the time it lasted, about two or three minutes, it was the most exciting scene ever witnessed."

Woman's Perrogative.

We heard a story the other day which may be worth repeating. It was of a very amiable and very voluble married lady. She took her seat in the railroad car, beside her husband, and departed from our city for the ancient town of Bladensburg. Before the cars were under way, she discovered on the seat before her an old female acquaintance, and as soon as the formalities of delighted recognition were over, they began a conversation, if that can be deemed such wherein one party is sole talker and the other sole listener! Suddenly the cars stopped.

"We are at Bladensburg, my dear," said the husband of the voluble lady!

"Oh, my," said she, and on she went in continuation of her attenuated narrative.

"Step out, my dear, said the husband.

"Just wait," said the lady paranthetically; and on spun the thread of her story.

"The cars are starting, my dear," said the indulgent husband.

"Ask them to stop one minute," said the eloquent lady.

"Chow-chow-chew!" began the engine.

"You'll be carried to Baltimore," shouted the bewildered husband, as he appeared to recede in the distance.

"Oh, oh!" screamed the lady.

"Oh, oh, oh! the lady's husband's lost," shouted some of the passengers.

"I don't think the lady herself's *right*," replied a gentleman who had a note to take up that day at the Union Bank, in Baltimore.

"Oh my! let me out!" screamed the distressed lady.

"By all manner of means," said the gentleman who was staring at the apparition of a protest.

"Give me your hand, madam, quick," said the conductor, as he jumped the lady to the side of the road, and in an instant regained the platform.

"You've got a long mile to foot it backwards, you have," shouted a young gentleman from the car window. But just as the noise of the engine began to grow quick again, with its "chow-chow-chew," the lady ran up to the side of the car, opposite where she had been sitting, and shouted to her acquaintance inside—

"And sure enough, Mrs. Twaddle, they went off without waiting for ten, and the Simpkinses have never darkened the Rogerces' blessed' doors since that day!"

And here she fell down and fainted, where in due time, her distressed husband found her.—*Republic.*

THE SHAVERS—

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The merchant shaves in constant trade,
The broker shaves on twelve per cent,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in patent pills,
The tipster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves on his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The pedlar shaves where'er he goes,
The office holder shaves the nation,
The parson shaves to men's salvation,
The wily churchman shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

WANTS.—A spark from the flaming sword.
A chime from the bell (belle) of the Bowery.
A piece of iron work done by the hands of Vulcan.
A link from the chain of destiny.
The buttons of old Grimes' coat.
A piece of leather tanned by the *bark* of a dog.
A quart of oil, such as is burned in the lamp of experience.
The tassel belonging to the mantle of night.
The cable attached to the anchor of Hope.
A daguerreotype likeness of the man in the moon.

CAPITAL ANECDOTE.—Professor Risley, who is now in Italy, says that recently, when he was in Venice, an American captain and an Englishman met at dinner.

"You are an American, sir?" said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors?"

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we shoot pretty well."

"But how is it you are so anxious to make peace with Mexico—this does not appear much like spunk."

"You are an Englishman?" interrogated the Yankee.

"Yes," replied the Englishman.

"Well," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks have offered to do with Mexico, but stranger, I'll just tell you one thing—I'll be d—d if we ever offered to make peace with England!"

This home thrust at the Englishman set the whole table in an uproar of laughter.

GETTING INTO PRACTICE.—A California Doctor lately fought a duel, and shot his antagonist in the thigh, fracturing the bone. He then proceeded to render his wounded opponent the necessary surgical aid.

A GOOD APPETITE.—"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, who had been sick for several days, "When you were well, you were in the habit of eating twelve apple dumplings—now that you are sick how many shall I make you?"

"Well," replied the husband, "I reckon you may make me eleven to day: but be particular and make them a little larger than usual."

The wife obeyed.

When the husband had eaten eleven, with the exception of a half a one, his little son, a lad of some six summers, came up to him and said,

"Daddy, give me a little piece."

"Go away, sonny," replied the father, "your poor dad's sick!"

Varieties.

A lady at Cincinnati has just been awarded $3,000 damages for slander used against her.

On the 8th inst., there were 12 inches of snow near Romney, Va.

On the continent of Europe some gentlemen retain the old fashion of wearing ear-rings.

Cashmere shawls take a long time to make. A shawl is often in the frame more than a year.

At the last dates the work of planking the streets of San Francisco was being prosecuted with great energy.

A telegraphic despatch from Lexington, Ky., says that a person living near that place, recently killed his own brother.

James Tool, a laborer, was murdered in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, by Reuben Alexander, captain of a canal boat.

The Holidaysburg Register, a rank Federal paper is out in favor of Simon Cameron for U. S. Senator.

It is stated that Stearns, the Mormon prophet at Beaver Island, has been arrested and sent to the Mackinaw jail, for bigamy and adultery, on complaint of a desciple.

We notice that George Buckley, an American equestrian, has arrived in London, from St. Petersburg, for the purpose of purchasing circus horses for the Emperor of Russia.

Jacob Hill, a colored resident of Fairview township, in York county, Pa., died at his residence near Pinetown, on Thursday last, in the one hundred and eleventh year of his age!

The reputed wife of Mr. Grow, of Eaton, Md., hung herself on Sunday, after breakfast, supposed to be in consequence of a refusal of marriage.

A boy of 17, in Grimes county, Texas, shot Renfro, a desperado, dead; for insulting his mother. Another lad, at Port Bend, killed Wm. Nibs, for insulting him.

Hon. John C. Fremont and lady, with their attending friends, passed through Cruces, on the Isthmus, on the 24th ult., in good health, on their way to California.

The English are beginning to think that our fugitive slaves, who have run to Canada, would form a good population for the West Indies.—They propose that these islands should form an asylum for all our fugitive slaves.

It is said that many of those great lumps of California gold, which were supposed to be so valuable, have been proved to be mixed with so much silver, as greatly to lessen their worth.

In Overton county, Tenn., the census taker found a lady, named Stevens, whose age was one hundred and twenty years. She was a married woman at the time of Braddock's defeat. Her youngest son is a smart lad of 70.

In Ireland, near a place called Monea, may be seen a ruined house, in front of which is a large old chest, in which live three children, one of whom is an idiot. The father who was ejected from his farm, is in jail for debt.

Mr. Absalom Yancy, a planter of Salem, Russel county, Ala., was murdered on Monday week by his own negro man. On Saturday week, Mr. Bruner Nichols, an old gentleman, was murdered by his slaves in Clarke county, Ky. They were arrested.

"Ah, my good fellow," said one man to another, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "you're one of the men we read of!" "How so?" inquired the other. "Where did you read of me?" "In the police report."

Hon. Thomas H. Clark, Judge of the Carroll county Court, Ark., was waylaid and shot, near his residence, on the 10th ult. Nathaniel Rudd, his brother-in-law, and two of Rudd's sons, were arrested, charged with the commission of the dead.

Joseph Knight has been convicted in Edgar county, Illinois, for murdering his brother. The evidence shows a deliberate and premediated homicide, originating out of a dispute as to the title of certain land.

A curious custom prevails in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The persons elected to office are allowed to sell out for a handsome consideration. This huckstering of public offices has placed irresponsible men into the places, and the practice calls loudly for reform.

A wedding party from Kentucky visited Madison, Ia., on Saturday. The Courier says that the ladies amused themselves by peeping into the shop windows, while the beaux appeared highly delighted in chasing a goat through the streets!

The planet Venus may be seen with the naked eye during any clear afternoon for the next three weeks. It is distinctly visible as early as two o'clock, and increases in brilliancy till sunset. The crescent form of Venus is now plainly shown by the smallest telescope.

The Constitutional Convention of Indiana, has decided, by a vote of 124 to 5, in favor of bennial sessions of the Legislature. A vote has also been taken that indicates the exclusion of the blacks from the right of suffrage, and a refusal to submit the suffrage question to the people for their decision.

Rev. Dr. C., of Boston, said, recently, in answer to rather a pert young gentleman who asked him, "Pray, Dr., what is the differend between the puseyism they talk so much about and puppyism?" "Puppyism, sir, is founded on dogmatism, and puseyism on the catechism."

BETTING.—It is estimated in the Cincinnati *Gazette* that at the recent election in that city, upwards of two hundred thousand dollars exchanged hands. The Whigs suffered awfully.

MARRYING.—"If ever you marry," said an uncle, "let it be to a woman who has judgement enough to superintend the work of her house; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to wash herself before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister if he ever did a wrong thing. To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau. To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer.

A PUFF AS IS A PUFF.—The Providence Journal alludes to a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, who writes an account of a new iron safe which was exposed to a heat that completely destroyed its competitor, and from which was taken, after the trial, a live rooster and a lump of slamped butter. The butter was harder than when it was put in, the stump remaining perfect, and the rooster came out alive and well, only suffering from the cold, being almost frozen by the coldness of the temperature to which he had been exposed.