

THE STAR AND BANNER.

TEARLESS AND FREE.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1850.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 192.

BY D. K. & O. F. BUEHLER.

VOL. XXI.

REAL ESTATE

TAKE NOTICE.
REAL ESTATE
MILL PROPERTY,
AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Friday the 11th day of October next, THE subscriber, Assignee of JOHN TRIMMER, of Reading township, Adams county, Pa., will sell, at Public Sale, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the valuable

MILL PROPERTY
of said Trimmer, situate in Reading township, on the Big Conowingo, about one-fourth mile from the Hanover and Carlisle turnpike, where Blake's bridge crosses said stream, about 8 miles from Hanover and one from Hampton, and adjoining lands of John Duncan and others. The mill is a three-story building, upper part frame, and lower part brick. It has four run of stones, a Dry Kiln, and all other necessary apparatus in good order and mostly new. There is a good SAW-MILL attached to the Merchant Mill. There are connected with the property

24 Acres of Land,
more or less, cleared and well improved, with a

LOG HOUSE,
a well of water convenient to the dam, a log Barn, &c. This Mill is surrounded by a rich grain-growing country and commands a heavy amount of custom.

ALSO, at the same time and place, The undersigned will expose to sale the

VALUABLE FARM
of said Trimmer, in Reading township, adjoining the Mill Property, and containing

107 ACRES,
more or less, the improvements on which are a two-story

HOUSE,
(weather-boarded), a Log Cabin, a well of never-failing water near the door of the dwelling; also a young Orchard of superior fruit trees on the premises. There is a due proportion of Meadow and Timberland—the whole being under good fencing and in a high state of cultivation.

ALSO, on Saturday the 12th day of October next, at 12 o'clock, P. M., will be sold on the premises, a tract of

Timber-Land,
the property of the said Trimmer, situate in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, containing

TEV ACRES,
more or less, near the road leading from Whitestown to Pinegrove, formerly owned by Conrad Allwine, and adjoining lands of Mr. Sowers and others.

Attention will be given and terms made known on the day of sale by the subscriber, to whom, in the meantime, application can be made for any desired information.

JOHN BROUGH, Assignee.
Hampton, Aug. 16, 1850.—te

A SMALL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

I WILL sell at Private Sale a small TRACT OF LAND, of from 15 to 25 ACRES, just as may be desired. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and has a reasonable amount of good Meadow. The buildings are a two-story

WEATHER-BOARDED HOUSE,
with a stone Kitchen attached. The out-buildings are a good BARN, with wagon shed, corn-crib, bog-pen, spring-house. There is a good Orchard containing a variety of fruit trees, a never-failing spring near the door. The property lies on the Big Conowingo creek, on the road leading from Reading to Gettysburg. It is in the neighborhood of the Mill. There are mills, stores, and churches convenient to the property. The terms will be made to suit the purchaser.

DANIEL D. GITT,
Editor of the Star and Banner, Sept. 20, 1850.—if

NEW GOODS.
GEO. ARNOLD
HAS just returned from Philadelphia, and is now opening at the Old Stand a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods as has been offered to the public at any time; among which are

VERY CHEAP
Cloths, Coatings, Cassimeres, Cases, Jeans, Cordes, Flannels, Blankets, Prings and English Merinos, Ornamental and Hanging Cloths, Alpaca, Figured and Plain Linens, M. De Lanes, Ginghams, Calicoes, Plain and Fancy Silks, Dong and Square Shawls, Bonnet Velvets, Plushes and Silks; Ribbons, Gimpes and Hosiery; a large stock of Domestic; together with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.

Also, a large stock of fresh Gibberies and

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court-house, in the Borough of Gettysburg,

On Saturday, the 5th of October next, AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M. A

LOT OF GROUND.
containing something over an ACRE of ground, situate in the Borough of Gettysburg, in the angle formed by the intersection of the Emmitsburg and Taneytown roads, on which is erected a good ONE-AND-A-HALF-STORY

DWELLING HOUSE,
part Stone and part brick, with a well of water near the door. Terms, one third of the purchase money in hand and the residue in three equal annual payments. A good and indisputable title will be given to the purchaser, and possession given in one month after sale.

The property may be purchased at private sale, should an opportunity offer at any time before the day of public sale. Application may be made to Abraham Bryan, of Gettysburg, who will also show the premises to any person desiring to view the same.

ALFRED ROBERTS,
AUGUSTUS ROBERTS,
Sept. 20, 1850.—ts

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!
A new and Splendid Assortment just received by

J. L. SCHICK,
WHICH he will be pleased to exhibit to all who may call at his Store in Baltimore Street, nearly opposite Falmstock's. The goods have been selected with care, and will be sold at remarkably low prices. Among them will be found the most fashionable

CHANGABLE SILKS, TURK SATINS, FRENCH MERINOS, CAMELION DE LAINES, FIGURED DE LAINES.
Brocade Camellions, Coburg Cloth, Alpaca, Bonnet Velvets and Satins; together with a large assortment of Ribbons and Flowers, Stockings and Gloves, bleached and unbleached Muslins, woolen and cotton Hannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Casimeres, French worked and morning Collars, Curts, Hair Braids, Buttons of various kinds; in short, almost any thing in the Dry Goods line.

The attention of the LADIES is particularly invited to my stock of Goods, which will be found to comprise not only the most fashionable, but the best styles. Call and examine them.

J. L. SCHICK,
Gettysburg, Sept. 20, 1850.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE ANNUITY & TRUST COMPANY.
Charter Perpetual
CAPITAL, \$250,000—CASH SYSTEM.

THE constant, unobscured applications for Life Insurance, furnish the most abundant and gratifying proof, that the public mind is deeply impressed with the vast importance of this subject. The great object, however, of insurance, should be secured, otherwise the whole motive to insure may be disappointed. Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of an office, with which to effect the contract. The contract should be regulated, not by present and contingent considerations, but by a certain and incompatible with future accidents. The premiums on life are calculated for the future. If present and prospective benefits, therefore, are given, the result, ultimately, must terminate in a certain and unobscured profit. The object aimed at by this institution is stability and permanency. The rates of premium have been carefully prepared with reference to fluctuations. The cash system of payments has also been adopted. Unpaid premiums constitute no part of the assets of this Company, and every contingent being fortified with an ample capital. Security stamps the whole system. This feature, in addition to all other considerations, commands the sympathy of the public.

Explanatory pamphlets, blanks, application papers, information, and every facility will be cheerfully furnished by D. McCONAUGHY, Esq., who has been duly appointed agent of this company.

DIRECTORS.
Stephen R. Crawford, Isaac B. Goddard, Andrew W. Thompson, Lawrence Johnson, Benjamin W. English, George M. Henry, Jacob L. Florence, James Deveraux, William M. Godwin, John L. Linton, STEPHEN R. CRAWFORD, Pres't.

AMMON W. THOMPSON, V. President.
Secretary—M. J. GARDNER, Body and Treasurer.
ACTUARY—MARCUS EYRE.
MEDICAL EXAMINER—Dr. J. HORNER.
Sept. 20, 1850. (17)

REMOVAL.
DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL,
DENTIST.

HAS removed his office to the building opposite the Lutheran Church, in Chambersburg street, 2 doors east of Mr. Middlebroff's store, where he may at all times be found ready and willing to attend to any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full sets of teeth are respectfully invited to call.

REFERENCES.
Dr. C. N. BENTLEY, Prof. C. F. KAUFMANN, D.D.
Dr. H. B. GIBERT, Prof. M. J. JACOBS,
G. A. GOWENLOCK, Dr. R. L. BARNES,
Dr. J. C. WATSON, D.D., Wm. M. HAZELTON,
Rev. J. C. WATSON, D.D., M. L. STOVENS,
July 7, 1848.

Order Ware.
SUCH as Tubs, Buckets, Churns; also Baskets, Brooms, &c., for sale by

JOHN FAHNESTOCK.
Old Paints, Varnish, & Dye Stuffs.
A large assortment to be found at

JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.
Groceries.
COFFEE, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Cheese, Fish, &c. Also an assortment of Spices, &c., cheap at

JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.

SETTLE UP.

As it is my desire to have my Books settled with as little delay as possible, I request those indebted to me, either by Note or Book Account, or otherwise, to have their accounts closed immediately, as it is not my wish to add costs.

D. HEAGY.
FURNITURE.
Persons wishing furniture will do well by calling at my Shop in Chambersburg street, or at my Furniture Room in the same street, where can be had the best bargains you ever had, either for Cash or Country Produce.

D. HEAGY.
August 16, 1850.—if

AGAIN AT WORK!

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his friends that he has again recovered his health sufficient to resume the practice of

Dental Surgery,
and will be pleased to attend to all orders connected with his profession, such as cleaning, filing, pulling, plugging and inserting Teeth. Having the benefit of a number of years practice, he feels confident of being able to render full satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Reference is respectfully made to the following gentlemen:
Dr. B. S. Gilbert, Hon. M. McClean,
Dr. D. Gilbert, Prof. M. L. Storer,
Dr. N. C. Detouch, Nov. Dr. Schucker,
Dr. C. Horner, Rev. Dr. Baughen,
Dr. C. Horner, Rev. Jacob Ziegler.

The subscriber has removed his residence to the house formerly occupied by Rev. Mr. Gerhart, in S. Baltimore street, a few doors above Falmstock's store.

E. E. VANDERSLOOT.
March 15, 1850.—if

HOME INDUSTRY.

THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS!
GEO. H. SWOPE
TAKES this opportunity of tendering to the Public his thanks for the liberal encouragement heretofore extended to him, and would respectfully remind them that he still continues to manufacture, at his old stand, in East York street, a few doors east of the Globe Inn, all kinds of

NEW & FASHIONABLE FURNITURE,
SUCH AS
SOFAS,

BUREAUS,
SECRETARIES,
DRESSING BUREAUS,
BEDSTEADS,
CRADLES,
WASHTANDS,
CENTRE TABLES,
CARD
EXD
SOFA
PIER
DINING
BREAKFAST

together with all other articles usually made in his line of business. All work done at his establishment will be warranted—will be made of the best material and by the best of workmen.

From his knowledge of the business the subscriber flatters himself with the idea that he is able to compete successfully with any other establishment in the county, in the style and quality of his work.

COFFINS—Mahogany, Cherry, or Walnut—made in the best style, and at the shortest notice.
GEO. H. SWOPE.
Gettysburg, Jan. 16, 1850.—if

OIL CLOTH FACTORY.

TO COACHMAKERS.
THE undersigned respectfully announces to the Coach makers of Gettysburg and other places, that they have commenced the manufacture of

Oil Cloth and Canvas
For Coaches, of the very best quality, on an extensive scale, which they are prepared to furnish, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. Our Canvas will be found equal in finish and quality to any manufactured in the city.

The subscribers also manufacture, for wholesale or retail, COACHVARNISH, of a superior quality, to which they invite the attention of Coachmakers and persons wanting to purchase with a view to reselling. They have now on hand, and will constantly keep on hand, a full supply.

Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL J. LITTLE,
GEO. H. LITTLE.
March 15, 1850.

THE LEGISLATURE.
JACOB HANCKEY, of Cumberland township, is an Independent Candidate for the Legislature. He is a Farmer, and respectfully offers himself to the Farmers as their candidate.

THE CHURCH BELL.

By Mrs. M. Kato.
Merrily rings the pealing bell,
Ding-dong! ding!
Cheerily sweeps it through the dell,
Up in the tree-top, down in the well,
Ding-dong! ding!
Down through the welkin it floats and rings,
High in the valley, said the springs,
Ding-dong! ding!
Ding-dong! ding!

Through the branches of the graceful birch,
Ding-dong! ding!
Gleams the door of the ivied porch,
Leading into the old stone church;
Ding-dong! ding!
There the bride, with an eye as bright
As the early star of an autumn night,
Stands ready her vows to plight—
Ding-dong! ding!

Slowly tolls the brazen bell—
Ding! ding! ding!
Hark! its heavy throbbing swell,
Brought through the hollow dell,
Ding! ding! ding!
Now it shakes the rock and ground,
Now it trembles flots around,
Dying into the wood profound—
Ding! ding! ding!

Who on you black hearse is borne!
Ding! ding! ding!
Some old pilgrim, tired and worn!
Nay, the bride of last year's morn!
Ding! ding! ding!
Let the wren bell deplore her,
Let the willow weep o'er her—
Heaven's love hath gone before her—
Ding! ding! ding!

For the National Era.
SPRAY FROM THE TEAR FOUNTAIN.

By Mary Irvine.
What maketh the young child weep!
He hath broken his glittering toy;
And a little cloud with burst in vain,
On the cheek of a frolicsome boy.
The shadows are long, under the morning sky,
That shrink to our step when the noon is high.

What maketh the maiden weep!
The child of a few more years,
With the sunshine of girlhood's marriage
Sparkling upon her tress!
She hath plucked a thorn among Life's springs,
She hath found a care in this world of ours.

What maketh the woman weep!
The merciful Heaven that pours the rain
Where its lightning bolt hath rifted!
It hath cleft in her heart a sounding cleft,
Hollow and deep, for Affliction's grave.

What maketh the mother weep!
Oh! do not ask the mother!
For a sweet, low voice is hushed in death—
And she heeds not his other!
The dew to the broken soil is given,
And the broken heart shall be blessed of Heaven!

What maketh the strong man weep!
Tears were not made for him;
And the light-drops from the heart are wrong,
His lightning stroke to dim!
When he saith, "Pass not the road!"
Leave the heart alone with its God!

What maketh the old man weep!
To bid the world "Good night!"
Is it then, a bitter and a sad thing
To hail Heaven's dawning light!
Ah! there are records of Time gone by,
Those tears would blot from Eternity!

MINISTERING SPIRITS!
We are told of "ministering spirits" by the lips that cannot lie; and it were a sacrilege to doubt their mission. But they come never to torment or terrify—they hold no communion with the eye or ear of sense. In that solemn hour, when the soul hovers half-way between two worlds, when the veil of earthly vision grows transparent with the dawning light of eternity, it may be—must be—that revelations through that light are sometimes given.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precocious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance: she was frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed, as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heaven-ward. The sweet, continuous, and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away ear-ly, and she would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one arm around her neck, "Now tell me about my mamma!" The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Beating all her pale so meekly,
That to them she still grew drearier,
As the trying hour grew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child on the bier, as its life-song was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. "The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wax, curling hand flew up, in the lightning flash of an instant, as she looked piercingly into the face above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that word to her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by, that bed of joyous death—"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

"Billy Larkins" who is what may be denominated a "speering character," once shook hands with General Jackson.

"And," says Billy, "I giv' him a piece of advice at the time: says I, now General, we've electet you, I hope you will take good care of the constitution!" Says he, "I'll try; and I hope you'll take care of yours."

A smart boy that, who asked his father what kind of wood the board of health was made of.

Ex-Governor Hill, of Concord, N. H., has lost 24 acres of potatoes by the rot.

Attorney—saw that settles differences between mice.

A SKETCH.

By Ross Ringgold.
There it lay, the dead baby, looking so white—white, almost, as the shroud that enveloped its little frame—white almost as the hyacinth that gentle hands had placed upon its bosom.

"Why don't sister open her eyes, ma!" said a little boy, who stood gazing up the beautiful pale face, wondering why the wren lids did not fly open, and reveal the bright blue eyes of his baby sister.

"She is dead, Willie, and will not open her eyes again to us, dear child," said the mother, weeping bitterly.

"But what makes you cry, ma! Did't you wish the baby was dead yesterday?"

"No, Willie, Willie! do not tell me of it again, child," said the stricken mother, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. "I did't mean it, Willie—I did't mean it. Only I was worried, sick, miserable! and didn't know what I was saying."

The tears of Herbert Harris had long been proverbial for its quiet-beauty and cheerfulness. They were the happiest couple—had the loveliest children; and the brightest freeds in the world. It was a marvel to many how they kept up this continual sunshine, without the occasional storms, so necessary, as some suppose, to the purification of the conjugal atmosphere. But "storms" and "Candle lectures" are not requisite to the securing of domestic happiness in a home where love has erected an altar, the presiding minister over which is Religion. It was heretofore the early period of their married life to see the young husband and his wife bow down to their morning and evening devotions. And still more beautiful was it, as years rolled on, and gentler spirits gathered around the home-altar, to see the little white hands clasped and hear the audible response piped from the lips of innocent childhood.

Year after year elapsed, and still the good angel presided over the little household of Herbert Harris. True, wealth was not their portion, and at times even comfort seemed departing; still God had been kind in giving them health, and his providence had hitherto kept them from absolute want. As time moved on, however, the demands of a growing family pressed heavily upon the father. And then there would sometimes rise a murmur of discontent—a half-distrust in the providence which had ever blessed and sustained them. Yet was the altar of home still sacred, and their morning and evening devotions went up like holy incense to the throne of the Most High. There was a want of fervor and earnestness, however, in the spirit of Herbert's prayers of late, that could not fail to attract the notice of his wife, and she was somewhat startled one morning to hear him order breakfast without their usual morning devotion.

"It will not take me long, Herbert—can you not have prayer before you go?" said Ellen, as she entered the breakfast room. "If you wish it, however, I will go for the Rev. Mr. White."

"I've no time to pray this morning, Ellen—so hurry breakfast," said Herbert, in an unusually impatient tone. Hurriedly she "Blessing" was asked, and the meal passed over in silence. Surely something is wrong, thought Ellen, as her husband passed suddenly out of the door, without even his usual "good bye." And for the first time a shadow crossed the threshold, and shut out one gleam of the beautiful sunlight that had ever gladdened the home of Herbert Harris.

Shadow succeeded shadow until the light beams were nearly excluded from that once happy hearth-side. Morning came and went, and evening, and still no prayers went up from the neglected altar of home. And in their step were purportings of the degree of provocation—dark prophecies as to the poverty and ruin in store for them and for their children: a total distrust in the mercies of Him who had ever smiled upon and blessed them. Oh! what a change came over that household, when the spirit of prayer fled from its altar! What a withering silence reigned over all, when the silvery tones of gutting schoolhood no longer heard mingling praises to God, whose mercies endured forever.

"Father, can't I go to bed without saying my prayers?" said his little son, a child of four years of age. "Why certainly not, my son—say your prayers by all means." "I don't see the use of saying my prayers every night—you don't say your prayers now, do you, father?" The child's words pierced the stricken conscience of the father, and for a moment he was unable to speak. "Could it be possible that his neglect of religious duties had already exerted an evil influence over his innocent children! Turning to his little son, he said: "Say your prayers, my father, do not forget to pray for your happy home." Herbert thought over the gentle rebuke of his intelligent little boy, and said many a resolve to do better and live holier. "Call the family together to-morrow; Ellen, and we will have family prayers." "Tis a shame that I have neglected this duty so much of late, but this business of life of mine is so calculated to lead one astray." The morrow came, but alas for the good resolves of Herbert Harris. An engagement had been previously made to meet a friend at six o'clock, and in his haste to be off the family devotion was again neglected. Herbert was unconscious of the change, either in himself or in his family. Worldly associations are being gradually formed, well calculated to lead him astray. The desire to become rich—to bequeath to his family independence—had taken fast hold upon him. And in his eagerness to obtain wealth, he had well nigh suffered the good angel to depart, with scarce a knowledge of his absence. Instead, therefore, of the affectionate parent—he was the cold, calculating man of dollars and cents, ever counting over his gains, as a devotee counts his beads, until his presence had become almost a shadow in the home where once it was the sunlight.

And Ellen, the sweet amiable wife, even she was changed. The absence of that tenderness and sympathy of heart which is the very existence of woman, could not fail to leave its blighting influence over one whose life was made up of truth and affection. For hours she would sit and ponder over the change that had come like desolation over their once beautiful home. Could she that in the discharge of her numerous household duties she had said on the part of a wife to the securing of a husband's faith and affection?—And a secret, yet almost unnatural hatred, would spring up within her heart towards her innocent children, lest they in a measure had contributed to the change that had come over the home of her early love.

It was the eve of a sultry summer day, when, weary with household labor—for she had no "help"—and worried with the continual fretting of the baby, who had been crying the whole day; Ellen hastily seized the child, and in an impatient and angry tone exclaimed, "Oh, with you were dead, you little cross temp you!" In one moment, she would have given worlds to have recalled those sweet and unnatural words, for the burning hands of the poor child told of life fever, that was fast consuming its little life away. "Oh, my poor dear baby!" said Ellen, pressing its livid lips to her own, "how could I be so cruel!" At this moment Herbert entered, and, without noticing the child in her arms, said, as he laid his hat upon the table, "Herbert, Ellen, I have an engagement to-morrow night, and I must be off soon."

"Do not go out to-night, Herbert! little Ellen is very sick; only feel what a fever she has!"

"Is only a slight indisposition, I guess, and will be over by morning," said he, carelessly taking her hand. "But the burning touch thrilled him.

"Ellen, the child is ill. Why did you not let me know sooner! I must go for a physician immediately," said Herbert in alarm.

"Poor little thing! she's been fretting the whole day," said Ellen mournfully; but I didn't dream of her being sick; and I've had too much to do, that I really could not pay attention to her."

The warm impulses of Herbert's nature were raised, and forgetting his engagement, he hastened for a physician.

"Tis too late, I fear," said the Doctor, examining the little sufferer, who lay insensible upon its mother's lap. "Congestion of the brain has already taken place, which must ultimately lead to a very few hours."

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert, our child will die! and we have never had her baptized," said the mother, weeping bitterly.

"Do, dear Herbert, go for a minister; 'tis not too late; go now, Herbert!"

"It will not effect our child now, dear-as Ellen," said Herbert, taking his seat beside his wife. "If we have failed in our duty, and have neglected to dedicate our little one to God, we only are responsible. If you wish it, however, I will go for the Rev. Mr. White."

In a short time the minister of God stood in the midst of that mournful little group, and dipping his hand in the crystal font, and sprinkling the emblem of purity upon the brow of the dying infant, pronounced the beautiful rite of infant baptism. To come a scene like this might have seemed a solemn mockery; but to the little household gathered there, it proved a lasting blessing. The words of the pious minister, who took this opportunity to impress upon the minds of the parents a sense of their own obligation to God—of the sinfulness, in the neglect of the performance of Christian duties—failed not in their influence upon the hearts of both Herbert Harris and his wife. Over the bier of their lovely child did they dedicate themselves anew to God; and in the faithful adherence to their Master's precepts have they since found that his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are paths of peace.

THE CAMEL'S REVENGE.—A very few years ago, it chanced that a valuable camel, working in an oil mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the camel. These passed away; the camel, perceiving that it was watched, became quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moon light, that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around her softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes and a bannet, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Surprised that this revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke; at the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

A western Editor thus notices a little event which transpired in his own family on the glorious Fourth of July, last, of which he gives the following glowing details:—"Private and confidential. Joy to the world! Sound the hurrahs!—the event happened on the glorious birth-day of American Independence! It will add new lustre to the 4th of July in after ages! It is an uncommon noun! singular number! masculine gender! It shall be called George Washington Jefferson Jackson Hancock Tam Benton Martin Van Buren John Quincy Adams Benjamin Franklin Fourth of July Jenks, so it shall."

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Troy Museum, is a peck of potatoes all cross-eyed.

A MOUSE STORY.

A gentleman who was exceedingly averse to that little animal, denominated a mouse, was one day travelling in the Northern part of the State, and on night set in, put up at a country hotel. After retiring to his room, he carefully examined the corners and crevices to ascertain if there were any holes from which these little marauders might be likely to issue forth, but finding none, he divested himself of his wearing apparel, and consigned himself to the guardian care of Morpheus.

After sleeping soundly for about three hours, he again became conscious of his existence in this world of transitory bliss, but being still in a somewhat dreamy state, he had not a clear perception as to what might disturb his ordered imagination. As he was thus lying, midway between sleep and consciousness, he heard something going pit-pit-pit upon the table, which closely approximated to the head of his bedstead on which he was sleeping. He listened more attentively and observed very softly to himself—

"As I live, this house is beset with those infernal mice, and there is one now gnawing at something on the table."

So saying, he slipped as noiselessly out of bed as possible, and feeling for his boot, took hold of the toe part of it, and the heel unraised, very softly approached on tip-toe his intended victim.

When close enough to be within striking distance, he again listened, and to his delight found the noise still there. He then raised his arm, and with unerring precision, let fall the heel of his boot upon the unfortunate intruder, exclaiming—

"If you haven't got it now!"

Upon striking a light to examine the body of the mangled victim, what was his horror and consternation, to behold instead of a poor little mouse, it was his own beautiful gold watcher that he had placed upon the table on going to bed, that had made the noise, and which now lay smashed and destroyed.

AN ACTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—I have said a great deal about prospect and landscape. I will