GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5, 1853.

INUMBER 19. ...

VOLUME XXIV.

HURSERY TREES AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Tuesday the 23d of August next, at 1 o'clock P. M. IIIE subscribers, Executors of George Taylor, deceased, will sell at Public

Sale a large number of NURSERY TREES. grown in the Nursery of the said deceased about one mile north of Arrendtstown, it

Mensilen township. They will be sold in lots as follows : No. 1-About 5,000 three year

old Trees. No. 2-About 12,000 four year old Trees.

No. 3-About 10,000 five year old Trees.

#IALSO, several other smaller lots. The above Trees are the choicest Apple, Cherry and Pear, and must be sold. Attendance given and terms known on day of sale by

MARY TAYLOR. SAMUEL Y. TAYLOR, July 22, 1858. Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, Executor of JOHN STREALY, sen'r. deceased, will sell at public sale, on Saturday the 13th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M.,

on the premises. A FARM.

Containing 148 ACRES. more or less, situate in Mountjoy town ship. Adams county, about six miles from Gettysburg and nine miles from Hanover-the estate of the said John Strealy, deceased. The improvements are a LOG AND FRAME WEATHERBOARDED

HOUSE,

a Large Bank Barn, just new, Wagon Sued, Corn Crib and other out buildings: There is plenty of all kinds of truit, such ns Apples, Peaches, Cherries, &c. The Farm is good Red Land and can be very easily improved, being within three o tour miles of the Limestone quarries. # 7'ALSO -at the same time and place

;

Five Acres of Mountain Tim-

ber Land, situate in Menallen township, Adams co. adjoining lands of Isaac Boyer, Noel, and swered: others. Attendance given and the estims "God

SAMUEL DURBORAW. June 24, 1853-ts. Executor.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, the Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned, will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for con-firmation and allowance, on Monday the gratitude for the great God's gift. 15th of Auguse next, viz :

149. The first and final account of Adam J. Walter, Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of Adam Wal- town." The other day, she was sitting ater sen. dec'd.

150. The second account of George Single, one of the Executors of the last flection, she threw the brightness of her will and testament of George Slagle; dec'd. 151. The second account of Eliza Sia. gle, one of the Executors of the last will or get time to say your prayers down-town.

and testament of George Slagie, dec'd. George Howard and Wm. Howard, Administrators of the estate of Jacob Howard,

153. The account of James Bingham, Esq., Guardian of Sophia E. Spangler, minor daughter of William Spangler, de-

154. The first and final account of William Moorhead, Executor of the last will and testament of Harriet Caroline Wil-155. The first and final account of

Thomas H. Wright, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Mars, dec'd. 156. The second account of John Wis

ler and Jacob Wisler, Executors of the last will and testament of John Wisler, sen.

157. The account of John D. Becker. Administrator of the estate of Mary La

viola Smith, deceased.

158. The first and final account of James F. Fahnestock and David E. Houck, Executors of the last will and testament of John Fahnestock, dec'd. 159. The first account of George Chritz-

man, one of the Executors of Christian Chritzman, deceased. DANIEL PLANK, Register.

CARRIAGES CARRIAGES!

8 NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

FITHE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is engaged in the with the people of their charge :: Carriage Miking business and is prepared to put up work in the most satisfacstory manner. Any person wanting a good

ROCKAWAY.

Carriage,

fully sake a continuance of the same, JOHN L. HOLTZWORTH.

March 11, 1853-6m BONNETS, Ribbons, and Parasols, a fine assortment, and very cheap, at

FLOWER-THOUGHTS. BY JAMES LESLEY, JR. ["Little May (Cella's little girl.) says she

evening, but they always beat her up in the morning. "- Extract of a Latter from a friend in Culifornia.

Oh! what a lesson lies upon the fields-In Spring's bright blossoms and in Summer sheaves! What teachers eloquent all Nature yields

How bounds the heart to note the bubbling brook

The silent meads we leaped in childhood o'er-How Memory, culling buds from each old nook, Distills a fragrance dearer than of yore! The cherub-child amid these offerings rare Bestows in thought ideal life on each, And fancies that a soul is stirring there-

For what more simply can the flower's teach ? At eventide their work of love is done: All day he notes their prayers of fragrance

rise— He sees their petals close at set of sun, And thinks they shut, like us, their weary eve Then with the morning light refreshed anew, The child, to wake his fav'rites, gladly hies to ! there they stand, all up, in team of dew,

Telling their rapture to the glorious skies. Oh! let us list these fair and lovely things,
Whose silent eloquence such great truth is parts—
Oh! let us cherish their grand whisperings

As heavenly lessons for our erring hearts.

The Little Polks at Home.

Has your experience in watching the development of these flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the fifth? Mine has. I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank lips, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of ed that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth reading.

We live in the country, and our neighborhood is measured by miles, not "blocks." One winter evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre table, a neighbor drove up, and, entering soon with hearty friendliness, had Kitty on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said The child looked up in his face; the goldon curls fell backward on her shoulders; and her deep blue eyes met his as she an-

"God guee me to this home." " ...

The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet for a moment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off world where augels only dwelt. A shadow-no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something pro-

Kitty still calls my daily trip into town lone with me in the library, and, as usual, on my knee, when, after a moment's reblue eyes into mine, and said : "Do you evpapa ?" "Heaven bless thee, child !--No ! no ! Too little time is taken in the turmoil of "down-town" for breathing a prayer to heaven for its blessings on our

work I"

Not long since, I was on a visit to a sissence of three bright eyed "wee things," whose unceasing chatter makes sweet household music. I arrived in the early evenning, just in time to hear their sweet good-I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings, which sometimes kies the fading brow of October. As I descended to the parlor, "How do you do, uncle ?" was the united cry; when a dear little girl, of four smiling summers, caught me by the hand, and, hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearful expression, said; "I am so sorry, uncle, that you staid so long in the room !" "Why, my dear, said I. "O dear, its all gone now !" she replied : "but I do wish you had been up early, for the morning made the sky look so beautiful when the night went to bed!"

A friend told me the tollowing as have ing occurred under her own eye; and well does it illustrate that false dignity which is too often assumed by those who wear the turn home into worse than a howling des- your heart. Never forget what she has presence again after such a series of enorvesture of the pulpit, in their intercourse ert?

Door-bell rings. The Rev. Mr. -introduced to the family-room, where three children are busily engaged at play, snuggled in the corner of the room, the mother Buggy, Boat Body, or Square diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet "the minister," and salutes him, will do well by calling on the undersigned. while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive digui-REPAIRING done at the shortest ty, says, in the same unbending, unfamilnones on mouerate terms, at his shop be-Inquire at DANNER & ZIEGLER's Hard- have been well since I saw you last ?"-"Thank you, sir, quite well." A brief home. ware Store.
"Thank you, sir, quite well." A brief pause. "I hope your family have been, customers for their patronage and respect- and are, in health?" "Well, I thank silly leering, and kicks at the harmless the ground, which makes it rebound the

inquiringly at the mother. Rising to de- have been a man." part, with the same unrelaxing diguity, the clergyman said: "I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs. M-, and will bid you good morning." Hardly had the door closed when a little boy of four years ran towards his mother, and. clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with all the simple earnestness of a child, said : "Mamma, mamma, was dat Dod?" I thought the question conveyed a most important lesson, and one so plain that none could mis-

did from the lips of innocent childhood. In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia family of the olden time. His house was the abode of gen ial hospitality and refined opulence; and, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. I never saw a more

understand or misinterpret, it coming as it

perfect picture of domestic happiness. It was Mr. P.'s custom to call his little grandson to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands raised and clasped to heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's prayer; he had advanced most successfully as far as the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." when little Willie looked up, his eye sparkling with animation and delight, exclaiming, "Oh! ganpa, put some butter on it!" Even the gravity of my venera-

I know of a family very strict in religious observances-evening prayer, grace before meal, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grandma-who makes no pretence to piety-presided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, Mary C-, a very tiny girl, whispered, "Grandma. I can say grace." Permision being given, little Mahe, "won't you go home and live with me?" ry put her hands together, closed her eyes, ity, repeated the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, [Knickerbocker.

Something that should have been a Man.

"There goes something that should have

been a man," exclaimed a friend. The poor wretch was just leaving a grog found and holy, was cast over the medita-chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frix-

man. But once to trace his career:

his laugh.

shout !

jure before the mind !

O! assuredly not. Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights, and the bewilderment of beauty, aided by every artifice, takes to in sunshine it sticks close to us, but the his heart, to his soul, hugging it as a moment we enter the shade it deserts us. miser hugs his treasure—the fiend that desolates.

the star has fallen from the heavens of affirming it.

He bickers, he quarrels; he laughs with humility, is but like throwing a ball on you, saide from the ordinary sickness of chairs and tables. He roars, that you may higher towards heaven. since my last visit?" etc. And thus not get him a supper or a fire, still he ter, every week a page, every day a parpassed away some ten or fifteen minutes, curses her. It is oursing, cursing, and go. agraph.

the children all the while having suspend-(ing to grog shope, and coming home to ed their play with a kind of indescribable curse again, from morning till night. fear; which children only can look; first | Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you glancing wonderingly at each other, and behold him, you see "something that should

> The Dying Sceptic's Configure.
>
> F—was an intelligent addireligi ous young man. His influencemer a circle of associates was destructive in its tendency, and led some into the path of open implety and error which he had dosen .-He had pious friends, who shed tears of prayerful concern upon his decending way; but their kind interposition only wreathed his lips with a scornful mile.

A startling providence fell upon the community; death suddenly removed an sequainiance of P. and spread gloom over all hearts but his own. The morning of the day appointed for the funeral came, and when a pious relative inquired whether he would attend the burial service, be replied, "If I cannot employ my time better." To display his rekless indifference, he secured the companionship of two youths, and went to the forest in

pursuit of game. To start an object into view, struck a tree with his gun pointed toward himself. In another moment he was watering in his own blood. The ball passed through his body. With the help of appanions he reached his home, faint an grouning pitiously. He said to those partakers of hif ain, "Oh, that you could pay for me, A humble saint entered the reem, and he exclaimed, "Edward, I have halfd you because you were a Christian; be how differently you look to me now. Pray for me." Soon the apartment of death was

thronged, and while life was bobing, he added with a clear and thrilling tone, "I have tried to disbelieve in a future hell; how. vain the attempt ! and now Linow that I shall be eternally damned !! Strong men turned pale, and reeled at of the room. For hours the dying school lingered, pointing his comrades to the Bible he had neglected, and to the flaming abyss, to which he assured them he was sinking.

This is one of many warnings on the threshold of eternity, to beware of building on the sand a refuge for the interishable soul. The sneed of experience and the laugh of folly vanish between the contractions. the world to come. How rational and imperative the mandate of God, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.'

The Dead Wife.

zled gray hair-eyes, deep, dark and lus- all other bereavements are trifles. The trous once-now, still deep, but sepulchral, wife ! she who fills so large a space in the and burning like smouldering fires upon domestic heaven, she who is so busied, so red altars—these made the sum, bodily, of unweary—bitter is the tear which falls on "going down-town," as when we lived "up- that something that should have been a her clay. You stand beside the grave and think of the past ;-it seems an amber-colored pathway where the sun shone upon A beautiful babe, pressed foully to the beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glitterbreast of a joyous mother. Clinging to her ing overhead. Pain would the soul linger neck, playing with her ringlets-all inno- there. No thorus are remembered above cence—filling the house with the music of that sweet clay, save those your hands may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, ten-A levely boy, towards whom all eyes are der heart lies open to your inmost sightturned; his face bright with enthusiasm, You think of her as all gentleness, all bear, I won't," and then-she would have gone his brow curved with intellect-wending ty and purity. But she is dead ! The his way to the little school, and there win- dear head that so often laid upon your boning prizes-perhaps silver medals. So som, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The ter, whose home is made joyous by the pre- in the play ground, the king among his fel- hands that ministered so unfiringly are lows: vivacious, full of fun and repartee, folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy cager at play. Hear the ring of his glad portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your A youth, already singling his gentle, feet. And there is no white arm over your night; and in the morning with the lark blue-eyed partner from the band of social shoulder now; no speaking face to look up girls; such ardent spirits seek for the frail in the eye of love; no trembling lips to clinging of graceful vines; strangely e- murmur-"Oh, it is too and !! There is sought in marriage by the greatest sovernough. A youth, sipping at small parties so strange a hush in every room! No signs lu Europe. William was a handthe bright hued wine and pootizing upon smile to meet you at night-fall-and the the frothy pearls that dock its surface, | clock ticks and strikes and ticks !--it was A young man-how the words leap to sweet music when she could hear it ! Now paper. How much of strength, what it seems to knell only the hours through beaming eyes, what high resolves, and which you watched the shadows of death proud startings for fame? What yearnings gathering upon her sweet face. But many to be rich! What hopes of happiness! What a tale it tells of joys past, sorrows shared, dreamings of the future! What mines of and beautiful words and deeds registered gold-what heights of greatness! What ex- above. You feel that the grave cannot cesses of joy, those three little words con- keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but feel that she is often by at full speed. This Teutonic method of A young man! Does he mean to be drun- your side, an angel-presence. Cheriah courtship brought the effait to a crisis; for ken? To be poor? To be dishonored? these emotions; they will make you hap. Mailda, either convinced of the strength To have the children laugh and point the pier. Let her hely presence be as charm of William's passion by the violence of finger at him? To strike down the helpless to keep you from evil. In all new and

> A writer has compared worldly frendship to our shadow, and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk

tender of her memory.

Never trust a man for the vehemence of Well, time has passed swiftly; the brand his asseverations, whose bare word you is not yet extinct. It exists among the to begin as I meant to end. (Good old there's better fishin 'tother side of st. would not truet; a knave will make no s burnt out; it is charred and blackened; more of swearing to a falsehood, than of

Covered her and me. But somehow it happened long ago. In the agueish West countree, That a chill March morning gave the shake To my beautiful Deborsh Lee; And the grim Steam Doctor (surse him,) came! And hore her away from me :

DEBORAH LEE.

BY FUZZY GUZZY.

Romewhere in the West countree, That a nice girl lived, as the flooriers knew

By the name of Debotah Lee; Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,

Now I was green and she was green

As a summer squash may be; But we level as warmly as other folks,

With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom

Tis a dozen or so of years ago,

But Deborah by me.

I and my Deborah Lee-

人口名英格兰 计设计设计 医动脉性神经神经神经 法自己的 经证据 医阿拉斯氏病毒性肠炎 医多种性性病

In the agueish West countree. The angels wanted her up in heaven, (But they never asked for me !) And that is the reason I rather guess In the agueish West countree,
That the cold March wind and the Doctor and

The Doctor and Death-partners they-

Death
Took off my Deborah Lee, My beautiful Deborah Lee, rom the warm sunshine and the opening flower And hid her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six-horse team, Or the love of folks older than we, And possibly wiver than we; But Death, with the Doctor and steam, Was rather too many for me-So he closed the perpers and stopped the breath Of my aweetheurt, Deborah Lee and her form lies cold in the prairie mould, Silent and cold—ah, me!

The first of the hunter shall press her arave And the prairie's sweet wild flowers a their adorous beauty around it wave, Through all the summer hours, Through all the summer hours; The still, bright summer hours; And birds shall sing in the tuted grass; And the nectar-laden boe, With his dreamy hum, on his gauge win

Ah, never more to me! hough the wild hirds sing and the wild flowers

spring,
She wakes no more to me! Yet oft, in the bush of the dies, still night, A vision of beauty I see, A Children of high-Dien, highlight Distorth Lee, My bride that was to be.

nd I wake to mourn that the Doctor and Death And the cold March wind should stop the treath-Of my darking Deborah Lee, Adorable Deborah Lee; That the angels should want her up in heaven

Balore they wated me !-- Boston Museum, Odd Courtship of Great Men. BY ANSON O'FAUST.

If, my young friend, you desire to be your the stiw bong a lo thradetid of some ntoop to conquer" the muiden. Rather Never flatter. That you declare yourself a woman's lover is a proof that you i: which, if you speak of them, appears

and kills them and takes the place which to turnish a house. they occupied. In our times all women when in love are actresses; they feign coldness which they do not feel, and often say what they a woman's conduct was the child of her heart. When, for example, the father of Rebekah asked her if she would go with Christ? the servent of Ivane, she immediately replied, "I will go:" Had she been a daughter of the 19th century wile would, I believe, have answered in this manner,--- Oh pshaw ! go with him ! Why, Mr. Isaac must be sick. Go with him ? Of course

"Phat woman our be gained without flat

historic proofe:

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. William, surnained the Conqueror, o England, loved Matilda the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Flanders, a wealthy, potent, and politic prince. As a states man he was desirous for a lesgue with the father; as a man he yearned for w aniun with the daughter, She was rior of renown. But his addresses were coldly received. For Matilda was enam ored of a young Anglo-Saxou noblemanwho treated her as she treated William !! which, says agnes Strickland, he, in 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges a brief intonation. as she was returning from mass; seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and then rode off his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second heating, consented to become his woman? To deform innocent children? To pleasant connections, give her a place in wife. How he ever presumed to enter her been to you -that she has loved you. 'Be mittes the chronicler saith not, and Strickand (being a woman) says she is at a loss to imagine.

The marriage between the royal cousins took place in 1052, at William's own Castle of Agni, in Normandy, whither Matilda was with great pomp conducted by her illustrious parents and a noble company of knights and ladies .- Lives of the Queens of England, vol.1.

ment of the female sex, says Dr. Hugh soon come up with me. When she did, I caind to and the Bruish vessels don't even design the state of the female sex, says Dr. Hugh soon come up with me. Murray in his Encyclopædia of Geogra- observed her to be in tears." children. Another pause. "I trust that roar him back; and thinks it wit. If his you have found consolation and rejoicing wife smiles, he curses her; and if she can say year is a volume, every month a chap-

drags her to his hovel, regardless of her der such promising auspices she is fixed in the domestic ostablishment. All their subsequent life is of a piece with the outset. Several of the colonists in vain attempted to count the scars with which the

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Of the courtship of this illustrious philosupher I have somewhere read an anecdote; although it is not to be found in several lives of him which I have searched, it is well known that he was often absentminded; that, for example, he would sometimes rise and sit for several hours by his per in Gineral Pierce's organ; but that he would often forget to dine until reminded by his domestics that in order to live it was necessary to eat. Once and ton Union is the organ, and some says only once he loved a young woman. One evening they were seated by the fireside together. He sat silently smoking. She was too proud of his love to be offended at his conduct. At length he took his goes into the ground clear up to the line. pipe from his mouth and seized her hand. the expected he was about to kiss it. Instead of doing so, however, he stirred the

ELDON. lor of England, having resolved to marry, wants a tail, every hit and grain. But the rang his hell. A female servant answered Union says 'tis the organ, and New York it. He told her to dress herself in order Evening Post and some of the rest of 'em to repair to the alter with him. She eeu-amost swears up hill and down 'tisnt thought that he was jesting, and disobeyed. the organ. So there they have it; and He rang again. A second servant appear- how are we away down East here to tell ep. To her he gave the same command, which is what ! And then some of the She attired herself and was made a bride. papers said the Republic was to be the or-

their courtship ended.

He told his sweetheart that he loved her; blue dimocratic organ was going to be mov-asked her if his love was reciprocated or ed up from New Hampshire; and some if she was engaged; and, if she was free, if she was willing to make an engagement made right up out of whole cloth, and an with him? The young lady replied as frankly as he questioned and they were New Hampshire to edit. So what the speedily united for better or for worse.

ABERNETHY. eminent surgeons and medical writers of that's very bad, for the organ ought to be, the fast refitury, several anecdates are ter the very first appintment made. But I conded. He was extremely eccentric—or know the Gineral has had a very hard time about some of his appintments, so least and spoke always as nature distated and spoke always as nature distated and spoke always as nature distated and so much blame him. So here you see not as ensuing ordained. To a rich val-, was my bother that I was in : I had to offive on a sixpence a day and earn it," to go through the organ, and I can't find, and to a lady of the same species who of the organ. Finally, arter consulting Unferred him a fee he said : "Madam, keep cle Justina about it, he said I'd better write. the forms with which society ever seeks organ you could sen my dispaten to it, believe her worthy of esteem. "It is both to encumber the sayings and doings of and it there wasn't you could put it in the useless and wrong to talk in a woman men. He did not waste his time in court- Intelligencer, and for his part, he always. of her virtues. I use the word in its largest ing, nor did he prostrate himself, as is usu- thought the latelligencer was about as good acceptation is relatives of as an organ to put anything toto. them all, and if she does not such ignor-ance is bliss; wrong, because our good qualities are attended by a ilestroying dev- her his hand. She accepted it and he else in America, I shall have to depend on

HALL, OF LEICESTER The Rev. Robert Hall, when on a visit to a brother clergyman, went into the kitch- To Gineral Pierce, President of America, en, where a pious servant girl whom he do not mean. In the days of the patriarchs loved was working. He lighted his pipe, sat down and asked her, "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus

"I hope I do sir," was the reply. He immediately added, "Betty, do you love me !"

They were married! DR. BROWN.

The Rev. John Brown, a worn'ty Pres-byterian divine of the Old School, author of a Dictionary of the Bible and other popery I propose to demonstrate by several ular theological works, after having sparkad" for seven years, asked his love if she would permit him to kiss her. Unlike most young ladies she did not object!- ing about pretty much every day, and I Before partaking of the luxury, he said,

"Let us ask a blessing !" And it was so. He then kissed her. And behold, it was very good ! "Oh!" exclaimed the curaptured saint

how savoury! will you give me another! But let us return thanks." He did so. Thus, I believe, for William was a hand- first time in this world was offered up

"grace before and after" kissing. am unable to relate. If he did so, I hope he found it a savoury one.

I have reserved by the way of climax For seven years did he serve an apprend Boswell's account of the marriage jaunt of ticeshin to Cupid; at the expiration of Samuel Johnson-after which I shall conclude in the orthodox method by making "I know not for what reason the mar-

mingham; but a resolution was taken that I knew 'twould be a cool place in this lock it should be at Derby, for which place the summer weather, so I sculled off. I went I suppose in very good humor. But man, and talked with the skippers, and though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archthough Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archigive 'eng good advice. I'm sorry to say by to mention Johnson's having told him their backs is up pretty round. They marriage on both sides" I have had from ofrom headland to headland" no way you my illustrious friend the following curious can fix it. They say the codfish and the account of their journey to church upon mackerel are a good deal thicker inside the the nuptial morn. July 9:

This unflattering mode of "sparking" made the slave of caprice; and I resolved headland to headland, when they think aboriginal inhabitants of the Australian Sam.) I therefore pushed on briskly till I However, I guess you may calculate the group, which has been justly styled "the was fairly out of sight. The road by be-fishermen will remain quiet this summer, country of contradictions." Their treat.

phy, is of all other particulars, the most "This," adds Bozzy, "it must be allow atrocious. Their courtship consists in the ed, was a singular beginning of connubial whole camp of Young America. I most brutal violence. The intended hus- felicity; but there is no doubt that John-home last week, and have been creek with beating her to the ground with a club; the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life." giving on. I see that you and seems of the then accumulates blows upon blows till Boswell's Life of Johnson, Elat. 27

she becomes altogether senseless, when he LETTER PROM MAJOR JACK striking against shrubs and stones, till un- Private Disputch to go through the Or gan to Gineral Pierce. Dawnineville, (State of Maine,) }
July 22, 1853.

Mr. Gales & Seaton : My dear old friends, when I am in a dilemma I always faces of these unfortunate beings were feel sure I shall be safe if I throw myself into your hands. And I am in a dilemma now, cause I've got to send a little private official dispatch to Gineral Pierce, and I can't find out what paper is the organ to send it through. I've been hunting and hunting over the papers from all parts of the country that comes to Uncle s Joshua's post office to try to find out what pabedside undressed and absorbed in thought; more I hant the worse I am off, and the Some of the papers says the Washing-

'tien't. Sometimes the Union comes aut with a fust-raté dimucratic leader, loaded down with true solid dimocratic principles that Wal, then the papers says, "that's by au-thority ; the Union is the organ of the Administration, and no mistake; it's jest stead of doing so, however, he stirred the as clear as preachin." Then the next tobacco in the head of his pipe with her thing, may be, it comes with another dimpin! She was very angry with him and ocratic leader puffing the congressic Government of Russia sky high. Wal, then the papers goes into a flutteration about it, and says the Union isn't the organ The father of Lord Eldon, the Chancel- of the Government, any more than a toad O'CONNELL.

Daniel O'Connell did not court at all.

Diniel O'Connell did not court at all. said a bran new organ was going to be upshot of the business is I can't find

I'm most afraid the Gineral hasn't ap-Of Dr. Julin Abernethy, one of the most phited any organ yet, and if he hasn't etudinarian gentleman he once prescribed, send to the Gineral something that aught.

you to get my dispatch along to the Government the best way you can, and I'll try to do as much for you any time.

and agoing to be (that is, if Gineral Cushing isn't mistaken) the founder of "Modern Rome."

DEAR GINERAL: I'm afraid you've hought strange of it that I haint writ to you afore now, for so long time past; but couldn't. I've been so busy cruixing round among the tishermen down to New. Brunswick, and Nova Scotis, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that I couldn't get no time to write, nor couldn't find no post office to send it. Ye see, Gmeral, 1 didn't accept your invitation to take a seat in your Cabinet, 'cause I'm one of them. sort that can't bear setting a great deal .-I can't stan it without I'm up and knockunderstood the Cabinet had to set nigh se bout half the time, so I told you I should a good deal rather have some foreign appintment, where I could sir mysell. And you told me the foreign appintments was pretty much all spoke for, twenty times over. but you would give me a commission of Minister General, and I might go round and look after the interests of the rountry whenever I thought best. Now that was Whether he gave her another "buss" | jest what I liked : you couldn't a gin me no appintment that would suit me bet-

Wal, my first cruise, Gineral, has been away down East, and a little beyond ; for I thought twas high time them fishermen of ourn down there was looked arter. I heard they was getting wrathy, and the Britishers was flockin in there with their armed vessels agin, and there was: protty isge ceremony was not performed at Bir- likely to be a muss if 'twant seen to ; and oride and bridegroom set out on horsback, all along the coast, and boarded the fisherwith much gravity, "Sir, it was a love swear they'll never stan that straight lists line than they are out, and they are bound "Sir-she had read the old romances to go where there's the best fishin, let who the and had got into her head the fantastical will stan in the way. Wal, Giperal, since notion that a woman of spirit should use most all our politicions and office-seekers her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she is doing the same thing and setting of 'em told me that I rode too fast and she could the example, I couldn't find it in my bears to not keep up with me; and when I rode a blame 'em much; for who is there among little slower she passed me and complain- , 'em all, politicians and office-mekers, that ed that I lagged behind. I was not to be stans much about any straight line frein

em too hard. But if they dix you must look out for a regular row that it wir this was Cubinet have been on to New York to see