**VOLUME XXIV.** 

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1853.

NUMBER 27.

## TOB ELLE THE HOMESTEAD FARM

of the late Andrew Albert dec'd., ying in Franklin township, York county, Pa , distant about one-half mile from the Mill owned by George Diehl; 11 mile from Franklin Church, and within 5 miles of the York Sulphor Springs. The Farm contains 2511 ACRES with allowance, a portion of it

Heavily Timbered,

and the balance, in a high state of cultivation, with never failing Springs of pure water, and is capable of being divided into two separate FARMS. Those who are disposed to purchase, are invited to look at the property and improvements, which will be shown to them by Mr. Jacob Brandt, who resides upon the Farm. For terms apply to Mr. Peter Wolford, or to Col. John Wolford, or by letter to JACOB ALBERT.

Aug. 19-61.

### VALUABLE TIMBER LAND FOR SALE

THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale on Monday the 3d of October next, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the premises, a number of Lots of valuable YOUNG CHESTNUT TIMBER LAND, situate in Hamiltonban township, Adams county. a mile and a half west of John Murshall's. and about the same distance west of Virginia Mills, adjoining lands of heirs of Elijah Seabrooks, deceased, Jacob Boller, John Musselman, sen., Wm. Scott and others. This Timber has not its superior in the county, and is well suited for Farmers who may wish to have a yearly sup

FIRST\_RATE It will be sold in lote of from four to nine acres, as taid out by recent survey.

Persons desiring Timber land will well to attend the sale, as the lots WILL BE SOLD WITHOUT RE-SERVE.

Persons wishing to view the premises or obtain information concerning them. can do so by calling on the subscriber. Attendance given and terms made From on day of sale by JAMES D. PAXTON.

Gettysburg, Sept. 16, 1853-id

#### PUBLIC SALE.

WILL he sold at public sale, on the premises, in Latimore township, Adams county, Pa., on Saturday the 1st of October next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a Truct of Land containing

146 Acres,

Livingston, George Robinette, James. R. Gardner, and others, on which are

A TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING-HOLSE, The we get up for a fish to have a time."

a log Barn, with sheds attached, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, a Spring House, and other out buildings. There is a good Fred cut her speech short withspring of water convenient to the dwelling; also on the premises

TWO OROHARDS OF CHOICE FRUIT.

a fair proportion of Meadow. The farm is under good fencing, is well limed and improved, and is located near several lime-

thereon, or on the subscriber. Attendance given, and terms

known on day of sale by JACOB GRIEST.

Agent for the Heirs.
August 26, 1853-31.

# FARM FOR BENT.

FETHE subscriber will offer for Rent at premises, that valuable

the property of G. W. D. IRVINE (a Junatic.) situate in Hamiltonban town ship, Adams county, adjoining lands of D. Bosserman, Wm. Wilson, A. Flenner, Wm. Wintrode, and others, containing

218 Acres. more or lesss. The property is in good er was she accomplished, save in the posorder, under fine cultivation, and very pro-

ductive. There is a fine CRORARD on the premises, and fruit of all kinds.

Parsons desiring to see the property can do so by calling on the present tenant.
ABRAHAM FLENNER. Committee of Geo. D. Irvine. Sept. 16, 1853-td.

#### "VIRGINIA MILLS" For Rent.

HE shove valuable MILLS, located ship, Adams county, Pa., will be for Rent from the first of April next. A miller with a small family, who can come well recommended, will be preferred. For information and terms address (post-paid.)

MARY MYERS. "Virginia Mills," Sept. 23, 1853-31.

TOBIAS' LINIMENT,

FOR the cure of Headache, Cholera Morbus, Toothsche, Bruises, Sprains, and excellent remedy-for sale

TO MY BROTHER.

BY MARY.

Air "The broken Vow. Wondell, brother, why art sleeping On this pleasant summer day Fragrant septryrs softly creeping Little birds are sweetly singing, "Come where pleasant sunbeams glow, Come where gentle flowers are springing." Wendell, brother, why not go !

Why, why so still art lying
When the beauteous birds are flying, Why are we thus sadly sighing Parewell, farewell ! Wendell oh! alse! my brother. Singing birds and summer flowers Ne'er shall call three from that other

Happy region back to ours. endelt, speak once more to us; Tell us all we long to know;
Ope once more thine eyes and view us, Then, oh, then we'll let thee go ! Let us see thy footsteps springing; Let us hear thy glad voice ringing; Let us cease this sad, sad sin ging,

Fatewell, farewell ! Tis in win-those pale lips never Shall give forth their music more Earth has lost thy song forever, Time, thy footsteps on its shore. Sailly must we lay another

Of our feded blossoms by: Close besides where rests the other Oh, why must we who thus nourish Flowers of beauty, see them perish ? Why must say to those we cherish, Farewell, farewell ?

Wendell, now we've gently laid thee Where thy little brother sleeps; Trees of fragrant beauty shade thee, And the zephyr softly creeps-Parts their leaves with gentle finger, Waves their tresses o'er thy head. Birds, and balm, and blossoms linger und their olden playmate's bed O'er thee play the sumbeams brightly O'er thee stray the zephyrs lightly ; Stars are soutly whispering nightly,

Parewell, farewell! Here's thy bed-but 'mid supernal Song and bloom thy footsteps rove: Brother, in that home eternal Thou so soon hast found above, Wift then think of us who wander Wilt thou tell the Spirits yonder Of thy kindred waiting here ! Tell them that on some bright morrow We the golden harps would borrow.

Happy thought, my faith grows stronger, Brothers, sisters, dry your eyes ? Weeping parents, mourn no longer For your angels in the skies; For, oh, when we've left the mortal,

Farewell, farewell!

When the shadowy vale ve've trod. Their fair hands may lift the portal, They may lead you home to God. That we'll be a band unbroken, Round that throne where no er is spoken Farewell, farewell!

## HOMELY MARIÀ.

BY MRS. N. DENISON.

"This is living !" exclaimed a gay look-THDOR, dec'd., adjoining lands of Abrathis time the city folks are nearly baked, that clover field, sweet with June roses .-Come, Maria, what kind of a company can we get up for a fishing party? I'm bound

"You won't find city fashions or city

"Confound city beauties, and every thing belonging to the city just now, I'll have none of them. I tell you I've come to the country just to cut clear from city About 40 Acres are in good Timber, and sights and sounds. There, that's not a very elegant expression, but you must make the best of it. I'm as much of a rustic as any of you. I'm going to make Persons wishing to view the property, friends with every farmer's boy, and claim will call on DAVID ARNOLD, residing cousinship with the teacher, and the minfriends with every farmer's boy, and claim ister especially. As to the young ladies, I'm prepared to like every one of them, especially if they all make such bread as you, Maria. One meal like this is worth

a dozen in the city." Maria blushed, as most young ladies do when they are complimented. She was a plain, sweet-tempered girl-an adopted Public Outery on Friday the 7th of daughter, who, since her earliest years, October next, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the had been a devoted child to the farmer and his wife. She knew she was not handsome; and she painfully felt the difference when in the society of her beautiful foster-cousin, Fred's only sister, whose long golden curls and eyes of heavenly blue. whose form of perfect contour, and manners bewitchingly graceful, crowded her shrine with lover's and admirers. Neith-Her foster-parents were old-fushioned people, and were proud of her ability and natural aptitude for house-work. None could keep house better than Maria. From garret to cellar of the old fashioned mansion. with its out-of-the-way corners, and crooked passages was seen the fairy-like neatness Maria's; though so quietly she moved a to him than ever he deemed such service bout, and with such consummate test and skillful foresight that every element of confusion seemed to fall into order the monear Fairfield, Hamiltonban town-ment her presence became visible. Under

> Fred. Watson had just passed his college kindled that he had thought so destitute divided into 54 parishes, and amongst them twenty-nine bishops, 1,280 priests, 5.092 commencement with unusual honor. Worn of the light of genius; he noted the metaout in pody and mind, he sought the beau-morphosis always visible to the yawning 4,698 nuns, and 536 ecclesiastical put tempting to speak, is said to be an infalli-

blue and white, the pale youg moon look- homely Maria. A river with banks of low willows hanging bling. with its enormous sweep, its bucket, wind- she knew, belonged p him. How another had soft English beauty, love for one so unworthy as Maria."

was sealed to poor Maria. poor girl sat in her little chamber, and pon- own worth alone-it was because his condered on what he had said. With tears verse with Maria had made his heartstrongstanding on her lashes, she whispered, "Oh, er and purer. why was I not beautiful? Then for a mo-

than I am-homely Maria." thought; there is not an ugly flower in times through gathering tears. more or less, the late estate of ISAAC abundant country breakfast table. By nature is all beautiful; why was not I were deeper, larger, brighter; her brown purpose of mocking him.

> At that moment her eye fell on her hideous in his sight by thus complaining. beauties here," said Maria, smiling, but I will try to be happier, I will try to conknows what is best for me."

> > of a child, she sought an innocent pil-

And that very night Fred. sat musing in his own room, long after the moon had vanished among the stars. "She is cerfor instauce-beautiful eyes, or fine complexion. Certainly she is the most enter. come early. taining creature, for one that knows homely Maria, and always will be-

The next day Frod. was gone from early morning till night; and Maria, in keeping et. heart and hands busily employed strove had settled with himself to retutn, he was ifsick with a raging fever. For three weeks was Maria at his bedside night and day. She hardly allowed herself to rest for a as he could lie easiest; above all her cheery smile, her quiet manner, never could be.

And when the fever had spent its wild and though she rarely talked, when she ing, his favorite authors-or, while she there." did, one could but listen with growing ad- sang in her low rich tones some old familiar ballad. Then he saw the eye Reme contains a population of 175,000, S. Il. BUEHLER. tiful country home of his uncle, and en- glance of love, and wandered why he call- pile.

through which the sky seemed broken into found his heart tregievably given to

heaps of ripened corn mingled their tresses sure, reader; an the, frightened at angel."
of gold with the stubble of harvest ground. this result, listened to him with trem-

over till they dipped their green tassels in Too generous to the advantage of what over till they dipped their green tassels in Too generous to the advantage of what and there the angels live, and love God, every day, 3,780 every hour, 60 every its depth, bubbled but a few feet from the she thought might be the promptings of and are happy; I do wish I was good, and minute, or one every second. These old homestead-while, thrown full in a gratitude, she answered him with her God would take me there, and let me wait losses are about balanced by the equal circle of white light, the square high wall whole heart-a hear that had longer than on him forever."

as ever gladdened the eye of painter or poet. ters, test your love midst its gay-scenes, Fred., who thought of leaving in a few and if at the end of year you still wish day, was now unwontedly eloquent in praise me to be your wife, I pannot say no; but till the beautiful girls be knew-how one had you should love another ber voice falter with God forever. eyes like night, and tresses like the deep ed-"remember, I state never blame you, of an ocean-wave lit by the moon-lustre, but live in the sweet remembrance of your

cheeks tinged with the bloom of the peach, Entreaty was useless. Maria was firm, and hair like the gleaming silk of corn, and at last Frederick consented. Back to eyes bluer than the sky, and a smile as his father's hall be vandered; the young sweet as May. He told of their varied and lovely thronged about his path, and graces; with what taste one played the wondered why they had no lover in him. harp, and how her white arm flashed over Every beautiful girl whose charms were its gold. How surpassingly radiant an enhanced by atorling virtues, seemed yet other seemed in the lighted ball room- not beautiful as Maria, and he was astoneach one possessing some glorious gift that ished at his own immobility, when some new star of loveliness called for worship .--And long after they had parted, the It was because he lovel goodness for its

ment she stood before her glass, but put- gust. Twilight laid is its red beauty upon ting her hands before her face, she mur. the hills and the forests, and the beautiful mured, "No, no; no jewels, no flowers, fields about the old family mansion of the no rare adornment would make me other Watson's. Within, one heart, at least, boat with expectation. Maria, more restless She sat down again and looked out upon than she had ever been before, stood at the the calm night. Nature is beautiful, she open window, straining her vision, some

the universe; the uniest spear of grass is She was the same sweet girl as of old, and given the charm of pleasing and winning hair hung in abundant ringlets, her dark Bible. The very sight seemed a bitter made tastefully, set off her small and pretreproof. "God made me what I am," she ty figure to advantage; but yet there was a even as you see your own face reflected murmured, "and I am rendering myself something—a spiritual look born of devoin the clear water, so have you just heard
tion to her lover. Maria seemed better your own word in the wood." George than beautiful.

quer this vain and wicked wish, for He But she was intensely anxious. Every more, but praying with the simplicity the old door, picking and pulling to pieces the red roses, and sweet honeysuckle .-What if he came not? She had no intimation that he would, though the general tone of his letters was unaltered. He might not come to-night, or to-morrow, or tainly a fine girl, but so homely. It's a in a week; August was the period specipity she had not some redeeming feature; fied-no particular day or hour; and yet it would seem so much sweeter if he would wasting away with consumption.

At last the twilight lingered only over so little; but say what you will she's the horizon; the quiet stars came out, the cricket began chirping under the hearth, the last tinkling cow-bell had passed,

Maria turned and entered the parlor, all to banish all thoughts that tended to make fragrant with late roses, late and very rare. coffin, and bearing them to their final resther dissatisfied with herself. In the even-ing her cousin came home with a violent came over her, she had so expected window, near which he laid, when the headache, and by the day upon which he him -and oh! if he came not at all-

"Maria, dear Maria."

moment, and all the while did not neglect his arms. What cared she for beauty overlooking the house-hold, or attending True to his repose, he loved her; he claimed to the comfort of her aged foster parents.

And sweeter than tongue can tell, seemed her, and the happiest bride in the world was English writer, puts the following language her ministrations to the invalid. Her "homely Maria," when, some few weeks in the mouths hand upon his burning forehead, her skill after the return, she gave her hand to one seller's den: to raise the pillow, and place his head just who loved her for her own sweet sake. Boston Olive Branch

DESTINY .- We remember a beautiful and fire of my wife and children-give me prophesying danger, her untiring attention allegory illustrating the power of fate. - drink! There's the education of the famof some master band. And that hand was and almost prophet eye—these were deaver King Solomon was walking in his garden, ily and the peace of the house—give me Maria's; though so quietly she moved aure was seen approaching. The attendant from my landlord, sees I have robbed from exclaimed in alarm, "Solomon, the sight the schoolmaster, and mnumerable articles of that being affrights me, I know not why; I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give course, and the heart moved languidly, but send me, I pray thee, to the furthermost me drink! Pour me out drink, for more gently, and it was heaven to feel the soft mountain in India." The king, in his ca. I will yet pay for it! There's my health that plain exterior laid a mine rich with air come in and steal wooingly over his pacity of magicium, complied; the attend- of body and peace of mind—There's my shall not receive one rude blast to hasten jewels, and though so un ostentatious that temples, then he prized the gentle girl of one might have questioned her capacity, whom he had thought so little. Then almy errand was to seek him on the farthest More yet I have to give! There's my she was nevertheless a woman of intellect. most lost in wonder, he listened to her mountain of India." "Angel of Death," heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendly our exchanges, and by some She read much, but she thought more; liquid voice reading with fine poetic feel. replied Solomon, "thou wilt find him ship of the redeemed—there—there—is old fogy presses with a sneer. Others

ing about?"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel ?"

The mother called him to her knee, and lass and chain, grouped in one black mass "You must go back to the city," she wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of conduct. Tall men live longer than short in the centre, formed as pleasant a picture said, "mingle again with its fair daugh- his head as he-stood there, and kiesed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him up to heav. of his city home. He had told Maria all then, let us make no engagement. And if en when he died, and then he would be

His young heart was comforted. knelt at his mother's side and said : "Jesus, Saviour, Son of God. Wash me in thy precious blood; I thy little lamb would be,

day. The number of men capable of Help me, Lord, to look to thee." bearing arms is calculated at one-tourth of The mother took the young child to his the population." chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven.

A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, and the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last, in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in

"I am going to be an angel."

The Echo. One day little George happened to cry out in the fields, "Ho! ho!" and he in stantly heard the words repeated, as from a neighboring thicket.

Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" upon which the same voice also returned, "Who are you?" George cried out, "You must be a very foolish fellow!" "Foolish fellow," repeated the voice from the thicket. George then began to grow angry, and he uttered words of denance towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

The echo faithfully repeated all his words. He then ran home, and complained to his father and mother that a wicked affectionate profe to her that lifted her lit number and become more tame and familting young man, sitting down to a neat, but beautiful, the sky, the clouds, every tree yet there seemed some change. The eyes boy was concealed in the wood for the

'Ah! you are complaining of your own else had she to crave ?.. were more elequent. A dress of white wards said, "You see, George, you have State street. Boston Post, him from a book about the echo, and afterfelt ashamed at his folly and want of tem-

How often are both children and grown noment she would clasp her hands and up people offended at words, which, So she would not weep or repine any walk nervously—sometimes a little outside rightly considered, are but the scho of their own spirit!- London Juvenile In-

## Singular Incident.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Cleveland, gives this pathetic and romantic anecdote as a matter of fact.

"To day I have visited a house in which eighteen years ago, I spent much of my time. Within it there was a young man several days a mourning dove uttered its plaintive notes in the branches of a tree near the house. A brother of the sick one, rather annoyed at its continual singing. took down his gun to kill it, but spared at the solicitations of his brother, who deand "katy-did" hung up her little trump- clared that its mournful song was music in his ear.' Soon the sick one died ; we laid him out in the habiliments of the grave preparatory to putting his remains in the dove flew in, alighted upon the sill, sat still half a minute, then its wings fluttered, and it laid over and died ! It was truly singular and touching seens. The broth-Oh! how she sprang from her seat, and er, who had a few days before refrained turning in another instant, was folded in from shooting it, stood by me, and when he saw it, turned deadly pale. I examined it, but could find no cause of ita death.

GIVE ME DRINK .- Mr. M'Lood, an "homely Maria," when, some few weeks in the months of those who visit the rum-

There's my money-give me drink! There's my clothing and my food-give me drink ! There's the clothing, food, all hope of salvation! I give up my Sathe universe, I resign forever, that I may be-DRUNK!

A full respiration or two. previous to atole remedy for stammering.

were thinking, but what were you think pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to tracts that fixed attention which is so necone-half the human species. To every blue and white, the pale youg moon look- homely Maria.

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes spar- 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years ed faintly. It was the last of August, and It was not long before he told her so, be kled with the thought, "I want to be an of life; to every 100 only six reach 66 years, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of "Heaven is up there, is it not, mother ? these 333,383.383 die every year, 91.324 minute, or one every second. These number of birthe. The married are ger lived than the single, and shove all he leaned on her bosom and webt. She those who observe a sober and industrious ones. Women have more chances for paper. life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but lewer afterwards. The number of marriages is n proportion of 175 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and of December. -Those born in the spring are generally

more robust than others. Births and

deaths are more frequent by night than

VERY Good. - A bachelor friend of ours was riding a day or two ago through Athol, in this State, when he overtook a little girl and boy apparently on their way to school. The little girl appeared to be five or six years old, and was as beautiful as a fairy. Her eyes were lit up with a glaum of intense happiness, and her cheeks glowed with the bachelor looked at her a moment admiringly. She met his glance with a smile, and with an eager voice saluted him with, "Have you got a baby ?" He was struck aback by the question, and comething like a regret stole over his mind as he looked upon the animated and beautiful little face before him. "No," he answered. "Well," she replied, drawing her tiny form proudly up, "we have," and passud on, still emiling, to tell the jayous news to the next one she might meet. What a world of happiness to her was concentrated to that one iden—the baby. And in her joy she felt as if all must have the same delight as herself; and it was a matter of their power to induce them to increase in the heart above the reach of ordinary envy, iar. The worst of them earn twenty Such was the rereplied his father, who then read to flection of our friend, and he remembered it long enough to tell it to us yesterday in

# Thomas Pane,

In the Autobiography of John Adams, we learn some facts in relation to Thom- elswhere. Be kind to your birds. as Pane-or Tom Pane, as usually written -not generally known.

Mr. Adams says, in relation to the pamphilet, "Common Sense," which is now so much praised by Mr. Paine's admirers, aged 58, who, from infancy, has lived in who celebrate his birth-day, that it slid but a state of perpetual thirst. Under ordinlittle good to the cause which it expoused, He remarks: "He probably converted some to the doctrine of independence, and gave others an excuse for declaring in favor of it. Butthese would all have followed than a pailful. With this amount of cold Congress with zeal; and, on the other hand, it excited many writers against it. particularly "Plain Truth," who conteit uted very largely to fortify and influence the party sgainst independence, and final. ly lost us the Allens, Penns, and many

there of weight in the community. Mr. Adams gives him no credit for originality in its production, and says: "He came from England, and got into such company as would converse with him, and ran about picking up what information he could concerning our affairs, and finding the great question was concerning independence, he gleaned from those h saw the common place arguments-such as, the necessity of independence at some time or other: our ability to ensintain it, &c., &c. Dr. Rush put him upon writing on the subject, furnished him with arguments which had been urged in Congress hundred times, and gave him his title of their cattle. She went to her husband Common Sense.

THE BLESSING .- The following is the postscript of a letter written by a devoted wife to her husband, who was far from those he loved. For beauty and chasteness of sentiment, we think it cannot be surpassed:

"May the blessings of God await thee. and the son of glory shine round thy bed; thought, and minglest together all images and may the gate of plenty, honor, and of joy and grief. Unfindered, the circle happiness, ever be open to thee; may no of internal harmonies flows on, and wraped sorrow distress thy days; may no grief in a pleasing franzy, we sink down and disturb thy nights; may the pillow of cease to be. - Touchstone, peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend the dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence. may an angel of God attend thy hed, and

The "Mental Telegraph" is noticed have bid the young inventor go on, and viour! I give up my God! I resign all ! perfect his crude machine. This he will Kay. This gentleman, one of North It appears from the recent census, that All that is great, and good, and glorious in do, and we firmly believe his studies will Carolina's eminent sons, was taken till time result in a world-wonder. Will it not be the cars, Thursday week, near Wilmington. wonderful thing to see the present tele, and died in a few hours. He was a me graphs superseded by a telegraph, to the ber of Congress for sixteen years, and masopposite batteries of which a man in New chairman of the Committee of Ways and York and a man in Cievaland becoming Means at the time of the passage of the attached, may silently converse.

ment of rural pleasures. He was pleased with Maria, thought her an 'excellent cook,' and altogether a nice girl, but considered her nothing more. Day after day her quiet face was his companion, and yet he saw nothing but an ordinary person with rather more than an ordinary person with rather more than an ordinary share of good.

One pleasant evening they sat upon the portel long after the twilight had faded out. Silence reigned, save when the drowsy kine moved home-ward, tinkling the bells that hung from their huge throats. In among the tangled leaves of the old trees through which the sky seemed broken into essary to the good printer, and steals the the time of those whom he has no claim upon. No person of good sense or proper feeling; no one who takes the right view of the duties of a printer, or the interest of a given establisment, will ever presume to enter it and act the loafer. He will feel above it : for no real man ever encrifices the interests or interferes with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think, if thought he ever has, that the last place he should ever insimuate his worthless and unwelcomed presence is the printing office, or the editorial room of a news-

> A most fool-hardy undertaking was lately accomplished for the amusement of the novelty-loving Parisians. It consisted in jumping from a ballon which had ascended to a considerable height, by means of an India rubber rope. When the leap was made from the balloon the jumper descended instantly about 600 feet when his progress was arrested by the rope. A person in the balloon then drew him up by means of a windlass, when he stopped into the car, the whole affair occupying but about four minutes. It is spoken of as "a stopendous test of daring," but we are inclined to look upon it as the mad effort of a hair-brained seeker after notoriety."

Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads in embarrassing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin. A party met, the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, hues of health. Our a married lady present put the question, "How many children have I?" tap, tap, tap-or four," replied the table, 'True-wonderful !" exclaimed the lady. and all others Presently her husband came in and asked the same question .-"Tap, tap-or two," was the auswer.-The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described. This might be termed "senudalous table talk."

SPARE THE BIRDS .- On no pretext whatever should farmers or gardeners perorit their birds to be disturbed, Instead of killing them and frightening them away, they should make use of every means in for in the baby was her world, and what times what they eat, and then, what ex-Officite pleasure to have vouces orchard, or wood, slive and youst with the music of merry birds. Plant trees for them, build houses, it necessary, for them. and they will teach you lessons of domes tie blies-preach you sermons-and warble you such hymns as you never heard

PREPETUAL THIRST .- The Buston Medicul and Surgical Lournal says that there is a man in Egfrhaven, Mr. James Wobb. ary circumstances, three gallons of water rather a short daily allowance, for him, and it would be impossible it seems for him to live through the night with less water daily poured into the atomach, Mr. Webb has been in good leadth and spirits.

Musical Dog .- A French paper gives an account of a dog so trained by his manter to detect musical discords, that he became the terror of all second-rate performers, and was invited to concerts as excelling in criticism in all that related to time and tone. His method of criticism was to how at every discordant note. His master thus taught him by at first beating hun when a discord occurred, and the dog soon became a better monitor, than his master. Could much more be beaten mto a human !

There is a deep and beautiful meaning n the saying of the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some peasants coming to her in tears, complained that the servants of the King, her husband, had carried off and obtained instant redress. "Their cuttle have been restored to them," said the Queen, "but who shall give them back" their tears ?"

SLEEP. Next to Sancho's eulogy of Sleep, the subjoined from Gathe, is the best I have ever read :- "Sweet eleep, thou comest with good fortune, unbidden, unentreated. Thou loseth the knots of siera

When I gaze into the stars, they took down upon me with pity from their screne and silent space, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orien, Sirina and Pleis. des are still shining in their courses clays and young as when the sheperd first noted them in the plain of Shinara !- Carlyle.

SUDDEN DEATH OF HON. JAMES J. Metariff act in 1846.