Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &C. &C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietors, at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 10. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 6,—N. C. 58.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an Alias writ of Venditioni Exponas, to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises in Mifflin township, on Monday the 3d day of January, 1842 at 11 o'clock, A. M., the following described real estate, viz:

A Tract of Land situate in Mifflin township, Cumberland county, containing

153 Acres,

more or less, (called the Dublin Gap Springs,) about twenty acres of cleared land, and the balance good timber land, adjoining lands of John Harper, Andrew Hokes' heirs, and the heirs of James Woodburn, dec'd, having thereon erected a large Log and Frame House, two stories high, and a Log Barn.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William Blear And to be sold by me,

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Carlisle, Nov. 29, 1841.—3t.

☞ The property above stated is susceptible of being made one of the best properties in the State, the water is pure white Sulphur, considered by all persons visiting the springs to be the best in the U. States; an extensive tannery might be erected on the above property, there is an inexhaustible supply of chesnut oak bark, black oak, white oak and red oak bark, &c. There is also an excellent stream of water running through the same, sufficient to propel a saw mill or other machinery of like power. The State road from Gettysburg to Lewistown runs past the door. There is also several thousand white Mulberry trees on the premises, some of which are bearing fruit, and the present building with some repairs, would be well calculated for most any business.

Trustees' Notice.

WHEREAS George Logue, by his last will and testament, dated the 7th March, 1811, did devise to three trustees, to be appointed by the will of his widow Jane Logue, to be sold upon the death of his said wife, and the proceeds thereof, after the payment of certain specific legacies, "to be divided among his brothers and sisters' children as tenants in common share and share alike," and the said Jane Logue by her will dated the 31st August, 1822, appointed John Proctor, William Irvine and Andrew Blair, who sold the said real estate and settled their account of the trust which was confirmed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county on the 9th August, 1841, and the said Court did decree that the balance in their hands should be distributed according to the will of the said George Logue, deceased.

Now 20th Nov. 1841, on motion of Fred'k. Watts, Esq., the Court do hereby order and decree that the said Trustees do give public notice in the Carlisle Herald and American Volunteer until the 1st January next, to all persons interested in the distribution of the said fund, that they appear on the second Monday of January next, at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Carlisle, and make their claims to their portion of the said fund, and shew cause why the said Court should not then make a distribution thereof according to the will of the said George Logue, dec'd.

By the Court.

Nov. 24, 1841.—6t.

Shoe Dealers,

Call and see the large lot of Boots and Shoes I bought at auction, which I intend to sell by the case or dozen, cheaper than ever.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

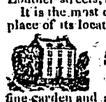
Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Tannery for Rent.

The subscriber offers for rent the superior Tanning establishment, recently the property of David S. Forney, dec'd, situated on the corner of East and Louther streets, in the borough of Carlisle Pa.

It is the most complete property of the kind in the place of its location—having a large

Two Story



Stone Dwelling HOUSE,

fine garden and all other buildings &c. necessary to carry on the tanning business.

Possession given on the 1st of April 1841. Terms made known on application to

P. F. EGE.
Opposite the Carlisle Bank.

November, 24, 1841.

WINTER GOODS.

I have just returned from the city with a second supply of Winter goods such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Flannels, Blankets, Shawls, &c. &c., which have been selected with care, and which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper, than at any other establishment in the borough.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Boots and Shoes.

50 Cases of boots and shoes received from auction, which I have purchased at prices that will enable me to sell cheaper than any other establishment in the county.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

HATS & CAPS.

I have just returned from the city with the latest style of Fur, Cloth and glazed Men's and Boys' Hats. Also, Brush Hats, for sale cheap, by

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle Nov. 24, 1841.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, on Friday the 31st day of December, A. D., 1841, at 10 o'clock of said day, the following described real estate, viz:

All the interest of Jemima Sanderson in a Tract of Land, situate in the township of North Middleton, Cumberland county, containing 160 acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Jacob Weary, William Heuwood, David Wolf and others, having thereon erected a two story Log House, log kitchen, and a frame and stone Barn. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Jemima Sanderson.

Also, a Tract of Land situate in Frankford township, Cumberland county, containing 10 acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Henry Hacke, on the east, lands of George Koshi and Leonard Minich on the south, George Koshi on the north, and Leonard Minich and George Koshi on the west, having thereon erected a two story Log House, and log stable. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Josiah Williams.

And to be sold by me,

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Carlisle, Nov. 29, 1841.—3t.

Cloths! Cloths!!

ARNOLD & ABRAMS have just received direct from Europe a large assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, which they are determined to sell low.

Shippensburg, Dec. 8, 1841.—1t.

Gum Shoes!

A lot of Men's Gum Shoes for sale at cost by the subscriber.

G. W. HITNER.

Carlisle, Dec. 22, 1841.

Petition for Tavern License.

Public notice is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a License to keep a Tavern or Public House, in Leesburg, Southampton township, in the house which I now keep.

WM. CLARK.

The undersigned citizens of Leesburg and vicinity in the county above named, hereby certify that the Tavern above prayed for is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the above named Petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance and is well provided with house-room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Christopher Pelse,	John Clippinger,
Abraham Hock,	Michael Zeigler,
Henry B. Rehuck,	Johnston Williamson,
John Hale jr.,	Robert McCune,
John Pilgrim,	Samuel Kelso,
Geo. W. Himes,	James Willis.

Dec. 17, 1841.

In the matter of the application

by Thomas Wharton for a Tavern License on the road leading from Sterretts Gap to Harrisburg, in Eastpennsboro' township, Cumberland county.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Eastpennsboro' township, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Thomas Wharton, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers, and do therefore recommend him to your Honors as well deserving of a License; and further say, that a Tavern at the stand is an accommodation to the public.

Peter Loher,	John P. Quigley,
Samuel Beetz,	Abraham Wheltmer,
Adm. Beetz,	Samuel Hall,
Jacob Beetz,	Adam Seiver,
Isaac Adams,	Isaac Longenecker,
Daniel Reesor,	Andrew Kreitzer,
John H. Zearing,	John Holtz.

December 15, 1841.—3t*

Petition for Tavern License.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at January sessions, A. D. 1842. The petition of William S. Allen, respectfully represents, that your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a House of Public Entertainment in the house he at present occupies in the borough of Carlisle as a tavern. Your petitioner, therefore, prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same, the ensuing year commencing on the first day of April next, and as in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Carlisle in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named William S. Allen, and that he is of good report for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers; and do therefore recommend him to your Honors as well deserving of a license; and further say, that a Tavern at the stand is an accommodation to the public.

P. F. Ege,	John Irwin,
J. Rehrar,	Mich. G. Ege,
Paul Martin,	John M. Woodburn,
Saml. McKeehan,	Wm. M. Porter,
S. Moore,	Geo. D. Foulke,
Chas. Barnitz,	Edward Shower,
M. Holcomb.	

December 8, 1842.—3t

Petition for Tavern License.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, now composing and holding a Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for said county, of January Term, 1842. The petition of Jacob Poist, of the borough of New Cumberland, in the county of Cumberland, respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner is desirous to keep a Public House or Tavern, in the house where he now resides, and has kept as a tavern for the last seven years, situated in the borough of New Cumberland. The house is large and commodious, that he has provided himself with necessaries for the conveniences and accommodation of Travellers and Strangers. He therefore, prays your Honors, to grant him a license to keep a house of public entertainment in said house, and he will ever pray, &c.

JACOB POIST.

We, the subscribers, do certify that Jacob Poist, the above named applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and convenience for the lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers, and that a house of entertainment is necessary to be kept where he now resides.

Joseph Messer,	P. B. Sweet,
Charles Oyster,	Samuel Haines,
H. Breneman,	E. Wire,
Jacob Carpenter,	Charles W. Dehn,
George Geist,	Peter Homer,
John Hickernell,	Peter Fitting,
Adam Feeman,	John Stoner,
Lewis Young.	

December 8, 1841.—3t*

Petition for Tavern License.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at the January Sessions, A. D. 1842. The petition of Clemens Macfarlane respectfully represents, that your Petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a House of Public Entertainment, in the House now kept by him as a public house in the borough of Carlisle. Your petitioner, therefore, prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same, the ensuing year commencing on the first day of April 1842, and as in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Carlisle and vicinity, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Clemens Macfarlane, and that he is of good report for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers, and do therefore recommend him to your Honors as well deserving of a license, and further say that a tavern at the stand is an accommodation to the public.

ISAAC ANGNEY.	ROBT. SNODGRASS.
J. W. EBY.	C. INHOFF.
JOHN OFFICER	E. M. BIDDLE.
J. S. FAUST.	R. NOBLE.
CHAS. W. WEAVER.	DANIEL DINKLE, Jr.
C. H. SKILES.	EDWARD SHOWER.
W. S. COBEAN.	JAS. H. DEVOR.
G. BEETEM.	

December 8, 1841.—3t.

Petition for Tavern License.

Public notice is hereby given, that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a License to keep a Tavern or Public House in the borough of Newville, in the House which I now keep.

WM. H. WOODBURN.

December 8, 1841.—3t.

The undersigned, citizens of the borough of Newville, in the county of Cumberland, hereby certify that the Tavern above prayed for is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain Strangers, and Travellers; and that the above named petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of Strangers and Travellers.

William Barr,	Jacob Negley,
Jamison Hannon	John H. Reed,
Thos. A. McKinney,	Jas. Kennedy,
James Gilmor,	Jacob Zeigler,
James Hoover,	J. Swoyer,
Thos. Wallace,	Jos. M'Dermond.

POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many there about;
And often when I go to plough,
The plough-share turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to route;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died!—
But things like that you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies there
Lay rotting in the sun!—
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene!"
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!"

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he
"But 'twas a famous victory!" SOUTHEY.

Miscellaneous.

From Wraxall's Memoirs.

AN APPARITION STORY.

In the autumn of 1778, I visited Dresden for the second time: a court which was rendered peculiarly agreeable to the English at that period, by the hospitality and polished manners of his Majesty's minister to Saxony, Sir John Stepney; one of the finest gentlemen who had been employed on foreign missions, during the course of the present reign. Dresden was then a place where the *Illumines* had made a deep and general impression on the public mind; Schrepfer having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Having given, in a former work, some account of that extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here: but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me, during my residence in Dresden, by the Count de Folkesheim. He was a Livonian gentleman, settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, equally superior to credulity as to superstition. Being together in the month of October, 1778, and our discourse accidentally turning on the character and performances of Schrepfer—"I have conversed," said he to me, "with several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectre or phantom, presented by him in the gallery of the palace of the Duke of Courland. They all agreed in their account of the leading particulars.—Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery that business was conducted, I have always considered him as an artful impostor, and his audience as dupes. Yet am I not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances as to treat them with ridicule, because they may seem to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the University of Konigsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity, on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, it became necessary for him, in the course of his lectures, to treat on the nature of spirit as detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul, and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened, with more than ordinary attention, to his opinions.—In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment, both in his language and his expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and I entreated him to tell me if they were well founded, or only imaginary suggestions."

"The hesitation which you noticed," answered he, "resulted from the conflict which takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am, equally from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt, the existence of apparitions. But, an appearance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in, and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation from other circumstances connected with the original fact, leaves me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented, by Frederick William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Konigsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat parsonage house, where I passed the night in the bed-chamber which had been occupied by my predecessor. It was in the longest days of summer; and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being withdrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly for a long time, and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects, but, being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise, or to address myself to the appearances before me, I remained for some minutes a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the children one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly followed him, till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove, which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

"However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up; and, having hastily dressed myself, I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavored to dissipate the recollection, by considering the objects around me. In almost all of the Lutheran churches in the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen who had held the living. A number of these paintings, rudely performed, was suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last in the range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became rivited to the object; as I instantly recognized the same face which I had beheld in my bed-chamber, though not clouded by the same deep expression of melancholy or distress.

"The sexton entered, as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him, on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various enquiries, till I concluded with the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive.—'We considered him,' said the sexton, 'as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days, by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us, and which still form matter of conjecture. It is, however, commonly believed that he died of a broken heart.' My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard on the subject. 'Nothing respecting it,' answered he, 'is absolutely known, but scandal had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connection with a young woman of the neighborhood, by whom, it was even asserted, he had two sons. As a confirmation of the proof, I know that there certainly were two children, who had been seen at the parsonage; boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time before the decease of their supposed father; though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain, that the surmises and unfavorable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce, the disorder of which our late pastor died; but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed.'

"It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination, and seemed to give proof of the existence, of all that I had seen. Yet unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms which might have been the effect of error or deception, I neither communicated to the sexton the circumstance which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there without ever again witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away as the autumn advanced. When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I had beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment.—Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered, in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in other respects, with the description given me by the sexton, of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage. This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on an appearance, which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitted the place, and returned to Konigsberg; but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression, and has, in its effects, given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse."

Such was Count Folkesheim's story, which, from its singularity, appeared to me deserving of commemoration, in whatever contempt we may justly hold similar anecdotes.

From the London Keepsake, for 1842.

The Maintopman's Death Bed.

BY EDWARD HOWARD.

The assistant surgeon, and the overgrown and womanish looking youth who tended upon the afflicted were the only persons in the sick bay; excepting the departing seaman, John Rockwood. The evening breeze dallied lightly with the white and extended sails, and made a melancholy music, peculiary their own, among the tightened and well stretched standing and running rigging. The sounds from these rough and noble harpstrings might, fancy-aided, have been thought to breath a requiem of the most soothing melody to the dying maintopman.

There was that awful hush throughout the populous ship, which though not absolute silence, might be said to be something more still. The low moaning of the gentle wind, the faint splashing of the waves, and the careful tread of the few officers who were moving about, indicated that life and action still existed, but existed in a subdued solemnity, well befitting the quiet death-bed of the humble and the good.

The hardy and stalwart seamen were at quarters, and they whispered to each other in sorrowful accents that their shipmate was "going aloft," was "under weigh for the right place," "had tripped his anchor for glory," and many other sea taught and quaint expressions, intimated their conviction that he "was down in the good behavior list," and had secured a "good hearth," where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The men had been mustered, whilst the slanting sunbeams streamed through the port holes their glistening cutlasses, all the dreadful appurtenances belonging to "glorious war" had been reported ready for action, and secured for the night, and Captain Dubricourt was on the point of ordering the first Lieutenant "to beat the retreat," when the assistant surgeon walked slowly and lightly across the quarter deck, and whispered the surgeon, who approached the captain, and communicated with him in a low tone.

The commander of the Majestic bowed, his head sorrowfully at this information, and approaching the break of the quarter-deck, commanded in a subdued tone of voice, that the boatswain's mates should pass the word fore and aft, for the men to disperse themselves quietly. One man on board was to hear no more the cheerful rattle of the "doubling drum."

Attended by the surgeon and his assistant, Captain Dubricourt proceeded to the sick bay, and was soon standing near the hammock, where, swung on his death-bed, the honest and once blithe maintopman, John Rockwood.

There was no chaplain on board. At the time of which we are speaking, there were, at most but three or four clergymen dispersed among many ships, and it was seldom that a single cruiser was so fortunate as to possess one. As Captain Dubricourt stood over the dying man, gazing wistfully in the wan countenance beneath him, he held open the prayer book at the office of the visitation of the sick.

'Is he rational enough to benefit by divine consolation?' said the Captain, addressing the surgeon.

'I hardly know Captain Dubricourt.—The poor fellow fancies that he is overlooking a party of agricultural laborers who are mowing down the grass in the green fields of his native village. He is very restless. Listen!'

"The scythes want sharpening, lubbers!" murmured Rockwood. "See, the waving grass rises again, fast—fast as they sweep it down. A rope yarn for such mowers! They do no more than the summer wind as it sweeps over the fields—there—there—there!" and he pointed to the dancing waves all green and joyous, which rose and fell not unlike the heading and rising grass in a meadow ready for the scythe.

Rockwood was then silent for a space, gazing intently through the port hole upon the sea, and feebly nodding his head and waving his attenuated hand to the motion of the waters. 'Yes,' he continued, 'I know that I am very ill, and it is terrible to die here, away from my gallant ship, and my jolly messmates. I always hoped to be buried in the cool blue seas, a thousand fathoms down, below all the sharks. What a quiet roomy, pleasant grave! No mould, no dirt, no filthy worms. But now, poor Jack will huddle to the churchyard, among the bones of a parcel of shore going sinners, to rot in a six foot deep grave! How I hate that rotting! Mow away, mow away, ye lubbers! You see the grass is up again before ye have time to bring your scythes round.'

An expressive look passed between the captain and the surgeon, which plainly indicated that they might not pray with, but for him. The captain commenced with a solemn voice, reading the prayers for the sick at the point of departure. When he came to the words—'We humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother,' the sailor rallied at the word brother, amazingly, for very strongly had the captain emphasised it.

'Brother! my brother! Where is he? and where am I? No, no, no—your honor; you are not my brother;' and he made an abortive effort at the accustomed pluck at the forelock—the mark of deference to his commander; 'I know better nor that; you are my captain—God bless you sir.'

'Your brother—your friend and brother, believe it;' said the captain, placing much stress upon the words 'your friend and brother.'

'I cannot well make out my bearings and distances,' said Rockwood, hesitatingly, and with a very feeble voice. 'I seem to be in two places at once—in my own village and in my aunt's room, looking out upon the half yearly parish land; and yet things are about me that could only be aboard ship. I am sure I've had a methody parson praying with me the last two glasses, and what vexes me is, that I, a thorough seaman, who have always done a seaman's duty, should be buried in a dirty grave shore!' This was uttered with many interruptions, yet the meaning was distinct.

'John Rockwood,' said the captain, 'I never purposely deceived any one. Collect yourself, my good friend. Believe it that you are now very dangerously ill on board his majesty's ship Majestic.'

'In deep sea and in blue water!' asked the poor man anxiously.

'The water blue as midnight—the depth unfathomable. We have no soundings.'

Then after a pause the sailor said, in a very low yet firm voice—'I am ready—ay—ready!'

'Then turn your thoughts with me to your Maker,' replied Captain Dubricourt. He then read the necessary prayers, in which it was evident that the departing man attended devoutly, as, when the office was finished, he appeared to lapse into unconsciousness—those who were about him prepared to depart; his embrowned and now bony fingers were uplifted, and he was imperfectly heard to ask—'Have I done my duty?'

'Gallantly, nobly, bravely—always—always!' said Captain Dubricourt, with a voice trembling with emotion.

'Alow and aloft—alow and aloft! Hurrah!' How faint, how pitiable is that dying shout. It was the last sound uttered by John Rockwood the maintopman.

In the middle watch, two of his messmates were assisting the sail maker in sewing John up in a hammock, chanting in a low voice, the simple dirge—'He is gone, what a hearty good fellow!'

'Give him a double allowance of shot,' said one, 'cause as how, poor fellow, he had a notion that the deeper he went, it was the more becoming to a regular out and out sailor. But its my notion, seeing as if we does our duty, it wont signify where we start from, when we are all mustered at the last day. We shall all be in time depend on't!'

'I think so too,' said the sail maker.

A YANKEE TAKEN IN.—The Governor of Indiana, a small man, encountered, recently, a six-foot Yankee at one of the hotels in Indianopolis, who was loudly boasting that he could beat all creation at everything. The Governor, a total stranger to him, after listening awhile to his unrestrained self-laudation, offered to bet him "drinks round"—the company being pretty numerous—that, though the Yankee was a big man, yet he (the Governor) was Bigger. As soon as Jonathan found that the little fellow was really in earnest, he shouted "Done! and now let all hands liquor first and we'll measure afterwards."

A pretty extensive as well as expensive drink went round, for every one in the room knew the Yankee would have to pay for it, except the Yankee himself. A two-foot rule was then produced, the Yankee straightened himself up against the wall, and his measure announced to be six feet one and a half inch—"It's no use measuring me," said the Governor, "for I'm *Bigger*." "The devil you are!" quickly rejoined the Yankee. "Yes, I'll have my throat cut if he ain't," chimed in one of the party, who had freely partaken of the bub. "Why, you tarnal fool," said another, looking right straight at the Yankee, who appeared just bewildered—"don't you know that that is little *Bigger*, Governor of the State of Indiana!"—Jonathan instantly streaked it for *Connecticut*, and Governor Bigger got the Executive Mansion.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

"TWO THOUSAND PIGS."—In a village, not many miles distant from this great western metropolis, dwelt a barber, who was in moderate circumstances, and possessed moreover of a beautiful and 'peculiah lithp' as he called it; in this town as in the larger cities, it was the peculiar province of the police to arrest all swine running at large, or loafing in streets, and either sell them for the benefit of the poor, or deliver them to the owner for a small compensation.—It happened that our barber, whom we shall designate as *Fisher*, had made some purchases at one of these sales without procuring the necessary buildings for the reception of his obstinate charges, not knowing what course to pursue, he proceeded to the residence of a widow lady, Mrs. Y., to obtain the temporary use of a pen, in which to place them, addressing her thus:

'Mitheth Y., I come to ath' you if you kin find me your pig pen for a few dayth?'

'My pig pen! why, Mr. Fisher, what can you want with my pig pen?'

'I have jutht bin purchathin thome thiwne—two thowth and pigth at conthiderbleth thale, and want to put them in your pen.'

'Why, Mr. Fisher, my pen won't hold so many pigs as you have! What on airth *did* you buy them for?'

'I bought them for my own uthe, madam; and I'm *thertain* your pen will be thufficiently largth for them.'

'My pen will only hold twenty-five common sized ones!'

'Well if it will hold twenty-five hogth, it will thurely hold two thowth and pigth!'

'*Two thousand pigs!* why it won't hold the twentieth part of them!'

'Underththand me, madam! I don't thay two *thowthand* pigth, but two thowth *and* pigth!'

'I hear you! two thousand pigs for a family of six! I doot the man's demented—two thousand pigs in that pent he's certainly crazy!'

'*Mitheth Y!* I tell you again, but *two* thowth and *two* pigth!'

'Oh—oh—Mr. Fisher, *is that* what you mean?—my pig pen is at your service, sir!'

'I thank you thirtherely, madam!' lisped the relieved Fisher, as he started for the pig pen, in which he soon deposited his two thowth and pigth!—*Pitts. Morning Chron.*

There is a paper in Philadelphia, called the "Demosthenian Shield," published by an association of negroes. One of its negro correspondents, over the signature of "Slicum," says that, if a white girl is virtuous, pretty, intelligent, and don't get drunk, he would just as soon marry her as a black girl. The editors think he is *not very particular.*

Change of Beauty.—"How on earth did you happen to be so ugly," asked a person of a very remarkable looking friend of his. "I ugly?" was the reply. "It isn't I that am ugly. I was born beautiful; but my nurse swapped me when I was a little baby, for the child of a friend of hers, whose mother did'nt fancy him over handsome."

A SMART ANSWER.—A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called to a boy, "Where does this road go to my lad?" "Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along."

"We'll let that pass!" as the pig said to the locomotive.

An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves in their own virtue."—Many of them will consider that rather a small allowance of clothing during this cold weather.

It is not fashionable now to say, "go to the devil and shake yourself." The expression is "appear before the gentlemen in black and agitate your person."

A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him, replied: "He had nothing to say, as *top much* had been said about it already."

We know a man, the tones of whose voice are so silvery, that his words readily pass for quarter dollars.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a school master of a country boy. "Because, sir, he had no knife to cut it," said the boy.

Why is a love letter like a lady when she blushes? D'ye give it up?

Because it is *read* with excitement.

An Irishman, being requested to define *hard* drinking, said, "it was sitting on a *rock* and sipping *cold water*."

"What time is it, Tom?"

"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."

Passing a slaughter-house, the other day, a man exclaimed, "this is an *offal* sight!"

The old phrase of "whipping the devil round the stump," has become obsolete.—Scholastic men now say "flagellating the venerable nicholas round the remnant of a tree."

"I speak to thee in my own name," as Indian Joe said when he fired a rifle in passing through a New York harbor.

Cupid was, of old, the god of love. He has grown wise, of late, in worldly love. He has added *ity* to his name, and is now the god of matrimony.