The Marietta Journal

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor. Terms—One Dollar a Year.

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Marietta Journal

EVERY SATURDAY, AT DOLLAR PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in Crull's Row,—Second Story—entrance, five doors below Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Penn'a.

No paper will be delayed beyond 3 months, nor will be paid until the expiration of the term for which it is to be charged.

No paper will be received for a less period than one year, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

In sending us FIVE new subscribers with the cash, we will add a sixth copy for his trouble.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional Business cards, of six lines or less, $5 per annum. Notices in the reading room, *five cents a-line*. Marriages and deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a-line.

One square, 3 months, $2.00; 6 months, $3.50; one year, $5. Two squares, 3 months, $3; six months, $5; 1 year, $7. Half-a-column, 3 months, $8; 6 months, $12; 1 year, $20. One column, 6 months, $20; 1 year, $30.

We have recently added a large lot of new JOB CARD TYPE, we are prepared to do all kinds of PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING, such as *Large Posters, with Cuts, Handbills of all kinds, Ball Tickets, Circulars, Cards, Programmes, &c., &c.* Everything in the Job Printing line will be done with neatness and dispatch, and at the lowest possible rates.

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This Company is authorized by its charter to insure in the county, or in boroughs, against loss or damage by fire, on the mutual plan, for any length of time, limited or perpetual, either for a cash premium, or a premium note.

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Those who insure for a premium note will be insured for five years, and subject to assessment in case of losses.

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Farm property will be insured for the term of five years, for a deposit of three per cent. of the amount insured, the whole amount of the premium note to be returned at the expiration of the policy, without interest, or the policy will be renewed for ten years, without any expense at the option of the insurer.

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General Machinists, Second street, Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Gearing for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Window Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Building, and castings of every description;

STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS,

OF THE MOST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Gearing, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Tanning; Brass Bearings, Cocks & Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings of all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Pipes, Castings, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Windows, &c.

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Having long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. ☞ *Repairing promptly attended to.*

Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. *Prices to suit the times.*

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Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14-tf

WINES & LIQUORS.

H. D. BENJAMIN,
DEALER IN
WINES & LIQUORS,
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Begs leave to inform the public that he will continue the WINE & LIQUOR business in all its branches. He will constantly keep on hand all kinds of

Brandies, Wines, Gins, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Cordials, Bitters, &c.,

BENJAMIN'S
Justly Celebrated Rose Whisky,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Very superior *OLD RYE WHISKEY* received, which is warranted pure.

All *H. D. B.* now asks of the public is a careful examination of his stock and prices which will, he is confident, result in Hotelkeepers and others finding it to their advantage to make their purchases from him.

SOMETHING FOR THE TIMES!!
A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD!!!
JOHNS & GROSLEY'S
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The Strongest Glue in the World

For Cementing Wood, Leather, Glass Ivory, China, Marble, Porcelain, Coral, Alabaster, Bone, &c., &c., &c.

The only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand Water.

EXTRACTS.

"Every housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Grosley's American Cement Glue." *Home Times.*

"So convenient to have in the house." *New York Express.*

"Always ready; this commends it to us." —*N. Y. Independent.*

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in cement as water."—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

25 Cents per Bottle.
Liberal Reductions to Wholesale Dealers.
CASH.

Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the country.
JOHNS & GROSLEY,
No. 78 WILLIAM STREET,
(Corner of Pine Street,) NEW YORK.

Fancy Goods.

Mr. Anderson's Confectionery Store, in Market-st., a few doors below Penn'a, has for children's gigs, baskets and wheelbarrows, toys of all kinds, Children's Carriages, Hobby Horses, Dolls of every size and variety. Animals of all kinds. Also a full assortment of Holiday gifts. Call at *Market-st.*

Spectacles.

Spectacles, Spectacles, Spectacles, ZAHM'S, Corner of North Queen Street & Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. Gold frames.

To the People of the United States.

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned for the first time offered for sale to the public *Dr. J. Bovee Dods Imperial Wine Bitters*, and in this short period they have given such universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them that it is now an established article. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind.

The subscribers now only ask a trial of

Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters!

From all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

These *Bitters* for the cure of *Weak Stomachs, General Debility*, and for *Purifying* and *Enriching* the *Blood*, are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial. The Wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about one-third stronger the other wines; warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these bitters are tonic and alterative in their character, so they strengthen and invigorate the whole system and give a *fine tone and healthy action* to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for Diseases and Weakness peculair to *Females*, where a tonic is required to *strenghten and brace the system*. No lady, who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them, as they are revivifying in their action.

These Bitters will not only cure, but prevent disease, and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them.

For Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles,

DR. DODS'
CELEBRATED WINE BITTERS
ARE UNSURPASSED!

For Sore Throat, so common among the Clergy, they are truly valuable.

For the aged and infirm, and for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-Keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial.

As a Beverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and delicious to the taste. They produce all the exhilarating effects of Brandy or Wine, without intoxicating; and are a valuable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to refrain from it. They are pure and entirely free from the poisons contained in the adulterated Wines and Liquors with which the country is flooded.

These Bitters not only *cure*, but *prevent* Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where the water is bad, or where Chills and Fevers are prevalent. Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to Children and Infants with impunity.

Physicians, Clergymen, and temperance advocates, as an act of humanity, should assist in spreading these truly valuable *Bitters* over the land, and thereby essentially aid in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.

In all affections of the Head, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be most salutary and efficacious.

FEMALES.

The many certificates which have been tendered us, and the letters which we are daily receiving, are conclusive proof that among the women these Bitters have given a satisfaction which no others have ever done before. No woman in the land should be without them, and those who once use them will not fail to do so a supply.

Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters are prepared by an eminent and skillful physician who has used them successfully in his practice for the last twenty-five years. The proprietors, before purchasing the exclusive right to manufacture and sell Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Celebrated Imperial Wine Bitters, had them examined by two distinguished medical practitioners, who pronounced them a valuable remedy for the disease.

Although the medical men of the country, as a general thing, disapprove of Patent Medicines, yet they do not believe that a respectable Physician can be found in the United States, who is acquainted with their medical properties, who will not highly approve *Dr. J. Bovee Dod's Imperial Wine Bitters*.

In all newly settled places, where there is always a large quantity of decaying timber from which a miasma is created, these bitters should be used every morning before breakfast.

Dr. J. Bovee Dods Imperial Wine Bitters Are composed of Pure and unadulterated Wine, combined with Seal, Comfrey, Wild Cherry, Solomon's Lacquer, Chamomile Flower, Tree Bark, Spikenard, Gentian.—They are manufactured by Dr. Dods himself, who is an experienced physician, and hence should be classed among the quack nostrums with which the country is flooded and against which the public are so justly prejudiced. The profession are unanimous.

These truly valuable Bitters have been so thorougly tested by all classes of people and have given satisfaction for almost every variety of complaint incident to the human system, that they are now deemed indispensable as a Family Medicine and are now used as a Tonic, *Medicine and a Beverage*.

ONE BOTTLE!—IT COST BUT A TRIFLE.
Purify the Blood!—Give Health and Vigor to the Stomach!—Renovate the System and Prolong Life.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE; 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.
PREPARED AND SOLD BY THE PROPRIETORS,
CHARLES WIDDIFIELD & CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 78 William-st., New-York.
☞ For sale by druggists and grocers generally throughout the country.

EMBROIDERIES—Just received the latest and most desirable lot of Embroideries offered for sale here, consisting in part of the following beautiful French Worked Collers, Undersleeves, Spencers, Swiss and Jackonett Edging and Insertion, Flouncing, &c., which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction by
J. R. Diffenback, Market street.

PLATED WARE: A Large and fine stock of Plated ware at H. L. & E. J. ZAHM'S, Corner of North Queen street & Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. Tea Setts, in variety, Coffee Urns, Pitchers, Goblets, Salt Stands, Cake Baskets, Card Baskets, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Casters, &c., &c., at manufacturers prices.
REPLATING attended to at moderate rates.

FLAVOURING EXTRACTS:
Vanilla, Strawberry, Pine Apple, Almond, Rose, Lemon,
Just received and for sale at Grove & Roth's.

GENTS NEW STYLE CAPS, AT CRULL'S.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves,
Slowly passing,
Passing from their life away;
Autumn leaves
Now are fading,
Fading with a slow decay.
They who long our homes have shaded,
And who oft our pleasures aided;
They now are passing from our view,
Leaving the scenes their childhood knew.

Autumn leaves,
Gently falling,
Falling to their mother earth;
Autumn leaves,
Soon they'll quicken,
Quicken with a second birth.
Soon again they'll wave above us,
Soon again their shade will guard us
From the day-god's fiery rays,
As through the azure vault he strays.

Autumn leaves!
Silent warning,
Warning of our life's short day
Autumn leaves
Plainly tell us,
Tell us of our own decay.
E'en like them our forms will perish,
And like them our bodies die;
But a glorious hope we cherish,
That we live again on high.

From the California Mirror.

Old Love and Burglar.

About two weeks since, the lady of a Sacramento street merchant, whose residence is in Stockton street, a little north of Pacific, was suddenly awakened, late in the night, by footsteps in her room, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so bright that she could almost feel the heat. She heard the suppressed breathing of the intruder. She was entirely alone. Her husband had gone to Sacramento, days before, and the only person in the house beside herself was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. The house had been entered by burglars who knew of the absence of the husband, and the person who held the lantern was probably armed and prepared to silence the first attempt at alarm by the stroke of a knife or a "billy." The presence of mind did not forsake her, but doubtless requires resignation and fortitude in a woman to witness, or bear to, without scream or expostulation, the ransacking of her repositories of gold and the appropriation of her jewels and other valuables; but the lady very rationally deemed her life of more consideration than all the laces and diamonds in the world, and without thought of what the rascals would help themselves to, or what leave as worthless, she closed her eyes and awated the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face and she heard the opening of drawers, the rustling of silk, the picking of locks, and occasional a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and soft footstep approached the bed, and the glar of the lantern again fell upon her face.—Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its searching rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. After a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face, and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless—now more through a feeling of terror than the counsel of policy. Nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar touched her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shrieked "Who is in this room?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing, and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, and then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone, she sprang from the bed, and touching a lighted match to the burner, sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed.—Recovering, she closed and fastened the window through which the burglar had fled, and then looked around to ascertain of what she had been plundered. The drawers were in confusion, and every thing with a lock to it had been opened; but, strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewels lay open on the bureau, but the gold were all there, just as she had hung where she had placed them. Beside the casket she found a little roll of paper. She opened it and found that it envelopped a ring; that hard substance to which she had given in her ignorance, that hard substance to be a ring had been given to her before, and had been worn since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she began about casting the scrap of paper from her, when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it and read:—

"This ring was once mine, it tells me in whose house I am. I did not know you were in California. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it and I do not care to deny it—but fallen as I am, I cannot rob *you*, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you! HENRY."

This explained all. She read the scroll, and dropping upon her knees, prayed for him who had written it. And who was "Henry?"—Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, when they both lived in Brooklyn: and he would have made her his wife—for she told him she would be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in Sing Sing. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband from Sacramento, the wife related the adventure and showed him the note; but he is not jealous, nor has he attempted to arrest the burglar.

WILLIAM AND HIS HAVELOCK.—"The member of the Mackeral Brigade, now stationed on Arlington Heights, to watch the movements of the Potomac, which is expected to rise shortly desires me to thank the ladies of America for supplies of havelocks and other delicacies of the season just received. The havelocks, my boy, are rather roomy, and we took them for shirts at first; and the shirts are so narrow-minded that we took them for havelocks. If the women of America could manage to get a little less linen into the collars of the latter, and a little more into the other department of the graceful 'garmint' there would be fewer colds in this division of the Grand Army. The havelocks, as I have said before are roomy—very roomy my boy. William Brown, of company G., put one on last night, when he went on sentry duty, and looked like a broomstick in a pillow case, for all the world. When the officer of the night came round and caught sight of William in his havelock, he was struck dumb with admiration for a moment. Then he ejaculated

"What a splended moonbeam!"

"William made a movement, and the sergent came up.

"What's that white object?" says the officer to the sergeant,

"The young man William Brown," said the sergeant.

"Thunder!" roared the officer; "tell him to go to his tent and take of that night-gown."

"You're mistaken," says the sergeant; "the sentry is William Brown, in his havelock, which was made by the women of America."

The officer was so justly exasperated at his mistake that he went immediately to his headquarters and took the oath three times running, with a little sugar.

The oath is very popular, my boy, and comes in bottles. I take it medicinally myself."

The shirts made by the ladies of America are noble articles, as far down as the collar, but would not do to use as an only garment. Captain Mortimer de Montague. of the skirmish squad, put one on when he went to the President's reception, and the collar stood so up high that he couldn't put his cap on, while the other department didn't reach quite to his waist. His appearance at the White House was picturesque and interesting, and as he entered the drawing-room, General Scott remarked very feelingly—

"Ah! here comes one of the wounded heroes."

"He's not wounded, General remarked an officer standing by."

"Then why is his head bandaged up so?" asked the venerable veteran.

"Oh!" says the officer, "that is only one of the shirts made by the patriotic wimmin of America?"

In about five minutes after the conversation I saw the venerable veteran and the wounded hero at the office taking the oath together.

NO SUPPER EATER.—"Reflect, my brethern," exhorted a chaplain, "that whosoever fall this day in battle, sups tonight in Paradise." The fight began, the ranks wavered, the chaplain took to his heels, when a soldier reproachfully referred him to the promised supper in Paradise, "True, my son, true," said the chaplain, "but I never eat supper."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The following poetical effusion in manuscript recently "turned up" among a mass of old papers in our chip basket. The initial letters of the lines form the words "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ;" and the words in italic, read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, compose the Lord's Prayer. The author, we believe, is a colored man and a resident of this city.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Make known the gospel truths, *our* father, king,
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father*, form above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art*, for *ever*, God of love!"
Assuage our griefs *in* love, *for* Christ we pray.
Since the bright Prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our shame and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing first a man *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known.
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice.
New labors in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
That blessed *kingdom*, for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee, *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *thy* self and all thats *thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity,
Loathing thy very *be*-ing, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to heaven.
Reclining *on* the gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *its* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven:* in *us* no hope can flow.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us in the way,
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,
Self and *this* sin which rise *against* us slay.
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them*, to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we*'ll adore thy name,
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, bled on Calvery.

WANTED A KNOT TIED.—A correspondent "down East," in a "matterful" note to the editor, relates the subjoioned incident. Perhaps he did'nt desire to have it printed; but we run the risk; for it's too good to keep.

He says he was taking a sleigh-ride with a very pretty girl, when he encountered a Methodist minister, a favorite gospel itenerant in all the region round about. He stopped him and asked hurriedly:

"Can you tie a knot for me?

"Yes," said brother B——, "I guess so when do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply.

"Is it lawful, though, here in the highway?" asked "the brother." "I never thought of that?"

"I don't know" was the response, made just as a young briefless lawyer drove up, to whom the case was submitted.

"It depends on the sort of knot which he wished tied," was the decision.

"I want a knot tied in my horse's tail to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the ministers in his profane wrath, should "fall from grace." At a safe distance he "slowed," and heard the lawyer demanding a fee of five dollars from the minister for "professional advice! Rather "sharp practice;" but it was his "first case," and palpably a "knotty one!"

A Coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent.—At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said; "Vell, he was a goot smoker!"

"Say Pete, is swords 'bolished in de army?" "Ob course dey isn't, Snowball; what makes you ax setch a stoopid question, you ignant!" "Oh, nuffin, only I heerd tudder day dat five thousand sojers was a goin' to take the field with Sickles!"

☞ What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mendicant and the other is a mend-icant.

FEEDING HORSES.—The London Omnibus Company have lately made a report on feeding horses, which discloses some interesting information, not only to farmers, but to every owner of a horse. As a great number of horses are now used in the army for cavalry, artillery, and draught purposes, the fact stated are of great value at the present time.

The London Company uses no less 6,000 horses; 3,000 of this number had for their feed bruised oats and cut hay and straw, and the other 3,000 got whole oats and hay. The allowance accorded to the first was:—brused oats, 16 lbs.; cut hay, 7½ lbs.; cut straw, 2½ lbs. The allowance accorded to the second:—unbruised oats, 19 lbs.; uncut hay, 13 lbs. The bruised oats, cut hay and cut straw amounted to 26 lbs.; and the unbruised oats, &c., to 32 lbs. The horse which had bruised oats, with cut hay and straw, consumed 26 pounds per day, could do the same work as well, and was kept in as good condition, as the horse which received 32 lbs. per day. Here was a saving of 16 lbs. per day on feeding of each horse receiving bruised oats, cut hay, and cut straw. The advantage of bruised oats and cut hay is estimated at five cents per day on each horse, amounting to $300 per day for the company's 6,000 horses. It is by no means an unimportant result with which this experiment has supplied us. To the farmer who expends a large sum in the support of horse-power, there are two points this experiment clearly establishes, which, in practice, must be profitable: first, the saving of food to the amount of 6 lbs. per day; and second, no loss of horse-power arising from that saving.

NEW YORK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—New York in 1761, as described by Benjamin J. Lossing in his late work, "The Life and Times of Philip Schuler," was really a village in comparison with its present splendor and proportions.

New York at this time, contained about thirteen theousand inhabitants. There were about twenty-five hundred buildings in the city, many of them brick, covered with tiles, and most of them presenting an aspect of comfort and thrift. Fine country residences surrounded by gardens and pastures embellished the suburbs, and some of the town residences were comparatively palatial. The city was almost a mile in length, and about a half a mile in its greatest breadth. Some of the streets were paved with huge pebbles, as rural cities and villages at the present, but nearly all of them were irregular in their linear relations and course. Its markets were well supplied with fish, flesh, and vegatables of every kind, the latter being raised by Duch farmers on Harlem Plains, near the end of the Island.

A BROAD WOMAN.—The Princess Mary, of Cambridge, whose betrothal to the Duke of Newcastle has been announced, is a very comely personage, but *very* stout—so stout, in fact, that she finds crinoline entirely superfluous, except around the bottom of her skirt; and it is said that it has been necessary of late, to enlarge the door of her carriage. A marriage was proposed between her and Victor Emmanuel, and he was delighted at the prospect of a connection with the royal family of England, through the owner of so charming a face as that of the portrait which was shown to him. But when, on his visit to England, he saw the lady, *il Re glantuono*—himself no slender lad—retired precipitately from the negotiation, "I cannot marry that woman," said he; she's broad enough to sit upon the seven hills of Rome."

TO LET.—There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty; all to let.

There are heads to let; to any new thing, to isms, ologies and its; heads without a tenant.

There are hands to let. Hands plump and fair; hands lean and brown. These to love these to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.

There are consciences to let; elastic, accommodating, caoutchouc; at 5 per cent. a month, sixty per cent. a year.—To let on bond and mortgage, and a pound of flesh.

And so it goes, from sods to souls; almost everything to let with its price; everything in the market but griefs.—*They* are never quoted, never at a premium, never "to let."

☞ A reverend sportsman was once boasting of infallible skill in finding game. "If I were a hare I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

Two acquaintances meeting on a wet day, the one greeted the other with—"Beautiful rain this sir; fetching things out of the ground." Second friend, disconsolatly—"hope not, sir; hope not.—Got two wives there, sir."

The Moon changes every thirty days. If a fact were wanting to determin the sex of this planet, the above is sufficient. Like most ladies, she is never a day older than thirty.

☞ "Those dear eyes of thine!" as the gentleman said when he bought his near-sighted wife a new pair of spectacles.