

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
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Balance of Cash Premiums unexpended, Feb-  
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Cash Premiums received during the  
last year, less agents' commission, \$3,315 54

Interest received on money loaned  
last year, 29 35

\$4,210 07

Losses and Expenses paid the last  
year, \$2,704 21

Balance of Cash Premiums unex-  
pended, Feb. 1st, 1862, \$1,505 86

\$4,210 07

It will be seen from the above that the  
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sufficient to pay all losses and expenses, and  
leave a surplus fund of over Fifteen Hundred  
Dollars, and that the Directors have never  
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Persons wishing to take the Agency can apply  
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T. R. SUPPLEE,  
Columbia, October 30, 1860. 14-1f

WILCOX'S Celebrated Imperial Ex-  
tension Steel Spring Skeleton Skirt, with  
self-adjustable Bustle. The latest and best in  
use, just received at  
DIFFENBACH'S  
and will be sold at considerable below the  
usual prices.

The Battle of Autumn 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charging trumpets blow;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
No earthquake strives below.

And calm and patient nature keeps  
An ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest happy farms,  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What means the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,  
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,  
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot;  
But even paced come round the years,  
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans of pain;  
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
The war field's crimson stain.

Still in the cannon's pause we hear  
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
The fires that blast and burn;  
For all the tears of blood we sow,  
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eyes than ours,  
The good of suffering born,  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
And ripen like her corn.

Oh! give to us, in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes;  
And make her eyes and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies!

Oh! give to us her finer ear!  
Above this stormy din;  
We too would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in.

THE ERA OF GREAT EVENTS.—Real  
Benefits to Humanity.—This is an era of  
grand ideas and magnificent projects;  
but, among them all, there are compara-  
tively few which have for their aim and  
object the best interests of humanity.—

New methods of expediting business are  
continually being introduced, but what  
do they add to the happiness or comfort  
of mankind? Nothing. One mind,  
with all its powers directed to the ame-  
lioration of suffering, has accomplished  
more for the real good of the race than  
all the inventors engaged in the attempt  
to abridge time and space can never  
achieve. We allude to Thomas Hollo-  
way, whose Pills and Ointment may be  
said to be omnipresent throughout the  
world. The Pills are working such won-  
ders in cases of confirmed dyspepsia,  
that physicians everywhere are com-  
pelled to prescribe them, and the time is  
not distant when, for all diseases of the  
stomach and bowels, they will be the  
only preparation which any intelligent  
individual will dare to use. Millions of  
dollars have been expended in making  
Dr. Holloway's medicines known; and  
they are known in every land where  
there is a written language. In this  
country they are especially appreciated,  
for there is scarcely a complaint inci-  
dent to our climate for which they are  
not absolute specifics. Under such cir-  
cumstances, the enormous and ever-in-  
creasing demand for them scarcely seems  
extraordinary, although it has no paral-  
lel in medical history.—N. Y. Courier.

How near akin laughter is to tears  
was shown when Rubens, with a single  
stroke of his brush, turned a laughing  
child in a painting to one crying; and  
our mothers, without being great paint-  
ers, have often brought us, in like man-  
ner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

It is a vain thing for you to stick  
your finger in the water, and pulling it  
out, look for a hole; it is equally vain  
to suppose that, however large a space  
you occupy, the world will miss you  
when you die.

The guerillas kill every man that  
they even suspect of disliking them.—  
They are as reasonable as the fellow who  
bit off his wife's nose for smelling his  
breath when he drank liquor.

The dove, recollect, did not re-  
turn to Noah with the olive branch till  
the second time of her going forth; why,  
then, should you despond at the failure  
of the first attempt?

Kirby Smith, the rebel general,  
has taken possession of the residence of  
Parson Brownlow, at Knoxville, as his  
headquarters.

The South is free from all dang-  
er of bread-riots, for there is no bread to  
riot about.

Gen. Washington and the Negro.

Many old persons in Boston and vi-  
cinity can remember a colored man of the  
name of Primus Hall. He had a  
good deal of natural intelligence, had  
amassed a comfortable property by his  
industry, and was always active in his  
efforts to promote education among the  
colored people of that city.

During the war of the Revolution, he  
was the servant of Col. Pickering, who  
was the intimate and confidential friend  
of General Washington. This circum-  
stance brought Primus Hall into fre-  
quent relations with the Commander-in-  
Chief. He had a great fond of anec-  
dote concerning him, which he was fond  
of relating. One of them conveys a les-  
son which may not be without useful-  
ness at the present time. Gen. Wash-  
ington often held consultations concern-  
ing military matters with Col. Pickering.

His headquarters were at a consid-  
erable distance from his friend's tent,  
and one evening, finding they were like-  
ly to be occupied till a late hour, he  
proposed to remain all night with the  
Colonel, provided there were a spare  
blanket and straw. Primus was appeal-  
ed to, and, being eager to oblige the  
Commander-in-Chief, stretched the truth  
by replying, "Plenty of straw and blan-  
kets; plenty."

Two humble beds were prepared, side  
by side, and when the long conference  
was ended, the two officers lay down to  
rest. Primus pretended to be busy un-  
til they were asleep, and then he seated  
himself on a box, leaning his head on  
his hands, to take as comfortable a nap  
as his inconvenient position would al-  
low. In the night Washington awoke,  
and saw his humble friend nodding on  
the box. He called out, "Primus!"

The servant started to his feet, and rub-  
bing his eyes, exclaimed, "What do you  
wish for, General?"

"You told me you had plenty of straw  
and blankets," replied Washington;  
"but I see you are sitting up all night  
for the sake of giving me your bed."

"Don't trouble yourself about me,  
General," rejoined the negro. "No mat-  
ter about me."

"But it is matter," said Washington.  
"This will never do, Primus. If either  
of us must sit up, I will take my turn.  
But there is no need of that. The blan-  
ket is wide enough for two. Come and  
lie down with me."

Primus, who revered the Com-  
mander-in-Chief as he did no other mor-  
tal, protested against such an arrange-  
ment. But Washington threw open the  
blanket, and said in a very decided tone,  
"Come and lie down, I tell you! There  
is room enough for both, and I insist  
upon it."

This tone was too resolute to admit  
of further parley, and the General and  
his colored friend slept comfortably un-  
der the same blanket till morning.

This anecdote was originally pub-  
lished by the Rev. Henry F. Harrington, in  
Godoy's Lady's Book, June, 1849. In  
1855 it was republished in a book en-  
titled, "The Colored Patriots of the  
American Revolution," an interesting  
volume, compiled and written by Wm.  
C. Nell of Boston, who deserves great  
credit for the intelligence and earnest-  
ness he has manifested in vindicating  
the cause of his oppressed and slandered  
race. Mrs. Stowe wrote a brief preface  
to this volume, in which she says: "The  
services of these Colored Patriots of the  
Revolution were far more magnanimous,  
because they did not fight for their own  
land, but for a land which had enslaved  
them, and whose laws, even in freedom,  
often oppressed them protected. Brav-  
ery under such circumstances has a pec-  
uliar beauty and merit. Their white  
brothers, in reading these sketches, may  
remember that generosity and disinter-  
ested courage are of no particular race  
or complexion, and that the image of  
the Heavenly Father may be reflected  
alike by all."

A traveler, being at a coffee house  
with some gentlemen, was largely draw-  
ing on the credulity of the company.—  
"Where did you say all these wonders  
happened, sir?" asked a gentleman  
present. "I can't exactly say," replied  
the traveler; "but somewhere on the  
continent—Russia, I think." "I should  
rather think It-aly," returned the other.

A collection of "beer songs" has  
been made by Schubert, under the title  
of "Gambrians," containing sixty-seven  
pieces, among them an old "Benedict" of  
1606.

A darkey's instructions for put-  
ting on a coat were, "Fast de right arm  
den de left, and den gib one general con-  
wulshun."

Trifles.

The ringing of the door-bell has a  
pleasant sound to me, especially in my  
idle moods. Like an unopened letter,  
there is a mystery about it, and one  
waits with a pleasurable excitement to  
see who or what is coming.

Returning home, one day, earlier than  
usual, I found my wife had gone out;  
and, while lounging idly over the paper,  
the bell rang.

I waited expectant till Bridget ap-  
peared with a note, containing a request  
from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride  
out to his residence in the country, the  
next day, to transact some business that  
had been long pending, and an invita-  
tion to bring my wife and spend the  
day.

I was pleased: first, because I wanted  
the business completed; and secondly,  
because I thought I needed a day's re-  
creation.

But the next morning everything  
seemed to go wrong. Alice could not  
accompany me, and I could not get off  
as early as I wished; and, consequent-  
ly, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice  
reflected my humor, I suppose—as it  
appeared to me she had never been so  
unamiable.

At length however, I drove away,  
though not in a very pleasant mood. It  
was an October day; and, as I rode  
along, noting the brilliant tints of the  
landscape, memory went back to the  
golden autumn when I wooed and won  
my bride.

"How lovely Alice was then!" I  
thought. And how happy we were!  
But that was long ago. Yet nature is  
the same, though we are changed. Let  
me see: we have been married three  
years; is it possible it is no longer!

And I felt a pang, as I contrasted the  
past and the present; to think that we  
could have settled down into the com-  
monplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble, we didn't  
quarrel; though, when I felt cross, or  
other things didn't go to suit me, I took  
no pains to conceal it, and often spoke  
harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied  
in the same spirit, sometimes with tears.  
Yet we were generally good friends.—  
But the charm, the tenderness of our  
early love had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my ap-  
pearance at home, and Alice was equally  
negligent. Her beautiful brown hair,  
which she used to wear in the most be-  
coming curls was now usually brushed  
plainly behind her ears, unless she was  
going out or expected company. I dis-  
missed the subject with a sigh, at the  
doctor's gate, with the reflection that it  
was the same with all married people—  
must be so, in fact—for how could ro-  
mance and sentiment find place among  
so many prosy realities? I supposed  
we were as happy as anybody; and yet,  
it was not the kind of life I had looked  
forward with so many bright anticipa-  
tions.

The doctor came out and greeted me  
cordially. In the hall we met Mrs.  
Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her  
pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair  
in tasteful braids. She scolded me  
playfully for not bringing my wife, chat-  
ed a few minutes and then fitted away,  
while the doctor, remarking that his  
motto was, "business first, and pleasure  
afterward," led the way to the library.

As we entered the room I noticed a  
vase of bright autumn flowers on the ta-  
ble, imparting an air of taste and cheer-  
fulness to the apartment. I made some  
remark about it, to which the doctor re-  
sponded.

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and  
love to see them in the house; and, as I  
spend much time here, my wife always  
keeps a vase of them on the table as  
long as they last."

Our business was finished before din-  
ner, and we walked out in the grounds,  
which were quite extensive, and taste-  
fully arranged.

There was a variety of flowers in  
bloom, and I noticed that the doctor  
selected here and there the finest, until  
he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs.  
Stearns was standing on the steps. The  
doctor, still continuing our conversa-  
tion, gave her the flowers, with a slight  
bow and smile; and, holding up a spray  
of crimson berries, which he had broken  
off, she bent her head while he fastened  
it among the dark braids of her hair.

It was a trifling incident yet their  
manner arrested my attention. Had I  
been a stranger, I should have pro-  
nounced them lovers instead of sober  
married people. All through the day  
I noticed the same delicate attention  
and deference in their deportment to  
each other.

There was nothing of which the most  
fastidious guest could complain; yet,  
while showing me the most cordial at-  
tention, they did not seem to ignore  
each other's existence, as married peo-  
ple so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before,  
and was very much pleased with his  
tasteful home. I said so, after dinner,  
when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it pleasant;  
and," he added, "I believe I am a con-  
tented man; so far I am not disappoint-  
ed in life."

"How long have you been married,  
doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me  
whence the bright atmosphere that sur-  
rounds your home. Tell me how you  
and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the  
depth and freshness of your early love,  
as you seem to do? I should think the  
wear and tear of life would dim it some-  
what. I never saw a home where my  
ideal of domestic happiness was realized  
before. It is what I once dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and, pointing to a  
thrifty grape-vine climbing over a neat  
lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he  
said,

"That vine needs careful attention,  
and, if pruned and properly cared for,  
it is what you see it; but if neglected,  
how soon it would become a worthless  
thing. So the love which is to all, at  
some period, the most precious thing in  
life, and which needs so much care to  
keep it unimpaired, is generally neglect-  
ed. Ah! my friend it is little acts—  
trifles—that so often estrange loving  
hearts. I have always made it a point  
to treat my wife with the same courtesy  
that characterized my deportment in  
the days of courtship; and, while I am  
careful not to offend her tastes and lit-  
tle prejudices, I am sure that mine will  
be equally respected.

That night as I rode homeward, pon-  
dering the doctor's words and reviewing  
the years of our married life, I was sur-  
prised at my own blindness, and I de-  
termined to recall the early dream, if  
possible.

The next morning, at breakfast, I as-  
tonished Alice by a careful toilet, chat-  
ed over the dinner, and, after tea, in-  
vited her to ride. When she came down  
in my favorite blue organde, with her  
hair in shining curls, I thought she had  
never looked lovelier.

I exerted myself, as of old, to enter-  
tain her, and was surprised to find how  
quickly and pleasantly the evening  
passed.

I resolved to test the doctor's theory  
perfectly, and the result exceeded my  
most sanguine expectations.

For all the little nameless attentions  
so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so  
universally accorded by the lover and  
neglected by the husband, I find myself  
repaid a thousand-fold; and I would  
advise all who are sighing over the non-  
fulfillment of early dreams, to go and do  
likewise, remembering that, that which  
is worth winning, is worth keeping.

Among the patients in the Gen-  
eral Hospital in this city, is a secesh  
soldier. He was very sick when first  
brought here, but is now doing better.  
He is a crabbed customer. Now that  
he is recovering, his surliness begins to  
show itself in a manner that his com-  
rades don't care about putting up with  
—at any rate from a secesh. In the  
same ward with him is a Union soldier—  
an adopted citizen, from the land of  
kraut. Friday morning Union German  
said something to secesh. Secesh  
vouchsafed only in reply, "Go to —."

"Do vat?" Secesh repeated his remark.  
The German was not at all exasperated.  
"Ah!" said he, "mine frien' you ish too  
kind. I cannot go to dat place."

"Why not?" "It ish now full. It ish  
very crowded dere. Sigel he fill it up  
mit dead rebels. Even der tufyal has  
to sleep out o' doors." The laugh  
came in here from the boys who were  
lounging around. Secesh had nothing  
more to say.—Washington Star.

A dispute having arisen at an  
Italian court between a lawyer and a  
doctor, as to which should walk first in  
a public procession, it was referred to  
the court for judgment, who gave it  
in favor of the lawyer, on the ground  
that the rogue should always precede  
the executioner.

"My son, would you suppose the  
Lord's prayer could be engraved in a  
space no larger than the area of a half  
dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half  
dime is as large in everybody's eye as it  
is in yours I think there would be no  
difficulty in putting it in about four  
times."

Tragic Death of Madame Farina.

An exchange gives the following thrill-  
ing particulars of the death of the wife  
of Farina, the celebrated rope-walker,  
who is well remembered by our citizens.

"A terrible and heart-rending catastro-  
phe occurred in Havana on the 6th ult.,  
at the Plaza Torre—Bull Ring. Mr.  
Farina, the celebrated tight-rope walk-  
er and rival of Blondin, advertised,  
among the many wonders, that he would  
perform on the tight rope the carrying  
of his wife across the rope, stretched  
from one side of the ring to the other,  
at a height of about sixty feet, upon his  
back—a feat which he had before per-  
formed in other places. He started  
with the lady upon his back, and had  
nearly finished his journey across, with-  
in about four feet, when the audience  
applauded the daring act, it seemingly  
being completed; and the lady, in ac-  
nowledgment for that applause, loosened  
her hold upon her husband's neck and  
waved her hands, and, on the in-  
stant of doing so, she discovered that  
she had lost her balance, and called to  
her husband to catch her, as she was  
falling.

This he attempted to do, and caught  
her by the skirt of her dress, but the  
frail fabric was not of sufficient strength  
to sustain her with the impetus given to  
her descent by the fall, and the dress  
gave way, leaving a piece in the unfor-  
tunate man's hand as he hung suspended  
from the rope, sustaining himself by the  
joint of his knee, by means of which he  
had saved himself, and she went down  
crashing upon the seats that ascend  
from the curb of the ring to the top of  
the enclosure. She was taken up for  
dead, but she showed, after some little  
time, signs of returning life, and lingered  
from Sunday until Thursday morning,  
when death put an end to her suffering.  
She was taken in hand by the ladies of  
the neighborhood, and everything that  
could be done was done. The wealthiest  
ladies of Havana sat at her bed-  
side and soothed her dying pillow. She  
was embalmed and placed in one of the  
niches of the burying ground. It is  
said that from \$10,000 to \$20,000 will  
be raised by subscription for the child  
she has left behind.

GENERAL THUMB TALKS OF GETTING  
MARRIED.—The Bridgeport Standard,  
24th, has the following. It is interest-  
ing as shadowing forth the marriage of  
the little General:

Charles S. Stratton, the veritable  
General Tom Thumb, is residing here  
in his native town. He has travelled  
nearly the world over, and has amassed  
a fortune for himself, as well as made his  
mother, two sisters and younger brother  
independent. The little General is now  
in his 26th year. His habits are unex-  
ceptionable, and his intellect and gen-  
eral business ability are such that he  
personally attends to his own finances,  
and transacts all the business appertain-  
ing to leasing his houses, loaning his  
money on bond and mortgage, and look-  
ing after his estate in general.

The petite General owns a fine yacht  
bearing his own name, which he sails  
himself, with as much nautical skill as  
any "old salt" who sails out of Bridge-  
port harbor. He also keeps a fine pair  
of Shetland ponies and a splendid fast  
horse for his own driving, as well as a  
highly trained pair of hunting dogs.—  
His rifle and fishing tackle were of course  
made expressly to suit his diminutive  
size, and he is a very successful sports-  
man. He killed several deer while  
travelling West last year.

A few months since, the little Gen-  
eral was made a Free Mason. He has al-  
ready taken three degrees, and expres-  
ses a determination to ascend the mys-  
tic ladder until he reaches the top  
round. Although General Tom Thumb  
has always led a life of excitement, and  
twice, after having retired to private life,  
has felt compelled to exhibit himself  
again to keep off the envid; he remark-  
ed to the writer of this article last week,  
while quietly twirling his elegant little  
moustache, of which he seems quite  
proud, that he hoped one of these days  
to get married, "in which event," he ad-  
ded, with a roguish look, "I guess that  
the cares of a family, added to my or-  
dinary duties, will give me enough to  
occupy attention, and prevent the ne-  
cessity of again seeking the excitement  
of a travelling exhibition!"

A case of unusual interest has  
been on trial before the Supreme Court  
of Maine, sitting at Augusta, in which  
Miss Sarah A. Lee, of Vassalborough,  
sued Mr. Andrew Morse, a wealthy gen-  
tleman of Bath, for damages to the ex-  
tent of \$10,000, for breach of promise of  
marriage. The jury awarded her \$5500.