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SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859. No. 35.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

J. A. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PRACTICES IN TALBOT AND ADJACENT COUNTIES.
Office on *Main Street*,
(Opposite Merrett's Hotel,)
feb 26–3m* *EASTON, MD.*

BUY
THE
WAMSUTTA PRINTS,
They are the Best Calicoes yet offered to the Public for the money.
WHOLESALE AGENTS
DEFOREST, ARMSTRONG & Co.,
NEW YORK.

JOHN A. W. POWELL,
COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS AND GENERAL AGENT, FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.
Office corner of Goldsborough & Aurora Sts.
jan 29–y *EASTON, MD.*

ON THE TRACK AGAIN.

SCHOONER TRIAL

IS now ready to receive wheat, either for Baltimore or Philadelphia and deliver it without delay, leaving Easton every Wednesday and Baltimore every Saturday. Farmers on the Creek will be accommodated by leaving their orders at my office in Easton. Back freight at the lowest rates.
ju 16 R. THARP.

HOUSE-CARPENTERING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and Talbot county that he still carrys on the above business and will put through in short order all work that may be given him. He thinks the numerous jobs he has done in different sections of the county, in a satisfactory manner is an evidence of his determination to please all who may employ him. He only asks to be given a trial. CHAS. E. GATTIN,
feb 19 Easton.

Never off the Track.

THE Wheat of all the farmers round about, from the Chapel to Landing Neck, can now be carried to market, as fast as wind and tide can do it, if they will only bring to Easton Point.

☞ My friends in the neighborhood of Kingstown have a rare opportunity to send off their grain at once, while wheat is on the rise, if they desire to do so, as the schooner Bucephalus will be there about the last of this week.
Easton, July 23 N. E. NICOLS.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber, at the earnest solicitation of his numerous friends and having purchased a supply of

Homeopathic Medicine,

offers his services to the public as a practioner of medicine on the Homeopathic system. He will, however continue the old system of practice in all cases where it may be desired.
SAMUEL HARPER, M. D.,
aug 14-tf Easton, Md.

EDW. H. ANDERSON,
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELLER,
SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH, (ON DOVER ST.)
All Work entrusted to his care will be executed with neatness and dispatch. As he requires the cash for work done he can afford to do it as cheap if not cheaper than it can be done on the Shore. *EASTON, MD.*
[aug 20-1y

LAND AGENCY.
WM. BUCKMAN. WM. M. DOWNING.

THE undersigned having identified themselves with the interests of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by each having purchased a Farm in Talbot County, offer their services as General Commission and Land Agents. From our extensive acquaintance in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, we think our opportunities for selling are superior to others without such acquaintance. Persons putting property in our hands for sale may rest assured that we will use our best personal endeavors to effect sales. Terms moderate.
BUCKMAN & DOWNING.
Easton, May 21-3m

DODGE'S
PATENT LIFTING & FORCE PUMP!
THE MOST ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT PUMP EVER INVENTED!

NOT liable to get out of order, or freeze up in winter; will lift twenty to thirty gallons of water per minute; may be set in the kitchen or any convienient place; will send water into the second or third stories for Bath rooms; and by attaching a piece of *hose*, will make a good fire engine in cases of imminent danger by fire;—water the garden in dry weather; wash windows, pavements, &c.

The subscribers having purchased the right to sell the above pump in Talbot county, are now ready to furnish and put them up at short notice.
Easton, june 4 THARP & McNEAL.

PUMP MAKING.

C. G. JOHNSON having located in Easton, offers his services to the public and the citizens of the county generally, to MAKE or REPAIR the old fashioned

WHITE OAK PUMP;

which are the cheapest and most durable Pump in use.

Having served his time in Baltimore city, and worked a number of years at the business, he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction. He has sunk a number of pumps in Easton, all of which work admirably and bear examination.
Residence on West street and Point Road.
aug 6–3m

Special Notice.

LADIES who may wish to purchase a handsome Summer Dress are hereby notified that the subscriber is now closing out at greatly reduced prices, which cannot fail to attract attention, his large Collection of
Plain and Fancy Bareges, Challies and Challi de Laines, Valencias, Jaconet and Printed Muslins,
among which are some very handsome robes, together with a large stock of Swiss and Cambric, Nainsooks, Plain Cambrics and Summer Dress Goods generally.
He has still on hand a few pieces of Swiss and Cambric, Edgings and Insertings at 6¼ cts per yard, a desired bargain. No pains will be spared to give satisfaction to such as may favor him with a call.
ju 23 JNO. GOLDSBOROUGH.

FLOWER POTS—All sizes, just received
aug 6 J. H. GRACE.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.
BY CHARLES PENNO HOFFMAN.

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The greybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor food regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting."

THE MAIDEN WARRIOR.

No struggle in the history of the world has produced nobler instances of heroism than that of our glorious revolution. The achievements which light up the expanse of that deadly conflict like stars in the firmament, put to shame the melodramatic heroes of Greece; indeed, it is not too much to say, that every mountain pass has been a Thermopylate, and every battle plain a Marathon.

Occasionally these deeds of war have been lightened by that sweetest of all passions, love; and it is a tale of love and patriotism we have now to tell.

Sergent Jasper belonged to that most famous of all heroic bands, Marion's Brigade, where his valor and talents soon won him distinction. Among other daring deeds, his rescuing our flag at the battle of Fort Moultrie deserves to be mentioned. In the hottest fire of the conflict, the flag of the fort was shot away, and fell without the fort. Leaping over the rampart, he seized the flag, and returned amid the cheers of even the British. For this daring deed, Gen. Rutledge presented him with a sword.

Like many other families at that time his was divided on the great question. His older brother took the side of the English, and served in their army. Out of affection to his brother, and wish to examine into the strength and condition of the enemy, he resolved, with another patriot soldier, Sergeant Newton, to pay the British camp a visit. His brother's position in it, enabled him to receive two friends without any suspicion of their being spies, and they were entertained for two or three days with great hospitality.

While they were thus engaged, a small party of Americans were brought in prisoners, and as they had deserted from the British, and enlisted in the American ranks, their doom would have been death. This the brother of Jasper assured him was to be their fate. With them were the wife and child of one of the prisoners. Her distress at her husband's approaching fate touched the human heart of Jasper. Confiding his purpose to his friend Sergeant Newton they bade adieu to Jasper's brother, and took their leave. They had no sooner got out of sight of the camp than they made a *detour*, stretched across the country so as to elude all suspicion, should they meet with any British soldiers.

It was the custom of the English then to send all the prisoners taken in that quarter to Savannah for trial. At a little spring, about two miles from Savannah, Jasper and Newton secreted themselves awaiting the arrival of the British escort with their prisoners. It had occurred to Jasper that they must pass this spot, it was probable they might rest here for a short time to refresh themselves, and the woody nature of the spot would favor a rescue.

After some hours' anxious suspense, they saw the escort; with their prisoners, approach. The guard was ten in number and armed. The corporal with four men, conducted their captives to the water, and told them to rest themselves, at the same time giving them some provisions. The Sergeant then told the men to ground arms and seat themselves. The prisoners in their hopeless despair. Near to the wretched man sat his wife and child. Two of the men alone kept their arms as sentries. As the rest of the men were filling their canteens with water Jasper and Newton came stealthily, seized two of the muskets that were stacked, shot the two sentries, and rushing upon the others stunned them with the buts of their weapons. Deprived of their arms, the other abandoned the conflict and fled.

Releasing the prisoners, they escaped across the river to the Americans.

But the most romantic incident in this brave man's life was his love for Miss Sally St. Clair, or, as she is termed in our annals, the Maiden Warrior. This was a beautiful creole girl, who returned his passion with a purity and intensity seldom known on earth. When he was called upon to join the defenders of his country her grief was unbounded. Their hour of parting came and after the tenderest of adieus the gallant soldier sprang upon his horse, and joined his regiment. Scarcely had the sound of his horses' feet died upon the air, than her romantic brain suggested the plan of joining her lover by enlisting in the same brigade. She resolved to put her project in immediate operation.

Securing a suit of male attire about her own size she severed her long and jetty, ringlets, dressed her hair like a man's and purchasing a horse, she set off three days after, alone to offer her services to the noble Marion. Her offer was accepted, and a lithe, active stripling was added to the corps to which her lover belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, their massive faces, embrowned and disfigured by sun and rain was indeed striking. But none were so eager for the battle, or indifferent to fatigue as the fair faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage amply supplied his lack of *physique*.—None ever suspected him to be a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side penetrated her disguise.

The romance of her situation increased the ferver of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that, unknown to him she was by his side, watching over him in the hour of danger. She fed her passion by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber, hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket and being always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentment over the poor girl's mind. She has been tortured with hopes deferred; the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never knew to what length the violence of her passion had led her.

It was an eve before the battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watch fires were burning low, and only the profound silence of the night as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest.—Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, thro' which stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch. It was the smooth faced boy. She bent low down, as if to listen to his dream, or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears trace themselves down the fair one's cheek, and fall silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told her that the parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last long look, and then the unhappy maid is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow raged on the spot. Foremost in the battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke, gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper, but swifter than the lance is Sallie St. Clair. There is a wild cry at the feet of Jasper, sinks the maiden, with the life blood flushing from the white bosom which had been thrown as a shield before his breast. He heeds not now the din nor the danger of the conflict but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then for the first time does he learn that the stripling is his love, that the dim visions in his slumber of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies.

Her name, her sex, and her noble devotion, soon became known through the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave; there was not one of those hardy warriors who did not bedew her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, "in a green shady nook that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."—*Romance of the Revolution.*

"HAV'NT GOT ANY OF YOUR SIZE."—Any one who has lived in Cincinnati (writes Brads) for ten or fifteen years, will remember E., the tailor, one of the oldest and best of his craft, as well as one of the jolliest, always as ready to take a joke as to give one. It used to be considered the "fair thing" among a "select party" to send persons to his store for articles entirely at variance with what usually constitutes the stock in trade of members of his profession. It so happened one day, as one of the "party" above mentioned was decending the steps of the Burnett House, he encountered a specimen of Kentucky, who enquired of him where he could purchase a jewsharp. Of course he was directed to E.'s store, as the establishment where they kept the largest assortment at the most reasonable prices. Our friend proceeded at once to the place indicated, and found E., (who by the way, was troubled with an impediment of speech,) waiting on a customer, and, after stating his wants, was politely requested to "w-wait a few mo-mo-ments." After dispatching his business with the aforesaid customer, he gravely approached Kentucky with a pair of *glove-stretchers*, and observed in a very mild tone "W-we shall h-have to t-t-take your mum mum-measure;" whereupon he inserted the stretchers into his mouth, spreading open his countenance to the full extent of the "stretch," and with a face indicating the utmost seriousness, remarked to the astonished Kentuckian, "Y-young man, *w-we haven't ger-ger-got any of y-your s-s-size.*"—*Boston Gazette,*

THE OLDEST SHIP.—The bark Maria arrived at this port last evening from a three years' cruise in the Indian Ocean. She was built at the town of Pembroke, now called Hanson, for a privateer during the Revolutionary war. She was bought by Wm. Rotch, a merchant of Nantucket, afterwards of this city, in the year 1783, and in the same year she made a voyage to London with a cargo of oil. Her register is dated A D. 1782, and she is consequently in her 77th year. She claims to be the first ship that displayed the United States flag in a British port after the revolutionary war, which flag is now in existence, though in shreds. Her model is of old French construction, tumbling hole, or rounding very much in her top sides, and she is consequently very narrow on deck in proportion to her size, 202 tons. It is said that there is standing to her credit over $300,000; and from the earliest history of this ship she has never been any expense by loss to underwriters except once, and that to a very small amount.—*New Bedford Standard, 11th.*

Union of the Opposition in 1860.

The democratic press and politicans are greatly alarmed at the bare probability, to say nothing of the certainty, of a union of the Opposition elements in the Presidential campaign in 1860. That they have good reason to be, we readily grant—for a union of the conservative Opposition in support of the common candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency would be fatal to the hopes of Democratic success, and would result in the overthrow and dissolution of the Democratic organization, beyond a doubt.

That there will be such a union of the Conservative Opposition elements in 1860, all the signs now clearly indicate. Indeed there is but a single obstacle to the effectuation of our patriotic hopes and wishes and objects, in regard to this matter; and that is the tenacity with which the peculiar friends of Mr. Seward may adhere to him as their candidate for the Presidency. Both Mr. Seward and his peculiar supporters are well aware that there is no chance of his being sustained even by the bulk of the Republican party proper. The bulk of this party hold conservative notions on the slavery question, and require and demand the nomination of a more conservative and less obnoxious man than Mr Seward. The peculiar friends of Mr. Seward—those who have heretofore stood firmly by him, and who will insist upon his nomination to the "bitter end"—constitute but a small fraction of the Republican party, and will be utterly unable to exert a controlling influence in the selection of the candidates, or in the shaping of the policy of the general opposition. In other words we consider Mr. Seward as not in the list of those among the Opposition whose name will be before the Opposition National Convention.

The conservative Opposition will nominate a conservative ticket, which will inspire equal respect and confidence on the part of the people of the North and the South, the East and the West. And if Mr. Seward and his peculiar friends should conclude to give it their support, we shall certainly interpose no objection; on the other hand, with such a ticket, we shall hail with joy and gladly receive the support of men of all parties and all sections.—Provided we have as our candidates men of the right stripe and calibre—men who will sacredly adhere to the Constitution and faithfully endeavor to guard and preserve the Union—we shall object to the vote of no man of any party or of either section, who may have a right to vote, under the Constitution and laws of the country.

Throwing Mr. Seward out of the question therefore, there is no obstacle whatever to a thorough and cordial union of the Opposition elements in the next Presidential election. How this union may be formally recognized and proclaimed is the only material question now remaining for solution. We have heretofore suggested the plan which we conceive best calculated to effect the object contemplated. We suggest the call, at a comparatively early day, of a general Opposition Convention, and the nomination of candidates of the Presidency and Vice Presidency, in anticipation of the action of the Republican Convention. Should the conservative Opposition thus assemble in national convention, and present to the people of the Union an able, conservative, national ticket, we have full confidence that the Republican party proper would conclude not to complicate the Presidential issue by the nomination of a third candidate, but would acquiesce in the nominations made by the Conservative Opposition, and do all in their power to render those nominations successful at the polls. Thus a practical union of all the Opposition elements would be effected, and it would prove a union strong and formidable enough to overthrow the bogus national Democracy, and achieve for the Constitution and the Union a substantial and a permanent victory.

We are clearly of the opinion that the slavery issue will exercise no serious influence upon the next Presidential contest. It is now an impractical issue—a dead issue—and no party can make anything out of it, and no party, therefore, will seek to agitate it. And the slavery question being thus extinct, there is not the slightest occasion for longer alienation between the various opposition elements. The Opposition, upon all political questions of practical importance, are a unit; and they should therefore, stand as a unit in support of the same candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. We see no difficulty in the Opposition coming together upon common ground, and sustaining a common policy—for, as we have said, with the slavery issue out of the way, they coincide in their views on other subjects, and should act together as men and patriots, anxious to conserve the institutions and promote the best interest of the country.

In conclusion, we trust the conservative Opposition, North and South, will calmly reflect upon their position and their responsibilities, and do all in their power to smooth the way for such a union of the conservative Opposition elements, in 1860, as shall result in wresting the Government from the hands of sharpers and plunderers, and placing it in the hands of pure, wise and patriotic statesmen. The Opposition have everything to encourage them in the great combat next year. Let them preserve their organization, and keep a vigilant watch upon their adversaries, and we have no doubt that a glorious victory will crown their efforts.—*Richmond Whig.*

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A TURTLE.—We find in the Middleboro Gazette the following statement:

"We chronicled last week the death of a boy in Plympton, in consequence of the bite of a turtle. We have since learned some of the circumstances of the case. It seems that the lad brought from a pool of water near by a number of these turtles to play with, and while engaged in this sport one of them bit his finger. Not long after he began to be sick, and we believe became feverish. The physician inquired if the finger was sore, and he always insisted that the pain was in his leg. The finger was at length lanced and matter discharged.—Black spots appeared on his other hand and there were indications of some virus rankling in his system.

He finally went into paroxyims and began to snap and bite at his bed clothes and every thing coming in his way, after the manner of a turtle. The physician, fearing the results, charged those who had the care of him to avoid by all means a bite from him. In this way the poor fellow died apparently from turtlephobia.

Subsequently to this event, in the pond at the Parker Works, a flock of ducks were swimming about in search of food, and one of them putting his head under water was noticed in a sad struggling plight, apparently confined in a very uncomfortable condition. Some one on going to extricate it drew out a large turtle also. The voracious creature had grabbed the duck's head broken its neck and held on like a vice, so that both came from the pond together, the turtle alive, the duck dead."

Toads and Bees.

Toads are very useful animals to the farmer and gardener, and it is a pity that they are not equally so to the bee-keeper. The insectivorous propensities that incline them to swallow beetles, moths, and caterpillars, unfortunately lead them to eat bees; and not the big fat drones alone—those fussy old fellows, that, like some biped animals of a higher order make a great din and do little—but the industrious little workers, that come home laden with honey or pollen are taken in, and no questions asked. His toadship sits quite still, and whenever a poor little bee comes within reach of his long, flexible tongue, there is a quick snap, and presto, the bee is gone.

Not content with catching bees on clover heads, and among the flowers and grass, toady becomes impatient, he marches up to the bee hive, and woe betide the poor, wearied bee that drops short of the alighting board when he is by. We once had two hives placed close to the ground, and with alighting-boards that were easily accessible to the toad, if he chose to jump a little. One morning there were two middle size ones seated on one of the alighting-boards, like centries, on each side of the entrance, and they exacted toll from every bee that attempt to enter, and the toll was like that levied by the robber barons of the Rhine; it was all they had, and themselves too.

The other hive had a great fat overgrown old fellow, playing the part of King Crane. The way he took down a bee showed that he was an adept at the business. There he sat, squatted on the board, with head close to the entrance, and his big goggle eyes sparkling. Miss Bee alights. Some minutes were devoted to the study of this trait in the toad's character, and then they found themselves taking an involuntary flight over a fence. The hives were raised after that, and toads less encouraged to stay in that vicinity.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Facts in Physiology.

A man is taller in the morning than at night, to the extent of a quarter of an inch owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but in the horse only a four-hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average of sickness of human life.

About the age of 36, the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates six hundred distinct species of disease in the eye.

The pulse of children is 180 in a minute; at purberty it is 80; and at 60, only 60.

Dr. Lettom ascribed health and wealth to water, happiness to small beer, and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred and even four hundred years.—A healthy, full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Bats in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Sheep in wild pastures, practice self-defence by an array in which rams stand foremost, in concert with ewes and lambs, in the centre of a hollow square.

Three Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge loaded with 300 pounds, fifteen miles per day

One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,160, taking the increase at fourteen times per annum. A pair of sheep in the same time, would be but 64.

A single female horsefly produces in one season 20,880,320 eggs.

The flea, grasshopper and locus jump 200 times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

HOW THEY PREDICT THE WEATHER AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—Prof. Henry, at the Scientific Association, gave an account of the method pursued each day to the Smithsonian Institute to record and predict the weather. They have a map of the United States hung upon a board, with pins stuck through at the points where the observers of the Institute are stationed.—Each morning an assistant hangs a cord on the pins to indicate the state of the weather—black if raining, green if snowing, brown if cloudy, and white if fair. All storms travel East, and thus they are enabled to predict with great certainty the conditionof the weather twelve hours in advance

Hill, convicted of the murder of Lyons, on the steamship Matagorda, and confined in the jail at Galveston, committed suicide by hanging. He and two other prisoners had been all night endeavoring to break out of jail, and had nearly succeeded. He had sawed off his irons with a common table knife, which had been converted into a saw for the purpose, effected his escape from the cell, and released two other prisoners from their irons and cells, and all three had nearly affected an opening through the outer wall when daylight appeared, when, despairing of his escape, Hill returned to his cell and hung himself.

The Man who Kissed the three Girls.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where there were three coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies.

He replied that they were shy and reserved, so much so, that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes. "Yet I will stake a million that I will kiss all three without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried the friend, "it is an achievement which neither you nor any man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph.

They entered the room together, and the three girls were at home, sitting beside their mother; and they all looked as prim and demure as a mustard-pot.

Our hero assumed a grave aspect, even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as algebra, and as long as female dialogue at the street door. His singular deportment attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow-opened eyes up to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion, and said:

"It wants three minutes of the time."

"Mr. C——, pray what do you speak of?"

"Nothing," replied he, in a fuguburious tone, "but that last night a spirit appeared to me!"

Here the girls rose to their feet and drew near.

"And the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at twelve o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but a minute of the time!"

The girls turned pale, and hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed. They stood chained to the spot, looking alternately at the clock and at the unfortunate youth.

He then walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hands, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she could not reaist. He then bade the second and the third farewell in the same affectionate manner.

His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon he looked round surprised, and ejaculated, "Who would have thought that an apartition would tell such a lie?"

It was some time before the sober maidens understood the joke, and when they did they evinced no resentment.

A breathless excited individual, says a late number of the San Francisco "Morning Call," rushed into the police office yesterday and inquired for the chief.

"What do you want of him?" inquired an impassive officer.

"I vants," said he, with a Teutonic accent, I vants ein baper to kill a tam dog vot bites me in te leg."

"Ah, you wish an order of execution issued against a vicious canine," said the officer.

"No I tussant vant no such ting. I vants a baper to tell me to kill te tam bup. He bites my leg so bad I have got de hydrophope, and will kill him or I goes mad too."

"Ah, now I see," said the impassive temperament, "you require authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal."

"Der tuyvel, no—dat ish not what I vants. I vants de jeaf to give me license to kill de tog. I vants him to make me baper so ven I kills te tog he nicht go inter de bolice court and swear against me."

"The dog?"

"Nein—not te tog—te man vot owns te tog. You see if I kill him—"

"What, the man?"

"Nein—te tog. Und te man sues me for te brice of te dog, den I vants te law on mein side d'ye see?"

"Oh yes," said the officer, who was quietly chuckling over the caution evinced by the German, and intent on exhausting his patience, 'then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so the animal may not attack you."

"Thousand tuyvels, you gets everyting by the tail," cried lager beer, who began te think the officer was quizzing him. I tink you vants to make chokes of me. Tunder and blitzen! I vants shaustice, not chokes. I vants to cut te tam tog's head off, and if shaustice will not give me a baper, I cuts his head off anyhow."

And the lover of sourcrout started to leave the hall; but meeting the "jeaf-ot-bolice" at the door, he conversed with him in the German dialect, made known to him his wants, and received an order to execute the vicious animal.

As he was going out, he met the impassive officer.

"All right?" he inquired.

"Yah, all right. I go straight off to te owner of te dog and kills him."

"What, the owner?"

"No te tog. You make tam fool of yourself py saying tog when I means man, and when I means man you say tog. Now you gone to the tuyvel! and the German incontinently hurried away to meet out vengeance to the animal who had crossed him in his "glorious path."

Seeing the Devil.

A boy who had been brought up in a log house in Illinois, which of course was not much encumbered with useless furniture, was sent one day on an errand to a neighbor's house, where several articles of fashionable contrivance had arrived from the "Eastward," and among other things, a looking-glass, which was suspended opposite the door. The boy had never seen his own face; and when on entering the house, the first object that presented itself to his view was a dirty looking phiz, surrounded by long, shaggy, yellow hair, &c., he was so affrighted that without further ceremony he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, exclaiming, "Daddy, daddy, I've seen the devil!"

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