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TERMIS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

"The forget me not;"

OR, THE DESERTER.

In 1800, there was in the 12th Regiment of the line, then in Garrison, at Strasburg, a Sergeant by the name of Peter Petois, who was from the half barbarous. half civilized, portion of Burgundy, known under the name of Morvan, and whom his comrades always called Peter Fearnaught. He was a brave man in every sense of the ly refused. word, as his companions said, brave among the brave. Always the first and the last where the fire was the hottest, he passed for loving only two things, the smell of gun powder, and the hissing of bullets. Those who had seen him on the field of battle, the eye glaring, the nostrils expand. ed, rushing into the thickest melce, were accustomed to say that the field of carnage was the ball room of Peter Fearnaught.

One day Peter took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, asking a ill; he added that his paralytic father, who was then seventy-eight years of age, was incapable of taking care of his poor wife He promised to return as soon as the health of his mother should be re-established.

The Colonel returned for an answer to P. Petois, that from one moment to anoth. er the regiment might expect to enter the campaign, and consequently he might expect neither furlough nor permission. Peter said nothing more about it.

A fortnight passed over; and a second letter reached the Colonel. Peter announced to the Colonel that his mother was dead, having had the grief of not seeing her son before her death; she had wished as a tenthe motive for asking it; it was a family secret; but he earnestly supplicated the Colonel not to refuse him this favor.

Peter's second letter had no more success than the first. The Captain of the poor soldier merely said to him : "Peter. the Colonel has received your letter, he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot give the permission you solicit, for to-morrow the regiment quits Strasburg."

Ah! the regiment quits Strasburg, and where are we going, if you please?'
'Into Austria. We are going to visit

Vienna, my brave fellow. We are going to fight the Austrians-this is good news is it not? Won't you enjoy yourself my brave boy?

Peter said nothing; he seemed plunged in profound thought. The Captain took his hand, and shook it vigorously. 'Well! speak-are you deaf to-day? I announced that before eight days we shall fight the Austrians-you don't thank me for the good news, you do not seem even to hear

'Excuse me, Captain, I have perfectly understood you, and I thank you for your news-it is excellent.'

'There, that is something like,' Well, then, Captain, you think this permission cannot be obtained.'

'Are you mad? . A leave of absence on the eve of beginning the campaign.' 'I forgot that we are just entering upon

the campaign; and at such times they are never granted.

No one thinks of asking. 'You are right, Captain-it would have the appearance of wanting to sneak away -so that I will give it up, and do without

That's right, Peter.'

The next day the Twelfth entered Ger-The next day Peter Fearnaught desert

Three months after, while the Twelfth, after having gathered in the fields of Wagram an ample harvest of glory, made a triumphant entry into Strasburg, Peter Petois was ignominiously brought back to his regiment by a guard of soldiers.

A court martial was held. Peter Petois is accused of deserting at the very time when the regiment expected to confront the

The court martial presented a singular spectacle. On one side, the accuser said : Peter Petois, you, one of the bravest soldiers of the army, on whose breast shines curred a punishment nor a reproach from your officers; you could not leave your This motive the court demands to know, and courageous woman, changed all my for it would be happy to be able, if not to acquit you, which it neither ought nor can, at least to recommend you to the goodness it. of the Emperor."

On the other, the accused answered:
'I have descrited without reason, without motive, I do not repent. If it were to do but the duties of a son are not the only du-

ed death-condemn me.' Then witnesses came forward who said - Peter Petois has deserted, we know, but still it is incredible.1

Others: 'Peter Petios is insane; the court cannot condemn an insane man. It is not to death but to the hospital he should

This idea was very near being acted upon, for there was not one of the judges who did not consider the desertion of Peter Fearnaught asone of those singular events scarely possible; which no one comprehends, but which all are forced to admit.—
However the prisoner showed himself so out reflection; I have done so. Those who logical in nersevering in claiming a consaw me thus rush into the hottest of the made on cowpened land and in the following manuer. The pens were made as carbinate manuary with a much something over who can assist you with something over who can assist you constantly repeating that he did not regret it; the firmness of which he gave proof seemed so like bravado, that the court could not take refuge in clemency. Sentence of

death was pronounced. When Peter's sentence was read to him, he showed no signs of emotion. They pressed him to sue for pardon; he positive-

As all were certain that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, t was decided that the execution of Peter should be deferred. The convict was taken back to his military prison, where it was announced to him, that by special favor, he had three days allowed him to present his petition; he bowed in silence.

In the middle of the night, which preceded the day fixed for the execution, the door of Peter's cell slowly opened on its hinges, an under lieutenant of the Young Guard approached the camp-bed on which furlough for the purpose of tending the sick the condemned man was in a peaceful bed of his mother, who was dangerously slumber, and after having contemplated him for some time in silence he awoke him. Peter opened wide his eyes, looking around him, 'Ah!' said he, ' the hour has come.' 'No, Peter,' replied the officer, ' not yet

outere a little while.' ' And what do you want with me?'

' Peter, you do not know me, but I know you. I saw you on the bloody battle field of Austerlitz, where you behaved like a brave man. Since that day, Peter, I conceived for you a lively and sincere esteem. On my arrival vesterday at Strasburg, I learnt your crime and your condemnation. As the keeper of the prison is one of my relations, I have obtained permission to come and say to you Peter, that one doomder mother to give him her last blessing. ed to die often regrets not having a friend He said he was not able to make known near to him to whom he might open his heart, and confidesome holy duty, that he would wish to have fulfilled. Peter, allow me, and I wil be that friend."

'Thanks, comade, replied Peter, dri-

' Have you nothing to say to me?' ' Nothing.'

' What! not a last word for a lover, for sister?

'A lover? a sister? I never had one.'

For thy father, then?

' I have a father no more. Two months ago he died in my arms.'

' For thy mother ?' 'For my mother,' said Peter, whose voice suddenly underwent a profound alteration-for my mother ?-Ah! comrade pronounce not that name, for look ye, I have never named it in my heart without feeling myself moved like a child. Even

' Well, Peter.' 'I should weep-it is not manly to weep. Weep !'-continued he with fervor, 'weep -when I have but a few moments to live. Ah! that would not show a stout heart!

now. if I were to speak of her-

'You are too severe comrade. Thank God, I have, I believe, as stout heart as most people, and yet I weep without shame in speaking of my mother.

'It is true,' said Peter, hastily seizing the hand of the Lieutenant, 'you are a man, are you a soldier, and yet do you not blush to weep?

'In thinking of my mother ? No, certainly not.' 'She is so good, she loves me so much,

and I love her so.'

'She loves you! you love her? Oh? then I will tell you all. My heart is full: it flows over; and however strange may appear-to you the sentiments which animate me, you will not laugh at them I am sure. Listen, then, for what you said a little while ago is very true. It is a happy thing when one is going to die, to have a heart into which-You are willing to hear me?'

'I listen, Peter. The man that is going to die can only excite sympathy and commiseration.'

'You must know, then, that since I came into the world, there is but one person that I have loved—that is my mother! But her I loved, as one loves nothing else, with all my life, and with all my soul. When a child, I read in her eyes, as she read in mine; I guessed her thoughts-she already knew mine; she was all to me-I was all to her. I never had either lover or the star of honor; you, who have never infriend. When I was called under the cowas seized with a fit of despair and declar. French. ed that though they employed violence they regiment, leave it almost on the eye of bat- should not separate me alive from my motle, without having a powerful motive. ther. With a word, she, who was a hely resolutions:

' Peter,' said she, ' you must go; I wish

again, I should not hesitate. I have merit- ties a man has to fulfil. Every citizen belongs to his country. She calls you, obey!

You are going to be a soldier; from this moment your life belongs to you no longer; you owe it to your country. If her in- further experiments" in addition to those terest demand, give freely. If it please which I mentioned in your second volume, God that you should die before me, I shall relative to the surface application of ma-

goes a man who loves his mother!'

you, you will comprehend me.'

'The pensants of Morven are of a sim- rare thing to see cow-pens ploughed up as ple and credulous nature; we have neither soon as the fence is removed. the instructions nor the science that they

of never being forgotten by them. A be. he or I could say on this or any subject .-

I waited. Six weeks were gone; then I opposed to his own. saw a little flower of an azure blue opening I remain, dear sir, yours, very sincerely, its leaves to the first rays of the rising sun. It was one of those flowers which the learned name a myosotis but which our rural and simple peasants call, ' Forget me not.' OF THE REV. STEPHEN B. BALCH, A REVOLU-In gathering it, I shed tears of happiness, for it seemed to me this little flower was the er she had returned again to join me.

that you will comply with my wishes? ' I do.'

my heart! How I am bound to you for come the inmate of every household. your goodness to me! If God in his wiswould consecrate it to your service.'

The two friends separated.

had just been read, when low murmurs seen. It issued from a large-mansion, bewere heard, and then loud and long cries loning to General Isaac Williams, who afburst from the ranks, ' the Emperor! it is terwards fell at King's Mountain. When the Emperor!

He appeared, descended from his horse, direct to the prisoner.

struck with indescribable stupor in recogni. house. At dawn of day, the General havsing in the emperor Napoleon, the under ing returned from a reconnoitering excurieutenant of the evening before.

'Peter,' continued the Emperor, 'regives you a second life, consecrate it not to ed his arrival. He was about thirty years me but to France! She is also a good and old-six feet high, and admirably formed the other.

field of Waterloo. Mortally wounded, he miliarly on the bed side,) " I am the leadstill found strength enough to cry with a er of the Whigs in this vicinity, and our

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN has been elected by the Legislature of Kentucky to supply the vacancy in the Senate of the United States

IT John Braco, Esq. of Mobile, Ala., but recently of this State, has been appointed by Gov. Fitspatrick, Judge of the 10th Judicial Circuit. [From the Farmers Register.] Surface Manuring. NOVEMBER 20th, 1841.

In your Weekly Register, dated the 12th is on our side. of this morth, I find that one of your South Carolina correspondents, has requested me to inform him, "whether I have made any not give away to my grief, but will say, 'He hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! Depart, then, I have mide some similar experiments and if you love me do your duty.'

It gratifies me to reply that the church. A large concourse of people was assembled. Williams urged the missingle and have witnessed several was assembled. Williams urged the missingle and have witnessed several was assembled. Williams urged the missingle and have witnessed several was assembled. Williams urged the missingle and have witnessed several was assembled. Oh! I have ever remembered her made by others-all of which without a words. 'Do your duty!' said she: the single exception, contribute to confirm the mind, and the force of his eloquenc, on the you do it. duty of a soldier is to go straight forward opinion there expressed—that surface ma-

cattle, during the whole season they were 'One day I received a letter; I learned kept of the same size and the same number brigade in the day of battle. The divine pated by somebody who wants to borrow from it that she was sick, my poor dear of cattle pened in them. They were mo- now dwelt on the horrors of war, and the from you-don't you do it. mother. I asked for a furlough; it was ved at regular intervals of time when they not granted. I recollect her last words: were alternately ploughed up and left un- flock with telling them that the ruce was if you love me, do your duty.' I was re-signed. Shortly after I heard she was were planted in corn—to be followed by the strong.

| Doughed in the following spring they not always to the swift, nor the battle to long as it's you,"—don't you do it. wheat in the fall; and in all these cases 'I was no longer master of myself. At both the corn and the wheat on the unall risks, in spite of all opposition, I deter- ploughed pens were so much better than mined to see my native place. From what grew where the pens had been ploughwhence came this overpowering desire to see | ed up that the lines of each pen might be again the spot where my mother died? I traced as plainly as if the fences had still am going to tell; and since you have a mo- been standing. These are indisputable ther, since you love her, and she loves facts, and are now so generally known in

Still I am aware that "the derisive stare have in cities, but we have our beliefs; the of incredubility," which seems to have as people of the city call them our supersti- much annoyed your South Carolina corresions. What signifies the name? Super- pondent, will be equally excited against mystitions or beliefs, and cunning would he self in some parts of our country for north be, who could tear them from our hearts. | of him. But if he will take my advice he Well the one to which we are the most will e'en let them deride or stare as may attached is that which attributes to the pri- best suit their fancy, for such persons gemal flower which blooms upon a grave, a nerally belong to a class of men far too virtue, so that he who gathers it is certain. happy in their own conceits to receive the y never to forget the dead, and is assured smallest benefit from any thing that either lief precious and frightful! with it death For his own satisfaction, however, I will has nothing frightful; for apart from oblivi- respectfully suggest that, if he will examine on, death is nothing more than a tranquil the matter further, he will find that the mosleep, than repose after a long fatigue.

'This flower, I longed to see bloom. I face of land can be explained on philosodeparted! After ten days of a long and phical principles in a manner quite as satispainful march, I reached the maternal factory as any other fact in relation to magrave. The earth appeared to have been nures, notwithstanding the prevalent opinion ust moved; no flowers had yet bloomed, amongst his acquaintances may be directly

JAS. M. GRANETT.

A Sketch

TIONARY SOLDIER AND CLERGYMAN. In 1778, he set out for Georgia, where shade of my mother, that she had left my he commenced the study of divinity; and presence, and under the form of that flow. in the fall of 1779, was commissioned by the Presbytery to travel as a missionary 'Nothing retained me in the country, through the Carolinas as far north as for my father followed my mother to the Georgetown, now the District of Columbia. grave; besides I possessed my precious In this enterprise he encountered many arflower; what more did I need? The recol. duous trials. The disastrous route of our lection of the maternal advice returned : Southern army under the unfortunate Do your duty"! I sought the guard and Gates, had just occurred—the veitorious lesaid to them, I have deserted, arrest me.' gions of Cornwallis now overwhelmed all Now I am going to die, and if, as you opposition. Tarleton, like Attilla, suffered have assured me, I have in you a friend, I not the grass to grow under the hoofs of his shall die without regret, for you will render cavalry, but was carrying death into every me the service I expect of you. This flow- family, and dismay into every heart-three er, which at the peril of my life I gathered States had returned to their allegiance, unupon a grave, is here in this bog suspended | der the proclamation of the British Chiefon my heart. Promise me, to watch and our shattered troops flying for safety-ull is the bond which unites me to my mother, all, a civil war raging with unmitigated and if I thought it would be broken I should fury-fathers, sons, neighbors, against die without courage. Do you promise me each other-the flames of their dwellings, in the darkness of midnight, illuminating all the surrounding country-famine doing 'Give me your hand; let me press it to her dreadful work-and desolation had be-

In his journey through Carolina, he travdom should give me life a second time, I elled one exceedingly sultry day, without any refreshment for himself or horse. Night came on-alone, hungry, fatigued, The next day arrived, at the place desig. ignorant of the road-he urged on his jaded nated for the execution, the fatal sentence animal, until at length a distant light is he rapped at the front door, a female enquired if he were Whig or Tory! He rethen with his short and rapid step, walked plied that he was a preacher of the Gospel, lost in a strange country, and implored pro-'Peter,' said he, Peter looked up; he tection for the night. He was immediseemed as if he wished to speak, but was ately welcomed to all the comforts of the sion during the night, entered the missionary's room, and with all the courtesy and nember your words of last night. God chivalry of an accomplished soldier, greetnance-full piercing black eye-hair curl--dressed in full regimentals-with loaded Some years after, Peter, who was then a pistols in his belt, and sword in his scab-Captain in the Old Guard, fell upon the bard. "Sir," said he, (sitting down faof Tories hung one of my neighbors to the pole of his fodder house-another was shot while clasped in the arms of his wife, for no other offence than love of liberty-they came here recently to inflict a similar occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Clay. fate on myself, but the whole gang was repulsed, and here I am, resolved on independence or death—incessantly engaged in carrying on a war of extermination

against our ruthless invaders. I have only to regret that I can die but once to save my country. But our cause is just. Heaven

At this delightful residence, the misssionpointment, he was to preach at 11 o'clock, undertaking-don't you do it. A. M. A chariot and four appeared, in cruelty of the enemy; but cheered the

"Your country, it is true, is laid waste by a Vandal foe-your wives and daugh. ters are outraged; your firesides and altars are desecrated; your churches in ruins; the blood so recently at Beaufort's defeat cries for vengeance; the bones of our countrymen are bleaching alike among the snows of Canada, and the sands of Carolina. my part of the country that it is now a very What though victory perched not on our standards either at Camden or Brandywine, or Georgetown? Yet see the stripes and stars unfurled to the breeze at Trenton. Princeton, and Monmouth. The God of hosts led the armies of Israel; to them he was a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night; he is now the same almighty protector of all who trust in his divine help; and he will yet secure us out of the house of bondage. Soon our armies will regain their good fortune. The dark prospect now before us will be succeeded by the smile of aspiring hope; the misfortune of defeat and disaster will yield to the shout and joy of victory; the scourge of war will cease, and peace will soon gladden every heart, and we shall become a great and prosperous nation."

So spake the missionamry. On descendng from the pulpit, Williams embraced him with the most ardent affection; urged him to return to his house, where he might, free of expense, teach school, and preach the Gospel and render the Whigs invaluan vain. His promise to perform the tour of missionary labor prevented his accept-General was filled with tears .- Southern Literary Messenger.

The Washington Temperance Society.

The Washington Temperance Society in this city deserves all praise for their assidious efforts to reclaim the unfortunate inchriates.

They have added to their numbers within the last month of the old year 225 members, who have commenced the new year under the most happy auspices, and with a firm resolution to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

There are some men in the ranks of this socicty, whose intellectual gifts are of a superior order. They meet several times each week in Franklin Hall, which is devoted exclusively to their use, where they exhort each other to perseverance and solicit pledges. The stories which they tell of their experience are sometimes exsee, that they separate it not from me. It hopes of Independence extinct, worse than tremely racy and entertaining. We are tempted to the hond which unities me to my mother fall, a civil war raging with unmitigated to repeat one of them, called the 'Stancii Stoay,' although we cannot pretend to vie on paper with the rich humor which voice and manner gave to the oral communication. "I used to drink and my wife used to jaw me

about it." 'What do you get drunk for ? said she.

What do you jaw me for ?' said L So we

agreed and made a firm bargin that I would not

frink and she should not scold. For three long

days we held on firm-no drinking nor scolding

But on the third evening, being in company with

some good fellows, I took a horn, and when that was down, I right off wanted another. And in a very short time I found myself about how fare ye with twenty borns safe and snugly in my breadbasket. By and bye it got to be time to go home, but as you may suppose I dreaded to meet my wife like the tooth ache. However, go I must, and so I staggered along, hoping to find my wife abed. When I reached the house, I found it still lighted, and through the window I saw my wife up and waiting for me Thinks I, I can't go in yet, but I must wait till she gets to hed. So there I stood half freezing in the cold rain two hours, At last she went to bed, I crept in at the back door, stumbling over pails and chairs, but finally succeeded in getting to bed without disturbing her. But after dozing awhile, I awoke and found myself dry as a fish. You know brethren, how dry we all used to be in the night after we'd had a spree. My wife always knew what was the matter with me, when I got up in the night to drink cold water. I hardly dared to get up for fear of my wife, but my thirst was greater than I could bear. So out I crawled, and groped very softly after the water pail. But no water was worthy mother ! Love her as you loved -lofty carriage-noble animated counte- there. I then felt round in the dark, on the table and shelves, for something to cool my burning Loud and long were the cheers, as he ing over an expanded intellectual forehead throat. Soon I found a tin pan, full of a liquid something. I seized and put it to my mouth, and took a long and hearty draught the liquor at the same time running out at each side of my mouth down my cheeks, I thought the liquor tasted old, and at that instant, it flashed on my recollection that I had fixed sone poison a few days before to kill rats with. Herror struck I stood, my hair firm voice, 'Vive l'Empereur, Vive la land is sad and desolate with the ravages standing on cold. It was death to scream out, France! Vive ma mere!"-From the of the enemy. A few nights ago a party for my wife would jaw me if she waked. And surely it would be death to hold still. But scream I must, and scream I did, 'What is in this pan ?' 'You're dry, are you?' said she. 'What was in this pan?' shouted I—still louder. 'What makes you dry?' screamed she. ' What was in the pan?' -yelled I, in a perfect agony of fear. What pan?' Why the pan on the shelf.' Oh you brute, you've drinked up all my stanch'

Next morning my shirt collar was pasted fas to my neck and ch

Don't you do it.

When a petulent individual politely observes to you, "you'd better eat me up, hadn't you?"—don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you ary remained until the morning of the en. to start a paper to forward a particular set suing Sabbath, when he arose with the sun of views, and promising you large quantito ride ten miles, where, by previous ap. ties of fortune and fame to be gained in the

When you have any business to transact sionary to concentrate all the power of his cradle and break your neck, do!"-don't

vital, paramount, absorbing topic of Ameri. When a horse kicks you and you feel a can Independence, to arouse his hearers to strong disposition to kick the horse in re-When a horse kicks you and you feel a

uniform, and led the music with as much with something over who can assist you ease as he would have commanded his with a loan, and you are suddenly antici-

> When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about. ing as it's you,"—don't you do it.
> When a messenger from your next door

> neighbor comes requesting the loan of your morning paper, just as you have set down to read it do it by all means. Always lend your newspaper.

> When a young lady catches you alone. and lays violent eyes upon you, expressing pop" in every glance-don't you do it.

When a little boy at the door of the theatre asks you for your check, you being a stockholder, on the free list, possessing nothing of the kind-regretting your inability to comply with the juvenile gentleman's desire-in such case we feel authorized to say-don't you do it.

You are likewise to consider that you give a check, when you don't give a check, which establishes the gratuity either way, so-don't you do it.

When you feel disposed for anaristacratic reclination in the dress circle, elegantly throw your feet over the front cushion-the pit and gallery screaming "boots!" and the officer requesting you to take your feet in, lest you catch cold—don't you do it.

If our collector should chance to call upon you, requesting the payment of a little advertising bill, or asking half a dozen of your friends' names as subscribers-do it -do it !- Picayune.

EUROPEAN STATISTICS .- Of the fifty-eight States, known as the division of the world called Europe, three, viz. Russia, Austria ble service in the war then going on. It was and Turkey in Europe, are known as Empires; fifteen are kin dom; six bear the title of Grand Dutchy, ance; and when the moment of separation twelve are termed Dutchy, nine are Princiarrived, the stern and fiery eye of the palities, one is an Electorate, one a Landgravate, four are called Free Cities, and only five Republics, viz.: Andorrain the . Pyrenees, Cracow, Ionian Islands, San Marino, and Switzerland. San Marino is the smallest Republic in the world, containing only twenty one square miles, and aboutseven hundredinhabitants. Of the 233 .. 000,000 of people in Europe; over 122,. 000,000 are under absolute sovereignties; while only 2,800,000 live under any thing like a Republican government, about as many as the population of the State of New York. There are fifty reigning sovereigns in Europe. Two are styled Emperors, sixteen are Kings or Queens, one is a Pope, six are Grand Dukes, ten are Dukes, one a Duchess, ten are Princes, one a Sultan, one an Elector and one a Landgrave. The religion of seventeen of the above is catholic; of thirty-one Protestant, one is of the

Greek church; and one is a Mohamedan. John Joseph, Prince of Lichtenstein, is the oldest, having been born June 26, 1760. The youngest Abdue Medjid, Sultan of Turkey (in Europe) born April 20, 1823. -Georgian.

VALUE OF A WATCH .- Is it not something more than mere mechanism which watches with us by the sick bed of some dear friend through the livelong solitude of night, enabling us to count in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps towards recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical mo-ment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all its duties, which in its perfection is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity, is brought in no mean measure within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this, to imitate that sublime precission, which led the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, without the loss of one secondno, not even the millionth part of a second-for the ages on ages during which it has traveled that road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few bruss wheels, and a little piece of clastic steel, to outcalculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being traveling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both .- Gov. Everette.

THE IRISHMAN'S CAT .- A short time ago poor Irishman applied at the Churchwarden's Office in London for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parrochial charity, enforced his suit with much earnestness :- " Och, your honor," said he. " sure I'd be starved long since but for my

" But for what ?" asked his astonished

interrogator. "My cat!" rejoined the Irishman.

" Your cat! how so ?"

"Shure, your honor, I sold her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always at home before I'd got there myself."