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BY GEORGE S. KING.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1853.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY GEORGE S. KING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

PROSPECTUS.
This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New monthly, Fraser's Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's, and Sporting Magazines, and of Chamber's admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of The Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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December 9, 1852.

NOTICE.
THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken a house in CHAMBERS HALL for the next year, for the purpose of educating his children. He will have room for a few boarders, and hopes to be able to give satisfaction to those who may patronize his house.
THOMAS E. DENT,
Dec. 9th, 1852—1m

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October 7, 1852—4m.

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Baltimore, July 23, 1852—1r.

Miscellaneous.

(Selected from Littell's Living Age.)

LAST HOURS OF WALTER SCOTT.

Amid kindest attentions from all whom they met, or dealt with, they went on their melancholy road, and the invalid was placed again in his carriage on Wednesday, the 11th of July. For the first two stages he lay torpidly upon his pillows, but as they descended the vale of Gala, the old, beloved scenes aroused him; he murmured, "Gala Water; Buckholme; Torwoodlee;" and when they rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildon hills arose before him, his heart leaped up within him: and when in a few more moments he saw the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up and uttered a cry of joy.

The river was in a flood, and, not being able to cross the ford, they were forced to take the longer road around by Melrose bridge, and while within sight of his home, it took the strength both of Lockhart and the doctor to keep him in the carriage. Past the bridge, the road loses sight of Abbotsford for a couple of miles, and during these he relapsed into a state of torpor; but when they reached the bank that looks upon his home, his excitement returned and became almost ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and helped to carry him into the dining-room, where he sat half stupefied for a moment, and then, as his eye rested on his old friend, he cried, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" Then his dogs came round him and fawned upon him, and licked his hands, and the broken old man, with smiles, but oftener with tears, and so he fell asleep.

The next day he was better, and they wheeled him in a Bath chair out into the garden, surrounded by his grandchildren and his dogs. The flowers and trees which his own hand had planted and trained, seemed to infuse new life into him, and when he had enjoyed them for a while, he asked to be taken to his room again. So they wheeled him for an hour or so about the great hall and library, he saying more than once, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more. He was very gentle, and lay down again as soon as his watchers thought that he had need of rest.

Next morning, being still better, the exercise was renewed, and after it, he sat for a while in his great arm chair, looking from the window out upon the Tweed. He asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. "From what book, Sir Walter?" "Need you ask?" said the old man, "there is but one." Then he listened with gentle devotion to those sacred words chronicled by the Beloved Disciple. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." When he had heard the whole chapter, he said, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again."

In reading to him some poems from his old favorite, Crabbe, on the third day, it was perceived that he had lost his memory, even of verse. Poems that he had known by heart, were now perfectly new to him; and so on the following day. But he remembered well all that was read to him from the Bible, as well as some little hymns from Dr. Watts, which his little grandson repeated, standing by his knee. In the afternoon, it was on Sunday, after Mr. Lockhart had read the evening prayer of the Episcopal Church, he bade him add the office for the visitation of the sick.

Monday found him very feeble, and he remained in bed; but he revived on Tuesday, and was wheeled out into the sunshine once more. There he soon fell

asleep, and so remained for half an hour. Then starting up, he flung the plaids from his shoulders, and said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room and fetch the keys of my desk." The instant of labor was upon him, and he would take no refusal; he opened his desk, and placed him in his old position at his desk. He smiled and thanked them, adding, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it, but the work of those fingers was finished; they refused their office; the pen fell from the hand that could no longer wield it, and dropped upon the paper. He sank back in his chair, and out from under those thick gray brows, the big tears swelled and rolled fast and heavy down his cheeks.

He motioned to be taken back into the garden, and, when there, dropped asleep. When he awoke, Laidlaw remarked to Lockhart, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." The poet looked up; again the tears gushed from his eyes, and he said, "No Willie! no repose for Sir Walter but the grave!" Then a little after, "Friends, don't let me expose myself; get me to bed. That's the only place now."

He never left his room again. For a few days he was able to sit up for an hour or two at noon; and then that passed; and he lay still upon the pillows. Then followed some days of painful irritation, and forgetfulness of friends. Only once a well-known voice aroused him, and he said, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" But the hour was at hand when "the golden bowl must be broken." He gradually declined and his mind wandered back to an earlier, sadder day. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as sheriff; sometimes giving directions about his trees, and once or twice his fancy was at Jedburg, and "Burk Sir Walter!" came sadly from his lips.

Generally his mutterings were holy words; words from the Bible or the Prayer-book; psalms in the old Scottish version, or bits of the magnificent Catholic hymns. Oftener of all, the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the *Dies irae*, and last of all came from those fading lips these lines:—

Stabat Mater, dolens,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Broken-hearted, lone and tearful,
By that cross of anguish fearful,
Blood the Mother by her Son.

Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell, and so lingered on until Monday, the 17th of September, when the eye grew clear and the calm sense returned for the solemn adieu to earth.

When Lockhart was called from his bed to attend him, he said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law inquired if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," he replied. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night; God bless you all!"

He never spoke again; scarce showed any signs of consciousness, but gradually passed away. His sons arrived on the 19th, but too late to be recognized, and so they kept their mournful watch until the noonday of the 21st. Then slowly, gentle as the setting of a calm sun, without pain or sense of suffering, he breathed his soul imperceptibly away.

At half-past one "the silver cord was loosed;" the mirror, held before his lips, was taken back un tarnished; and the warm sun shone through the open windows; and a soft autumnal breeze just sighed amid the foliage of Abbotsford, and the ripple of the Tweed rose with distinctness to the ears of the mourners; as they knelt around the couch, and Walter heard down over the body of his father and kissed and closed his eyes.

PRESENTING ARMS TO THE DUKE.

One of the bravest of the heavy German soldiers had the duty of mounting guard at one of the usual hunting-grounds, and not to permit the poor fellow, single notion and no more, from his saddle—namely, the present arms to the Duke. The Duke, however, left to his cogitations, which, hardly say, were of that class as by Dibdin in his song, who, was a was thinking of nothing at all. His transcendental monotony, had recourse to the universal solace—his ease and his own. The better to enjoy these, he laid his firelock on the grass, and, lolling in a tree, discussed his creature with due voracity. While thus engaged he saw an unpretending person of dress in the common German hunting-dress—a sort of green smock frock, leggins, and continuation. "Good appetit to you!" said the new comer; "who are you eating?" "Guesse!" gruffly answered the peasant soldier. "Oh, perhaps a Rothwurst?" said the Duke, (for the sportsman was no less a personage.) "No, something better than that." "Probably Leburwurst." "No, something better than that." "Probably Metterwurst." Rothwurst, Leburwurst, Metterwurst may be called the comparative and superlative degree of the German sausage. "Yes. And now you know all about my sausage, pray, who are you?" "Guesse!" said the Duke. "Oh, perhaps you're one of the Duke's pages?" "No, something better than that." "Then you may be one of his aide-camps in disguise?" "No, something better than that." "Perhaps you're the Duke himself?" "Yes, indeed, are you! Just hold my message for a moment—for my orders are present arms to you." The Duke always related this anecdote with infinite gloe.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

The muscular power of the body is indeed wonderful. A Trierer will trot a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Mile, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder at an four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times entered the Pythian games, and six at the Olympian. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that learned preceptor and his pupil owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Mile supported the whole roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partially effected it—but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree staff, where re-united, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone; and unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentioned that he saw a man whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it firmly bent, supported by that means the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus 11, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-iron together. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of hard iron. The most prodigious muscle is exhibited by the whale, whose moves with an air for a dense medium of water, and him around the world in a single night; and a sword-fish has been seen to strike his weapon through a ship.