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From Godey's Lady's Book.  
**Peter Allan's Panther Chase:**  
OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BACKWOODSMAN.  
BY SARAH HEFURN HAYES.

The little story it is our present purpose to relate, is one which may be depended upon as strictly true. The leading incidents were related by a descendant of the person we intend to introduce under the cognomen of Peter Allan; and, altho' under the necessity of detailing it in our own way, we will give an unvarnished statement of facts. Peter Allan was a fine, athletic young Irishman, who came from the odd country in the nineteenth year of his age. Fifty years back, the class of emigrants who arrived from that unhappy country were, as a general thing, less destitute than at present. As far as worldly wealth was concerned, Peter had a small patrimony which he was fortunate enough to dispose of to advantage. The sum thus obtained he hoarded with great care, and being possessed of uncommon natural shrewdness, and endowed with indomitable energy of character, he managed by laboring with his hands to support himself in comfort; and, after a time, to lay up a portion of his earnings towards what had ever been the summit of his wishes, viz. the possession of a farm. Peter was up early and down late; no job that promised the reward of a penny was beneath his notice, and employment that required trust was usually executed so as to give entire satisfaction. So obliging was his disposition, and so punctual his habits, that he at length began to make friends among his employers. "One rich gentleman in particular, attracted, in the first place, by his open countenance, took a great deal of notice of him; and, on Peter making him acquainted with his secret and long-cherished scheme, of some day owning a farm, the gentleman promised to make inquiry, and if he could discover a place that would suit him, he would take an early opportunity of acquainting him with the fact.

Accordingly, one morning he sent for Peter, and informed him that he had been making inquiry, and had learned from a correspondent that there was a farm, such as Peter wished, about two hundred miles from the city. This appeared like the end of the world to the unsophisticated Irishman; but the gentleman, taking down a map, made him acquainted with its location, and pointing out the advantages which might accrue to him from being among the first settlers, with the gradual rise which must take place in the value of property as the country became populated, he became willing and eager to embrace the opportunity thus offered for enriching himself. There was another difficulty, however, in the way. Allan had become enamored of a blue eyed lass living on the Jersey side, who could not see any reason for going so far to make a home in the Pennsylvania woods; and it required all his power of persuasion, and every epithet of endearment the musical language of his native land could supply, to alter her resolution.

At length, Debbly consented, and no time was lost in making their preparations. Their mode of conveyance was after the ancient fashion, a heavy wagon. It was laden with such articles of furniture as might be useful in their new home, and with provisions for themselves, and provender for the four stout horses whose business it was to convey it over the wretched road stretching from Philadelphia into the interior. This mode of conveyance had its inconveniences; but, at the time of which we write, no other was practicable, and Peter and his wife, with the man servant and maid, who accompanied them, endured the discomforts of the journey with exemplary patience and cheerful hope. The wagon was the shelter and the transport; for in their route, at that day, few habitations were to be seen; and when at night-fall they would halt in some deep forest and kindle their huge camp-fire, they would spread their repast beneath some over-arching tree, and, secure in the light of the cheerful blaze, talk over the occurrences of the day with jests and laughter; while, perhaps, the owl

would hoot and scream in the distance, or the wolf bark and howl, in a manner which would set the dogs accompanying them to baying, until the whole forest echoed to the sound. Debbly, it is true, would sometimes feel a degree of alarm, but daylight always had the effect of reassuring her; for the scenes through which they passed possessed the charm of novelty, and there was an indescribable interest connected with their progress and the beginning of their life in the wilderness.

At length the desired haven was reached, and they found a comfortable log dwelling awaiting them, within two miles of a settlement consisting of a dozen or two houses. The site selected for these dwellings was a gentle elevation, in the centre of a lovely valley, girded in by an amphitheatre of hills, whose graceful and romantic shapes added much to the beauty of the scenery.

The Allans had been settled some weeks in their new residence, and were beginning to feel quite at home, when Debbly, who was engaged at some domestic duty, on the outside of the door, noticed a woman approaching the house; she had a weariest look, carried an infant in her arms, and led by the hand a little one apparently about three years of age. The coarseness of her habiliments proclaimed their poverty; this, however, instead of repelling, opened Debbly's kindly heart towards her, as to one less fortunate than herself. And on her advancing, she invited her in to rest awhile. There was something pleasant about the countenance of this wayfarer, and, altho' evidently inured to hardship, her manners were far from being rough or uncouth; while her language, although she had acquired some of the inaccuracies common to the woods, showed that her education had not been wholly neglected. On asking leave to stay all night, it was granted with ready hospitality; and after being refreshed by a cup of milk and a hot corn-cake—for tea was a beverage more difficult to obtain than at present—they asked as to her place of abode. She replied as follows:

"We live on a clearing about six miles farther up. We have a garden and a few fields; but as there is no house nearer than yours, it is often quite solitary. I can see squirrels at play in the woods when I sit at work, and the wolves howl dismally around the house sometimes."

"Are you not afraid?" asked Debbly, with dilating eyes.  
"Not often," returned the woman smiling. "I generally keep a good fire"—(wild animals always flee from a fire)—"and Towner there," pointing to a large bull dog who had followed her, and now sat sullenly eyeing the group—"Towner there is nearly as good as a man."

"Is your husband always at home?" inquired Peter.  
"No; he is sometimes gone two or three days to the mill, and then I have to stay alone. But I would not mind if we had a door to the cabin."

"Have you no door?" asked Debbly, again, in amazement.

"Not yet. A body can't get everything at once. But, as I was going to tell you, this accounts for my being here. My man left yesterday morning, to be gone a couple of three days; and last night I hung a quilt on two forks before the door, brought in the pitch-fork, put the dog outside, and after hushing the little ones to sleep, betook myself to bed as usual. Some strange noise awoke me in the night; and on turning around, the dog came in looking dreadfully afraid, and whining as I had never heard him do before. Feeling scared, I got up, made a blazing fire, for it had got low, and peeping out from under the quilt, I saw the most enormous bear you ever laid eyes on, standing just outside. You may be sure I put it down in a hurry; and as I did not feel much inclined to sleep again, for fear the critter would come in, Towner and I sat and kept up a fire the remainder of the night."

"Have you never been seriously alarmed or injured by these wild animals?" inquired Peter.

Delighted with having an audience so evidently interested in the incidents which had befallen her, the woman commenced, with animation—

"I can't say that I ever was much afraid but once. We lived then up in the Green wood, as much as fifty miles from here. It was a terrible lonesome place; there was no habitation within a long distance from us. This child"—pointing to the elder girl—"was a baby then; and one evening I shut her in the house, and went out about twilight to look for the cow, which had strayed away; for my husband was from home. I had not proceeded far, when I heard such a wild, strange cry among the bushes on a hill, at a short distance! It sounded almost like the cry of a child; but so loud and shrill! I had heard of panthers"—(always the vulgar name for panther)—"what bold, dangerous animals they were, hiding among the trees and bushes, and springing upon the people

as they passed; so, thinking this might be one, I hurried home with the cow as fast as I could, got her under shelter, and then went into the house; pulling the leather string that fastened the door inside. Our cabin had also an opening, where the window should have been, but it had no glass in it, only a board shutter outside, which I also drew in and fastened, and then felt tolerably safe; still it was lonely for me and my little baby, yet there in that great forest. After a while it began to rain and get dark—so dark that you could not see an inch before you—when, all at once, there was a most fearful screech or yell just outside, enough to make one's very ears tingle. I thought to be sure the panther would be right in, for the door was hung with leather hinges, and I knew that one bound against it would fling it wide open; so, jumping up, I pushed the table against it, and piled the chairs on the top of that for greater security; this done, I went up into the loft, where there was a little opening that I could get my head out, and what do you think I saw?"

"What?" cried Debbly, almost breathless with terror and emotion.  
"Why, nothing more or less than the panther. There he was, and he must have had his fore feet on the low fence that went round the garden, for I could see his eyes like live coals glowing in the darkness. Now, if there is anything upon earth to scare one, it is a fierce, dangerous animal like this. Bears and wolves are not half so terrible; and I can tell you, I trembled from head to foot while he sat there and eyed me for more than an hour, every once in a while howling out in a way that made the woods ring again."

"Well, what then?" cried Peter, who, with his wife, the man-servant, and maid, sat with open eyes and ears drinking in every word that fell from her lips.  
"Why then," said the woman, "he went away, and I heard no more of him that night. The next day my husband came home, and he said a panther had been shot near one of the clearings below, and I expected it was the same one which had paid me a visit."

"This is a terrible region," said Debbly, who for the first time began to realize the full horrors of her situation. "Do, Peter, let us go back home."

"Pho," cried Peter, holding out his brawny arms, and pointing to the two loaded rifles hanging over the mantelpiece, "you will never be without sufficient protection."

"I do not think the wild varmints harass much so near the settlements either," chimed in their visitor.  
At this moment, a cheerful "Gee up, Dobbin," was heard outside; and, running to the door, the woman espied her husband on his return from the mill. He was trudging along by his wagon, in the gathering darkness, determined to reach home that night. Peter ran out to call him, and little persuasion induced him to "tie up" and remain with them until morning. Debbly and her maid bustled about to get him something comfortable for supper; and, after this was over, he sat until a very late hour before the pile of blazing pine knots, relating, to a most attentive audience, the different adventures which had befallen him during the years he had spent in the woods. When preparing to start in the morning, he promised Debbly that he would make a door to the house, as she said she would "feel easier in her mind." And here, for the present, we will leave them.

In the course of a few years, under the excellent management of Allan, connected with his laborious industry, everything pertaining to his farm began to give evidence of abundance and comfort. His fences were in good order; his trees thrifty; his cattle sleek and well fed; his granaries overflowing; and when he found leisure to ornament, the white-washed cottage exhibited an appearance of Arcadian beauty. It stood on a plot of green level sward, which Peter inclosed with a rude fence, also white-washed. Several forest-trees had been allowed to remain; and these flung their broad, green arms in many fantastic and protecting shapes over the lowly roof. Rose bushes, sweet briars, and a few flowering shrubs, also shed their sweetness here; and, to judge by their notes of rejoicing, made glad the heart of many a bird. At the back door, a stream swept gently past, at the distance of a few hundred yards; and within the inclosure of the yard, shadowed by the foliage of a couple of huge trees, the little spring-house presented quite a picturesque appearance; it was supplied by a fountain, where the water dripped constantly over the moss-covered stones, with a cool, plashing sound. Here, under a low, projecting roof, the active, neat-handed Debbly kept her well-cared-for crock-covers and shining pans, arranged on shelves in just and gradual order. Here the buckets of foaming milk were brought; and here the luscious golden butter was prepared for market.

Avoid the abundance and independence of their new condition, there was little cause to regret the enjoyments of the place they had forsaken. The settlement near them was gradually enlarging, and could boast a church; while, on a still morning, its bell might be distinctly heard at the farm-house, calling to the house of prayer. There was also a school, where the children could be taught all that was deemed necessary for them to know; and a public house, where Allan could while away a few hours much to his satisfaction. He was not what is styled a drinking character; but he was very social in his disposition, and could enjoy a joke with the best. Coming from "across the water," and having seen a good deal of the world, he was looked upon with respect; and there was a degree of deference paid to the opinions he chose to express, which was highly flattering.

On the evening in which the occurrence took place with which we have headed our little story, Peter had tarried, with some acquaintances, in the landlord's bar-room until after ten o'clock, when, knowing that Debbly would "sit up" for him, and the idea of a certain lecture, perhaps, looming out indistinctly in his mind, he then started for home in considerable of a hurry. The night was a bright and beautiful one, for the moon was full; and, as he could see every object distinctly, he determined to take a nearer cut. The distance by the highway was two miles; but, by going through the fields, he could shorten it half a mile; and, as the ground was frozen, and there were openings through each fence, left for the sake of convenience in hauling in grain, this route was quite as agreeable as the other. He started, as we have before said, at a brisk pace; and had proceeded nearly or quite half way, when he heard a howl, accompanied by a crashing sound, on the side of the field nearest the forest. It was but a moment more, when an enormous panther, with tail erect and glowing eyeballs, sprang into view. Peter hazarded but one glance of terror at the ferocious brute, which, doubtless, half maddened by hunger, was now in full pursuit; and, giving the reins to his horse, he started at the top of his speed. As it chanced, he was riding an English mare of uncommon strength and action. She was, as "Jemmy Joyce" would express it, "every inch a Tartar." Steaming with unerring instinct, to comprehend the state of the case, and bristling with terror, the animal put forth its utmost powers. She dashed onward with her terrified rider; and, as there was no time to look for the openings, cleared the first fence in a style which would have brought down thunders of applause on any steeple chase in the United Kingdom. But there were yet three fields, with two fences to surmount: the last of these was the orchard, separated by a lane of fifteen or twenty feet, from the paling which inclosed the yard. Allan, who had recovered his presence of mind, now cheered his gallant horse, and sped onward with the rapidity of the wind; but the panther was close behind; he could hear his quick bounds, and plainly distinguish the angry snarl which seemed to indicate a fear that his prey would escape him. Another fence was gained, and nothing but the orchard remained to be crossed. Peter knew that his horse was taxed to the utmost; yet the brute was evidently gaining on him, and one moment's flagging in their headlong course, or one false step, and a horrible death was inevitable. Happily, no such accident occurred. In frantic haste, he reached the last barrier. It was high and difficult; but, with a glorious effort, his mare surmounted it; and she was in the yard at the moment the monster in their rear leaped the enclosure of the orchard. In the twinkling of an eye, Peter had thrown the reins over the neck of his horse; and, leaving it to shift for itself, dashed into the house. Here he found the family awaiting his arrival; and, taking down two rifles, he with the hired man, sallied forth to see to the fate of the "bonnie gray" which had carried him so bravely. They found the trembling animal had escaped to the barn-yard; but the panther, doubtless alarmed by the light emitted from the opening of the door, had taken itself off. The next morning, on examining the tracks made by its feet in the sandy soil of the lane, they discovered it to have been one of the largest size. Peter had been so thoroughly frightened, that he may be sure Debbly did not have to lecture him soon again for staying away so late at night. As for the mare—he always declared he owed his life to her matchless speed—she roamed the greenest of pastures, and continued the rearing of pets until the end of her days.

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

To Parents.—Boys that have been properly reared are men in point of usefulness at sixteen, whilst those that have been brought up in idle habits are a nuisance at twenty-one.

**Lexington.**  
—  
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,  
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,  
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,  
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.  
O'er the silent dead,  
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;  
Hushed was his panting sigh,  
While from his noble eye  
Flashed the last sparks of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,  
Calmly the first born of glory have met;  
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!  
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is dyed;  
Faint is the feeble breath,  
Murmuring low in death,  
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died!"  
Nerveless, the iron hand  
Raised for its native land  
Lies by the weapon that gleams at his side.

Over the hill-side the wild knell is rolling,  
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come,  
As thro' the storm clouds the thunder burst tolling  
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.  
Fast on the soldier's path  
Darken the waves of death,  
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;  
Red glares the musket's flash,  
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,  
Blazing and charging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,  
Neter to shadow his cold brow again;  
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,  
Reeking and panting he now drops the rein;  
Pale is the lip of scorn,  
Voiceless the trumpet horn,  
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;  
Many a belted breast  
Low on the turf shall rest,  
Ere the dark banners the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the horse wind is whining,  
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,  
Wide where the fern by the furrow is waving,  
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale:  
Far as the tempest thrills  
Over the darkened hills,  
Far as the smothering streams over the plain,  
Roused by the tyrant's hand,  
Work all the mighty land,  
Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!  
Shrouded and tombless they sunk to their rest,  
While o'er their ashes the starry fields flying  
Wrap the proud eagle they roused from his nest.  
Borne on her northern pine,  
Long o'er the foaming brine  
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;  
Heaven keep her ever free,  
While as o'er land and sea  
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

**Sarcasm Sentence.**  
Old Elias Keyes, formerly first Judge of Windsor County, Vt., was a strange composition of folly, and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow convicted of stealing a pair of boots from General Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the following lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before a court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you, and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! I then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now, you, being worthless, was a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know that it was a great aggravation that you have stolen them in the large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only so into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been left alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat!"

**An Escape.**  
A little before 9 o'clock yesterday morning, as the train was going out for Newark, when rounding Bergen Cut, was closely upon a gentleman and lady, who were walking upon the track. The locomotive squealed and they jumped across on another track—but horror! Just ahead was another train from Ramapo, on this track, and the next moment would hurl them into eternity. They had so room on the outside of either track, from the embankment—and not knowing which train would pass first, were almost paralysed! But the next moment the gentleman seized the lady, who had nearly swooned—placed her on the narrow walk between two tracks, embraced her dress in his circling arms to keep the crotchets from hooking it—and thus awaited their fate. The two trains passed them at the same moment, roaring and thundering on, but neither the lady or gentleman were injured—more than an awful fright.—[Jersey City Sentinel.

**Vocal Music in Germany—How Taught.**  
Vocal music is, in Germany, deemed of such importance to all classes, that for generations it has been introduced by government, as a prominent branch of popular education. The child enters school at the age of eight years, and remains in the same school until fourteen or fifteen. No parent is allowed to remove a child from one school to another, (unless a change of location renders such removal necessary,) under a heavy penalty. Commodious, convenient, and pleasant school-houses, and thoroughly qualified teachers in all the respective departments, being provided, there is no other reason for removal than the change of residence. The advantages of remaining in the same school and under the same instructions are very great, and will readily suggest themselves to the minds of all friends of education, whether parents, teachers, or school committees. One of these advantages is the opportunity afforded to teachers of studying and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the natural disposition, temperament, talent, or turn of mind of the pupil. This, I believe, comprehends almost everything else, and is the corner-stone of a thorough and useful education, both mental and moral.

There seems to be three paramount reasons for making music a branch of school education in Germany and Switzerland. First, its power as a direct means of mental and moral discipline. Secondly, its attractiveness as an amusement or relaxation from laborious study. Thirdly, its advantages in after life to the pupil, both as a social and a religious being. In all these particulars it is considered of great importance; and in the best schools I visited, viz. those of Leipzig, and Dresden, in Saxony, and Zurich and Berne in Switzerland, the popular course has been to adapt each music lesson to one or the other of these branches. To be more explicit: The music teacher either gives at one session of the year his particular attention to instruction in the elements of music and music reading; at another to rehearsal or singing for relaxation or amusement; and at another to practising the music of the church; or else, as is more generally the case, he combines the three departments in one, and each lesson has its proportionate share, viz: 1st, practice of the music of the church, (choral singing); 2d, instruction in musical notation; 3d, singing of cheerful and lively juvenile songs, for recreation. This arrangement pleased me much. It affords great variety, and does not become tiresome to the pupils.

The pupils begin to study note singing at the age of nine or ten years. Previous to that they sing chiefly or entirely by note. This is considered advantageous until the musical ear is sufficiently trained and cultivated. The scale is first presented to the pupil, not by sight, but by sound. The teacher sings it slowly and distinctly until all seem to understand, or at least to get some idea of its construction, and of the comparative relation of sounds, one to another. After explaining something of the formation of the scale, its intervals, &c., the teacher writes it upon the black-board, or calls their attention to it in the note-book, observing particularly the situation of the semi-tones. He now tells them that these characters (the notes) represents the sounds they have just sung, and that each sound has a name taken from one of the letters of the alphabet. This method is very thorough, although somewhat lengthy. The pupils sing almost entirely from books, the black-board being used merely for illustrations. The more advanced classes of pupils are improved by the frequent introduction and regular practice of new and interesting music, rather than by dry and unconnected exercises. Much time is spent, and in the best schools, in practising the vowels, merely articulating them for the purpose of obtaining a good delivery both in singing and speaking.

But one of the pleasantest features of all, is that the pupils are not wearied by too hard study, or, if they become a little fatigued at any time, they know that some delightful recreation is to follow. Variety and entertainment are mingled with instruction, and the pleasure of half an hour's social singing is a sufficient reward for persevering in any of the more laborious and less interesting exercises. I was much amused and delighted, on one occasion, to see the young countenances beam with a smile of approbation, amounting to "I thank you sir," when the teacher, after a lesson of elementary study, said, "Now we'll sing something lively," for it is natural for children to love that music best which is most like their own nature—light, joyous, and free. Now they sing briskly, merrily, heartily, because naturally. The little mill-stream that has been dammed up that it may accumulate strength to drive the heavy wheel, when once more set at liberty goes leaping, and dancing, and singing along its sparkling way, rejoicing in its freedom.

**Resignation of a Priest.**  
A card from "Rev. Mr. Brown," who says he is a Catholic priest from France, appears in the Richmond, Va., papers, declaring that he has "resigned all functions of the sacerdotal ministry," after having discharged for two years the pastoral functions of a Catholic congregation, attended by German and French people living in Richmond. He gives among others, the following reasons therefor:

"I can not keep from avowing that my principles, in regard to the temporal power of the Pope, and in many other respects, are not in harmony with the principles of the Church of Rome. I think the sovereignty of the Pope is contrary to doctrine and examples of Christ, an obstacle to the liberty and welfare of the people, and a cause of discord and trouble to the political and religious world."

**Rival to Lambert.**  
The curious and inquiring are not even willing that Daniel Lambert, who died some years ago, weighing 739 pounds, shall enjoy the reputation of being a greater prodigy than even the State of New Jersey can furnish. A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser mentions the fact that Lewis Cornelius, who was born at New Brunswick, N. J., and died at Milford, in Pa., in 1841, at the age of 48, weighed some years before his death 675 pounds, or but 64 less than Lambert, and does not doubt that at the time of his death he was even heavier than Lambert.

**New Coins.**—We are shortly to have a new coinage of one cent and three cent pieces of a new and novel character. The cent is to be one tenth silver, and will consequently be about the size of a dime, with a hole in the middle—so they can be strung on a string, Chinese fashion. The three cent piece will be about the size of a half dime; but different in appearance and make. These coins are to be exchanged at the mint for the present Spanish 64 and 124 cent pieces, at their nominal value, and will thus throw them out of circulation. A good move.

Taking the Census for 1850.—In a short time Uncle Sam's census takers will be about; and it behooves good citizens to give them all the information they may ask for. It is a sign of ignorance and stupidity when people refuse the census-takers a cheerful welcome. They only go round once in ten years. Some persons imagine that taking the census has something to do with tax-paying, and hence they will withhold information. We hope all newspaper readers, in this enlightened age, know better, and the census for 1850 will be a correct and authentic document.

So do these little singers pass from the heavy and useful but not dull, choral practice and elementary confinement, to that of the "merry song of the cuckoo" and the "lark," to the "singer's song," and the "song of the father's birth-day," to the songs of the season—of the sun and stars, of the "beautiful world and the blessed giver, God; with the ever dear and welcome songs of "Waterland." These are the daily occurrences of the "school-room," and if you would know how children prize their school you have just to step in and hear them merrily sing—

"No scenes of earthly pleasure,  
Happy School,  
No hoard of sordid treasure,  
Happy School,  
Delight us now so well,  
Yes, 'tis singing we do prize,  
Cheerful hearts in accents rise,  
Bid play farewell."

With us in America it is different. As a nation, we have neglected entirely this subject in our early education, and the natural result is, that the large proportion of our adult population can not sing, and thousands mourn over their loss, when it is too late, or the pressure of care and business prevent them from attending to the subject. Could our school committees, trustees and parents be prevailed upon to take this matter in hand, and be in earnest about it—if they would have it properly, and on a permanent basis, introduced into the schools as a branch of study, not of recreation merely—an incalculable amount of good would follow. The next generation, at all events, would feel its revivifying influences, in their social and home circles, and in the public worship of the sanctuary, and would "rise up and call us blessed."

**Andrew Young, of Harrisburg,** has been appointed Superintendent of the Public Buildings, at Harrisburg, in the place of Isaac Hovis, deceased.

It has been decided, in Berks county, lately, that it is illegal to tax Farmers for their "occupation."