

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., SEPT. 25, 1850.

Volume VII, Number 76.
Whole Number--338.

The Lewisburg Chronicle is issued every Wednesday morning at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.
Terms.—\$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance; \$1.75 paid within three months; \$2 if paid within the year; \$2.50 if not paid before the year expires; single numbers, 5 cents. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuance optional with the Publisher except when the year is paid up.
Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cts. per square one week; \$1 for a month, and \$5 for per square one week for longer advertisements. Two squares \$7; Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one-fourth of a column, quarterly, \$10. (Casual advertisements and job work to be paid for when handed in or delivered.)
All communications by mail must come post-paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to receive attention. Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department to be directed to H. C. Hickok, Esq., Editor; and all on business to be addressed to the Publisher.
Office, Market St. between Second and Third.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer and Publisher.

Lewisburg Newspapers, etc.
The Editor of the "Chronicle," on the 11th inst. presented statistical sketches of the long line of "illustrious predecessors" in his office of public journalist for the Lewisburg. The Editor pro tem. proposes to make a few comments from the limited and perhaps imperfect data thus presented.

It appears that for about 20 years previous to the establishment of the "Lewisburg Chronicle," there had been seven failures to secure an adequate support for a newspaper here, and that twelve different persons had attempted to win fame or money (or both) in conducting those journals. The average life of each journal was nearly two years, or 13 months to each publisher.

From what we have learned, there were but two or three of these publishers who obtained anything like a respectable remuneration for their toil, the majority becoming impoverished, or leaving creditors, workmen, landlords, bad-men, subscribers, &c., to suffer from their failures. The amount of time, money, labor, health, and spirit toil wasted in these efforts, is no small sum in the aggregate, but not in a shape capable of being computed.

Doubtless, among those who failed, some lacked energy, industry, economy, and perhaps honesty, but it can hardly be that all were thus deficient. We ascribe the failure of the seven papers mostly to their *partizan character*, and the tendency of party newspapers to diminish rather than increase patronage. In central county seats, Party Journals can be sustained, to advantage; but in a local community like ours, where journals must necessarily depend upon their *home business patronage*, a party paper sufficiently radical to meet the demands of party leaders must drive away rather than attract patronage out of its party. If there be no other paper of the same party, in the same county, it has the advantage of both local and party support—as at Milton and Muncy—but while each party has its general county organ as at New Berlin, a publisher as at Lewisburg must rely almost entirely upon the support of those in the county adjacent who do business with it. Town people may support, after a sort, a town paper which is arrayed against their views and feelings both personally and politically; but it is not that cordial, pleasant, trusting support which is needed to give it life, character, and permanence.

Five Democratic and two Whig newspapers, which have lived and struggled and died insolvent before the era of the "Chronicle," bear evidence to the fact that this is not a soil calculated to nurture a journal of a party stamp. Our citizens all vote—vote intelligently—vote independently—but neither their business pursuits, tastes, nor their habits require that every conductor of a press (that honored means of human weal) should

"Give up to Party what was meant for Mankind."
For a large town, there is here more than a common share of liberality of political feeling and sentiment—less bigotry and narrow-mindedness of party—and much personal good feeling and absence of cliques. We are an industrious, laboring, and (hope to be) literary community—and not a band of rained, starving, unscrupulous, violent, slandering partizans, hunting for offices and depending for our living upon success in depriving our next door neighbor of his bread. Now to fan the flames of party strife among such a people—to array one neighbor against another—and to carry on the war of politics weekly the year around—as superfluous party papers necessarily do, is not only injurious to the moral and social interests of a people, but results in the long run in pecuniary losses—alienation—discord—and hard feelings in church and in society.

And if one party press, or organ of a handful of intriguing aspirants, were sustained at the cost of some interested persons, other parties and other cliques also must have their organs, and there must be taxed to support them. There is no considerable increase of the legitimate and effective means of support in such a town by the multiplication of "organs;" the

great extra expense and ultimate loss and chagrin must be felt by individuals at last.

We know there are many good men, whose judgment on any other topic is conclusive, who deem party journals necessary, from the fact that most newspapers do partake of that character. But a more careful inquiry and observation will satisfy any one that the Independent press, both of the city and country, is yearly gaining confidence and strength, and that the Party press is losing both. And although the "Chronicle" when issued as an Independent paper was with many very adverse circumstances—in the teeth of the almost universal prediction that it would fail—and although its issue now causes twice the expense previous journals did, yet we believe none of the party press here was ever better supported than it has been for a year or eighteen months past, and none has shared more the earnest confidence of the great mass of the community who have perused it—and yet it has barely sustained itself taking three years together.

In looking over the papers published 20 and 25 years ago, we are struck with the fact that although they are equal in price to the present, they are but about half the size; and although the subscription patronage was better then, their advertising profit was less. City newspapers have wrought much in circumscribing the circulation of the country press; and in order to maintain any chance, we are compelled to incur a greatly increased outlay of expenditure—so that while we have to invest more capital, work harder, and make more show, our compensation is less than formerly. In the neighborhood of cities, railways, telegraphs and steamboats injure newspapers more than they benefit them.

Others think, "the more newspapers the merrier—they make business—they cause controversies, reduce prices—and if others are so foolish as to invest money in those concerns, it is not our loss."—Such reasons were as valid when gladiators fought with each other or with wild beasts to please the depraved tastes of barbarous heathen, as they are for the waste, hostility and losses consequent upon the establishment of unnecessary papers to gratify some vain whim, to ponder to some temporary excitement, or to aid in inflicting, and aggravating, and raking open the wounds of revengeful feelings. *Apparent* business is not always *real* business—nor is *temporary* good necessarily *permanent* good. In this, as in other things, the *lawful demands of honest business* should determine the enterprise; and it were just as foolish to establish a second Post office, or build a second Bridge, as to start a second local press, where one answers every proper purpose, by giving all parties and shades of opinions an equal opportunity.

One well supported, and handsome appearing journal in a town, is worth a dozen inferior, illly sustained, and rickety concerns. One journal will contain at one view everything necessary in the form of notices, advertisements, domestic occurrences, &c., when a multiplicity of them would involve constant extra expense, and trouble in finding what was desired. Take for example the "Miltonian" or Williamsport "Gazette," and compare it with the four New Berlin papers, and any one would say that the reception of either of the former during a year, or a file of them, would be more valuable than all the latter during an equal period, and would also appear much better. We say not this in derogation of the New Berlin journals, which are probably equal to their patronage; but who will say that if all the patronage of those four papers were combined in one, it would not only be larger, better printed, freer from vulgar and degrading political slang, but also much cheaper to patrons, more economical to the public, and more productive to the publishers?

A journal once firmly established, however, is rarely suffered to expire. Thus the original "Miltonian" has been continued nearly 34 years, while many competitors for public favor have died in that town. The "Lycoming Gazette," the oldest in Northern or Central Pennsylvania, has outlived half a century, and witnessed the rise and fall of numerous rivals, and now remains, in vigorous existence, the only paper in a large county seat. We certainly hope the "Lewisburg Chronicle" may see its years and partake of its prosperity.

—And now, probably our readers will consent to receive a special request or two, provided we draw this article to a close. First, those of you who have paid nothing since we commenced laboring for you, we hope will very soon bring us something, for we need money, and money is our just due—and any who owe for one or two years, will not find us unwilling to sign receipts for the past or in advance. And second, those who have been so fearful of the "Chronicle" would expire as soon as its forebanners, or that the Editor would follow their hasty exits, and have therefore been

backward about subscribing or getting subscribers, are respectfully invited to give us a little more confidence in return for the confidence and patience we have shown in waiting for their fears to subside, and each one get one subscriber. This can be easily done, by all who attempt it; and we pledge ourselves that the effect shall be to increase the interest and the profit of the paper to you as well as to us.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.

[Not long ago, a friend sent us a rich, rare present, in the shape of the copy of a letter written twenty years ago, by a lady of great literary distinction, to her cousin, who now graces one of the most honorable official stations of the Empire State. It was written on the eve of his marriage, and accompanied a pair of blue mixed stockings, knit by herself, as a present. It was sent to us for our private and personal enjoyment, but as no restriction was imposed upon us, and as the letter is so decidedly unequalled and so entirely rich, we can not resist the temptation to share the enjoyment of its perusal with our friends. We would only add, that it will endure being read slowly, carefully, and more than once.]

DEAR COUSIN—Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands, and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so, alas, is the thread of life. In their, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is free, for I believe your lives will be wholly freed from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent, where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind in regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind, in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet:

The iron dogs, the feet and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs,
The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all righteousness provoke.

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of these stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are *seamed*, and by means of seaming, are drawn into a snarl, but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end and final tacing off. By this, I wish to take occasion to congratulate yourself, that you are now through with *seaming*, and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal work which you see; so, life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so may it be with your lives. No stitch dropped when duties are to be performed—no widening made where bad principles are to be reformed, or economy is to be preserved; neither *seaming* nor *narrowing* where truth and generosity are in question. This every stitch of life made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose; thus may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece—until, together, having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here, in the final narrowing off, and dropping the coil of this emblematic pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light—may you like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed, go together, from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception, I remain, in the true blue friendship, seemly, yet without *seaming*.

Yours, from top to toe,

Money, which answers such a variety of purposes, has been used to hire a person into health. A gentleman cured his wife, who was complaining, by giving her a dollar a day for every day that she did not complain—if she uttered any complaint her wages were stopped for that day. Oh! the omnipotence of money!

A Society of Public Health, has been formed in the city of New York, the object to enlighten the people as to the means of preserving health. This object is very important, and we hope that much good may arise from the establishment of such a society.

[Selected for the Chronicle.]
The Shawnee's Farewell to the Susquanna.

BY SETHEE E. LEE, FARMER OF NORTHFRENDALE.

Farewell, Susquanna! farewell, noble stream!
When the brown Indian rang one her belated theme,
I hear thy waves dash on thy white pebbled shores,
But the leaves whisper to me, "Thou shalt have them no more!"

I'll give the pale-faces have bid me depart,
They've scattered the blood of my sire's noble heart,
The bones of a thousand lie white on the plain,
And their loud whoops of war shall no longer again.

We have fought long and hard, but the struggle is o'er,
The sound of the hatch shall fall us no more,
The only of the sabots is torn from his bow,
And the dash wing of death is the empty now.

Our stream is torn from the bow of the hill,
The forests we stand upon lie down at our will,
They send from the rocks where their battlements are,
The dread lightning's flash when the heavens are clear.

Farewell, Susquanna! I'll bid thee adieu—
The leathers I love, and my dark sisters too,
I've kissed their cold cheeks, and I've bid them farewell;
But bright are the wide where their spirits now dwell.

Sweet vale! though I love thee I would not remain,
Who hath bid me to leave? bid the leaves of the plain,
I'll go on the same on my mountain's top,
That yesterday came from their war kindled spot.

Bill on Susquanna? as you had not low yet,
As when my young eyes and the glories first met,
When with a light heart over thy surface I roamed,
Saw round the green islands with thy light bank came.

Farewell! see the rays that now glow thy breast,
Point up from the far purple hills of the west,
The red child shall wander in spirit subdued,
Through the dark pathless depths of the pine solitude.

There is yet a land, to the wild hunter dear,
Where the Miami dwells through the wilderness near,
And there the bear-child of the forest will go,
And hunt by the lone Lake the brown buffalo.

And I let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love? bid the leaves I'll bid shade,
Whose heart's like the foam, and as pure as the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian—to her let me go.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no Humboldt had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveler had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in its mystery, and Brahmaputra was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of those countries. No Sir William Jones had arisen to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no Carey or Morrison, no Martyn or Judson, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impregnable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there were neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish Missions in Southern India, and the Moravian Missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable.—[London Patriot.]

Sweet's Patent Excavating Scraper.

This scraper is the invention of Mr. Joseph Sweet, of Hughesville, Lycoming Co., Pa., who has a patent for the improvement. The distinguishing feature of this invention is the introduction of moveable teeth on a circular surface, the teeth being in condition and number adapted to the condition of the soil in which the excavator is used. The sides of it may be made of wood or metal as represented by A A B B are the stils or arms, C is the moveable mouth piece with the teeth D. The teeth on the mouth piece of the excavator, are broad and flat in front, capable of plowing up in gravelly soil; the teeth, F, in the detached mouth piece E, are narrower at the extremities and are adapted to excavating in stiff and clayey soils. This excavator can be used in all soils, and it is particularly adapted to obviate entirely the use of a plow in stiff soils. It is useful in making roads, for leveling, digging ditches, canals, cellars, railroads, and other kinds of excavations. It is made strong and durable, and the price of one we believe is \$8. We have seen some strong testimonials respecting its good qualities, given by those who have used it.

This scraper has just been awarded a diploma at the State Fair. Remember that it is an Excavating Scraper, with moveable teeth.

More information may be obtained by letter addressed to Mr. Sweet.—Scientific American.

We do not see that Mr. Clay, in his northern tour is kissing, as heretofore, the crowds of women that flock to see him. We suppose he is sick of omnibusing.—[Southern Press.]

City Police—August 19.

An enterprising Dutchman who has opened a Lager Beer Saloon in the upper part of Market street, gave the following account of an assault on his premises, made by Henry V. Shields, on Saturday night. Shields is a fine looking young fellow, with black whiskers—he is quite genteel in his deportment, and very well dressed. The Lager Beer man, Conrad Wedder, narrated his grievances precisely in the following words, reported stenographically: "He comed in and axed to sell him some beer; I told him he had more as would do him good—he called me Dutch liar, and peg in to broke two tumblers, ven me and Hans Speigler, and my wife, and my torter Petsy, and all de toder men about my place, peg in to pot him out—and presently he coom pack wit twenty more shest like him, and say, 'I will fix this beer concern and break him up, and he shentlemen as want to git drunk shall git drunk *like* shentlemen, on gin and brandy, and not on dis tam Dutch pisen.' Den day kick Hans Speigler behind his pack and kissed my torter Petsy before her face, and preak all der glass bottles, except der pig stone pitcher, and spilt my wife and me, and toder parrels of beer all over der cellar. Hans run'd out ter door and call'd for der watch house, and my wife cried 'murder' like der tell, but before der watch house coom, der tam rowties broke or all up to pieces—me and my wife and my torter Petsy, and Hans Speigler, and der potles and dumblers, and plates, and tishes all smashed up together!"

This account was almost literally true; Mr. Wedder was a broken beer merchant, and all his fixtures were completely wrecked. Shields, the prisoner, who was sworn to positively by Wedder and his assistant, Speigler, as the ring-leader of the rowdies, denied that he had taken any hand in any comprehensive breakage, and solemnly declared that he was not associated in any way with the persons who did the mischief. But the evidence was too strong against him, and he was bound over to answer the charge. None of the other rioters were arrested, which seemed a little strange, as Wedder swore that Shields had with him twenty or thirty more "shest like him."—W.—[Pennsylvania.]

The Small Note Bill.

A Bradford county paper expresses its opinion that the law prohibiting the circulation of small notes of other States among us, is a salutary one, but in the same paragraph goes on to excuse the people of that county for disregarding its provisions on the ground of the *inconvenience* they would suffer from its observance. This is "blowing not and cold" with vengeance. There never has been a law the provisions of which did not prove "inconvenient" to some persons, but we do not recollect of ever having heard of a case in which a court of justice exonerated an offender because it was "inconvenient" for him to keep within the limits. This part of the State is just as likely as any other to feel the inconvenience, if any, arising from the suppression of the small currency of other States, but here, we are gratified to say, the new law is strictly observed.—[Norristown Register.]

Newspaper Borrowers.

A word in your ear, Mr. Borrower: Is this paper, which you are now reading, *your own*? Ah! you just borrowed it for a few moments from a neighbor! Just so! But, do you also go to your neighbor for a loaf of bread—a coat—a hat—or a shirt? No, you answer, that's quite a different thing. Different indeed! How so? Your neighbor's paper is as much his own private property as any of the other articles we have mentioned. You do not ask to borrow them, for you know he would tell you to go and buy for yourself. And if he did himself and the printer justice, he would tell you to buy a newspaper for yourself, too. No man has a right to the use of a newspaper, unless he pays for it, any more than he has a right to wear his neighbor's clothes, or eat his bread. Put that into your pipe, friend—smoke it well—and then make up your mind to subscribe for the "Lewisburg Chronicle," if you think it worth reading.

Mrs. MILLER.—The Detroit Free Press of Friday last, states positively, that Mrs. Miller has returned to her mother in Ham-track, Michigan. Since her extraordinary affair at Niagara Falls, her father and her brother have died. The stories with which the press has teemed about her having gone to Europe in company with a gentleman, &c., are wholly unfounded. She returns of her own accord, drawn mainly, we believe, by a strong desire to see her children. Her mind seems to be disordered.

America is now one of the chief supports of England. It is stated that the money sent by the Irish emigrants to their starving relatives equals the whole of the Irish poor rates. Some two millions of the people of England are supported by the American trade.

The Goblin Telegraph.

When first the lightning's stylus traced
Its characters of wonder,
We stood amazed as folks conversed
A thousand miles asunder.
But what are lightning messages
From Buffalo to Natchez,
Compared to news from kingdom-comes
By under-ground despatches?
The goblin telegraph 's at work!
A hollow kind of rapping,
As if the ghosts of publicans
Were empty barrels tapping,
Is heard in old Connecticut—
Perhaps for her demerits,
In showing by her license law,
Antipathy to spirits.
But no—that can not be the cause;
For in our western cities,
The operators down below
Are bothering the committee;
And unbelief, however bold,
To superstition truckles,
As ghosts their strong impressions make
With telegraphic knuckles.
Some sneering editors, at first,
Deemed these revelations, fables,
But when they went to Rochester,
The spectres turned the tables;
Senz messages from heaven were sent,
And come from regions warmer,
And lately sunny knucks were heard
From Knox, the great reformer.

The apostolic hierarchy
Have made new revelations,
And criminals have got mixed up
In saintly conversations;
And sundry sinners down below,
As prostitutes and reprobates,
Have proved themselves *sensu dante* to be
The most consumed liars.
Where it will stop, heaven only know—
The lines are fast extending,
And messages both east and west
The spirit world is sending.
"Twas once said 'twas not all tales,"
But now a man's name, sir,
If asked who knew him on the head,
Knocks back—come in answer.

The District Slave Trade Bill.

The following is the bill to suppress the slave trade in the District of Columbia, as it has passed the Senate:
Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the first day of January next, it shall not be lawful to bring into the District of Columbia any slave whatever, for the purpose of being sold as merchandise. And if any slave shall be brought into the said district by its owner, or by the authority or consent of its owner, contrary to the provisions of this act, such slave shall thereupon become liberated and free.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for each of the corporations of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, from time to time, and as often as may be necessary, to abate, break up, and abolish any depot or place of confinement of slaves brought into the said District as merchandise, contrary to the provision of this act, by such appropriate means as may appear to either of the said corporations expedient and proper. And the same power is hereby vested in the levy court of Washington county, if any attempt shall be made within its jurisdictional limits, to establish a depot or place of confinement for slaves brought into the said District as merchandise for sale contrary to this act.

Dreadful Shipwrecks.

Boston, Sept. 17, 6 P. M.—The steamer Canada arrived at her wharf here to day at ten minutes before one o'clock, P. M. The ship Arab has arrived here from Calcutta, which dates to the 15th of April. She reports that from seventy to eighty vessels were anchored off Jamestown, St. Helena, all being more or less damaged from recent storms.

The Cape of Good Hope papers mention the loss of the British ship Ouseen of the West. All on board perished. The same journals also gave an account of the loss of the French ship Laigle. Of all on board only the mate and nine of the crew were saved. The bench to the eastward of the Cape is literally lined with wrecked vessels.

On the 10th inst. the Arab fell in with the brig Maria Wayne, from Wilmington, N. C., for Liverpool. She was in distress having encountered the storm of the 5th ult. Everything was swept off her deck.

The Rev. J. G. Binney and lady came passengers in the Arab.

Remarkable Preservation.

The New London Chronicle says, that as the sloop Mary Gray was on her passage from New York to that city, on Tuesday night, she was hailed when about mid sound—"Sloop ahead! lower your boat, and take a body aboard!" This mysterious request, at such a time and such a place, was of course a little out of the common run of sea-faring adventure, but the boat was lowered, nevertheless, and after some search, a young man was picked up and carried on board the sloop. He proved to be a Mr. Loomis of Norwich, who had fallen overboard from the steamboat Worcester, about an hour before, and the steamer was out of sight on her way to Norwich. The Chronicle justly remarks that this is about as remarkable a case of preservation from drowning as ever occurred, and proves energy and presence of mind in the young man which will find few parallels.

Workmen Should Study.

I respectfully counsel those whom I address (the workmen of America,) I counsel you to labor for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community—to make them your study instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, its history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them on those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passion and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their good. They will exercise not a nominal but a real influence in the government and destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth and virtue.—[Dr. Channing.]

DEED.—At his residence in Plymouth, Luzerne county, Sept. 6th, Col. George P. Ransom, aged 89. The "farewell shot" has pealed over the grave of the last Revolutionary soldier who dwelt among us. Of the brave men who abandoned the comforts and put life itself in constant peril, to settle and protect this beautiful valley, he alone was left to us—full of years—with all the comforts that attend upon competence, surrounded by descendants even to the third generation, venerated by all who knew him, and a soldier under that banner which alone promises peace to all, he was ready and prepared to depart.—Luzerne Democrat.

FRIDAY.—The superstition about Friday, has passed from the ocean over no very small portion of terra firma. The Boston Advertiser mentions as a somewhat singular fact, that Dr. Webster murdered Dr. Parkman on Friday—he was arrested on Friday—he was tried on Friday—the verdict of the Coroner's (secret) Inquest was made public on Friday—one of the regular days selected for his family to visit him at the jail was on Friday—the final decision of the executive was given on Friday, and on Friday he was executed.

HONOR TO THE CRAFT.—We notice with pleasure that the Democrats of Centre county have nominated Mr. H. H. Blair, of the Centre Democrat, as their candidate for Assembly. They have made an excellent choice. Mr. Blair is a young man of energy and ability, one of the true steel, too, in politics. Take our good wishes for your success, Mr. Blair, and return the gift by good service to the country next winter.—Clinton Democrat.

An Irish peasant was advised by the priest to give up his Bible and study the fathers. "Who are the fathers?" he inquired. "Why," said the priest, "the fathers are St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and other saints." "I never saw them," he replied, "but I have the grandfathers, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and I think the grandfathers are far superior to the fathers."

Wouldn't tell her Age.—We are informed, says the New Haven Journal, that only one person calling herself a lady has refused to tell the U. S. Marshal her age, and to give the required information on other topics which the census law requires him to procure. Besides rendering herself liable to pay a fine of \$30, she has been reported to the government as being fifty years old! The ladies must own up once in ten years.

I heard a new Bible reading, in Sunday school, not long since, which amused me. One of the little treasures, after reading the admonition to "love the Lord" with all the heart, mind, and strength, &c., continued, "This is a first rate commandment; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Trees and vines which are kept the cleanest bear the best; like the human body, the pores of their skin become clogged with dirt, and retain gases which should escape. Trees, the bark of which has been scraped and scrubbed, becomes more thriving and more vigorous.

WISDOM.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

An old author observed that among all the systems of Metaphysics which the world abounds there is no sect which worships the setting sun.

Never be angry with your neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same way.

Talking of "enlarging"
editor of the Chronicle & Idings.
"it's not the larg
best real?"