## CHRONICLE IFWISBURG

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

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., NOV. 27, 1850.

Volume VII., Number 35. Whole Number --- 347.

The Lewisburg Chronicle is issued

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 edvance. Discontinuances 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 a year; a reduced price 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.

paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to eceive attention. Those relating exclusively to HICKOR. Esq , Editor-and all on business to be addressed to the Publisher.

Office, Market St. between Second and Third.

O. N. WORDEN, Publisher.

## | Selected for the Chronicle. The Atmosphere.

We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its eathedral dome, arching towards that beaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—'a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction better it. And yet it is so mobile, that we to see the stire it. And yet it is so mobile, that we to see the stire it. And yet it is so mobile, that we to see the stire it. And yet it is so mobile, that we to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see the stire in the see that we had to see that we had the stire in the see that we had t that they are bathed in an orean of air. reading." its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers "Ah!" said Aunt Deborah, with a quiet lowed by a feeling of self-reproach ?"

insect waves it aside with its wings.

refresh the fevered brow and make the ers, because they feel most," indebted to it for all the magnificence of wear a wig !" around the heavens. The cold ether would Amy, looking rather puzzled. to atmosphere, the evening sun would in a in need of being strengthened. moment set, and, without warning, plunge "Then you won't allow any use in order and purity of a home!" the earth in darkness. But the air keeps novels, aunt Deborah." them slip but slowly through her fingers; article of food, Amy ?" so that the shadows of evening gather by "To be sure." but one little ray to announce his approach, are so very wholesome !" night, and slowly lets the light fall on the "the last new novel."

ashing of fountains; the murmur of riv- pause aunt Deborah continued: speech, and have muttered from her depths honest to pretend otherwise." marticulate sounds, but nature would have This was said with unusual sharpness healthfully side by side; that is the best stealing and giving odor." ludge not that you be not judged.

The following fine requiem, we copy from the N. Y. Home Journal: but in

LINES ON THE DEATH OF Rev. Dr. JUDSON.

No! other counds than there,
Than earth's soft melodies.

Amid the fall palm trees, rose on the air!
Where parted wave from wave,
To make an occan grave,
A lonely Christian gave a brother there!

Proc from life's heavy woes, Wrapt in Death's sweet repose, Calmiy the waters close above his form: And when the prayer was said, And when the tear was abed, How will the dark-browed race

Miss his familiar face!
Look at his vacant place, with saddened heart;
He, too, the vigil kept
Where wasting sickness slept,
He o'er their dead hath wept—could he depart!

He taught them to ferenke Their idels—and to wake From Error's sleep, and reake his faith their own, Answering their spirits' need, (hrist's wand'ring flock to feed, was his earthly meed, and thu alone; The mortal mind must first its mortal fetters burst.

And stay its burning thirst, at Wisdom's well, fire it can tell how blest That spirit in its rest. How glorious the quest, where angels dwell?

Go. child of sin, and learn
His lesson here was stern.
But oh! beyond Life's bourne—reward was given,
For many souls he won
To God—his work is done.
And Christ, the incarnate Son, claims him in heaven!
Coxx.

have lived years in it before we can be triumphant tone, " this writer in the --- may read undisturbed, and nobody suffer persuaded that it exists at all, and the great Review seems to have quite a different by it. Is it not true that the enjoyment bulk of mankind never realize the truth opinion from you on the subject of novel is, on this account, almost without excep-

would drops of dew gather on the flowers. our sex had, by nature, more imagination of the indulgence. The reasoning powers offered for sale, information which we had The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail and feeling than most of them knew how suffer a paralysis for want of exercise, gathered from an advertisement in the Enstorm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. to manage, and yet, according to this wri- They live, not in the real world, nor yet quirer. He repaired to the establishment. Our naked globe would turn its tanned, ter, our chief aim should be to increase in a world of thought, but in a land of bought that article, and many others. Ten unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one the stock as much as possible. Now to dreams—dreams born of unhealthy fancies years afterwards we heard the same mer dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat me it appears that the weaker parts, the and emotions. And suppose this habit chant say that that same old gentleman had dazze and burn up all things. Were there understanding and judgment, stand most carried, as it often is, into married life, its continued to trade with him from the period

their heads, and each creature space to hard, unripe, and all the decayed and on moral character !" find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. wormy apples you can find, as well as "I have no superstitious fear of novels, he could not by other means have acqui-In the morning, the garish sun would at the good ones. You will neglect your my dear, nor do I judge of them 'all in a red - Fredericksburg News. the bound burst from the bosom of night, regular meals, exercise, and every duty, heap.' Some of the finest fruits of the and blaze above the horizon; but the air for the sake of eating apples. You will finest minds are found in this field of litewatches for his coming, and sends at first even set up half the night to do it, they rature. But the whole number of those

and so gently draws aside the curtains of ceding midnight had found her absorbed in persons, would hardly supply a genuine

pen, and, like man, she goeth forth again girls read novels just as children eat ap- the domestic circle, as a social entertainples, not for the sake of any benefit it may ment." To the ear it brings forth all the sounds be to them, but simply for the pleasure "On the whole, then, you think much hat pulsate through it,—the grave elo- they take in doing it; and if they can get cultivation of the imagination and sensipence of men; the sweet songs and happy a strict and sober old body like me to ad-bility, undesirable for a woman." aughter of women; the prayers and prais- mit any possible use in their favorite au- "I think, my dear, that every faculty es which they utter to God; the joyous thors, why, then it is nothing but novels, of mind and heart which God has given carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; morning, noon, and night. One would us, should be cultivated to the utmost he whisper of the winds when they breathe think they were resolved to offer up soul but no one or two at the expense of the gently, and their laughter and wild chor- and body in search of the hidden virtue." rest. A woman all reason, is only half

forests; the trumpet-note of the thunder; excuse of reading novels of bad, or, at feeling, will be sure to attract, to interest, and the deep solemn voice of the everlast- best, of doubtful character, such as in your to awaken sentiment, but her reign will ng sea. Had there been no atmosphere, own heart you know are unfit for a pure be short, because her character offers no melody nor harmony would not have been, eye and an unguarded mind. It is not for solid basis of trust and confidence. In the her any music. The earth might have the use, it is for the entertainment, the ex- practical duties of life, in the exercise of made signs to the eye, like one bereft of citement, that you read them, and it is not the kindly offices and sweet affections of

been voiceless, and we should have gazed of tone, for untruthfulness in any torm school of character." mly on shores "where all was dumb." To was in nunt Deborsh's eye a cardinal sin; he last of the senses the air is not less and she had, moreover, paid the penalty of you seem to forget that." bountiful than to the others. It gathers to Amy's vigils by a nervous headache.

mown hay; from hills covered with wild "Now, Amy, if you ask honestly after thing to you, if I could see you buried in the side of virtuous and industrious poor," quire wealth and honors, it may be pos- quarters of the city." thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezthe uses of fictious reading, is it not plain Paradise Lost as you were in your novel that had I children (which I have not) and sessed of the very fullness of outward. It is stated, by the N. Y. Transcript, that two things are presupposed? First, last night, I should not feel that you were a fortune to leave behind me at death, I prosperity; but there is a worm in the bud; that on his arrival in Constantinople, Mr. this moment supporting, out of the public hem hither and thither, and the sweet that all works of immoral or even doubtful wasting your labor for a string of paltry would bequeath, after a virtuous education, a disease of the heart lurking unseen by to effect which nothing should be spared, to effect which nothing should be spared, and the sweet that all works of immoral or even doubtful wasting your labor for a string of paltry to effect which nothing should be spared, received to effect which nothing should be spared. south wind "breathes upon bands of violets, tendency are to be swept at once out of glass beads, but were gathering gems view. No matter what claims they may which could never lose their value, nor ficient to excite them to habits of industry except by the guilty wretch and Him who dollars for his wife, who is a lady of reput forth as works of genius, as pictures of ever go out of fashion."

"Is is that such as stand the test gratification to all your patrons. N. in every respect, shall be read health fully; that is, at proper times and seasons: in the daytime, and not when the body requires sleep; not to the neglect of your What! coared the old eagle to die at the sun? regular course of solid reading, or of daily
We mount to their Zenith, the melt into Heaven,

a dram swallowed at a single draught."

"Oh, aunt Deborah, your second rule

But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light God-speed into Heaven, lost star of the night! is harder than the first. What! read a Death beath in the White House! Ah, never before novel by piecemeal, interpersed with histery, moral essays, mending stockings, &c. ry, moral essays, mending stockings, &c.

It is out of the question for me to stop for anything short of a matter of life and death, in the midst of a story. The only way for me is to go through it with a rush, and done with it."

The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home, Make clear from the door-stone the path to the temb; But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here. In a church-yard far off stands his beckoning hier? In a church-yard far off stands his beckoning hier? He is here as the wave-creat heaves flashing on high-arow to earth, and the foam to the shore—beath finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

"Now you touch the kernel of the question," replied aunt Deborah. "By your own admission, this sort of reading comes into practical life as a disturbing influence.

The mind loses for a time its self-control, The mind loses for a time its self-control, the feelings are diverted from their proper What more? Shall we on, with his ashes? Yet star the feelings are diverted from their proper objects, and, of course, duty is neglected. Yet the claims upon you remain just the same. The household, of which the eldest daughter is so important a member, can not accommodate itself to your unseason-

which I should reckon beneficial, or even and then another, and by and by a handful, Amy laughed and blushed, for the pre- safe, for ardent and imaginative young novel reader a single month. And even face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids "The fact is, my dear, that young these should be read not in solitude, but in

sses when they shrick in their wrath; the Amy made no reply, and after a little fitted for life, for she can not be even useful in the highest sense, unless sine be ers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling "And not only so, but you make it the loveable also. A woman all fancy and home, the heart and the judgment grow

"But the imagination, aunt Deborah ;

" Ah, my dear, that is a fu'l chapter

life, of human character, the more attrac- Mr. EDITOR CHRONICLE: The annexed tive they are, the worse they are for the Poem, brought to mind by the decease of Trans.-\$1.50 per year, for cash actually in what paper it originally appeared, is not young mind. Bulwer, Sue, and Sand our late President Taylon, I consider one can not even be put on probation with us." of the best productions of its gifted writer, who, from his actions and appearance, see-"And now for the second condition." and doubt not its republication would be a

> The Death of Harrison. BY N. P. WILLIS.

practical duty; with moderation, not like No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,

Advertising.

We were impressed, when a boy, with tion, an unquiet and feverish one, and fol- the benefits of advertising. It was our wont in early life to rend the newspapers before it like glass; yet a soap ball sails kindly smile, "what, then, does he think?" Amy looked very thoughtful a few min- through, advertisements and all, until we through it with impunity, and the timest "Why, that novel reading tends direct- utes, and then replied, with a sweet ingen- became as familiar with them as with our fence?" we asked. "Comfort, perhaps, Is the Mest Anthew that, from heart and tongue ly to cultivate the imagination and the sen- uousness of manner : "I believe you are alphabet. The Enquirer was our family can be offered you!" It ministers lavishly to all the senses. sibility, the two qualities most levely and right, aunt Deborah. I must own this has paper, which made us acquainted with the We touch it not, but it touches us. Its most useful in a woman; and that it is been my experience a great many times," leading firms in Richmond, and the differ the trumpeter of my sinful actions? 'Oh, warm south winds bring back color to the the novel reading women who are capable "And how much worse the case must ent kinds of merchandize offered for sale, my offence is rank-it smells to heaven " pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds of doing most and sacrificing most for oth- be with hundreds and thousands who are The second visit we made to Richmond I can not remain in the presence of him not blessed with the countless influences was as the juvenile companion of a wealthy whom I have irreparably injured!" he speech is a glorious gift, the electric chain blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north Aunt Deborah stopped knitting, pushed which surround you! Novel reading old gentleman of the neighborhood in which cried, as he attempted to rush past us. blasts brace into new vigor the hardened back her spectacles, and said, very gravely: grows with them into an inveterate habit, we resided, who paid our expenses for the children of our rugged clime. The eye is "How strange it was that Absalom did not no less strong and no less fatal than that pleasure of our company. Well do we in the act of beating a retreat. "Stay, of the drunkard or opium-eater. That dis- remember of pacing the Brick-row (as it madman," was our ejaculation, "we're unsunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the "What an idea!" cried Amy, laughing: order of mind which you experience from was called in former times) and reading conscious of being injured by you! Speak chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the "I am sure he had hair enough of his own." an occasional indulgence, becomes their the signs. Household words were not so explicitly—you shall find a confident!" "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." "That is the very reason," said Aunt habitual state, the only change being to a familiar as the names of the leading mer-But for it the rainbow would want its "tri- Deborah. "It is because he had so much, craving for more frequent and stronger chants of Richmond. The old gentleman with a low, hissing whisper, that night send their fleecy messengers on errands "What do you mean, aunt !" asked not only by the false sentiments imbited common use-he was ignorant where it from vicious novels, but by the daily neg could be bought, when we told him the SIX YEARS!" not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor . "Why, my dear, I always thought that lect of common practical duty for the sake house, and the merchant by whom it was victim the wife, mother, guardian of the of their first acquaintance until that time, to an amount never less than \$500 a year. "And yet," said Amy, after a pause, all of which was the result of one adverin her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets "Do you think apples a wholesome "it seems to me that I have gained some tisement. Yes, \$50 extended in yearly good from novels. Miss Edgworth's Hel- advertisements, is better than an additional en, for instauce. What a picture the case capital of \$3,000. It gives a merchant degrees, and the flowers have time to bow "Then, of course, you will eat all the of Cecilia gives of the influence of falsehood respectability, makes him known to the public, and secures for him a trade which

Crowding the Professions.

Great Britain, speaking of the ambition in that country, of adopting professional life and divinity," thus points the mind's eye to the general consequences, or some of

"Thousands have died of broken hearts pulent behind the counter; thousands in the look upon the simplicity of a life of manual by a worse late still, are driven to necessities which degrade the principles of honor within them, accustom them to humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make op, by administering to the vices of sociev. a livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions."

Testimony of a Rich Man.

The late Mr. McDonogh, the millionaire, n his will, says : onsoled, assured that the labor-loving, frugal, industrious, and virtuous among fellow-men of all classes, of the truth, 'that and frugality, and no more."

A Case of Compunction.

The other day, while we were visiting a secluded spot near town, we saw a man ers and enter into thos: dread mysteries med to be laboring under some violent it is, that we are beyond doubt perpetually mental paroxysm. He was sented on the making erroneous estimates of human enfence, with his head buried in his hands, joyment, and not unfrequently becoming which position he frequently changed by guilty of the presumption of questioning throwing forward his arms in a very per the justice of Heaven for having apparentturbed manner, as if in the act of easting by made such a strange, unequal disfrom him some harrowing phantasm that tribution of happiness in this world. Nothwas disturbing the equanimity of his imag ing but the recognition of a future state of ination. At first sight of him, it was our reward and punishment, it would seem, impression that he was going through with could have possibly reconciled the supera pantomine performance; but upon fur- ficial view we have of those secrets with ther observing, that ever and anon he drew the attributes of the Supreme Being .- J. a pistol from his breeches pocket and ap K. Paulding. plied the muzzle of it to his temples, we concluded that he was a melancholy individual who had formed some designs against his own life, yet was reluctant to cut the Tis sweet to hear the South wind a minstrel volce thread of his existence. Not relishing the Kissing the fluttering leaves till they related, idea that any one of our fellow creatures | And Musicalle the listening solitudeds: should take French leave of this world Tis sweet to hear old Ocean's obbling wave without making due preparation, we sallied White, soft and flute-like, sighs the fisher's stave, forth from the place where we had been observing him, with the intention of pre- Tis rapture to drink in from Beauty's lips venting the consummation of his object. It falls like sunbeams on the soul's eclipse Upon seeing us approach, he applied the It souther the heart a callous world had bruised pistol again to his crazed neddle, and pulled the trigger. An explosion of the cap And gaily earels the exulting lark merely was the result.

"What has placed you in this suicidal Joy leads her breath to fill the Hunter's horn, position?" exclaimed we, with emotion. Stirring the courser for the coming race.

And burst of gladuess on the winds are borns "Crime-crime-black,damning crime!" he replied, despondingly.

"Do you intend," said we, "to erase your guilt by blowing out your brains? And weeping Mercy drops her meless targe-Pause-reflect! Your case can not be But sweeter than the South wind's meledy, honeless."

"There is no hope for me," he answered bringing his fists down upon his breast Far more enrapturing than Love's blane with a jerk peculiar to play-actors.

"What is the complexion of your of-

"Must I be the interpreter of my shame,

We grasped him by the coat-tails while

But we recovered.

may yet be forgiven."

The All-Seeing Eve.

call it, into the professions of 'law, physic They are punished here as well as hereaf. They are punished here as well as hereaf. ter. The outward gilding of wealth and days and nights. By some casualty his in donations, that it was once plundered of prosperity may impose on the rest of man. umbrella had been thrown near where he kind, but in the dark closet which every lay; this he got hold of and occasionally man carries within his bosom, the spectres raised, hoping by it to attract attention to n these pursuits, thousands who would of remorse and fear work in the silence of him. During this time, with his pencil he have been happy behind the plough, or op- night like sheeted ghosts, unseen except wrote in a hymn book he had in his pocket, by him to whom their special mission is a brief account of what had happened. blessed reality-a glorious fact, we may desperate struggle of thankless professions, directed, shricking in the ear and pointing On the morning of the third day he was walk with God. Day by day, may we the skinny fingure of scorn or denuncia- discovered by a drover, and relief secured. walk with him, night by night converse with labor with perpetual envy; and thousands, tion. The guilty live in perpetual fear, He lingered six days longer, when he him. In solitude we may have him all to and a life of fear is a life of misery. What died. Throughout, his sufferings were ourselves. In the place of businesshe may though their crime had no witness but the most intense, but his presence of mind nev. attend our steps, guard our thoughts, comeve of Omnipotence, which penetrates the er forsook him. He was about 32 years pose our minds, protect our rectitude, hold inscrutable obscurity of midnight darkness of age. His wife died a few months ago. our hearts in peace, and preserve us un--what though years of impunity may He was a worthy and highly esteemed spotted from the world -N. Y. Evangelist. have stilled the voice of conscience, blun- citizen .- St. Louis Repub. ted the skill of remorse, and rendered detection every day more improbable, still them possess joys and happiness in this hidden from the eyes of men. There is a blast at Constantinople. M. B. affirms life which the rich know not and can not dread consciousness of this power haunting that the prices range from six hundred to appreciate. So well convinced am I. the imagination of guilt and preying on its ten thousand dollars, according to their age all perfumes and fragrance; from She recovered herself in a moment, how-by itself. I must go now and visit poor after a long life and intercourse with my vitals. To the eye of the world it may and personal charms, and that the slaves tran-fields in flower, and meadows of newmown hay: from hills caseed with wild

ever, and proceeded in a milder voice:

neighbor Crofton. But let me say one
the happiness of this life is altogether on
the happiness of the city."

we see nothing but the outside; we can not unfold the secrets of the hearts of othwhich baffle human investigation. Hence

> From the Family Minstrel. SACRED SONS.

Sweeping, with broken gush, the waters o'er

Floating in other, like a winged lyre

As swells the chorus of the reckless chase; When, to its tune, the shouting squadrons charge, As Carnage bares his thirsty seymetar,

Softer than murmurs of the refluent Sea Holier than warblings that in other swim, Richer than notes from Sport's glad bugie blown,

Of gathered thousands, to their Maker peals, When every temple's gates are open flung, And, in its Sabbath garb, a Nation kneels! Now sweet and low, now lofty and sublime Plows through the vaulted aisles, the choral tide; Fade, like a melting cloud, the dreams of Time, Bows in the dust the pump of mortal Pride.

Through which the lightning of intelligence Transmits its flashes, when the kindling brain Around Goo's throne angelic parans rung Or Man's weak voice Jehovah's praises sung. New York, Sept. 25, 1835.

Dreadful Casualty.

gealed our blood, he said "I HAVE NOT PAID | One of the most extraordinary instances THE SUBSCRIPTION ON YOUR PAPER FOR of injury, accompanied by firmness and resolution, that we have ever heard of, ocswam 'round-eveything before us grew of Mechanicsburg, about 14 miles from ears, and we were on the point of fainting. driving a spirited horse in the prairie, when he stopped to adjost something. The horse embodiment of hope and thankfulness he horse and with his knife cut him lose.

Price of a Wife. there exists one who knows it all, and that "Mr. Brown, the American Dragoman upwards of an inch in length, in a hen's one is omnipotent. He can at any time at Constantinople, who is now in this city egg. The egg had been boiled for breakn his will, says:

draw the secret crime from the bottom of accompanying the Turkish Envoy through last, and on severing a piece at one end, the deep, and when least expected unfold the United States, says that the female the pin was found standing perpendicular the dark mystery that has so long been Circassian slave markets continue in full in its centre.

a very small amount to each, merely suf. mortal eyes, unknown and unsuspected from a Pasha, an offer of ten thousand ican traitor.—London Times. sees and knows all things. In this world markable beauty.

From the Pennsy A Sabbath Hearing.

The Mayor held a levee this morning. ing the Christian Sabbath. Moses Hary, an old colored man, was up for steal. g a copper kettle, value \$3,75. During e examination of the principal witness, Moses showed much dissatisfaction in his

countenance-at last he broke out with the

"I ject to de whole perceding !" Mayor. - State your objection.

following declaration:

Moses .- Wy, it's Sunday and Pse conconshus scrupus about answering any questum on dat day. De kittle not wuff nuch any how; got four holes in bottom : but if want to know if I hooked um, jest ax me 'bout it some oder day, and I tell you berry quick it's down in my cellar die berry minnit.

Mayor .- You admit then that you stole the kettle ?

Moses .- No I dosent-1 mits nuffing to-day. If I did hook dat old kittle, I vid not quite bad enuff to break de Sunday, nuthur. De nigger may do de small sin. but it take de white folks to come up to the

Mayor .- You think it a small sin then to steal a copper kettle?

Moses .- Yes I do, when um got hole in de bottom and wont hold nuffin.

Mayor .- You appear to have quite a discriminating conscience, old man. Moses -- Yes I have a crimination con-

shus, eber since I seed de man in de moon wat was put dare for picking up sticks on Sunday mornin'-when he ought to been gitting ready to go to meeten. Mayor .- I shall have to commit you. Moses .- Den you commit great sin, sah!

I bery sorry when decent looking gemman not know no better. You tink de kittle wid de whole in in de bottom wuf more dan de Sabbath, sah? How you 'splain dat? Come sah, you gib me de reasum, eh!

Mayor .- No; that is another question. It has nothing to do with the kettle.

Moses .- No sah, but I fear'd it will be sumfing to do wid de frying pan, sah. You understand? Debbil nebber fry poor nigger for stealing old copper kittle wid hole in de bottom, sah. De white folks wat break de Sabbath will be fried bery nice and brown, like de cat fish, Sah. Wish you bery good mornin, sah.

A sign from the Mayor caused old Moses to disappear very quickly under the guardianship of two officers

Ancient Antiquities. Nineveh was fifteen miles by nine, and At the mention of this impiety our head curred about two weeks ago in the vicinity forty around, with walls one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots. green-a fiendish noise, like the wild laugh. Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Thomas Baker, Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, ter of a legion of maniaes, sounded in our a brother of the Hon, E. D. Baker, was which were seventy-five feet thick, and three hundred high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana at "Although your sin is dark as Erebus," took fright and started off. Mr. Baker Ephesus was four hundred and twentywe said, almost overcome at the thought of fell forward of the wheels, and by some seven columns, sixty feet high, to support the wickedness men would commit, "yet, if means one leg was fastened between the you pay up without further defalcation, you springs and axle, his body on the ground. building. The largest of the pyramids is In this position the frightened horse, at full four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and A weight was removed from his heart. speed, carried him about four miles, when He again breathed freely. His feelings, as he stopped. Mr. Baker had still presence sides; its base covered eleven acres. The elastic as gutta percha, expanded upon the of mind and strength enough to disengage stones are about thirty feet in length, and removal of this burden, and striking up- his limb, although many of his bones were the layers are two hundred and eight; wards, spread a new-born glow over his broken and his whole body mangled in a three hundred and sixty thousand men re-animated countenance. Looking up in manner that baffles description. With were employed in its erection. The labyrto our face with eyes that seemed like the great effort he managed to crawl to the inth of Egypt contained three thousand chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in One of the ablest periodical writers of asked if we'd take corn !- [Senbury Gaz. Suffering intense agony, and fearing that in his pain he might be induced to take his around. Athens was twenty-five miles It is a mistaken idea that the guilty own life, he threw away the knife. In the around, and contained twenty-five thousof all kinds, and of the rush, if we may so ever escape punishment in this world. most intense distress from his injuries and and citizens, and four hundred thousand nineteen thousand pounds sterling, and Nero carried from it five hundred statues. Rome was thirteen miles around.

Walking with God.

It is no fiction-no mere poetry, but a

A gentleman living near Keswick, Eng. land, a short time since discovered a pin

He that visits the sick in hope of a legecy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases. I look upon him in this to be no better than a raven that watches a weak sheen only to peck out the eyes of it.

We (the English nation) are actually at

God reigneth ever, merciful and just