LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Terms—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance; [illegible] if paid within three months; [illegible] if paid within a year; [illegible] if not paid before the year expires; [illegible] cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when the year is paid up.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $5 a year; two squares, [illegible] for six months, [illegible] for a year. Mercantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

Job Work and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

Communications solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to Henry C. Hickok, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. Worden, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. A. S. WILSON, President Judge for the 20th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Union and Mifflin, and Jacob Witmer[illegible] and James Marshall Esqrs, Associate Judges in Union county, have issued their precept, bearing date the [illegible] day of [illegible] 1851, and to me directed, for the holding of an Orphans' Court, Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and General Quarter Sessions, at NEW BERLIN, for the county of Union, on the [illegible] Monday of February next (being the [illegible] day) [illegible], and to continue two weeks—

NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for the county of Union, to appear in their own proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf appertain to be done; and all witnesses and other persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons, are required to be then and there attending, and not depart without leave at their peril. Justices are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed time agreeable to notice.

Given under my hand and seal, at the Sheriff's office in New Berlin, the [illegible] day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and in the seventy-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America. God save the Commonwealth!
ARCHIBALD THOMAS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, New Berlin, Jan. [illegible], 1852.

Notice to the Tax-Payers and Collectors of Union county.

As the Treasury is very much in need of funds it is hoped that the tax payers will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The Collectors are [illegible] requested to pay over to the Treasurer, during the [illegible] Court week, all monies that may be in their hands at that time [illegible] [illegible]

Commissioners' Office, New Berlin, Jan. [illegible] 1852.

Jury List—February Term, 1852.

Grand Jurors.

East Buffalo—[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Washington—Francis A Boyer, Danl Glass, [illegible]
[illegible]
Chapman—[illegible]
Middlecreek—[illegible]
Union—[illegible]
West Buffalo—[illegible]
New Berlin—[illegible]
White Deer—[illegible]

Traverse Jury.

East Buffalo—Saml Noll.
West Buffalo—Wm Watson, Jacob Wingert, [illegible] Kaufman, John Gibbs.
Middlecreek—Saml Hendrick
Hartley—[illegible], Saml Zerns, Jo. E. Forrey, [illegible]
Buffalo—[illegible]
West Beaver—A K Mc[illegible], M Eckhart.
White Deer—David O Kaufman
Penns—Benj Hummel, [illegible], H W Snyder, Danl Ott, J G L Shindel
Centre—Conl Woolfley, J Swengel, Isl Knettle, Danl J Bogar, G J Schoch, David Schoch
New Berlin—Chris Winter. Jacob Oberdorf.
Limestone—Peter Wehr, J Mitchell, Abe Bower
Kelly—[illegible]
Chapman—[illegible]
Union—Saml Smith, [illegible]
Lewisburg—[illegible] Wolfe, Saml [illegible], [illegible]
Beaver—Joel Klingler.

Petit Jury.

[illegible]

Issue List, Feb. T. 1852.

[illegible]

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all concerned, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's office, at New Berlin, Union county, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation [illegible]

Acct of [illegible], executor of John [illegible], late of Chapman tp, dec'd.

Acct of Abraham Young, administrator of Michael [illegible], late of Buffalo tp, dec'd.

Acct of Philip Swartz, administrator of John Swartz, late of Perry tp, dec'd.

Acct of John Rothsnyder, administrator of John Rothsnyder, late of Chapman tp, dec'd.

Acct of A. J. Peters and Wm. Peters, administrators of John Peters, late of Buffalo tp, dec'd.

Final acct of Jos. Spotts and Sam'l Bickel, administrators of Henry Bickel, late of White Deer tp, dec'd.

Acct of John and Peter Arbogast, executors of Nicholas Arbogast, late of Perry tp, dec'd.

Acct of Cyrus Brown, executor of Frederick Wiltrout, late of East Buffalo tp, dec'd.

Acct of Sam'l Henderson and Rob't Cander, executors of Wm. B. Sullivan, late of White Deer tp, dec'd.

Acct of John Chamberlain, guardian of Eleanor, a minor child of Wm. Kelly, late of Kelly tp, dec'd.

Acct of John Chamberlain, guardian of Wm. A. a minor child of Wm. Kelly, late of Kelly tp, dec'd.

Acct of John Hartman, Jr., guardian of Mary E. and Martin, minor children of Dr. Jacob Wagenseller, late of Penns tp, dec'd.

Acct of Wm. B. Garman, administrator of Solomon Strouh, late of Chapman tp, dec'd.

Acct of John Stees, administrator of Jacob Kimble, late of the Borough of Mifflinburg, dec'd.

Acct of John Stees, guardian of Seth, Lydia, Cath. Jane and David, minor children of David House, late of Kelly tp, dec'd.
CHRISTIAN BREYMAN, Register.
Register's Office, New Berlin, Jan 19, 1852.

Articles Deferred last Week.

Mr. Robinson of the N. Y. Times, claims that his brother Irishmen in the U. S. number 7,000,000

A German claims of his countrymen in the same dominions	5,000,000
Nobody doubts there are of the African and Indian races of various shades and conditions,	5,000,000
Making of these races	17,000,000
Our whole population is	23,000,000
We Yankees, 'F. F. of Virginia,' Frenchmen, Welchmen and Scotchmen, Swiss, &c. &c. are allowed only	6,000,000

all told, by this calculation. And yet, somehow, this small fraction of English Puritans, Cavaliers, &c. seems to set the fashions and rule the roast. What they lack in numbers, they make up in all-powerful mind.

Kossuth and good eating, seem to be associated ideas, all over the country. We observe that in the N. O. *Picayune*, Prof. Julius Cæsar Hannibal advertises a public reception of the distinguished Governor, and the following brilliant *bill of fare*, got up in the well-known superb style of the celebrated gastronimic Professer, without any regard to expense—viz:

1—Clams in de shell.
2—Clam soup, widout cracker.
3—Clams fried, wid gravy.
4—Clam chowder.
5—Clam soup, wid cracker.
6—Pickled clams.
7—Roast clams.
8—Stewed clams.
9—Clam pot pie.
10—Clam frigasee.
11—Clams scolluped.
12—Clams.
More clams if wanted.

Tickets, for the eating, $5.
" to see the eating $1.

A splendid edition of Milton's Works, lately issued at Oxford (England) has in it as authentic, the "Lines written by Milton in his Old Age." It is a splendid Miltonic article, but we see it stated was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd, an American lady now living.

The touching lines, by one of the young poets of America, Mr. John F. Weishampel, Jr., commencing—

"We were so poor when baby died,"

have come back from England stamped with the seal of approbation as of English origin! How often do mere *origin* and *name* condemn or immortalize a production of the mind, to the exclusion of intrinsic worth.

"Democratic Review."—We had not seen this standard periodical of the Democratic Party of the United States for sometime, but having met with an Agent in Harrisburg, we have now on hand the January No. We find its number of pages greatly enlarged, and its spirit decidedly improved. This No. is embellished with a portrait of the Italian patriot, Mazzini. The work is now afforded at $3 only, and should be in the hands of every Democrat who would keep up with the literary progress of the party. D. W. Holly, 170 Broadway, N. Y. is the Publisher.

It is now stated that the negotiation for some time pending between Col. Fremont and certain British capitalists for the sale to them of his interest in gold bearing lands in California, has been brought to a conclusion very satisfactory to all parties. Col. Fremont, through his agent, receives one hundred thousand dollars, upon the execution of the deeds to the purchasers. He will afterwards receive sixty thousand dollars a year until he shall make a valid title to the lands, whereupon he is to receive a million of dollars for the fee simple of the property.

Fox Meat.—A few days ago, a person residing in Madison township, Montour Co., killed a large fox. While skinning the animal, some children came along, to whom, in jest, he represented that it was a fawn he had just killed, and presented them with a hind quarter, which was taken home by them, and prepared for the table by their parents. Soon afterwards all who had partaken of the meat became very sick, so much so that medical advice had to be procured.

The people of Macon, Ga., are agitating the project of digging a canal some six or seven miles long, by which the water is to be brought into the city for manufacturing purposes. Mr. Holcombe, the Engineer, has surveyed the work, and reports that it can be done at a cost of $512,500. It is estimated that this would afford power sufficient for twelve factories of five hundred spindles each.

A Good Step.—The Grand Jury of New York have presented as a nuisance the practice of holding elections where liquor is sold. They also call for efficient forces to protect the polls, so that no man shall be deterred from voting. Furthermore, they call for a reform in public buildings, and suggest that those which have not the most ample means for egress be at once closed.

The whole number of female teachers who have been sent to the West by the "National Board of Popular Education," is two hundred and forty eight. Of these fifty-four have been married, and only thirty-eight returned to the East.

The Philadelphia Inquirer states that on the first of January the Morse and Bain Lines of Telegraph between New York and Washington were united, and are now both under the administration of the "Old Morse Line." The Morse Line will now have six wires working South to Washington, and seven wires North to New York.

The Sinner's Progress.—It has not been generally known that the celebrated author of the Pilgrim's Progress, wrote a counterpart called the Sinner's Progress, or the Life and Death of Mr. Badman. A new stereotyped edition is now in preparation by the American Baptist Publication Society.

The Whig members of the Maine Legislature, and other distinguished men of the party, met at Augusta on the 23d ult., and unanimously advised the nomination of Scott and Jones for President and Vice, by a Whig National Convention to be held in Philadelphia on Thursday the 17th June next.

The longest snow storm that was ever known in Great Britain, occurred in 1614. It is recorded that it began on the 15th of January, and continued to snow every day until the 12th of March. The loss of human life, as well as sheep and neat cattle, was immense.

A rapper in New England, of the Andrew Jackson Davis school, professes to have had a recent communication from the spirit of Ethan Allen, in which he stated that he and Tom Paine were stopping at a hotel kept by John Bunyan!

No street in Constantinople has a name, nor is there a lamp in it, yet there are 500,000 inhabitants! There is not a Post Office, nor mail-route, in all Turkey, nor a church bell—but there are, at least, two dogs to every inhabitant.

In the prudent, providing-for-a-rainy-day State of Massachusetts, there are 49 savings banks, in which are deposited sixteen and a half millions of dollars. Eighteen years ago the deposits were but three and a half millions.

In various parts of California, it is stated, saccharine matter, of delicious flavor, is found on the leaves of various kinds of trees, deposited in many cases in a candied form, and in drops resembling and tasting like honey.

Col. H. L. Kinney, (formerly of Bradford county, Pa.,) offers to Kossuth and his companions ten thousand acres of land, situated on the Neuces River, in Texas, and as fertile as any in the Union.

When the penny postage was adopted in England, the franking privilege was wholly abolished so that the Queen herself has no right to frank her letters. That is the way it should be here—no franks.

The Minnesota Pioneer says there are over forty lawyers in the village of St. Paul, and adds that they are so numerous that every office seeker fears to offend such a body of voters.

A number of Americans for California, who purchased tickets from an agent of the Steamer Brother Jonathan, have arrived at Panama and been refused a thro' passage.

A "gentleman" who was rescued from drowning, lately, in England, by a party of dockmen, rewarded his deliverers with sixpence sterling, to be divided among them.

The present Governor of Indiana is a Methodist, as is also one of the U. S. Senators from that State, and eleven of its thirteen Representatives in Congress.

The President of the Camden Lazy Club, feeling a fly alight on his jolly red nose, instead of brushing it off, petitioned Congress to have the insect removed.

A dissolute man named Reitenhover, in Boyertown, Berks county, recently attempted his own life by taking arsenic. It is doubtful whether he will recover.

Among the latest and most foolish *on dits* of the "enterprising" city press, is a reported duel between Ex-Gov. Johnston and Senator Cooper.

America—A spirited lad who beat his big brother for bullying him, but who will join him as a partner in business when they both become men.

The German papers state that an unusual quantity of snow has fallen there this winter, in many places making packs 20 and 30 feet deep.

Advices from Washington represent Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster as consenting to the use of their names for the Presidency.

Maj. George Given has been nominated as an Independant candidate for Congress by a democratic Mass Meeting at Jersey Shore.

Dr. Bethune calls the yellow-covered trash of the "cheap and foul" city press, "caterpillars on the tree of knowledge."

Charles Kalbfus is appointed P. M. at Williamsport, C. Donaldson having resigned on account of ill health.

The city of Wheeling has subscribed $50,000 to the stock of the Louisville Railroad Company.

Reformer—A person known first as a "Visionary," then as a "Q[illegible]," then as a "Benefactor."

Balzac took a week, sometimes, to write a page. He was a fat man, and never an editor.

The Force of Habit—A retired policeman amusing himself by collaring eels.

"Necessity knowns no law," and in that respect resembles many lawyers.

Mr. Clay rode out on the 28th ult. for the first time during his illness.

The "Clinton Tribune," [Whig] Lock Haven, is offered for sale.

Original Papers

From the Theta Alpha Society of University at Lewisburg

We have requested from the two Literary Societies of the University located in this town, some of their current correspondence for insertion in the Miscellaneous department of the 'Chronicle.' The Theta Alpha Society has acted upon and kindly granted the favor, and we hope to extract a column or two from their pages and those of the Euepian Society, alternately. As we are not made acquainted with the names of the writers of the articles, there can be no partiality in the selections. With a knowledge of the talent combined in the Societies, we have no doubt the arrangement will prove—in the varied and varying original matter thus brought out—interesting to our readers, stimulating to the students, and honorable to the Institution.—Ed. Chron.

The Heart's Yearning.

Let me die among my kindred!
Let me breathe my last word there,
In that sacred, dearest homestead,
(Is my longing, earnest prayer,)
Where a mother's lip may bless me
In that agonizing hour,
Where her own hand may caress me,
Soothing by her gentle power—

Where a sister's true devotion
May its gracious fervor prove,
Calming each disturbed emotion
By her tender tones of love;
Let my brother's form be near me
In its manliness and grace,
In my sadness, it will cheer me
To behold his noble face.

Loved and loving friends of youthful
Days' acquaintance, gather round—
Friends of riper years, and truthful—
Let all those, be near me found!
When the tender link is breaking
That has bound me here for years;
When to future scenes I'm waking,
And the yawning grave appears.

Let them quell each dark surmising,
Whispering of His power to save,
Who was crucified—but, rising,
Gained the victory o'er the grave;
And thus, bowing to my pillow,
May they waft my soul away,
O'er the river's threatening billow
As they there around me pray.

Let me sleep beside my father,
Near a brother's little tomb—
Oh, there is, for just another
One of our sufficient room.
With all three may I awaken
When the final day shall come;
With them rise, to sing in heaven
Praises that we're *joined at home.*

Mr. Editor: Your urgent invitation for a short communication, meets my hearty approbation; but if you knew the trepidation, and the fearful agitation, aye the real perturbation, with which my first oblation is given to your consideration, you would have no hesitation to make the determination to excuse your poor friend Jason.

What freak of imagination would meet your commendation, or give you gratification? What witty emanation, or poetical creation, will reach the realization of your fond anticipation? Of ratiocination, or hints on education, an impromptu inspiration, or thrilling told narration, you have no expectation.

I might tell some cogitation, or commence you an oration, on the foolish situation of affairs within our nation, which (without exaggeration) are in a worse relation than a knotty litigation: but, unskilled in legislation, I could give no information. My private allegation is, this direful fermentation is not an indication that our final destination is entire dilapidation; though, with no ostentation, I betray my palpitation at the flagrant alienation from the right—my detestation of the least tergiversation, and my fervent supplication that fraternal toleration may prevent precipitation. If our men in convocation would each quit his dissertation upon amalgamation and black emancipation, and, with consistent moderation and true conciliation, yield feelings of location, they'd show their appreciation of our great confederation. But, with cockney affectation, some boast of deliberation by midnights in rotation, on this topic of vexation, when it's known from observation that they're oft in dissipation, and from intoxication (made worse by each potation) they're unfit for meditation, much more for contemplation. But, I leave this estimation of our real degeneration, and all saddening computation of the dreadful devastation that would follow sequestration. I'll give no more impression on local separation, or party combination, or the means of our salvation by a firm consolidation, though in my quiet station I burn with indignation at the deterioration of this our generation. Farewell—with admiration, and sans dissimulation, your loving brother JASON.

Popularity.

The desire of obtaining the good will and esteem of our fellows, is one which finds a place in the breasts of all, and should be cultivated. There are various reasons why this should be. We are all placed here to worship God, and benefit our fellow men; and our object should be to do all we can in our alloted time. The amount we may accomplish, depends to a great degree on the influence we exert. A good name is one of the most important instruments by which an influence can be exerted for good; and this good name must be the result of a firm adherence to pure and holy principles. Those who act from principle, will at least be respected by all around them, and in many instances attain a popularity which those who take other plans may never hope to reach.

There are those, whole attention is engrossed in endeavoring to appear great in the eyes of their fellows; and that, not for any good purpose, but merely to gratify their own selfish desires, and forward their own schemes for grasping worldly fame. Such stop not at slight departures from right, but often plunge deep into crime to satisfy their ambitious cravings. Very often these are raised to places of distinction; but invariably their popularity vanishes "as the morning cloud and the early dew." The public see through the flimsy covering in which they are encased, and beholding the corruption within justly brand them with ignominy and disgrace.

Those who obtain a name that shall live, are those who, without any desire for preferment pursue a steady, even course, in the path of duty. But the man who obtains popularity, holds (in many respects) an unenviable position. He is observed by all; his actions are noticed, and every failure magnified; and he is exposed to countless temptations to evil, of which others know nothing. The aspirant for public favor, is often led to cherish feelings which are wrong in the sight of God, and productive of much sorrow. His plans are continually thwarted, his hopes blasted, and the success of others fills his mind with envy. When his point is gained, pride takes possession of his heart, and all the finer feelings of the man are swallowed up in a groveling desire for self, which in due time leads to his downfall.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Air—"The Rose that all are Praising."

A house without a roof, sirs,
Is not the house for me,
'Gainst wind it is not proof, sirs,
Nor yet from dampness free.
Give me a house that needs no prop,
And nicely shingled at the top
In great security—
Oh that's the house for me!

A hat without a crown, sirs,
Is not the hat for me,
A king without a throne, sirs,
Could not more foolish be.
I want a hat with crown and brim
To "tip my beaver" by the rim,
And that right prettily—
Oh that's the hat for me!

A coat without a tail, sirs,
Is not the coat for me,
It surely would not fail, sirs,
To fill you full of glee;
But make a coat with both tails true
And then I'll swing my "long tail blue"
In perfect agony—
Oh that's the coat for me!

A girl that can't wash dishes
Is not the girl for me,
Although such an one might possibly, and very benevolently wish us
Beneath the deep blue sea;
I wish one that can stew and bake,
And all my pantaloons, and coats, and shirts, drawers and mittens would mend or make—
Oh that's the girl for me!

Paul Perrywinkle's Last Glass.

A STORY OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The force of "circumstances" has led men into most desperate measures; the fatuity of some, under the influence of Love, has furnished endless foundations for the romancer; but the love of ardent spirits, the insane passion and mad infatuation for *Rum*, has inveigled more bipeds into worse stupidity and utter, extravagant nonsense, than all other evils and follies in the catalogue of human existence. With some, the infatuation for *liquid perdition* assumes a very serious, yea tragic aspect; while in others it takes such a broad, emphatically comic and ludicrous ground, that the pencil of the caricaturist and pen of the humorist find endless themes in depicting the gyrations, genuflections, &c., of a human under the force of *aqua ardient puro!*

Such a subject as the latter comes under our notice in the person of Paul Perrywinkle, of Pipkinville, State of Maine. Paul was what some people call a 'bruiser.' Ergo, he did sigh—not after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but for that abominable and atrocious fabrication of the American distiller, dignified with the name of French brandy. Like most worshipers at the shrine of Bacchus, Paul wasn't fastidious as to what he drank, so it was alcohol, although he prefered the dyed deep and more poisonous article, French Brandy. It was the good fortune of Paul, (who, by the way, officiated on a stage-line, i. e., *drove* the horse from Pipkinville to another "thriving village," not far from a splendid Yankee town, called Bangor,)—to live to see an act by the Legislature, that put down the damper on the entire flue of rum-sellers in the great Pine State of Maine. That such a thing could be done as to stop grog selling in that or any other part of the Christian world, was the richest joke of the season to Paul, and he enjoyed it up to the handle. But, no less to his mortification than surprise, one morning, after driving a load of the floating population into the aforesaid enterprising town of Bangor, and feeling of all times in his eventful life, a little of the hardest kind of thirsty, the said Paul was very solemnly informed by the *genus loci* of the quarters he had long patronized—

"Not a drop in my house, sir!"

Paul looked, then looked again, at Boniface, and as he looked, his broad and perfectly good natured countenance looked mighty humorous, his cunning grey eyes twinkled, and his large and [illegible] mouth fairly ran over with humor.

"Ha! ha! Pipes," at length said Perrywinkle, "that licker law is going to play the divil and break things, I guess they reckon, don't they?"

"I shouldn't wonder," responded Maj. Pipes.

"Ha! ha! Well, I'll be dogged if they musn't be a mighty peart set o' peeps down to Augusty, last session, to pass *that* kind of law—stop folks from selling licker, ha! ha!" very heartily laughed Paul. Somebody present ventured to remark, that the law was going to be a pretty tough job to get over, anyhow. Perrywinkle turned on t'other heel as he leaned against the bar that was, and eyed the speaker:

"A tough job? Why, you don't pretend for to say," said Paul, "that rum-sellin' can be stopped?"

"Yes, I do," said the speaker.

"By them Augusty peeps of the Legislature."

"Fact; no sort o' use doubting it, sir," was the responce.

"Well," slowly and drily said Perrywinkle, "I dunno! I've lived around here, about forty years; I've seen a good many funny things, and heard a'mazin' sight of nonsense in my time, but I never did expect to see any man so doggedly green as for to believe that rum sellin' could be put down by them peeps who go to Augusty to set in the Legislature, for two dollars a day. It's impossible; *it can't be did!*" And this "opinion" Perrywinkle clinched by a rap with his fist upon Pipes' bar—*whang!*

"But, rot them peeps who set in the Legislature down in Augusty, for to make laws for us as doesn't need 'em," continued Paul. "Pipes, hand out the R. G. I'm dry as a powder horn; drove clean in from Pipkin this morning without a dram."

"Not a drop in my house, sir?" again responded the ex-Publican.

"Sho, Pipes, how you talk; tell you I'm dry as a powder-horn."

"Perrywinkle," solemnly replied Pipes, "I tell you it's against the-law to-sell a-drop-of-licker-in Bangor, and rather than lose my licker I sent it up to Portland last night by express, and it's my opinion you won't find a drop in town."

"Not a drop?"

"Not a drop!"

"Well, as I said afore, I've been around here forty years, and I've been up to Boston two or three times," said Perrywinkle, "and I reckon I've seen 'bout as many elefints as any other man, but I guess you couldn't get me to swoller that, nohow! Set out the bottle, Major; dry as a powder-horn, I tell you."

"That's the *bottle*," returned Pipes, with a melancholy gaze at the piece of glass.

"Bottle?" says Perrywinkle, trying to look funny and force up a chuckle, "why there ain't anything in it."

"Not a drop!" calmly and solemnly responded Pipes.

"Do you really go to say," said Perrywinkle, "that you hain't got a drop of liquor in your bar, Major—that them Augusty peeps have shut you up?"

"Not a drop in my bar, sir," answered Pipes, "an' more an' that, not a drop in my house; them Augusty fellows have done the business clean, smack up, sir!"

"*Well*," emphatically said Paul, "as I said afore," he continued, "I've lived around here forty years"—

And thus soliloquising, and looking very much shocked, he strode to the door, and crossing the street, entered another grocery where the *critter* was usually to be had in quantities to suit purchasers. But, lo! the proprietor of the shop was tearing down his bar, and fitting up for the shoe trade!

Paul wheeled on his heels, right-about-face, in disgust.

"Well, I'll be dod rotted," says he, "if I don't believe some of these Bangor folks ain't a-gittin' skeert! Ha! ha! stop a feller's grog, that would be a pooty joke! Ha! ha! ha! I'll bet I find a place where they ain't skeert at Augusty peeps; make 'em quit sellin' licker—ho! ho! ho! Ah! here's the place!" And down an alley-way pops Paul, in a titter, at the idea of a man going without his bitters in Bangor. Now this temple of Bacchus was always kept open "upon the sly," and hence the patrons were always expected to resort to a sort of deaf and dumb alphabet and hocus pocus formula to be understood.

"Morning," says Paul, as he stepped in and closed the door, and faced the varnished and sleek looking proprietor of the *ranche*, "Captain John, how is things?"

"Oh, workin', workin'!" was the response.

"Hot morning," continued Paul, wiping his bronzed forehead, and looking, as he felt, hot and thirsty as a smelting furnace. "Phew-w, 'tis hot; guess, Captain John, I'll take a *smell* of your sweet majorum, my old boy!"

"Umph!" quietly responded Captain John.

"A little live oak, Captain John," continued Paul, fumbling around in his fobs for the "equivalent."

"Live oak?" asks the Captain.

"Y-e-e-s, you understand?" returns Paul, going through the various wipes of his mouth and twirls of his fingers.

"Oh! you a"—

"That's the idea," says Paul, cutting short the Captain.

"But you know"——

"Oh! sho, I understand"——

"The a"——

"Exactly, Captain John."

"Things has a"——

"Ha! ha! Yes, yes!"

"Run John into the ground, Mr. Perrywinkle!"

"You don't pretend to say"——

"Yes, I do!"

"That"——

"Exactly."

"I can't"——

"No, sir! Not a drop in my house—sent it all to Portland, by express, yesterday—could not take any further responsibility, sir."

Paul Perrywinkle was staggered, confounded, astonished. After "living around 'or forty years," and indulging in his bitters as regular as clockwork, to be wound up, his pendulum stopped smack on the nail, was a knocker he couldn't get over, no way.

Now, under ordinary, circumstances, if he had been where liquor wasn't handy, or temporarily out, Paul might have got along for a spell, but now his researches had made him dry, disappointments made him nervous and mad, and he determined to have his *bitters*, or burst. Meeting a friend in the street, he was told the article was certainly *tabooed*, none sold at any place, except the 'druggist's,' and then and there only in cases of sickness. The friend said people *would* get sick, and *did* get sick, and went to the druggist's and got *medicine*.

"Well," says Paul, "dod rot me if I ain't sick, sick enough, and I'll have a horn too; what do they ask for, some *dodge*, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," says the friend, "for gin you ask for stomach bitters, for brandy you ask for a dose of paregoric, and so on."

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"I'll take a strong dose of your paregoric, if you please," said Paul, addressing the clerk of the first 'pothecary pop' he came to.

The clerk eyed Paul, and then asked him if he wanted it himself?

"Yes—drink right down—in a dreadful pain."

Paul's mouth *watered*, and his eyes brightened, as he saw the murky red liquor gurgling from the mouth of the tincture-bottle into the graduating glass.

"Call that a *dose*?" says Paul, holding the taper glass between his fingers.

Clerk said, "Yes, find it strong, sir, too."

Down it went—it *was* strong. Paul's throat, used as it was to scathing elixers, couldn't go the pure paregoric, real essence of alcohol and various bitter compounds, laudanum, &c.; he gasped, laid down a nine pence; "all right," said the clerk. Paul looked at him in horror, rushed out, grasping his stomach, as if he feared it would leave him, and mounting his box he drove back to Pipkinville. Hasn't drank a drop since—shuns a drug store with the same horror a dog avoids a pump, suffering from an attack of hydrophobia—and was proposed as a *Patriarch* in one of the leading orders of Temperance in Pipkin, last meeting night.

Paul Perrywinkle's first address will be dedicated to the "peeps down to Augusty," whom he now considers the greatest body politic, moral and religious, on the face of creation!

England and Europe.

Every arrival from Liverpool brings fresh proof of the very delicate position in which Great Britain stands towards the continental powers. Austria blusters, Russia threatens, Turkey complains, Prussia looks coldly on, and the conduct of France is almost more than suspicious. In all Europe, England does not appear to have a single hearty ally. At no moment would her ministers be surprised to find themselves involved in war with half the powers of the continent, and without hope of succor from any quarter except, perhaps, from the United States.

Why is this? Two causes we think, have produced this condition of affairs. The first has been the manner in which Lord Palmerston has conducted the foreign relations of Great Britain. During the late revolutions in Europe, this statesman favored the liberal cause to an extent just sufficient to enrage the absolute powers, yet not sufficient to afford the insurgent population due encouragement. The result has been that he has made Russia and Austria his enemies, without raising up friends in new and more liberal governments. This conduct has been, in part, the result of his own volition, and in part the consequence of his associates in office. He would, if left to himself, have gene