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A DEDICATED HEART.

Could I but write the thoughts I feel,
And to each word full strength impart,
And all the glowing ardor of my soul,
Which tortures me o'erwhelmed heart,
I'd sit me down with pen and ink,
And tell my tale with trembling breath,
But lest it should in tears expire
I'd tell it on the eve of death.

Could I but give to measured verse
The throbbings of my fevered brain,
And all the sorrows wild release
Which oft I strive to thus retain;
Ah! it would be a tale of woe
Should thus be written, should thus I tell
Of all the pangs my heart doth know,
Of sorrows dire that me befall.

I'd tell of how a happy youth
Passed like a summer dream away,
How all he learned bright in love and truth
As summer's sun in clear noon day;
And how, when after years rolled on
Big with their toilsome cares apace,
These joys, all blasted, now have flown,
And left me no abiding place.

To Love my soul was once attuned,
And purest bliss was with me then,
Affection's blossoms 'round me bloomed
(Which never I fear will bloom again.)
Once, happiness beamed on my way
In sweetest intercourse of friends,
But now, in darkness, not a ray
The holy light of Friendship sends.

O. Life is but a toiling sea
Whither we sail, or die, or think,
We on its waves will rise and fall,
Or in its surges downward sink!
But one true path we know remain—
If in its pathway we have trod,
Our souls the "pearl of price" obtain,
We shall rest, in Heaven, with God.
PHILADELPHIA. CARL.

The Discomfited Yankee.

Jedediah Slocum lived, grew, and vegetated in a little town in the North of Vermont, where old Hyems for half the year enshrouds the landscape in his snowy mantle, and the frozen inhabitants devote their energies to the manufacture of shoes, pegs, clothes-pins, rake-teeth and dog-churns, varied occasionally by some sharp-witted Yankee inventing a "Patent Oscillating Magnetic Revolving Apple Parer," or a "Self-Adjusting, Self-Stripping Cow-Milker," or some kindred engine of vast labor-economizing properties, and then starting off to the warmer south to astonish and fleece the admiring natives.

Such was the case with Jedediah; for, *mirabile dictu*, one dark, drizzly, dismal morning, the neighborhood was thrown into an intense excitement by the announcement that he had constructed a machine called the "Self-Acting, Self-Sharpening, Self-Puckering Goose Picker," and all that was required, was for the goose to walk in and take a seat, when, upon turning a crank twice around, the animal would be deposited at the other end entirely divested of all feathery encumbrances, and highly delighted with the novelty of her sensations.

Well, this admirably designed machine wasted upon an antiquated gender, in the presence of a throng of spectators; a little door in one end of the machine was opened, the bird deposited within, the crank was turned twice, and out came the goose, bare as a bullfrog, depositing at the same time the feathers in nice little piles, all assorted into different sizes, the quills by themselves, geese laid with all the ends one way. Geese to be sure, died in a few minutes, but that was attributed to the knives inside not being properly adjusted, cutting off a large slice from the poor creature's back. In fine, Jedediah disposed of his invention on the spot, for fifty dollars, ten bushels of shoe pegs, and half a cord of churn dashers. Some other time I'll spin you a yarn how he negotiated the dicker; but now I'm going to unfold his subsequent adventures, for adventures are as essential to a Yankee as water is to aquatic.

My hero, though an ingenious mechanic, was not, I am compelled to say, burdened by a very heavy or acute conscience; in fact he could never clearly understand the definitions of and differences between *meum* and *tuum*; and the consequence of which frailty was that Jed was compelled, in order to maintain his liberty, to abandon his Penates, between two days, by moonlight. Thus balked in the pursuit of his wretched avocations, he bade adieu to home, and sallied forth in quest of fortune with moderate finances, but lofty aspirations, for an idea occurred to him, quite an original idea, that he would seek out some wealthy farmer's daughter, and confer

upon her the privilege of calling him husband, and bearing the honored name of Slocum.

His peregrinations at length brought him into L., in the good old State of Pa., where in pursuit of his determination he concluded that by "hiring out" to labor for some farmer who had pretty daughters, he could court to better advantage. So he began to inquire of a gentlemanly looking person, who was sitting on the piazza of the tavern where he stopped, if he could inform him "whar he could git work on a farm whar thar's slick gals and rich old folks?" The person addressed, directed him to Mr. Snyder, who lived about three miles off, assuring him that he was very rich, had two pretty daughters, and would doubtless willingly employ him.

Scarcely had the Yankee departed on his walk, when his informant, who was the Mr. Snyder, he had himself directed Jedediah to call upon, mounted his horse, which was standing hitched by the door, and rode home by another road to avoid meeting the Yankee. He was a wealthy, well educated German farmer, speaking English with only a slight accent, and extremely affable and friendly; but his natural shrewdness easily enabled him to penetrate Jed's design, and so he determined to have a little fun at his expense. Arriving at home, his next suit of black was exchanged for a suit of well worn blue drilling, and surmounted by a slouched wool hat, minus a crown, nobody would have recognized the quondam Mr. Snyder. Providing himself with a hoe he commenced working as usual, having first intimated to his family and working men that there would be some fun upon the carpet.

After a while Jedediah came in sight, sweltering in the hot sun, and kicking up a cloud of dust as he walked along. Pretty soon he stopped opposite to where the men were hoeing, and climbing the fence, seated himself, awaited their approach, and then accosted Mr. Snyder—

"Hello! you! be you Farmer Snyder?"

"Yaw, I pees called so somedime. Wat you watsch mit me?" bewailed the farmer, satisfied that by feigning the utmost ignorance he could elicit more fun; though his men could scarcely restrain an outburst at his mimicry.

"I kinder reckon as how you don't want to hire a hand or nothin' dew you?"

"Yaw, I watsch a goot blow hand; does you want to hire?"

"Wal, yaas, ruther guess I do; allers worked on a farm myself; mam's got a thundrin' cornfield to lum; seed corn thar leving feet to the bottom ears; fact, stranger, you'd better b'lieve; mam's a mighty smart old 'oman; she's old deacon Prouty's darter. I reckon you know him; he makes about the best ginger beer ever you put into your stumick."

"Oh yaw, I believev may pe; but can you blow goot?"

"Pleow! by Jempittaker, I kin pleow up hill, slantindicker, any way you can take it. Why tew hum the land is so stony they have pleows just as crooked as a cow's horn, to pleow round the stones; and the hosses get so used to going crooked they can't go the big road without running against the fence."

"Well, wat waches you watsch? I geeves you nine tollar a moont, mit your pleow and washing, if you like to dake it."

"Middlin' slim wages, old feller, but if the feedin's good, I guess mebbey I'll go it. I reckon yew kin give a feller a bite now, Mister, can't ye? Walkin' gives me an appetite like a grindstun."

"Yaw, shoosh come mit me to mine house, I guess ter wenchens geeves you somethin'." So shouldering his hoe, the farmer escorted Jedediah to the house. After conversing with his wife in German a few minutes, he directed two blooming young ladies, his daughters, to prepare some edibles for Jed, and in a few minutes a snow white cloth was laid upon the table, and liberally spread with cold veal, sausages, eggs, and fresh biscuits, and surmounted by a large apple-pie. The Yankee sat down and vigorously attacked the good cheer.

"Now, shoosht help yourself, and fill up your polly, and make yourself at home," said the hospitable farmer, while Jed proceeded to help himself to about a foot of sausage, and a quantity of eggs.

"Tell you wat, squire, them sassengers is bout East, reckon thar haint no bull beef about them, nor nuthin'."

"No, ter sassashes is ter clear shepck, wat I kilt myself. Shust dake another foot; dey is goot."

"Thanky—darned ef you aint clever, for a Detchman. Some more eggs—thar, thar! dew for a spell. Yew thar, Miss, of you please (turning to the ladies) nuther dish o' thar air coffee; Squire jest please pass the cakes agin. Swan tew mam thar's reg'lar jam up good cider o' yours; most eq'al to old aunt Huldah's. Yew see her mam had a rouain big pippin

orchard, and took a contract for supplying the king of China in apple sass and cider. Yew see, jist then he took the botts, or some sich disease and then he died right tew death, did by golly."

The Yankee having satisfied his appetite, did not seem disposed to facilitate digestion by setting immediately to work, but kept casting sheep's eyes at the young ladies, who seemed rather annoyed though amused.

"Say you, old feller, you've got a couple of all-fired slick gals, and a 'mazin' nice lookin' old woman tew; looks enamo as scrumptious as mam, when sister Chanthy's nineteenth baby got christened; does by thunder."

"Oh yaw, mine gals is goot gals, and mine frow is goot too; but let us go and blow a while afore night."

"Wal, Mister, I tell you, you're so darned clever, darn my pieter ef I don't jest loaf to-day; jest to kinder git acquainted like with the old ooman, and these tarnal, bewitchin', slick lookin' gals."

Mr. Snyder did not relish this proposal much, but consented with apparent willingness, with the understanding, that on the morrow, Jed was to begin his labor. So the evening passed away by the whole household amusing themselves with Jed's garrulity, and outrageous mendacity; they all the while affecting perfect ignorance and simplicity, and pretending to be very much enlightened by his information.

As for Jed, he was only determining that he would be keeping house on a portion of the paternal farm, at no distant day; and it was no easy matter for Jed to decide, the girls being both very pretty and accomplished. This subject was the burden of his dreams, when he was aroused by the sound of a horn calling the men to breakfast; and as, to do him justice, he was no sluggard, he was soon seated at the ample table, doing justice to the abundant viands.

Meanwhile, by the farmer's orders, a pair of half-broken steers were yoked before a worn-out plow, and the matutinal meal being finished, Jed was conducted by his employer to a field which he was to plow. The bars were let down, the cattle and plow driven in, and handing the whip to Jed, the farmer gave him the team charge, and told him to begin his work. The Yankee's countenance fell, for the field was very stony, and his ideas of plowing were very vague; but he had bragged too much to retract, not dreaming that any such stony land was to be found in that vicinity; while the farmer, seating himself on a large flat rock, very coolly watched the proceedings. He at length picked up the steers, and they started the plow, jerking it about, dither and thither, Jed oscillating and struggling at the handles, panting like a heavy horse, the cattle going pretty much their own way.

After he had crossed the field he looked around, and thus soliloquized: "Gaul darnation tew thunder, but that's a crooked furrer, that is, and these stuns is some; that air gal is some tew. Swan tew mam, it jist makes my mouth water tew think what a tarnal peety armful shell make; and then the spoons she'll bev. Hello! whar in thunder's the old feller gone? He's off by golly! Wal, kem 'bout, yew horned critters, yew, thar; g'long, Brindle," and back again he came, till the plow struck violently against a stone and crashed to pieces; while the steers, finding their burden loose, started into a good round trot, with Jed hanging to their tails, vainly endeavoring to stop them.

At length he was thrown pretty violently upon the ground, and the team was soon upon the high road. Gathering himself up, should he see but Mr. Snyder, standing by him, dressed precisely as he had seen him at the tavern the day before, and this time he recognized him. The whole state of the case flashed directly before his mind, and without saying a word to his factious employer, he would have turned away, but the farmer laid his hand upon him, and the bragging Jed stood as if riveted to the ground, while he was thus addressed by Mr. Snyder, who laid off all disguise:

"You now see, my friend, that all evasion of truth is sure to end in your own discomfiture. Had you told me you were ignorant of the work of a farmer, I would have employed you at something adapted to your capacity; but you now see the impossibility of my doing you any service. Your present scheme you had better abandon, for you are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, that will lead you a useless chase. I have no more to say. Good bye." So saying, he mounted his horse and rode off.

Jed was some twenty miles distant from that place before sun-set that night; but the family have had many a hearty laugh at the fortune hunting Jed, and that field is called to this day THE YANKEE'S STUMPER.

Roberburg, Brush Valley, May 10, '52.

Kossuth's Speech at Bunker Hill.

My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator, (pointing to the Monument.) Silent like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of a cherubim—a senseless cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart—immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops, it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:

"The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of Liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide. Despotism may dam its flood but never stop it. The higher its dam the higher its tide; it will overflow or will break through. Bow and adore, and hope."

Such are the words which come to my ears, and I bow, I adore, I hope.

In bowing my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—that awful opening scene of the eventful drama to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface.

The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. I see Richard Gridly hastily planning the entrenchments. I hear the blunt sound of the pickaxe and spade in the hands of the Patriot band. I hear the patrole say that "All is well." I see Knowlton raising his line of rail fence, upon which soon the guns will rest that the bullets may prove to their passage true. I see the tall commanding form of Prescott marching leisurely around the parapet, inflaming the tired Patriots with the classical words that those who had the merit of the labor should have the honor of the victory. I see Asa Pollard fall the first victim of that immortal day; I see the chaplain praying over him; and now the roaring of cannon from ships and from batteries, and the blaze of the burning town, and the thrice renewed storm and the persevering defense, till powder was gone and bayonets remained; and I see Warren telling Elbridge Gerry that it is sweet and fair to die for the fatherland; I see him lingering in his retreat, and struck in the forehead, fall to the ground; I see Pomeroy, with his shattered musket in his brave hand, complaining that he remained unbrave when Warren had to die, and I see all the brave who fell unnamed, unnoticed, and unknown, the nameless corner stones of American independence.

All the spirits of that most eventful victory under the name of defeat—I see them all. The eyes of my soul are familiar with spirits of martyrs of liberty. But those I see around me have no sad, gloomy look; they bear no gushing wounds, crying for revenge to Almighty God; the smile of eternal bliss is playing around their lips, and though dwellers of Heaven, they like to visit the place where their blood was spilt; it was not spilt in vain—their fatherland is free; and there is a joy in that thought, adding ever new charm even to the happiness of blessed souls. As the fabulous divinities of ancient Greece like to rest from the charms of Heaven on Mount Olympus, so most the spirit of Warren like to rest on the top of this monument here.

Martyrs of my country! how long will it yet be till a life joy will thrill through your departed souls! when will the smile of that joy play around your lips! how long will yet the gush of your wounds cry for vengeance—your fatherland still bleeding, down-trodden, oppressed! There is a sorrow in that thought, causing the gloom of sadness even over the bliss of Paradise.

Almighty Father of mankind, let the day of thy mercy be not too far.

Excuse my emotions, gentlemen. The associations of my ideas are natural. Your Bunker Hill and our Kappa are twins—both called de-facts, and both eventual victories—both resulting in the declaration of an independence; but yours acknowledged before it was achieved and supported by foreign aid—ours not acknowledged even when achieved, and meeting foreign aggression instead of aid.

Well, past is past, and can not be changed—but the future is open yet—and often I have bowed before the recollections of this hallowed ground. I adore the Almighty with unflinching hope. Part of my hope rests in the justice of Him, who rules in his hands the destinies of mankind and of men. My people's sufferings are recorded in the book of His eternal decrees, and the tears of my people numbered in his scale. I trust Him.

Part of my hope rests with our own selves. We know that God helps those that help themselves—and we will. We look not for unmerited good luck, but for well merited reward—and we decided to merit it. Allow me to say that I am proud of my people—proud not only of its past, but proud of its present also. An exile heart not often does rejoice, but I rejoice to know how my people behaved—greater and nobler yet in its present suffer-

Farmer's Families.

Major Patrick, in an address before the Jefferson County, N. Y.) Agricultural Society, gave the following advice in reference to the improvement of farmers' families. Speaking of the practice, which prevails in some families, of keeping a portion of the dwelling almost wholly closed, he said—

First: let the front part of that house be thrown open, and the most convenient, agreeable and pleasant room in it be selected as the family room. Let its doors be ever open; and when the work of the kitchen is completed, let the mother and daughters be seated there with their appropriate work. Let it be the room where the family altar is erected, on which the father offers the morning and the evening sacrifice. Let it be consecrated to neatness and purity and truth. Let no hat ever be seen in that room on the head of its owner; let no coatless individual be permitted to enter it. If father's head is bald (and some there are in that predicament) his daughter will be proud to see his temples covered by the neat and graceful looking cap that her own hands has fashioned for him. If the coat he wears by day is too heavy for the evening, calicoes are cheap, and so is cotton wadding. A few shillings placed in the daughter's hand will insure him the most comfortable wrapper in the world; and if his boots are hard, and the nails cut mother's carpet, a bushel of wheat once in three years will keep him in slippers of the easiest kind. Let that table which has always stood under the looking glass, against the wall, be wheeled into the room, its leaves raised, and plenty of useful books, periodicals, and family agricultural journals be laid upon it. When the evening comes, bring on the lights—for sons and daughters—all who can—will be most willing students. They will read, they will learn, they will discuss the subjects of their studies with each other; and parents will often be quite as much instructed as their children.

This not only keeps the family together—the sons at home—but in a few years it will show itself in the intelligence of all—and from the very start, in that harmony and happy contentedness, which should pervade every family.

A Valuable Brick.

A journeyman mason, named Bredford, was employed to repair a chimney in the apartment of a gentleman residing in the Rue des France Bourgeois. While about his work the mason broke a brick which he found in the chimney, and to his surprise discovered that it was hollow, and contained a bank note for 500*l*. The workman was all alone, and might readily have appropriated this sum to himself, but he preferred to communicate the fact to his employer, who called to mind that about two months before he had written to his uncle, at Amsterdam, for a supply of money, and had in return received a carefully sealed package, which, on being opened, proved to be nothing but the brick in question, which the indignant recipient threw into the chimney, and wrote his uncle an angry letter on the subject, to which no answer had been sent. The gentleman was not aware that in Holland these hollow bricks are made on purpose to send small sums of money, as making a more secure package than any other. The mason was liberally rewarded for his honesty, and a letter of thanks and apology was despatched to the uncle.

Expenses of the Army.

The army of the United States, consisting of 10,000 men, all told, costs the government \$10,000,000 a year or \$1000 per man, and for the coming year \$100,000, is demanded for traveling expenses in addition to the \$1,000,000 appropriated to that purpose last year, thus giving each soldier \$200 a year to travel with.

A St. Louis paper estimates that if the comparative expenses of European armies equalled that of the United States, Austria and France would, in a profound state of peace, have each about \$700,000,000 to pay for army expenses alone; and in the semi-warlike state in which these countries constantly are, it would cost at least \$100,000,000 each besides. The army of England would cost \$200,000,000; that of Russia \$800,000,000 or \$1,000,000,000; and even the small state of Piedmont \$80,000,000. That there must be corruption or wretched mismanagement is evident. But even supposing the expenses of the United States army could be reduced one-third, still the heavy expenditure to the country caused by a standing army, however small, and even in a profound state of peace, may be gathered from the figures.

Youthful Neglect.

Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:

"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and would this moment give half my acquirements I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

An Interesting Husband.

[One of the go-ahead ladies of this progressive age, thus writes of her husband to the Boston Olive Branch. It does seem to be a pity that such a woman should have been caught in the same net with such a man as this lady describes her husband to be—but such accidents do happen occasionally. We should like to have "Solomon's opinion of his Wife."

Ms. Editor: If you could only see my husband, Solomon Stillweather! It is my firm conviction he will be the death of me. I am naturally a happy, bright, energetic, warm-hearted, chain-lightning, impulsive woman—born after storms were exploded, and in the days of railroads and steam engines. I've the most capacious heart that ever thumped against a silked bodice; can hate like Lucifer, and love in proportion, and be eternally grateful to any one who is kind to me. Now Solomon is a perpetual calm. Nothing ruffles him, nothing disturbs him. Mount Veauvius couldn't make him hurry; he does everything, mercantile and matrimonial, by rule, square and compass.

When the *proprietor* arrives, it "comes off," and I don't see a fraction of a second before. Were the house on fire, he would stop to take the lint off his coat, and brush his teeth before starting. If I ask him a question at breakfast, I never get an answer till after tea; he walks around the house with a noiseless, velvet tread, like a superannuated pussy cat. Should the children in their play knock over the tea-table and its contents, he looks quietly up from his book and says: "A-in-t-y-o-u-r-r-a-t-h-e-r-r-o-u-m-e-c-h-i-l-d-r-e-n!"

One summer evening in the country, as he sat on the grass smoking a cigar, it occurred to me whether anything short of an earthquake would start him up, so I placed a long string of crackers directly behind him, and touched them off, and as I'm a living woman he never so much as winked. You should see him getting ready for church, as he pares and polishes his finger nails, lay every hair on his head over its appropriate bump, sprinkles a drop of cologne on the north west corner of his pocket handkerchief, and ties the bow of that cravat for the fortieth time. I never saw Solomon so excited.

I never saw him laugh; he don't know the luxury of tears. Now if I could only get up a domestic squabble! (thunder clouds clear the atmosphere, you know,) but it's no use. I've tried to stir him upon politics, but he's "on the fence, had as lief jump one way as another," and is quite indifferent as to "glutton." I've put on the silks and been distant and dignified. I tell you he likes it; I've been loving and petting him; it's a waste of ammunition, he can't be thawed out. It's my solemn belief he was originally intended for an old maid, but by some horrid mistake—his my husband. I could double Cape Horn while he says: "M-y d-e-s-a-r." O, oh, when the Coroner's Jury sits on me won't the verdict be—died of excess of soul weather?

What Next?

The New York Daily Times says Kossuth has the most marked forbearance toward Mr. Clay in regard to his opposition to [Kossuth's] policy and conduct. The great statesman and the American people generally, ought to feel under the greatest obligation to the distinguished Hungarian for his great mercy towards those who, in the name and on the soil of their own land, have presumed to dissent from the exile's doctrine, and oppose him in setting up his will as the law of the land that has given him shelter and hospitality. Kossuth showing Henry Clay, of Kentucky, forbearance indeed! the most marked forbearance! because Henry Clay dissapproved because Henry Clay was disappointed of his doctrines! Well, this is certainly too bad.

A FRENCHMAN'S YANKEE.—A French traveler in the United States, sends the following unflattering sketch to a Parisian journal:

"Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure, with bony wrists; feet with dimensions that would fit even through the esculcheon of a gentleman; a hat stuck upon the back of the head; a straight jaw; a cheek swollen not by an accidental cold, but, from moving last night, by a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the juice of the same weed; a black coat with narrow skirts; a tumbled shirt; the gloves of gentleness; trousers in harmony with the rest of the equipment, and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thorough-bred Yankee."

Nevertheless, it takes these ill-proportioned figures to cross the Atlantic in nine days; send a yacht, the end of which a main boom can be touched by nothing which floats in European water; furnish agricultural implements which open Johnny's peepers; and do other things "too numerous to mention."

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Nerve and Skill.

An Indian sword-player declared, at a great public festival, that he could cleave, vertically, a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member; and the general (Sir Charles Napier) extended his hand for trial. The sword player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented on with safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed, twice raised his thin, keen-edged blade, as if to strike, and thrice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make a trial, and the lime fell open clearly divided. The edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin with out drawing a drop of blood.

SMITHERS, on going home the other night was run against by a three story house which was crashing a lamp post up Canal street. On coming to, he thus reasoned with himself: "Is that mud (hiccup) or is it brains? (hiccup.) If it's mud, I'm mortally 'toxicated. If it's brains I'm slightly dead (hiccup), that's all." When we left, he was tryin' to persuade a free stone stoop that it was unconstitutional to leave awning posts out of doors after nightfall.