LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1852.

VOLUME IX.---NO. 31.
WHOLE NUMBER, 451.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

Issued on FRIDAY mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 3 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, $1 for six months, $7 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.

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

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

[The following lines were suggested by reading a description of the "Grotto and Vale" of "Egeria," in which it is said Numa Pompilius visited a nymph of that name, from whom he received the laws to govern the Roman people. The tale is beautifully told by Flaminius Vacca.]

BY E. R. GUTHRIE.

"List, list, Egeria! I have stole
From civic mirth to meet with thee—
List, list, the midnight planets roll
Their gorgeous cars beyond the sea.

"The trembling moon has sunk to rest,
The 'lover's star' is beaming bright,
And on Mount Albin's azure crest
Sheds fully now her peerless light.

"The nightingale's sweet song has ceased,
The owlet's moan is heard no more,
And I in weary hours have traced
Our former haunts of pleasure o'er.

"Be fern and flower the sparkling rill
In babbling echo chides thy star—
O, haste and leave the 'sacred hill,'
And downward bend thy flowery way."

* * * * * * * * *

Hark! there are whispers in the grove
As zephyrs bring the warbled word—
The mystic nymph has told her love,
In tones as soft as music's bird.

The era fled wish of boyhood's hours
Is won—the joy that pride lewalls—
The word of love, the breath of flowers
Can give when civic triumph fails.

There is a light in beauty's eye
That silvers o'er life's gloomy path;
There is a tone in virtue's sigh
More sweet than guilty splendor hath.

And he that woos, and he that wins—
A joy that monarchs seldom find—
For joy and innocence are twins—
Must give a faith and heart in kind.

Bloomfield, Perry Co.

Bishop Roberts and the Lawyer.

Bishop Roberts was a man of great sweetness of disposition, perfectly childlike and simple in his manners. You felt very soon that you could approach him as a father. He had no affected stateliness of manner; but looked for all the world like some plain, respectable farmer. This was, perhaps, one cause of the many curious, and sometimes laughable incidents in his history, in which his person and character were entirely mistaken. We give one of these incidents as reported to us. Bishop Roberts was in a steamer, on the Mississippi river, and was sitting off by himself, on the hurricane deck, when a gentleman, an eminent lawyer, residing in the southwest, approached him, and entered into conversation with him. Supposing from his appearance, that he was a religious man, he began to converse with him in reference to the number of preachers with whom the lawyer was acquainted, with several of whom the old gentleman seemed to be acquainted; finally, the lawyer concluded to question him in reference to the Bishops.

"Sir," said he, "I have heard Bishop Soule, of the Methodist Church, and think him a very able man; do you know him?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I have known him a good many years, and agree with you fully as to his talents as a preacher."

"Then," said the lawyer, "there is a small man who visited our town some time since, I think they called him Dr. Emory; I did not hear him, but heard him highly spoken of as a preacher."

Here again his old friend knew the little Doctor, and endorsed all the good that had been said of him. "And," said the lawyer, "there was another, an old man, who preached not long since in our place; I think they called him Bishop Roberts; they say he is a most excellent man, but no great preacher; do you know him?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "I have been acquainted with him for a good many years; I believe the old man is honest, and tries to do the best he can, but he's not much of a preacher."

Shortly after the lawyer descended to the cabin, and going up to his wife, "my dear," said he, "I have just had a long talk with a very interesting old gentleman on deck; I think he must be a Methodist preacher."

"Why husband," said she, "don't you know that old gentleman; that is Bishop Roberts, and he baptised me!"

"O—O," said the lawyer, (who was reported to be a very modest man) "I'm ruined."

He hastened back to his old friend on deck.

"Sir," said he, "I owe you an apology for my rudeness; my wife says you are Bishop Roberts;" and he went on to apologize, but the good old man seemed to enjoy the joke finely; told him no apology was needed, and to the last insisted that he believed Bishop Roberts was an honest, good meaning man, but could not preach much.

Cora Lee, or the Broken Heart.

BY J. W. PATTISON.

A sad night it was at Oakwood, the residence of Mr. Madison Lee, when Cora, the pet and pride of her home and acquaintances, slept the sleep which knows no waking. She had sunk gradually from a laughing, happy creature, to a calm and sweetly pensive patient, longing for the time when her soul, released from the sadness of earth would pass to a brighter and, as she trusted, a more blissful abode. Around her, in by gone days, had clustered a circle of friends and acquaintances who sought and cherished her presence as an object of infinite value. She had been the belle of the quiet little village of Waynesville, and in all the sports of the season, at the evening party, the giddy dance or merry makings, Cora had in her great simplicity and enchanting beauty, gathered a crowd of admirers and friends. But the rose fled from her cheek, and day after day, for two long years, her merry laugh grew less and less joyous, and less often did she join the happy group in their festivities. Death had slowly but surely done its work and, unheeding all the efforts of medical attendants, it hastened to sever from the embrace of kind parents their sweetest treasure and from society it choicest gem. Sixteen summers had lightly fanned the brow of Cora, when this gradual decay of joyousness first made its appearance; yet but few knew her disease.

Some three years prior to the sad event related above, there came to the quiet little village of W., a young man of prepossessing appearance who gave his name as George Peyton. He was a stranger. None had heard of him or his family, yet curiosity was on the alert to know and cultivate his acquaintance. His deportment towards strangers was of that character which alone won him the respect of all. His kind open heartedness, together with a degree of intelligence beyond the limits of many with whom he associated, rendered him also an object of some interest. His object, he asserted, was simply to visit the country, and, if pleased, settle somewhere far from the noise and confusion of his native city and try and profitably improve such literary attainments as he possessed. The many acts of kindness bestowed upon him served to attach him to the people, and in a short time it was noised among the people that young Peyton had determined to settle in W. He applied himself diligently to his calling and mingled gradually in the festivities of the younger portion of the community with whom he soon became quite popular and beloved.

Upon the family of Mr. Lee he often called, and village gossip soon reported an attraction in that quarter. A mutual friendship sprang up between Cora and young Peyton, which ended as is usual in mutual love. Cora loved him for his nobleness, frankness and devotion to friends, and he loved her for that sweet refinement and simplicity which had rendered her the pet of her acquaintances. She confided in him her secrets, her desires and her love, as pure and holy as that of angels, and, in return, he bestowed upon her such generous love as an honorable man can only bestow. He told her of the tempestuous ocean of life that rudely tossed one's bark and ofttimes buried it beneath its billows. He told her of the trials and troubles, the thorns and tangled woods that skirt the path of life's traveler from the cradle to the grave. Thus they ofttimes communed. Such was his life, he said, and with Desdemona,

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed;
And he loved her that she did pity them."

The interviews between Cora and young Peyton, were of that character which lovers can only describe or feel. Time wore sweetly on thus, until a strong politieal strife entered the quiet village of W. The talent and position of young Peyton were called into action. The only principles of his life, on subjects pertaining to federal politics, still were the principles of his heart, and they were against the personal friends and relatives of Mr. Lee's family. Remain idle during the contest he could not consistently, and his friends placed him in their foremost ranks. His unwavering principles and fidelity to his esteemed party would not allow a sufficient mark for the artillery of his opponents and, as a last resort, in order to weaken his influence, strange, mysterious and villifying fabrications were circulated concerning him. His character, which before, either in his native land or amongst comparative strangers, had been beyond the shadow of suspicion, was now defamed, and volley after volley of slander was opened upon him by secret foes. They all came to the ears of the family of Mr. Lee, for it had become known to his foes that an engagement then existed between Cora and himself, although nothing had as yet been mentioned to Mr. Lee on the subject. The poverty of young Peyton, which before had been disregarded, in connection with the many libels, was arrayed in glowing colors before the parents of his adored Cora. No contradiction was offered by young Peyton, and finally they too were arrayed against him, and that hitherto kind hospitality was in a measure withdrawn. Thus far had his enemies triumphed, but the heart of Cora still remained the same, and often assured him that although surrounded by those who strove diligently to prejudice her mind against him, she seemed to love him still the more.

Time wore on; the party to which young Peyton was attached was defeated by intrigue and deception. The popularity of Peyton rendered it necessary that as far as his growing influence could be annihilated it should now be done, and the scandal circulated prior to the defeat of his party stopped not. He struggled manfully and bravely against the torrent and, by the utmost perseverance, succeeded in stemming the tide; but it had worn him down, and for long weeks he dragged a weary and sickened life. A change of scene and vocation became necessary, and Peyton removed to a town not far remote. He soon gathered around him new and devoted friends, but his heart swerved not from its first love.

On visiting Waynesville, he found the false prejudice against him on the part of Mr. Lee, unchanged. Cora besought him to converse with her father and allay his unfounded opposition. His pride would not allow it—he could brave any peril for her sake, but to bow before a man made by his Creator no more than his equal, to beg the hand of one whose heart was his already, was more than he would endure; he loved her as the heathen loves his idol, yet Cora's earnest entreaties could not prevail upon him to take this step. They parted as warm, devoted friends.

The bloom slowly but scarcely perceptibly faded from Cora's cheek, and although surrounded by all that could render her happiness supreme, a careless indifference to the enjoyments of other days stole over her. Peyton's friends reassured her of his still devoted attachment—but of the wide gulf that lay between their union. Disease finally claimed its hold on the weakened system, baffling the best medical skill, and she passed gradually from earth to that brighter and more blissful abode where the withering tongue of scandal and deceit can never reach, where unhallowed prejudice can never enter, and where wealth and honest poverty are on equality.

Young Peyton toiled on in the journey of life, and, although marked for his indifference to the gayeties of life, he gradually rose, step by step, up the ladder of fame and wealth until, after representing faithfully his constituents in Congress for a series of years, he retired to his quiet bachelor home, and at an advanced age, loved and respected by all who knew him, he went to meet his early love in the spirit land.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Old Folks at Home.

AS SUNG BY E. P. CHRISTY, OF THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

'Way down upon the Shawnee river,
Far, far away;
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
CHORUS.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! brothers, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home!

All 'round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
There many happy days I squandered—
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.
CHORUS.

All the world is sad and dreary, &c.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I hear the bees a humming,
All 'round the comb?
When will I hear the guitar tumming,
Down in my good old home?
CHORUS.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! brothers, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home!

The Invisible Harp, or the Gift of the Ministering Angel.

There are lessons enough for us mortals to learn, it may be, from that which is real; from the truths that we know and the scenes that are spread out to our sight as we go on in our pilgrimage. The blue sky is over our heads; the sun shines brightly upon us; and though clouds and storms may hide it for a day, it shines again more gratefully when they are passed. The fields with their grass and flowers are every summer to be seen. Trees are clothed in verdure, and if the one scatter its leaves to autumn winds, and the beauty of the other withers under the frost, it is only to be decked anew in the spring; and all, all would teach us this one lesson, for they remind us of one God—to be better and holier.

But we heed them not, often. The voice in them is too still and small to be heard above the din and bustle of life, and though in Eden it sounded to those happy ones before their fall like a heavenly melody, and numberless harps were attuned at once in unison, their strings are all discordant now, or they are well nigh silent. Let us listen then to other voices, and though from this we learn no other lesson, we may remember *conscience* oftener, as the monitor whose voice, if not the harp tones, we are permitted to hear.

Over the couch of a sleeping child, hovered its ministering angel. The thoughts of that bright visitant were upon the future destiny of his charge, who slept in innocence beneath him. Through the years of what *might be* a long life on earth, they ran forward, and as deep a shade as ever rests upon an angel's brow came over his, while he remembered the sin and temptation through which this young immortal must pass before he could enter the celestial city. But, as if glad thoughts had dispelled the sad, at once that cloud passed away; and were it permitted mortal ears to hear the angel's voice, the happy spirit would have been heard to murmur, "This child shall have a guide through earth's trials and darkness, for over his head will I place a harp whose music shall fall upon no ear but his own, and by it shall he judge whether his life meets Heaven's approval.

A smile played about the lips of the sleeper, as if he were in a pleasing dream—and he awoke.

It was morning. A fond mother bent over this same darling child. He threw his arms lovingly around her neck and kissed her, and with his soft voice said, "Now, mother, tell me again that morning prayer you told me yesterday, for I would thank our Father who has kept me through the night. But hark! Are you singing mother, or what is that music I hear?" "No, child, you hear no music, unless it be the bird's song; for they awoke before you." But she knew not that sweet notes, intended only for that loved one, had come from the invisible harp, and as they soon ceased, the child was satisfied to inquire no farther.

He went out into the fields to play. A butterfly flitted across his path. Merrily he shouted as he ran after it, and so eager was he in the pursuit that he had heard not the low sad tones of that invisible harp which sounded again, until he caught the frail, beautiful thing; but as unintentionally he crushed it in his little hand, he let it fall at once to the ground, shapeless and dead as it was, for he heard those notes away on the breeze, mournfully. And still they sounded as he took the crushed insect into his hand, and smoothed its colored wings, and watched the shining dust upon them; and tears fell as he saw he could fly no more, and remembered he killed it; for childhood is not hard-hearted, but weeps at death. "Did you hear music?" he asked of a playmate by his side. "Only the hum of the bees and the song of the bird that just flew by us," was the answer. And the boy began to think the harp music was meant only for him, for he had often before this heard it when no others did, though they were near; and he remembered now that it was sad only when he was sinning.

A poor beggar boy passed the door.—While the boy asked him if he would not rest, for he looked weary, and ran to bring him bread, he heard the tones of joyous music over him, and then he knew that heaven spoke approval of the deed in the tones of the invisible harp.

Again he sported in the fields. Harsh words were spoken by a playmate, and he would have returned the same to him that spoke them, but the harp sent forth mournful notes, and how could he allow other than kind words to be spoken? The friends were reconciled, and glad notes came to him on the air; for "a soft answer turneth away wrath"—and is not this heavenly?

Years passed. He whom the ministering angel had been permitted to bless with such a monitor, had well learned that as he acted good or ill, so its notes sounded. Bitter trials were before him.

The destroyer took one whom the youth had loved. A sister—the dear one of his childhood—in whose existence was bound up his own, was to be the victim. Sickness did its work, and no hand could save her. The parting moment came. She gave him a last look of affection—a last embrace—and died. In the depth of grief he reproached his God that he was called to make a sacrifice so trying. Oh, how loud, and plaintive, and agonizing almost, seemed the harp tones then, until the stricken one bowed in submission, and implored forgiveness, and there came a soothing melody, breathing gently in his ear, "God doeth all things well."

Early manhood came. He who from childhood had been thus the angel's care, had nearly finished his sojourn, and he lay upon the bed of death. His own ministering angel still hovered oser him. They were soon to be united—the earth born, heaven-destined spirit and the angel who had ever been nearer.

The invisible harp had been his guide to acts of goodness. He had followed its teachings well. He had treasured its warnings in his heart, silently—thoughfully. This had led him to his God—his Savior—and now at last to his home.

Church Music.

"The songs of the temple shall be *howlings*."—AMOS.

The *literal* fulfilment of this prophecy in our day, is not only proof of the correctness of the rule of interpretation adopted by Keith, but also proof of the specific character of prophecy and the inspiration of the prophets. Seldom is proof stronger, or clearer, or more universal. There was a time when hymns were *sung* in our churches. Now they are torn to tatters by shrieks, or shaken to pieces by trilling, or their necks broken, by sudden leaps down lofty precipices. In a word, the good, old, hearty utterances of "awful mirth," as the ancient hymn book hath it, are no longer heard in our place of worship. The large choir, with which no small proportion of the congregatioa joined, has grown small, and would that we could say "beautifully less," till two or three at most "do" the hymns, while not a soul is permitted to lift up his voice (hardly his *heart*,) in the whole congregation.

The singing in our churches is becoming an occasion for the display of musical talent. It is a show, a scene, a mere display, oftentimes; where persons without principle or character, entirely unknown to the worshipers, tear to tatters the beautiful devotional hymns of our churches, "and the people delight to have it so?" Not all of them. Not a majority of them, we trust. But still enough of them to sustain a style of (singing we will *not* call it) performance, which deadens piety, and cherishes pride and love of show. In many of our churches, the proportion of voluntary on the organ to singing by the choir, is unpardonably excessive. In some instances we have thought that the hymn was considered as affording an opportunity for the organist to show his skill, and not an occasion to sing praise unto the Lord, and give thanks unto the name of the Most High.

Church singing is not a "concert" for the display of talent, and the delight of the ear, simply; it is a sacred act of worship; the utterance of a heart full of love, or penitence, or joy, or gratitude. Hence the more persons there are who unite in the singing, the more befitting and edifying the service. Would that all the Lord's people were singers. But they are not yet. Still, in the most of our congregations not a tithe of worshipers sing who *can* sing well—not *artistically*, perhaps, but well. A serious difficulty now lying in the way of a more general union in this part of worship, is the incessant change which is made in our tunes, either new ones, entirely unknown to the congregation, or the old ones are as entirely metamorphosed as was Rip Van Winkle by his nap on the Kaatskill. Now, one of the most obvious means by which music affects us, is *association*. The air which we heard on our mother's knee, sounds more sweetly on our ear and touches our heart more tenderly than the applauded tune, that challenges the highest skill of the most practised performer to execute it. But very few persons in our congregations have time to learn new tunes, even were it desirable to have them introduced by the choir to any great extent. Still fewer are those who can appreciate those little delicacies of execution which are often sought for, to the great loss of substantial and generally appreciable portions of the tune.

We believe there should be a revolution, not simply a reformation in our church music, both in the tunes and in the manner of singing them. We are aware that this is a delicate point. But for this very reason we are for touching it before it is tenderer; before a custom has become a prescriptive right; before a habit offensive to many, and not in accordance with the true idea of church music, shall have so fixed itself upon the worshipers as to be unchangeable. We are not advocates of "congregational singing" in the usual acceptation of that phrase, simply becaue our congregations are not sufficiently well skilled in music to keep time, and perform their part in a proper manner. We would have a choir, a large old-fashioned choir, composed of the best singers in the congregation. Then we would have all the congregation sing into whose mouths the Lard has put the voice of song. The power of the organ and choir will direct and sustain the voices of the congregation. The tunes sung, should be old, familiar, substantial tunes, which will wear, and grow better for their wear, for ever. The choir should be composed of reverent and serious worshipers, whose deportment is such as to give dignity to the service. The conduct of some choirs is disreputable and disgraceful. Incessant whispering and laughing fill up the space between the verses occupied by the voluntary; a shameful rustling of leaves disturbs the minister in his prayer; and a zealous perusal of the last novel helps to fill up the lagging twenty minutes or interminable half hour which the minister occupies with his sermon—This is not the conduct of *all* choirs; far from it. But it is the conduct of some. Singing is one of the most solemn acts of worship, as solemn as prayer. It is prayer. Some of the hymns sung are the most solemn expressions of penitence, or the most joyful expression of gratitude. Some are appeals to God and invocations of his blessing. Should not this be done reverently, by reverent hearts?—*Chistian Inquirer.*

The Hedgehog and the Cat.

Capstick stepped back from his chair, stooped, and in a moment returning to his seat placed a hedgehog on the table.

"Humph!" raid Kingcup, "'tis an odd thing for a bosom friend."

"Give me all bosom friends like him," cried Capstick. "For then there'd be no deceit in 'm; you'd see the worst of 'em at the beginning. Now, look at this fine, honest fellow. What plain, straight forward truths he bears about him! You see at once that he is a living pincushion, with the pins' points upward, and instantly you treat him after his own open nature. You know he's not to be played at ball with; you take in with a glance all that his exterior signifies, and ought to love him for his frankness. Poor wretch! 'tis a thousand and a thousand times the ruin of him. He has, it is true, an outside of thorns—Heaven made him with them—but a heart of honey. A meek, patient thing! And yet, because of his covering, the world casts all sorts of slander upon him; accuse him of wickedness he couldn't if he would commit. And so he is kicked and cudgelled, and made the cruellest sport of; his persecutors all the while thinking themselves the best of people for their worst of treatment. He bears a plain exterior; he shows so many prickling truths to the world that the world in revenge couples every outside point with an interior devil. He is made a martyr for this iniquity, he hides nothing. Poor Velvet!" and the Capstick very genty stroked the hedgehog, and proffered it a slice of apple and a piece of bread.

"Tis a pity," said Kingcup, "that all hedgehogs aru't translated after your fashion."

"What a better world 'twould make of it!" answered the cynic. "But no, sir, no; that's the sort of thing the world loves," and Capstick pointed to a handsome tortoise shell cat, stretched to her fullest length upon the hearth. "What a meek, cosy face she has; a placid, quiet sort of grandmother look!—may all grandmothers forgive me! Then, to see her lap milk, why you'd think a drop of blood of any sort would poison her. The wretch! 'twas only last week she killed and ate one of my doves, and afterwards sat wiping her whiskers with her left paw, as comfortable as any dowager at a tea party. I nursed her before she had eyes to look at her benefactor, and she has sat and purred upon my knee as though she knew all she owed me, and was trying to pay the debt with her best singing. And for all this, look here—this is what she did, only yesterday," and Capstick showed three long fine scratches on his right hand.

"That's nothing," said Mr. Kingcup. "You know that cats will scratch.'

"To be sure I do," replied Capstick, 'and all the world don't think the worse of them for it; and for this reason they can when they like, so well hide their claws. Now, poor little Velvet here—poor vermin martyr!—he can't disguise what he has; and so he's hunted and worried for being, as I may say, plain spoken; when puss is petted and may sleep all day long at the fire, because in faith she's so glossy, and looks so innocent. And all the while, has she not murderous teeth and talons?—*St. Giles and St. James.*

Stealing a House.

All have heard the big story of a cute fellow, who said he once stole a log on which the owner was setting, by hitching his team to it and pulling it right out of the bark, leaving the owner sitting on the shell. And they have heard some joking about stealing a house, and being detected in going after the cellar. This last looks rather fabulous, but it is true, and another verification of the adage, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." One day last week a man named Nickerson was arraigned before our Police Court on a charge of stealing a dwelling-house on North St. in this city. Some months previous, E. Marshall, Esq., bought the house, and allowed Nickerson to continue to occupy it, but finding that he could not get the rent, he ordered him to move. The obliging tenant did so the very night; and with the aid of fifteen or twenty others, *took the house with him*—moving it bodily to another lot! Of this offence, he was proved guilty, and bound over to take his trial at a higher court. The house, as a matter of course, was not the largest in town, being a two-roomed one. It is enough, however, to establish the fact that "stealing a house and going back after the cellar," is no fable. [Nickerson pretends that he never sold the house.]—*Gardiner Fountain.*

Fortunes made by Advertising.

The *Pictorial Times*, a London Weekly Paper, says—From a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of Money," an extract has been going the rounds of the Provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advestising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an adverser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philipine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot: his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Calino, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco; he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the 'Journal' and 'Courier' of Constantinaple, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohiting the entree of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia: also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending, as we do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages: and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom: we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "the Art of making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability energy, judgment, and prudence necessary Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. He has made a large fortune by his labours; and is, we should suppose, every day greatly increasing his wealth. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent ships from ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth: and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.

☞The New England Society of New York have resolved not to give their usual dinner, on the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims, this year, on account of the death of Mr. Webster.