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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

HARRISBURG, March 31, 1853.

The Convention of both Houses met, when 22 bids for the performance of the English Public Printing and Binding for three years from 1st July next, were given in, at prices varying from 10 to 70 1-16 below the prices received by existing laws—and 8 bids for the German Printing at 1 to 63 1-16 below those prices. Mr. A. Boyd Hamilton—whose connection with public printing at Washington, must be remembered by all—was the lowest bidder, but his securities being pronounced insufficient by the Speakers, the Convention adjourned until 3 o'clock, P. M., and then adjourned again until Monday next, to give him time to get additional security.

The Bill to Repeal the General Guage Law, after an animated discussion, was carried, 67 to 18.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.—Thursday evening, the Hall of the House was crowded to hear Mr. James B. Richards, who has devoted himself to the education of imbecile and weak-minded children. Judge Kane, and Rev. Henry S. Spackman, of Philad., addressed the audience, showing that Philanthropy had of late taken care of the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Insane, and the abandoned Youth; that now, the Idiotic were also receiving public attention; and that it had been proved that they could be made measurably intelligent, happy and useful. About 50 years ago, the effort was first made in France, subsequently in England, in 1848 in Massachusetts, about 1850 in New York, and nearly a year since in Philadelphia. There are supposed to be 3,000 idiots in Pennsylvania, of whom a large proportion are children, who may be benefitted.

Mr. Richards brought before the audience a lad of about ten years of age, (son of a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia,) who had been under his care but a few months, but had learned to read, and was physically and mentally improved under his instructions.....The next case was a girl of about the same age (a native of Delaware,) who had been born blind, and who was distinguished for nothing so much as her obstinacy, and general repulsiveness. It took Mr. Richards three hours at his first effort to compel her into obedience in a single point, and five hours to conquer her will in another point. Blind, idiotic, almost dumb, and wilful, it was indeed a formidable task, but higher will, intelligence, and love triumphed. She can now talk quite intelligibly, is pleasant in her expression of countenance (wanting only the eye's light,) very docile, neat in her habits, and exceedingly affectionate in her disposition.....The last case, was, however, the triumphant exhibition. He is also about ten years old, and a native of Rhode Island. When taken into the care of Mr. R., he was 5½ years old, but more resembled a dead than a living being. He had never manifested the least sensibility, unless it was that he heard lively music. He had never crept, or rolled, and could not even masticate, but was fed wholly on milk. His legs were paralized, and insensible to pain. He was wrapped in a flannel gown, and lay most of the time in his own filth—in fact, he had the *least reason* of any reasonable being. When Mr. R. first took him, and had him cleansed and properly clothed, he spent an hour a day for three months, laying down before the child and reading aloud, before the child manifested any distinct recognition of him. About that time, it seemed to look pleased at his presence, and after a while tried to raise its hand and open Mr. R.'s mouth when he would stop reading. A while afterwards, it tried to roll a cent upon the floor—and thenceforward, slowly and by care and attention its physical and mental powers were developed.—Little Sylvester can now talk coherently, exhibits considerable judgment although slow in its operations, and can read words of one or two syllables with much propriety. While sitting in front of the Clerk's desk, an example of his mode of thought and expression occurred, which I repeat as near as possible in the following words:

Mr. R. What gives us light, Sylvester? *Boy.* The Sun, sir.

Mr. R. The Sun gives light by day, but what gives light to-night? *Boy.* The Stars.

Mr. R. No. What time is it now?—*Boy.* (Slowly.) It is night.

Mr. R. Well, what gives us light, now? *Boy.* (looking around, then upward, and pointing to the gas burners,) That.

Mr. R. Well, what is that? *Boy.* (after sometime,) Gas.

[Mr. R. here remarked that this was the third time he had ever been directed to the use of gas.]

Mr. R. Sylvester, where does the Sun rise? *Boy.* The Sun rises in the East, and sets in the West.

Mr. R. Does the Sun rise in the West? *Boy.* Yes, sir.

Mr. R. The Sun rises in the East, and sets in the West. Where does the Sun rise? *Boy.* It rises in the East.

Mr. R. Where does it sit? *Boy.* It sets in the West.

Mr. R. Who made the Sun? *Boy* God.

Mr. R. then stated that they had early tried to impress upon the minds of this and other pupils the fact that all things must have a maker, and that there was a God above all. They made snowballs in their presence, playthings, &c.; took them to shops, forges, &c., to show them that all things had makers. One clear morning, Mr. R. took Sylvester to a window before sunrise, and when the Sun appeared, he asked him what that was. "The Sun." Well, who made that great, beautiful Sun? "GOD!" What should we do to Him who made us that Sun which gives us light and heat? Most persons (said Mr. R.) would have said, "We should *love*, or *honor*, or *obey*, or *fear* Him;" but Sylvester expressed the idea in another form—"We should *kiss* Him!" was his reply.

The boy next recited a short domestic poem, and then repeated the Lord's Prayer, in a tone and with pauses and inflections of voice which riveted the attention of all, and drew tears from hard-faced men "all unused to the melting mood." It was observed by many, that few clergymen could repeat that prayer with the propriety and apparent appreciation of that poor boy.

—The usual time for these patients to go to bed, is 7½ o'clock. The late hour they were kept up, made them sleepy, and their nervous as well as mental organization seemed feeble. The large room and the audience had somewhat disturbed them, and they expressed joy that they could "go to sleep when they got to Harrisburg"—the quiet house they have been in for some days (and not the Capitol) being *their* conception of Harrisburg.

FRIDAY, April 1.

In the Senate, the resolutions to refer the question of a prohibitory liquor law to a vote of the people, came up in order.

On the question of taking up the resolutions, the yeas and nays were called, and were as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Barnes, Carothers, Crabb, Darsie, Forsyth, Hamilton, B. D. Hamlin, E. W. Hamlin, Hoge, M'Murtrie, Quiggle, Robertson, Sanderson, Skinner, Carson, Speaker—15.

NAYS—Messrs. Bailey, Buckalew, Darlington, Frick, Fry, Goodwin, Haldeman, Hendricks, Kinzer, Myers, M'Caslin, M'Farland, O'Neill—13.

Mr. Quiggle took the floor and addressed the Senate in favor of the resolutions. He argued the constitutional question involved at some length, confining his remarks entirely to this point. He said, when these resolutions were under consideration in committee of the whole on last Tuesday, the Senator from Columbia (Mr. Buckalew) denominated them an indictment against the Constitution. He (Mr. Quiggle) supposed the Senator predicated his judgment on this question upon the provision of our State Constitution which declares that the legislative power of this Commonwealth shall be vested in the General Assembly, &c. He said he was aware of this provision of the Constitution, and he was also aware of the decision of the Supreme Court of this State, in 6 Barr, Parker vs. the Commonwealth. He explained the character of the act of Assembly, on which that decision was made. But he contended even the principle of that case was over ruled in the case of the erection of a new township in Lebanon county, 8 Barr, 391. And since that decision the legislative power on the subject of a reference of questions to a vote of the people, has been fully settled in 10 Barr, 214. He also cited numerous instances of submitting questions to the people, the constitutionality of which had never been disputed. When he concluded,

Mr. Crabb moved to postpone the further consideration of the bill for the present, for the purpose of taking up the bill from the House, for the incorporation of an institution for the training and instruction of idiotic children.

Mr. Haldeman moved to postpone the resolutions indefinitely; which was not agreed to, as follows—Yeas 10, Nays 17.

Mr. Crabb's motion was then agreed to.

In the House, the bill to increase the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court, was indefinitely postponed—47 to 31.

The Appropriation Bill has not got half through Committee of the Whole in the House!

To-day is moving day, and there are scores of families who are obliged to "flit." It has been a pleasant day for a very poor business, if Ben. Franklin is good authority.

—We were awakened about 1 o'clock this morning by a victim of the "spiritual rappings" delusion—a very respectable man, who had fool-like entered upon the investigation of "mediumism," &c., and yesterday exhibited a common result of his infatuation. He had been confined, and bled freely, but during the night broke loose and raved through the streets, knocking at every door, and finally breaking into a house, where he was secured. His arm had opened afresh, and every blow he struck upon a house, and every step he took upon the pavements, was distinctly marked with blood. He was today conveyed to the Asylum, and his stricken, widowed mother, is deprived of the stay of her declining years....I see it stated that there have been reported *five hundred and seventy* odd victims of the spirit-rapping delusion in the insane asylums of this Union. And there are other hundreds—just as silly—who, with these frenzied examples before them, will follow in their footsteps, and risk their fate. Really, are there any creatures so *unwise* as *reasonable* beings? There are some who talk of *legislating* against the contrivers and agents of this nefarious plotting against the peace of society. I doubt whether anything would do so much to dissipate the delusion as for every man, woman and child to discountenance it in every way, shape, and person, and drive from their premises, and banish from their houses and their tongues, all possible knowledge of or communications respecting them.....The yells and fury of that poor man, disturbing a whole neighborhood at night—the blood-stained dwellings and pavements from his bruised hand and bleeding arms—and the probable fate of the miserable "medium" and the mother that bore him and the friends who loved him.....these have cured the curiosity of some who, Eve-like, had been inclined to dabble in the poisonous cauldron. Multiply the horrors of this one case by 570 suffering in a like manner, and you have an accumulation of wo which should strike with horror the hearts even of the charlatan conjurors, who make a little money from the simplicity of their dupes.

—The exhibition last evening was followed by the passage through the House this morning in hot haste of a bill for the appropriation of $30,000 for the Education of Idiots. In the Senate, it was considered more cooly, and referred to a committe for more mature examination, reported back in the evening, and then indefinitely postponed.

SATURDAY, April 2.

On motion of Mr. Quiggle, the *Senate* passed a bill incorporating the Williamsport Water Company, and containing the following additional provisos:

Sec. 12. That the Lock Haven and Tyrone Railroad Company be and are hereby authorized to extend their road from Lock Haven and make such connections as they may deem expedient with any railroad now authorized or that may hereafter be authorized in, to or along the valley of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and also to make a lateral branch railroad from any point on said road at or near Howardsville to any point in Brush or Penns valley in Center county or Sugar Valley in Clinton county.

Sec. 13. That Jabez Stone of the State of Pennsylvania shall have the right and privilege of clearing out a channel in the bed of the river suitable for steamboat navigation from Farrandsville on the West Branch of the Susquehanna river to the mouth of the Sinnamahoning and from thence to the first fork of the said Sinnamahoning and to maintain and keep up the same for the period of time hereinafter mentioned. Provided That said channel shall in no wise interfere with, incommode, or obstruct, the ordinary navigation of said streams as heretofore enjoyed by the public, and that no person shall be prevented from navigating said channel with boats or crafts except such as may be propelled by steam.

Sec. 14. That in consideration of the construction of the channel as aforesaid the said Jabez Stone his heirs executors administrators and assigns shall have and enjoy the exclusive right and privilege of navigating the said channel with boats or other crafts propelled by steam or other artificial motive power for and during a period of ten years from and after the completion of said channel and no longer Provided That the said improvement shall be commenced within one year and completed within two years from the passage of this law.

A large amount of private business was transacted. Only about 65 Members present in the House.

—The Maryland Legislature and Baltimore Officials it is said will visit Harrisburg, as State guerts, on Thursday next.

QUI.

From the Louisville Journal.

Mammoth Cave.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

All day, as day is reckoned on the earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of Heaven,
While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy, have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like spectres o'er
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder clouds
O'er the blue waters of the deep. And now
I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock
To muse upon the strange and solemn things
Of this mysterious realm.

All day my steps
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts
Almost invisible in their service
And pure transparency—high, pillar'd domes
With stars and flowers all frosted like the halls
Of Oriental monarchs—rivers dark
And drear and voiceless as oblivion's stream
That flows through Death's dim vale of silence—gulfs
All fathomless, down which the loosened rock
Plunges until its far off echoes come
Fainter and fainter like the dying roll
Of thunders in the distance—stygian pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound
Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roar
In the volcano's depths—these, these have left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.

God's hand,
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor flower
Ever sprang amid the sands, nor dews nor rains
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening power,
Nor gentle breeze its kindly message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years
Swept o'er the earth ere human foot-prints marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries
Like shadows came and passed, and not a sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence such as brooded o'er the earth
When Earth was chaos. The great mastodon,
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds
And made Earth tremble—Armies in their pride
Perchance have met above it in the shock
Of war with shout and groan and clarion blast
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder-gun—
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane
Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud
Sent down its red and crashing thunder bolt—
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,
Rocking Earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks
The old Atlantic—yet no sound of these
Ever came down to the everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by
The lovelier and the mightier! Wonderful
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful you outer world
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell
Sublime in size and dim magnificence.
But how sublimely God's blue canopy
Beleagured with his burning cherubim
Keeping their watch eternal! Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow white gems that lie
In these mysterious chambers gleaming out
Amid the melancholy gloom, and wild
These rocky halls and cliffs, and gulfs, but far
More beautiful and wild the things that greet
The wanderer in our world of light—the stars
Floating on high like islands of the blest—
The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate
Of far-off Paradise—the gorgeous clouds
On which the glories of the Earth and sky
Meet and commingle—Earth's unnumbered flowers
All turning up their gentle eyes to Heaven—
The birds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures—
The green old forests surging in the gale—
The everlasting mountains on whose peaks
The setting sun turns like an altar-flame—
And Ocean, like a pure heart rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

From the American Union.

A Thrilling Scene.

BY CHARLES RAND.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of Maine.

One evening in the month of December, eighteen-hundred and thirty-four, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over "matters and things"—smoke—drink—and in short do anything to "kill time."

Three hours had thus passed away.—They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally; so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of the company—"let's all liquor, and then have a game of high-low-Jack."

"So I say," exclaimed another—"who's got the cards?"

"Fetch on your koerds," drawled out a third, his eyes half closed, through the effects of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up around the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest.—Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs which from their weight, were supposed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we play—every one for himself?"

"No—have partners," growled one man.

"I say, every one for himself," exclaimed another.

"No, hang'd if I'll play so," shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, "no quarrelling—all who say for having partners, stand up."

Three arose.

"Now all who say, each for himself—stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up.

"You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the majority are against you. Come, will you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play," answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk, who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten, Mr, Putnam thought he would step over to his store, and see that every thing was safe. As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them *seated on kegs of powder!*

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continual motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered the space of two feet around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was towards the door, but recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire. Should either of them attempt to rise, he thought, and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire-place, where lay a large quantity of live coals!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam with his face deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed,

"Good God, Putnam, what ails you?" and at the same time made a motion to rise.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not rise," said Mr. Putnam. "Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—move, and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken.

Before those seven men left the store that very night, they pledged themselves *never* to taste another drop of liquor or play another game of cards.

A genuine "Fern."

"I CAN'T,"—Apollo! what a face! doleful as a hearse; folded hands; hollow chest; the very picture of cowardly irresolution. Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the height that God made it; draw a long breath, and look about you. What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one—pushing ahead like the car of Juggernaut, over live victims. There it goes; and you can't stop it. Are you going to lay down and be crushed!

By all that's manly, no! dash ahead! You've as good a right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbor. Snap your fingers at croakers; if you can't get *round* a stump, leap over it, high and dry. Have nerves of steel, a will of iron; never mind sideaches, or heartaches; work away without stopping to repine, or to notice envy or malice. Set your target in the clouds and aim at it. If your arrow falls short of the mark, what of that? Pick it up and fire again. If you should *never* reach it, you'll shoot higher than if you only aim at a bush. Dont whine, if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck by Mammon! they'll swarm around you like a hive of bees.

"*I can't.*" Oh, pshaw! I'll throw my gloves in your face, if I am a woman! you are a disgrace to corduroys. What! a *man* lack courage? A *man* want independence? A *man* to be discouraged at obstacles? A *man* afraid to face anything save his Maker!—Why! I've the most unmitigated contempt for you! you pusillanimous little pussy cat! There's nothing manly about you, except your whiskers.

FANNY FERN.

A REBUFF.—A worthy man in this great metropolis recently visited a "medium" to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On enquiring if any spirit were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative. "Who?" "The spirit of Melida, your deceased wife." "Ah!" exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired, "Are you satisfied with your condition? Are you *happy?*" "Perfectly so," replied the spirit. "*So am I!*" gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned upon his heel and walked off.—*Boston Journal.*

The Farmer.

April Work.

SMALL FRUIT. Plant out cuttings of grape, gooseberry, currants, &c., as early as practicable, and if they have been kept in a moist place during the winter, and are *plump* and well conditioned, they will soon make roots. Those of the gooseberry and currant should have all the eyes removed, except three or four at the top, as by this means they will produce on single stalks and throw up no suckers. Grape cuttings should be planted two eyes out, and all cuttings should be partially shaded, or they will not take root with certainty. This is particularly true with the grape.

Currants, gooseberries, and grapes, two years from the cuttings, should now be transplanted in *place*, and in putting them out, be sure not only to dig the holes as large as you intend the roots to expand, but also to a depth of at least two feet, filling up the space previously occupied by the subsoil with good earth. Manure freely, but not with fermenting manure; for small fruit it should either be well disintegrated with muck or charcoal dust, or of a quality not liable to heat. The gooseberry is a rank feeder, as well as the raspberry, and is capable of appropriating large amounts of animal manures to its use.

STRAWBERRIES. Clean, dress, and fork the beds.

GRAPE VINES. Loosen the earth about the roots and give them manures. Swamp muck which has been decomposed by the salt and lime mixture answers a good purpose. Whole bones buried near the roots of grape vines will soon be appropriated, and, during the summer rest, a little potash water will hurry up their action.

QUINCES. Do not believe the old story that quinces will take of themselves. Manure them well if you want fair fruit.—*Mapes' Working Farmer.*

Cleanliness in Cellars.

Spending a few days recently in the pleasant village of Winchester, N. H, I was made acquainted with the following facts, which you may deem of sufficient importance to occupy a place in your valuable journal:—

The physician was called a number of times to visit the family of a farmer living out of the village. For more than a month some member of the family, and most of the time two or three, were under the doctor's care. At length one died, leaving three very sick. The physician became convinced that there must be some local cause. He communicated his convictions to the family. A search was made, but nothing discovered. The doctor still insisted that the sickness causeless did not come. Another search resulted in the discovery of the true cause. A large quantity of half-eaten potatoes, mixed with the excrement of rats, had fallen through the bottom of the potato bin, and, by the aid of heat and moisture, was undergoing the putrefactive fermentation. The odor from this mass was so very offensive as to cause vomiting on the part of the man who attempted to remove it.

No doubt is now entertained by the physician or the family that this decaying vegetable matter was the principal if not the sole cause of the sickness—Ought not farmers and all housekeepers to be extremely cautious to remove vegetable matter from the cellar early in the spring? Ought not more caution to be used in abating nuisances, by the application of deodorizing substances to sinks waste-water spouts vaults, and the like? Ought not every cellar to be thoroughly cleaned at least once a year, and the wall whitewashed.

EARLY POTATOES.—Geo. H. Nichols, of West Amesbury, Mass., writes to the Ploughman: "I saw you advised farmers in one of your numbers last spring, to start their potatoes in horse manure. I have followed it for seven or or eight years, and find it profitable in two ways; firstly, you get clear of the rot; secondly, you get a good price for your potatoes, and your land is ready for a crop of pickels or turnips. Potatoes started in this way you get three weeks earlier. A neighbor of ours planted potatoes the fourth of April. He came over to our house a day or two after and said he should have potatoes in the market first. Mine were then in the hot bed. I began to take mine out of the hot bed the 28th of April, and finished planting the first of May. Now for the difference. I carried potatoes into Newburyport market ten days sooner; the first that were in; they were nearly all full grown; his were small. I carried off 164 bushels of marketable potatoes from July 12th up to August 6th. I had about 2¼ acres planted four feet between the rows and six inches in the drills; my ridges were broad and flat: I hoed twice."

There is no teacher like the student's own hard working intellect urged on to action and guided in its efforts by the omnipotence of an unconquerable will.

CHESS.—I have seen considerable in the Farmers' Department on the subject of chess, whether wheat would produce chess or not. Now if any one wishes to satisfy himself, let him select some healthy stalks of wheat, and pull or cut the main or principal root, so as to break it, leaving the smaller root to feed the stalk, and I think it will produce chess; and if chess is left to grow and seed itself for two or three years, it will further generate into a species of grass, similar to that known among farmers as "fowl meadow."—*Dollar Newspaper.*

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Editors and clerks will learn with pleasure that to take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow, the linen may be washed and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

BAKED HAM. Most persons boil ham. It it much better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water and wipe it dry, and then spread it all over with thin batter, and then put into a deep dish, with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and batter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

Romance in Real Life.

John Aspden, whose sudden death on Monday was noticed in our columns, is to be buried this afternoon. Mr. Aspden was one of the English claimants of the immense estate left by Matthias Aspden. Before the case was decided by the Supreme Court, in favor of the American heirs, the latter proposed to the deceased to compromise the matter, and offered to pay him the sum of $250,000 to relinquish his claim; this he refused to do, and the decision of the Court cut him off without a farthing. On Monday morning the estate was divided between the heirs at law, and almost at the same moment John Aspden fell dead, at a tavern in Carter's Alley, of disease of the heart, supposed to have been induced by disappointment and mortification. At the time of his death his pocket contained a solitary cent! his entire fortune! To-day the man who might have been the possessor of a quarter of a million of dollars will be borne to his grave from an obscure part of the District of Southwark. Truth is quite as strange as fiction.—*Phila. Bulletin, March* 17.

SO IT GOES.—The state of Italy is deplorable. Milan is struggling with an incubus which is fast prostrating her. I have just been told a circumstance, upon unquestionable authority, which will give an idea of the state of Milan. An Austrian resident in Italy had an Italian residing in his family as a tutor; since the outbreak he had disappeared. The Austrian knowing him to be quiet and passive in his manners and habits, and without a tinge of politics in his composition, could not believe that the authorities had arrested him, as they had many other Italians, in all probability, as innocent as himself. He made however, inquiries and through the influence of a friend high in power, ascertained that the young man had been seized and imprisoned. The Austrian made the most energetic protest in the young man's behalf, declared his conviction that he never was a political offender and offered in any shape to be responsible for his good behaviour. With great difficulty he obtained an order for his liberation and upon applying at the prison with his order, he learned to his horror, that the young man *had been shot that morning.* He had been executed without trial, or with out permission to communicate with his friends.

A CURIOUS ABDUCTION.—Captain Genn, of the schooner Prospect, from St. John, Porto Rico, was entered at the Custom House to-day under peculiar circumstances. A few hours after leaving port, the vessel was run into by another, when the crew excepting one man, and the passengers, consisting of the Captain's wife and child, under the apprehension excited by the collision, jumped upon the latter, and thereupon both vessels were instantly separated and could not come together again. The Captain navigated his schooner safely into this port, but the name of the vessel which carried off his wife and crew, or where she was going, or what has become of them, he does not know.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Mrs. Bagnet is a great hand to contrive; when at home, she uses her umbrella for a cupboard; when abroad, for a carpet bag. Her husband's cast off pants she don't devote to the ragbag, as a common womad would, but to utility; one leg she uses as a coal bin, and the other as an Indian meal depot. Ladies short of closets will please notice.

The silent eye is often a more powerful conquerer than the noisy tongue.