LEWISBURG CHRONICIE

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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR:

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OFFICE (for the present) in Beaver's block on N. 3d St., first floor, 4th door from corner.

With literary hooks:

My Alarm-Clock.

An alarm-clock not only tells the time of day, but it can also wake people up in the morning. I have such a clock in my chamber. Every morning about five o' clock, it sets up such a whizzing and ringing that it wakes me up. "What a nice way to be roused up," some of my many readers will sav. Yes, it is a very good way, IP I ALWAYS GET UP WHEN IT WAKES ME. But last summer, one morning, instead of getting up when my clock waked me, I turned over and went to sleep again. The next morning I did the same thing, and in the course of a few days my clock, though it made as loud a noise as ever, would not wake me. "Why how strange," you will say. Strange or not, yet it is true; my clock would not wake me any longer; it would not wake me, because I did not get out of bed those two or three mornings. I had formed the habit of neglecting it.

I have often thought, that my alarmclock was very much like one's conscience; so much like it, that you might call every body's conscience, their alarm-clock ! Now, every person who knows God's will has such an alarm-clock in his own breast; so that whenever he is going to do wrong, "whiz!" "whiz!" goes the alarm. saving, "That is not right; you must not do that; God sees you." I suppose every reader has had his conscience checking him as he was about doing wrong. And if it were not for one's conscience, there is no telling what awful sins we should commit. If it were not for con-SCIENCE, WE MIGHT ALL JUST AS SOON COMMIT MURDER AS NOT. How important it is to have a conscience that always tells us when we do wrong, and that cheeks us when we are going to do wrong!

But, we must hear conscience when it speaks. If we always stop when conscience says stop; if we always do what it tells us to do, then we shall always hear it, and by the help of the Holy Spirit it will keep us from sinning. But if we get into the habit of not doing what conscience tells us to do, after a while we shall not hear it at all; our conscience will become hardened, and we shall be ready to commit any sin however great.

In the town in which I live, there is a boy now in jail for breaking into a store at night and stealing money. This boy once went to Sunday-school, and perhaps had as faithful a conscience as any boy that reads this paper. But he commenced doing wrong in little things. His conscience used to say, "Robert, that is wrong ; you ought not to do that." But he did not obey his conscience. He went on doing worse and worse, until, as I said, he is now in jail for stealing money. Remember, that you always get up when the alarm-clock wakes you. Whenever your conscience tells you to do anything, do it ; and whenever it tells you to stop, stop. Try to have your conscience instructed by the Bible, and then ALWAYS OBEY it.

Spirituality. We sometimes hear that class of persons who are seeking, through the aid of "mediums," so called, to penetrate the mysteries of a higher life, denominated " spiritualists." And these persons, so far as our observation goes, regard themselves as having higher spiritual affinities and yearnings then the majority of those around them .-Just the contrary is the truth; for, as any one may see, they have no interior spiritual instincts; their minds being so immersed in what is external and material, that they will not believe until proof comes to the very senses of the body. Thus, they require rappings, writings, and movements of material substances. The true spiritualist rises inwardly, through purification from evil and seasual things, into the perception of spiritual truths as governing principles of his life; but the false spiritualist (rather materialist) descends to lower planes, by mere hearkening through the bodily senses, for those utterances which can only be made, discreetly, in a higher sphere. Can we "mediums" deny the inspiration of the Bible, and that, in the erection of their

TREMS.—\$1,50 per year, for each setually in advance \$1.75, if paid within three months; \$2,00 if paid within a year; \$2.50 if not paid the fore the year expires; 5 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.

Adviktional with the publisher, except when the year is paid up.

Adviktional with the paid is paid up.

Adviktional with the properties of the paid for six months, \$7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements to be paid for when landed in or delivered. miserable, sinful book-keepers, and induce

find to their cost .- Arthur's Home Gaz.

It's hard, when those who do not wish To lend, (that's lose,) their books, Are snared by sugless—jolks that fish With literary hooks;

Who call and get some favorite tome, But never read it through; (They thus complete their "set" at home, By making one at you!)

Just see that book-shelf of a dunce Who borrows—never lends; You work, in twenty volumes, once Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—but all in vain;
They're sone! and though the leaves
They never "come again."

For pamphlets, too, I look around,
For tracts my tears are split;
And when they take a book that's bound
It's surely extra-gilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd-volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a lone.

I, of my Spenzer quite bereft, Last winter sore was shaken; Of Lemb I've but a quarter left, Nor equid I save my Boson. My Hall and Hill were leveled flat,

Yet Moore was still the cry; And then, although I threw them Spraf, They swantowed up my Pyr. O'er everything, however slight, They seazed some airy trammel; They snatched my H gg and For one night, And pocketed my Gomphell.

And then I saw my Crobbe, at last, Like Hamlet's, backward go; And as my tide was obting fast, Of course I lest my Kene.

I wendered into what balloon My books their course had bent; And yet, with all my marveling, soon I found my Marvell went.

My Mellet served to knock me down,

While studying o'er the fire one day My Hobbes, amidst the smoke, They here my Colmon clean away, And carried off my Gole.

They picked my Locke, to me far more

If once a book you let them lift. Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing Swift,
As swiftly went my Steele.

Hope is not now upon the shelf, Where late he stood clutted; And, stranger still, my Pope himself Is excommunicated.

My little Suching in the grave Is such, to see the serve, And what 'twas Crusoe's fats to save, 'Twas mine to lose—a Savage.

Even Glover's works I can not put My frozen hands upon; Though, ever since I lost my Poole, My Bunyan has been gone.

And Hoyle with Cotton went-oppre

I Prior sought, but could not see The Hood so late in front; And when I turned to hunt for Lee, Oh! where was my Leigh Hant?

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle, Yet could not Teckel touch; And then, alack! I missed my Mickle, And surely mickle's much.

It's quite enough my griefs to feed, My sorrows to excuse,
To think I can not read my Reid,
Nor even use my Huches. To West, to South, I turn my head,

For since my Roger Ascham's fled, I ask in vain for Rogers. There's sure an Eye that marks as well

The blossom as the sparrow assen by me, my Litig fell, Twas taken in my Barrow. They took my Horne, and Horne Tooks too, And thus my treasures fit; I fear, when I would Hazlitt view, The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, Wordsworth gone If I survive its doom; ow many a bard I dested on Was swept off with my Brooms

My classics would not quiet lie, A thing so findly hoped; Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry, "My Livy has eloped?"

My life is wasting fast away— I suffer from these shocks! And though I've fixed a lock on Gray There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from Foung—am growing pale— I see my Butter thy; And when they ask about my ait, "Tis Barton." I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, And thus my gri-fs divide; They have removed from me my Duras— I have no Alemside.

But all I think I shall not say, Nor let my anger burn; For as they never found me Gay, They have not left me Sierne.

The Old Soldier.

my horse his bait there, if I happen to be doned. the habits of his calling.

was his love for young children. He was were now ordered to. The French, who generally surrounded by a parcel of curly had just marched out, would, of course, headed urchins; and often have I seen the have helped themselves to whatever was mistress of the little inn consign her infant portable, and n ust have previously pretty wonder that, as a general thing, these to the protection of his one arm, when by well drained the place. We made search, an arrival, she had been called upon to however, judging that, possibly, something attend to the business of the house. The might have been concealed from them by Babel by which to ascend to Heaven, a con- old fellow never appeared so well contented the peasants; and we actually soon discovfusion of tongues has already seized upon as when thus employed. His pipe was red several houses where akins of wine nors, and illustrissimi, that surges up and greeable, that we did not feel like assistant that surges up and greeable, that we did not feel like assistant to the peasants; and we actually soon discovered as when thus employed. them! They are blind leaders of the blind, laid aside, his beer forgotten, and he would had been secreted. and if they pause not, must both fall into only think of amusing and caressing his "Every house and hovel was scarched

while the tears would course down his half-drunken soldiers.

As I drove one morning up to the door part of the village. denly backed into the road, and in another ly scoundrel ! give me wine !" said I. vigorous and wonderful effort he seized the fully away. ral feet out of the way of danger; he fell above half my quantity-and I pursued turns: "Can't see you," he announces, Lordship's carriage, which was in atten- da) are not unfriendly to vegetation, and horse's feet. In suddenly drawing up, I and I should have lost him, had I not call?" asks the little great man faintly. Stowe, accompanied by his Lordship im- influences, and thus cease to be salt. the poor fellow; for I had caused the ani- him, in a forsaken alley, where I supposed "Ah! hum!" and the little great man drove slowly up the sloping road from the get rid of many weeds, when the crops mal to trample upon him a second time, the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by walks away, sucking the knob of his um- railway and along the Weaverley Bridge receive proper attention—thus a carrot

ried him to a bed, and after a little time the closer round his property. recovered his recollection. But he was so "Wine! I ask for wine!" said I; "give severely injured that we feared every mo- me wine!" ment would be his last.

The first words he uttered were, "The repeated. child! the child!" We assured him the "I had already drawn my bayonet. the child, and was in the greatest distress "I have no wine-you know I have no himself, he concludes to retire. som, and it was not till he grew very faint I should have believed him.

as well as outwardly, that nothing could still hugging to his breast.

leviate his sufferings; and as long as he you satisfied?" was dying, but he could part with life was too late.

been on very short commons. There was agony will follow me to the grave!" What most interested me about this man no reason to expect much in the villa we

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE the ditch. There is no way to Heaven but little charge, or of lulling it to sleep. The and many a poor fellow, who had contrived at every turn. On his arrival he goes to through a pure life, as all who seek to bigger children would cluster round him, to hide his last skin of wine from his ene- the biggest hotel, and enters his name in "climb up some other way" will sadly clamber over him, empty his pipe, upset mies, was obliged to abandon it to his a bold, staring hand. He expects the land- has received such honors in England as cabbage plants. Many kinds of the sma his can, take all sorts of liberties with allies. You might see the poor natives on lord, when he sees it, to salaam the ground were never bestowed upon any American, ler weeds are destroyed by a coating of six him, yet never meet with a rebuke. At all sides running away; some with a mor- in adoration. The landlord merely nods, at least upon any American lady. times, however, he would appear lost in sel of food, others with a skin of wine in as he might to an ostler, and resumes his The Edinburg Scotsman of 20th April ing, and a few days before planting. So uneasy thought; gazing with earnestness their arms, and followed by the menaces business. "I'll take," says the little great says she "arrived from Glasgow yesterday weeds, embracing quite a large class, may

with the exertion, and was among my him up a street. But he was the flector ; had unwittingly done my very worst by made a sudden turn, and come right upon "Said nothing about it," is the reply. mediately entered. The carriage then Root and other hoed crops enable us to and a wheel had likewise passed over his be trembled under my gripe; but still he be trembled under my gripe; but still he He was taken up insensible. We car- held his own, and only wrapped his cloak

"My child! I have only my child," he

child was safe; but he would not believe am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to There is no sitting down for an hour, chat-beast caravan. By the increased pace of hands, will do much to save the soil from us, and it became necessary to send into do that to terrify the poor wretches, and ting familiarly over a cigar, picking out a the carriage these encumbering admirers weeds; if applied to a proper depth in a the village to search for the little creature, make them the sooner give up their liquor. snug berth for himself, and comfortably were gradually shaken off, but throughout well disintegrated soil, it cuts off the weeds who had been hurried home with the oth- As I held him by the collar with one arranging Punkville affairs after his own its route westward along Princes'-st. it and in the back action draws them above ers upon the confusion which the accident hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast heart. He is a nobody among nobodies, was constantly attended by successive the surface, to decay without replanting had occasioned. He continued to call for with the other, and again cried, "Wine !" and, as he has nothing particular to say for groups of running footmen. Mrs. Stowe the roots. Horse-hoes are also constructed

of mind till we had found it, and had ta- wine;" and he spoke the words with such ken it to him as he lay. His delight at a look of carnestness, that, had I not fan- that he is "no great shakes" at Washing- of her reception. In company with Mr. face to decay. seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he cied I could trace through the folds of his ton. His indignation gradually cbbs, as Wigham, whose guests Mr. and Mrs. Stowe Never leave weeds a few days longer, wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bo- cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin, he sees ten thousand other little great men are, she and her party visited the Castle,

give me the liquor? Then the dry earth than a foreign mission, a consulship, or the In the evening a banquet in honor of increased size robs other plants of their A surgeon arrived and pronounced that shall drink it !" and I struck the point of head of a bureau. He will now take a Mrs. Stowe, and in promotion of the Anti- proper food, nor will their decay on the the poor man was so much hurt, inwardly my bayonet deep into that which he was clerkship, an agency, or any other little Slavery cause was held in the Music Hall. surface restore all they have robbed, again

to give him cordials or cooling drink, as down-it was blood, warm blood !- and a little great man generally retires with ported by a band of Clergymen, mostly be lost in the atmosphere. Salt and lime he should appear to wish for either. He pitcous wail went like a chill across my others of his sort, at this crisis, and gets Dissenters.' Afterward the "Uncle Tom mixture, used in composts, destroys the heart! The poor Spaniard opened his exceedingly drunk. A horrible fascina- Penny Offering," a contribution collected accidental weed seed from the stable. by I had been the cause, though innocently, of the poor fellow's death: of course I took care that all was done that could al
words could have done, "Monster! are prize. He is only wakened from the plea
took care that all was done that could al
words could have done, "Monster! are prize. He is only wakened from the plea-

own desire. From the moment he had fellow understood the truth; he saw and treated for the next six months, to a tirade personally from the Edinburg ladies. Proascertained that it was unburt, he had he accepted my anguish; and we joined in on the President and Cabinet, or, (which fessor Stowe read his wife's reply." been calm and contented. He knew he our efforts to save the little victim. O, it is, perhaps, the better way,) is made to be-

seemed to ask, alike from his father and terms, but for some mysterious reason that dial. Soon after he had swallowed it, he The changes in the poor child's counten- else. laid his hand upon my arm and said, "Sir, ance showed that it had few minutes to

Little Great Men in Washington.

Great men, back in the country, are little men in Washington. They find ten barrel of peas. They are drops in the don't look for this, and he is disappointed Tribune.

upon the features of the sleeping infant, and staggering steps of the weary and man, "a parlor and bed room in the second afternoon. For a considerable time previstory," for he means to sit in state and ous to the hour of the train's arrival, the few weeks apart, and when the field is in-"Wine! wine!" was the cry in every receive distinguished guests. "All full," platform of the railway station was thronged tended for late crops, this may readily be is the answer: " now putting down cots in by many hundreds of ladies and gentlemen done.

in the fix. He moderates his ambition. the University, Heriot's Hospital and the weeds seldom come forth with so much of and weary that he would suffer us to re- "Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't At first he repudiated any thing smaller other points of interest in the city. trifle of that sort. But, humiliating About 1,500 persons were present, the to the soil, for a large part of the nitrobe done to save him, and desired us merely "Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled spectacle! Even this is denied him! The Lord Provost (Mayor) in the Chair, sup- genous portion of their constituents will sing delusion, by the consciousness of would expend it in whatever way she and when the divisor used is decomi lasted, I went every day to pass a few "I was sobered in a moment. I fell diminished means. He must hurry home might consider best to advance the Abo. muck or charcoal braze, the ammonia is hours by his bedside. The rescued child, upon my knees beside the infant, and or be stranded high and dry on a borrow- litionist cause. The cash was presented not lost even by so violent a decomposiless shore. He goes, and Punkville is upon a silver salver, a gift to Mrs. Stowe tion. - Working Farmer. lieve, that their great man at home was a

Public Dinners

He was, of course, encouraged to pro- give the gasping father a short vain ray of did to his brother Benjamin-by giving you know better, Kitty, you do." him three times as great a mess as was But Kitty had a saucy look; she boxed icd; flesh greenish white, of fine texture,
"I have had a load upon my heart, "You may believe, sir, that an old sol-apportioned to his half-brothers. It is her mother's ears, in play to be sure, rather juicy; flavor pleasant; quality which is not quite removed, but it is a dier, who has only been able to keep his every way unworthy of our age to attempt hoisted her tail, and away she frisked after very "good." The specimens examined great deal lightened. I have been the own life at the expense of an eye and two to honor, reward or show admiration for a a dead leaf. Kit did not look at all like the 11th of Nov. were only regarded as means, under Providence, of saving a of his limbs—who has lingered out many public benefactor by feasting him, even minding, and after her mother had gone good, being somewhat dry and mealy. young child's life. If I have the strength day in camp hospital after a hot engage- when (as at Boston yesterday) Intoxicat- to bed on the haymow, she kept up her 2. THE MAJOR-a native of Pennsylv. to tell you what I wish, sir, you will un- ment-must have learned to look on death ing Liquors are excluded. But an ordina- moonlight rambles, going about nobody ania. This apple originated with Major derstand the joy that blessed thought bro't without any unnecessary concern. I have ry Public Dinner, "with a stick in it," knows where, and cutting up all sorts of Samuel M'Mahan, of Chillisquaque, Norsometimes wished for it myself; and often is essentially a bestial performance. Two capers, like a silly little Kit as she was, thumberland county. Size large; round-I gave him another cordial, he spoke as have felt thankful when my poor, wounded or three hundred people are assembled to One night when she and some of her ish; red, sometimes blended with yellow comrades have been released by it from eat an inordinate meal, at an unusual and thoughtless companions were scudding on the shaded side. Stem variable in "It was in a stirring time of the Duke paim I have seen it, too, in other shapes, unseasonable hour, paying for it a sum across Jowler's yard, he, much disturbed length, of medium thickness; cavity rather of Wellington's wars, after the French had I have seen the death-blow dealt, when the that many of them cannot really afford, by their noise at an hour when he thought wide, moderately deep; basin-uneven, shalretreated through Portugal, and Badajos effects have been so instant that the brave and washing it down with incessant liba- all honest folks ought to be abed and asleep low; flesh yellowish, crisp; flavor pleashad fallen, and we had driven them fairly heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses tions of villainously drugged cider and started up and made after them in a vio- ant, agreeably saccharine, and resembles, over the Spanish frontier, the light division have ceased to beat, while the streak of cockroach Madeira, which gets steadily lent rage; and poor Kitty, in her fright, in some measure, that of the Carthouse. was ordered on a few of their long leagues life and health was still fresh upon the worse as the company get more and more got entangled in some briar-bushes, and to which, however, it is superior; quality I have often occasion to pass through further, to occupy a line of posts among cheek-when a smile has remained upon enthusiastically and obliviously drunk- so fell into Jowler's power. He seized "very good." village on the St. Albans road, says a the mountains which rise over the North- the lips of my brother-soldier, even after then the speeches beginning with the prosy her by the neck with his terrible mouth, correspondent of Eliza Cook's Journal, at ern banks of the Guadiana. A few com- he had fallen a corpse across my path and the foggy and ending, somewhere in shook the breath out of her body, and tosthe end of which there is so tidy and con- panies of our regiment advanced to occupy But, O, sir ! what is all this compared with the infancy of the small hours, with the sed her over the fence. venient a public house, that I always give a villa which the French had just aban- what I suffered as I watched life ebb slow. tipsy and the nasty—then the leathery "Oh, oh!" cried Mary and Willy, when ly from the wound which I had myself so cloud of cigar-smoke which, for the last they found their little favorite stiff and traveling in my gig. I had frequently "We had a brisk march over a scorched wantonly inflicted in the breast of a help-hour or two, is battened down upon the cold the next merning! "Oh," cried their observed an old soldier who having lost an and rugged country, which had already less, innocent child! It was my mistake whole concern, afflicting, torturing, dem- mother, pussy's mistress, "you little puss! eye, a leg, and an arm, in the service of been ransacked of all that would have -by accident. O, yes; I know it well; oralizing all well-bred, cleanly, uncorrup- she bid me fair to be an excellent mouser." his country, had pretty well earned the supplied us with fresh provisions; it was and day and night I have striven to forget ted senses-and ah! the sick headaches, "O dear," mewed the old cat, "O dear privilege of idling away the rest of his life many days since we had heard the creak that hour. But it is of no use; that pite- the days of misery, and often the fatal such are the fruits of disobedience. How in a manner particularly congenial with of a commissary's wagon, and we had ous wail is ever in my ear! That father's illness that follow, as Death on the Pale many a wilful child comes to an untimely abandon your Old Fogy notions, and keep Horse was followed-on the whole, we end."-Child's paper. consider the Public Dinner the absurdest, stunidest bore of the XIXth Century.

So we did not attend the Dinner given yesterday at Boston to John P. HALEwe did not even respond to the invitation thousand other men as great as themselves. as perhaps we ought to have done. We They lose their indentity, like a pea in a might have written a civil line, but the memory of past visitations in the shape of wave of Senators, Representatives, Gover- Public Dinners was so vivid and so disa-

Mrs. Stowe in Great Britain. The authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"too busy." "When did he say I should dance, and into which Professor and Mrs. they soon separate in the soil by chemical

The Disobedient Kitten.

"Now," said one old puss to one of her without regret; and the cloud which I had "The little boy had fastened his small great man abroad, and ate, rode, slept, children, as she washed her face and paws, From H.R. Noll, of Lewisburg, Union Co. so often observed upon his weather-beaten clammy hands round a finger of each of talked and drank with the "powers that "I charge you, Kitty, not to go into the countenance before the accident, never after us. He looked at us, alternately, and be," on the most intimate and confidential next gentleman's yard, for great dog Jowler lies there; he has herrid teeth and a ling, which originated with James Adams. The day before he died, as I was watch- his murderer, that help which it was be- he don't choose to explain, didn't get an terrible snarl, and he is always on the look- of White Decr township, Union county, ing alone by his side, he asked me for cor- youd the power of one of earth to give. office for his own use or for any body's out for stray cats. Remember, and keep and noticed under the name of Noll's No. at home; we have a snug garden, a sweet 1, in the ad interim Report for Nov. last haymow, kind friends, capital titbits, and Large; roundish oblate; faintly mottled if you will not think it too great a trouble live. Sometimes it lay still, I thought the Are public nuisances-flagrantly so. They work enough-rats and mice plenty. So and striped with red on a greenish yellow to listen to an old man's talk, I think it last pang was over, when a slight convul- are a relic of out-grown barbarism which do not stroll off with bad company, visit- ground; stem half-inch long and onewill ease my mind to say a few words to sion would agitate its frame, and a mo- esteems eating and drinking the chief ends ing places where you have no business to ninth to one-sixth of an inch thick; cavity mentary pressure of its little hands would of life, and would show affection as Joseph be, and disgracing your bringing up; for broad, acute; calyx rather large, segments

Farmer. The

Weeds and Weeding.

with weeds, are only exceeded in number Reading.] by the number of weeds themselves-but among the many methods some may be down the avenue. Our little great man ting at another, even by letter. - New York the smaller kinds are destroyed by burn- Court House in New Berlin at 1 eclock ing a slight coating of litter on the sur. P. M. of Tuesday, 17th May

face of the soil in early spring, and man ket gardeners so prepare soil for raising bushel of common salt per acre after plow-

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of the inn, and passed the bench on which "Wine! I ask for wine!" said I, to a the garret-you can have half a one." waiting nominally to welcome, but actuthe old soldier was, as usual, sitting, with poor half-starved, and ragged native, who The omnipotent of a county or town-is ally to look at Mrs. Stowe, who is, with- weeds that they cannot be got rid of by his little flock of children playing around was stealing off, and biding something driven to share the precarious fortunes of out doubt, the greatest 'lion' of the season ordinary means, then salt the soil so heavihim, one of them, a very young one, sud- under his torn cloak; "wine! you beggar- a straw tick, with another great man, as On the Weaverly Bridge, also, a large ly as to destroy all growth, and by losing little as himself. This is the precursor crowd had collected. As Mrs. Stowe step. the use of it for one year, and adding lime moment more would have been crushed; "I have no wine," he cried, as he broke but the old man sprang forward, with a full plowing, such salted soil will but the old man sprang forward, with a from my grasp, and ran quickly and fear. He visits the the White House and sends was raised, and the greeting continued as be found clear of weeds the following seaup his card. "Here," he says pensively, she passed along the platform leaning on son and of improved fertility. The ultichild with his only arm, and threw it sev- "I was not very drunk-I had not had "my name is known." The servant re- the arm of the Lord Provost toward his mate constituents of salt (chlorine and so-

> "shall hear of it." The Departments mous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," constructed cultivators among root crops next engross his attention. There at least In pursuit of this laudable object it must if used sufficiently often, will save much he will be welcome. His pasteboard over- be confessed that several persons broke labor in the removal of weeds, for they tures are here likewise spurned. Finally, through all ordinary laws of decency and will turn out every weed between the rows. he obtains access to the Post Master Gen- politeness by hanging on the sides of the leaving those only in the rows to be reeral or the Secretary of the Treasury, but carriage and "glowering" in for some moved by hand or by the hand hoe. The he is one of an "undistinguishable throng." minutes as if at the inmates of a wild use of the push or scuffle hoe in skillful was very plainly dressed, and seemed both so as to cut weeds deeply, and to leave The little great man learns for the first startled and gratified by the extreme warmth the entire weed, root and all, on the sur-

because they are not going to seed. Large their roots as smaller ones, and then their

Apples.

From the Transactions of the Penn vlvania Horticultural Society, we derive the following notices of new varieties.

Pa., specimens of two varieties Apples : 1. THE ADAMS-a Pennsylvania Seedclosed; basin wide, moderately deep, plai-

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—The voice of experience everywhere has declared in favor of drilling in wheat in preference to sowing broadenst, according to the old nethod. Wheat this geason incariable looks better where the drill is used, and (in most instances) so marked is the difference in favor of the drill, as to lead to the impression that the grain will more up with the improvements of the age. A penny saved is not always a penny earned. There is such a thing as bung-hole economy, and many-quite too many will continue to practice it - [So testifies, trul; The remedies proposed for doing away the "Berks & Schuylkill Journal."

Agricultural Society.

The Officers of the Union County Agriadopted with propriety. Some weeds of cultural Society are notified to meet at the