

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Independent Journals.

We have received THREE free-breathing  
Newspapers—each established upon the  
ruins of Party papers—recently issued  
upon the principle of the old motto—

—Here shall the PRESS the People's Rights maintain,  
Governed by Reason, and sustained by Data;  
Here Patriot TRUTH her glorious progress draw,  
Pledged to Liberty, to Justice, and to Law.  
They are—the Independent Press, by J. W.  
BARRETT, Williamsport; the *Lackawanna  
Herald*, by C. E. LATINOP, Scranton; and the  
*Weekly Ledger*, by J. ROBBINS, Schuylkill  
Haven. Firm hands and honest hearts  
will ensure their conductors that success  
which we heartily invoke for them.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

MAQUOKETA, Iowa, May 3, 1853.

Since February, when I wrote you last,  
I have been traveling nearly all the time  
through Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin. I  
find that the emigration this spring, to all  
of these States, will double that of any  
previous year. Hundreds of families from  
Pennsylvania have already reached their  
destination, in this (Jackson) county,  
and thousands more are coming. The  
emigration from Pennsylvania to this  
county, is principally from Mercer county.  
Those coming in are generally well pleased  
with the change, and will write back flat-  
tering accounts to their friends. This  
county is one of the best in Iowa, and is  
now quite thickly settled. Yesterday and  
the day previous, will be remembered here  
as being quite an era in the history of  
Iowa. A large and very enthusiastic  
meeting was held for the purpose of devis-  
ing ways and means to build a railroad  
from Sabala, on the Mississippi, to Cedar  
Rapids, on Cedar river—a distance of about  
80 miles. The stock is already nearly all  
taken and pledged, and there is no doubt  
but that the road will be "put right  
through."

This county, though offering good in-  
ducements to emigrants, does not favorably  
compare with that portion of Illinois lying  
south of Rock river—particularly Fulton,  
Knox, Warren, and McDonough counties.  
The eastern portion of it is quite broken  
and rough, and timber is very scarce; ad-  
ded to this, there is no coal nearer than  
Rock Island—a distance of 100 miles, by  
land and water. The western part of the  
county is better adapted to agricultural  
pursuits, being more level, and better sup-  
plied with timber. Iowa is filling up fast,  
and with the right kind of people; but—  
though one of the best of the Western  
States—it never can compare with Illinois,  
either in point of agricultural resources  
and wealth, or for population or mineral  
stores. I have traveled through all the  
Western States and Territories, and no one  
of them can ever will equal Illinois. I  
have, after looking over the whole western  
country, "pitched my tent" near Spoon  
river, in Fulton county, being fully satis-  
fied that it is the best country in the West.  
Let me say, confidentially, to your readers,  
to look through Fulton county, before  
purchasing elsewhere, and if they are not  
satisfied, and do not find what I say true  
to the letter, why publish me in the *Chroni-  
cle* as having falsely represented the facts.

OAKLAND.

BELLEVUE, Huron Co. O. May 10.

This is a great country—  
so out up with Railroads that a man can  
scarcely pick out a farm. I can hear the  
cars on four different roads from my house  
—one runs within twenty rods from my  
door.

We give about 600 Whig majority in  
this county; the Whigs of Ohio make  
strong calculations on electing their Gov-  
ernor, next fall—I hope they may.

Respectfully, &c. M. P.

[We fear that migrating from Union county  
hasn't cured Mica: he remains a most incor-  
rigible Whig!]

## New Railroad Project.

A charter is granted for a railroad from  
Lewisburg through Center county to con-  
nect with the Pennsylvania Railroad at  
the mouth of Spruce Creek. Such a road  
would be a great public convenience; it  
would pay well from the time it was en-  
gaged, and would be one of the most prof-  
itable in the State when the numerous  
roads contemplated along the Susquehanna  
are completed. All the travel to the West

from the Northern counties of the State,  
would undoubtedly find its way over this  
route, to say nothing of considerable freight  
that would find its way to either terminus.

The importance of this road can not be  
questioned, and it is to be hoped that cap-  
italists will give it their early attention.

The wealthy farmers of the fertile valleys  
through which the road would pass could  
alone build it, but when the importance of  
it is fairly understood, they can enlist the  
aid of plenty of capitalists from abroad.—  
*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

(Selected for the Chronicle.)

## ENIGMA.

Two letters are needed to give you my name,  
And yet their first half a whole sex may proclaim:  
Three-fourths of them ever will sell to your mind  
A spontaneous, implacable foe to mankind—  
So strong the resemblance, I scarce can refrain  
From lecturing on one all the bruises and pain  
Which, for value received, to the other we owe,  
And which it is promised that I shall bestow.

With Adam I left Eden's limits of flame,  
I supported young Eve thro' her calls and shame;  
Of love the stoutest steel I battle I've engaged,  
On in the Masochist my measure is heard,  
And off, when the limit from trouble would flee,  
They take them for aid to my partner and me.  
One fatal event on my name throws a shade:  
Lo! the greatest of chiefs, by my weakness betrayed  
(Many centuries since) unto Death was consigned,  
And my standing is low in the eyes of mankind.  
To boldly I trod Otho Gordon's dead height,  
And, with all my fellow who marched from the fight  
(Every man of the army can prove this narration)  
(Received from brave Winfield a bright decoration,  
North American.) H. M. S.

## THE STORY OF JOHN LEE.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

"There was a man, though some did count him mad,  
The more he cast away the more he had."—BUTLER.

Thus did the Golden Dreamer state a  
problem in life, of which very few find the  
true practical solution. Increase, gain, in  
some form or other, is the object of all  
men. Nor is this in itself a vicious propen-  
sity. Far from it. It is the very core  
of human progress, the grand condition  
of the ultimate perfectibility of the race.  
And yet, of those who live to play to this  
tendency, who live but to obey the law of  
gain, the greater number grow continually  
poorer; and at the last find themselves  
miserable, and destitute, and naked, and  
in lack of all things. Experience is true,  
to be a great preacher. If this be true,  
she must have had very inapt pupils.  
From the foundation of the world, she  
has been preaching the same lesson about this  
law of gain,—in other words, the true way  
to become rich. And yet it is only here  
and there one, who seems ever to get the  
lesson by heart; and these few are by all  
the others accounted the dunces in the  
school.

The story of one of these plodding heads  
shall form the illustration of our principle.

John Lee was an orphan. He lost his  
father at an age too early for remembrance.  
For him, that father had lived only in the  
tender and beautiful reflection of his moth-  
er's heart, true, to her latest hour, to the  
memory of first affection. Perhaps the  
paternal influence thus transmitted entered  
no less really, if less consciously, into the  
formation of the boy's character. The  
beatified father spoke through the saintly  
mother, and the voice had in it less of  
earth than of heaven. John's childhood  
was full of sweet promise to such a mother.  
To fair, though by no means remarkable,  
mental gifts, were united moral traits, in  
which she fondly traced the image of his  
lost father; a straightforward, single-hearted  
earnestness in whatever seemed to him a  
right cause, blended with an honesty to-  
wards himself and a candor towards others  
not always found in such connexion. As  
the Bible was the mother's book of un-  
questioning reference, so was it with the  
son. As prayer was the element in which  
the mother lived, so was it from infancy  
a sweet, familiar practice with the child.  
But alas! scarcely had he reached the age  
of twelve, when this guardian angel was  
taken from him. She died suddenly, al-  
most without warning. John was sum-  
moned from the school playground, to  
receive her last farewell. Stunned and  
bewildered by the sudden shock, the whole  
scene passed him like a wild dream. One  
moment alone engraved itself upon his  
memory. As he knelt by her bedside, the  
dying mother, laying her cold, damp hand  
upon his head, and raising her eyes to-  
wards heaven, uttered these words: "I ask  
not for him long life, or honor, or earthly  
riches. Make him rich in faith, heir of  
the promises! With thee I trust him. Into  
thy hands I commend my spirit!" She  
fell back upon the pillow, and John Lee  
was motherless. Not that he realized, at  
the time, the full import of this prayer.

Like an unexplained oracle, it fastened  
itself upon his memory, till gradually un-  
folding its hidden sense, it became the key-  
note of his character and life.

After his mother's death, John found  
no path of thornless roses. The little  
property she had left behind served for  
his support and schooling a few months  
longer; and then, without a relative from  
whom he could claim succor and guidance  
he was cast upon the world, and was ex-  
pected to look out for himself. For a boy

thus situated, there was not much choice.  
The place of shop-boy with a grocer in a  
neighboring village being offered him, he  
at once accepted it. This man, like most  
others in his line of business at the time,  
depended for his chief gains upon the sale  
of ardent spirits. John had never taken  
any thought about this traffic, and ac-  
cordingly dealt out the fire-water to his  
master's customers without compunction, tho'  
not without inward disgust. But after  
being thus engaged a few weeks, he one  
day witnessed a scene which stirred all  
the latent springs of his nature. A young  
woman entered the grocery, carrying in  
her arms an infant perhaps six months old  
and leading by the hand another child of  
some three years. All were poorly and  
scarcely dressed; and their thin, wan faces  
betokened pinching poverty. There was  
a wild light in the mother's large black  
eye, which made John recoil, as she swept  
past him towards the owner of the shop.  
Yet the tones of her voice when she spoke  
and something in her manner, betrayed a  
character and breeding superior to her  
present position.

"I have come,"—said she, addressing  
the grocer who stood behind the counter,  
—"to beg you once more not to furnish  
my husband with liquor. It is poison to  
him, and death to us. Surely you would  
not let him have it, if you realized our  
misery. I have dragged these children  
along, though hardly able to come myself  
in order that you may see something to  
do for yourself. Look at them! Poor rag-  
ged, starved little ones! Can you believe  
they are my children, Marietta Gray's  
children? But this is not the worst!"  
She took off the hood of the elder child,  
and showed a large purple lump on its  
temple. "There!" she continued more  
wildly than before,— "that's from a blow  
given by its own father! by Robert Stan-  
hope! And he now lies at home—drunk!  
But how did he get the means? I know  
but too well. Last night, the only com-  
fortable article of dress I had left, my  
blanket shawl, was torn from these babes  
as they lay asleep, and sold to make their  
father a brute. O, Mr. Stone, you can-  
not, now you know how it is, you cannot  
have the heart!"—here her voice broke  
down in passionate sobs and tears.

"I haven't sold him any liquor this  
month," replied the grocer; "if he got  
any less night, he got it somewhere else  
here."

The woman instantly recovered her self-  
possession, brushed away her tears, and  
with a contemptuous smile, pointed toward  
a corner where her quick eye had detected  
the missing article.

"Well, come now,"—said the grocer in  
great confusion, which he tried to cover  
by a laugh,— "it is not my fault, if he did  
get it here. If he has a mind to come  
here and buy liquor, it's his lookout, not  
mine. My lookout is to get my honest  
pay."

"You will not promise me, then?" asked  
the woman.

"Upon my word and honor, I can't,"  
was the reply. "It's asking too much.  
I must make a living, you see. Every-  
body must take care of Number One. Let  
your husband take care of Number One,  
and he'll do well enough."

"And will you tell me," said she, "how  
I am to take care of Number One?"

"I'll tell you one thing," cried he  
angrily, "I won't take no cares in my own  
store; so clear out in quick time. You  
better be spry!" added he, advancing to-  
wards her with a threatening gesture.

She looked at him steadily for a moment  
then lifting her hand solemnly towards  
heaven, she prayed, in accents which froze  
John Lee's young blood: "O God, hear!  
avenge!" Without another word, she seized  
the hand of her little girl and left the  
shop. John followed her.

The woman walked a few rods with sur-  
prising energy; then suddenly sinking  
down on a stone by the road-side, seemed  
ready to faint. Both children began at  
the same time to cry piteously. When  
John came up to the forlorn group he tried  
to speak; but there was such a swelling  
in his throat that he could not utter a  
sound. Quickly, though with trembling  
fingers, he unbuttoned his shirt-collar, and  
drew out a black ribbon from which hung  
suspended a two-shilling piece. Slipping  
off the coin, he again fastened the ribbon  
round his neck. Then holding out the  
money towards the woman, he asked in a  
husky voice: "Will this do you any good?  
It's all I have!"

"God bless you! yes, it will keep my  
children one week from starvation," she  
answered, grasping it in her thin hand.  
She started up as if to go instantly in quest  
of food; then, suddenly stopping and turn-  
ing round, she asked:

"Was it a keepsake?"  
"Yes!" replied John, his eyes filling  
with tears,— "from my mother."  
"And where is your mother?"  
"She is dead!"  
"And your father?"

"He died when I was a baby; they are  
both gone!" said John looking upwards.

"Poor orphan! I will not rob you,"  
exclaimed the woman, reaching back the  
money, while her voice grew tremulous  
and her large, dark eyes became soft with  
moisture.

"O no, no indeed! my mother would  
tell me to give it to you," said John.  
Then, unable to keep down his struggling  
heart a moment longer, he turned from  
her, and ran with all his might towards  
his master's house.

She looked after him till he was out of  
sight, then crossed the street and entered  
a baker's shop. The man was well known  
to her; and after receiving the change for  
a shilling's worth of bread, she could not  
refrain from relating what had just hap-  
pened. "I wish," she added, "you would  
mark the piece and keep it awhile. If I  
can possibly save another shilling, I want  
to take it back, and restore to the poor  
child his mother's keepsake."

But the baker, tho' a heart. "I  
will mark it," said he, "and hand it to  
the boy the next time he goes by; I know  
him by sight. But you are entirely wel-  
come to the bread."

He laid the other shilling before her  
on the counter. Then opening a door at  
the back end of the room, he called his  
wife, a pleasant-looking little woman, and  
repeated the tale to her.

"Why, you don't say so!" she replied,  
wiping her gentle, blue eyes as he finish-  
ed. "But come now, Mrs. Stanhope,"  
she added, "walk right out here and have  
a cup of tea. The teakettle is boiling this  
minute."

The tea was made, the tea-table quickly  
spread with the best the house afforded,  
and the famished mother and children sat  
down with these kind-hearted people, to  
the first comfortable meal they had enjoy-  
ed for weeks.

After tea, the baker's wife coaxed the  
eldest child into her lap, and gained her  
entire confidence by the gift of a ginger-  
bread lamb. But even this wonder of art  
could not long keep open the eyelids of  
the weary child. Her hands sunk down  
and she fell fast asleep, still grasping her  
new treasure. "It does seem to me,"  
said the kind woman, gazing down fondly  
on the curly head that lay against her bos-  
om, "that she has a look like my Willie!  
Poor thing! how can she walk another  
step to night? Suppose you have her  
a few days with me," she added earnestly,  
"I am so lonesome! I find I don't get  
over missing my little boy. It would be  
a real comfort to put her into his trundle-  
bed close to mine, where I could reach  
out in the night to see if she was covered  
up, and feel her little head on the pillow  
and hear her breathing in her sleep. I  
will take the very best care of her," she  
continued pleadingly, seeing the mother did  
not reply.

"May God in heaven reward you!"  
she exclaimed at length, with a burst of  
tears. "Yes, I will leave her thankfully  
till I can turn over some plan for getting  
along. Live as I have done, I can no  
longer."

She printed a soft kiss on the child's  
brow, pressed the hand of her kind friend  
and stole noiselessly out of the room. As  
she passed down the outer steps, she was  
still sad, but it was not the sadness of des-  
pair. There was a warmth about her  
heart, a hope in her soul, such as she had  
not known for many a long day; a warmth  
of hope, kindled by the breath of human  
kindness. "God has not yet forsaken us!"  
said she to herself. "Blessings on that  
good woman! Blessings on her kind hus-  
band! Blessings on that dear orphan boy!  
Aye, and blessings too on that hard and  
cruel man! I recall my curse. He is  
poorer, more wretched than I!" Thus  
musing and praying, with fresh trust in  
Providence, she beat her steps towards  
her wretched home.

The baker marked the coin, as he had  
promised. For so simple a job, it oc-  
cupied him a long time. As he scraped  
and scraped slowly with his penknife,  
many thoughts rose unbidden in his mind.  
Prominent above all others was that of  
the SELFISHNESS OF SIN. That hard-  
hearted grocer, that drunken father! But  
one outroot that one evil principle from  
their bosoms, and all this blight and mis-  
ery would be turned to joy. Then a pang  
struck across his heart, at the remem-  
berance of his own life. The serene conten-  
ment with which he had enjoyed his hap-  
py lot, unmindful, to so great a degree,  
of the wretchedness of his brothers and sis-  
ters of humanity, seemed to him hateful  
in its selfishness. Unconsciously, he had  
marked on the coin the figure of a cross.

This now caught his eye, as he was about  
to lay aside the money. A new scene rose  
before his mind. His thoughts ran back  
eighteen hundred years, to a time when  
He who was rich, for our sakes became  
poor, that we through his poverty might  
be made rich. The idea flashed upon him  
as by a light from heaven, that it was

through loving self-denial and sacrifice,  
Christians were, like their Lord, to make  
the world rich. He looked again at the  
bit of silver in his hand. It seemed to  
him the symbol of all that was mercenary  
and selfish. For this, men forgot that  
they were men. For this, they wrung  
tears of blood from their fellow-men, and  
ruined their own souls. "Yet even this  
vile trash," said he to himself, "can take  
the mark of the cross! May it not then  
be turned from a curse into a blessing?  
Surely it has been a blessing to me this  
day. Henceforth, let all my gains bear  
this transforming mark!" A tear was  
glistening on the coin, as he dropped it  
thoughtfully into his leather purse.

I cannot say that the reflections of his  
affectionate little wife took so high or so  
wide a range. But her heart was no less  
tenderly had she laid down the wearied  
little sleeper on her own pillow. With  
a mother's skilful hand, she had re-  
moved its miserable clothing, and substi-  
tuted a snowy nightgown, often worn by  
her lost Willie. The trundle-bed was wheeled  
out once more. The soft warm blankets,  
the white quilt, the little pillow-cases,  
were again taken from "Willie's drawer,"  
and carefully aired before the fire. All  
the important preparations being at length  
completed, the poor infant, who, two hours  
before, had lacked needful food, was laid  
like something precious into the downy  
resting place. During the whole time,  
the child had never stirred from its deep  
sleep. She now gave a comfortable stretch,  
turned her head, in a way to throw her  
soft flaxen curls over the pillow, and again  
sunk into a quiet slumber. When the  
baker came in from his shop at ten o'clock  
he found his wife fast asleep kneeling by  
the trundle-bed, her head close to that of  
the little stranger, and one tiny hand  
clasped in her own.

Orphan boy! thy two-shilling piece,  
warm from thy heart, has already made  
many rich. Has it made thee rich also?  
Not yet, but in part. But thy safety "laid  
by" for thee, at interest such as unwar-  
anted never drew: marked both on earth and  
in heaven, with the MARK OF THE CROSS!  
—Macdonald.

A Bull Fight, with a Moral.  
"Ralphe" tells the following tale, in the  
Halifax Nova Scotian. It solves the long  
mooted question of "who pushed the bull  
off the bridge?"

I remember, when a lad at school, of  
once seeing a fight between two bullocks.  
I never shall forget it, although I could  
not have been more than eight years of  
age at the time. It happened in this wise:  
Close by the school-house—a very un-  
pretending edifice it was—ran a deep and  
narrow river. Across it had been thrown  
a high wooden bridge, the hand-railings of  
which, time, and the winds, and the weath-  
er had entirely destroyed. It was one  
bright summer day—I remember it as if  
it were yesterday—the hour of noon had  
arrived, and a frolicsome, romping, fun-  
loving company of lads were let loose for  
an hour's recreation. The land on the  
opposite side of the river was owned by  
different persons and farmed by them, re-  
spectively. The bellowing and roaring of  
two bulls, that had broken out of their  
enclosures on each side of the river, and  
were approaching each other along the  
highway, at a rate which would cause them  
to meet about the centre of this high bridge,  
beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran a  
deep and sluggish stream, between high  
banks, attracted our attention.

The more daring of us gathered near  
the bridge, lining the fence, to see the  
fight, and we were not disappointed.  
Nearer and nearer approached the proud,  
pawing combatants to each other, and Ba-  
shan never produced two fiercer looking  
brutes than those I now describe. They  
tore the ground with their feet—they  
kneeled down occasionally, trying to  
gore the earth with their horns; they  
lashed their sides fiercely with their tails,  
but unobserved by each other, for the  
high bridge obstructed their view. Pres-  
ently, as they simultaneously ascended the  
respective abutments, they came in full  
sight of one another. The roar was mut-  
ual and actually tremendous. Every ur-  
chin sprang into the field and ran; but  
gathering courage in finding we were not  
pursued, we hastily retraced our steps, and  
there they were, both of them front, their  
horns locked together, fighting as bulls only  
can fight! It seemed to be an even match.  
Now one would press back his opponent a  
few paces, and his adversary would be  
pressed back in turn. The struggle was  
hard, was long, was savage.

The began to wheel—in another mo-  
ment they were faced at right angles with  
the old bridge, which shook, and creaked,  
and rooked again with their tramping and  
the effects of their terrible strife.

It was the work of a single moment—  
one of the beasts—I never could tell which  
of them did it—one of them, however, as  
if conscious of this position, made a des-

perate, a terrible lunge forward. He  
pressed his antagonist back—back—there  
was but another step of plank behind him  
—behind him and nothing—back still fur-  
ther he was pressed, and over he went.  
Such a sight I never saw—never again  
shall see—a bull off a bridge, falling at  
least thirty feet, over and over. He turned  
once or twice, probably—I thought he  
turned over fifty times, there seemed so  
many horns, and feet, and tails flying  
through the air—but down he went, the  
water was deep, and he disappeared.

The other bull didn't laugh, merely be-  
cause bulls, I suppose, can not. But we  
laughed. There he stood, looking directly  
down into the abyss below, into which he  
had hurled his unlucky foe. He stood,  
however, but a moment, as if frightened  
at the prospect before him. He commenced  
to step backward—back—back—with his  
head in the same pugnacious attitude as  
when in combat—back another step, and  
over he too went on the opposite side of  
the bridge, performing just as many and  
exactly as ludicrous somersets as his ad-  
versary had done a minute before. It  
beat all I ever saw.

In about five minutes both bulls were  
seen, their tails trailing in the sand, drip-  
ping wet, and scratching up the steep,  
gravelly banks, each on his own side of the  
river.

"Then are bulls wont never fight no  
more" said a boy behind me. I turned  
around: it was "red-haired Bob," as we  
used to call him, and every hair on Bob's  
naked head looked as if it was in spasms.  
But Bobby was right.

There are two political parties in Nova  
Scotia; I wish they had seen that fight as  
I saw it—that is all I have to say for the  
present.

Hereditary Features.  
The author of the work entitled "Re-  
cords of Creation," mentions some curious  
facts under this branch of his subject.—A  
peculiar thickness of the under lip has  
been hereditary to the Imperial House of  
Hapsburg ever since the marriage, some  
centuries ago, with the Polish family of  
Jagelon, whence it came. In our own  
royal family, a certain fullness of the lower  
and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous  
in the portraits of the whole series of sov-  
ereigns, from George I. to Victoria, and  
has been equally marked in other mem-  
bers of the family. The female of the  
Ducal House of Gordon have long been  
remarkable for a peculiarly elegant confor-  
mation of the neck. The Clerkman-  
shire Bruces, who are descended from a  
common stock with the famous Robert  
Bruce of Scotland, are said to have that  
strongly-marked form of the cheek-bones  
and jaws which appears on the coins of  
that heroic monarch, as it did in his actual  
face when his bones were disinterred at  
Dunfermline, about thirty years ago.

The prevalent tallness of the people of  
Potsdam, many of whom are descended  
from the gigantic guards of Frederick I.;  
the Spanish features observable in the  
people of the county of Galway, in which  
some centuries ago, some Spanish settle-  
ments were made; and the hereditary  
beauty of the women of Prague, are well  
known facts, which have frequently attract-  
ed the attention of chronologists. The  
burgesses of Rome (the most invariable  
portion of every population) exhibit, at  
the present day, precisely the same type  
of face and form as their ancestors, whose  
busts may be seen carved in relief on the  
ancient sarcophagi; and the Jewish  
physiognomies, portrayed upon the sepul-  
chral monuments of Egypt, are identical  
with those which may be observed among  
modern Jews in the streets of any of our  
great cities.

Madness of Frida.  
When the Duchess of Buckingham  
found herself dying, she sent for Austin,  
the herald, and settled all the pomp of her  
funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dy-  
ing before the preparations were ready.  
"Why, she asked, won't they send the  
canopy for me to see? Let them send it,  
even though the tassels are not finished."  
And then she exacted, as Horace Walpole  
affirms, a vow from her ladies, that, if she  
should become insensible, they would not  
sit down in her room till she was dead.  
Funeral honors appear, indeed, to have  
been her fancy; for when her only son  
died, she sent messengers to her friends,  
telling them, that, if they wished to see  
him lie in state, she would admit them by  
the back stairs. Such was the delicacy of  
her maternal sorrow.

But there was one match in pride and  
insolence, for Katharine, Duchess of  
Buckingham; this was Sarah, Duchess of  
Marlborough. Upon the death of the  
young Duke of Buckingham, his mother  
endeavored to borrow the triumphal car,  
that had carried the remains of Marlbor-  
ough to the grave. "No," replied the  
widowed Duchess of Marlborough, "the  
car that has carried the Duke of Marlbor-  
ough's body shall never be profaned by  
any other." "I have sent to the undertak-  
er," was the Duchess of Buckingham's  
rejoinder, "and he has engaged to make a  
better one for £20."

The old Court House, in Lancaster, is  
now in the course of demolition. The  
town clock, which has been running for  
three quarters of a century has been taken  
down. It was put up in 1788, at a cost  
of £560. Since that time the clock has  
been cleaned but twice, and, with the ex-  
ception of new weight ropes, has never cost  
the county one cent for repairs. When  
taken down everybody was astonished to  
find that there had been scarcely any per-  
ceptible wear in any part of it. The same  
clock, with some slight improvements, is  
to be placed in the Court House when  
erected, and is expected to run and keep  
good time for another century.

Lancaster county was erected May 10,  
1729, and the first Court held in a house  
built of logs, in Conestoga township, about  
7 miles south-west of the city. The build-  
ing cost the county £7 in the currency  
of those days, the pound being then equal  
to \$2.66 2-3 of the present currency.  
Court continued to be held there until the  
August Term, 1780, when it was removed  
to the "borough of Lancaster," and a  
Court House was erected in the Public  
Square. This building was not entirely  
completed until 1788, and was destroyed  
by fire one evening in the summer (har-  
vest time) of 1788. Preparations were  
immediately made by the Commissioners  
for the erection of a new building, which  
was commenced shortly after.

A difficulty arose relative to the site, one  
party being in favor of Centre Square, an-  
other preferring the purchase of a full lot  
at the corner of North Queen and Orange  
streets, on which there were then but a few  
small buildings. The Centre Square party  
prevailed, and the new building was  
erected occupied by the old one. It was  
first used in 1786, and has been occupied  
for Court purposes ever since. The pres-  
ent sessions of the Court are held in Ful-  
ton Hall.—*Berks & Schuylkill Journal.*

Fatal Fracas.  
Two brothers named Gideon Cressley and  
Gottlieb Cressley, residing in Greenwash  
township, Berks county, got into a quarrel  
about some domestic grievances, on the  
30th of April last, in the course of which  
Gottlieb is said to have struck his brother  
Gideon on the head with a rake, inflicting  
a serious wound on the right ear, from the  
effects of which he died on the 6th inst.  
An inquest was summoned on the body by  
one of the local magistrates. The report  
states, (we quote from the document) that  
"Gideon Cressley got a wound in his head  
about 3 inches over the right ear, 3 1/2 inches  
thick (deep) and 2 1/2 inches round, and die on  
the 6 May, 1853, at 10 o'clock in the fore-  
noon, and is 81 year old."

We learn further that the deceased was  
in the habit of abusing and ill-treating his  
wife, and that on the morning of the oc-  
currence one of these domestic squabbles  
occurred, when the wife of the deceased  
led to the residence of her brother-in-law  
living near by, and appealed to him for  
protection. This led to the quarrel be-  
tween the brothers, the unfortunate result  
of which is stated above.—*Berks & Schuyl-  
kill Journal.*

A SLAVE CASE.—An effort was made  
some days since, by two men from Virg-  
inia, to secure the person of Robert Thomas,  
a fugitive slave, who has resided in Trenton  
N. J., for the last twenty five years. The  
agent for the alleged owner of Thomas,  
called upon James Ewing, Esq., who had  
been appointed Commissioner under the  
law, and required his aid in the premises.  
Mr. Ewing declined to act, on the ground  
that he had never accepted the appoint-  
ment. Robert Thomas took the midnight  
line for New York, and got safe into  
Canada. He had accumulated about two  
thousand dollars' worth of property.