

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

II. C. HICKOK, Editor.

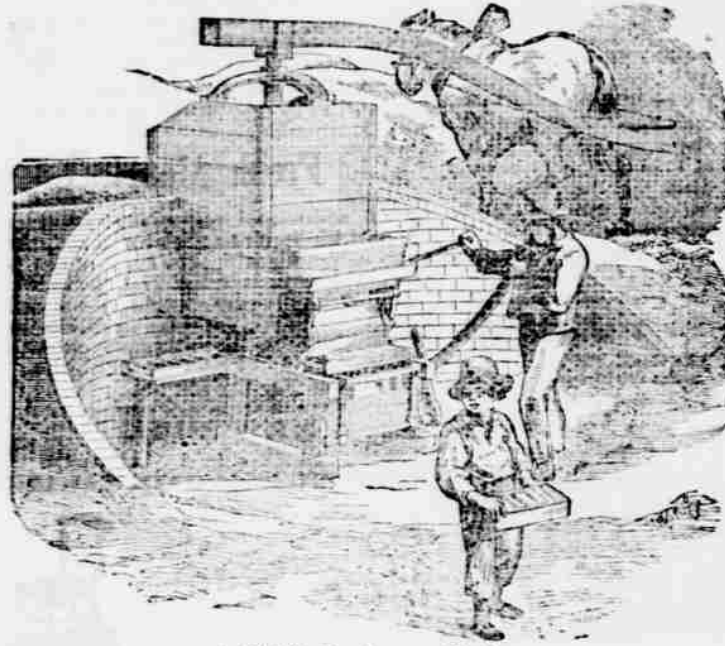
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HALL'S PATENT BRICK MACHINE.



A Brick Yard near Boston.

Few of our citizens are aware of the great extent of the mechanical and manufacturing operations which are going on in and immediately about our city—nor are they aware of the number of our foreign and continental exports, nor of the great extent of our own consumption and the progress of building up of the city and its suburbs. Our attention has recently been attracted to the subject of Brick Making, by the increased demand for and higher prices of that article, and by statements which have recently been published of the industry of this city in other cities. Although the amount of building now going on here is less than at some former periods, there is yet an active demand for building materials—which naturally directs attention to the sources of supply.

The most extensive establishment in our vicinity for the manufacture of Brick, is what is known as the 'New York Brick Works'—an anomalous name, to be sure, but indicative of the origin of the concern, the proprietor, Mr. Peter H. Hallowell, having been a brick maker in the State of New York before he came to Boston as the owner of his mill and enterprise. Mr. Hallowell's Brick Yard is about four miles from the city, on the line of the Fitchburg Railroad. We took occasion, a few days ago, to visit the establishment, and were indebted to the polite attention of Mr. Almon Abbott, the Superintendent, for some information as to the art and mystery of brick making in general, but especially for an opportunity to witness the process by which bricks enough for two or three dwelling houses are daily made there.

The process is by improved and economical machinery—the machines used being a patent of Alfred Hall of Perth Amboy, N. J. There are thirty-four of these machines, capable of turning out ten thousand bricks each, daily. They are employed alternately, seventeen one day and the other seventeen the next—so that ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THOUSAND bricks are made daily. And so great is the improvement upon the old mode, and such the economy of labor, that most of the men had accomplished their stint of ten thousand a day for each machine, before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were winding up their day's work. The machines all connect with an iron horizontal shaft, running the whole length of the yard, about 2500 feet, or more than two-fifths of a mile. They are driven by a steam engine of forty-five horse power. The thirty-four perpendicular shafts that connect with this long one, and enter the tubs in which the clay is ground before it passes into the moulds, are about seventy feet apart. In the rear of each tub are vats for moistening the clay, which hold enough for a day's work. While one set of vats are being worked off one day, the others are being replenished with clay for the next day's operations. The clay is drawn up an inclined plane from the pit near by, by means of another steam engine, and distributed into the vats over a rail track, which runs the whole length of the shaft in the rear of the vats. One man feeds the tubs from the vat, another acts as moulder, who is followed by two more men, officiating as 'off-bearers,' as they are termed. Six bricks are moulded at a time, and emptied upon the smooth yard, where they remain 'flat on their backs' about six hours. They are then turned upon their edges, in which position they remain about six hours more. They are then piled in rows about two hundred feet in length, ten courses high, and so kept for about two days, when they are piled in the kiln for burning. In the kiln a discretionary heat is kept up from Monday morning till Saturday night, pains being taken, as we were pleased to learn, to avoid any encroachment upon the Sabbath. About four days is required for the cooling of the kiln, before the bricks can be handled. A certain quantity of Anthracite coal dust is mixed with the clay, a process peculiar, we believe, to Mr. Hallowell, and which gives more solidity to the brick, and renders it more impervious to water.

The locality furnishes a superior material for brick, the clay in the region of the yard being a beautiful blue earth, excellent in quality, abundant in quantity, and extending to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. The water used is forced into a reservoir and conducted around the yard by pipes, connected with the Fitchburg Railroad, runs the whole length of yard, by which means cart bodies are carefully loaded from the kiln and transported to almost any market. At the depot in Charleston, these cart bodies are swung off upon a set of wheels, by the aid of a derrick, and transported to any desired locality. The bricks, thus carefully packed in, are not deteriorated until they arrive at their place of destination. They are never thrown into the carts promiscuously, but are always carefully arranged.

The yard covers about forty acres of ground, of a smooth, hard surface, where it was formerly a quagmire; and twenty millions of bricks are made during the six months of the year that the work is usually carried on. Constant employment is given to two hundred and ten men at the yard (almost all of them French Canadians) and between thirty and forty horses are daily employed in teaming for distribution to customers. From the profusion of the wood used for burning, we opine that 'Goody Blake' would never have suffered for the want of a stick, if she had lived in the vicinity of the enormous pile. This is now the tenth year of the operation of this establishment. The bricks made are handsome and appear to be of an excellent quality. They have a high reputation, we believe, in the market. Mr. Abbott, the Superintendent, has had an experience of a score of years, or more, at brick making, and his efficiency is manifest throughout the whole of this large and well ordered concern.—Boston Daily Evening Traveller, June 18, 1853.

I have the Agency for selling these Machines, and County Rights. I think them worth looking at, and a speculation at that, as a machine will pay for itself in a very short time. No person can judge of their merits without seeing them in operation: you are therefore invited to call and examine for yourself.

Orders for Machines will receive prompt attention. The size of Moulds wanted should always accompany the order. Cast Iron Tempering Shafts and Machine Moulds made to order, at short notice. Machines wanted for Spring use, should be ordered early—owing to the demand. Best Presses for front or Fire Bricks from the best of manufacturers, will be furnished to order.

NOTICE.—As usual in all useful and valuable improvements, this Patent has been infringed by different individuals. It is well known, however, that it has been litigated and thoroughly established by law. Injunctions have been granted against many of the infringing parties, and several applications for injunctions and suits for damages are still pending. The community are therefore cautioned against buying, selling or using any of these infringements, as the law will be put in force in every instance. Not a single machine is now in use of similar construction, but it is an infringement. Those who have been persuaded to buy or use, through the false representations of parties selling these infringements, are offered the opportunity to save themselves costs and trouble, by calling on the Patentee, who is always willing to settle on reasonable terms.

BENJAMIN C. TAYLOR, Agent, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

YORK STATE, NOV. 1853.
A little village in the Empire State, like a small town in the Keystone, has its evils and its blessings. The affairs of every man and of every family are either known or 'guessed at,' by all others. Every new comer or visitor must run the gauntlet of eyes and tongues. "Look not every man on his own things simply, but keep also a sharp look-out for the things of others," is an injunction of *Saint Paul* which is scrupulously honored. There are local as well as political parties, to watch for the Post Office prize every four years; and two or three churches, to half-starve such well-disposed preachers as are induced to settle with them by reason of "rapid growth of the place," and its "central position." Rhetorical political assertions, and narrow sectarian bickerings, are given out as rare exhibitions of statesmanship and theology, in various shops and stores, when farm-work is not driving. Of course there is an "aristocracy"—say a dozen of both sexes, more concited than others of their age, who feel somewhat above them, and are secretly envied, while openly denounced as "big bugs" and "high flyers" by their quondam associates. And there are one or two "rich old hunks"—that is, men worth a few thousands more than those neighbors who love money equally as well but have not been quite so fortunate in its pursuit. It is an unpardonable wrong in these rich men to expend their own money as they deem best, instead of opening their purses and dividing their money among the store-loungers who are planning for their schemes of benevolence which they themselves never indulge in. While to their faces they are very blandly saluted as "the Judge" or "the Squire," or "the General," or "the Deacon," and their opinions accorded to with the utmost deference, behind their backs they are abused as everything wrong. If they do not lay out their money, they are "miserably niggards," the "cause of all these hard times," and of the "want of prosperity" of "our dear native town." And if they do make investments, they are "taking the advantage of the poor," and "buying up the whole country." However, with all the enormous sins of these rich men, there are always scores of denouncers ready to take their place, reputation inclusive.

On the other hand, you have the pure breezes of heaven always around you—you can see the waving forests, the cultivated fields, and all the details of rural life—and you can live in comparative independence of landlords, market caprices, thieves, and fires. You can always find some of the choice spirits of earth in such localities—those who are doing good to all, and diffusing a quiet joy in many households. In "social intercourse and converse sweet" on topics higher than horses or dollars, many precious hours are passed. Here you often find the genuine pastor and the true physician—the salt of the earth indeed, preserving soul and body from prostration, and daily strengthening the cords of affection which bind man to man. And when sickness and suffering or any real sorrow comes, the petty division walls between neighbors are soon broken down, and how easily all become as one family!

Probably the greatest difference between a 'York and a Pennsylvania village, is in their business habits. The quietness of a small town in Penn'a, is proverbial, while its Yankee prototype in size is always in motion. Every man, woman and child is tinkering and contriving for some improvement—to gain some advantage—to get a head some way. It is on record that a right 'cute Yankee baby is planning some 'improved machinery' before it leaves its cradle; but "the fact wants confirmation." Certain it is, however, that he soon develops that propensity, and "swapping" and buying and selling occupy most of his spare time. I am inclined to think too many hours are spent in mere "head work," for much of it adds nothing to the sum-total of property; while the plodder who keeps his hands busy without troubling his head enough to endanger its sanity, is adding to the stock of tangible wealth. The two brothers who spent all day in "swapping jackets," were no richer at night; but the third, who made a jacket during the same time, was a benefactor. Superior activity is productive of great inventions—discoveries—and adaptation of natural resources to man's uses—by these means Jonathan gets ahead of, and works less than Hans. Another trait of the Yankee is to keep his money always in use. While Hans salts down his half-dollars until his barrel is pretty well filled, Jonathan puts every one he can get out at interest, or invests it in real estate, somewhere. Many in this region send their money for loaning to the Western States, for the sake of the higher rates of interest there legalized, (Jonathan wants to make money "according to law," you must know.)

Your true Yankee farmers are noticeable for their love of knowledge—and their spelling and singing schools, debating and other societies, and above all their books and periodicals coming to every family, make learning a thing universal. It would astonish some of the Penn'a farmers—perhaps not your readers, however—to see the loads of newspapers coming weekly to every little post-office where the Yankees have the influence. A N. Y. Tribune of the morning, I saw the evening of the same day at a small store-and-a-half house, 16 miles from the Erie Railway and 240 from New York city. The poorest here are all determined that their children "shall have an equal chance with the richest," and a well-cultivated mind they are aware gives them that chance. Hence they will not be found "starving their heads for the sake of pleasing their stomachs," they prefer plain food and rich reading.

I stopped at a town in Tompkins county containing three or four villages and 4 or 5000 inhabitants, in which no intoxicating liquor is sold publicly, and where cases of intemperance are almost unknown. The authorities will not grant a license, and all the thirsty can procure it is stated is smuggled in by a stage driver. (Yet at the last election, which it was supposed would decide the Maine Law for the State, scores of its rampant advocates remained at home! One who had a brother who is a reformed man, and to re-instate whom in church, society, and secret associations, he had taken much pains, refused to go to the polls, "because he must stay and make a cow-pen!" Very similar to the "friends of the Maine Law" in Pittsburgh, who secured the re-nomination of Dr. Crothers as the Whig candidate for Senate, and supposing him "all safe enough," refused to exert themselves on election day, while his opponents rallied and defeated him by 2 or 300.)—There is an organization in this State called the "Carson League," by which men of property combine and pledge money to pay the expenses of seeing anti-liquor laws enforced. It is of little or no consequence what laws are enacted on such a subject, (the Small Note Law is an illustration,) but if responsible men combine and devote time and money to ensure the enforcement of those laws, there is some virtue and "legal suasion" in them. I am not familiar with the details of the League, but should deem it an important plan.

The local question of the day just here, is the Stage question. Under the Whig administration, the Whig merchant had the Post Office, but a Democrat happened to get the contract for carrying the Mail. Under Pierce, the Dem. merchant has the P. O., but the late Whig P. M. underbid and got the Mail contract. The old mail-carrier did not want to give up running his stage (16 miles) and put down the fare to 37 1/2 cts. and continued it—the new contractor run the same route for 25 cts.—the old one came down to 12 1/2—the new one carried for nothing—the old one ditto, and dinner and cigars gratis! This losing game of course could not continue. The contractor has money, and the legal right, and his friends wax warm in his support. The old pleads poverty and infirmity and that he inhabiteth "a free country," and his friends "will see him through." The consequence is, a great and wordy war in Centerville—Hards, Softs, and Maine Law are forgotten in the contest between the Oil and New Stage parties. One man would do a good business, with fair charges; as it is, each has to take in "dead heads"; and at half prices, and thus (especially in bad weather) good loads "keep up appearances." The way the village and adjacent country is canvassed for passengers, would "become a more important cause." And then to see the "proprietors" running in debt everywhere they can, in order to *compel* custom from reluctant "patrons." As a stranger to the intestine war, it was very amusing to me to hear the arguments *pro* and *con*—to be persuaded at first to ride with Tweedledum, and secondly with Tweedledee... "Very foolish all this," you will readily say, "for it is ruining them both." True, but the folly is not confined to the runners of stages—printers, mechanics and merchants often set the same example—for, in all cases, *uncalled for* competition is the death instead of the "life of business." One 'bubble' must 'burst' at last. The more desperate the case, the greater will be the boasts and show of prosperity. As it stands, the Stage question may be nursed by some pettifogging politician into a law-suit or two; or if "public feeling" be brought to "bleed" enough to keep up both Stages until next Election, the next Governor may be chosen by some connection of his name with the Stage question in Centerville! It has spread into the church, and one pastor's "influence is expected" in behalf of his parishioner, the owner of one of the stages. Heaven help the good man to steer clear of the Seylla and Charybdis of the Stage question!

The beauty and fertility of Owego creek and its adjacent hills, struck a Swiss who

was travelling thro' here, as a fair type of a favorite valley in Switzerland, and a settlement of extended and independent Swiss families has been there made.

A Plank Road along Owego Creek was recently projected—the plank necessary are now lying along the route proposed—but the work is dead. Alleged cause—the land owners will not yield the right of way without exorbitant damages.

The lumbermen up your West Branch would do well to naturalize some of the Stump Machines which men work with in this region when they have leisure time. A yoke or span, levers, chains, and two or three hands extract a great many pine stumps in a day; thus allowing the land to come into use; and then the stumps, piled up edgewise, make a fence that can not be crawled through or jumped over. I have seen stump fences, 20 or 30 years old, which are not half worn out.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, of Brooklyn city, has bought a residence near Owego for summer refreshment probably and an ultimate retreat in the winter of age. Dr. Beecher is not alone in his longings for a "HOME" in the country. ISCOO.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not be the many choice
With jewelled necklace she;
She may not smile on earthly swain
With soft bewitching eyes,
She cannot boast the form andmien
That bewitch both loth and true;
But all she hath more silver stores,
The farmer's precious daughter.

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart's enchanging spell.
Her smile's bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain;
And listening to her voice we dream
That spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,
Nay, I may say and true;
The lily may be not more pure
In all the party;
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she,
The farmer's precious daughter.

The laughing belle whom all adore,
In a dress of purple blue,
Who faint upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden lies;
And with the lark's opening song,
Her own clear voice is heard;
You may not tell which sweetest sings,
The farmer's precious daughter.

Thou art not more of jewelled fair,
The brightest jewel yet;
Is the true heart whose virtue dwells,
And innocence is all;
The glow of health upon her cheek,
The grace no rule hath taught her—
The fairest wealth that beauty twines
Is for the farmer's daughter.

Fun in California.

There is a little paper printed at San Diego, California, called the *San Diego Herald*—an ordinary paper, which went into the support of JOHN BIGLER for Governor, and that was not suspected of ever being inclined to fun. The editor's name is J. Judson Ames, sometimes familiarly known as "Boston"—a county judge, and a moderate man. Lately—before the election—he took it into his head to go on a tour to another part of the State, to electioneer for the Democratic Bigler, and entrusted the *Herald* during his absence to the charge of John Phoenix, Esq., a gentleman of that ilk, known in this vicinity by the name of "Derby."

But the Judge had forgotten to inquire into the nature of Mr. Phoenix's politics, and the first thing the new editor did was to change the political character of the *Herald* by running up the Whig flag, bearing the name of WILLIAM WALDO for Governor. The Judge's consternation may be fancied. He immediately wrote back a letter to Phoenix, telling him to bring the *Herald* back to its allegiance; whereupon Phoenix declares his Democracy—that his support of Waldo was a mistake, and asks forgiveness, avowing himself ready "to embrace Democracy with ardor, slap her on the back, and declare himself in favor of creating a statute of Andrew Jackson on the plaza."

"Whatever is, is right," says Phoenix; "as the old gentleman sweetly remarked when he chopped off the end of his nose with a razor, in the endeavor to kill a fly that had lit thereon when he was shaving;" and applies the remark to the election of Bigler, and adds, "If this election should, however indirectly, cause San Diego to assume its proper position as the first commercial city of California, I shall reverence the name of John Bigler for ever, and I will bestow that honored appellation upon my youngest child, and have it engraved upon a piece of leather or other suitable material, and suspended about that tender infant's neck, until such time as he shall be old enough to learn and love the virtues of his honored god sire."

Mr. Phoenix, in his arm-chair, writes an eloquent valedictory on retiring from the editorship:

"TE DEUM LAUDAMES.—Judge Ames has returned! With the completion of this article, my labors are ended; and, wiping my pen on my coat-tail, and pincing it behind my minister ear with a graceful boy and bland smile for my honored admirers, and a wink of intense meaning for my enemies, I shall abdicate with dignity

the 'arm-chair,' in favor of its legitimate proprietor. By the way, this 'arm-chair' is but a pleasant fiction of 'Boston's'—the only seat in the *Herald* office, being the empty nail keg, which I have occupied while writing my leaders upon the inverted sugar box, that answers the purpose of a table. But such is life. Divested of its poetry and romance, the objects of our highest admiration become more common place, like the *Herald's* chair and table. Many ideas which we have learned to love and reverence from the poetry of imagination as tables, become old sugar boxes on close inspection and more intimate acquaintance."

If he has given offence to any one, he is ready to accept their apologies. He says, "Commencing as an Independent journal, I have gradually passed through all the stages of incipient Whiggery, decided Conservatism, dignified Recantation, budding Democracy and rampant Radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely Literary number, in which I have carefully abstained from the mention of Baldo and Wigler, I mean Wigler and Baldo, no—never mind—as Toombs says, I haven't mentioned any of 'em, but been careful to preserve a perfect armed neutrality."

The description of the arrival home of Judge Ames, after all the trouble Phoenix had caused him, is very rich. He says, "Caddy we gazed from the window of the office upon the new town road; we descried a cloud of dust in the distance; high above it waved a whip lash, and we said 'Boston' cometh, and 'his driving is like that of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.'"

"Calmly we seated ourselves in the arm chair, and continued our labors.—Anon a step, a heavy step, was heard upon the stairs, and 'Boston' stood before us. "In shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower... but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care sat on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride, waiting revenge." We rose, and with an unfeigned voice said, "Well, Judge, how do you do?" He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat. We removed ours, also our cravat."

The sixth and last round is described by the pressman and compositors as having been fearfully scientific! "We held 'Boston' down over the press by his nose (which we had inserted between his hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the 'schoep's foot' brandished above our head, shouted to him, 'say Waldo.' 'Never! he gasped—

"Oh! my friend, he would have muttered. 'But that he dried up ere the word was uttered."

"At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces, (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion,) the matter was finally settled on the most friendly terms, 'and without prejudice to the honor of either party.' We write this while sitting without any clothing, except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a ruff of the Elizabethan era—that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently torn off, while the Judge is sopping his eyes with cold water in the next room, (a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin,) and glancing with interest over the advertisements in the second page of the *San Diego Herald*, a fair copy of which was struck upon the back of his shirt at the time we held him over the press."

But Mr. Phoenix's great 'Pictorial Sheet' is the crowning effort of his genius. It is a magnificent "take off" of Yankee pictorials, and though severe and unjust, it is very witty.—*Easton Post.*

Sixpenny Savings Bank.

[We copy the following interesting extract from an article in the *New York Tribune*, on the Sixpenny Savings Bank. The first deposit was made July 10, and on the 7th inst., there had been 3994 deposits made by 1618 depositors, amounting to \$20,381.57. The days of deposit are Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from five to eight o'clock in the evening. The officers are—President, Zedek Pratt; Vice Presidents, Elijah F. Purdy and William Adams; Secretary, James J. Sloan; with a Board of Trustees, thirty-six in number.]

If you desire to spend an hour of enjoyment in witnessing the working of one of the best moneyed institutions ever devised in this country, for the benefit of the poor, you may drop in at the corner of Broadway and Anthony streets, this evening, between 5 and 8 o'clock. We have had a good many ragged schools, but here is a ragged child's bank—literally a six penny savings bank, where a great many of the depositors commence with a six pence or a shilling. But go and see today, as we did last Saturday, the little boys and girls, the lad laboring man or woman, black and white, old and young, coming to lay up the earnings of the week, where they will be safe from the temptations of Sunday—a day upon which more run is sold, more drunkards made, more crimes committed, more families rendered miserable, than any other day. This institution is one of the great aids of those who are engaged throughout the city in the work of temperance and reform. Yet

not one in ten of them are aware of its existence, or if they are they do not appreciate the advantage to their protectors enough to encourage them to deposit all their spare change every week in the Six Penny Savings Bank. When this one has proved itself successful, we shall have them all over the city, gathering up and saving many a hard earned dollar. At our visit we noticed more than one wife and a hard working husband, who could keep sober all the week while employed, but who could not resist the temptation to spend his money on Sunday.

A great portion of the deposits made while we were present, were by boys of ten or sixteen years old, who bore evident marks of having just received the money for their work. In several cases it was brought in parcel as they received it, and gave us a deal of pleasure to see the depositor count out the sum actually necessary to reserve for his board, &c., to a shilling, depositing the balance.

Among the rest came a bright-eyed, pretty girl, perhaps a dozen years old, and with her a little boy of a less number of years and a less number of years. She gave her name as Sarah Berry, residence, Green street, her father a cartman, and mother an occasional washer, by which she had been able to save a few shillings from family expenses which she gave her daughter from time to time to deposit. Now she was in high glee, for she had brought enough to make up three dollars, when it would draw interest. It would be accumulating.

"Is this your brother?"
"No, sir; he is a little boy that lives in the same house, and he has heard of the Sixpenny Savings Bank, and has come to deposit a quarter dollar that his father gave him, and he is going to try to make three dollars pretty soon. He will save every cent. My father, and his father too, will save, and give us to deposit."

"What is your name, my fine little fellow?"
"John Deer, sir."

"Well, you are a dear little fellow. And so you want to put your money in the bank. Who told you to do so?"
"Nobody, sir, only I heard you talk about it, and then I told my mother, and she said she was willing, and so is my father, and here is the quarter, sir."

"Yes. Can you write?"
"Yes sir. I can write my name."

"Very well, write it there. Now there is your bank-book. Good bye. You can come Monday, Thursday, or Saturday, any time you shall always be glad to see you."

This is a specimen of the manner of ex-Alderman Purdy to the little children who come to make their deposits. We venture to say that no man in New York that day felt so proud and happy over his bank book as those two little children.

REV. MR. BEECHER.—This gentleman whose cradle, nursery, salary, country residence, &c., &c., &c. have furnished numerous items for newsmongers, made full statement recently of his private affairs in the *N. Y. Independent*. But all curious are not satisfied. We find the following letter and answer in the paper just named:

DEAR SIR:—I have read your statement concerning your farm in Berkshire and your other affairs with great satisfaction, but there is one point on which am anxious to receive information, (as my wife is as anxious as I am.) That is: whether the brother-in-law you speak married your sister, or your wife's sister.

MY dear sir, I married his sister, about seventeen years ago, and have been glad of it ever since.—*N. Y. Independent.*

We never hear men, on making a bargain, use the common phrase, "we'll quarrel about a trifle," without being at that trouble in the wind. Every contract, even to the value of a dollar, should be explicitly stated, down to its minutest particulars, so that there can be no possibility of misconstruction. If this is neglected, difficulty is nearly certain to arise. Many an honest man has been cheated, many a friendship has been broken for life, because a bargain has not been fully stated, because the parties "would not quarrel about a trifle."

Charles E. Miller, of Lebanon county, who pled guilty to a charge of assault and battery on the wife of Dr. Elliott, was sentenced to ten days imprisonment, with the usual fine and costs. The Advertiser says: "Mr. Miller's difficulties had their origin from his love of liquor. The Judge told him that if they could discover when he obtained his liquor, they would revoke the license of the landlord instantly. Chaley preferred to keep the secret within his own breast."

A volcanic eruption of fire and lava, from Mount Barker, one of the Cascade range of Mountains in Oregon, took place last winter. Think of having a live volcano—a regular 'Vesuvius'—growing up on west