# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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



LEWISBURG CHRONICLE


DEC. 15, 1854.

☞"*What has the North to do with Slavery?*" is a question which is fairly answered by the facts narrated below.

### The Slave Trade in New York.

It has often been said that the slave-trade was still carried on in New York, but as the charge has been of a vague and general character, it has attracted little attention. We are beginning to get light on the matter. There is now lying in the Tombs in this city a man who has been tried and found guilty of being engaged in the slave-trade. This is said to be the first conviction ever obtained under the law by which it was made piracy. The testimony in the case was ample. And though he protests against his condemnation on the ground that he is a foreigner, and not amendable to the laws of the United States, he does not deny the fact of his share in the business. He speaks of it freely, and relates with unconcealed exultation the particulars of his wild and desperate career.

We have chanced to see and talk with this noted captain in his prison. What he told us was not communicated in confidence, for he never saw us before, and did not know who we were. He spoke to us as an entire stranger. All our conversation was through the grated door of his cell. We made no attempts to gain his confidence, or to draw out the secret history of his life. He told his own story, not like a criminal making a confession, but rather with the freedom and pride of an old soldier relating his battles. Nor did he intimate a wish that what he said should be kept private. Indeed, he had boasted to others of his deeds on the African coast. His disclosures therefore are public property. Some of these are so curious as to be worth making known. Whether he tells the truth the world must judge. It is not very probable that a man would make up a story which implicated him in capital crime. Besides, his account is consistent with itself; it agrees with what was proved on the trial, and with the descriptions in Capt. Canot's book. We believe therefore that he has let out the truth.

"New York," says Capt. Smith, "is the chief port in the world for the slave-trade." He repeated two or three times, "*It is the greatest place in the universe for it.* Neither in Cuba, nor in the Brazils, is it carried on so extensively. Ships that convey slaves to the West Indies and South America, are fitted out from the United States. Now and then one sails from Philadelphia; more from Baltimore; but most all from New York. This is our head-quarters. My vessel was the brig Julia Moulton. I got her in Boston, and brought her here, and sailed from this port direct to the coast of Africa." "But do you mean to say that this business is going on now?" "Yes, all the while. Not so many vessels have been sent out this year—perhaps not over twenty. But last year there were probably thirty-five."

"Are there large shipping-houses engaged in it?" "Yes, I can go down to South street, and go into a number of houses who help to fit out ships for the business. I don't know how far they own the vessels, or receive the profits of the cargoes. I had rather not have American owners. I prefer Spaniards or Portuguese. But these houses know all about it. They send me sail out of port with a ship and have me back a passenger. They sometimes say to me, 'Captain, where is your ship?' [With a shrug]—They know what has become of her. When a cargo is landed the vessel is often destroyed, not to be a witness against her officers and crew."

"But how do you manage to get away without exciting suspicion?" "Why, you see, we keep close, and get everything on board, and do not ask our papers until we are just ready to sail. Then we go to the Custom-House, and take out papers for Rio Janeiro, St. Helena, Cape de Verde islands, or any port you please—it don't matter where—and instantly clear."

"But if you were seized at that moment, could the officers tell, by searching the ship, that she was a slaver?"

"Oh, yes, they couldn't help knowing. Besides, they must suspect something from seeing such an almighty crew. My little brig carried but 200 tons, and could be manned by four men. But I had fourteen before the mast. The moment of leaving port is the one of danger. But we don't lose time. A steamer is kept ready, and we get under way immediately. Often two or three slavers leave at once. We steam down the bay, and over the bar, and then the ocean is before us, and we set our course for any quarter we please."

"But when you reach the African coast, are you not in great danger from British ships of war?"

"Oh, no, we don't care for the English squadron. We run up the American flag, and if they come aboard, all we have to do is to show our American papers, and they have no right to search us. So they growl and grumble and go off again."

"That may do very well when you are going in empty. But suppose you are coming out with a cargo of slaves on board?"

"Even then we can get along well enough, if the niggers will keep quiet. We put them all below deck, and nail down our hatches, and then present our papers. The officers have no right to go below. The only danger in this case is, that they will stay on board too long. They often suspect the truth, and hang about for an hour or two. By this time the niggers are stifled, and begin to make a noise. Then the thing is out, and they seize the ship."

"After that, I suppose you are punished?" "Oh, no; we generally get off. You see as we are Americans, they must bring us to an American port to be tried. But if they run the ship into port along the coast, they get one pound a head for every recaptured slave. So they generally prefer to let us go, and get their prize-money."

"How many could you carry on your vessel?" "We took on board 664. We might have stowed away 800. If she had been going to the Brazils, we should have taken that number. She would carry 750 *with pleasure*. The boys and women we kept on the upper deck. But all the strong men—those giant Africans that might make us trouble—we put below on the slave deck." "Did you chain them or put on handcuffs?" "No, never; they would die. We let them move about." "Are you very severe with them?" "We have to be pretty strict at first—for a week or so, to make then feel that we are masters. Then we lighten up for the rest of the voyage."

"How do you pack them at night?" "They lie down upon the deck, on their sides, body to body. There would not be room enough for all to lie on their backs."

"Did many die on the passage?" "Yes. I lost a good many the last cruise—more than ever before. Sometimes we find them dead when we go below in the morning. Then we throw them overboard."

"Are the profits of the trade very large?" "My brig cost $13,000 to fit her out completely. My last cargo to Cuba was worth $220,000. But it was seized by the late Captain-General, Pezuela. He did more to break up the slave-trade than any one else. If he had remained in office, he would have stopped it altogether. But now Concha is back again, and it goes on as flourishing as ever."

"But I thought Concha was the great enemy of the slave-trade?" "So he is—in words. He talks a great deal, but Pezuela acted. From time immemorial, the planter's estate has been sacred. But Pezuela respected nothing. He seized the negroes wherever he could find them, even on the plantations. By this he incurred the enmity of the planters; and he would probably have been assassinated, if he had not been recalled."

"Did you ever have fights with the English ships?" "Yes; once a ship-of-war chased two of us. We knocked the sticks out of her. We didn't stop to look after the dead. At another time I was captured. It was in a dead calm, and there was no chance to get away. When I saw that we were gone, I went below and stove in every cask of water but one. The other ship was short too. So we had both to put in to the land to get water. They put on board of us a lieutenant and crew. But he did not know the coast, and as we drew towards land, he had to make me pilot, threatening at the same time to shoot me if I run her on shore. I took the helm, and run her into an inlet. No sooner had we passed the mouth, than we saw on the bank the barracoons of the slave factors. They all knew me, and boats put off from shore. The lieutenant hailed them in English, and told them to keep off. At the same time I hailed them in Spanish, and told them the vessel was a prize. That night they came off in force, and re-captured her. We put lieutenant and his men into a boat, and sent them adrift, while I went down the coast and took in a cargo of slaves, and carried them safely across the ocean."

"Why, captain, this must be exciting business."

His eyes flashed fire as he replied, "It's splendid. It makes a man jump to think of it! To be cutting away at the rate of eleven knots an hour, with a ship in chase, and walking right away from her!"

That instant we saw in the prisoner the rover of the seas, again standing on his deck, with the huge hull of a ship-of-war looming above the horrison.

"But how did you get caught at last?"

"The mate betrayed me. I never liked the man. He was scared. He had no heart. You see, it takes a man of *particular constitution* to engage in our business. When once at sea with a slave cargo, we are in *free bottoms*. We belong to no country. We are under the protection of no law. We must defend ourselves. A man must have a great deal of nerve in such a situation, when he is liable to be chased by ships of war, or perhaps, finds himself suddenly in the midst of a whole fleet. The mate once served me a trick for which I should have been perfectly justified in shooting him dead. We were running in between the islands Martinique and Dominique, when suddenly there shot out from behind the land an English steamer. The mate thought it was a ship of war, and so did I. He was frigthened to death, and instantly turned the vessel off her course. That was the very movement to bring down the enemy in chase. I saw the danger and flew to the helm, and put her back again, and we passed in safety."

"But are you not tired of this business?" "Why, I didn't want to go out the last voyage. I tried to get another captain to take charge my ship. I wanted to stay at home and get married. *But good men in our business are scarce.* And I had to go."

But the noble captain seemed ambitious of a higher career. "What I should like best of all," said he, "would be to go *privateering*. To command a merchant ship, and to go lumbering along loaded down with freight—that I can't bear. It kills me. But give me a well-built clipper, with six guns on a side and a long Tom in the middle, and a letter of marque to range the ocean, and I wouldn't call the President my brother!"

Such was the substance of Capt. Smith's story. We allowed him to run on with his exploits, to see what a slaver was made of. Was there ever a more perverted nature? Here is a man whose boast is in the gigantic character and the success of his villanies. His courage is to show his power over the weak and defenceless! to crowd hundreds of human beings into a close hold, where one hundred and fifty die in a few weeks; and his greatest exultation, to have defied the laws of the whole civilized world! But the most important reflection is on the weakness and negligence which permits this traffick to go on unchecked. *New York the chief port in the world for the slave-trade!* Thirty-five slavers a year sailing down our bay! Is this true? If so, why are not these vessels searched and seized? On whom rests the blame? Do officers of government connive at the traffick? Or, are they so blind as not to see what passes under their eyes? Or are they too weak, or too indolent, to enforce their country's justice?—*N. Y. Evangelist, Dec. 7.*

### Buy for Cash.

A cotemporary says if we would get rich we must not carry pass-books. Credit is the tempter in a new shape. Buy dry goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that Cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars through the perspective of a sixty day due bill. Cash is practical, while Credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let Cash buy a dinner, and you will have beefsteak flanked with onions. Send Credit to market, and he will return with eight pairs of woodcocks and a peck of mushrooms. Credit believes in double breasted pins and champaign suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he don't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little salt. Cash is a good adviser, while Credit is the best fellow to be on visiting terms with. If you want double chins and contentment, do business with Cash.

An excellent movement has been made on the Erie railroad to prevent the sale of liquor to employers on the trains of that road, by refusing to allow stoppage of trains at depots in the neighborhood of which bars are kept. The frequent accidents on that road are attributed mainly to the use of intoxicating liquors.

☞The following quaint yet neat poem is supposed by some to be a production of King James I., "the Royal Poet," though by others it is thought to have been written by Bishop Andrews. It is a metrical rendering of the

### Lord's Prayer.

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him hasten unto
*Our Father.*
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except thou succour us
*Who art in heaven.*
Thou showest mercy: for the same
We praise Thee, singing,
*Hallowed be thy name.*
Of all our miseries, cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys, and let
*Thy kingdom come.*
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art—
*Thy will be done on earth.*
Thou mad'st the earth as well as planets seven;
Thy name is blessed here,
*As it is done in heaven.*
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us:
*Give us this day*
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
*Our daily bread.*
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
*Forgive us our trespasses.*
No man from sinning ever free did live;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
*As we forgive.*
If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdained'st us;
We pardon them
*That trespass against us.*
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
*And lead us—*
We, Thine own people, and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
*Not into temptation.*
Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
*But deliver*
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
*From every evil.*
To these petitions, let both priest and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice, say
*Amen.*

### Edward Jenner.

A terrible disease had for ages afflicted the world. As early as the tenth century, Rhazes, a physician of Bagdad, in Persia, wrote an account of its nature and fatal consequences. Throughout India and Arabia it was even earlier looked upon with horror: gradually it spread towards the West; Russia, Germany, France, Spain, and England, in turn, knew by sad experience its fearful power. It crossed the broad Atlantic with the Spaniards to Peru; it filled the beautiful cities of Guatamala and Mexico with mourning and woe. The savages of North America fell "like leaves of the forest" before its silent but deadly stroke. Strong men and little children alike became its victims; and the castle of the noble and the hovel of the peasant were eqally subject to its call. It did not come like the plague, after long years of absence, but it was always in the different countries—a universal scourge and terror. When once stricken, the sufferer generally lingered for eight or nine days, an object of disgust and dread to those about him, but recovery was almost unknown. This circumstance, together with its fearfully contagious power, had made the *small-pox* an object of fear to all, while at the same time it had excited the intense interest and close study of many eminent medical men.

Edward Jenner was the son of an English clergyman, who died when his little boy was scarcely five years old. The eldest brother, Rev. Stephen Jenner, took the child to his home, and watched over him with all a father's love. It had been the good minister's earnest wish that Edward should be educated a physician, and therefore, after a few years at boarding-school, he was placed with Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon in a neighboring town, that he might early become familiar with the names and nature of medicines. At twenty years of age he went to London, and for two years was under the instruction of the celebrated John Hunter. By his careful and diligent study, he won the affection of his teacher, who through all his after career proved a warm friend.

Having completed his studies, and being pronounced competent to minister to the sick and suffering among his fellow-men, he removed to Berkeley, his native place, where he commenced the practice of his profession, though only twenty-three. His learning, success, and kindness of manner, soon made him popular, and his visits were extended to a large circuit of country. Cases of small-pox often came under his care, and caused him much anxious tho't.

While a young boy, he had overheard a woman remark, that "she couldn't have the small-pox, because she had had the kine-pox." The incident was never forgotten. Years afterwards he called to mind that no instance of the disease had occurred among the dairymen of the neighborhood; while the kine-pox, similar in nature, but seldom fatal in its results, was common among them. The kine-pox, as it name indicates, prevailed among cattle, and the dairymen in milking and taking care of them also contracted it.

Dr. Jenner immediately began to make inquiries on the subject, and after much observation and many experiments, convinced himself that a person once having the kine-pox would never take the other, however much exposed to it.

From this he formed the idea of producing the lighter sickness in each individual in the community, by an easy process called vaccination; thus preserving them from the deadly influence of small-pox, and limiting, if not entirely suppressing, its fearful ravages.

It was in 1776 that he commenced his investigations, but such was the ignorance and superstition of the common people, and the prejudice of the higher classes, that for more than twenty years he toiled on unnoticed and almost unknown. His statements in the public journals and newspapers were considered as the day-dreams of an idle, fanciful man, and the only attention shown them was ridicule and contempt.

But genius, aided by patient industry, at last triumphed. In 1798 he published his celebrated work, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Cause and Effects of Kine-pox," which is now found in almost every physician's library, and is considered one of the best ever written on the subject. Attention was gradually called to the matter, and after some hesitation his plan was adopted in the hospitals and other public establishments of Europe and America. England delayed longest to yield its sanction to the great discovery, but Dr. Jenner lived to see his hopes realized, and his fellow-men freed from one fearful destroyer. For a few years public honors were heaped upon him, but at the age of seventy-four, in January, 1823, he was glad to lay them all aside and go to his long rest.

A man who in any degree relieves the sufferings of mankind is a public benefactor, and the name of Dr. Edward Jenner will be one of the most honored.

E. A. H.—*American Messenger.*

### Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband" said a young wife tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all—the whole, vast depths of a woman's love—of her happiness when with her husband, of her grief when the light of her smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and as I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaim in disappointed tones, "not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband." And again I thought I could see the young wife, rocking herself nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay that wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives that say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly, when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy, that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and the young wife's look seemed to say—"for here, in your own sweet home, is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will repay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it, men, when your wives say to you "don't stay long,"—and O don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for tho' they may be so to you, the disappointment of the fulfillment of their simple, loving wish, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

### Eggs as is Eggs.

An important egg trade is carried on in the market of San Francisco. The Farallones de los Frailes, a group of rocky islets, lying little more than twenty miles west of the entrance to the bay of San Francisco, are the resort of innumerable sea-fowls, known by the fishermen as "murres." These islands are almost inaccessible, and, with a single exception, are uninhabited. They, therefore, very naturally afford a resort for great multitudes of birds. Some time since a company was organized in San Francisco, for the purpose of bringing the eggs of the murres to market. An imperfect idea of the numbers of these birds may be formed from the fact that this company sold in that city the last season, (a period of less than two months, July and parts of June and August,) *more than five hundred thousand eggs!* All these were gathered on a single one of these islands, and, in the opinion of the eggers, not more than one egg in six of those deposited on that island was gathered. The eggs are three and a half inches in length, and are esteemed a great delicacy.

HEAVY PUNISHMENT.—An editor became martial and was created a captain. On parade, instead of "two paces in front—advance," he unconsciously exclaimed "Cash—two dollars a year in advance." He was court-martialed and sentenced to read his own paper.

### Make your Mark!

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark!
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark!
In whatever place you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift, or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark!

Life is fleeting as a shade—
Make your mark!
Marks of some kind *must* be made—
Make your mark!
Make it when the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong.
Make it with the stamp of *Truth*—
Make your mark!

### The Lottery Swindles.

We have received an advertisement of "Perham's Third Gift Enterprize," with a request to insert the same and take our pay in tickets at $1 each. The whole thing being a grand lottery swindle, we decline becoming a party to the fraud. The advertisement of the "American Artists' Union" found its way into our columns a week or two since, which we much regret. It is also a grand swindling concern, against which the public should be on their guard. Publishers of newspapers should be especially cautious. The public look to them for correct information, and the publication of such swindling cards makes them parties to the fraud.—*Lancaster Express.*

ATROCIOUS ROBBERY!—On Friday night last, some black-hearted wretch surreptitiously entered our cellar, and stole therefrom one loaf of bread and two pounds of butter—all we had! It was discovered by our little ones, early Saturday morning, who immediately set up a most piteous howl, which aroused us from a sound nap we were at that time enjoying. The fact got spread around town, and during the day our friends called in and loaded us down with *sympathy*, which we kindly received, and have carefully stowed away in our cellar, which we hope will enable us to winter over.

P. S.—Since the above was in type, our devil informs us that he has placed an infernal machine in front of the cellar door, and advises hungry fellows to stay away. —*Stroudsburg Jeffersonian.*

☞No man, can derive a fixed code of morality from the opinions of those about him. Nothing is more fluctuating than popular standards of rectitude. The law of God is eternal. But the judgments of men, as to the moral quality of actions, vascillate like the wind. They form rules to shit their own conduct, and that conduct is seldom guided by an unalterable conviction of duty, but bends to self-interest. Whoever tries to deduce a rule of life from current opinions, or general practices, will be sure to adopt a very low one. He will form a sordid and selfish character, utterly wanting in the elements of Christian principle, or of high, manly virtue.

READY PAY.—The Lancaster Examiner urges the cash system in all mechanical trades, and adds: "Why do not *all* our mechanics adopt and rigidly carry out the CASH system? As most of them have but a limited capital, the system of long credits, and, in many cases, trade pay, must operate as a drawback to their prosperity, and consequently the prosperity of the place. Of all business men, the hard working mechanic should receive his pay when his work is completed, for his work is his capital, and his prosperity the life of the city and neighborhood. We would a thousand fold rather *pay* the cash for every thing upon condition of *receiving* the cash for every thing."

SIMPLE FAITH.—A Christian friend calling upon a poor old woman in Scotland, found her in great pain, and expressed sorrow at seeing her suffer so much. "Oh," said Jeanie, "it's just an answer to prayer. Ye see, I've lang prayed to be conformed to the image of Christ; and since this is the means, I've naething to do wi' the choosin' o' them. That's the end I seek. It is ours to aim at meetness for his presence, and to leave it to his wisdom to take his ain way wi' us. I would rather suffer than sin, ony day."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday evening of last week, as *Charles Sterling*, of Hemlock township, Columbia county, was returning home from this place, it is supposed, he fell out of his wagon, and killed himself. He was found lying between the front of his wagon and his horse, quite dead—the horse standing on one of his hands. The deceased leaves a large family in destitute circumstances, and was himself, unfortunately, addicted to intemperate habits.—*Bloomsburg Dem.*

[Now, who sold him the liquor?]

Two lovers stood upon the shore of Massachusetts bay, bidding a sad farewell before Seth tore himself away. "I'll marry you when I come back, my Sally Ann," says he; and then he took a little *smack* and went away to sea.

A JUDGE AGAINST THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—In the court of Quarter Sessions of Wayne county, at Honesdale, on the 5th inst., his Honor James M. Porter, President Judge, after recapitulating the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, in regard to the rights of conscience, and other civil rights of the citizen, whether native or naturalized, proceeded in an able and lucid manner to strongly charge the Grand Jury against all combinations of persons banded together by vows, oaths, or other obligations, for the purpose—*whether accomplished or not*—of depriving any citizen, native or naturalized, of any right or rights, given and secured to him by the Constitution and laws of Pennsylvania or of the United States.

His Honor told the Grand Jury, in strong and decided language, that if they or any one of them, knew of any such combination, or, if complaint should be legally made to them of the existence of such combination in this county, it was clearly their duty, under the oaths they had taken as Grand Jurors, to present the same to this Court, by indictment, that they might be dealt with according to the common law, which, by its wisdom and plasticity, happily adapted itself to the redress of every wrong, and the punishment of every possible offence against public justice and the common rights of the citizen.

Judge Porter further said, in his charge to the Grand Jury, that no oath or obligation taken to do an unlawful act was, or could be, binding in law or conscience, though no person could be compelled to swear, that he, himself, was a member of such a combination; still he could be compelled to swear who of others were, if within his knowledge, notwithstanding he had taken an oath to keep such knowledge secret, as such oath was clearly illegal and void, if the secret was to be kept among the members of an illegal combination.

THE MAINE LAW.—It is my opinion that liberty is a more sacred thing than the suppression of vice. Compulsory virtue leads to no moral progress. I would rather see all mankind drunk by choice, than one man sober on compulsion.—*Wm. North.*

The author of the above sentiment, committed suicide in New-York last week. In a cool, calm moment, he swallowed prussic acid, corked the bottle, and laid himself down to die. It is the most deliberate suicide on record. Poor North was a man of splendid literary abilities—but with such views of human government need we wonder that he committed suicide?

THE CHURCH PROPERTY QUESTION IN HARTFORD.—We learn from Hartford that the quarrel about church property has been brought to a happy termination, Bishop O'Rielly having conceded to the people the privilege of managing their own financial affairs. The congregation, it seems, have now a financial committee, who take charge of all the revenues of the church, pay the amount allowed to priests, and other necessary expenses, and render proper vouchers and ample statements. This is as it should be.

The Baltimore American, speaking of the omission of the Know Nothing Convention at Cincinnati to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, says it was wise: "There is no man living in the United States whose political and personal character could stand the wear and hard knocks of two years' canvass." [Cogitate upon that, all ye *true* friends of POLLOCK.]

The Bellefontain Republican says the Hoosiers on the Wabash turn their "agy-shakes" to some account. They climb into the top of a "shell-bark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there's not a hickory nut left on the tree.

The Report of the Lancaster County Grand Jury, as usual, presents Intemperance as the bane of society, and the cause of so much business in our criminal court, and that there is no reason to hope for a decrease in the business of the court, until a reform in this matter is effected.

Dr. S. P. Townsend, the Sarsaparilla man, is building a palace in N. Y. It occupies five lots of ground, which cost $42,000. The entire cost is estimated at $200,000.

The Vermont Legislature, before the adjournment, last week, passed a bill amending and strengthening the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

ADVANCE IN RAILWAY FARES.—Most of the New England Railroads have determined upon an advance of the passenger fares of 20 to 33 per cent.

Lucy Stone recently received seven votes in the Vermont Legislature for the office of Brigadier General in the militia of that State.

The Free Banks of Indiana are rapidly redeeming their circulation.