LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843....WHOLE NO., 706.

AT $1,50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1857.

Altogether too Wise.

We observe some of the Shamocratic papers ascribing the financial distress, so extensive, to the "*excessive issue* of rag money by the new banks of 1857." On the same principle, a famine should be expected forthwith after a full harvest! But, reader! have you seen a single bill, issued by any new Bank, yet? We have not. Those who are properly managed, foresaw the impending storm, and but three or four have issued any bills at all. To throw out their money to day, and tomorrow have it all come back, scraping up every dollar of the specie they had secured, to send away to Europe, would have been folly. It would have been but the merest temporary relief, and would have crippled them for the future. They have wisely waited for a chance to *live*, before attempting to do business to any considerable extent, especially in the way of issuing their own bills. But self-interest will dictate and induce them to do as large a business as they can safely, and as quickly as possible.

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GEORGE M. WESTON, *Washington, D. C.*

☞About a hundred years ago—or, at least, long before we bothered our brains about electing Presidents or Governors, or for any "good cause" except good eating, good playing and good reading or story-telling—we were intimately conversant with the drama, somewhat poorly illustrated in Vol. I of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' entitled "*The House that Jack Built.*" It seems we were not alone in knowledge of that famous poem, for a chap four feet some inches high informs us he knew it when *he* was a boy! No doubt, our great grandfathers also knew it by heart—King Alfred probably repeated it when himself a lad—and perhaps some of Adam's grandsons sung it long before him. Many were the tongue-races run with rivals of our "airly days," in seeing which could first recite the concluding stanzas—

"This is the Cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn
That married the Man all tattered and torn
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat that killed the Rat
That ate the Malt that lay in the House that Jack built."

Well, "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." We had really forgotten the veritable tragical yet "well-ending" tale, until meeting the following labored "rendering" from its primitive Saxon into the most fastidious modern style, credited to the *N. Y. Picayune*. We opine some of our readers may be edified by the various modes of telling the same fact, as well as exercised and entertained of a long evening—fortified by all the Dictionaries they can muster—in mastering the meaning of some of the words employed.

The Domicile erected by John.

Translated from the Vulgate of M. Gaze.

I.

Behold the Mansion reared by dadal Jack!

II.

Ah the Malt stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac!

III.

Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade
The cherished stores in John's pavilion laid!

IV.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtile Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johnny's sack-cloth rent!

V.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed Canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call!

VI.

Here stalks the impetuous Cow, with awry horn,
Whereon the exacerbating Hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The ratpredaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' invietate domain.

VII.

Here walks the forlorn Damsel, crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that cornicumate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The braying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

VIII.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos's iron tooth,
Behold the Man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' occulative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lactathic hands
Draw albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, waxer of that sly
Ulysse quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antedaneous ale in John's domestic bower!

IX.

See here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the thorn unthrift
Whose mesne exigenous stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virginal forlorn
Who milked the cow with implicated horn
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer shied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Whose jet auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

X.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes, at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Ejaculates the damned lachrymose
The emulgator of the horned brute morose
That teased the dog that worried the cat that killed
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

A firm at San Francisco is loading a vessel with potatoes for China.

☞It is amusing and somewhat gratifying to notice how many of our editorials have been copied during the late campaign, and also to see how many of them have been credited to other papers or left uncredited. We are not among those who pertinaciously demand credit for every item we may happen to write or furnish; yet we notice some of those who are most rampant in defence of the doctrine, "Credit to whom credit," as regards themselves, are most forgetful of the same rule to others. We now recall articles of ours, altered sometimes very slightly, credited to *Phila. Times, Lehigh Register, Allentown Journal*, and *Lancaster Examiner*. If they have done any good, we are content; but our especial intent, as we commenced this article, was to notice that the "True Americans' Song" from the *Chronicle*, got altered in one line from "*Papal knaves*" as written, to "*fearful knives*" when it had got to the end of one journey.

PRINTERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The two U. S. Senators from Pennsylvania, the Governor and Canal Commissioner elect, the Speaker and Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, are all practical printers. The present Chief Justice and the newly elected Judge Thompson of the Supreme Court, worked as Journeymen printers at Harrisburg, thirty years ago.

☞George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Gen. Washington's wife, his adopted son, and the last surviving member of his family, died on Saturday week, at Arlington, Alexandria Co., Va. His age was 77. He lived with Washington a good portion of his first twenty years, and was never wearied in talking or writing of the illustrious Hero Sage.

☞"The genuine down-east Yankees" are getting to be No. 1, in Clinton Co., Pa. Gen. Jackman, late of N. H., is elected to the Legislature from that county, by the largest majority of any on the Democratic ticket. Their papers also notice with much regret the death, at Lock Haven, of John Blanchard, late of Blanchard, Me.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

HARD TIMES.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Should this meet your approval, and, appearing in your highly worthy sheet, be the means of suggesting even to *one* mind a purer charity, a more sacred benevolence, or a more reasonable adherence to the noble dictates of christian love; then will *one* heart record the deed of truth, *one* first born child of want rejoice, and find humble service in this our rich reward.

These times are tempting to almost unpardonable ills. They bleed the most impervious hearts, drive sweet refreshment from the couch of ease, and force the charming grace of leniency to each other's faults. How kindly and how gently ought we all to bear and forbear! Such times are trying to the brave. The coward sinks before he dares a trial; he throws away honor, truth and principle, and burrows up in self. If these results arise, we truly have the *hardest* times. And while we observe, our mind falls thoughtfully upon the loss of *character, integrity* and *manhood*. For, as the panic becomes more intense, business men more excited, and the monetary matters more close; we see an occasional absence of fairness in settlements brought up from brighter days, quite a rigor and sharpness in speech, and too often much of the heartless spirit of unallowed decision. Familiar, easy effort to accomplish the true nobilities of a common cause, have ever given a fair account, and ample contributions to the capital stock of life; but thousands now run counter to these simple rules.

Man wishes, wants, and uses much.
He wishes luxury and ease,
But never has a single hour to use it.
He wants great wealth, much gold,
And thousand times his need will never meet his wants.
How groundless then his toil, and all his
Sacrifice of soul! For, day and night
He drives and frets in perfect misery of mind;
He uses naught he hasso long been wanting,
But hoards for his sons, his daughters, and their time,
And, daily prayers neglected, yield him
Not a shade of spiritual delight.
He only bows in avarice of grace, and only
Hopes that hope may give him venal gain.
Thus will a progeny be wise, and wealthy
To a fault. No troubles move them.
They ardent wish the miser-Parent dead.
They use, and want, and wish the same.
No wants, nor wishes but to use; and, using,
Crowns the glory of their needs.
Who, then, would die in life, and day to day
By avaricious love make whited tomb-stones
Blush with scorn? the sacred pillow moist
With tears untold of shame? Shame, that
Times and circumstances pleased, and found
A cause to smooth his way in grinding face
Of poverty? That stringency alone was cause,
And, having cause, did boldly damn himself!
Thus hath the gold and wealth its proof of dust.
Yes, ten times dust in soul disturbing cause;
Its nothingness, is joy. Its happiness, a charm.
To day, some wealthy in our world, are breaking,
Killing hearts. When widow-hood in tears,
And all of chastity and virtue, stands
Before the man of cash, nor can obtain
Because forsooth she brings not money—
Beware of him! He savors strong of fire—
Burning, writhing, and in undying embers
Shall his putrid body lie.
When plenty once again shall walk,
Shall even slowly pace the aisles of human hours,
We pray those eating, poisonous spirits of the times,
May truly be remembered. May God their handling [take!
And in abundant mercy grant them more
Than ever they denied—far more than they can ask,
Or ever in fairest settling gave!

FRANKLIN, Oct. 12, 1857. OVUM.

Pay the printer, that he may thereby be enabled to go and do likewise.

The Economist.

A penny saved is two-pence clear—
A pin a day's a groat a year.—FRANKLIN.

☞*Under this head, we propose to insert articles, tending to enable all who read, to practice more* TRUE ECONOMY *in expenses of "living," and yet to pursue a* LIBERAL BUSINESS COURSE. *In these times of money panic and distress,* **The Newspaper** *is the best means of conveying information worth far more than its cost.* WE ASK PLAIN AND PRACTICAL CONTRIBUTIONS for this Department—*particularly, the results of experiments tried and found good, and not mere theories proposed. Of food, fuel and clothing, large sums may easily be saved by many families, whereby more comfort may be enjoyed, debts may be easier paid, and means be secured for charitable purposes as well as for business.*—EDS. CHRONICLE.

TO SAVE COAL.—The coming winter will find thousands of workmen having nothing to do, and farmers, mechanics, &c., with less of means than usual. It may be a very severe winter, like the two preceding. To secure proper heat, for cooking and for warming houses, may be more difficult than to obtain bread. But any one who will look at a hundred coal heaps, in town or country, will find that on an average from *one half to one fourth of the coal is never really burned.* All stone coal ashes should be *sifted*, whereby smaller particles may be burned over and over, and the cost of a seive saved every week, and the cost of the *Chronicle* in a month. This fine coal is especially useful, when moistened with water, and put or plastered over larger coal, to keep up a moderate fire in a small room, or on a warmer day, or over night. Get a sieve which has a cover on top and a tight receiver underneath, and you can *avoid the dust.* Put your burned slate where you need to raise a walk, or to fill up a ditch, but the real ashes will do good in your garden, or, if not left too thick, will do to mix with any soil.

WORKING RIGHT.—We observe that 300,000 bushels of Wheat were shipped from New York, last week, for Europe, and not a tenth part of the usual sum for European goods was received at the Custom House. This is a good beginning. First pay up our old debts, and make no more purchases until we are able to pay down, and with proper Tariff rates all will soon come right again, if we have sense enough to remember the lesson Providence is impressing upon us.

Don't Hoard the Coin.

There is an abundance of gold and silver coin in the country for all the ordinary transactions of daily life, if it is only kept in circulation. A small specie currency is the life blood of business, and if it be wanting to any considerable extent, business will languish, stagnate or decay in proportion as its life-blood is wanting.

The propensity to hoard gold and silver money is one of the lowest and meanest vices of the human mind. It is the very essence of selfishness. This propensity is naturally heightened in times of panic like the present, and often seizes upon good men who in ordinary seasons would be entirely free from it. Let all who have a spark of kindly and liberal feeling "resist the temptation and it will flee from them."

There is still sufficient gold and silver in the country to keep the wheels of business in motion, and thereby enable honest industry by daily labor to earn its daily bread. Whatever of want and suffering may prevail this winter among those who would labor but can find no employment, will be largely owing to the hoarding of coin. Those who cause this want to fall upon the poor, will receive their pay in due season, if it be true that "with the measure ye mete withal, the same shall be measured to you again."—*Exchange.*

A doctor in ——— gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since: "A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots." The lady recovered immediately. Shortly after, the Sheriff prescribed, for her husband, two executions and a small red flag. He will not recover.

☞Over Two Millions of Dollars in gold was drawn from the Philadelphia Banks before they suspended, and a larger sum from the New York Banks—proving an abundance of gold in the country; let the owners keep it in circulation.

A number of ladies in Salem, having considered the state of the money market, and determined not to pay $10 or $20 for a winter bonnet, have set about making bonnets for themselves.—*Boston Traveler.* [Some good girls in Salem!]

The Sorghum Syrup has been found to be excellent in making apple butter. By another year, a great many families will make all their own molasses—and soon, probably, their own sugar.

Any gentleman indebted to us, who has a prolific orchard, is respectfully informed that a couple of bushels of winter apples will answer us just the same as cash at present.

THE COUNTERFEIT DOLLAR.

A rich dressed lady, followed by a man servant, stopped at a market stall one Saturday, and bought a pair of chickens of the old huckster woman. The lady offered a five dollar bill which the huckster could not change. A man making some purchases at the same time, offered to oblige the huckster by taking the bill, and giving five gold dollars for it. He gave them to her, and she returned the just change to the lady. The latter had not walked a square before she discovered that one of the gold coins was counterfeit. She took it back to the market woman, who insisted upon her taking a gold dollar instead, saying that she would see the man who had given her the bad one, the next time he passed, and make him pay it back. Quite willing not to lose the dollar, the lady consented. A few days afterwards, she passed the stall again, and stopped to ask if the woman had yet seen the man who had given her the counterfeit dollar.

"Laws, no, honey," was the reply. "I wasn't going to let you keep it, being as you are my best customer, but I just passed it the very next time I had to make change, and no fuss. Never you mind, honey, the woman as I gave it to served me the very same trick last week. I was glad to get a chance to pay her off."

"I am very sorry it is going any further," said the lady. "I came here on purpose to get it and destroy it. I thought I could better afford to lose it than many another. Now I shall always be sorry I did not do my duty when I had it in my power."

"Laws, then, I wish I'd kept it, for Peg Bly, who I gin it to, will likely pass it off on some poor body; and it does seem fair that the big-bugs should lose what must be lost, anyhow. I will just see if Peg has got it yet, if you're willing to wait a bit."

No—Peg had not got it! She would have scorned to keep it so long. But, choosing, with some discretion, among those she called big-bugs, she gave it to a middle-aged man, whose fingers were so cold that he was less particular in examining his change than usual. Arriving at home, he found the dollar bad, but could not remember at what stall he had received it; so, in great indignation at the dishonesty of those hucksters, he had made up his mind to pocket his loss.

He went to church regularly, but of all things he hated the poor-plate, which was passed around for contributions. Yet he generally put something into it, because folks' eyes were upon him. The next Sunday, when it came around, he maliciously put therein the counterfeit dollar. "There," thought he, "you are welcome to that!"

He did not blush, or look or feel ashamed. Observers would never know the cheat. However, when the preacher read in the Bible lesson about Ananias and Saphira, he had to comfort himself with the remembrance that the age for miracles is past.

That afternoon, a lady called upon him, and complained that a counterfeit dollar, which she had given to such a huckster, had been transferred to another, who had given it to him. She had come to redeem that dollar, as her conscience troubled her about it, and she supposed it was still in his possession, of course.

The avaricious man always took great care of his reputation. He protested that the market woman must be mistaken, as he could show her every gold dollar in the house, and they were all good. She must have given it to some other man. The lady was so sure that she hesitated, and was inclined to urge the matter, when the unlucky wife said to her husband:

"George, you put a gold dollar on the poor-plate; that must be it."

Shame and anger suffused his face; but he said, plausibly, "Oh, perhaps so! I did not think of that! Now what a pity! I should have observed more closely. But I will make it up another time."

"I feared it would be so. It has gone to the poor, who can least bear its loss," said the lady. "But it is my fault, and I must trace it out. Who is your pastor, sir?"

Being informed, the persevering lady called upon him.

To go back a little. When the deacon saw the little gold coin deposited amidst the copper and small silver on the plate, he rejoiced, and, as he was also treasurer, he took the amount home and placed it in the fund. The minister was supported altogether by voluntary contributions, and the time being come for paying the allowance to their pastor, it was counted out, and to make change, some money taken from the poor fund, the counterfeit dollar being part of it.

The good man received his payment with joy, which was shared by his wife and their children. There was much planning and plotting as to the spending of the small sum. All extravagant hopes from it were brought into due compass, and every dollar appropriated in the most absolutely necessary manner. The father retired to write a sermon upon the bounty of God, and the wife, who was banker and disburser, went to put away the money. Then she detected the base coin. With indignant, flushing cheeks, she took it to her husband.

"Oh!" he said, "it is hard, hard! But the Lord will teach us to do without it. He feeds the young ravens."

"Do you think it would be wrong to pass it, husband? I mean at some of those rich dry goods stores. I can't do very well without my gown. We are so poor! Others would not miss it. It came to us as a good one. We need not be too particular."

"Oh, wife," was the reply, "this is a temptation of Satan. Passing a counterfeit dollar is just the same as telling a lie, and setting others to tell lies too. Throw it into the fire, that it may deceive and disappoint no one else, and forget we ever had it. That is all we can do."

The wife, discontented and sad, returned to her work of mending the children's clothes. Her eldest daughter, a girl of twelve, was ironing in the kitchen. She came in with a woeful face, saying:

"Mother, dear, look here! Father's best linen neck cloth was hanging on the chair, and baby pulled it off and switched the corner of it into the fire. It was half burned up before I could pull it out. What will father do?"

The child was reproved sharply for not taking more heed, and went away crying to her work.

"It is too bad," said the mother, "that we must be the ones to suffer always. But father shall not be the loser by the carelessness of his people. I won't put up with it! That bad dollar came from the congregation, and it shall go back to them!"

So she put on her bonnet, and went to the gentleman's furnishing store, kept by Mr. B., a member of their church. She bought her husband a new neck cloth, which she hoped he would never know from the old one.

That very day, the lady called and asked to see the Rev. Mr ——. She told the story of the counterfeit dollar, and asked if he had seen anything of it, saying that she had come to redeem it. The minister said that it had luckily fallen into his own hands, and joyously did he hasten to his wife's room.

"God verily numbers the hairs of our heads!" he said. "He will not suffer one of his little sparrows to fall to the ground. Give me the bad dollar, for a lady has come to give us a good one in its place."

Then came the agony of confession of the hitherto honest wife. She will weep and writhe to her dying day at the remembrance of that look of surprise and wounded trust, which her beloved husband's face wore as he heard it. She went at once to the lady, and told her all. It was a brave deed, for she was a minister's wife, with a whole congregation watching to detect a slip from uprightness. The lady, she feared, would report her delinquency, but she had fallen into merciful hands, and her fault was kept secret. They went together to the furnishing store.

The store-keeper examined his till and desk. There was no such dollar to be found, and no one could tell to whom it had been given. One of the shop girls had probably passed it, without seeing that it was not good. The lady left a dollar to replace it, should any one bring it back, and went home, disappointed. Her husband was a magistrate, and she knew that he was so strict in bringing offenders to justice, that she never mentioned to him this counterfeit, for fear of getting the market-woman into trouble for passing it, knowing it to be such.

That night, her husband came home from his office, looking exceedingly weary and sad. His wife pressed to know the reason.

"Oh," said he, "the duties of my office are sometimes so painful! I have just had to send such a nice, lady-like woman, to the lock-up, for the night, because it was too late to examine her at once. She seemed in great distress about something; but she can't speak a word of English, so I couldn't make it out. I think, though, that her husband is sick."

"Why not let her go and take her up in the morning?"

"Well, she is accused of a serious charge—counterfeiting—and her distress may be all sham, only a plan to get her husband off. I don't want him warned. I have set a watch about the house, but can do no more until morning. There are great numbers of counterfeit gold dollars in circulation, and this woman, her neighbors say, has tried to pass three within a week. I have been very anxious to discover the rogues; and I don't believe this woman has anything to do with it. However, I had to shut her up, the neighbors are so indignant. To-morrow it will be looked into, and the woman set free, I have no doubt."

"Perhaps her poor sick husband may die of anxiety and alarm, meanwhile."

"Well, put on your bonnet, wife. You can speak German. I should feel easier, I confess, if I knew more about this matter, and will go to her residence."

The wife hastily made ready. They had to go to a dirty narrow court. When they arrived and inquired for the man, they were shown into a destitute room, without fire or light, at the door of which they had knocked, but received no answer. When they approached the bed, a man spoke as if just awaking, and said in German:

"Olga, have you come? I am so cold, and I have been dying for a drink of water. I could not reach my medicine, Olga, and it is long past the hour. But, poor wife, you have gone through much, no doubt—and have they paid you?"

The magistrate sent the officious neighbors for fire and light, while his wife gradually broke the news to the husband, for he had not heard of his wife's arrest. The neighbors were afraid to tell it to a man so ill. He was lying wasted, by a low fever, almost to a skeleton. He seemed horror-stricken at the idea of his wife's disgrace, and, turning away from the lady, he wept bitterly. From ejaculations, and fragmentary sentences, she gathered that he had been obliged, on account of sympathy with Hungary, to fly with his wife. They had expended all their means before they had been able to get any employment, and, since the failure of her husband's health, the poor wife struggled to support them both with her needle. He turned to his visiters again to explain about the counterfeits. He said, the neighborhood and market people gave his wife bad money repeatedly, thinking shrewdly that she, being a foreigner, would not be likely to know the true coin well. When she ignorantly tried to buy things with this bad money, she was harshly treated. Therefore, when she had another gold dollar given to her, he supposed she had shown it to her neighbors to ask if it were good, and had not been able to make herself understood by them. He had not seen her since she left him to take home some shirts to Mr. B.'s furnishing store.

The magistrate perceived that these people were innocent, and went at once to obtain the woman's release, while his wife stayed and busied herself in procuring comforts for the destitute invalid, without consulting him at all about it, for she saw that his proud spirit rebelled against receiving as charity even the means of prolonging life. It was long before her husband returned, and never was there a sadder or tenderer meeting than between the sick man and his liberated wife.

Although medical attendance was procured, and every comfort placed before him, the sufferer died that night, blessing with his last words the lady who had enabled him to have the comfort of his wife's presence in his last, dark hour.

The lady herself, however, felt keenly self-condemned. She told her husband the whole story, shedding tears of pain.

"What a dreadful chain of sin and sorrow I have occasioned!" she said.

"I do not think you were to blame," her husband replied, "for you only left the dollar to be given to the true passer of it."

"Oh no! I was almost sure the market woman would not be particular. I thought she would get rid of it the first chance she had. Yet, I said, 'that this is no concern of mine.' It was indifference to right, which has had the force of intentional wickedness. See what a series of sins I occasioned! The market woman gratified her revenge, first, and did a dishonest act, besides; then that hateful hypocrite put it into the poor-fund in church—cheating in the very temple. The moment his wife spoke of his contribution, I saw detected guilt in his face, but he told more falsehoods—he pretended he did it by mistake, and that he would make it up! Then the poor minister's wife, over-tempted by poverty to be dishonest! Oh, what agony it will always be to her, to remember it, and to me to know that I occasioned it! And the starving, innocent German lady, who came near being deprived of her husband's last kiss; and who endured hours of misery, knowing that he was suffering in her absence! Oh, husband—

'One ill indeed
Sows countless seed.'

I shall never forget this lesson. Pray God that every one of my sins of omission may not be followed by such a train of mischief!"

To be reminded of her fault, the lady had the dollar set in a plain bracelet, and wore it constantly upon her arm. Every day the base coin left a green mark from corrosion, and, as she washed it off, she thought how blessed it would be if the consequences of sin could be as easily effaced. But that, she knew by experience, could not be. In the three days since she had first been careless of the right, that dollar which she had suffered to slip through her fingers, had brought sin or unhappiness to herself, the two hucksters, the hypocrite, the minister's wife, and the persecuted foreigner. They—none of them—would ever, during their whole lives, escape from the consequences of her culpable neglect, in not stopping the circulation of THAT COUNTERFEIT DOLLAR.

Wm. L. Cory, a benevolent old gentleman of Huron, Michigan, recently bought a little blue eyed child from her drunken parents for $300.

Raise More Food.

The New York *Post* gives some excellent "advice to the tillers of the soil," from which we take the following sensible and timely remarks:

"The revolt in India is the harbinger of famine; one hundred and eighty millions of human creatures will need larger supplies of food from the products of other regions. The army of India, the transport fleet for that army and its supplies, the necessities growing out of the disturbed state of that great English dependency, will call for much of our surplus beef, pork, and flour. The two last named articles are the product of every year, but beef requires years of nourishment before it is ready for use. The wicked, wanton waste of breeding power, which is the besetting sin of American farmers, should be stopped. He ought to be required to give an account of himself who kills a female calf. We ought to preserve every "cow calf" for five years to come. By this method we might soon have a supply of beef, not only for ourselves, but for any emergency abroad.

AIR POISON.—People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the vulgar brain. The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. This was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiments on the Air and Water of Towns, where he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is in itself a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease, or epidemic, according to its strength. Why, if "a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death by the usual phenomena of typhus fever," what incalculable evil must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn! Such contamination of the air and consequent hot bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes, and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

PIOUS GAMBLERS.—One of the most amusing instances of external piety we remember to have witnessed, was in a Madrid club, where every night towards twelve o'clock a *rouge et noir* table opens. Occasionally it has happened that when the game was at the hottest, the table strewn with gold and notes, eagerness to be read on the flushed countenances that craned over the green cloth, there was heard in the street without the tinkle of the bell that announced the passage of the Host. Instantly the game was suspended, the gamblers knelt upon their chairs or on the floor, and crossed themselves and mumbled prayers while the consecrated wafer passed to some dying man's bedside. The sound of the bell and of the steps of the priests grew fainter, and as it died away the gamblers resumed their seats, again grasped their gold, and stretched their necks, and once more it was "*rouge gagne et la couleur.*"

WARNING TO PORK SPECULATORS.—The number of hogs in this section, says the Abington (Va.) Democrat, is about as large as usual, so a well informed friend assures us, yet the prices asked by sellers, and offered by buyers, are quite "tall." We incline to the opinion that some of the speculators will burn their fingers if they are not cautious. Stimulated by the high price of pork last season, and the prospect of an abundant corn crop, many farmers, we understand, are making arrangements to fatten a larger number of hogs than they did last year, and the same state of things is likely to prevail in other quarters.

☞In our judgment the day of reckoning, induced by prevailing folly and madness, has come, and the sooner the unpalatable task of making settlement is accomplished the better for all concerned. Legislation may retard, but it can not avert the liquidation the American people are now called upon to make. The duty is upon us, and the wisest policy is to meet it in a straight-forward and manly fashion, and resolved to profit in future by our dear-bought experience.—*Honesdale Democrat.*

HOW IT WORKS.—The Lowell Cotton Mills have stopped, and have concluded to ship their stock of cotton, about 5,500 bales, to Europe. They can not afford to manufacture it. Foreign labor will work it up, and the goods will be sent back to us under the present free trade policy.