

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
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The Song of the Autumn Rain.

By Rev. H. HARRISON—Guardian for Nov.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
As it drowsily drips o'er the yellow plain;
As it sounds from the woods, as it drops from the trees,
As it swells in the rivers, and roars to the seas.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
As it drops from the eaves, as it beats on the pane;
As it plays on the roof, while its echoes start,
To the tune of the past, in the song of the heart.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
There is no despair in its dreary strain;
Its low notes tell of no gloom,
To the homeward way, and the pilgrim's song.

Chime in, my song, with the Autumn rain,
Its notes will change into joy again;
Alike above the heavens, which bring
The Autumn rain and the showers of Spring.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, NOV. 16, 1857.

Pernicious Newspapers—No. 1.

While few public journals are or profess to be devoted exclusively or directly to the promotion of virtue and religion, we hold that none should be supported in an enlightened Christian community which are palpably hostile to either. There are questions of policy constantly arising, as to the tendency of which honest men may differ, and which the liberal minded of every sect and party will tolerate. We are expected to give the news of the day and such purely business information as our subscribers may require, accompanied by such miscellaneous matter as may be necessary to fill up our columns, leaving professedly religious journals to perform their part in their more appropriate spheres. But our numerous news journals should in no wise oppose morals and religion, and trample upon wholesome laws, without incurring the condemnation and loss of patronage of all respectable men. For what true parent will bring into the bosom of his or her family a medium of contamination of their morals or injury of their estates? What avails it to send children to Sunday school and to hear God's Word proclaimed, and to procure for them sound periodicals and reading matter, if, at the same time, every attempt for their good is counteracted by bad newspapers, magazines and books? Invariably, an evil publication leaves a stain upon the youthful heart, which creeps it as the rust-stain eats the finest steel. "Can a man touch pitch, and not be defiled?"

We make no invidious comparisons or special references, when we say that very many newspapers are a moral and pecuniary curse to mankind. Their publishers have no higher aim than to make money at whatever cost to their own souls or to the best interests of their patrons. The question often arises, among conscientious and thoughtful men, whether their families would not be better off, without, than with, the majority of news journals—whether their evil practices do not far outweigh their few virtuous precepts? We propose to notice, in plain but truthful terms, some of the most glaring outrages against wholesome laws, common honesty, and public decency, which mar too many of our newspapers, and are thereby an injury to all. And in so doing, we frankly and cheerfully confess that the great and growing evils countenanced, we do not ascribe so much to any intention or wish to do wrong, as to thoughtlessness and want of independence.

Certainly, it is the imperative duty of every Editor to study to promote the best interests of his patrons, morally, intellectually, and pecuniarily. What would be thought of an Editor who should week after week wilfully misinform and misdirect his patrons, and inflict lasting injuries upon them, for the sake of a few dollars paid by some unprincipled adventurer or adventurer? What would you think of the physician, who, bro't into your family for the good of one member, should (for pay) introduce into it an infectious disease? or of the lawyer who would in one particular advise you to your disadvantage, because bribed by an adversary? Now we are paid and expected to guard and warn our readers against fraud and imposture, as far as we may safely and properly do so, (of which each must judge for himself,) certainly, we can not betray them into the hands of cheats and knaves. When we are ourselves deceived, we should be more wary thereafter, and not hope to make amends by imposing in our turn upon those who confide in our integrity and friendship. In short, we should make the interests of our readers, our interests, and do nothing—either in our writings, selections, or advertisements—to the injury of our honest patrons.

"All right!" our Hro. Editors will say, "what then?"—Why, good sirs, a score of you are every week violating these obvious, wholesome, common sense principles—inflicting palpable and enormous injuries upon the very men and women who feed and befriend you—degrading the character of the press—and injuring yourselves and ourselves in business, by aiding, thro' your respective journals,

LOTTERY GAMBLING!

WEBSTER briefly defines lotteries to be "a distribution of prizes by chance." It is useless to stop and explain the evils of this species of gambling. The married judgment of the community will be passed

sentence against it. And it is as unlawful as it is immoral. The laws of Pennsylvania are sufficiently plain and stringent to cover everything of this nature. Here are a few of them:

ACT of 17th February, 1762.

Whereas many mischievous and unlawful games, called lotteries, have been set up in this province, which tend to the manifest corruption of youth, and the ruin and impoverishment of many poor families; and whereas such pernicious practices may not only give opportunities to evil-disposed persons to cheat and defraud the honest inhabitants of this province, but prove introductive of vice, idleness and immorality, injurious to trade, commerce and industry, and against the common good, welfare and peace of this province: For remedy thereof, Be it enacted That,

SECT. I. All lotteries whatsoever, whether public or private, are common and public nuisances, and against the common good and welfare of the province.

SECT. II. All and every person and persons whatsoever, that shall buy, sell or expose to sale, or that shall advertise or cause to be advertised, the sale of any ticket or tickets, or device whatsoever in such lotteries, plays or devices, or that shall be aiding, assisting, or in anywise concerned in managing, conducting or carrying on such lotteries, plays and devices, by whatsoever name the same may be called, and be legally convicted thereof in either of the courts aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty pounds, lawful money of Pennsylvania, for every such offence.

ACT of 1st March, 1833.

SECT. I. From and after the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, all and every lottery and lotteries, and device and devices in the nature of lotteries, shall be utterly and entirely abolished, and are hereby declared to be thenceforth unauthorised and unlawful.

SECT. II. From and after the day aforesaid, any person or persons who shall sell or expose to sale, or cause to be sold or exposed to sale, or shall keep on hand for the purpose of sale, or shall advertise or cause to be advertised for sale, or shall aid or assist, or be in anywise concerned in the sale, or exposure to sale, of any lottery ticket or tickets, or any share or part of any lottery ticket, in any lottery or device in the nature of a lottery, within this commonwealth or ELSEWHERE, and any person or persons who shall advertise or cause to be advertised, the drawing of any scheme in any lottery, or to be in any way concerned in the managing, conducting, carrying on or drawing of any lottery or device in the nature of a lottery, and shall be convicted thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction, shall, for each and every such offence, forfeit and pay a sum not less than one hundred dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, or be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment not exceeding six months, at the discretion of the court.

[A plan or arrangement whereby land or houses, divided into lots of unequal value, is distributed by chance among the purchasers of tickets, or certificates, such purchasers having had no previous interest in the lands or houses, is a lottery, and prohibited by law. 4 S. & R. 151.]

No one can deny that his advertising the Georgia, Alabama, &c., Lotteries, is clearly illegal, and subjects him daily to a punishment for which his few dollars or "chances" would be no equivalent. And yet we would prefer, as to honesty and fair dealing, these frank, outspoken lottery vendors, to the men who skulk under the law and attempt to evade it by various "devices in the nature of a lottery."

Nearly every week, we receive orders to publish something of this kind, and have declined several hundreds of dollars of such patronage in its infinitude of disguises. We presume, therefore, that there are many sharpers who obtain rich livings by fleeing country dupes into a belief of the truth of their flaming Lottery Advertisements. We often, also, notice that the managers of these devices are brought to punishment. A few weeks since, a gentleman from Stephenson Co., Ill., informed us that a reputable citizen of that county—as honest a proprietor of a "gift enterprise" as can ever be found—was fined \$100, and lost about \$2000, by a speculation exploded by the Grand Jury. It would be a blessing to the cause of religion and morality, and save money to many country towns and townships, if every-thing of this nature were suppressed, and papers persisting in these violations of plain law were kept from the sight of the young and impenitent, or their publishers made to learn the penalty in that case provided, in a more experimental manner.

Calling a Lottery a "Gift" does not alter its nature, or avoid the force of the law of the laws above quoted. The price—the object sought—may be in a "Ticket," or a Book, or a Horse, or a Farm, or anything else—it is a valuable thing, "distributed by chance," of the nature of a lottery. And no matter if something is always returned—"No Blanks in this Lottery," is a common regulation—it is the chance of something better or larger which is held out, and which the law lays its iron restriction upon.

In times of extended or temporary embarrassments, persons of limited means are sometimes induced to throw away their last dollar upon a brazen promise of something "lucky turning up." They neglect their business, quit work, and be-

come burdens to their friends, or paupers and felons, under the influence of the brain-bewildering hope of a large prize in some open or masked lottery! In times like these, therefore, such seductive "nuisances" should be abated, even more than when prosperity abounds.

—Probably "Gift Book Enterprises" are now the most common forms of swindling—we say "swindling," because all engaged in the business, as far as our memory serves, accuse each other of dishonesty, and we believe their mutual accusations and criminations are true.) The love of reading is certainly commendable, but to create it by paying a big price for a book, in order to obtain a chance for some golden attraction, is not the way to foster that love. Such an inducement tends rather to lessen and degrade than to elevate and strengthen the taste for reading. It is not the book itself, but the prize that is concealed in it, that is commonly sought; and the book is often cast aside, whether the prize be small or great.

The *modus operandi* of these Gift Book Sales may be thus stated: "Enterprising" publishers, pushed for money, or having unseizable books burdening their shelves, commission some sharp salesman to work off part of their dead stock in a Lottery which they re-christen with some deceptive but specious name. "Hard-up" piano manufacturers, pinch-peek goldsmiths, german silver jewelers and brass-ring makers entrust some of their surplus glittering wares into the same hands as prizes or gifts. Thus several parties putting up their refuse work at high rates not only hope to convert them into money but also to pay the agents' expenses and his wages. The true gifts are few and small—for the costs will not permit more than are deemed necessary to keep up the excitement and the delusion. It will be found that the Managers are either the agents themselves or their confederates or men of straw; and that their patrons are mostly at a distance: so that they have the whole machinery in their own hands and bestow only what gifts they choose.

But it is urged that "Every one gets something—therefore it is no lottery." The Law however decides otherwise. It is but chance (if honest) whether you draw a prize (or gift) worth having or a merely nominal one which is "no blanks"—all getting something back—and yet the buyers growing poorer and poorer and the sellers richer and richer. Some say "We always get at least a nice gold ring or a Congress pen-knife"—rather, sir or madam, you'll be sure of a metallic ring worth a cent or a "leaky pen-knife." And as to the Books themselves, our observation convinces us that they are decidedly higher priced than when on the shelves of fair book-dealers.

No Lottery? Why, if No. 389, Don Quixotte, entitles the buyer to a \$75 gold watch, and I happen to buy No. 389, is it not one chance that that prize was affixed to that No., and another chance that I bought just that No. No. 65 is Baxter's Call, which (at an extravagant price) entitles the "lucky purchaser" to a fine coat of jewelry! The sinner for Ambrosyne No. 16,990, "was so fortunate" as to win that \$500 Piano! Holder of Ticket No. 74—"a poor man, it is stated"—was so lucky as to take the \$25,000 Farm (no doubt). But were not these all—if real—mere chances?

We have before us a Catalogue of the works of one of the Gall'ens & Grab's Grand Gift Moral & Religious Depository "Rooms." It embraces some new and valuable works (put in for bait) with a mass of miserable trash which the owners are anxious to get rid of at any price. Here is the Holy Bible by the side of Jo Smith and the Alooran of Mahomet—the foulest picture—"medical" quack nostrums, and Hannah More—Barnum's self-conceited chicanery, and the Pilgrim's Progress—the Pirate's Own Book, with Harriet Newell, &c. &c. Thus, under color of cheap books and handsome premiums for buying, the innocent and unsuspecting are tempted to the acquisition of the most loathsome and pernicious—all sent "honorably" and "secretly" by mail with the precious gift they are sure to draw!!!

We "close this branch of our subject" by noticing one other palliation of the guilt of these humbug "gifts." It is argued that "good men attend and buy," and "religious papers advertise them." There are no men wholly good. The best of them do wrong, and when they countenance these pestiferous cheats they commit a sin for which they are as accountable as for any other wrong committed with the same light and knowledge. But we hardly think these excusers would go to a Peter Fank auction shop to buy a good gold watch, simply because the operators might open their entertainment with prayer, wear a white cravat, and close by singing a doxology. We should follow other men and other newspapers only so far as they do right; for we are accountable for ourselves, and not for others.

From Philadelphia.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

PHILAD., Nov. 9, 1857.

Glorious doings are being brought to light, just now, amongst the custodians of our change! My ferventest to our pride who suppose Philadelphia to be the very heaven of morality. We are looking for some very spicy disclosures in the Pennsylvania Bank affair, which will probably bring out some new candidates for public "honors," and will tend to convince the credulous portion of the community, that we have some rogues unbug yet.

But, with all our drawbacks, there is a healthier tone in the market, generally, and people begin to find out that they are really better off than they supposed themselves. By-and-by, when the reaction begins to tell, why, we'll all say, "What a set of fools we were, to be so easily frightened!" and will immediately begin piling up new and extravagant stocks

and have our houses furnished up, and our stores beautified; and our wives shall have lots of money to buy new dresses, and *cartes blanc* on the jewelers; and our older children shall make the tour of Europe, and acquire manners, and a taste for dressing, and sufficient French to damo everything American in polite terms, and vote politics and religion, humbugs!

But, for all that, there is a long winter before us, and gaunt faces begin to meet one in the streets, even now. Lack-lustre eyes are ever and anon peering into one's face, and bony hands extended for help at every corner, and tugging at doorbells all day long. But it is not "honest poverty." It smells of lager beer and whiskey, and savors of St. Mary's and Small's streets.

Philanthropy is hard at work. Dear, good women, are making coats and garments, and the men are contributing to buy flour and coal, and forming themselves into ward committees to visit and distribute charities, and the poor are being petted and spoiled, and fitted up for regular pauper habits. The money spent, in one winter, in this way, would build and endow a workhouse large enough to employ every vagrant in our streets in such a way as to provide themselves with every comfort; at the same time drawing them from temptation, and offering an opportunity for christianity to sow the seeds of virtue and happiness hereafter.

The times seem to operate badly with those who get up public sports and entertainments for the winter season. The Opera has had to seek a warmer climate. The Theatre is not drawing, at 25 cents admission. The Lectures are thinly attended—even Lola Montez holds forth to thin houses, and Ward Beecher was afraid to toe the mark the other night, lest he should meet but a beggarly account of empty boxes.

The stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania held a meeting to-day, in a good deal of confusion; and the Directors seem to think that the amount of defalcation is not all known yet. At the same time, Mr. S. Austin Allibone publishes a card asking for a suspension of public opinion until Thomas Allibone (the Europe-visiting late President) returns, and his affairs can be investigated—scouting at the same time the idea of his having "absconded." But public opinion won't "suspend," and no outside pressure can force it.

You see by the papers that we have been able to get up a little killing affair of our own, and are for the time somewhat independent of New York. I refer to the Carter murder, at the St. Lawrence. Public opinion don't know what to decide on in regard to it. I have had a good deal of business intercourse with Smith, before now, and always supposed him a little "queer," but a better natured man I never met. I think it likely he had serious causes for his rash act. At any rate he is safe during the hard times.

You have also noted the demise of Mrs. Dr. Rush, and seen some of the sickly complaints of those who sentimentalize over patrons and patronesses of art and taste. An aspirant for fame, she bought it by keeping in her retinue a troop of hirelings and ninny who imagined themselves honored by her notice, but were only her tools, and who mourn not so much for her as for her re-unions. Not eminent for those gentler virtues which are the only ornaments that can add lustre to woman, she was a worldling in every sense of the term. Yours, S.H.P.

Four Thanksgivings before Breakfast!

Mary went to spend Thanksgiving Day with her grandparents, one hundred miles from Boston. She lived in the city, among high brick walls, and was very glad to go out into the country and see so much sky. Her father, mother and the baby went also. How delighted the grandparents were, and all the little cousins who lived at the old homestead! But Mary was very tired, and went to bed soon after supper, with the promise of being waked up early the next morning. She did wake early, with the first peep of the sun; her mother dressed her, and she ran down stairs to find good grandmother. Where was she? "In the kitchen." What a big, light, airy kitchen it was!

Important Invention for the Preservation of Meat, &c.

The cost of transporting beef cattle from the great pastures of the West, say \$14 per head on an average, is equivalent to two cents a pound for the meat, beside the loss of shrinkage from a week or ten days of semi-starvation.

The saving of one cent a pound upon the meat of the live animals received in the city in 1856, only so far as they entered into our market reports, would have amounted to \$2,078,800.

The project of transporting fresh meat from Ohio in refrigerator railroad cars, is not quite so preposterous as it was a few years ago to think of sending messages across the country upon little threads of iron. Both have been done. One, to such an extent that nobody doubts its feasibility; the other is only known to a few, but those few know its perfect feasibility, and capital is only waiting to make it available to all who eat fresh beef, veal, mutton, lamb, venison, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, eggs, game birds, butter, and probably choice fruits and Summer vegetables, that will be transported hither from the teeming West just as fresh and sweet as they are where they are produced in such abundance, and just as cheap, less the cost of transportation.

The Refrigerator Cars are built upon the same plan as the Fruit and Meat-Preserving Room exhibited to and admired by thousands, at the late State Fair at Buffalo. Nothing comes in contact with the ice, or acquires any dampness from the vapor of its melting. The articles to be preserved are in one room and the ice in another; a current of air circulating over the ice, passes into the preservative, keeping it at a steady temperature of about 40°, which will keep meat dry and sweet—all impurities of the air being absorbed by charcoal. Refrigerators upon this plan have been made for family use, and some of the largest of our hotels consider them indispensable. They are also in use in several private houses, and we can, after a thorough test, recommend them as the nearest perfection of any device we have ever seen for the purpose of preserving all kinds of food. We have eaten lamb, received two weeks after it was killed, in Ohio, and then cooked and kept in one of these refrigerators a week in midsummer. We have kept ripe blackberries a week or ten days, and melons, put in before quite ripened, were arrested in the ripening process, and so remained. We see no end to the application of the principle, either in a large or small way, to preserve food in a fresh condition. The plan, therefore, of bringing fresh meats from Ohio, Summer or Winter, and carrying back fresh products of the sea, or tropical fruits, is not a visionary one. And it has been tried to a sufficient extent to prove that the cost of transportation is considerably less than two cents a pound. In one of the experimental cars, at one trip last Summer, 1500 turkeys, chickens, geese, &c., and 180 carcasses of mutton, were delivered in this city in as sound, sweet, and fresh condition as when first placed in the car, in which they remained nineteen days, having been long on the way, and several days in the city, undisturbed, after their arrival. During this entire period the thermometer ranged about 80° daily.

Now, why should not the people of this city partake of the advantages of such an invention to procure cheaper and better food. That they do not is partly from want of faith in the truth of what we believe we have truly stated—partly because it is a new invention, which proposes a radical change in the method of transportation—in short, locating the city abattoirs in Ohio, instead of in our streets—and partly because the inventor, like nearly all his class, is poor, and those heretofore associated with him to provide capital have "gone down" in the general prostration. It remains to be seen whether it can be revived in season to confer any benefit upon us in this time of need.—N. Y. Tribune.

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Turkey Fattening.

At this season of the year the subject of fattening is of greatest importance. Many of the birds brought to market are very poor, and a little attention to this matter for a few weeks will increase the profits of the farmer and the pleasure of the consumer.

It is only when the cold comes, and turkeys are about six months old, that they should be fed with better and more pleasant food, in order to increase their size and plumpness for market. Indian corn, ground barley, wheat, also rice and other articles used to fatten common fowls, are considered best for turkeys. Their weight, when well fattened and carried to market, should average twelve pounds; their living and dead weight is as eight-oon to twelve pounds.

Cobbett says, "As to fattening turkeys, the best way is never to let them get poor. Barley meal with skimmed milk and given to them fresh, will make them fat, in a short time. Boiled potatoes mixed with Indian meal will furnish a change of sweet food which they relish much, and of which they should be allowed to eat as much as they can. As with others, the food of this bird must be kept clean and the utmost care taken not to give them on the morrow the mixture of the preceding day; because if the weather is warm, it will sour, which might displease them."

Much has been published of late in our agricultural journals in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that too in a shorter time than on the most nutritive grains. "I have recently made an experiment," says a writer for a Philadelphia paper, "and been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others, of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen and fed on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverised charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight

were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor."

—Rural New Yorker.

Posture in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a heavy meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning, "That they were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate frequent than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth, is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with some certainty, that waking up in the night with a painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Horrors in India.

JUBBOLPORE, Aug. 5.—We were fondly hoping that all the mutinies were at an end, but the last four days has brought us intelligence of the mutiny of six regiments. At Tegowlie, the 12th Irregular Cavalry mutinied. They shot their commanding officer, his wife and child, and burnt alive their doctor, with his wife and child, in their own bungalow. At Futtyghur, the wife and child of Mr. Tucker, being about to fall into the hands of another rebellious set, she called to her husband to shoot her at once. He did so, his child also, and then himself. A Major Robertson has also shot his wife, and his children, and himself, under similar circumstances. This is a new and melancholy feature in the tragedies. All this, having occurred within the last few days, makes us the more anxious about being left here unprotected. The officers of the 52d naturally uphold their own regiment, but as now there are scarcely ten regiments remaining of the Bengal Army, it is very probable that the 52d will go sooner or later. It is most inscrutable. A regiment appears staunch up to the hour it mutinies, everything going on as usual up to the very hour of the outbreak.—Letter from a British officer.

Written Sermons.

The Congregational Herald, quotes from an exchange an account of Rev. Dr. Davis, who had been announced to preach, but said to the congregation, that, by an oversight of the baggage-master, his carpet-bag had been carried on, and that some one else must therefore preach in his stead. The Herald says: "Imagine Paul standing on Mars Hill at Athens, before an assembly of keen, criticising Greeks, and saying, 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious, and I will argue the question with you as soon as my carpet bag comes from Berea!'"

CLEAN UP THE GARDENS.

There will be any quantity of vines, stalks and rubbish from the various useful plants which will need to be gathered and piled in an out of the way, and out of the sight heap, if you would not have an eye-sore to look upon during all the Winter.

It will be still better, if the garden soil be thrown into uniform trenches, and all the rubbish buried beneath them. If by chance, or by negligence, any foul weeds have been permitted to go to seed, carefully gather and burn them. One weed stalk left to ripen on the ground, will add materially to the labor of the next and the following year.

can be read