

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

MONDAY, NOV. 30, 1857.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Three years have elapsed since it was announced that the LEWISBURG CHRONICLE would thereafter not be sent abroad to any except Pay-in-Advance subscribers. To this general system, we have adhered, except in a few cases under peculiar circumstances. When we attempted it, we were entirely alone in the effort, and our friends, with scarcely an exception, prophesied a failure. We were compelled to cease Two Hundred Names from our list—many of them, we knew, were honest, worthy, and reliable; but no partiality could be shown.

Three long years have since passed, and we are again spared to know. We take pleasure in saying, that the Advance plan stands the test of Experience. We have not lost 3 per cent. on all our business. We have now more subscribers than we had under the "slow plan," embracing most of those at first discontinued. We receive one third more money yearly, than during any previous years. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of our Patrons (and all are now "patrons" indeed) express their approbation of the system. And several of our contemporaries acknowledge the propriety and justice of the Advance system, (which the Danville Editorial Convention has recommended for general adoption from the 1st of January, 1858.) We trust they will each adopt and inflexibly adhere to it.

THE FUTURE.

Without changing our plan, we propose to do as we would be done by, and did all who wish our paper—which we do not desire to force upon any one—by giving them a little longer time to pay in. The security of many readers more latitude proper. Many of our patrons commence with the New Year. Those whom it does not suit to pay just then, yet who desire the Chronicle, will gladly wait upon until March next. Those who desire to pay in Advance, Work, &c. we will endeavor to accommodate as far as lies in our power.

Patrons at a Distance

Will remember that postage stamps will answer as well as gold or notes. We send out 100 single papers. Get not most of those who receive them, get us a small club in their neighborhood? We will send, eight copies for \$1; sixteen months for \$2; 2 copies for \$3; four copies for \$5; or one copy four years for \$15. This is cheap enough, and we think our paper—now published by the senior proprietor, six years—is firmly established, and will repay its price.

A FIRM BANK.

The following lines were written by the celebrated ROWLAND HILL, over a quarter of a century ago, at a period of great commercial distress in England, when the moneyed institutions of that country seemed to be in a state of collapse, and universal bankruptcy threatened the nation.—New York Chronicle Intelligence, (organ of the Dutch Reformed Church,) Oct. 29.]

I have a never failing Bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich;
How, then, can I be poor?
'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat am left,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank
To beg a little note.
Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why don't you oftener come!
And when you draw a little note,
Why live so miserably and poor?
Your Bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you may have a twenty?"
Yes, twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum.

To what your Father hath laid up,
Secure in God his Son,
Since, then, my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I live upon rich grace to-day,
And draw on him to-morrow;
I've been a thousand times before
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.
Sometimes I felt a little proud,
I managed things so clever!
But, ah! before the day was gone
I felt as poor as ever.
I know my Bank can never fail,
Its funds always the same;
The firm, "Three Persons in one God,"
Jehovah is his name.

Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your note of Zion's bank,
You'll surely get your cash.
And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to the Throne of Grace,
The Banker is within.
All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits be rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.
There's none but those, beloved of God,
Whom he has with precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
These are the gifts of God.

Though thousands, doubting, often say
They have no notes at all,
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruined by the Fall,
This Bank is full of precious notes,
All signed, and sealed, and free,
Though many a ransomed soul may say,
"There is not one for me."
Base unbelief will lead the most
To say what is not true;
I tell all souls, that feel they're lost,
These notes belong to you.
The leper had a little note,
"Lord, if you will, you can."
The Banker took this little note,
And healed the sickly man.
We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of grace
His name was never found;
But see the wretched, dying thief,
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash, and died.

CHEAP BED CLOTHING.—Newspapers sewed together and kept between the outer and inner covering of beds, add much to their warmth. This is a very cheap and good way of keeping warm "these hard times." And remember that the more moderately and uniformly warm we keep, the less food we require.

A Short Sermon.

"But whose hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The Apostle John was a practical man, as well as the most beloved by the Master of his chosen twelve. His Epistles are full of the marrow of the Gospel, and contain much of every-day counsel and warning. The passage here quoted, is peculiarly applicable to times of pecuniary distress, especially, although at all times worthy of reverential consideration. Without enlarging upon these thoughts, let us notice,

1. Those particularly addressed, are those "who have this world's goods," in such abundance as to be able to part with it. It is particularly designed for the rich, yet all who can give are by the spirit of the Gospel not released from that duty.

2. Who of us can not give something? And who of us should not care for their brethren of the human family, and especially of the household of faith, and should minister to their necessities. The general duty of charity, and the curse pronounced upon hardheartedness and covetousness, are presented in the strong language of an inquiry, "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The Savior and his apostles cured the bodily diseases and supplied the temporal wants of man, and true Christianity everywhere seeks to benefit man temporally as well as spiritually. Even him who fell by the wayside, were we taught was a brother.

3. But all aims should be given wisely and only to those who "need." Not to those who simply wish or desire this or that, are we required to give, but to those who HAVE NEED. A man may wish a new broad cloth coat, or a woman a superfine silk dress, but may not need either. It is their real and not their artificial or useless wants, are we bound to supply. Hence an impudent beggar has not a claim upon our bounty, unless he "have need."

The whole subject as presented in the whole Bible teaches us, 1st, to discountenance luxuries, extravagance and improvidence, and to compel all persons to earn an honest living by the sweat of their face or by other honorable means. 2d, As we know that the least worthy are generally the most importunate, so those who most "have need" are too modest, too proud, or unable to make their "need" known. Hence arise special obligations upon us to seek out the really destitute and needy, and administer to their wants. The stranger, the vicious, the poor, the sick, the disheartened, even those who would rather die than ask—all these "have need," and should be sought out and comforted in the way best suited to each case.

And in the last day, the gracious Master who "went about doing good" shall say to the truly benevolent, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did unto Me!"

Remarkable Instance of Heroism.

[Rev. Mr. Scudder, of India, in a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following instances of heroism, called forth by the Indian mutinies:]

Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country; her sons are heroes, and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright; she took the reins. She lashed the horses, through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' head, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress arduous. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they bearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who had succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell.

A BLACK-COATED SOLDIER.—REV. Mr. Caldwell's wife was murdered during the sack of a village by the British, when Koyphausen was marauding the Jerseys. At the fight of Springfield, Caldwell dealt retribution upon his foes. None showed more ardent in the fight, than Caldwell the chaplain. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian church, and brought thence a quantity of Watts' Psalm and Hymn Books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. "Now," cried he, "put Watts into them, boys!"—*Trinity's Life of Washington, vol. 10.*

Suspension of Specie Payment.

BY JOHN F. BENTLEY—1840.

It falls to my lot, at this stage of my history, to be constrained to record an event the most astounding, the most unexpected, the most treacherous, the most ungrateful, the most flagitious—yes, the most supremely flagitious that the history of mankind affords. Notwithstanding that laudatory and political eulogium which the Hero and the Sage breathed out in his brilliant career, like the last notes of the swan, "I leave this great people prosperous and happy"—notwithstanding that flattering canon, with which he who pledges himself to "walk in the Hero and Sage's footsteps," began his illustrious course, singing, as it were, the morning carol of the laud—"We present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not else where to be found"—the echo of these sweet sounds had not died away upon the tympanum of our ravished ears, before these banks—these gentle pet banks—these fostered, favored, sugar-plum and candy fed pet banks, with all their troop of curtailed, combed and pampered paragonist banks, one and all, without pang or remorse, without one word of warning, without even, as far as we could see, one tingle of a suppressed and struggling blush, incontinently suspended specie payments!! *Ocurus hominum! Quantum est in rebus inane!*

Shall I tell it? Even the patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet was compelled to follow in this faithless path. Not at once, I confess—not off-hand, and with such malice prepense as the others—for Nicodemus Handy had a soul above such black ingratitude—but after a pause, and, let the truth be told in extenuation, because he could not help it.

The Hon. Middleton Flam was sent for upon the first tidings of this extraordinary kicking in the traces by these high mettled institutions—tidings which reached Quodlibet, via the canal, about eleven o'clock one morning in May. The Directors were summoned into council. What was to be done? Was the general question. Anthony Hardbottle, of the firm of Barn-doller & Hardbottle—a grave man and a tho'tful; a man without dash, who seldom smiles—hard favored and simple in his outgoings and incomings; a man who has never sported as long as I have known him, any other coat than that of a snuff brown, with covered buttons, and who does not wear out above one pair of shoes in a year; a man who could never be persuaded to give so far into the times as to put on a black cravat, but has always stuck to white; such a man it may easily be imagined, was not to be carried away by new-fangled notions; he was there at the Board, in place of Theodore Fog, who was compelled two years before to withdraw his name as a candidate for re-election. This same Anthony Hardbottle, speaking under the dictates of that cautious wisdom natural to him as a merchant, answered the question of, "What was to be done?" by another equally laconic and pregnant with meaning—

"How much cash have we on hand?"

"One hundred and seven dollars and thirty seven and a half cents in silver," replied Nicodemus, "and five eagles in gold, which were brought here by our honorable President, and placed on deposit after he had used them in the last election for the purpose of showing the people what an admirable currency we were to have, as soon as Mr. Beuton should succeed in making it float up the stream of the Mississippi."

Again asked Anthony Hardbottle, "What circulation have you abroad?"

"Six hundred thousand dollars," replied Nicodemus, "and a trifle over."

"Then," said Anthony, "I think we had better suspend with the rest."

"Never," said the Hon. Middleton Flam, rising from his seat and thumping the table violently with his hand. "Never, sir, whilst I am President of this Bank, and there is a shot in the locker."

"Bravo—well said, admirably said!" spoke as a Quodlibetian ought to speak!" shouted Dr. Thomas G. Winkleman; the keeper of the soda water pavilion; "I have fifteen dollars in five penny bits; they are at the service of the Board, and while I hold a piece of coin, the Patriotic Copperplate Bank shall never be subjected to the reproach of being unable to meet its obligations. Anthony Hardbottle, as a Democrat, I am surprised at you."

"I can't help it," replied Anthony; "in my opinion, our issues are larger than our means."

"How, larger, sir?" demanded Mr. Snuffers, the President of the New Light, with some asperity of tone. "Haven't you a batch of bran new notes, just signed and ready for delivery? Redeem the old ones with new. Why should we suspend?"

"Gentlemen, I will put the question to the Board," interposed Mr. Flam, fearful lest a quarrel might arise, if the debate continued. "Shall this bank suspend specie payments? Those in favor of this iniquitous proposition will say AYE."

No one answered. Anthony Hardbottle was intimidated by the President's stern manner. "Those opposed to it will say No." "No!" was the universal exclamation of the Board, with the exception of Anthony Hardbottle, who did not open his lips.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Mr. Flam, "for this generous support. I should have been compelled by the adoption of this proposition, much as I esteem the Board, much as I value your opinion, to have returned the commission with which you have honored me as your President. Our country first, and then ourselves. The Democracy of Quodlibet never will suspend!"

At this moment, confused noises were heard in the banking room, which adjourned that in which the Directors were convened. Mr. Handy immediately sprang from his chair, and went into this apartment.

There stood about thirty persons, principally boatmen from the canal. At their head, some paces advanced into the bank, was Flanigan Sucker. One sleeve of Flam's coat was torn open from the shoulder to the wrist; his shirt, of a very indifferent complexion, was open at the breast, disclosing the shaggy mat of hair, that adorned this part of his person; his corduroy trousers had but one suspender to keep them up, thus giving them rather a lop-sided set. His face was fiery red; and his hat, which was considerably frayed at the brim, was drawn over one ear, and left uncovered a large portion of his forehead and crown, which was embellished by wild elf locks of curly hue.

"Nicodemus," said Flam, as soon as the Cashier made his appearance, "we have come to make a run upon the bank; they say you've bursted your boiler."

"What put it into your drunken noddle that we have broke?" inquired Mr. Handy, with great composure.

"Nim Porter, ses, Nicodemus, that you're a guse horse, and that if you ain't busted up, you will be before night. So we have determined on a run."

Nim Porter, who was standing in the rear of the crowd, where he had come to see how matters were going on, now stepped forward. Nim is the fastest man in Quodlibet, and wears more gold chains across his waistcoat than I ever saw at a jeweler's window. He is the most dressey and good-natured man we have; and on this occasion there he stood with a stiff starched linen roundabout jacket on, as white as the driven snow, with white drilled pantaloons just from the washer-woman, and the most strutting ruffe to his shirt that could have been manufactured out of cambrie. In all points he was unlike the crowd of persons who occupied the room. "I said nothing of the sort!" was Nim's reply—"and I am willing now to bet ten to one that he can't produce a man here to say that I said so."

"Hang the odds!" cried Flam; "Nicodemus, we are resolved upon a run—so, shall out!"

"Begin when it suits you," said Mr. Handy. "Let me have your note, and I will give you either silver or gold as you choose."

"No you don't!" cried Flam, with a screeching and varied intonation which he was in the habit of giving to these cant words, and accompanying them with abundance of grimace, "hang the odds about notes! shall out anyhow. We have determined on a run—a genuine dimmyeratic sortie."

"Have you none of our paper?" again inquired Mr. Handy.

"Devil a shaving, Nicodemus," replied Flam, "what's the odds?"

"But I have," said a big, squinting boatman, as he walked up to our cashier, and untied his leather wallet. "There's sixty dollars, and I'll thank you for cash."

"And I have twenty-five more," cried out another.

"And I twice twenty-five," said a gruff voice from the midst of the crowd.

All this time the number of persons outside was increasing, and very profane swearing was heard about the door. Mr. Handy stepped to the window to get a view of the assemblage, and seeing that all the movable part of Quodlibet was gathering in front of the building, he retired with some trepidation into the Directors' room, and informed Mr. Flam and the Board of what was going on. They had a pretty good suspicion of this before Mr. Handy returned, for they had distinctly heard the uproar. Mr. Handy no sooner communicated the fact to them, than Mr. Flam, with considerable perturbation in his looks, rose and declared that Quodlibet was in a state of insurrection; and, as every one must be aware that, in the midst of a revolution, no bank could be expected to pay specie, he moved, in consideration of the menacing state of affairs, that the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet suspend specie payments, forthwith, and continue the same until such time as a re-establishment of public peace should authorize a resumption. This motion was gracefully received by the Board, and carried without a division.

During this interval, the conspirators having learned, through their leader, Flan Sucker, that the Hon. Middleton Flam was in the house, forthwith set up a violent shouting for that distinguished gentleman to appear at the door. It was

some moments before our representative was willing to obey this summons. The Board of Directors were thrown into a panic, and made their escape, thus leaving the indomitable and unflinching president of the Bank, a man of lion heart, alone in the apartment; whilst the yells and shouts of the multitude were ringing in his ears with awful reduplication. He was not at a loss to perform his duty; but, with a dignified and stately movement, stalked into the banking room, approached the window that looked upon the street, threw it open, and gave himself in full view to the multitude.

There was a dreadful pause; a scowl sat upon every brow; a muttering silence prevailed. Mr. Flam raised his arm, and spoke in this strain:

"Men of Quodlibet! What madness has seized upon you? Do you assemble in front of this edifice to make the day hideous with howling? Is it to insult Nicodemus Handy, a worthy New Light, or is it to affright the universe by pulling down these walls? Shame on you, men of Quodlibet! If you have vengeance to wreak, do not inflict upon us. Go to the Whigs, the authors of our misfortune. They have brought these things upon us. Year after year have we been struggling to give you a constitutional currency—the real Jackson gold!"

"Three cheers for Middleton Flam!" cried out twenty voices, and straightway the cheers ascended on the air; and in the midst was heard a well known voice, "Yip! No! You don't! Go it, Middleton!"

"Yes my friends," proceeded the orator, "whilst we have been laboring to give you the solid metals; whilst we have been fighting against this paper money party, and have devoted all our energies to endeavor to prostrate the influence of these rag barons, these monopolies, these champions of vested rights and chartered privileges, the Whigs—we have been foiled at every turn by the power of their unholy combinations of associated wealth. They have filled your land with banks, and have brought upon us all the curses of over-trading and over-speculating, until the people are literally on their faces at the foot-stool of the Money Power [Tremendous cheering.] Our course has been resolute and unwaveringly patriotic. We have stood in the breach and met the storm; but all without avail. Between the rich and the poor, lies a mighty gulf. The rich man has, the poor man wants. Of that which the rich hath, does he give to the poor? Answer me, men of Quodlibet!"

"No!" arose, deep toned, from every throat.

"Then our course is plain. Poor men, one and all, rally around our Democratic banner. Let the aristocrats know and feel that you will not bear this tyranny." "We will, we will!" shouted Flan Sucker, "go it, Middleton!"

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Flam, "this bank of ours is purely Democratic. It is an exception to all other banks; it is emphatically the poor man's friend; nothing can exceed the skill and caution with which it has been conducted. Would that all other banks were like it! We have comparatively but a small issue of paper about; we have a large supply of specie. You perceive, therefore, that we fear no run. You saw with what alacrity our Cashier proffered to redeem whatever amount our respectable fellow-citizen, that excellent Democrat, Mr. Flanigan Sucker, might demand. Mr. Sucker was satisfied, and did not desire to burden himself with specie. Gentlemen, depend upon me. When there is danger, if such a thing could be to this New Light Democratic Bank, I will be the first to give you warning. [Cheers, and "Hurrah for Flam!"] Born with an instinctive love of the people, I should be the vilest of men if I could ever forget my duty to them. [Immense cheering, and cries of "Flam for ever!"] Take my advice, retire to your homes, keep an eye on the Whigs and their wicked schemes to bolster up the State Banks, make no run upon this institution—it is an ill bird that defiles its own nest—and, before you depart, gentlemen, let me inform you that, having the greatest regard for your interest, we have determined upon a temporary suspension, as a matter of precaution against the intrigues of the Whigs, who, we have every reason to believe, actuated by their implacable hatred of the New Light Democracy, will assail this, your favorite Bank, with a malevolence unexampled in all their past career. [Loud cheers, and cries of "Stand by the Bank!"] But, Quodlibetians, rally in a phalanx more terrible than the Macedonian to the invader. You can—I am sure you will—and, therefore, I tell you your bank is safe."

"We can, we will!" arose from the whole multitude, accompanied with cheers that might vie with the bursting of the ocean surge.

"Gentlemen," added Mr. Flam, "I thank you for the manifestation of this patriotic sentiment. It was no more than I expected of Quodlibet. In conclusion, I am requested, my good friends, by Mr. Handy, to say, that having just prepared some notes on a superior paper, he will redeem at the counter any old ones you may chance to hold, in that new emission; and I can with pride assure you, that this late supply is equal, perhaps, to anything that has been issued in the United States. With my best wishes, gentlemen, for your permanent prosperity, under the new and glorious dynasty of that distinguished New Light Democrat, whom the unbought suffrages of millions of freemen have called to the Supreme Executive Chair, [cheers,] and under whose lead we fondly indulge the hope of speedily sweeping from existence this pestilential brood of Whig banks, I respectfully take my leave."

Having concluded this masterly appeal to the reason and good sense of the people, Mr. Flam withdrew, under nine distinct rounds of applause.

An Anecdote for the Times. [Our mutual obligations and our social dependencies are happily illustrated in the following anecdote:] Pa (reading newspaper and muttering)—Our Bank won't suspend—never will suspend, I reckon, wife. Youngest Son.—I hope your bank won't suspend, Pa. Pa.—Why, little one, what have you got to do with the bank suspending? Son.—A great deal, Pa; if it does, your stock won't sell. Pa (looking over his spectacles, and) what have you to do with the sale of stocks? Son.—Why, if it don't suspend, you will be able to sell yours, you know, Pa. Pa.—And what then? Son.—Why, you can pay Ma that twenty dollars you borrowed of her 't other day. Pa.—And what then, young financier? Son.—Then Ma could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her. Pa.—Ah, indeed! What next? Son.—And Aunt Sarah could pay brother Tom the dollar she promised him last week, but she didn't because she didn't have no money. Pa.—Well, what else? (Pa lays down the paper, and looks up at him curiously with a smile.) Son.—Brother Tom would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me three dimes he owes me, and I could buy marbles with two dimes and pay Nurse the other; I owe her a dime; and that is the reason I don't want your bank to suspend, Pa. Pa (looking at ma.) There it is, we are all, big and little, like a row of bricks. Touch the head one, and presto! away we all go, down to little Charley, here. He, as a child, has as great an interest in bank stock as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles.

Good Old Advice. [NOAH WEBSTER, the great Spelling Book and Dictionary man, wrote a letter to his neighbors, in 1786, in relation to "hard times," which reads as well now as it did seventy years ago. It concludes as follows:]

"Never buy useless clothing. Keep a good suit for Sundays and other public days, but let your common wearing apparel be good substantial clothes and linen of your own manufacture. Let your wives and daughters lay aside their plumes. Feathers and fripperies suit the Cherokees or the wench in your kitchen, but they little become the fair daughters of America; out of the dry goods imported you may save \$50,000 a year. Savings may amount to £150,000 a year: more than enough to pay the interest of our public debts. My countrymen, I am not trifling with you. I am serious; you feel the facts I state; you know you are poor, and ought to know the fault is all your own. Are you not satisfied with the food and drink which this country affords? the beef, the pork, the wheat, the corn, the butter, the cheese, the cider, the beer, those luxuries which are heaped in profusion upon your tables? If not, you must expect to be poor. In vain do you wish for mines of gold and silver; a mine would be the greatest curse that could befall the country. There is gold and silver enough in the world, and if you have not enough of it, it is because you consume all you earn in useless food and dress. In vain do you wish to increase the quantity of cash by a mint or by paper emissions. Should it rain millions of joes into your chimneys, on your present system of expenses you would still have no money. It would leave the country in streams. Trifle not with serious subjects nor spend your breath in empty wishes. Reform, economize; this is the whole of your political duty. You may reason, speculate, complain, raise mobs, spend life in railing at Congress and your rulers, but unless you import less than you export—unless you spend less than you earn—you will eternally be poor."

CORN AND HOGS.—From experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10 1/2 pounds of pork, gross. Taking the result as a basis, the following deductions were made, which all would do well to lay by for a reference:

When corn costs 12 1/2 cents per bushel, pork costs 1 1/2 cents per pound.
When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.
When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.
When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.
When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

A STEAM CARRIAGE made its appearance in the streets of Manchester, near Pittsburg. It ran over the streets like a thing of life, turning corners and dodging ruts. The driver of an omnibus, seeing innovation in this experiment, put whip to his horses and tried to outrun the steam carriage, but the latter left his touch so far behind, that the omnibus driver was laughed at by the spectators. The steam carriage went at the rate of nine miles an hour with a pressure of sixty pounds. The inventor is John S. Hall, of Manchester.

GO TO TAZEWELL.—Tazewell, Virginia, is one of earth's favored localities. The "hunger mobs" should emigrate to that place immediately. The Tazewell Advocate says that corn is selling at 20 cents per bushel for fattening hogs. A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says: "Living is cheap enough—only think of eggs at 6 1/2 cents per dozen, chickens at 6 1/2 cents each, bacon 10 cents per lb., corn 25 cents per bushel, and wood only one dollar per cord, delivered at your door."

MR. MIAWBER'S ADVICE.—My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know: Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, eleven, six—result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, eight and six—result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are for ever doomed.—Dickens.

WHO WILL BEAT THIS?—D. G. EDWARDS, of Charleston township, Tioga Co. Pa., sowed three pecks of Buckwheat upon 2 1/2 acres of sward ground, the 4th day of last July, and harvested from that field ninety-four bushels of as fine buckwheat as ever was measured. The soil was the ordinary red shale, plowed deep with a double team and heavily manured. 80 bushels is considered a buncheon yield per acre of buckwheat; but in this case Mr. Edwards gets a little more than 41 bushels or 125 fold the sowing. The secret of this unprecedented yield, we opine, lies in deep plowing and liberal manuring. The suggestion in the result is, "Till less land and till it better."—Tioga Agitator.

PROFITS OF THE GREAT FARM.—The report of the United States Patent Office thus states the value of the leading crops of the country for 1856: Indian corn, \$360,000,000; wheat, \$247,500,000; hay and fodder, \$160,000,000; pastureage, \$143,000,000; cotton, \$136,000,000; oats, \$68,000,000; garden produce, \$50,000,000; potatoes, \$41,250,000; sugar, \$35,000,000; orchard products, \$25,000,000. Total, \$1,266,250,000.

[Corn, wheat, &c. away ahead of Cotton, although the Shamocracy boasts that "cotton rules the Nation and the World."] O, would not thousands of the men and women in our cities and large towns, be glad to have back a few of the dollars they have expended so foolishly a few years past?

A lady recently put up at the Covington House, Kentucky, with her husband and three children. "My son, how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I am not able to keep two women—for, d'ye see, had I married a Yankee girl, I'd been obliged to hire an Irish girl to take care of her." (Good!)

Genoa's name was the name given by the Indians to George Washington.