LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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The Skeptic and his Daughter.

[Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter, on the eve of her death, when she asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her to die—his, or her mother's?]

"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father! o'er my brow;
The past, with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future which in vain
My feeble eyes descry;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose stern faith to die?

"In thine? I've watch'd the scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humblest hope
Was placed above thy own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh away the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she's beneath the sod,
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"'Twas then she took this sacred Book,
And from the burning page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and failing age;
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share her home of love,
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father! shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath blessed
This chequered path of mine,
And promises eternal rest?
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day;
"Not, not mine," with choking voice,
The skeptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MAY 17, 1858.

Letter from a Graduate.

COLUMBUS, O., May 5, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—"Our thanks are due," as you professors of the "*pen, paste, and scissors*" say, to yourselves or somebody else for a copy of the *Chronicle* containing an account of the last College and Seminary Examinations. Truly, it came as "good news from a far country," and revived the drooping hope (perhaps fallacious) that in the cherished place where once I numbered so many, I have one friend

"Who now and then sends
A thought or a wish after me."

Whatever the spirit that sent it, one thing is certain, it was received gratefully, and at once read through with enthusiasm, "advertisements and all," and subsequently reviewed carefully; so that, in student's parlance, I am, if subjected to that ordeal, "ready for examination, and sure to get 10." And what trains of thought it started! what slumbering memories it awakened! what tides of emotion it raised! It gave me a practical lesson in "association of ideas." Every caption went sweeping through my mind, bearing along in full view the scenes of former years, as a stern-wheel steamboat tows a score or two of coal-scows down our Ohio. I can easily imagine how the singing of the Swiss national ballad in Egypt should so remind the Swiss mountaineers of their mountain home as to make them desert from Napoleon's army. If a higher authority than the edict of the "Iron man of Destiny" did not bind me to Buckeye land, I should soon be seen strolling through your streets, as, eleven years ago to day, when, having strayed away from Muncy Hills, I came stalking and staring into your literary town, an adventurer after literary laurels. How that enterprize failed, it is unnecessary to remind those whose minds run back as far as '52, or whose eyes may run over this epistle. Such being the case, I deem it of paramount importance, in every Hegira, to "bring especially the *parchments*," which are my only hope whenever my literary standing is inquired for, and hence I cherish those blue ribboned scrolls so much that I presume if I were to pass through such tribulation as that which immortalized Jonah, I should be seen standing on the seashore, inquiring for Nineveh, with that "tin box" in my hand.

In short, circumlocution aside, you may be sure that I remember and love Lewisburg, and ever shall. Those streets and streams and buildings and fertile farms and far off hills and a thousand loved spots and above all my honored "Alma Mater," are all ineffaceably daguerreotyped on my mind.

"And long shall the last trace of thought and of feeling depart
Ere that image so cherished shall fade from my heart."

I wrote to-day from Rev. Mr. Richmond's; took dinner, a few days ago, with Rev. Mr. Dickinson; and expect to spend part of this week at Rev. Mr. Hayhurst's. I hope to visit home, next summer, if not this. Health and success to you and all yours—except politics. I am a democrat still! *Horribile dictu!!* But I have been so busy I have not had time to turn, or I am so much of a Pennsylvania Dutchman it takes me a long time. ALUMNUS.

☞ Right glad to hear from one among the most useful and unforgotten of the full grown children of the University at Lewisburg. His excuses for remaining among the so-called Democracy, may pass for what they are worth, but we can assure him most of his old associates have taken time to consider the great political issues of the day, and call themselves Republicans.—EDS. CHRONICLE.

This inscription it is said may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Captures and Escapes from Robbers.

From the History of the Labors of Rev. Eugenio Kincaid.

[In the year 1837, Mr. Kincaid undertook to explore a new missionary field, with four friendly natives of the Burmese empire. They obtained a boat, and ascended the Irrawady river 350 miles to Mogaung, the most northern city of Burmah, upon the south slope of the Himmalaya mountains. Here he taught the knowledge of the true God, and of salvation by Jesus Christ, laying doubtless a foundation for future enlarged operations. After having made about 200 miles on their return, they fell successively into the hands of two gangs of banditti or heathen border ruffians. His acute sufferings, and narrow escapes have been thus described by those who have gathered the incidents as they have fallen from his lips in public addresses:]

"We were passing gently down the stream," said Mr. Kincaid, "not, however, without frequent false alarms that robbers were near, for we had been informed at the last village where we stopped that we should soon have to pass through a mountainous region and a deep ravine, where the robbers were in great numbers. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning—I was lying under the cover of my boat engaged in reading, when one of my boys cried out, 'Teacher, the robbers.' I had so frequently heard this alarm, and as frequently found it to be false, for my people always stood in great fear, that I paid but little attention to it. Again he called out, 'Teacher, the robbers.' I looked out, and sure enough there was a boat full of armed men. I told one of the boys to hold up the musket, the only arms we had in the boat, and we carried this by the order of government, no boat being allowed to go up or down the rivers without a Burmese musket. The robbers, seeing that we were armed, went back towards the shore, shouting. I sat down again unconcerned, and supposed that we should not again be molested. In a few minutes, however, my boys told me that more robbers were approaching. This time I showed myself and held up the musket, when they wheeled about with boats, and with loud shouting returned again towards the shore. I still had but little uneasiness, and was soon engaged with my book; but only to give it up for increased and fearful danger. With a countenance manifesting great agitation, one of my boys cried—'O teacher, teacher, the robbers, the robbers!' and when I stood up, to my surprise I saw five or six large boats full of armed robbers, coming down upon us with great rapidity, yelling in the most awful and terrifying manner. I began to feel now that danger was indeed near, that I was unarmed, and all alone, for my affrighted and cowardly crew had laid themselves down in the bottom of the boat on their faces, crying in the most piteous manner, and I knew that I could obtain no help from them, and that resistance under such circumstances would be madness. When the robbers were within hailing distance, I said to them in Burmese, their own language, at the same time spreading out my hands—'Come, take all we have got.' The only reply was—'Set down, set down,' and by this time there were not less than thirty muskets pointed at my boat. I told them with as much firmness and apparent indifference as I could summon up in so trying a situation, that I would not set down, for I knew that if I attempted to set down, they would have riddled me with their bullets. I told them not to fire, that I was a foreigner, and the Governor had promised his protection to me, and that if I was injured it would be at their cost. But I discovered that they were not to be intimidated either by threats or by the presence of a foreigner, for I had scarcely spoken the last sentence, when thirty or more bullets from their muskets were fired into my boat, but through a merciful and wonderful providence, without doing any of us the slightest injury. I heard some of the balls whiz past my ears, others struck the boat, and some fell into the water. The discharge of this volley of musketry was followed by the most piercing and horrid cries, and before I had time sufficient to recover from the shock of their fire, my boat was surrounded by these villainous robbers—and more than seventy spears encircled almost every part of my body, so that I was completely encased by steel points touching me. I could not move without feeling the points of their spears, but God was with me and sustained my courage. I did not lose my presence of mind. I was ordered into their boat, and they immediately commenced beating my four men and plundering the boat of its contents, calling out to me, 'Where is your money?' I gave them all I had. This, however, was not satisfactory. They immediately commenced stripping me. They took my hat, and shoes, and jacket, and vest, and were about to take my shirt and pantaloons, when I made some resistance, and told them that I would not be thus treated, but they must take me before their chief man. By this time the boats had reached the shore. An armed guard of several men was placed over me; I was ordered to lie down, while the robbers went on shore to divide their plunder. Nor could I keep from smiling to see the ludicrous appearance that many of these wretches presented. One had on a shirt, another a vest, another a jacket, and another a pair of pantaloons.

There had been many boats robbed during this and a few preceding days, from which they had secured a large amount of plunder and a great number of prisoners. Their deliberations turned, however, upon their foreign prisoner, and the course they should take with him gave them very great uneasiness. I could see from where I lay in the boat, that they were under considerable excitement, and that they contemplated getting rid of me in a manner that would cause the least trouble to their future security. I was not without my fears of the consequences, well knowing that they were in the habit of destroying their prisoners, whenever they had a suspicion that their escape would involve them in trouble. At the same time I felt that the superintending providence of God had faithfully preserved my life amidst scenes and dangers quite as fearful as the one in which I was now involved, and I had a faint hope that I should be preserved. In these trying circumstances, I lifted my heart to God in prayer for his continued protection. And his love and care were in a most wonderful manner exemplified.

After the robbers had divided their spoils equally, I was sent for to appear before the great man of the band, their chief. Not the least intimidated by the presence and the near contact of these wretched outlaws, these men of blood and carnage, whose very countenances were enough to cause the heart to sink, I passed with great indifference through their numbers, until I came near to the chief, who was seated on the ground in the centre of the circle his men had made around him and under a temporary awning, made by the large boat sail of coarse cloth, which was supported in the centre by a pole and secured at several points in the ground by their spears.

I sat down by this chief, and he entered into conversation with me freely as to who I was and where I was going, and what was my business; to these and many other questions of a similar character, I gave him correct answers, and solicited him to allow me and my boats crew to go on our way, now that he had obtained all our property. I was buoyed up with the hope that he would grant my petition, as he listened very patiently to my conversation. He was a man dignified in his appearance, and possessed an open and benevolent countenance; and several times while I sat by him, he betrayed, but for a moment only at each time, his sympathy for my condition. Noticing this trait in his character, and knowing that he had the fullest confidence of his men, that his word was respected and his command supreme among them, I thought I would try how far I could gain upon him in order to obtain my liberty. Having been already deprived of my hat and jacket and shoes, and knowing how much I should suffer during the night from the cold dew and chilly night without sufficient clothing, I asked him to give me back one of my jackets; and he immediately ordered one of his men to give me up a jacket, which order was promptly and without the least murmur obeyed. Finding some success, and sensible that this would not be enough to protect me during sleep, I again solicited him to return me a cloak, of cloth of a coarse material, but very comfortable and well made, which I had ordered from Bengal expressly for this journey just before I started, and which had not been much worn. Feeling satisfied that if I could obtain this I should be very comfortable at night, I looked around for it and discovered a fellow of most desperate appearance, having all the villainy of a cold-blooded murderer in his countenance, to whose lot it had fallen, sitting with it under him. When the chief asked for it he drew it still closer underneath him, as if to hide it, but I pointed it out to the chief, and he bid him give it up to me. The fellow, cursing, took it out, and it being enveloped in a coarse piece of stuff, he took hold of one end of the cloak, and finding that it was an article of more value than he supposed it to be, muttered dissatisfaction, and again placed it under him, and drew his sword with an apparent determination not to give up his prize and his share of the plunder without a struggle, at the expense of blood, and several of his wild comrades appeared to rally around him. I was not, however, to be deterred from my purpose with these threats; I again called the attention of the chief to my cloak, but he turned away his head, as I spoke, which appeared to be a signal of dissatisfaction, as in a moment, a hundred swords were drawn, and with dreadful imprecations and yells, they rushed towards me, in great passion, as if to destroy me. This was enough. I saw that further entreaty was vain, and I had created the dissatisfaction of the chief by my earnest and repeated applications for his clemency and favor. There appeared now to be great confusion among the robbers, who were walking about in terrible fury. Soon after this I was ordered to the boat under a strong guard, and was informed that the robbers were sitting in council and deliberating on my case whether to kill or release me.

It was a state of considerable anxiety and suspense to me, but I was relieved only to make uncertainty certain; for when the council broke up, the youngest of my Barman boys, a lad about sixteen, approached me, overwhelmed in tears, and told me that the robbers had decided to behead me at sundown, the time of day when all Burman executions took place. The knowledge of my sentence was almost more than I could bear. For a few minutes I was completely overpowered, a cold perspiration came over me, my breathing was short and interrupted, my mouth became parched, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. It was not so much the fear of death, but the character of my death. I looked upon the dreadful place in which I was called to die, and the nature of the circumstances by which I was surrounded,—alone, among a band of fierce robbers, outlaws, and murderers; their cold-blooded determination to take my life without a single cause for convicting me; no friend to communicate with, and to tell the state of my mind, none, perhaps, to carry the tidings of my death to Ava, to the mission, and to my family—for it was very doubtful then whether any of the Burmans who were with me would ever escape—the sensations were dreadful, and I can scarcely bear even now to think upon them. However, I recovered in a few minutes from this state of mental despondency, and thought—what is this? it is nervousness, it will never do, I must rally. If this is death, I must meet it with Christian firmness. I am still in the hands of my heavenly Father, who has oftentimes preserved me, and why need I fear what man can do unto me? they can kill the body, but can not destroy the soul. I know I must die, and if this is the time and the manner which God has appointed for my departure, I do resign myself into his Almighty hands, and I trust, come what may, it will all be for his glory. Thus I struggled with my feelings, and reasoned with myself, until I gained the mastery, and until entire composure and reconciliation to my fate settled over my senses. I had nothing now to do but wait the time fixed upon, which was within two hours, for my execution. But man appoints, and God disappoints. I watched the fleeting moments as they sped by, and I could not keep my eyes off my executioners, who appeared to be engaged in an angry war of words; they became louder and louder, and I found, by catching a word now and then of their conversation, that they were divided in opinion as to my sentence of death. A faint hope stole over me that the hand of God was about to be extended for my preservation, and I uttered a prayer for relief. The robbers drew their swords, looked fierce, and seemed ready to plunge them into each other, so violent was their anger.

In a little while, from some strange circumstance, they resolved among themselves, after having reversed the decision of my death at sundown, to go to a village a few miles above and plunder its inhabitants. Before nightfall, to my great relief there was not a single man of the bandit on the ground, and their prisoners were left alone unsecured. No sooner had they departed than I determined, feeble and exhausted as I was, to make my escape, and told my men that as soon as we could get something to eat, for there was plenty of rice left in the boats, we would take our boat, get it into the current of the river, and in the darkness of the night make our escape beyond the fear of detection."

After effecting an escape, nothing occurred to interrupt their security until just at the dawn of day, when they saw a village about a mile ahead, and as they approached it their ears were assailed with the most terrific yells, and a number of armed boats were seen putting off from the shore, to head them as they came down the stream. They were again in the hands of robbers. They soon overhauled them, and four young men well armed jumped into the boat, and each one seized like young tigers upon his prey. They got hold of Mr. Kincaid's stock and collar, and dragged in every direction so furiously that he was almost choked, and became so far insensible that he could not tell what he was doing. In this state, and perhaps with a death struggle, he threw up his arms and released himself from their grasp. This, however, only added to their fury, and, seizing him again, they tore off his stock, his collar, jacket, shirt, pantaloons and shoes, leaving him without a vestige of clothing. Recovering from the shock of this brutal treatment, he stood on his feet before his fierce and cruel enemies. They then commenced tying his arms after the manner of Burmese criminals. Mr. Kincaid was determined, however, to resist this treatment, and told them that they should not tie him, that he never had been tied, and that he should resist being tied until death. With this they set up a loud laugh and grinned awfully at him, but did not persist in tying him. When they reached the shore, they dragged him along some yards from the place of landing, and there made a ring in the sand around where he stood, and told him for his life's sake not to step beyond it. A guard of armed robbers, numbering from fifteen to twenty, surrounded this ring, and thus left him scarcely any chance for escape.

One of his Burmans, who saw and felt for his exposed condition, took off his waist cloth, tore it in two, and handed him the one half, which he secured around his waist, and in this dreadfully exposed condition, without an article of food or drink except what he begged from the women of the village, as they passed and repassed down to the river for water, did he remain six days and six nights, without any shelter from the scorching heat of the midday sun, or the cold damp air of the night. But besides this he did not know what would be his fate from day to day, or from hour to hour, and he was continually harassed by impertinent questions and the cowardly threats of his cruel tormentors, who left no means unemployed to make his situation as miserable as possible.

During the time that he remained a prisoner here, all his four boatmen and three of his boys made their escape in the night. The fourth and last one, Thaoung by name, came to him on the third day, and observing him casting his longing eyes in the direction of Ava, Mr. Kincaid knew that he wished to inform him of his intention to run away. He walked all around him at a distance, and then would come near, appearing as if he wished an opportunity to speak to him, and yet it seemed as if he could not bear the idea of going away and leaving his teacher to die by the hands of the robbers. At last, making his way to him, he sat down by his side and wept like a child, telling him that he intended to make his escape that night, that the others had run away, and it was the only chance he had to regain his liberty. Mr. Kincaid told him to go, and that if he ever reached Ava and the mission station, to give all the in formation he could about him. He gave him also good council, told him never to forsake his profession, to be a good boy, and then they might hope to meet again. It almost broke his heart when he was leaving, and after going a short distance, he stopped, and returning, said—"*Teacher, I will never leave you, but will stay with you until I die.*" This resolution Mr. Kincaid endeavored to dissuade him from keeping, but it was of no avail, his mind was made up to remain as a prisoner. On the very next day, however, this faithful boy was selected to go into the interior, as the servant to one of the petty chiefs and a number of the gang. Nothing more was heard of him until two or three months afterwards, when he returned to Ava. Mr. Kincaid now thought seriously of making his escape, but not without counting the cost of the hazard. He knew that he was about two hundred miles from Ava—that he should be obliged to avoid the river and the villages lying along its magin, as the whole country was in a state of anarchy and confusion—that the whole way down, indeed all the region around, was infested with hordes of banditti, and that he should be obliged to take to the mountains and the mountain passes, through an unbroken country, which had perhaps seldom, if ever, been trodden by a human being. Hour after hour he watched the mountains in the distance, to see if he could possibly discover any path or any hope of relief. But while dreading the perils to be encountered, he thought if death had any preference, it was in the effort to escape, rather than by remaining to die by the hands of his cruel captors. After much reflection, therefore, his mind was made up to leave, and he set about making some preparation for the journey. Being altogether destitute of clothing, and beginning to feel sadly the effects of this constant exposure, he endeavored to single out that man of all his guard whose countenance displayed the greatest amount of benevolence, determining to make advances, and, if possible, obtain his favor. Having selected his man, he spoke to him and reasoned with him about his exposure, telling him how unaccustomed he was to go without clothing, and to sleep without a covering at night. In this way he soon won upon him, so that he went and bro't him an old piece of sail-cloth, and afterwards the pantaloons of which they had stripped him when first taken a prisoner. Mr. Kincaid was now made up, and, fearing lest his frequent importunities would awaken suspicion, he deemed it best not to ask for anything more, and resolved to start on his perilous journey the first convenient moment that offered for making an escape.

During the six days that Mr. Kincaid was detained among these robbers, parties were sent off every day to plunder travelers and to rob in the neighboring towns, and often, in the night, the sky would be lighted up from the flames of burning villages. These parties, after robbing and burning the houses and barns, would drive into their haunt large flocks of cattle, and roast them, and feast, and drink, and smoke the whole day.

He was not imprisoned more than twelve feet from where the robber chieftain sat, and from morning until night parties of the bandit were bringing in women and children, and the chief would examine them in order to learn where their valuables were buried—it being the custom of these people to hide their gold and jewels in jars in the earth, for fear of fire and thieves. If these women refused to tell where their valuables were buried, they were shamefully treated and cruelly beaten. They would strip them, throw them on the ground, tie their hands and feet together, and then, with large rattans, a robber would scourge these females in a most unmerciful manner. Sometimes, even if they would yield from their intense suffering, and tell where their gold was hid, they would go on beating them because the robbers would say that was not all. Many of these women, though their sufferings were dreadful, bore the scourging with astonishing fortitude. The robbers did not wish to put them to death but to inflict torture; and after whipping them until their backs were torn and lacerated, they would take their spears and pierce holes in their bodies half an inch in depth, and after making thirty or forty of these stabs, they would take pieces of split bamboo, and dip one end in melted sulphur and stick the other end into the punctures they had made in the bodies of these poor captive women, and then light them as tapers, and this they seemed to take great delight in doing. During these horrid cruelties, Mr. Kincaid was obliged to sit and witness them. He would close his eyes, but he could not shut his ears to their lamentations, and the cries of their children, who had to look on and behold these monsters beating and abusing their mothers.

On the sixth day he witnessed a scene of cruelty far surpassing all the others. It was a case of scourging of a female who had with her seven children. She was taller than most Burmese women—of slender frame, and had a fine, intellectual countenance. With a dignified nobleness she stood before her captors, and with an air of defiance refused to answer their questions. He could not help look upon her and her seven children clinging around her, but with intense interest. She was then beaten by a robber—a thick, muscular man, who could strike with great power. The chieftain would cry out—"Strike quick," and then he would lay it on with vengeance. Her hair falling down over her back, which was bare, was clotted with blood, and her face was cut unmercifully.

Every blow, Mr. Kincaid expected, would be the last. Finally her head fell on her shoulder, her eyes were fixed, her lips pale, and she rolled over on the ground. Death had at last released her. Her eldest child, a beautiful girl, who held the infant in her arms, and her five brothers and sisters wept bitterly, when they found their mother was dead. This girl laid the babe at her feet, and fell down upon the body of her mother, uttering the most piteous and piercing cries of anguish—repeating again and again, "Mother, don't die and leave us."

Looking around on these fiends in human shapes, Mr. Kincaid waited to see if there was one who would speak a kind word to these orphan children, but among them all there was no one to pity. Indeed, one of them violently kicked the poor child, to get out of the way, and she fell over speechless, on the ground. This was too much, he could bear such brutality no longer—the feelings of his nature were aroused; he was overcome with revenge; he was conscious of but a single maddening sensation, and that was to get the life of the monster. But, rising to his feet, and finding himself tied, in a sort of despair, he called him by every epithet that human language could invent, wholly indifferent as to what might be his fate. To tantalize him the whole band burst into a loud laugh. His mind was now made up to escape that night. The remainder of the day he kept a close watch on his guard and on the mountains.

The night drew on, and as usual the guard took it in turn to sleep. But there was no rest for him. He was between hope and fear as to the success of his escape, knowing well that if detected his life would be the forfeit. It was long after midnight before he ventured to stir, and when he did so, it was with the utmost caution. He listened—they were all quiet. He rose on his hands and feet and crept slowly and softly to where they lay. Nothing caused him to startle but the heavy snoring of one of the guards. He moved carefully around him, scarcely breathing. Now he was outside the guard, and quickening his pace, he hurried on, and on, until he was beyond the precincts of the village. Soon he reached the skirts of the forest. He entered the jungle—and now breathing more freely, he felt that he had escaped, and that, before morning, he should be far beyond their reach. A heavy fog arising in the night faciliated his escape; and about the dawn of day he reached the mountains. By this time he was much exhausted, what with anxiety, and loss of sleep, and hunger, and exposure, and the fatigue of traveling, he felt it impossible to take another step, and after returning thanks to God for his great deliverance, and asking his protection on his journey and while he rested, he threw himself on the earth, and soon fell into a sweet sleep. When awoke, to his surprise, the sun was near meridian; and starting up, he hurried on as fast as possible, through a dense and tangled forest, which had never before, perhaps, been trod by the footsteps of man. That day he traveled without water, but about sundown he espied a little ravine, and traced it, until at last he came to a muddled spring of water, the top of which was covered with a dark red colored scum; but being thirsty and exhausted, it was not a time to be particular, and after partaking of the remaining stock of rice, he laid down on his face, pushed away the scum with his hand, and putting his mouth into the water, drank, until his burning and raging thirst was entirely quenched. Without rising, he rolled over, fell into a deep sleep, and never awoke until the sun was up.

[For five successive days he wandered homeward, mostly among jungles of pathless woods, occasionally getting rice from the simple families whose dwellings he passed, and water from the ground. His characteristic energy and resolute will seemed to sustain his worn and emaciated frame, until he met a former acquaintance, who for a large sum took him in a boat to Ava. The natives who accompanied him, also returned, weeks after him, having escaped from many dangers.]

SMALL FRUITS.—It is needless to attempt the cultivation of any of the small fruits, without particular attention is paid to the keeping of the ground around the stalks perfectly clear of grass, weeds and all foreign vegetation. The raspberry and blackberry, especially, require a loose, light, rather moist soil, and this can be secured in almost every situation, by once or twice a year, and always in the spring, *carefully forking* it over, turning any sod upside down, and applying a good mulching of leaves, light manure, grass, weeds, &c. This application should be repeated whenever the garden walks are hoed or whenever there is any trash, surplus grass, or anything else that can be converted into manure.

GRASS AROUND FRUIT TREES.—No one who has the least knowledge of the cultivation of fruit, will allow grass to grow around his young trees. It is a great drawback upon their growth and health. For several years, at least—and we would recommend it at all times—the soil should be kept pulverised around the trunks of fruit trees. Only give your trees as much attention as you give your cornfield, or your cabbage bed, and there will be no secret in the raising of superior crops of good fruit.

A SHOCKING CASE.—At Chester, Orange county, New York, an arrest was made of a female resident, on the charge of poisoning several persons in the village. After confessing to having helped several fellow-mortals to the grave by poison, the unwomanly culprit "shuffled off this mortal coil" herself by taking a dose of arsenic, to make herself sick, and divert suspicion but, taking too large a dose, she died.

Those who have made the experiment of raising tea in this country say the plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. They cannot afford to pick, roll up, and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for a dollar a month and boards himself, it may be done.

Among the evidences that the present revival is the work of God's Spirit directly, is the fact that several large ships have recently come into port, among the inmates of which have been great awakening, among those who had no knowledge whatever of the revivals on the land they were approaching.

LOW PRICES AT THE WEST.—A correspondent of the Burlington *Free Press* writes from Saint Charles, Illinois:

"Times are hard and dull. Produce is worth nothing; wheat 42 cents, corn 24 cents, oats 19 cents, butter 12 cents, eggs 5 cents, and other things in proportion."

SUICIDES.—*Augusta*, May 7.—David Davidson, an Irish Israelite, blew out his brains with a musket. S. C. Lane, from Philadelphia, a traveler attempted to cut his throat, but was prevented, and only slightly injured himself. Liquor was to blame for both these attempts.

Senator Broderick, in concluding his speech on Lecompton, said "he hoped that the historian of these times would attribute the attempt to force this measure to the petulance, failing intellect and trembling dotage of an old man, tottering on the verge of the grave."

The New York Legislature has sanctioned the reduction in canal tolls proposed by the Canal Board. Rates from Buffalo to Albany are 2c. lower on wheat and corn, and 8c. lower on flour.

The meanest man in the country is decided to be John Augustus Washington, the huckster of the tomb of Washington.

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