LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1858.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843....WHOLE NO., 762.

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

The Lewisburg Chronicle,

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE—and at the same rate for a longer or shorter period. Thus, 50 cts will pay for four months, 75 cts for six months, 1 dol. for eight months, 2 dol. for sixteen months, 3 dol. for two years, $5 for four copies one year, $10 for ten copies one year, &c. Single No.s, 3 cts. Payments by mail (paid) received in gold, postage stamps, or bank notes at their value here. Most kinds Produce received at the Office.

☞When the time expires, for which a paper is paid, (unless we have a running account) it is STOPPED.

Advertisements handsomely published, at 50 cts per square one week, 25 cts each after insertion, 7 dol. for six months, 5 dol. per year. Half a square—25 cts, 10 cts, 2 dol, 3 dol. Two squares—1 50, 4 00, 8 00. Merchants, &c. not over one-fourth of a column, 10 dol. per year. Other sizes &c. as may be agreed upon. A square is 12 lines or smallest type, or 16 of next larger. Advertisements of a sectarian tendency, and large cuts, not admitted.

Communications desired on topics of general interest not within the range of partisan or sectarian contest, and accompanied by the writer's real name and address.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the Office of the *Chronicle*, by which we often insert important News a-head of the Philad. Mails.

Connected with the Office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞Casual Advertisements to be paid for when handed in, and Job Work when delivered.

☞OFFICE on Market Square, north side, second storey adjoining the Book Bindery

WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1858.

NEW BOOK...PREMIUM OFFERED

Below, will be found the advertisement of a popular new work, to which we direct particular notice. Having bought a copy of this edition, and compared it with the large and costly full work, we believe that for general use this contains everything desirable. It is a good sized volume, fair print, with a number of spirited wood engravings, illustrating important portions of the most fascinating narrative. Agents, we think, would find this the most safe book investment for the times, as all the reading world have some knowledge of LIVINGSTONE's Explorations, and desire to know more. Mr. BRADLEY, the Publisher, we think, offers fair terms.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE

WILDS OF AFRICA.

1000 Agents Wanted to sell

Dr Livingstone"s Travels & Explorations

during a residence of 16 years in the wilds of Africa. This is a work of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone (or unattended by any white man) traveling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strangers to him, and many of them hostile—altogether forming the most astonishing Book of Travels the world has ever seen. All our Agents acknowledge it the most saleable book published. The most liberal commission made to agents in small or large quantities. For particulars, address

J. W. BRADLEY, *Publisher*,
48 North Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Copies sent by mail, free, on receipt of the price, $1.25.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From among the hundreds of favorable notices, from the most respectable journals of the country, of our cheap edition of "Livingstone's Travels and Explorations in Africa," we take the following:

It abounds in descriptions of strange and wonderful scenes, among a people and in a country entirely new to the civilized world; and altogether we regard it as one of the most interesting books issued within the past [illegible] *Democrat, Patterson, N. J.*

[illegible] an edition for the people; and, judging by the rapid sale with which it is meeting, it [illegible] *Union Freemen, Boston.*

[illegible] have [illegible] run, and will be read by every [illegible] man, woman and child, in this as well as other lands.—*Steubenville (Ohio) Telegraph.*

The work is nicely illustrated, well printed, and firmly bound, thus answering in every respect the demand for a popular and cheap edition of the "Journeys and Researches in South Africa." Those of our readers who would have a delightful book for reading at any hour, will not be disappointed in this work.—*U. S. Journal.*

With truth we can say, that seldom is presented to the reading public, a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that unique appearance of exterior for which Mr. Bradley's publications are noted.—*Family Magazine.*

This interesting work should be in the hands of every one. Its interesting pages of adventures are full of instruction and amusement. Ten thousand copies it is stated, have been sold in one month.—*Auburn American.*

Dr. Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement.—*Saturday Post.*

The edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by J. W. Bradley, is just what it purports to be. Like all Mr. Bradley's publications, it is excellently gotten up.—*Tioga Agitator, Pa.*

We can recommend the edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by Bradley, of Philadelphia, as every way worthy of public patronage. Its excellence and its cheapness recommend it over all others.—*Frank Leslie's Magazine.*

CAUTION.—The attention of the Publisher has been called to spurious editions of this work put forth as "Narratives of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa." Ours is the only cheap American edition of this great work published, and contains all the important matter of the English edition, which sells at $6.

Special Notice to Agents and Canvassers!

We have recently published several new and saleable Books, including the Public and Private *Life of Louis Napoleon*; with Biographical Notices of his most Distinguished *Ministers, Generals and Favorites*, and the *India History*, being a complete History of India and the *Present War*; "*The Angel and the Demon*," a tale of thrilling interest, by T. S. Arthur; *Life of Dr. E. K. Kane*, and the Distinguished American Explorers, &c. &c.

These, with our former Extensive Catalogue of Popular Books, gives us the best and most saleable list of Publications ever offered to Agents and Canvassers, to whom we offer the *most liberal terms*. Send for our list, which is sent free to any part of the United States. 2m761

☞We had not intended, after this year, to offer our paper in Clubs, or at less than full price, but as the scarcity of money continues, crops have not been large, and business is dull, we shall continue the club rates another year. ☞To all who will bring us $15 cash at one time with 15 subscribers, we will give a copy of this $1.25 work of Livingstone. $10 for 10 copies, $5 for 4 copies, as heretofore. The names and cash must in all cases come together. (Call at our office and see the Book.)

FIRST BOAT FROM ELMIRA, *by Canal.*—Last week, CHAMBERLIN BRO'S of Lewisburg, received, direct from Elmira, a boatload of plaster, salt, &c., via the North Branch Canal. This work, commenced about 1836, has been a tedious and expensive affair, but will "pay" in public improvement.

JOHN BAER, for forty years the much respected publisher of the Lancaster *Volksfreund*, died on the 6th inst., aged 62 years. His paper and his Almanacs were very influential in that community.

A Lewisburger, Southward Bound.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

U.S. WAR STEAMER FULTON,
At anchor in Carlisle Bay,
Barbadoes, Oct. 20, 1858.

MESSRS EDITORS: Having nothing particular to engage my attention this evening, I thought I might spend a few moments pleasantly in having a one-sided chat with my Lewisburg friends through your columns. Last Friday, after a pleasant ten days' run, for the greater part through a rough sea and against head winds, we dropped our anchor off this interesting tropical island.

You are aware, I suppose, Barbadoes is one of the oldest of the West Indies English possessions in the New World. It covers about 166 square miles, and is inhabited by about 40,000 whites and 120,000 blacks. Its exports consist principally of sugar, arrow-root, aloes, and cotton. The land is fertile, and generally very well cultivated. There is a very great deal of squalid poverty among the blacks, but it is principally owing, no doubt, to their incorrigible laziness. It takes about fourteen of them to do an ordinary day's work. I have not been around sufficiently to gain a great deal of information, so that I will say no more of Barbadoes at present.

There are now three of the fleet bound for Paraguay here. The steamer *Harriet Lane* arrived to-day, and the *Water Witch* on the day after our arrival. Our three vessels present a very neat and respectable appearance. They are all side-wheel steamers, similarly rigged, and about of the same size, the *Fulton* being a little the largest of the three.

After coaling ship, it is expected that we will proceed to Pernambuco, to coal ship again. Coal was selling here for $14 per ton. We had received sixty tons at this price, on the Fulton, when our operations were stopped by the arrival of a U. S. coal ship, this morning. We will all fill up from her.

I have not yet been convinced of the Fulton being able to carve her way thro' the brine at the rate of twenty knots per hour, although I feel very well satisfied of her ability to come out well in a race with any other man-of-war in the world. She is all engine and boiler, to use a nautical expression. We can with ease make her wheels, which are twenty-five feet in diameter, revolve twenty times per minute. Her cylinder is fifty inches in diameter, and ten feet four inch stroke. As to her submarine propensities, I have not yet seen more than fourteen inches of water on her deck. The wheel-houses and bulwarks are always in sight. She is splendidly calculated for persons fond of bathing in the serf, but rather moist for the comfort of people less romantic.

As this is the fourth war path that our craft has been pursuing during the last year, it may be hoped that this one will end with the same bloodless success. First, she was engaged in the anti-Fillibuster demonstration against Walker in Nicaragua; then, at the rebellion at Tampico; then winning laurels in the late triumphant pseudo Gulf war.

Hoping that you may hear good news of us soon, I again bid you farewell.

G.

J. Q. Adams to J. R. Giddings.

It is a customary thing (remarks the *Ohio State Journal*) with Members of Congress, to keep Autograph Books, in which are inserted signatures, accompanied sometimes with an autograph sentence or two, of the Senators or Representatives who may serve at the same time. A friend, who saw not long since the Autograph Book of the venerable Representative of the 20th District, (Mr. GIDDINGS) was so much pleased with the lines addressed to him by the late President ADAMS, that he obtained a copy, which we gladly transfer to our columns. The names of ADAMS and GIDDINGS will be hallowed in the grateful remembrance of all true lovers of Freedom, Justice and Humanity, when party Presidents and party Judges shall be preserved only by the Catalogues.

TO JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, OF JEFFERSON, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO.

When first together here we meet,
Askance each other we behold—
The bitter mingling with the sweet,
The warm attempered by the cold.
We seek with searching ken to find
A soul congenial with our own:
For mind in sympathy with mind
Instinctive dreads to walk alone.

And here, from regions far apart,
We came, one purpose to pursue,
Each with a warm and honest heart,
Each with a spirit firm and true;
Intent with anxious aim to learn,
Each other's character we scan,
And soon the difference we discern
Between the fair and faithless man.

And here, with scrutinizing eye
A kindred soul with mine to see,
A longing bosom to descry,
I sought, and found at last, in thee.
Farewell, my friend! and if once more
We meet within this Hall again,
Be ours the blessing to restore
Our country's *and the rights of men.*

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

H.R., U.S., Washington, June 17, 1844, } anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. }

The Washington *Union*, Buchanan's organ, comes out with a strong article ridiculing and denouncing Squatter Sovereignty. Sovreignty, it says, is from and in CONGRESS. So that humbug having survived its object, is abandoned. They claim that Slavery exists, however, under the Constitution, in all U. S. Territory.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

MR. CHRONICLE:—In your last number, ONE asks some of your "able contributors" to give information to teachers in regard to the Blank Reports prepared by the School Department for the use of Secretaries of School Boards, or District Superintendents, in their monthly visits to schools under their care. Though I do not consider myself one of your *able* contributors, yet I will venture on an explanation. If I miss the mark, let another *one* try it.

The first head that has any bearing upon the subject, is, "*Attendance.*" Here, the Report asks for the "Best class," and "Worst class." "Boy who attended most regularly during the month." "Girl who attended most regulaaly during the month." These questions can be readily answered, by referring to the Register, or Teacher's Monthly Report.

Under the next head we find "*Conduct and Order.*" Here, again, the best class and worst class, the best boy and best girl, are to be reported, by way of encouraging good conduct and order in the schools. It will not be difficult for the teacher to determine what pupils are most orderly and obedient, or most disorderly.

And, lastly we come to the subject more directly under consideration, viz: *Progress.* This does not, in my view, require the teacher to discriminate between the *best* and the *worst* of pupils or classes. It has no direct reference to the most advanced class, or most advanced pupil. But it simply asks what class made most advancement (according to the several abilities of its members,) during the month; also the name of that boy and that girl who improved most during the month. It is true, the teacher, in order to do justice to his school, should be acquainted with the various capacities and advantages of his scholars, and mark them according to the improvement of those talents committed to them. The unfaithful steward was not condemned on account of having received but the one talent, but because he did not improve it. Yet, in too many cases, the intellectual who with little effort can recite long lessons, are applauded, while the dull, who labor much harder with less success, are called "blockheads."

"Thomas," said I once to an apparently dull scholar, who was always found at the foot of his class, except when other pupils took his place for a short time, "I'll give you this book if you will get to the head of your class this week." "Tom" didn't utter a word, but his looks seemed to say, that book is *mine.* Next day, "Tom" was not at the foot, and before the week had ended, he looked up at me from the head of the class, and said in a triumhant voice, "I'll take that book, now, if you please." The book was his; but, a few days afterwards found "Tom" at his accustomed place, at the foot of the class, which nothing but bribes could induce him to leave, again.

Now, fellow teachers, did I do right in offering Thomas the book, after using every other means I could think of to get him interested in his studies? Is it right, is it expedient, to offer prizes or rewards to those who occupy the head of their class for the greater number of times during the term? Should Thomas be reported as a dull scholar, or as a good scholar? How should such a scholar be treated? What plan should I have adopted to get him to study, after I knew he had the ability to learn?

H.

☞The Editors would add to the above, that the late edition of *Com. Sch. Laws*—page 122 to 126—contains a lengthy and we should suppose sufficient, as well as official, explanation of the *blanks* under consideration, to which we would call the notice of all concerned. We have several copies of these Laws (English and German) for distribution among Directors and permanent Teachers. Call, or send to the CHRONICLE Office, for a copy.

SLANDER REFUTED.—A clergyman was charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows: "In the first place, I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor in a choice of meeting. Secondly—my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings here. In the third place, I have not even attended any of the meetings, for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to go to these meetings. Finally—I never had a wife."

Forney's *Press* has a strong article in favor of Col. Slifer for State Treasurer, urging truly that his probity of character, sound business habits, and personal popularity, render him the best and most available man for the station.

Not one Buchanan man has been elected to any office in all the State of Illinois—not one! His defeat is complete—overwhelming! Will he resign?

How to Get Sick.

R. H. M. writes: "I slept in a room one night which had been washed during the day, and was not quite dry. I awoke next morning with a sore throat, which has continued ever since." The result is, he has had to abandon his theological studies, and place himself under treatment, after having lost two years' time.

H. M. writes: "I went to sleep in a warm day on the top of an ice box, and have never been well since." He shortly after died of consumption.

T. H. took a very severe cold; conversation was laborious, but he had an appointment to preach, and felt as he must fulfill it. He made the attempt, but the utterance was attended with a pricking pain in his throat, and then a dull hurting came on in the throat, and subsequent "hemming" and fruitless "clearing." He was permanently disabled.

A modest man walked until quite fatigued, and perspiring freely, entered an omnibus, and sat next a lady who opened a window to get some fresh air for herself. He soon became chilled, and was ill for three weeks.

H. P. got up at night, and hoisted the window to look at a burning house; the cold air darted in on the unprotected body, just from a warm bed. A twelve months' illness resulted in dropsy.

A strong, hearty man, came in on a hot summer's day, immediately took off his coat and hat, and sat in the open window, looking out upon a beautiful garden, over which the ocean breezes came to fan him. Before he was aware of it, he was chilled, was attacked with inflamation of the lungs, and died within a week.

A delicate young lady, an invalid, a patient of ours, in an excursion with several others, was "overtaken" by nightfall, and by a young gentleman. They were in a boat, and the boat was in the mud, the tide having gone out on a visit to the sea, and "there they were," a mile from shore, and several miles from home; that mile was extraordinarily long and short. Only think of it! A whole mile over a Jersey flat! covered with water, mud, and bulrushes, carrying in the arms a young lady of eighteen, with one of the sweetest voices, faces and forms to be seen in or out of Jersey. Bespattered with mud, dripping with fog and dew and slush, streaming with perspiration, and wearied with hunger, thirst and fatigue, delighted and excited with the novelty of the thing, they reached home at midnight. The next day she "didn't have anything the matter with her at all!" Why? She had taken lessons of us. Instead of pulling off her bonnet and shawl, and sitting in a cool place, or instead of undressing at once, and thus letting the air check the perspiration, she went into a warm room, closed the doors and windows at the same moment, laid aside the garments one by one, at intervals, and when cooled off, in the course of half an hour, retired to sound sleep and healthful awakening.

Another man rode three miles with a little child sleeping in his lap, which, pressing against his stomach, caused unusual warmth there. It was a chill, raw, November evening. In walking a hundred yards to the house, the child moving slowly and wind blowing, the whole abdomen was chilled in a moment. The next morning he awoke with the ominous pains of peritoneal inflamation, which is often fatal in three or four days.

A man had some accounts to draw off in mid-winter. It was a cold night. He was greatly interested; time went, and the fire too. He felt a little chilly, but thought he would soon be done; that it was not worth while to rebuild the fire. It was near one o'clock before he left for home, and he reached it most thoroughly chilled. Next morning he had pneumonia, and never got well.

Remaining at rest for hours in a cold room in raw, cold, damp weather, is enough to kill three men out of four, by bringing on congestion of the lungs, lung fever, or inflamation of the lungs. Clergymen and lawyers often sacrifice their lives by speaking in warm rooms—the body debilitated by the effort, the skin in a state of perspiration, the lungs all heated up—and thus hungry, tired and depressed in body and mind, go out into the cold air to ride or walk home—and to die in the very bloom of youth and manhood. And yet, to know these little things there are hundreds who hesitate to give a dollar a year, when on the knowledge of them human life is daily hung, and the want of it daily lost.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

COULDN'T HELP IT.—After a marriage ceremony had been performed in Adrian, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the established ridiculous custom, at the sight of which, the groom followed suit with a copious flow of the briny fluid. After his friends succeeded in calming him, he said he couldn't help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did!

The average Republican majority in Ohio is 5000 greater than Fremont's maj. notwithstanding all the Democratic candidates pronounced for the immediate admission of Kansas.

OUR RECEIPT FOR BEEF AND PORK.—This receipt, which originated with us, and has now had many years of trial, we believe to be unsurpassed as a pickle. At this period in the season, when farmers and others will soon be putting down their winter's, and we may add their next year's supply of meat, it may be of service to republish the receipt, which is as follows:

To 1 gallon of water,
take 1½ lbs of salt,
½ lb. brown sugar,
½ oz. saltpetre,
½ oz. potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar and salt rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not, however, answer *quite* so well. By boiling the pickle, it is *purified*—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar, is surprising.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ORIGIN OF THE F. F. V's.—Many of our readers have heard of the "First Families of Virginia;" but few, we take it, know how the term originated. An exchange explains it thus:

In the early settlement of that State, it was found impossible to colonize it unless women went there. Accordingly a ship load was sent out, but no planter was allowed to marry one of them until he had first paid one hundred pounds of tobacco for her passage. When the second ship load came, no one would pay more than seventy-five pounds for the matrimonial privilege, except it were a very superior article. Consequently, the descendants of all those who were sold for one hundred pounds of tobacco were ranked as the first families; and the reason why no one can ever find any of the second families, is because you can't get a Virginian to admit that his mother only brought seventy-five pounds of tobacco!

IS IT DEMOCRATIC?—The soldiers and marines stationed at the fort and navy yard in Brooklyn and New York voted at the election on Tuesday, 2d inst., for the Administration candidates. Despatches are stated to have been sent from Washington, directing this proceeding, which is unusual, as soldiers and marines living on U. S. grounds are not taxable citizens, and have not been supposed to hold the right of suffrage. By this means, Sickles has a small maj. for Congress, which A. J. Williamson, (a printer originally of Lancaster Co. Pa.,) will contest.

The legal investigation of the frauds by which F. P. Blair, Jr., was defeated of an election to Congress in Missouri, is going on before Judge Clover, of St. Louis, and the testimony already taken shows a large amount of illegal voting. At some voting places *whole gangs of Irishmen*, entire strangers to the people, *marched to the polls together* and were allowed to vote the Administration ticket

Mr. Stewart, the Democratic Governor of Missouri, is a beautiful representative of the Border Ruffian Chivalry. Twice, since he filled the Gubernatorial chair, he has been *whipped when drunk.* A few days ago he was found drunk at a *negro wedding.* Upon this, the Jefferson City *Inquirer* says: "If frolicking with negroes, drinking with negroes, and eating with negroes, isn't establishing 'negro equality,' we would like to know what is?"

Of Judge Douglas' slaves on a Louisiana plantation, the Chicago *Tribune* says: "We betray no confidences when we say that Mr. Slidell, (of New Orleans,) when in this city declared that the condition of these slaves was a disgrace to their owner; *that they were badly fed, badly clothed, and excessively overworked!*"

The Supreme Court have granted, by a vote of four to one, a mandamus requiring the Commissioners of Allegheny county to raise the money to pay the interest on their railroad bonds. Thus another Locofoco humbug explodes.

It is one hundred years, this month, since Fort DuQuesne was wrested from the French, by the British, and changed to Pittsburg—a great era in the history of our continent, which the Pittsburgers will celebrate.

The *Pennsylvanian* records the death of a physician, who "was an ardent admirer of Mr. Buchanan, and approved of his entire Kansas policy." Such approval has been the death of many of Mr. Buchanan's friends, recently.

The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their great grandmothers did. Sensible!

The Slaveholders of the Easte'n Sho' of Ma'yland have been holding a Convention to stop their "happy and contented" niggers from running away!

The Courtship of SAM JONES AND SALLY BATES.

Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on the flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting house on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her, she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she had ever done before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without a suitor. Admirers, nay, lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth got drunk because of her, and many a sighing bachelor would gladly have given his riding horses, or even a share in Dad's farm, for her. There was, indeed, no lack of ill will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once, to be impressed with a proper sense of its own unworthiness.

Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good humored as comely, and disposed to be as lovely as she was loveable. Poor Sally! It is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly. There she was, sociable and warm-hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawdled about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but never saying a word to the purpose.

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year, when she was one day heard to observe that men were slow, coward creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apple dropped into them. This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings, (in summer he didn't wear any.) Sam was not handsome, in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carroty hair. His feet—but no matter—he usually bought number fourteen and a half, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights. Sam was a wagon maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop, and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence; bold to the confines of impudence; a great favorite to the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and at sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told. Although Sally did resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex.

Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was every time she looked up. As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed.

As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments, as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

"What a darned sneak I was!" groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow; "what comes over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a chokin'? Oh, but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm a goin' to church with her to-morrow, and if I don't fix matters afore I go back, then drat me."

To-morrow came, and in due time, Bates, tricked off in a bran new twelve dollar suit of Jew's clothes, was on his way to the meeting, beside beautiful Sally. His horse, bedecked with a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master.

As they rode up to the meeting-house door, Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around, filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity. Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and bashfulness,

"Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll just git down and lift ye off."

Sam essayed to dismount, but, in so doing, found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting.

The bystanders began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. At last, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot hobbles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the tenderest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings.

From that time, Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically, he shut up shop and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor, like a fool, but took to his axe, and cleared I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands. But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort in his self imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom; and often, during the intervals of his work, in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them till a big tear gathered in his eye.

"O, Sally Jones, Sally Jones, if I only had the spunk to have courted ye on Saturday night, instead of waitin' till Sunday morning, things might have been different!" And then he would pick up his axe, and whack into the next tree with the energy of despair.

At length, the whole country was electrified by the announcement that "Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West." On the day appointed for the sale, there could not have been less than one hundred horses tethered in the barn-yard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange corn field.

Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was generally known that she was averse to moving West, and her pretty eyes were red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead, with its chinking and daubed walls; the cherry trees, under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple-butter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up; her pet, that, when a calf, she had saved from the butcher; it was too much, and the tears trickled afresh.

"Ten dollars, ten for the cow!"

"Fifty dollars!" shouted Bates.

"Why, Sammy," whispered a prudent neighbor, "she hain't worth twenty, at the outside."

"I'll gin fifty for her," replied Sam, doggedly.

Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commend Sukey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had anything farther to say, but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing, as it were, great hunks of grief as big as dumplings.

When everything was sold off, and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yards in groups, reclining on the grass, or seated on benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned upon the events of the day, and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a pity that so fine a girl as Sally Jones should be permitted to leave the country so evidently against her will.

"Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the sperit to stop her?" asked the white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near.

The loats snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment. The sun was declining in the west. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow, the belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri.

Just then, Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the middle of the yard, she mounted the reversed apple-butter kettle.

SEE 4TH PAGE.

COPY CREASED