LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

An Independent Family News Journal.

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WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JAN. 3, 1859.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

THE BELL OF TIME.

By Eurysanthe.

Ding—dong! Ding—dong! Hark the slow pealing bell,
Tolling the old year's funeral knell;
Silent! be still! drop a tear, breathe a prayer,
While the notes yet linger on the calm night air.

Ding—dong! Yes, the year Fifty Eight is now doomed;
Adieu to its deeds, which are being entombed.
Like the mist of the morn in the sun's warm rays,
It has vanished—has filled up its measure of days.

Ding—dong! A general wail for the dead,
Who were crushed to the earth in its onward tread,
Thirty millions, who [illegible] it bold and brave,
It conquered, and with them now lies in the grave.

Ding—dong! Like the sound of a child's parting bell,
Bounding off with its freight, pealing us a farewell;
It is fading from sight, 'mid the billows' sad roar,
An approaching sail for Eternity's shore.

Ding—dong! Broken hearted, look up with delight,
A long year of anguish has taken its flight;
Take courage! take courage! O, do not repine,
Hope and pray fervent in the year fifty nine.

—Ding—dong! Ding—dong! Ah, the New Year has come,
Hark the tread of the [illegible], the roll of the drum;
Arouse! throw off sadness, and quell every fear,
'Tis the [illegible] ring—'tis the Happy New Year!

Lewisburg, Jan. 1, 1859.

We last week noticed that at the recent elections, Kansas gave 3,000 more votes than Oregon. The latest arrival from the Pacific coast gives the Official Returns from Oregon as less than 10,000 voters and about 42,000 population. The Lawrence Republican adds 1243 informal votes, from 11 polls, to the number officially *returned*, making a total of 14,441 votes in Kansas, or 4,500—NEARLY ONE HALF—more than has Oregon. Yet all the powers of the Sham Democracy are to be taxed to lug Oregon INTO the Union, but to keep Kansas OUT!

The highest vote ever cast by the Slave

State of Delaware, was	15,312
Highest in Florida	11,211
Kansas gave	14,441

So that Kansas gives more than Florida or Oregon, but must be kept out by Slavery—as long as it can—BECAUSE IT IS REPUBLICAN!

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—A journal refers to "rats in the east," meaning "star in the east," *star* anagrammed into *rats*... "The Western Watchman" of St. Louis once came out as a "Watch the Western man."...A Carbondale paper had its head "pied" into *Craboandle*, and advertised for a Jour.: one poor fellow came into our office and said he had been hunting for "Craboandle" for a month, but nobody knew where it was: having observed the error, we easily put him on the track.

There are other laughable errors committed, as when a religious paper stated that "Br. —— preached a solemn sermon to a HUMOROUS" (instead of NUMEROUS) "congregation."...Often do children and others say, "I'm afraid I shall miss the *wrong* road," which would be no harm; but to miss the *right* road, is a sad thing.

A gentleman who read the proceedings carefully, assures us that it was an older teacher named M'Guire—and NOT Henry G.—who was elected Principal of the Philad. High School, as stated by us last week. We read that "Mr. M'Guire" was elected; knew that H. G. M'G. was a promising teacher in the city; and several of his acquaintances assured us positively that he was the chosen man; yet we deem them mistaken. Plenty of time yet for Henry G. M'Guire, when his senior shall have vacated the long sought station.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 30.—Enclosed please find pay for the Chronicle another year—it is a welcome visitor, and has missed but once. The fall and winter thus far have been mild and pleasant, except very much rain; we had some snow, but no frost of any account, nor any now. T.

The Roman Catholic Almanac for 1859, gives the following exhibit of the progress of that church in the United States:

	1839	1849	1859
Bishops	18	26	45
Priests	478	1008	2108
Churches	418	966	2334

This increase, of course, is principally by immigration. The number of immigrants, and of naturalization papers issued, has greatly decreased for two or three years past, and the increase of Catholicism must decrease in proportion. If Protestants improve their chances aright, thousands of these Catholics among us will be converted from that blighting error.

Seward's Rochester Speech,

and those who Snarl at it.

Let Ignorance howl! Let jaundiced Party Spite
With glaring eye-balls gnash his venomed teeth!
Let proud Oppression, with his vulgar stare,
Bawl out "fanatic!" when a Statesman's voice
Proclaims those truths our Fathers held so dear.

Ye stolid demagogues! O, know ye not
That God hath put eternal enmity
'Twixt Right and Wrong? and though ye, ostrich-like,
Bury your heads beneath the dark'ning sand,
God's sun still shines: and men who use their eyes,
Like noble SEWARD, see the coming storm,
Which, sooner late, must burst upon our heads,
If, Pharaoh-like, we disregard the voice
Of high, eternal Justice sounding clear,
Thus saith the Lord, let the oppressed go free!

The heart, the soul, the intellect, the power
Of every human being, God demands
[illegible] consecrate;
For every man, in the great judgment day,
Shall render, for himself, a strict account.
Who, then, shall dare to quench the glimmering ray
Of moral light first dawning on the soul
Of one whose lot in life was at the best
But dreary darkness, or oppressive toil?
Shall wealth, shall power, and even knowledge, too,
Be but machines to grind the suffering face
Of God's own chosen, the afflicted poor?
Shall legislators toil, and judges plan
To keep in darkness an afflicted race?
Shall party leaders, with the lying cant
Of free "democracy" upon their lips,
Deny to man those high eternal rights
Which our great Fathers solemnly proclaimed
The gift of God to every human soul?
And when one rises up, with lofty soul,
With heart of courage, and a tongue of fire,
To vindicate the equal rights of all,
Then, how each well-fed sycophantic cur,
With bright brass collar shining on his neck,
To let the public know whose dog he is,
From his snug kennel send his spiteful yelp!
And well he may—his hide hath felt the lash!

Go on, brave SEWARD! never heed the snarl
Of Party's hounds, whose "wide cerberian mouths"
Will bark on 'tother side, when thou hast power,
Like good "Old Buck," to throw them dainty bones!

OLD QUAKER.

Bucks County, 12th month, 27th, 1858.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

U. S. STEAMER FULTON, PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL, Nov. 25, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Well, here we are, safe and sound, after a rather spicy passage from Barbadoes. We arrived here on the 19th, the Water Witch on the 23d, and the Harriet Lane this morning. All three of us expected to make the passage from Barbadoes to Pernambuco in one run, but all have been disappointed, and were compelled to put into an intermediate port for a fresh supply of coal. The Fulton has already received about 250 tons of Pennsylvania anthracite coal aboard, and is again ready for sea. The coal is sent out here for us by the Government, and costs nearly $20 per ton before it is stowed away in our bunkers. We could purchase better coal here for about $15, but could not have been as certain about the quantity. With our present supply, we hope to make the La Plata, but should we have to coal up again at St. Catharines, it would not be altogether unexpected.

On our passage here, we had for the greater portion of the time, a strong breeze, a heavy sea, and an oceanic current against us. At the first, knowing that this state of affairs would most probably continue, we struck our yards and topmasts, in order to have as little resistance aloft as possible. Then came the contest. An angry, tempestuous sea, has ever been to man an emblem of grandeur and power. Truly, it well deserves its long earned reputation. While contending against such elements, if ever, the poetical majesty of a powerful steamer is delineated in its brightest characteristics. No heart tuned in unison with the spirit of the age in which we live, could fail being pleased with the unspoken eloquence of such an eulogium on the triumph of art and science. Then is seen one of the most grand and noble combinations of human genius and art contending, and contending successfully too, against one of the most sublime exponents of the Almighty's power. The subject whenever contemplated has always filled my mind with the most pleasing emotions. In fact it is to me one of the prime luxuries of a home in an ocean steamer.

Maranham, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, was the port we run in for a fresh supply of coal. We spent an interesting and most pleasant week there. The hospitality of some of her citizens will *long* be remembered by us. They had some cases of the yellow fever there, but we escaped with impunity.

Pernambuco is a very thriving and interesting city of about 100,000 inhabitants. It is the third in importance of the cities of Brazil. I have not time to say a word about its general characteristics. Its harbor is one among the numerous harbors of the world, erected by the labor of the tiny coral insect. They have certainly done much to render the high ways of the deep dangerous, but have often been of the most considerable service to man in erecting breakwaters for safe harbors. The reef that forms this harbor extends for about two hundred miles along the coast, and is indeed one of the most wonderful of the achievements of the zoophite. When we meet Lopez, I will write again.

Yours respectfully, G.

The Senate of Indiana on the 8th ult., passed an amendment to the divorce law which had rendered that State the resort of discontented wives and husbands. The law will now require one year's residence instead of ten days as heretofore, and this must be verified by affidavit, and by the evidence of disinterested persons. There seems to be no doubt but the House will pass the bill.

HARD TIMES.

"Can't you pay me a little money on your note, to-day?" said a hard-working mechanic of our acquaintance, to a man who was driving a fine horse before a dashing one hundred dollar sleigh, trimmed with two buffalo robes. "Can't you pay me a little money? I am in great want of some to buy provisions for my family." "I really can not," was the laconic reply; "the times are so hard, I can't." The whip cracked, and he dashed on.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the man in the sleigh. I followed him to the billiard-table, and saw him lose ten games and twice as many shillings, which were paid free as water. There were no hard times to this man when the music of the billiard balls fell on his ear, nor would he hesitate to stake fifty times the mechanic's note on the game of brag these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the man in broadcloth to his wash-woman, as he turned from her bill for the last month's washing. "I have no money now;" and he flung himself into the street. I saw him pay ten dollars for a gold-headed rattan, and twenty for a new fashioned fur cap. He never thinks of hard times when he wants to deck out his own dandy carcase.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the father, as he turned away the schoolmaster who had presented his bill for the quarter's tuition of his son. "Three dollars in these hard times for school-teaching! I can not pay but one." Soon after, he paid the dancing-master ten dollars for teaching the same child the accomplishment of dancing, and said nothing about hard times.

"We truly must be excused this year from doing much for our pastor or other church purposes—positively, we get no money." And yet they find money for pleasure jaunts and parties, for new dress and furniture, for pernicious books and periodicals, for circuses and low concerts, or to shave a note for a poor neighbor, or drive a sharp bargain with a needy brother or sister church member—plenty of cash to subserve schemes of the Devil, but little or nothing for God, "these scarce times."

"Never saw the like in my life," said the youth who was silently and sneakingly investing his every dollar—no matter how he got it—in lottery, gift, or other swindling games, and refusing to pay his honest debts, while a poor father or mother or sister is toiling to find the great calf his daily bread and clothes.

"Can't sign a cent—times too hard," said the prosperous man who refused to give anything to any charitable object or public good, but who spends many dollars weekly in cigars, tobacco, oysters, drinks, eating shops, or still worse places.

"Really, we can not pay so high wages," said the lady in silks and furs as she rose from a devout study of the latest fashions. "Our seamstress and hired help must work for less, there is so little business doing." The wages of industrious females generally are hardly enough to keep them from despair and utter ruin, yet "hard times" are made as an excuse by Christian women—whose mere luxuries would give support to many respectable families—for reducing those scanty means of existence.

"Ah! these hard times!" said a robust, red-faced man, as he turned off his tumbler of brandy and sugar, and paid the bar-keeper a shilling. "I can see no prospect of better. Hard times these for a poor man to make money. I can not get money enough even to buy the comforts of life, let alone the dainties. Why, landlord, as you live, I have had to do without butter in my family for a month, and can get no money to buy any. Good brandy, that;" and he filled another tumbler. Thus goes this strong, able-bodied man's money these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the merchant to the poor woman who asked him to throw off a shilling from the piece of calico which he was selling at one hundred per cent. in advance. "We can not take a cent less, these hard times." At the ten pin alley I saw him pay fifty times as much as he refused to allow the poor woman. Thus our merchant spends his money, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a loafer as he stretched out his legs over three chairs by our stove. "Oh! these hard times!" and there he sat all day, repeating, like a parrot, "Oh! hard times! hard times! hard times!" And I pitied the man from my soul, for I believe he thought it was hard times, when he alone was to blame for being lazy and spending what was better than money—his time—*these hard times.*

"Taxes too high, and too poor crops, to take a county paper," said a farmer, who paid twice as much for trashy, swindling sheets from the cities, and who lost three times the price by not learning—as he could have done—many matters of interest and of importance about his home. Ignorance makes "hard times," HARDER.

Two men in Cincinnati have made a match to eat mush and milk for $10 "and the championship." The one who bursts first, loses.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

All fitly robed in white,
With coronet of pearls, thou standest here,
And we have set thy Birth Hymn, oh! New Year,
To choruses of light.

For royal gifts thou'lt bring
To heap thy treasury; and thou wilt strew
With myrrh and frankincense thy pathway through
The emerald halls of Spring!

And with sweet dews baptize,
Beside the golden font of some June day,
The Summer; and with crimson broideries lay
Her pathway from the skies.

Until with quiet grace,
The Autumn shall rise up to tread the hills;
While, like an angel's, through the hushed air thrills
The glory of her face.

And well we know, New Year!
Thou hast thy message unto every heart,
Thy work for each; God's great High Priest thou art;
Mitred, anointed here!

Thy rod shall blossoms bear,
The bells of time ring joyful to thy reign,
And we inaugurate our Priest again
With incense and with prayer.

Up through this mount of days,
Oh, lead thou us by green paths tenderly,
Till from its forehead thou shalt rapturously
On the new "City" gaze;

While through some rythmic gale,
Dropping from hill tops of calcedony,
The angels welcome shall strike royally,
"All hail! New Year, all hail!"

Society in Aaronsburg.

We do not believe there is a town in the interior of Pennsylvania, which offers to young persons better facilities for improving themselves, than Aaronsburg. There is not an evening of the week, but is set apart and free to all who wish to spend their evenings in a profitable and pleasant manner. Monday evening is a monthly Sabbath school concert, where religious subjects are discussed; and also is the regular evening for the meeting of the primary singing class. Tuesday evening is the meeting of the Excelsior Literary Society for young men, a regularly organized body, where essays are read, questions debated, and declamations made. On Wednesday evening a Bible class meets, where Sabbath-school teachers and all others who wish, attend, to listen to explanations of the Holy Scriptures from competent instructors. Thursday evening is set apart for a public prayer meeting. On Friday evening, the Phrenokosmian Literary Society holds its meetings; and Saturday evening is the regular time for the meeting of the Musical Association. Thus, every evening of the week is taken up for some laudable purpose.

Young men and young women of neighboring towns! we earnestly desire to see you make good use of your leisure hours, and especially of the evenings, for your own improvement and advancement; and therefore we counsel you to "go and do likewise." Improve your time and talents. You know not what high destiny may be in store for you. How much better to spend your leisure moments in pursuits after knowledge, than in lounging about, or in company where vice is bred, or where all manner of obscene conversation is the ruling order! You will never regret it; but your negligence may bring to you the pangs of bitter regret, when it is too late. Remember, that time passes on, and that time once lost, is lost *never* to return again. If you voluntarily abase yourself, by permitting yourself to sink into ignorance and slothfulness, you sin against Almighty God, who has created you for higher and nobler purposes.—*Aaronsburg Berichter.*

Games of Skill.

A correspondent asks: "What do you think of GAMES OF SKILL, as *Chess, Draughts,* or *Checkers?*" Not understanding such games, our opinion may be of little worth; but we think that human life is too short, its true work too large, and its real object too momentous, to be frittered away with such tom-fooleries. So much for the moral of the subject. As to the mental effects of such employments, they certainly promote habits of deliberation and thoughtfulness, and very important characteristics are they, in this hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, neck-or-nothing age. But far higher purposes would be attained by an equal time spent in the demonstration of some of the problems of Euclid, because they compel the mind to attention, to thoughtfulness, and habits of legitimate deductions, the want of which is one of the most radical defects of modern education, and one of the most constant causes of making life a failure.

As to the physical tendency of spending hours together bending over the table, with that insufficient and imperfect breathing which attends an interested mind, any one's common sense will give the answer, that such pastimes are full of mischief, are worse than useless. To all we say, and to invalids and sedentary people especially, when not engaged in the actual and serious business of life, be out and about; sing, whistle, laugh, romp, run, jump, swim, row, ride, do anything, rather than sit still within any four walls, or lounge on a sofa, or doze in a chair, or sleep over a dull book. Moderate and continuous exercise in the open air is ESSENTIAL as a means of health, both to the well and to the sick.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A safe has been invented which locks on the inside, and leaves no keyhole or other opening. A clock work within opens it at an hour regulated by being set before the door is shut.

Speech of Hon. John C. Kunkel.

[We copy from the Washington *Globe* the remarks recently made in the House of Representatives by Hon. John C. Kunkel, under the five minute rule, in the debate on the bill granting pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812. It will be seen that Mr. Kunkel takes strong ground in favor of the measure, and advocates it with characteristic zeal and ability:].. *Tel.*

Mr. KUNKEL, of Pennsylvania. I move to increase the amount one dollar. I move the amendment merely to give me opportunity to express my views in the five minutes allowed me upon upon this bill. I am not content that the debate in favor of the bill shall be sustained entirely by Kentucky and Tennessee. Pennsylvania always has an arm for the battle, and a voice for the soldier. The gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Avery) characterized that State as the Volunteer State. Sir, I dispute that title with him. I claim that honor for Pennsylvania. She is emphatically the volunteer-soldier State of this Union. More than once has she tendered more gallant soldiers to the Government than would meet its requirements, and never has she turned her back upon the country's chieftains, or been unmindful of their services. The military ardor of her people has enstamped upon her several peculiarities. There are some three things which no public man in Pennsylvania can do and live; he can not vote against supplies to the Army when actually engaged in war with a foreign Power; he can not vote against any fair and honorable acquisition of territory by the Government; and, above all, he can not vote against that expression of the nation's gratitude to its war-worn soldiers which is manifested by grants of pensions. On these subjects, my State has fixed sentiments and opinions, and I am most happy that my own agree entirely with her.

I have no doubt of the justice of the principle of this bill, and none of the expediency of its passage even in the present condition of the Treasury.

With all respect to the gentleman from Alabama, (Mr. Curry,) and the gentleman from Maryland, (Mr. Davis,) who have distinguished themselves in opposition to the bill, I have yet to hear the first valid argument against it. The argument of the gentleman from Maryland, (Mr. Davis,) has been—and the same argument has been urged by others—that, inasmuch as it is the duty of the citizen to defend his country when called upon, the principle of compensation upon which all pension laws proceed, is wrong; that the soldier is only discharging the duty of a citizen, and is, therefore, not entitled to be paid. The duty is acknowledged and granted. It is a duty; but it is the duty of all the citizens alike. All, however, are not needed, and all can not share in the duty, if they would. The military duties of the people of the country must necessarily be discharged by a few of them. That few must encounter the hardships, privations, and dangers of the camp, while the great body of the people pursue their peaceful avocations at home. The victorious peace which is won by the sacrifices and lives of the few, inures to the common benefit. Thus, those who remain at home in time of war, become debtors to the soldiers; the generation which prospers in peace, to the generation that conquered the peace. Civil and military services are upon the same footing, and if the soldier is to be content with the consciousness of discharging a duty to his country, why should not the civilian? I can, indeed, imagine a Republic in which all functionaries discharge their trusts from considerations of sheer patriotism and duty; the President, his Secretaries and subordinates, the Legislature, Senate, and House, all discharging their several functions without compensation, and only under the inspiration of patriotic duty. In such a Government, you might say to the soldier he did only his duty. But such a Government is only imagination; certainly it is not ours.

But the argument used with most force against the bill, is based upon the exigencies of the Treasury. It is said that this will involve an annual expenditure of ten or twelve million dollars. That is the estimate of the Commissioners of Pensions. My friend from Iowa, next me, (Mr. Curtis,) who, from his labor and research, seems well qualified to judge, assures us the amount will not exceed $3,000,000. Doubtless the passage of this bill will require a large annual appropriation. Be it so. If economy is to be exercised in this Government, let it begin somewhere else. Why, sir, how shall we answer to these scarred and war-worn veterans? Shall we say to them, "We believe your claim a just and honest one, and we would cheerfully vote you something out of the national Treasury, but the Treasury is bankrupt, and we are not able to do it?" Sir, would they not point out our immense grants of land in the western Territories to Railroad corporations; the millions annually expended upon Fortifications; the millions wasted upon these Edifices, &c.; and put us to shame? Sir, our citizen soldiery stand in lieu of a standing army. Have gentlemen ever calculated the expense of standing armies in time of peace? Why, the meanest Power of Europe expends more in the maintainance of its armies, than the whole amount disbursed by this Government for pensions from its foundation. Suppose this bill should involve ten or twelve million dollars? The people of the United States are willing to show their gratitude to the gallant defenders of their honor and homes, even at that cost. The last thing the American people would submit to, would be to maintain the extravagance of this Government by direct taxation. But, if pensions for these brave men could be raised in no other way, I verily believe they would consent to raise the money directly from their own pockets.

[Here the hammer fell.]

KATY PEASE, OF UTICA.

There is but 1 on earth I love,
And that is K-T-P's;
Without her, where'er I rove
My heart is ill at E's.

She dwells beyond the deep blue C,
In lovely U-T-K,
'York State—3,000 miles or more
From Cal—i—for—ni—A.

Venus might N-V her her charms,
When decked in full R-A;
And then to paint her I's & O's,
'Twere idle to S-A!

Her cheeks R'O-Z as the morn,
Her teeth are white as pearl;
To fill one's love with X-T-C,
Oh, she is just the girl!

The I-V green climbs at her door,
The sweet-P blossoms there;
Of all the flowers that ever blow,
My K-T is most fair.

I do not lavish M-T praise,
Through wild X-S of love;
But, oh! I worship her next to
The D-E-T above.

She is the little B-Z-B,
That sweetens life and home—
What sweets were mine could but I lay
My I-F upon her comb!

Though former joys R dead to me,
That once I held so D-R,
I will not mourn their sad D-K,
Nor shed a single T-R.

And though N-F-I-G I am,
As everybody C's,
I ask but one to P-T me,
And that is K-T-P's.

Her smile or sympathy would soon
My N-R G restore,
And make me something like the man
I used to B B-4.

Not given 2 Q-P-D-I-T,
Yet I've enough of pelf;
But still F-M-I-N-S I'm grown,
And careless of myself.

My coat and vest R C-D now,
My pants let in the breeze;
Life's turbid stream runs I-C cold,
Unwarmed by K-T-P's.

Apostrophe.

X-Q's me, K-T—as I live,
I hope you soon 2 C;
And then, if "mother" don't object,
Y—married we will B!

And then prepare, my charming 1,
2 vamose U-T-K;
For we will go 2 O-I-O,
Or else 2 I-O-A.

K. T. J.

SCENTED OILS.—Some of these are sold by perfumers at a very high profit. They can all be prepared at a very small expense. Take a quart of common olive oil, and heat it in a stoneware vessel, up to 212 degrees, then add half an ounce of sal-soda, and stir all for fifteen minutes. Allow the oil to cool, and a sediment will fall to the bottom; pour off the clear oil, and scent it with any of the essential oils, such as rosemary, bergamot, and lavender. One fourth of an ounce of essential oil will scent a quart of the prepared oil, which is very excellent for the hair, and equal to Rowland's celebrated Massacar oil, sold at such extravagant prices.

MRS. DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CANVASS.—A correspondent of the Vincennes Sun, speaking of Mrs. Douglas, relates that, at the Chicago celebration, a few days ago, Mrs. D. was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs—he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him—and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets, and, besides he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, dilapidated, but safe.

HONORS TO A COLORED MAN.—Faubert, a young man of color, from Hayti, obtained the highest prize—the prize of honor—at the concourse of all the colleges in France, held at Paris. On the reception of this news, the Emperor immediately sent him one hundred and fifty handsomely bound volumes, a company of National Guards was despatched to wait upon him with a band of music, and he was invited to dine, and did dine, with the Minister of Public Instruction, occupying a place between his lady and Prince Napoleon. Besides this young man, two other young Haytiens also took prizes.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE was recently turned out of his hotel, in Florence, because the ex-King of Prussia wanted the accommodation for himself and suite, filling twenty carriages. The ex-President, it is said, yielded gracefully, but one of his democratic friends sent the poor old King and landlord together to a very bad place, in free republican style, and ordered his carriage and bill on the instant, shaking the dust off his feet as he left the unworthy hotel.

An Appalling Contrast.

[Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabethtown, writes thus of his first visit to the Fulton Street prayer meeting:]

"As I glanced upon the high brick stores in Ann Street, the memories of other days rushed upon me. Where those brick stores now rise, upwards of thirty years ago there stood some wooden buildings of very lowly pretensions. In an upper room of one of them there dwelt an old colored woman, then widely known as Aunt Betsey, or Sarah—which, I now forget. She was very old, and very feeble, and remarkably pious. And some young men, mostly from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, held a prayer meeting in her room on each Sabbath afternoon, as she was too infirm to attend on any of the public means of grace. ...While absorbed for a moment in these recollections, I was awakened from my revery by a familiar voice in fervent exhortation. It was that of one who is now one of the princely merchants of New York, but, in his youth, he was one of the young men who met for prayer in the room of Aunt Betsey, and his wife was one of the little girls, who as the ravens did to Elijah, carried to her daily food!...One of them rose to eminence as an accomplished writer and editor, and for years has served his country, and the cause of Protestantism, with distinction as a Minister at a foreign court...Another of them is an Ex-Mayor of the City of New York, whose hand has never been withheld from any work of religion or philanthropy...Another is the honored partner of one of the largest publishing houses of the city of his residence...Another of them has risen to eminence as a merchant, and is a pillar in one of the most important congregations in the British Isles...Another is also a well known merchant of New York who has a heart for every good work...Another is a useful minister in the Western States, whose labors have been eminently blessed in turning many to righteousness...I was myself among the youngest of the company, and when I was first invited to join the circle in the room of Aunt Betsey, was not a communicant of the Church."

These statements were made in the prayer meeting, and after Dr. Murray had sat down, a man rose in another part of the room, his tremulous accents showing the feelings that were within him. "I have," said he, "recently visited the prison at Sing Sing. As I went from cell to cell, I met with an old man, who told me a very different story from that just narrated. He said that, when young, he was one of a company who formed an infidel club, and who met once a week for talking infidelity, gambling, and drinking, not very far from the upper room of Aunt Betsey. And I was shocked as he told me of the end to which his companions came. 'One,' said he, 'died by his own hand; another by the hand of violence; some in the State Prison; some of *delirium tremens*; and, as far as I know, I am the only one of them surviving; and here am I, in the garb, and daily at the work, of a felon."
—*New York Examiner.*

Something for those who wish to be Beautiful.

[A truth that we have often appreciated, is beautifully expressed in the following:]

As we were about to start, I saw the captain move to an elevated position above the wheel; and it was interesting to see how quickly and completely the inward thought or purpose alters the outward man. He gave a quick glance to every part of the ship. He cast his eye over the multitude coming on board the ship, among whom was the American Ambassador to England, who, if the captain may be said to embody the ship, may be said with equal truth to embody in his official person a nation's right and honor. He saw the husbands and wives, the mothers and children, intrusted to his care, and his slender form, as he gave the orders for our departure, seemed at once to grow more erect and firm; the muscles of his face swelled; his dark eye glowed with a new fire; and his whole person expanded and beautified itself by the power of *inward emotion*. I have often noticed this interesting phenomenon, and have come to the conclusion if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.
—*Prof. Upham.*

FROSTED FEET.—To cure the intolerable itching that follows frost-bitten toes, it is necessary to totally exclude the air from the affected part. If it is not accompanied with swelling, gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, applied so as to form a complete coat, is the easiest remedy I know of. It dries soon, and does not adhere to the stocking, and generally lasts until they are well. If the flesh become swollen and painful, plasters of good sticking salve are of great service, but if highly inflamed any mild poultice that will exclude the oxygen of the air from the diseased part, and keep it moist, allowing the recuperative powers of nature to do the rest. Burns and scalds may be treated successfully in the same manner.