LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

An Independent Family News Journal.

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WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JAN. 10, 1859.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

LADIES' PARTIES.

O! shame on you, ladies, who meet, now and then,
And enjoy many nice things, without any men!
Let your hearts speak their language [illegible]
[illegible]
And you [illegible]

When you have your next party, just [illegible] this is read,
And see if the Ladies are not all agreed
To give up the [illegible] on the spot,
[illegible]

But if you continue this [illegible] plan
Of building a wall between woman and man,
That wall we will [illegible] will be shown
That we've no idea of being alone.

And then, if "for man" [illegible] woman was made,"
And if man, as [illegible]
We'll publish our [illegible]
Of having these parties without any man.

AMICUS.

The Governor's Message.

We gave, last week, in an Extra of the CHRONICLE, the Annual Message of Gov. PACKER, in full, but had not time to comment upon it.

The first beauty of the Message, is, its BREVITY. It is the shortest Yearly Epistle from Governor or President we recollect in our day, and will thereby win more readers.

The condition of the State Finances, under the Sinking Fund system inaugurated by Governors JOHNSTON and POLLOCK, is most satisfactory. Let it be faithfully carried out (as we trust it will be) by the State Administrations and thorough State Treasurers, and there are many of us who will live to see the day "when Pennsylvania is" AGAIN "out of debt."

The vindication of that long-contested measure of the Opposition—the Sale of the Public Works—is complete.

The attempted defence of the Sunbury & Erie Company against the charge of selling the Public Works at less than their value, is not satisfactory. It is admitted that one Division had a larger price offered for it, than it was sold for; it is alleged that the higher bid came *too late*. Yet the real charge remains: Was there any *fair public notice* given of the sale, not only of that, but of the other Divisions, so that the best and highest bidders *could* have a chance to make proposals "in time?" or, were the Divisions bargained privately, secretly, to pets of the company? This is the wrong charged, and which should be fully met.

We join in every honest measure to aid that great Road; but not a dollar should it realize by a swindle. "Fraud vitiates all contracts."

The interest evinced in Popular Education, is most praise-worthy. Gov. Packer is a staunch friend of the Common School System.

The proposed Bureau of Statistics we deem premature, as the people desire no more officers to support, until their burdens become lighter. The attempt, a few years since, to procure so simple a registry as that of deaths, marriages, and births, proved unsuccessful, and was abandoned.

The generally expressed desire for economy in appropriations, we hope will be taken literally, and administered practically, by the Legislature. And first of all, let them repeal that last, miserable Militia Law, which nobody understands, and which benefits none but militia officers who spirit away the money raised in a perfectly "self-sustaining" way.

In his present views of the Tariff—the only point in which he agrees with Mr. Buchanan—the Governor shows good sense and sound statesmanship. These appeals present a singular spectacle—a Democratic President and a Democratic Governor both joining in urging that "exploded" Whig measure—a Protective Tariff; and not less remarkable is the fact that this very President and Governor were both instrumental in destroying—under a false pretence of friendship—that same Whig Tariff of '42!

The idea that our banking system is the great cause of our ruinous "times", is one of those "isms" which we hoped Gov. Packer had outgrown. It is to the improvidence and extravagance nourished by the Free Trade or Revenue Tariff system, that we are mainly indebted for this blessing of "Democratic" parentage.

On the Kansas issue, Gov. Packer again takes firm ground against the National Administration—against the Lecompton and the English bills—and against Buchanan's last plea that the Constitution protects Slavery in Territori[illegible]

But when Gov. Packer sounds the alarm that any considerable portion of our people wish to "ENFORCE" the "THEORY" that our nation will one day become all slave or all free, he is unfair, and needlessly distressed as far as regards friends of Freedom. There are, it is true, tens of thousands of men, North and South, who believe that, in the course of events, Slavery will be abolished in the United States, as it has been in most of the civilized world, and ours become in truth "the land of the free." Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and other States, HAVE abolished Slavery, and yet others WILL. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and all those most influential in forming our institutions, plainly contemplated the day when our land should be freed from the curse and the wrong of involuntary servitude; and the reason, expressly given by Madison himself, why the word "slave" is proscribed from the Constitution, was, that posterity might not know, from that instrument, that Slavery was ever allowed by them. Our Constitution, in so many words, declares that it is DESIGNED to "SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY"—*not* the evils of Slavery. These are the facts, which can not be hid from the eyes of the people. There is a conflict—there WILL be a triumph. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon." The chains of servitude are becoming weaker. The convulsive throes of the Monster evince that it has received many a deadly wound. The race of "Little Giants," who seek to be a "little on both sides," and who prate about "something wrong in all parties," and who cry "Good Lord and Good Devil" alternately, just as they can win a bargain or escape a trouble, will in the end be scattered and dispersed as were the Cowboys of the Revolution. There is a Right side and a Wrong side of this Great Question.....Yes, Mr. Governor, Liberty or Slavery must triumph—probably by the force of moral efforts; and we hope that, before 1860, your early Quaker principles and manly common sense instincts will lead you to the side of Right and Humanity, and not leave you attempting to play Neutral or Mum in so vital an issue.

—On the whole, it is a good Message—right on the State Finances; Public Works; Common Schools; the Tariff; defence of State Rights against Centralization; and Lecomptonism. Its errors, we hope, are more of the head than of the heart.

The Legislature.

That was a grand victory which the people achieved at the late election in Pennsylvania. They became disgusted with the miserable administration of the Buchanan party, and they thundered their disgust at the polls. Consequently, the Opposition are now in the majority in the State, and upon their actions will depend in a great measure, whether that victory shall be one of beneficence or whether it shall turn to ashes as they grasp it. To make it fruitful of good, we must be determined and watchful. There are many difficulties to overcome—the most formidable of which is *selfishness*. We have clustering around our victorious standard, as all victorious parties have, a set of unprincipled men, who connect themselves with any party that they think they can make something out of. If such now get the direction of the party they seal its doom. The people are in no mood, at present, to support a party when they see it in the hands of selfish and corrupt leaders.

Let the Opposition learn a lesson from the rise of 1854, and the fall of 1855. To the Legislature of 1855, is to be attributed our subsequent defeats, and the final election of Buchanan. It depends on the Opposition themselves whether that drama shall be repeated.

Let the members act as men and patriots, and not as the tools of trading aspirants and corrupt spoilsmen, and their conduct will command the respect and endorsement of the people. With upright action on their part, it will not be necessary for them to concern themselves about the party—the party will stand upon its own merits. Let us have little or no special legislation. [No factious opposition to the Governor.] Let us have no extravagance. Let us have no useless waste of time in "gab." Let us have a short session. Give us these, and the Members can go home with the consciousness that they have been good and faithful servants; and those of them who belong to the Opposition, can feel secure in the permanency of the ascendency of their party.—*Lebanon Courier.*

HOMELY UNCLE.—A little girl about six years old, was talking with her uncle.

"Millie," said he, "did you ever hear of Kurry, the calf weaner?"

Niece—No sir.

Uncle—There was a man, named Kurry, so ugly, he followed calf weaning for a living. When the calf was with the cow, he would look under on the other side, and as soon as the calf saw him it would let go, run off, and never suck again.

Niece—Uncle, I think *you* would wean 'em quick.

Good for Columbia County.

The recent Institute at Bloomsburg, was attended by (109) ONE HUNDRED AND NINE of the Teachers of that county! This is most creditable to the energy and harmony of those engaged in that honorable calling. About the same time, the School Directors met, and, having witnessed the benefits of the County Superintendency, raised the salary of Wm. Burgess, who fills that office so reputably, from a nominal salary to Six Hundred Dollars a year—only one Director dissenting. These are facts of cheering promise to the great cause of Education in that county.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Snyder Ahead of Union County.

On the 27th of Dec., the SNYDER County Teacher's Institute met in Selinsgrove to hold a five days session. *Sixty eight* of the *ninety-six* teachers employed in Snyder county, were in attendance. Prof. Stoddard was employed to conduct the Institute. The teachers appeared to be highly pleased with the instructive and able manner in which he discharged that duty. He added many warm friends to his list. And the teachers returned to their respective fields of labor, with new zeal in their work, having gained many valuable hints in the art of teaching.

The citizens of Selinsgrove again proved their hospitably, as well as their devotion to the cause of education, by opening their doors and giving free entertainment to the teachers. The session closed on Friday morning. So much for the Snyder county teachers—some of whom receive but seventeen dollars a month for their labor, yet they were not among those who think or say "It costs too much to attend Institutes"—"Don't think they shall teach longer than this winter"—"Directors won't give us the time," &c. &c., but they attended the Institutes for their own and their school's improvement.

The UNION County Teacher's Institute met in Hartleton, on the same day that the Snyder County Institute met. Out of the *seventy three* teachers employed in the county only *thirty-three* recorded their names as active members of the Institute. Some of them were prevented from attending on account of family sickness but why so *many* absented themselves remains yet to be told. There were also several School Directors enrolled as Members. Prof. F. Hendricks, whose service had been engaged, was also obliged to disappoint the expectations of the teachers on account of sickness at home. And, hence, the Teachers and County Superintendent were obliged to put their own "shoulders to the wheel" and do the work. Teachers were appointed for the different branches usually taught in our schools. Classes were formed, in which those teachers might give their method of teaching by a practical illustration. The members of those classes were at liberty to ask any questions that might be calculated to draw out an expression of opinion, that would prove beneficial to themselves as well as to the other members of the Institute. All discussion that had no direct bearing on the art of teaching or would otherwise add to their usefulness, that would only have the tendency of creating feelings of antagonism among the teachers, was avoided, for this too often destroys that sociability and harmony which should exist between teachers. Much of the good that teachers might accomplish, is destroyed by other opposing elements, and much less will be accomplished toward the improvement of our schools, where teachers do not properly co-operate with each other in this work.

The citizens of Hartleton manifested much and increasing interest in the different exercises of the Institute. The day sessions were well attended by them, and in the evening the church was crowded. The members of the choir kindly favored the Institute with their very excellent music, at the evening sessions. The female teachers found hospitable homes in private families. The male teachers were well accommodated at the hotels of the place, at sixty cents a day. Before the Institute had closed, many of them had received invitations from some of the citizens to accept their hospitality, yet we saw but few of the seats at the hotel table vacated, and Messrs. Editors, had you witnessed the *dinner sessions*, you would have been compelled to say "school masters are *not* all lazy." ONE OF THEM.

P. S. The next Institute is to be held in Mifflinburg. Lewisburg would have been entitled to the place of holding it, but as the Lewisburg teachers have not generally attended the sessions of the County Institute we concluded that the teachers of Lewisburg did not wish to have it.

[We know not how it is, generally, but, this year, many of the teachers in this region attended the Institute at Milton, which was much more convenient for most of them.—EDS. CHRON.

Democratic representative population—35,000 for a Slave State—93,000 for a Free State. This is the new Democratic dogma: they offered to admit Kansas as a Slave State with her present population of 35,000, but oppose her admission as a Free State until she has 93,000 inhabitants.

Debate Under Difficulties.

[The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, lectured in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Wednesday evening. His subject was "Twenty Years in Congress." In the course of his lecture, according to the *Atlas*, he related the following incident, which will be read with interest at this time:

"In Congress, they sometimes had to make speeches under great difficulties, of which Mr. Giddings gave an amusing illustration. In 1845, there was an unfortunate man in the House from Georgia, by the name of Black, who regarded himself as the especial champion of the State, and of the 'peculiar institution.' When an Indian bill was under consideration, he [Mr. G.] took occasion to refer to the old matter of the Creek Indians and the slaves that had been stolen by the Georgians. Black took fire, in which he charged him with stealing negroes, and franking a dress to his wife. The Southern men gathered around him, and spurred him on. When he had concluded, he [Mr. G.] replied in mild terms as would be imagined, but Black did not so regard it, and, coming around to within four feet of him, with his heavy sword cane in his hand, said, 'Repeat that, and I will knock you down.' 'Well,' said Mr. Giddings, 'I never had been knocked down, it would be a curiosity, and so, of course, I repeated it.' [Loud and prolonged applause.] Some Members tried to get him away, but I told them to let him alone, he was a poor harmless man. Dawson, of Louisiana, a professed duelist, came along, and, placing his hand on his pistol, and cocking it, said, 'D——n him, I'll shoot him!' Mr. Giddings did not think he was in danger, but others did, and a slaveholder from Maryland, armed with bowie knife and pistol, came over, and stood by *his* side with his arms folded. John Slidell, and other Southern men, came over and stood by Black. Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, (who has been called a 'Know Nothing' since, but who knew something that day,) who was fully armed, came and took up a position on *his* left; Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, rose quietly and put himself on his right, and Solomon Foot, of Vermont, feeling his cold northern blood stirred somewhat, left his seat and took up his position at the entrance of the aisle, and then and there *they maintained the freedom of debate*." [Loud applause.]

[A North Carolinian and a Marylander, joining with two Northern men in defending, *by force*, the right of debate in the popular branch of Congress, is a rare picture!! Adams and Giddings by their fearlessness, prevented the entire destruction of that sacred right, which Sumner, Grow, and others in our day, have also vindicated against slaveholding insolence.]

The Riches of the Poor.

"Is he dead?" that fearful qestion drew us near the little group who stood at the corner of the street.

"Fell from the scaffolding," we heard at our elbow. We glanced up at the half-built house, and then with a shudder looked from the scaffold to the ground expecting to see a laborer who had fallen from his post. Alas! there was before us no man, cold and dead, but a little child, poorly clad, of obscure birth. He had seen some four summers, and, with childish daring had climbed the scaffold to see "papa" build the house. His little face was set, and the fearful pallor of death was spread over the small features. By his side, as he lay on the cold stones, knelt a rough man, down whose sunburned cheeks the tears poured as he moaned,

"Oh, Lorny! Lorny! Who'll tell your mammy, mavourneen?"

No need to tell her—such sore news travel fast. Even while we stood there, she came through the crowd, her arms covered with soapsuds, her cheeks pallid, her tearless eyes wild with that awful news. Her first cry was, "Oh Jimmy! how can you let him lie on the cold ground?" and she caught the poor little body to her mother's heart. Then the tears came—and seated on the stones, she rocked to and fro with her sad burden clasped close to her breast, moaning and wailing for her only child.

Kind friends gathered around. Rough faces softened, and hard voices sounded sweet with words of sympathy. One comforter whispered—

"He's better off now, honey. You are very poor, you know."

The mother looked up, and oh! the pathos in her voice as she said—

"Yes—*he was all the riches we had!*"

FATTENING SHEEP IN WINTER.—Put them in a dry, warm place, and let them have plenty of fresh air; give them one quart of oats, each morning and evening, with hay and pure water. I fed one in this way last winter, for three months, and it was admitted by competent judges to be as fat a sheep as they ever saw. I sold it to a butcher for $11.

CATTLE—I have fattened quite a number of cattle by giving them three pecks of potatoes per day, with hay, and no water. This will make good, juicy beef. When potatoes are plenty, this is a cheap way to fatten cattle. Feed small potatoes whole. SILAS BUSH.

Shaneateles, Onondaga county, N.Y.

How Farmers Lose Money.

[Mr. J. H. BIXBY, of Royalton, Niagara county, N. Y., writes as follows to the *Genesee Farmer*:]

Looking only on the favorable side of any business, fits us poorly to engage in it understandingly. The brightest prospect is liable to become clouded—the most hopeful scheme may end in disappointment.

If we look at the crops which "don't pay" among us, ten chances to one that the "root of the matter" lies in *Water Stagnant in the Soil*—which, in many ways, is prejudicial to the growth of crops. In fact, a soil which has no escape or outlet for the water which falls upon it, save by evaporation, can not be made to produce a paying crop. In a dry season, it is baked and hard; in a wet one, is is flooded by every slight rain, and is never in a condition very favorable to the growth of cultivated crops. When the crop is sown, it is at the mercy of the weather; a drouth is, if possible, more destructive than a flood; and, between the two, farmers lose money enough every three years, by stagnant water, to apply the thorough remedy of draining.

Farmers lose money by short sighted and *Mistaken Ideas of Economy*, for true economy does not consist in mere stinting and saving—it requires far-reaching views and a generous spirit, to decide practical questions upon that just basis which secures the greatest measure of success. We must look further than the first cost. In farm stock, for instance, when once secured, it costs little more to raise, to any given age, a good animal than a bad one, while one may be far more remunerative than the other. The good cost more at first, but are sure to prove valuable and find ready purchasers, while the cheap are almost certain to be poor and dull of sale. This is true not only of animals, but of all farm crops—the best varieties of grain and fruits are sought and raised by truly economical cultivators of the soil.

Mismanagement of Manure.—The contents of the barn-yards are generally dignified with the name of manure, even if they consist of little more than rotten straw and animal excrement, the real strength of which has leached away during its long exposure to the weather. "A dry yard" is the desideratum, with many: so all its juices are drained away into some stream, or down the roadside ditch; (into some provident neighbor's field it is to be hoped)—what is left is still "manure," and it is carted out for crops with expectation that they will be largely benefitted thereby. One thought will show how idle is this idea. By what does manure act beneficially upon vegetable growth? By its soluble constituents—they absorb only liquids and gases as food. This leached manure has lost the greatest share of soluble fertilizing matter, the residue is little more than a mechanical means of improving the soil.

Plowing too many Acres.—Very few farmers but can look back to the time when they "missed it" materially, in plowing for and putting in a crop imperfectly, unseasonably, or more of one than they could properly cultivate or care for. The product did not begin to pay the expenses incurred, and the plow might far better have remained at rest. We must plow only half as much, and do it twice as well—then we shall find our barns better filled, our farms better stocked, and our fields increasing in fertility.

Shelter for Stock.—Not only do horses need stables and care, but cows, sheep, and calves will do much better, give more milk, wool, and growth, on the same or less amount amount of food, than when no provision is made for their protection. The cost of shelter is far less than the cost of doing without, to say nothing of the convenience and compassion of cover; so don't let us fear a liberal expenditure for good barns, sheds, and stables, with sheltered yards, and convenient watering places, though we may have long followed the *make-do* system of getting along without them.

U. S. Senators from Pennsylvania.

Names.	*In.*	*Out.*
William Maclay,	1789	1791
Robert Morris,	1789	1795
Albert Gallatin,	1793	1794
John Ross,	1794	1803
William Bingham,	1795	1801
Samuel Maclay,	1803	1808
Peter Muhlenburg,	1801	1801
George Logan,	1801	1807
Michael Leib,	1808	1814
Andrew Gregg,	1807	1813
Abner Lacock,	1813	1819
Jonathan Roberts,	1814	1821
Walter Lowrie,	1819	1825
William Findley,	1821	1827
William Marks,	1825	1831
Isaac D. Barnard,	1827	1831
George M. Dallas,	1831	1833
William Wilkins,	1831	1834
James Buchanan,	1834	1845
Samuel M'Kean,	1834	1839
Daniel Sturgeon,	1839	1851
Simon Cameron,	1845	1849
James Cooper,	1849	1855
Richard Brodhead, Jr.,	1851	1857
William Bigler,	1851	1861
Simon Cameron,	1857	1863

Five hundred applicants are besieging the President for the ten West Point Cadetships "at large," which he has the discretion to appoint.

Flat-Footed Courtship.

One long summer afternoon, there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled, and odd. He hated women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it, hot and heavy, whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress, whenever he was expected. One day, the contest waged unusually strong, Aunt Patty left him in disgust, and went out into the garden. "The bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a blossom which attracted her attention.

"What did you run away for?" said a gruff voice close to her side.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No—you are worse than a burdock bur."

"You won't get rid of me, neither."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What, us two fools get married? What will people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no: I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well, good-bye. I shan't come again."

"Stop a bit—what a pucker to be in!"

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult"—

"All right; I thought you was of age. Good-bye."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, come back, I say." Why I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider"—

"I don't want no considering. I'm gone, Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance. All right. Good-bye."

Jabez—Jabez! That stuck up Becky Hastings shan't have him if I die for it. Jabez—yes. Do you hear! Y-e-s!"

Central Africa.

[THOS. JEFF. BOWEN, was a Lieutenant in the Texan Army, but, being afterwards converted, was sent as a missionary into the far interior of Africa, by the Southern Baptist Board. He has published a book showing a very high state of civilization, and a comparatively happy state of society, in regions where the contaminating influence of the Slave Trade has never reached. He has also delivered lectures in New York, upon the condition of things in that part of the world, which, at this time, is exciting more than ordinary attention. From a report, in the New York papers, we extract the following:]

"The peculiar characteristics of the African nature, its kindness, child-like simplicity in the reception of religious truth, docility, and teachableness, furnish ground for high hope and encouragement. The retentive quality in this nature was most surprising. The literature planted by the Saracens, seven hundred years ago, and the arts and sciences which they possessed at a remote age, have not at any time been forgotten, but have been retained to the present time as perfect as when first received. They have reached such a state of civilization that it would be impossible for them to retrograde; they must, by necessity, progress. The Niger is the Mississippi of Africa. From its delta to its source, more than three thousand miles in length; in no place is it less than half a mile in width, and, throughout its entire length, it would be navigable to our Mississippi steamers. Its principal tributaries, are navigable, for more than fifteen hundred miles. The immense district, drained by the Niger and its branches, was rich in undeveloped resources. The palm tree grows in luxuriant profusion, and, from its nut, oil for the supply of the world's trade could be manufactured. Cotton, of a long and firm staple, could be easily produced; and an immense trade in indigo, African silk, ivory, and skins, could be established with facility. The great reason why the English have not succeeded better in their attempts to establish trade, was because they confined their operations simply to ports along the banks of the Niger, and left the great interior country unexplored. Trading posts should be established in the interior, in order to break up the vast traffick which finds its way across the deserts. Around these stations, large towns would spring up which would soon become the nucleuses of civilization. The present African trade was estimated at thirty millions of dollars. If not for the sake of Christian truth, and through motives of philanthropy, certainly by a regard for our self interests, we should feel impelled, as individuals and as a nation, to encourage every proper scheme to civilize Africa, and thus appropriate to ourselves the vast wealth of its trade and commerce.

The labors of the Missionaries, have resulted in incalculable good results, thus early. The power of Idolatry and Mohamedanism are fast waning before the strength of Christian truth and the light of civilization. In the district of Sierre Leone, the town of Freeport already possesses a population of twenty thousand, twenty-three churches, large buildings of stone, furnished with elegance and considerable taste, and public libraries filled with standard literature.

"Playing Marmaid."

[The following is from a truthful negro, an eye witness of the scene:]

"Had you neber hear how Mass Elick tried to play marmaid? I tell you what, you bin dar you die laughing. His bref gin out, an he had to lef de element he warnt born into.

"I tell you how it was. De old man tell Mass Elick, next time he go in washing wid dem nigger boys, Sunday, he gwine to whip him. Mass Elick he take caution from dis, and keep away from dat creek long time.

"But one Sunday morning in August, he forgit heself, and take de nigger boys down, and dey all go in washing. I cum dar, and tell Mass Elick he better mind, de old man find him out, and den he ketch it. He say dar was no danger, de old man done gone to meeting. I look up and seed de old man cum riding right down to de creek, which was de nighest way to de church, on horseback. Mass Elick seed it was no use to run, so he went down on de side de old man was coming, which war kivered wid thick bush, and jis as de old man ride in, he dive, calculating to stay under dar till de old man pass. Dis was cunning 'nuff. De old man war on de high-blooded mar, which stop to drink, and Jerry he no half water 'im; she was dry for true, and did drunk and drunk, and seem like she neber git 'nuff.

"Mass Elick rose out'n de water, 'bout two feet from dat mar's nose, jist like a marmaid; quicker as any lightning you eber seed, *dat mar swap ends*, and spilt de old man clean out'n sight into de element. I tell you what, dar was no marmaid in him; he tuck de udder side of dat question, and instid of seeing how long he stay *under* dat water, he seed how soon he yile *out'n* dar. And when he did shook himself and sloshed de water out'n he hat, he say to Mass Elick, "Whar did you come from?" Mass Elick he was silent.

"But when de old man tuck de path for home de way de mar had scooted, de way Mass Elick buse Jerry for no watering dat mar, was caution to all niggers. But he say, he reckon de old man wouldn't whip him hard, as he tuck a splunge heself dis Sunday morning.

"You neber git dat mar to cross dat ford no more; she always consate she smell marmaid down dar."

Election Anecdote.

The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress: It appears that our hero was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of the old "revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured. Says he:

"Fellow Citizens! I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have walked the frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood!"

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns" who had been very much affected by this tale of woe, walked up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him, saying:

"Did you say you fought the British and the Ingins?"

"Yes," responded the revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did!"

"Did you say that you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well then," said the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be whipped if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and *I'll vote for the other man.*"

How They did it.

On Sunday night last, some scoundrel possessing long fingers, and who had not the fear of the devil before his eyes, broke open the poultry coop of Rev. Mr. Morse, and robbed it of eight fine turkeys.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

They do things different, here. Last Saturday night, somewhere between ten and twelve, just as we were preparing to retire, we heard the gate in front of our domicil open, and on looking out to see who the intruder was at that hour of the night, we discovered a tall, good looking young man cautiously threading his way towards our poultry coop. Under his arm he carried a bundle, which in the dim light of the moon, looked marvelously like a turkey. On reaching the coop, he cautiously opened the door, thrust in his burthen, and as cautiously retreated. Thinking he had carried that joke far enough, we stepped to the door and told him we'd thank him, when he opened our coop, and, without the fear of Shanghai roosters before his eyes, maliciously imprisoned a gobbler, *to shut the door tight so it would not escape before morning.* He allowed he had, and then sloped. And that's the way they steal turkies in this neck of the woods. We think it is an improvement on the Carlisle system.—[illegible]

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