

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
An Independent Family News Journal.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle,

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1859.

"GUY MANNING."—We have received this, the 24th No. of the Waterbury News, all of which will be published in the 25th No. by Peterson & Bro., Philad. The whole set will be forwarded to any part of the Union, postpaid, on receipt of \$3 cash. Sent to 306 Chestnut St., Philad.

THE TWO WAYS.—How different are the comments passed by a miscellaneous assembly upon the first sermon of a new pastor! With some, the thoughtful, prayerful inquiry is, "Is he a man of God?" With others, the next question is, "What do you think of the fellow?" The two modes of expression are some indication of the power and intelligence of the religious profession.

LAND SALES.—Our venerable predecessor in the *Chronicle* office (Mr. Wm. B. Shriner) has sold his farm of 41 acres, a mile from town, at \$160 per acre—\$7,040 in all—to his brother, Jos. W. Shriner. Major Bill has purchased the farm of Charles H. Shriner, near Boyley's Mill. (See how rich printers get in Union county—when they quit printing!)

A RETURN.—Who does not wish for a change in the slow and annoying custom of presenting a contribution box, bag, or basket, from pew to pew to every person in a congregation? Yet it is a very common custom—useful—and right. And its difficulties might be obviated, and once saved, very easily. Let the persons in a *kipper* pass along their change to the one sitting nearest the aisle, so that he could drop it into the basket all at once, with much less danger of missing any, or of dropping pieces on the floor, or of hitting bonnets or heads. The aggregate receipts would be as much or more, no matter to the receiver who they came from. Let the plan be tried and it will be found very simple and convenient.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

From Paraguay.

U. S. Steamer Fulton, Flag Ship of the Brazil Squadron, Montevideo, Uruguay, Dec. 20, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Knowing that many of you are watching the movements of our expedition with considerable interest, I will again endeavor to give you the latest news.

We expect to weigh anchor this afternoon for Paraguay. Commodore Shubrick took command of the *Fulton* on the 28th inst., and now his broad pennant proudly floats from our "fore." The Commodore is a hale, hearty looking old gentleman, although he stands at the head of all Naval Officers, in rank and seniority. He has been in the service for over a half century. From his experience and reputation, we have good reason to expect a great deal from him. He brings with him his suit of Officers, and Commissioner Bawlin, together with a fine brass band of musicians, a boat's crew, and a small guard of marines. Our vessel presents a rather more lively appearance than usual. We hope soon to be able to land Commissioner Bawlin at the head quarters of Lopez. Our two other steamers will accompany us part of the way, and each of us will take one of the brig's in tow. There are ten of our vessels here at present, and we are expecting some of the others daily.

England, France, Spain, and Brazil have each men-of-war in this harbor at present. A rather unfortunate accident occurred on board a French Brig a few days ago. In firing a salute in honor of a visit of our Commodore, with our "stars and stripes" flying at their masthead, one of their sailors lost one arm and both hands. About fifteen hundred dollars has already been subscribed in the fleet to make the poor fellow a present, as some slight compensation for his severe loss.

We were up to Buenos Ayres a few days ago, but had to return on the arrival of the *Frigate Sabine*.

We have had a right precious time in Montevideo. They fear a revolution here soon, but they are almost as common as a "bit of a row" in Ireland. This is a thriving and prosperous city, notwithstanding its troubles.

Wishing you and your patrons a happy New Year, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Responses to the Wright and Howe Nominations.

READING gave 1703 votes for the Opposition candidate for Mayor, and 759 for the Administration. Pretty good for the capital of "Alt Berks"—more than two to one!

Harris for Kutztown?—The political regeneration of Berks county has reached Kutztown, where Glancy Jones had 10 m. j. last fall. This Spring, the People's Ticket had 40 to 50 m. j. "Gott in Himmel"—was and wasser!

ALLENTOWN is divided into five Wards. The Republicans carried four of them. Their aggregate vote was 746, and the Democratic vote was 371. Lehigh is coming up—almost two to one in her County Seat!

YORK and HARRISBURG—Two strongholds of yore—elected Opposition officers, the former in an unprecedented large vote.

RICHTON.—The alleged reason of Buchanan's press in excess at Harrisburg, for denouncing Packer, is, his allowing one branch of the Public Works to go to a small price—that is, not giving sufficient public notice to get a larger price. Well, we don't defend him, there; but, where he allowed one dollar to be stolen, Buchanan has allowed fifty dollars to be stolen. Yet the greater defrauder of the public treasures is defended, and the lesser reprobated! This plea against Packer, is a sham; the real objection is that Packer would not fall down and worship the Leocompton god that Slavery set up. He is more honest and pure as a Governor, than Buchanan is as a President, any day, and if Packer is to be killed for one wrong, Buchanan should die for a hundred. Pennsylvania finances are improving, but look at the U. S. Treasury with Buchanan's thieves bleeding it at every pore!

New Hampshire, O.K.
FIRM AS THE ROCKS!—The majority for EDWARD GOODWIN, the new Governor of New Hampshire, is over Three Thousand Five Hundred, or less than the Presidential vote, and with a division in our ranks, in one Congressional District, which threatened the loss of a Member. Congress all Republican, and Council, Senate and House by large majorities.

Never (it is generally stated) did the Democrats of New Hampshire make such efforts—never spend so much time and money—to carry the State, as last month. It was the first election this year, and its importance—as a first sign—they well understood. They strained every nerve, and brought out their most popular men. They did not run as Buchanan men: that were hopeless; but they run as Douglas men—men in favor of "popular sovereignty"—"Democrats" only—not in favor of Slavery, by any manner of means. All in vain: they gained only a few hundred votes, and their defeat is signal, mortifying, and decisive.

Mr. Goodwin is an Old Line Whig, and his election in that former staunch Democratic State proves that the fire of Liberty has melted off old party prejudices from the giant of Republicanism.

"*Revolutions never go backwards.*" When New Hampshire threw off the British yoke, it was for ever. When, five or six years ago, she broke her Loceofoco bonds, the spoilsman said "It is only an outbreak of fanaticism—she'll soon return to the Democratic fold." But she is no more blinded into the support of the Slave-power under any cherished name. Once emancipated from the despotic claims of party thralldom, the "despots" of office can not entice her into Egyptian darkness. As soon think of this Union going back to mother Britain—as soon the Lutherans return to Popery—as free, Republican New Hampshire again surrender to the Slave Democracy.

The President and the South Against Agriculture.

The Agricultural College Bill which the South generally voted against, and which Mr. Buchanan vetoed, provided that there should be appropriated to each State, in the proportion of 20,000 acres to each Senator and Representative, the interest of which should be applied to the maintenance of agricultural colleges under the control of each State separately. This grant would have been equal to \$200,000 for Pennsylvania. But the South and Buchanan say no, and when the South are outvoted the President steps in to aid them with his veto!

Among the ultra Pro-slavery measures recommended by Pres. Buchanan and contemptuously passed by in Congress, was the recommendation to pay the Spanish pirates, owners of the slave ship *Armistead*, whose slaves won their liberty on the high seas!

If the pirates, kidnappers and slave-traders in the Nation can propose anything more for Slavery than Buchanan tried to do, let them suggest it and he will recommend it next year, unless he repeats and reforms.

John Pettit, of Ind., Buchanan's new Judge in Kansas, is the man whom the late Senator Benton denounced as "a great liar and a dirty dog." We never saw any objection to Benton's description, as a matter of fact, however effective it might seem in its pure Saxon garb.

"The Mt. Vernon Exhibition."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your issue of the 18th, announced to us a public entertainment of the Mount Vernon school, East Buffalo, to take place in the evening of the 21th. We of course awaited the arrival of the appointed evening with the expectation of being refreshed by inhaling the beautiful air of March, in rambling across the hill to the above named place; and there to have our dum, faces, and fancies, of Uncle Sam's children. The inclemency of the weather during the day made me feel rather dubious in regard to venturing out. Being informed, however, that the Lewisburgers were not detained by the unfavorable weather, I mustered up courage, and sallied forth with my "regent schern" in hand. Arrived at the door of the school-house just in time to listen to the thrilling strains of music produced by Prof. Held's String Band of Lewisburg. After the music was over, I obtained a pretty comfortable, though hard seat. The exercises commenced—now oration, now dialogue, then music, &c. At first it ran rather dry, but, like of old, the teacher, Mr. McCurdy, kept the better part of the exercises behind the curtain until the listeners became tired, when they were delivered with the "Cincinnati Convention" in hand. The last named dialogue was an affecting one to the spectators. "Courtship made Easy" was next on the programme, but, to my great disappointment, it did not make its appearance, and I was obliged to start home, none the wiser on the subject of courtship. Arrived safely, after a refreshing shower of rain, during which my "regent-schern" was of great service. In my opinion, those connected with the exhibition labored not wholly in vain. It is true, they spent both money and time in preparing for the event, but the benefit to be derived from an exhibition of this kind, are not only to gain the applause of those who witness it. During the whole course of preparation, their minds are acquiring such knowledge as will frequently prove useful to them while on the stage of active life.

March 25. A. N. A. N. A. N.

We often hear the inquiry, "Where have all the Spanish 'quarters' gone?" The rule so generally adopted which reduced their value twenty per cent., soon drove them out of market, and it was supposed that they had left the country in disgrace, but this has not been the case. They are gathering at the West to the profit of many speculators. The Cincinnati Enquirer says that city is fast filling with Spanish quarter dollars. They are being bought up in the East at twenty-one and a half cents and sent there, and put off on the dealers at twenty-five cents. One merchant received, a few days since, in payment of his bills, some three hundred dollars of this coin. A vigorous effort is now being made to drive them out of circulation, so far as Cincinnati is concerned.

TRoubles in LOUISIANA.—Lieut. Gov. Mouton, of Louisiana has resigned his seat as Lieutenant Governor of the State, on a question of dignity. The Senate took out of his hands the appointment of the committee of conference on the apportionment bill. He construes this a vote of censure—or rather a public demonstration of want of confidence in his impartiality. He vacates the office of Lieut. Governor, therefore, that he may no longer preside over the Senate.

At the Spencer House, in Cincinnati, a young man mistook Piccolomini, the Italian singer, who was passing along a hall, for his sister whom he had not seen in two years, and imprinted three or four kisses upon her lips. Pic. broke away and ran off. The young man, learning his mistake, wrote her an apologetic letter. She said it had frightened her at first, but now she didn't care, for, said she: "Ze does—dat me no 'arm—indeed it was not so does—dat you say it is? des-a-greable."

The Kansas Legislature is thus classified as to politics and birth place: Republicans, 37; "Free State," 5; Democrats, 4; Douglas Dem. and Jeffersonian Dem., 1 each, &c. Nine were born in Ohio, 7 in Pennsylvania, 7 in New York, 6 in Indiana; in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, 3 each; in New Jersey and Kentucky, 2 each; in Missouri, Connecticut, Maine, Germany, Ireland, and Scotland, 1 each.

RIGHT.—The Methodists of Delaware have refused the aid which the Legislature had granted them of \$4,000 towards the building of a church, because the money is to be raised by lottery. They refused to be parties in any such gambling operation.

John Percy sued the Albany Evening Journal for the moderate sum of \$1,300,000 for alleged libels; but the jury failed to see the point of the joke, and told Mr. Percy he must not only do without the dimes, but pay the costs of presentation. A good lesson for litigious individuals.

Mrs. Abraham Caswell, of Taunton, on awakening a few mornings since, found her husband dead by her side. He had passed away so quietly as not to disturb her repose! He was sixty-eight years old, and highly respected.

A large number of street beggars were arrested in New York last week, and among them a young girl, who acknowledged that she constantly supplied a family of six persons, two of whom were boarders.

Mrs. Mary Hartung, convicted at Troy, of the murder of her husband, was refused a new trial on the 2d inst., and sentence of death was pronounced upon her. She is young and beautiful, but—a murderer!

In South Carolina the slave population is 393,000. The white population 283,000. The increase of population among the blacks is three times as great as it is among the whites.

A Loss of Three Thousand Lives.

Near Taganrog, on the sea of Azof, a catastrophe occurred, about the beginning of February last, which involved a loss of life unparalleled except by memorable earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. It appears that some three thousand inhabitants of Taganrog, relying upon the promise of fair weather made by the genial atmosphere and the cloudless sky, proceeded to the Azof sea to indulge in the sport of fishing beneath the ice—a favorite pastime of that region. The atmosphere continued serene, the party were lulled into a feeling of security, and ventured farther than usual upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a good haul. Suddenly a breeze sprang up from the east, which growing boisterous by degrees, whirled the loose snow and fine particles of ice in all directions, and before long succeeded in detaching the ice from the shore. The large ice field then broke into numerous pieces, which, with their terrified and helpless human freight, drifted towards the open sea. No assistance could be rendered the unhappy beings by their frantic relatives and friends on shore, and within two hours not a sign of life was visible on the surface of the sea. On the following day a cake of ice drifted in shore, upon which were five of the unfortunate—three of them dead, and the other two numb and insensible. The two latter—a girl and an old man—were restored by means of the usual appliances; the girl, however, survived but a few hours; the man recovered, but lost the use of his tongue—a consequence, probably, of the fright caused by the scene he had passed through. He prepared a written narrative of the occurrences of that fearful night on the Azof. By this catastrophe, at least three thousand persons found a watery grave!

DRESS AND DRINK.

See that pointed specter,
The vampire of the street!
What foul demon wretches he!
Hoards of youthful sweets!
Made a victim of love's net!
'Twas Dress—'twas Dress!
Look upon that reeling
Heavenly man—
Hogging the back streets stealing,
Roaming anywhere!
What hath done this? Pause and think,
'Twas Drink—'twas Drink!

See that fair wife flying
From her husband's wrath,
Her quivering lips,
Trembling in her path!
What hath done this? Can you guess?
'Twas Dress—'twas Dress!
Bloody knife still reeking
In his desperate hand,
Hurtled upon speaking
Blood him in a stain!
What makes that his comrades shriek?
'Tis the deed—the deed of Drunk!

Remarkable Scene at the Sale of the Wanderer.
We have seen a private letter from a gentleman who was present when the yacht *Wanderer*, condemned as a slave, was sold at Savannah by order of the United States Court. The writer says that when the auctioneer commenced, Mr. Lamar stepped up and said: "Gentlemen, this vessel belongs to me in every sense of the word. She has been taken from me by the high hand of the law. The United States claim her, but I say she is mine; and I shall not expect any one to bid against me; and I bid one dollar for her." Mr. Van Horn bid against him and the price was run up to \$4,000, at which the vessel was knocked down to Mr. Lamar. The successful bidder then turned to Mr. Van Horn, and, with words too profane and indecent to be repeated, knocked him down. The fallen man rose to defend himself, but the sympathy of the company was so manifestly with the assailant, and the indication of violence and bloodshed so plain, that his friends took him away, some of Lamar's backers calling out, "Charley, kill him!" which the writer of the letter does not doubt would have been promptly done, had any resistance been made. Savannah has always been regarded as an orderly city, and one in which, if anywhere south of the Potomac, the laws against the slave trade could be enforced with the support of public sentiment.—*Providence Jour.* Mar. 21.

And that is one way the South intend to nullify all laws against the Slave Trade: any one who stands up for the Law, will suffer every indignity, hopeless of any legal redress, and thus the law will be rendered powerless, because it is opposed to public opinion.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN.—The only trouble we have recently noticed in Kansas, was an attempt to break up a Republican meeting, which was manfully resisted, and the assailants worsted. The Border Ruffian spirit is not extinct, and the friends of Freedom will long find it necessary to repel force by force—to guard against deceit, fraud, treachery, and over confidence—in short, they must cut out the maxim, "Internal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty!"

"The Little Yellow Spot, Connecticut-de-coot."

A considerable number of years ago, happening to be in Paris on the 4th of July, with many other Americans, we agreed to celebrate "the day" by a dinner at the Hotel Maurice. There were seventy-two of us in all. We had but one guest. This was M. De Tocqueville, who had then rendered himself famous by his great work upon "Democracy in America." During the festivities of the evening, after the cloth had been removed, speechifying had commenced, some gentlemen alluded *en passant* to the fact he was born in Connecticut.

"Connect-de-coot" exclaimed Monsieur De Tocqueville, as he suddenly rose, with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman. "Vy messieurs, I will tell you, vid permission of de presidente of this festival, vid very lectal story, and then I will give you von grand sentiment, to dat little State you call Connecticut-de-coot. Von day von I was in the gallery of de House of Representatif, I held von map of de Confederation in my hand. Dere was von little yellow spot dat dey call Connecticut-de-coot. I found by de Constitution, he was entitled to six of his boys to represent him on dat floor. But when I make de acquaintance personelle vid de member I find dat more than tirty of the representatif on dat floor was born in Connecticut-de-coot. And then von I was in de gallery of the House of the Senat, I find de Constitution permit Connecticut-de-coot to send two of his boys to represent him in de legislature. But voice more von I make de acquaintance personelle of de Senator, I find dat nine of de Senator was born in Connecticut-de-coot. So den, gentlemen, I have made my lectle speek; now I will gif my grand sentiment:

"Connect-de-coot, the little yellow spot dat make de clock peddler, de school-master, and de Senator. De first, gif you time; de second, tell you vat you do vid him; and de sird, make your law and your civilization"—and then, as he was resuming his seat amidst roars of laughter, he rose again, and with that peculiar gesticulation which characterizes all Frenchmen in moments of excitement, he shook his finger tremulously over the assembled conferees, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Ah! gentlemen, dat little yellow State you call Connecticut-de-coot, is one very great miracle to me."—N. Y. *Spirit of the Times*.

The "Becher Family" in a Family Re-Union.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, now 84 years of age, had a family re-union last week, at the residence of his son, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, N. Y. All the children were present except James, who is now in China, engaged as Chaplain to the seamen at Hong Kong. Their names, in the order of their ages, are as follows: Miss Catharine Beecher, of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. Wm. Henry Beecher, of North Brookfield, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. Mary F. Perkins, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stone, of Andover, Mass.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, Mass.; Mrs. Isabella Hooker, of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y. The absent son, Rev. James C. Beecher, is the youngest of the children. So large a family gathering, occurring at a period after the youngest has reached the prime of life, the original circle at the same time remaining so unbroken, is seldom witnessed in any family.

This large household of remarkable mental power and influence has lost one of its brightest stars—Rev. William F. Beecher, who was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun in his own hands, about 1815, in Chillicothe, Ohio. All were or are men and women of uncommon minds.

RETIREMENT OF GEN. HOUSTON.

This veteran hero and statesman closed, on the 4th of March, his long and eventful public career. In 1814 he was a volunteer in Jackson's army in the Creek war; more than forty years ago a member of Congress; then Governor of Tennessee, which office he resigned suddenly to take up his residence among the Indians, and adopted their mode of life; afterwards in conformity with a plan formed by himself and General Jackson, he went to Texas with a view to revolutionize and annex it to the United States, which, after encountering the greatest difficulties and overcoming every obstacle, he accomplished their purpose, and Texas became a State. Previous to the annexation, he was President of Texas, and since that time he has represented the State on the floor of the U. S. Senate. In early life, he was intemperate, but is now very correct, and tries to lead a Christian life. He retires to farming.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Curtis, who lost his life by the burning of the North Carolina, is the "Disenting minister of England" referred to in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* as the first to discover and prove the fact that two editions of the authorized version of the Bible were printed in the year 1611.

Oliver H. Smith, formerly United States Senator from Indiana, died on the 19th.

The Dilemma—Black Eyes and Blue.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, by the blest Paphian queen
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen—
By every name I cut in bark
Before my morning star grew dark—
By Hymen's torch—by Cupid's dart—
By all that thrills the beating heart—
The right black eye, the melting blue—
I can not choose between the two!

I had a vision in my dreams;
I saw a row of twenty beams,
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
And ten lips said heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked the matron which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair,
Give her blue eyes and golden hair,
I might have loathed her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rang the bell,
And all her girls, not small nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The looks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, and beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze.
She looked at me—what did she mean?
Ah! many lids love works between,
Not heads the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why;
Gaze not upon his field of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath its azure veil,
Though every limb was cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake,
And both with but a single ray
Can melt our hearts almost away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile!

Quarter Sovereignty Rampant in New Mexico.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, an American Baptist missionary in the U. S. Territory of New Mexico, gives accounts of repeated insults and injuries to him, and of personal outrages on several converts of his ministry, suffered in that Territory at the hands of the Roman Catholic priests and lewd fellows of the baser sort stirred up by them. Acting on Douglas and Buchanan's ideas of "popular sovereignty," they, the great mass of the people, choose to have a church and state power practically, and do not want any Protestants agitating and disturbing their sentiments. Like the Mormons in Utah, and Slaveholders in South Carolina, they want no outside interference in their domestic arrangements. A beautiful set they are—men reeking with persecution for religion, and steeped in ignorance—to come into our union: And worse even than they are the people of Cuba, who are incorrigible in their intolerance and bigotry, and could never be kicked into decent citizens of a republic. Away with them! We have as much of the Pappal virus in our system, now, as we can manage!

A DISTRIBUTING CENTRE.—The Albany Journal, in an article on the beginning of navigation on the Red River of the North, says Minnesota is literally the central head of inland navigation on this continent. No other State enjoys such facilities. A light rise of ground, and a few miles of distance, are all that separate rivers flowing to different extremes of North America. You can take one route and sail uninterruptedly down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. You can take another route and sail through the great lakes and canal to New York. You can take a third route and sail through the Northern lakes and rivers to the Arctic ocean. You can take a fourth route and sail to the head waters of the Columbia, sail on down to the Pacific Ocean. You can take a fifth route by the way of the Peace river, and another portage to the head waters of Fraser River, and so on down to Puget's Sound.

PERSONAL.—President Buchanan uses no tobacco. General Cass drinks no "Bourbon." Senator Douglas uses no pepper, and the Postmaster General eats but two meals a day. N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard. Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. P. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his extemporaneous addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but rarely takes wine; Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The smallest-sized poet in America is Holmes, the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—*Gleaner*.

A Cincinnati paper tells this story of a dog which, of course, knows how to read:

"Two families reside in the same dwelling on Front street, near Mill. One of them, Christa Doyle, lives on the first floor, and takes *The Enquirer*. The other, a German, lives up stairs, and is a subscriber to the *Volks Freund*. Both papers are thrown into the same hall every morning by the carriers. The German has a dog, a species of "setter," that is known throughout the neighborhood for his sagacity. When his master rises in the morning, the dog marches down to the hall for the paper, and invariably returns with the German sheet! He has never been known to make a mistake between the two."

Babies in Preaching Places.

[The annoying habit of taking sucklings and other crying children to churches, lecture rooms, concerts, &c., is very emphatically censured in the following "official" communication to the Editor of the *Huntington Globe*. Let mothers and nurses all stop that mode of sinning and courting public notice.]

STURTEVANT ABOUT BABIES.—Yes, babies—the regular sinners, shall it, screaming, laughing, crying babies. The air an injured infant's wailing; an imposed upon proof of humanity, and altho' I'm a bachelor, I as ot to bat their rites which was bespoken to them bi ther den four fatbers and Ant Ceatirs. Tha ot to be permitted to indulge in a kri whenever the git in tune; to pull oph the tabli kloth whenever the feal disposed; to open the knuffigh paught whenever its empty, and awl sick like; but, Mr. Ed I Tur (b'leve that's your name, you've got a good many nose-parkers) I sa ther mams fut to be allowed tskate them to meetin—far the doant want to go, and the cant cri when tha du go, without creatin a displeazure in the breasts of the peple. I sa let the babies cri, but keep them away from meetin. I doant blame them, but ther mams. Tu tell the truth Mr. Ed I Tur, mam sez I was one up them things wunet misel—a little twenty, teenty, little babes, not bigger nor a pece uv stove pipe. A mitey smart un I was to, mam sez I had'n't more's seen dalite, til I giv three shwails for Gial. Jasmin. But this is knot to the pint.

Well, the other sudeley Sal and meo went up to the big brik meetin hous to heer a very seblarated minisuter a prechun. Well, the prechur hadnt more'n toke his tex, when low! and beehowl! a fitefrel skream bust upon the delifitful vishing of the expantist audiance. Did u ask mee if the audiance could see the skream with ther vishing? Well I gues tha couldnt *zuite* see it. I cant jist describe the nois; its purty hard til spell the nois of a krylle childe; but u mind the time yure little Jonnee pul the cheer ovur onto his bed; well it was jis sich a nois as he maid—a very ill nois to the refined ear—that's what Sal sed. Well, that babes kep a shwailin an kryin, an its mam—(I reckon she was, it mite a bin a *nullus filius*—that's lating)—she was tresh two make it keep still. She'd go—"hush deery, hush, now darlin de hush, that's a dood babe." Well sur in kourse uv time it stopt to quit crier an hush'd—but another slough an studdy blub, blub, bluber, was herd to rise in majestic stride from another kurner; and wich make the most nois, the prechur or the babes, the seakwill wout show! Well I got antrin tired of sich musick, and Sal she got tired for she slipt out and I follered her. That's the way we du in our kountry. Well, sez Sal, sez she, "its tu bad that folks will bring ther smaul childe to meetin, annoyin the deavine an peple so as this kant leer; I wouldnt do it."

Well the fact is Mr. Ed I Tur, I nor Sal nor I doant no how many mear didnt heer 20 words ut that surmin, and Sal sez I ot to rite tu u and raze a complante. Babes, I sa has a rite to cri, but by thunder, ther mams—that's wat Sal cauls ther mams—she lived with Mr. Snob—that's whair she got perlitte)—ther mams I sa, haint got no rite to take em to meetin, for the doant, I mene the babes doant, depreciate a surmin as u r me wuld. Mr. Ed I Tur, I never rose nun for the papirs before, an if yure vase korresponds with mine I will ask u to pleaz exert this in yure valubil papir. Yurn Religiouse.

TOM HUNTING DOSE.

What Produces Insanity.

In looking over the report of Dr. Curwen, Superintendent of the State Lunatic Hospital, we find some very interesting and useful facts. Of the causes, out of 1049 cases, since the institution went into operation, only 592 have any recognized occasion. Of them 105 have been of ill health; 157 from domestic trouble, 84 of these are females. Religious excitement of all kinds, including Millerism and Spiritual Rappings, 11. How many for want of more religion it might be hard to guess. But intemperance and opium eating, 27, and loss of money, and mortified pride, and politics, with other excesses and immoralities, foot up about 55 more. There are over 100 single or widowed men insane to 319 married. With females, however, there are about as many married as single and widowed who are out of their minds. As to the previous occupation of those who have become insane, we should have expected farmers and laborers to have furnished less than the average proportion, but, by taking in the weavers, the proportion is kept up. Private asylums, no doubt, take off a large proportion of the insane belonging to the wealthier and more intellectual classes. Still there are, or have been, about twice as many students in the Insane Hospital as there ought to be, according to the proportion of their numbers. The merchants, from the exciting nature of their business, furnish more than the proper proportion very considerably. Thus, out of 15,000 merchants, 22 have been in the Hospital, while of 21,000 carpenters, but 12 have been there.—*H. N. Risberg Tel.*