broke a piece off, and ate it; and then wondered whether Nipen would mind his cake being just a little smaller than usual. After a few steps more, he wondered how far Nipen's charity would go, for the cake was now a great deal smaller; and Oddo next wondered whether anybody could stop eating such a cake when it was once tasted. He was surprised to see, when he came out in the starlight, at the end of the barn, how small a piece was left. He stood listening whether Nipen was coming in a gust of wind; and when he heard no breeze stirring, he looked about for a cloud where Nipen might be. There was no cloud, as far as he could see. The moon had set; but the stars were so bright as to throw a faint shadow from Oddo's form upon the snow. There was no sign of any spirit being angry at present; but Oddo thought Nipen would certainly be angry at finding so very small a piece of cake. It might be better to let the ale stand by itself; and Nipen would perhaps suppose that Madam Erlingsen's stock of groceries had fallen short;—at least, that it was in some way inconvenient to make the cake on the present occasion. So, putting down his can upon the snow, and holding the last fragment of the cake between his teeth, he seized a birch pole which hung down from the gallery, and by its help climbed one of the posts, and got over the rails into the gallery, whence he could watch what would happen. To remain on the very spot where Nipen was expected was a little more than he was equal to; but he thought he could stand in the gallery, in the shadow of the eaves of the barn, and wait for a little while. He was so very curious to see Nipen, and to learn how it liked its ale!

There he stood in the shadow, hearing nothing but his own munching, though there was not much of that; for now he took only a little crumb at a time, to spin out the treat; for never was anything so good! Then he had nothing to do but listen; but the waterfall was frozen up, and the mill stood as still as if it was not made to move. If the wheel should creak, it would be a sign that Nipen was passing.

Presently he heard something.

'Music!' thought he; 'I never heard that it liked music; and I don't think it can know much about music, for this is not at all sweet. There again!—that was a sort of screech. Oh, how stupid I am!' thought he again. 'So much for my head being full of Nipen! It is only Hund, tuning his violin, because they have all done supper. They will be waiting for me. I wish Nipen would make haste. It can't be very hungry, that is clear.'

He grew more and more impatient as the minutes passed on, and he was aware that he was wanted in the house. Once or twice he walked slowly away, looking behind him, and then turning again, unwilling to miss this opportunity of seeing Nipen. Then he called the spirit—actually begged it to appear. His first call was almost a whisper; but he called louder and louder, by degrees, till he was suddenly stopped by hearing an answer.

The call he heard was soft and sweet. There was nothing terrible in the sound itself; yet Oddo grasped the rail of the gallery with all his strength as he heard it. The strangest thing was, it was not a single cry; others followed it—all soft and sweet; but Oddo thought that Nipen must have many companions, and he had not prepared himself to see more spirits than one. As usual, however, his curiosity grew more intense, from the little he heard; and he presently called again. Again he was answered by four or five voices in succession.

'Was ever anybody so stupid!' cried the boy, now stamping with vexation.—'It is the echo, after all! As if there was not always an echo here, opposite the rock! It is not Nipen at all. I will just wait another minute, however.'

He leaned in silence on his folded arms, and had not so waited for many seconds before he saw something moving on the snow at a little distance. It came nearer and nearer, and at last quite up to the can of ale.

'I am glad I stayed,' thought Oddo.—'Now I can say I have seen Nipen. It is much less terrible than I expected.—Grandfather told me that it sometimes came like an enormous elephant or hippopotamus, and never smaller than a large bear. But this is no bigger than—let me see—I think it must be like a fox. I should like to make it speak to me.—They would think so much of me at home if I had talked with Nipen.'

So he began gently.

'Is that Nipen?'

The thing moved its bushy tail, but did not answer.

'There is no cake for you to-night, Nipen. I hope the ale will do. Is the ale good, Nipen?'

Off went the dark creature, without a word, as quick as it could go.

'Is it offended?' thought Oddo; 'or is it really what it looks like—a fox? If it does not come back, I will go down presently, and see whether it has drunk the ale. If not, I shall think it is only a fox.'

He presently let himself down to the ground by the way he had come up, and eagerly laid hold of the ale-can. It would not stir. It was as fast on the ground as if it was enchanted, which Oddo did not doubt was the case; and he started back, with more fear than he had yet had. The cold he felt on this exposed spot soon reminded him, however, that the can was probably frozen to the snow—which it might well be after being brought warm from the fire-side. It was so. The vessel had sunk an inch into the snow, and was there fixed by the frost.

None of the ale seemed to have been drunk; and so cold was Oddo by this time, that he longed for a sup of it. He took first a sup, and then a draught; and then he remembered that the rest would be entirely spoiled by the frost if it stood another hour. This would be a pity, he thought; so he finished it, saying to himself that he did not believe Nipen would come back that night.

At that very moment he heard a cry so dreadful that it shot, like sudden pain, through every nerve of his body. It was not a shout of anger; it was something between a shriek and a wail—like what he fancied would be the cry of a person in the act of being murdered. That Nipen was here now, he could not doubt; and at length, Oddo fled. He fled the faster, at first, for hearing the rustle of wings; but the curiosity of the boy even now got the better of his terror, and he looked up at the barn where the wings were rustling. There he saw in the starlight the glitter of two enormous round eyes shining down upon him from the ridge of the roof. But it struck him at once that he had seen those eyes before. He checked his speed, stopped, went back a little, sprang up once more into the gallery, hissed, waved his cap, and stepped his hands, till the echoes were all awake again; and, as he had hoped, the great white owl spread its wings, sprang off from the ridge, and sailed away over the fiord.

Oddo tossed up his cap, cold as the night was, so delighted was he to have scared away the bird which had, for a moment, scared him. He hushed his mirth, however, when he perceived that lights were wandering in the yard, and that there were voices approaching. He saw that the household were alarmed about him, and were coming forth to search for him. Curious to see what they would do, Oddo crouched down in the darkest corner of the gallery to watch and listen.

First came Rolf and his master, carrying torches, with which they lighted up the whole expanse of snow as they came. They looked round them, without any fear, and Oddo heard Rolf say—

'If it were not for that cry, sir, I should think nothing of it. But my fear is that some beast has got him.'

'Search first the place where he caked and ale ought to be,' said Erlingsen.—'Till I see blood, I shall hope the best.'

'You will not see that,' said Hund, who followed; his gloomy countenance, now distorted by fear, looking ghastly in the yellow light of the torch he carried. 'You will see no blood. Nipen does not draw blood.'

'Never tell me that any one that was not wounded and torn could send out such a cry as that,' said Rolf. 'Some wild brute seized him, no doubt, at the very moment that Erica and I were standing at the door listening.'

Oddo repented of his prank when he saw, in the flickering light behind the crowd of guests, who seemed to hang together like a bunch of grapes, the figures of his grandfather and Erica. The old man had come out in the cold, for his sake; and Erica, who looked as white as the snow, had no doubt come forth because the old man wanted a guide. Oddo now wished himself out of the scrape. Sorry as he was, he could not help being amused, and keeping himself hidden a little longer, when he saw Rolf discover the round hole in the snow where the can had sunk, and heard the different opinions of the company as to what this portended. Most were convinced that his curiosity had been his destruction, as they had always prophesied. What could be clearer, by this hole, than that the ale had stood there, and been carried off with the cake; and Oddo with it, because he chose to stay and witness what is forbidden to mortals?

'I wonder where he is now?' said a shivering youth, the gayest dancer of the evening.

'O, there is no doubt about that;—any one can tell you that,' replied the elderly and experienced M. Holberg. 'He is chained upon a wind, poor fellow, like all Nipen's victims. He will have to be shut up in a cave all the hot summer through, when it is pleasantest to be abroad; and when the frost and snow come again, he will be driven out, with a lash of Nipen's whip, and he must go flying, wherever his wind flies, without resting, or stopping to warm himself at any fire in the country. Every winter now, when Erlingsen hears a moaning above his chimney, he may know it is poor Oddo, foolish boy!'

'Foolish boy! but one can't help pitying him,' said another. 'Chained astride upon the wind, and never to be warm again!'

Oddo had thus far kept his laughter to himself; but now he could contain himself no longer. He laughed aloud—and then louder and louder as he heard the echoes all laughing with him. The faces below too were so very ridiculous;—some having their mouths wide open—others their eyes starting—and all looking unlike themselves in the torchlight. His mirth was stopped by his master.

'Come down, sir,' cried Erlingsen, looking up at the gallery. 'Come down this moment. We shall make you remember this night, as well perhaps as Nipen could do. Come down, and bring my can, and the ale and the cake. The more pranks you play to-night, the more you will repent it.'

Most of the company thought Erlingsen very bold to talk in this way; but he was presently justified by Oddo's appearance on the balustrade. His master seized him as he touched the ground, while the others stood aloof.

'Where is my ale-can?' said Erlingsen.

'Here, sir;' and Oddo held it up dangling by the handle.

'And the cake—I bade you bring down the cake with you.'

'So I did, sir.'

And to his master's look of inquiry, the boy answered by pointing down his throat with one finger, and laying the other hand upon his stomach. 'It is all here, sir.'

'And the ale in the same place?'

Oddo bowed, and Erlingsen turned away without speaking. He could not have spoken without laughing.

'Bring this gentleman home,' said Erlingsen presently to Rolf; 'and do not let him out of your hands. Let no one ask him any questions till he is in the house.' Rolfe grasped the boy's arm, and Erlingson went forward to relieve Peder, though it was not very clear to him at the moment whether such a grandchild was better safe or missing. The old man made no such question, but hastened back to the house, with many expressions of thanksgiving.

As the search-party crowded in among the women, and pushed all before them into the large warm room, M. Kollsen was seen standing on the stair-head, wrapped in the bear-skin coverlid.

'Is the boy there?' he enquired.

Oddo showed himself.

'How much have you seen of Nipen, hey?'

'Nobody ever had a better sight of it, sir. It was as plain as I see you now, and no further off.'

'Nonsense—it is a lie,' said M. Kollsen. 'Do not believe a word he says,' advised the pastor, speaking to the listeners. 'There is the folly of giving such an opportunity to a child of making himself important. If he had had his share of the cake, with the rest of us at table, he would have taken it quietly, and been thankful. As it is, it will be harder work than ever to drive out these wicked superstitions.—Go, get along!' he cried to Oddo; 'I do not want to hear a word you have got to say.'

Oddo bowed, and proceeded to the great room, where he took up his clarionet, as if it was a matter of course that the dancing was to begin again immediately. He blew upon his fingers, however, observing that they were too stiff with cold to do their duty well. And when he turned towards the fire, every one made way for him, in a very different manner from what they would have dreamed of three hours before. Oddo had his curiosity gratified as to how they would regard one who was believed to have seen something supernatural.

Erlingsen saw that something must be done on the spot, to clear up the affair. If his guests went home without having heard the mysteries of the night explained, the whole country would presently be filled with wild and superstitious stories. He requested Peder to examine the boy, as Oddo stood more in awe of his grandfather than any one else; and also because Peder was known to be so firm a believer in Nipen, that his judgment would be more readily received than that of an unbeliever. When seriously questioned, Oddo had no wish to say anything but the truth; and he admitted the whole—that he had eaten the entire cake, drunk all the ale, seen a fox and an owl, and heard the echoes, in answer to himself. As he finished his story, Hund, who was perhaps the most eager listener of all, leaped thrice upon the floor, as if in a passion of delight. He met Erlingsen's eye, full of severity, and was quiet; but his countenance still glowed with exultation.

The rest of the company were greatly shocked at these daring insults to Nipen; and none more so than Peder. The old man's features worked with emotion, as he said in a low voice that he should be very thankful if all the mischief that might follow upon this adventure might be borne by the kin of him who had provoked it. If it should fall upon those who were innocent, never surely had boy been so miserable as this poor lad would then be. Oddo's eyes filled with tears, as he heard this; and he looked up at his master and mistress, as if to ask whether they had no word of comfort to say.

'Neighbor,' said Madame Erlingsen to Peder, 'is there any one here who does not believe that God is over all, and that he protects the innocent?'

'Is there any one who does not feel,' added Erlingsen 'that the innocent should be gay, safe as they are in the good-will of God and man? Come, neighbors—to your dancing again! You have lost too much time already. Now, Oddo play your best—and you, Hund.'

'I hope,' said Oddo, 'that, if any mischief is to come, it will fall upon me.—We'll see how I shall bear it.'

'Mischief enough will befall you, boy—never doubt it,' said his master, 'as long as you trifle with people's feelings as you have done to-night. Go. Make up for it, all you can.'

The dancing was spiritless, and there was little more of it. The mirth of the meeting was destroyed. The party broke up at three, instead of five or six; and it might have been earlier still, but for the unwillingness of every family present to be the first to go upon the lake, or to try the road. At last, all understood one another's feelings by their own; and the whole company departed at once in two bands, one by water and the other by land. Those who went in sleighs took care that a heavy stone was fastened by a rope to the back of each carriage, that its bobbing and dancing on the road might keep off the wolves. Glad would they have been of any contrivance by which they might as certainly distance Nipen. Rolf then took a parting kiss from Erica in the porch, pushed Oddo on before, and followed with Peder. Erica watched them quite to the door of their own house and then came in, and busied herself in making a clearance of some of the confusion which the guests had left behind.

'Oddo could not get a word from you, Erica,' observed her mistress: 'not even a look in answer to his "good night."'

'I could not, madame,' answered Erica tears and sobs breaking forth. 'When I think of it all, I am so shocked—so ashamed!'

'How ashamed?'

'Nipen has been so favorable to us to-day, madame! not a breath of wind stirring all the morning, so that nobody was disappointed of coming! And then to serve it in this way! To rob it, and mock it, and brave it as we have done!—So ungrateful—so very wrong!'

'We are very sorry for Oddo's trick—your master and I,' said Madame Erlingsen; 'but we are not in the least afraid of any further harm happening. You know we do not believe that God permits his children to be at the mercy of evil or capricious spirits. Indeed, Erica, we could not love God as we should wish to love him, if we could not trust in him as a just and kind protector. Go to rest now, Erica. You have done quite enough since you left your bed. Go to rest now.—Rest your heart upon Him who has blessed you exceedingly this day. Whatever others do, do not you be ungrateful to Him. Good sleep to you, Erica! Sleep off your troubles, that Rolf may see nothing of them in the morning.'

Erica smiled; and when Orga and Frolich saw the effect of what their mother had said, they too went to rest without trembling at every one of the noises with which a house built of wood is always resounding.

(To be continued)

A Touch of nature.—A car full of passengers recently passed over the Western railroad, in which occurred a simple but touching scene, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child, who annoyed every one by its petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished; until at last it became furious, and the passengers nearly so.—There were open complaints, and one man shouted 'Take the child out.' The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently away from home; that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit; that her dead body was on board the train; and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.

(Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

—John McCord, Esq., of Bradford County, is urged by the Bradford Argus for Canal Commissioner. He is said to be a man of much ability and experience. His name was brought before the Whig State Convention last year for the same position.

The Susquehanna Register.

VIRTUE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE

H. H. FRAZIER, EDITOR.

MONTROSE, PENN'A.

Thursday Morning, March 3, 1853.

☞ We have received several communications respecting Mr. Walker's corn crop, which we cannot make room for this week.

☞ We are under obligations to Messrs. Sanderson and Worden of the Senate, and Passmore and Denison of the House of Representatives, for public documents from Harrisburg.

Whig State Convention.—The Whig State Central Committee met at Harrisburg recently, and agreed that the Whig State Convention shall meet on Thursday, March 24th, in Lancaster city. The offices for which candidates are to be nominated, are, Auditor General, Surveyor General and Canal Commissioner. As the notice is short, the Whigs of the various counties will be required to act promptly in electing delegates.

New York Aldermen Indicted.—On Saturday last, true bills of indictment for misdemeanor (taking bribes, &c.,) were found by the Grand Jury against Aldermen Smith and Bard; and what was quite remarkable, they were both at the time sitting as *Judges*, together with Recorder Tillou, in the Court in which the indictments were found against them.

The Maine Law.—The friends of this reform held a Mass Convention in Harrisburg, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The State was organized under a Central Committee of thirteen, and the sum of ten thousand dollars was secured for the advancement of the cause. During the sitting of the Convention, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, which was addressed by Rev. Dr. Marsh, of New York; G. Kirkpatrick, Esq., of Pittsburg; E. W. Jackson of New Jersey; Rev. Mr. Coombs, of Lancaster, and other gentlemen. Mr. Jackson is invited by the Central Committee to commence an agency in the State, as soon as he can be released from New Jersey. It is said that all Western Pennsylvania will go strong for the Maine Law.

New Publications.

Putnam's Monthly.—The March number of this excellent and truly *American* magazine, has been placed upon our table. This magazine differs somewhat in its design and characteristics from any that has before been presented to the American public. Its establishment may have seemed a bold undertaking, with such formidable competitors in the field, but we believe its success has been decided and unquestionable. Probably no publication of the kind ever received so general commendations, and in our opinion they are eminently deserved.

The character and design of this magazine are well set forth by the publishers, as follows:

"*Putnam's Monthly* consists entirely of *original* articles by eminent American writers. It is intended to combine the more various and amusing characteristics of a popular magazine, with the higher and graver qualities of a Quarterly Review, aiming at the highest order of excellence in each department. Its pages will be devoted to the interests of Literature, Science, and Art in their best and pleasantest aspects. An elevated national spirit—American and independent—yet discriminating and just, will be cultivated as a leading principle of the work. When its articles require pictorial illustrations, they will occasionally be given.

Terms: $3 per annum; or, 25 cents a number. The postage to any distance does not exceed nine cents per quarter. Clubs of Six, Postmasters, and Clergymen, will be supplied at $2. The work will be sent free of postage, on receipt of $3, promptly in advance."

The Ladies Keepsake.—The March number of this handsome monthly has been received. Its contents are, Mary, Queen of Scotland, and Chatelard; Eras in a Woman's Life; The Slanderer; The Bird Messengers, &c. Published by John S. Taylor, New York, at $1 a year.

Correspondence of the Register.

From Harrisburg.

Harrisburg, February 22, 1853.

The Governer has approved the bill to extend the Lenox road law to Dimock township.

Mr. Chase reported a bill relative to the Friendsville Turnpike Company.

The Senate bill, supplementary to an act relative to the Pennsylvania Coal Company, was taken up in the House, opposed by Messrs. Dunning and Chase, supported by Messrs. Smithers, Hart, Kilbourn, and Strong, and passed by a large majority.

The State Printing Bill was on the 21st inst., postponed until the 21st March next. It is now proposed by the House to elect a Senate Printer, and a House Printer.

To-day both Houses, the Governor, and Heads of Department met, in accordance with a time-honored custom, to have read the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country. There was good attention paid, and the document was well read by Colonels Sullivan and Jack, the capital and popular Clerks of the Senate and House.

The Temperance Convention meets to-morrow. Our jolly landlords are making great preparations for it. There has as yet been no test of the feeling of the Legislature on the Maine Liquor question.

Insurrection in Milan.

The Arabia, that arrived at New York on the 23d instant, brought the exciting intelligence of the outbreak of an insurrection in Italy, with proclamations from Mazzini and Kossuth, urging Italians and Hungarians to the overthrow of Austrian despotism. The insurrection broke out on the 6th, at Milan. An Austrian proclamation announces that in the fighting that ensued, five men were killed, but order was re-established, the insurrection being entirely suppressed.

It was boldly asserted in Paris that the outbreak had been encouraged by Austrian agents for a pretext to advance their armies further into Italy. A rumor of the death of the Emperor of France had been current in Milan, and doubtless hurried on the revolt. According to hints dropped, a simultaneous rising in other parts of Lombardy may be looked for.—There are reports of several engagements between the insurgents and the troops, in one of which it is stated that more than 300 were killed. Letters from Turin of the 8th of February, announce that quiet had been completely established in Milan.

The London correspondent of the *Tribune*, under date of February 11th, says:

The insurrection took place against the advice of Kossuth, who wished to have it delayed until the probable rupture between Austria and Turkey should offer a fair chance of successs; but the Italians were so much exasperated by the recent floggings and hangings, that they would rather perish in open battle than in the Austrian dungeons. When Mazzini saw that they could no longer be kept back, he wrote to them that, though he thought the outbreak premature, yet he would go to them, in the worst case, to die with them. On the 6th, proclamations were posted up on all the corners of the streets in Milan, with the names of Mazzini and Kossuth. A riot took place and blood was shed, but the movement was put down. On the 8th, at dawn, some Italians introduced themselves into the arsenal, and cut down a few Austrian officers, when the privates surrendered and gave up their arms. The communications were immediately interrupted, and we have no further dispatches up to this hour. If the Milanese have finally succeeded, this blow will fall with great hardship on the Austrians. There are now 52,000 Austrian soldiers in Lombardy—13,000 of them in Milan, 20,000 in the fortress of Verona, 6,500 in Mantua, and the remainder in small garrisons dispersed all over the country, and easily destroyed by the insergents. Eight thousand out of the fifty are Hungarians, and four thousand Italians. An army of about the same strength is dispersed through Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna, but there the proportion of the Hungarians is much stronger.

As to the proclamation posted up in the name of Kossuth, it is not genuine.—He has not written a proclamation to the Hungarian soldiers in the Italian army since he has been in England. His name was probably made use of by the Italians who knew that he would not contradict it. *The Times* got this proclamation from people connected with the Austrian Embassy, for whom it was of importance to have it contradicted by Kossuth. The telegraph would have carried the denial straight to Vienna, and in hundreds of thousands of copies it would have been spread among the Hungarian regiments, in order to prove that Kossuth was not connected in any way with the Italian movement. He did not approve of Mazzini's beginning so early, but he knows that his friend must have a clearer judgment about Italian matters, and will not act without the strongest motives.

In case the insurrection is not suppressed up to to-morrow, then the Austrian army will be destroyed, or demoralized in Italy, and the insurgents have full six weeks' time to prepare for a campaign, the Austrians being unable sooner to concentrate an efficient army. Napoleon *is said* not to be hostile to the movement. Whatever be its consequences in Italy, it insures for the present peace between Austria and Turkey. So much is certain.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper of the 17th inst., I offered a few remarks respecting Mr. George Walker's large crop of corn, and made enquiry of him whether he had ascertained the exact result by measuring an acre and shelling it after it had time to shrink. As it would appear that Mr. Walker is not disposed to give this information, permit me to say a few words more on the subject. I have understood that Mr. Walker never measured even in the basket, any portion of his corn; and from his silence it is to be inferred that this is the truth. Therefore it appears that the whole data for ascertaining that 160 bushels per acre on five acres were produced, consists in this that 26 hills, supposed to be an average of the whole, gave such a quantity, consequently one acre yielded 160 bushels. The method of finding out by figures the produce from an acre, will never answer. It is absurd, and farmers will not be convinced, and there has been too much of it practiced ever since our Agricultural Society commenced. Nothing short of shelling and measuring, will satisfy the community. I mean no disrespect to Mr. Walker, but when he comes forward for a premium at our State Fair, and obtains the first, and then an honorary premium is awarded to him of $50, besides $5 from our own society—I say, under these circumstances, it was his bounden duty to take proper measures for convincing the public that he, *bona fida*, had such a crop; and not having done so, I am of opinion, with all due deference to the State Agricultural Committee, that Dr. J. McCrea was entitled to the first premium, for 93 bushels of *shelled* corn per acre, on 11 acres and 25 perches, and that J. B. Bitzer was entitled to the first for 96¾ bushels *shelled* corn on *one* acre. Here are $70 awarded for what? Because 26 hills, thought to be an average of five acres, yielded a little over a bushel, and was reported by Messrs. Cope and Chamberlin as not dry, and would probably shrink from one fourth to one third: that is, it would yield, in the *unmerchantable* state, 160 bushels, and merchantable, 120 bushels per acre. This mode of measuring needs no comment, but will pass for what it is worth among the farmers of our county. I trust we shall hear no more of crops calculated in this fashion, and not satisfy ourselves by giving countenance to such unsatisfactory proceedings.

In order to test this matter, I would suggest that some of our farmers pursue the course followed by Mr. Walker, of ascertaining the produce of an acre, and when the same corn is merchantable, measure the whole—and they will be surprised at the different result. I have heard that at the first agricultural Show held in this County, a gentleman took the premium on corn, for 100 bushels per acre. The truth of the matter was, that an acre was prepared and planted with great care, but unfortunately some cattle broke in and destroyed the principal part of the crop. A few fine hills escaped; these were shelled, and a calculation made accordingly, which resulted in the large crop of 100 bushels per acre.

A Farmer.

News and Notions.

—The individual who broke the ice with his first stump speech, was drowned in applause.

—Understand what you are writing about and write so that you can be understood; the easier, the better.

—The Stocking makers of Paris have presented the Emperor an address of thanks, for making the men wear long stockings.

—A sort of prepared linen is now used in Germany, to print youngsters' books on; it is dearer than paper, but the youngsters cannot tear it.

—The picturesque ruins of Charlemagne's Castle of Hefnburg, near Aix la Chapelle, fell to the ground recently, after an existence of a thousand years.

—Mr. Chase, on Monday, Feb. 21st, presented a petition of the inhabitants of Susquehanna Depot, for the incorporation of that place as a borough.

—According to law, the survivors of railway accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law; we wish it were equally sure as a matter of fact.

—We learn from an advertisement that Mr. Edwin Forrest will read the play of Hamlet, at Yonkers, on Monday, *for the benefit of the Baptist Church in that village.* Admission one dollar.

—The American rifle invented by Marston, has been adopted by the French government, according to the Paris correspondent of the Express, who thinks it will be adopted by the English government also.

—Pennsylvania Coal is advertised for sale in the San Francisco papers, in considerable quantities—Schuylkill, Lehigh and Lackawanna. Regular coal depots for the sale of it have been established there.

—Experiments ordered to be made in packing pork, about a year ago, by the Secretary of War, to test the relative qualities of Onondaga solar salt and Turk's Island salt, show, it is said, that the former is equal to the best Turk's Island.

—A Swedish correspondent of the Lutheran Standard says:—Miss Bremer is preaching Socialism and Rationalism. She tries to make people believe that they are so good that, if they choose, they may have a Utopia.

—We learn from the Independent, that a benevolent gentleman has offered a premium of $200 for the best essay on the means to be used by the churches, for making the pastoral office a more inviting and productive field of christian labor.

—The Illinois Central Railroad is 700 miles in length, and has 626 miles in a strait line, which prepares the road for a speed that no other road in the U. S. is capable of, and is the longest strait line of railroad in the world.

—It appears from the Massachusetts registry of births and deaths for 1853, that the duration of the lives of agriculturists was 12 years above the general average, nearly 19 above that of common laborers, and 17 per cent above the average age of death, of mechanics.

—Here is a model speech, made by the President of the Northamptonshire (England) Farming and Grazing Society, on presenting a prize cup to a young man:

'Now, young man, take that cup, and remember also to plough *deep*, and drink *shallow*.'

—Bishop Hughes, of New-York, Bishop Jacobus, of Pittsburg, and the Bishop of Detroit—Catholic prelates of great eminence—are all out in opposition to the present Common School Systems. Bishop Jacobus has addressed two letters to Gov. Bigler on the subject.

—The West Jerseyman says that N. York speculators are in Burlington Co., N. J. contracting the poultry of the 'capon' breed to be delivered in May at 25 cents per pound. Anticipation of a throng in the city during the Worlds Fair is the reason of this exorbitant price for poultry.

—Candidates for office are making Gen. Pierce all sorts of presents. From one set he gets a splendid carriage, from another a pair of blood horses, from a third a complete wardrobe, &c. &c. These fellows probably think they understand the trick of getting a good deal of water out of a pump by pouring a little in.

—The 'Democrats' of Illinois have enacted a law which prohibits the entrance of colored freemen into the State, under penalty of being sold into slavery, and authorizes the admission of slaves, if brought in or sent by their masters.

—There is a Bill before the Legislature to grant a Charter to a Company for the purpose of making a railroad from Wilkesbarre, in an easterly direction, to the Delaware river. The route is said to be feasible and more favorable than any other contemplated between the two rivers, in Northern Pennsylvania.

—On the afternoon of the 24th ult. the dwelling house occupied by the family of the Rev. Mr. Snowden, in Warren, Bradford Co. was entirely destroyed by fire, with all its contents. The family were all from home at the time. Mr. Snowden loses a valuable library, with much else of great value and interest to his family. The house belonged to Mr. E. Griswald.

—Mr. Haldeman, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from York county, has introduced into that body a bill, to provide for the appointment of an Agricultural Chemist for this State. It has been drawn up with care, and will, it is said, pass the Legislature. The State Agricultural Society urge it, and Gov. Bigler, in his last annual message, recommended the appointment of such an officer, and supported his recommendation by an array of facts and arguments.

—An *arrete* just issued from the Ministry of the Interior of Austria, informs Austrians who emigrate to the U. S., that except under very special circumstances, they will not be allowed to return, but will be considered to have lost irrecoverably their rights of domicile. All ministers are cautioned against facilitating the return of such emigrants by improper vises, and the frontier police are enjoined to keep a sharper look out than ever.

Singular Phenomenon.

Some months ago, Mr. Nicholas Flint, of Great Valley, in digging a well, after excavating to the depth of about 40 feet, and finding no water, he determined to dig no deeper, as the space had already become so small that he was afraid, should he sink it deeper, that the sides would fall in, if he attempted to stone it up. He accordingly abandoned it, throwing planks across the mouth to prevent accident, intending to fill it up again when he had leisure. One day he heard a singular noise which seemed to proceed from the well, and on going to it, he discovered that it was caused by a heavy draft of air, forcing itself up from the well. This continued for some days, when the current of air became reversed, and there was a strong draft downwards, so much so, that light substances brought near the crevices in the planks, were instantly drawn in. He then procured a piece of pump-log about two feet long, with an aperture two inches in diameter, and inserted this firmly into one of the planks. The air as it forces itself into or out of this tube, makes a roaring sound, which can be heard for nearly a mile. In fact this well seems now to perform all the breathing functions of a huge pair of lungs, although the inhalations and exhalations continue for a much longer period than in any *other animal* now known—as it is sometimes several days in drawing its breath, and as long a time in forcing it out. The boys in the neighborhood often amuse themselves, while exhalation is going on, by pulling their caps over the end of the tube, to see them thrown several feet into the air. Another fact is, that the respiratory organs of this "breathing monster" seem to be entirely under the control of the atmosphere; so that in addition to its other singularities, it acts the double part of thermometer and barometer. For some hours preceding a change from a lower to a higher degree of temperature, the inhalations grow less and less, until it is finally imperceptible; then the air commences rushing out—the current growing stronger and stronger, until the weather has become settled, after which it again subsides to await another depression of the mercury to "take in another breath." Who will elucidate this mystery?—*Cattaraugus Whig.*

☞ *The Baltimore Argus* relates the following:

At the close of the performance at the Holiday-st. theater the other night a fashionably dressed stranger lit his cigar and walked slowly along North Holiday-st. towards his hotel in Old Town. While passing Hillen-st. bridge he was encountered by a ruffian of the O'Bludgeon order, who inquired the time of night.

"It just struck eleven," said the stranger blandly, without any signs of alarm.

"Eleven, did you say?" was the gruff response. "As I dont believe its so late, I'd like to see for myself; so pull your watch out quick. It looks as if it might be a good one, from the big bunch of seals you've hanging to it.'

"Yes, it's a patent lever, extra jeweled," said the Southerner, putting it and a long eight barreled revolver forth at the same time. Resting the time piece, still retained by the guard, on the barrel of the deadly weapon, he extended it towards Mr. O'Bludgeon, with a request to satisfy himself regarding the precise hour.

The ruffian appeared to be utterly bewildered at this prompt movement. A few inches from his nose was the glittering golden lever; but it rested on eight dark barrels, from which a slight click of the trigger would send as many leaden messengers for his life's blood. For a moment only did he remain in such a dangerous locality, and with a quivering remark that 'it was any hour the gentleman was pleased to say,' he dashed up Hillen-st., and was soon lost in the surrounding darkness.

A Prosperous Household.—The London *Atlas* hints that another interesting event will in all human probability, take place in April next, in the royal household. The eighth. There are now seven; three princes and four princesses. The oldest is eleven years of age. Says the *Washington Globe*:

'Her majesty is in her 33d year: and has been married between twelve and thirteen years, and seems patriotically resolved to do what is in her power to save her country, when she shall cease to reign over it, from that worst of national calamities—a disputed succession; which is far worse than pestilence, worse than famine, and worse than ten foreign wars. May success attend her very laudable endeavors.'

The United States ahead Again.—It appears by the United States Census that the consumption of spirituous liquors and malt liquors reaches the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions of gallons annually, equal to six gallons for every adult person. The statistics of the kingdom of Great Britain run thus: For every adult in Ireland, one gallon is drunk; in England, two gallons; and in Scotland, three gallons and a half.

☞ A western editor, in answer to a complaint of a person that he did not give news enough, advised him when news was scarce to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be to him new.