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## WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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The following lines (from a "down east" paper that kicked the bucket lately because it told too much truth in too plain a way) embody a scorching satire upon the prevailing consciousness of the age.

**From the Boston Chronology.**  
**The Popular Creed.**  
 Dimes and dollars—dollars and dimes!  
 An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!  
 If a man is down, give him a thrum at—  
 Tangle the better into the dust!  
 "Presumptuous poverty" 's quite appalling—  
 K. o. k him down, then kick him for falling!  
 If a man is up, O then him up higher!  
 Your soul's for sale and he's a buyer—  
 Dimes and dollars—dollars and dimes!  
 An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor, but a worthy youth,  
 Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,  
 But the maiden will break her vows with ease,  
 For a woeer's worth whose claims are these—  
 A hollow heart with an empty head,  
 A face well tinged with the brassy red,  
 A soul well trained in villainy's school—  
 And Cash—sweet Cash—be his wealth the rule.  
 Dimes and dollars—dollars and dimes!  
 An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and an honest man  
 Who strives to live on the Christian plan,  
 But poor he is, and poor will be,  
 A scoundrel and a bad wretch is he;  
 At home he merrily a starting wife,  
 Dimes and dollars—dollars and dimes!  
 They struggle against a fearful odds  
 Who will not bow to the people's gods!  
 Dimes and dollars—dollars and dimes!  
 An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

**FANNY MOORE,**  
**The Female Hunter of the West.**  
 The father of the singular heroine we are about to sketch, was a Kentucky backwoodsman. Her mother died while she was yet an infant; and when she arrived at the age of 15 her father also died, leaving her a poor friendless orphan. It is not surprising then at this tender age she married a Missouri hunter (an acquaintance of her deceased father,) double her years as to age, but just her equal as to poverty. Her whole fortune was composed of one cow, an old feather bed, a rusty frying-pan, a broken set of tea-cups and saucers, ditto of knives and forks with horn handles, two large pewter plates, and a wooden bowl of Indian manufacture. Such was the legacy bequeathed by her surviving parent. Her husband's wealth might mate well enough with such a portion brought into the matrimonial partnership by the wife. A black bob-tailed pony, a large wolf-dog, and a long, heavy rifle, constituted the sum total of his goods and chattels. So far the nuptial contract might seem fair, without extravagant odds on either side. There were other considerations, however, which made the bargain, one might say, fraudulently unequal. She was a pretty, rosy-checked, ruby-lipped, healthy lass, with sky-blue eyes, golden ringlets, and a cheery laugh; slender in frame, but of wiry elasticity, and a constitution of most tenacious vitality. He, on the contrary, was a pale, lean, hungry-looking hypochondriac, who might be supposed, from the wry faces he displayed when forced to any exertion of his limbs in profitable labor, to regard work as the unpardonable sin. The entreaties and example of his young wife, it is true, did for a while stimulate him to just sufficient effort, in the way of deer hunting, to keep them from starving. The couple then lived in Western Missouri. Fanny, with her own delicate white hands, cleared out and cultivated a small field, and managed her domestic economy with so much thrift, that, notwithstanding the laziness of Tom, they began to accumulate slowly.

But an event occurred, in the sixth year of their wedlock, that changed this prosperous current of affairs, and reduced their hopes to the briek of ruin.

[It was briefly this. Tom got it into his head one day that the scripture phrase "Take no thought for the morrow" was to be interpreted literally. And as this fantastic idea exactly suited his constitutional laziness, he at once abandoned all labor, and neglected to make any provision whatever for his family. The tears, arguments, and remonstrances of his wife all ended alike, for he would not budge a peg.]  
 Fanny's case was now critical in the extreme, for, strange to say, she still loved her husband with a love that, in spite of every imaginable damper, continued to burn on ardently in her affectionate heart till death. Hence she could not make up her mind to leave him. Besides, they had now five children, and it was absolutely impossible to support such a family on the produce of their paltry, stony farm. In this emergency that weak woman suddenly developed an energy and invincibility of lofty purpose which the annals of the world can not surpass.

With indefatigable patience, she practiced and learned to shoot, till no marksman in all Missouri was her match, and then, as a solitary huntress, took to the forest, and soon supplied her husband and babes with a choice abundance of meat.  
 The wild region of Missouri at last settled up. Sunny fields, waving with golden grain, stood in the place of the old green woods which had furnished shelter and sustenance for the copious game. The buffaloes fled farther off, deeper into the grand prairies, nearer to the Rocky Mountains. The moonbeams fell broadly and bright on the open bottoms where the brown bears used to nestle among the matted canes. The red deer had been scared away by the sharp sound of Collins' axes. It became necessary that Fanny should move. She sold their "improvement" on the banks of the silver Osage, for a cart, a yoke of oxen, and a small sum of ready money; and loading the crazy vehicle with six children and her lazy, worthless husband, she started for Arkansas. In this new country, then a territory, she selected a locality fifty miles from any settlement. Here wild animals roamed in the greatest plenty, and her rude board table groined beneath (to them) heaps of savory luxuries. The wonder of a wife now added rapidly to their humble property. Her care-worn, wasted figure grew rounder; her step, as she saddled the black pony, more elastic; and the whistle blither by which she summoned her wolf-dog to the daily hunting foray. Even her laugh sometimes rang out as in the merry, thoughtless hours of her early youth, loud, long, and clear as the sweet tones of bell metal.

One thought of a most gloomy character alone disturbed the calm flow of her joyous reflections. Her children were growing up with the rapidity of hasty summer weeds, and utterly without education, or even the prospect of any opportunity to obtain it. The idea haunted her day and night. She turned it over in her mind in every conceivable way, but still could find no solution for the torturing problem. She had learned to spell, when a child, at an old field school—that is to say, she had gone as far in Dillworth as three syllables, which, by the way, was nearly the extent of her lame teacher's accurate information in the pedagogic art. But her memory had long ago lost in the inverse ratio of its acquisitions, till she could scarcely be said to know her letters. Often did she bitterly regret her idleness in the early school-house, and exclaim, as she fondly kissed her children on returning at night from the toilsome hunt—"If I had only learned to read, then I could now teach you, my dears." And her tears would drop like rain.  
 At length an incident occurred that brought with it a suggestion shaping itself into a fixed plan, which enabled her finally to vanquish the perplexing difficulty. The author cannot do better than give the anecdote in her own artless words, as related to him, in Texas, some twelve months ago.  
 "I used to cry about it every night," said she, "before going to sleep, and then I would dream it all over again; for indeed it was sad to think of. I knew that by hard work we would, after a while, be well enough off to move into the settlements, where decent people live; and then I tho' how shocking it would seem for my young ones to have no more learning than the wild Indians. The boys were getting more than half as tall as their father, and Peggy's pretty head was even as high as my shoulders. It was enough to make a fond mother cry. I was then in the habit of going every two or three months to Lit-

tle Rock, with a pack of peltries, to buy salt and other things that we could not get along without. One time I brought back some bunches of raisins for the baby. They were wrapped up in a large newspaper, which contained a number of curious pictures. The sheet was gazed at with wonder by the poor creatures, who had never seen such an object in their lives. Little Tommy asked me, with sparkling eyes, if it were not a bird. I tried to explain the matter to him; told him what it was; that it contained a tale about the whole world; and that when persons learned to read it, they could know all affairs which were going on across the blue mountains, and the big rivers, and away over the sea, as well as the sights they saw every day before their own doors.

"Oh! ma, won't you teach us how to read, so we can hear from our old play-places in Missouri?" said Peggy, who was then almost a woman.  
 "The question like to have broken my heart. I remembered how lazy I had been when a girl; and the idea was as a sharp, shooting pain, spitting through my side into my very soul. I wept like a child, till even my own children strove to comfort me. However, my tears did me good. Tears always relieve the heart; they commonly clear the head also. A sudden thought struck me—a great plan—I might say a holy purpose. It seemed impossible, but I resolved to try it. That night I hurried the young folks off to bed, and, having kindled a good pine-knot light, picked up the newspaper and sat down to see if I could make out anything in it. I smiled with unexpressed delight on discovering that I still knew all the letters, except the capitals. But I soon had cause to weep again, for after doing my best, and sitting up till daylight, every line remained a riddle. I could not spell out the meaning of a single sentence. About sunrise a new notion entered my head. I determined to go again shortly to Little Rock, and purchase some primers and spelling-books, which I afterwards did. I then began to learn in earnest. It was very hard for a while; but I sat up late, after Tom and the children were all asleep, and took my primer along with me when I went to hunt. I could study it as I rode, especially where the woods were open, and before I got within the range of game; and then, when I was resting, after lifting a heavy deer upon my pony, or walking up a steep hill, I would pull out of a pocket which I had prepared for that purpose in the side of my dress, and run over the pages till I at last could almost repeat the whole from memory. I then commenced on my large spelling-book, and mastered it in the same way. All the while I wanted to be teaching the children, but was afraid of teaching them wrong, intending first to make myself perfect, because I thought that it was not of any use to know anything at all unless one could know it right."

"While thus engaged, a lost hunter stopped a few days at our cabin, and, discovering my studies, kindly offered to assist me. I then found that I had done well in not beginning to instruct the boys and Peggy sooner. I had to unlearn the pronunciation of a great many of my words that sounded frightfully when compared with the correct mode. After I got it all straight, I bought a primer for each one of the children, and collecting them all together one Sunday morning, told them that I was going to teach them how to read." It would have done your heart good to see them; they appeared to be running mad with joy, for they still remembered what I had said about the newspaper, and had teased me much on the subject. Night after night they would sit up till twelve, studying their primers and spelling-books; and all day on the Sabbath they tried more industriously than ever I had done in the school-room, until at last they were thro' both books. But I was still ahead of them—for long before then I had obtained a Testament and the Life of Marion, and had gone over both several times. In this way I taught my dear young ones to read, having first of all taught myself."

For the literal historical accuracy of the foregoing extraordinary facts, we refer to Mrs. Holley's book on Texas, where she refers to Mrs. Moore, although in her narrative she only sets down the initials of her name.  
 And may we not well be permitted to doubt whether the annals of the globe, and all the ages of time, can present a parallel to this almost miraculous case? The biographies of the self-educated team, to be sure, with noble examples among the softer sex as among the stronger sex. But did

any one, ever before, either man or woman, go through the patient, painful process of voluntary self-culture, with the same definite and settled object? Others have struggled with the terrible problem of unaided mental development, from the desire of gain or hope of glory; but she, that poor huntress of the backwoods, from the purer, loftier, more angelic motive of an infinitely tender, holy, maternal love, and with the sole view of fitting herself to be the teacher of her innocent offspring, cut off as they were by insuperable circumstances from every other means of instruction. It makes one better to read of such instances of exalted devotion to conscious duty, and thus to know and feel that although the race of moral heroes appears to be nearly or quite extinct, that of domestic heroines never can wholly perish, while one mother shall be left to linger on earth with a bright-eyed babe nestling about her bosom!

**Noblemen.**  
 The noblest men I know on earth  
 Are men whose hands are brown with toil;  
 Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
 Have down the woods and till the soil,  
 And win thereby a greater fame  
 Than follows king or warrior's name.  
 The workmen! what'er their task,  
 To carve the stone, or beat the hod—  
 They wear upon their honest brows  
 The royal stamp and seal of God!  
 And brighter are their drops of sweat  
 Than diamonds in a coronet!  
 God bless the noble working men!  
 Who rear the cities of the plain,  
 Who dig the mines, and build the ships,  
 And drive the commerce of the main—  
 God bless them for their s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s  
 Have wrought the glory of all lands.

**THE COTTAGE.**  
 BY MISS L. H. BOWEN.  
 There was a laboring man who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.  
 When the cottage was finished, he tho' he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her living very well. But in winter she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.  
 So he built a barn for her. It was so small, that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.  
 When it was done, a neighbor came in and said—  
 "What color will you paint your barn?"  
 "I had not thought about that," said the cottager.

"Then I advise you by all means, to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."  
 Soon another neighbor coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about the building. "White is by far the best genteel color," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."  
 While he was in doubt which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said, "he who gave you the black, is one who dislikes you and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise. Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black will draw the sun, and cause the edges of the boards to curl and split; and the white will look well but for a little while, and then become soiled, and then need painting anew. Now take my advice and mix the black and white together."  
 So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very grey color which he liked and used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary.  
 It had always twined on two poles, which he had fastened in the earth to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building—and he made a little arbor for it to run upon and cluster about.  
 He painted the arbor grey. So the

rock and the cottage, and the shed and the arbor were all the same grey color. And everything around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together in their arbor, at the sunset of a summer's day.  
 A stranger who seemed to be looking at everything round that small habitation happened to be the shade of grey.  
 "It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long that the world itself looks old and grey to us now."

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint—and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when young.  
 "I have thought of this circumstance," said he, "so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white paint was a friend. The advice of neither was good. Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us are not willing to show our virtues. One would make all white—the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.  
 "If, then, neither the counsel of our foes, nor our partial friends is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which, like the grey paint, mixed both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good."

**An Obstinate Passenger.**  
 The stockholders of one of the railroads terminating in Boston, held a meeting not long since, and, as usual, extra cars were provided and free passes sent to all the holders of shares. When the train started on its way to the city, the conductor passed through the cars to see if everything was right. He found among the passengers a shabbily dressed man apparently about fifty years of age, whose appearance was proof positive that he had not very recently patronized a barber, or paid much attention to his toilet. He had on a tarpsaulin hat, thick and dirty boots, and a suit of clothes that never came from Oak Hill. Notwithstanding his uncouth looks, he had taken a seat in one of the most elegantly finished cars, in the midst of merchants, lawyers, doctors, manufacturers, and others, "gentlemen of property and standing," though he kept his own counsel, and said nothing to nobody."  
 The conductor scrutinized the plebeian rather sharply, and knowing that many stockholders were present, he thought he must show them a specimen of his regard for the comfort and pleasure of his passengers, especially those of the "first class."  
 He therefore took occasion to speak to the man with the tarpsaulin hat:  
 "You have probably made a mistake, sir; this car is for the stockholders; you can find accommodations in one of the forward cars."  
 "I am satisfied with this car," was the cool reply.  
 "Well, you can't remain here, if you are," said the conductor, with an air of authority.  
 "Perhaps I can; there is room enough here, and I don't think I shall move."  
 "You don't, eh? Well now I tell you, you shall move, and that very quick, too. Will you go peaceably, or shall I put you out?"  
 "I shan't go, anyhow."  
 Thereupon the conductor seized the refractory man by the collar, and vainly endeavored to eject him from the car. The task was too great for him; indeed, he did not try very hard, for his antagonist was a large and strong man, whom he could not handle. Conscious of his inability to enforce the order, without calling for assistance, the conductor felt very anxious to compromise the matter. But he had a stubborn customer to deal with, whose coolness and self-possession gave him great advantage. The cars now stopped at a way-station to take in more passengers, and the conductor's presence was required elsewhere. He seemed glad of an excuse for relinquishing the attempt to remove the obstinate passenger, and the stockholders who had witnessed the encounter also rejoiced to see it terminated, as they had suffered no inconvenience from occupying seats near the tarpsaulin hat.

At length the conductor passed through the cars to collect the tickets. The stockholders showed their passes and went free. When the obstinate customer was called

upon, in an impertinent tone, to surrender his ticket, he leisurely pulled out a large pocket-book, well filled with bank bills, among which was a stockholder's pass!

The conductor, to use a common expression, began to "smell a rat," and to feel rather cheap. He was told that the non-ejected man was a very wealthy farmer, and one of the largest stockholders in the corporation of which he (the conductor) was the servant! It was too late to make a graceful apology, and the discomfited conductor wisely said not a word. He probably learned that it is not always safe to judge men by their outward appearances.

In justice to the farmer it should be stated that he was not only bound to the railroad meeting, but to Brighton Market, where he intended to purchase a large number of cattle and drive them home himself. The weather being rather stormy, he did not think it advisable to put on any "go-to-meeting clothes."—*Boston Path-finder.*

**Good Advice to Boys.**  
 The knowledge you now treasure upon—the habits which you now fix upon yourself, and the moral and immoral precepts which you now imbibe, will stick to you through life, and influence your welfare and standing and usefulness as long as you live.  
 If you would be a useful, a valuable and a happy member of society, when you arrive at manhood, prepare yourself now. You must do it as you sit upon the narrow and crowded seats of your school-house, conning your lesson, or reciting to the master as he daily calls you up to the recitation—you must do it in the recess, as you join in the sports of the hour with your comrades and school fellows—you must do it as you sit by the blazing fire of your father's hearth during the long winter evenings, or as you give loose to your mirth in the joyousness of your heart while girding o'er the crystal ice, or tripping in the choral dance with your mates in the merry halls. In all these situations—in every situation take heed to yourself and strive to attain such knowledge and form such habits as will make you useful, and therefore beloved and respected in every relation in your future life.—*Maine Farmer.*

**Sleighting Song.**  
 O sweet we go, o'er the fleecy snow,  
 When moon beams sparkle round;  
 When hoofs keep time to music's theme  
 As merrily on we bound.  
 On white's night, when hearts are light,  
 And health is on the wind,  
 We loose the rein, and sweep the plain,  
 And leave our cares behind.  
 With a laugh and song we glide along  
 Across the fleeting snow;  
 With friends beside, how sweet we ride  
 On the beautiful track below!  
 O, the raging sea has joy for me,  
 When gales and tempest roar;  
 But give me the speed of a foaming steed,  
 And I'll ask for the waves no more.  
 JAMES T. FIELDS.

From the Teachers' Magazine.  
**Education.**  
 It is not every thing which passes for education that deserves the name. To educate a child is not simply to send it to school, nor yet to teach it the knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar. If this were the proper idea of educating children, then would the United States be in this respect behind even despotic Russia, where it is said, all the children are required by the law to be taught these and even higher branches, in such schools as the empire affords.  
 This is instruction, not education. It is as means to ends. To educate the mind, is to lead forth its powers. To educate the man is to call out and invigorate all his faculties of body and soul. It is to develop and endue the entire man, in his physical, mental and moral nature, with a view to his personal comfort, his social position and his immortal destiny. It is to train him up to the knowledge of himself, of his powers, relations, rights, duties and responsibilities, that in all respects, as an individual, as a member of civil society and a subject of God's moral government, he may act well his part here; and finally enter upon the rewards of a life of virtue in heaven. This is true education for which instruction and the knowledge of letters are the great, though not only instrumentalities. Confined to the individual it is personal—extended to the people it is popular. The purpose of the former is to lift up the man—the latter to elevate the nation. Possessed alike by all persons in any community it forms next to religion, the highest endowment on earth, for which God has ordained the social state.

It has been said that the stability of our government rests upon two great pillars: the intelligence and the virtue of the people. It rests upon one—a true popular education, as the common foundation of both. Intelligence is no more the necessary property of a people rightly educated, than is virtue; and any system of educational training which either overlooks or gives a secondary place to the cultivation of the moral man, with a view to habitual virtuous conduct, is not the system which meets the highest wants of a free people. If intelligence were the only object to be sought in educating men, then were its highest attainments only to qualify them for being more accomplished villains; and to furnish them the means of more extensive mischief.

The Education of which we plead, is one that shall be complete in its character; that shall call out the susceptibilities of the heart as well as the faculties of the head; that shall develop the conscience no less than the reason; that shall combine the growth of moral and religious principles, with the expansion of intellectual life; that shall train up the child to habits of virtue, enforced by all the sanctions of divine revelation, while it leads it on step by step in the pathway of knowledge; that shall teach it to feel its obligation to God—its country, and its race—at the same time that it confers enlarged capacities of thought, action, enjoyment, and service; that shall make the man virtuous as well as intelligent. This education we demand for all our children; and in the keeping of a people thus trained, shall we be told that our institutions are not safe, whatever ills befall, and whatever dangers threaten them? In an education like this, liberty may rejoice in the prospect of eternal perpetuity and vigor; without it, we have no security that in a single year she will not be shorn at least of her glory and her power to bless.

The world is too prone to be carried away with the glitter of outward pomp. We run after the phantom of mighty names, and forget the schoolmaster and his humble charge.—*Prof. Murray.*

**Rather Unpleasant.**  
 The following letter, from Capt. Wiggin, of schooner *Euloras*, which sailed from Frankfort Me., in February last, exhibits one of the beauties of overland traveling in California. The letter is dated San Francisco, Oct 31:  
 "I started from Stockton, where my vessel now lies, to come to San Francisco by land. In coming through the mountains I was chased by a Grizzly Bear and immediately put my horse to the top of his speed, and while going like lightning, the saddle turned, and was thrown to the ground and badly hurt. I had barely time to crawl to a tree and clamber up, when the bear came with me. He ran hawling around the tree but it was so small that he could not climb up. But his presence kept me in the tree top all night, bruised and bleeding, the skin being torn from my wrist and knee and both badly sprained, I was so weak that I could scarcely hold to the branches. But most fortunately, soon after daylight, a party of travelers came along and relieved me from my awful situation. I shall soon be better as I find I am not seriously hurt. It was a narrow escape."

**HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.**—During the last few months bills have passed as follows: Maine exempts a homestead to the value of \$500, and in the absence of a homestead personal property to that amount. Vermont exempts a homestead to the value of \$500. Iowa and Minnesota, 40 acres of land, or a lot; California, 230 acres of land, or a lot worth \$2000; Doreret, it is said, secures a home to every family. Georgia, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut had previously enacted similar laws.

Two of our Temperance champions, Rev. J. G. Miles and Sheriff Chatham, have had quite an interesting time lecturing to the yeomanry of Sugarvalley, upon their favorite theme. In two meetings they succeeded in gaining 49 to sign the pledge. They were attended by the Jacksonville band in a triumphant procession from Loganville to Tylersville.—*Clinton (Pa.) Democrat.*

A Member of Parliament, alluding to the fact that Lord John Russell married two widows, called the diminutive Premier "the widow's mita" that was cast into the Treasury?

The Germans style a thimble a finger-hat—and a glove, a hand-sleeve—