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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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From the Lewisburg Californians.

Oak Ranch, near the Mission of San Jose, Calif. Jan. 1850.

FRIEND WORDEN: In a former letter, I promised to give you a description of an outfit, for an overland journey to California. No doubt the emigration across the plains will be immense next season. I do not expect to influence any of my friends to undertake the journey—or would I; but should any venture, let them beware of the Southern or "Fort Smith" route, into which so many of us were gulled last season by the speculators of that place. Those self-interested wretches deserve hanging, without grace, for their successful efforts in attracting a large portion of the emigration, and making that a starting point.

The route thro' Old Mexico, from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan, is highly spoken of by some of those who have traveled it. It is no doubt pleasant and expeditious if passage for San Francisco can be procured at the latter place. Detention at Mazatlan is the principal objection to the route.

By way of the South Pass, through the Great Basin, and across the Sierra Nevada mountains, has been, and will continue to be, the great line of travel, to this country, by land. I have met persons that came through from Independence, Mo., in fifty-five traveling days. Of course they were well supplied with good pack mules; which is the only way I would again attempt the journey.

It is true, a number of wagons have come into the country, but the greater part of them, amounting to thousands, are strewed along the way from the South Pass to the Summit of the Sierra Nevada. A great many convenient articles can be carried in a wagon; but what do extras and comforts amount to, when at last obliged to pack, in the midst of a desert, or on the top of a mountain, where few or none of the facilities can be procured?

What I shall say, in regard to a "necessary outfit," I have learned by experience and observation.

The principal objects in packing are expedition, and being able to travel with ease where wagons can not go, or pass with difficulty. The lighter the packs, and fewer unnecessary articles, the better. If there be too much of anything, let it be in the provision line. Carry nothing with you but absolute necessities, and my word for it, you will not regret it. Let a pair of saddle bags contain your entire wardrobe, toilet, fancy articles and all. With a good suit of substantial materials upon your back, an extra pair of pantaloons, boots, and two changes of underclothes, are all that are necessary. No need for broadcloths and satins—plenty of such goods here. A blanket overcoat is an indispensable article. An India-rubber overcoat, leggings, and blanket, do not come amiss, for rain may be expected in the setting out; also a small, light, water-proof tent, and two pair of good wool blankets. Your canteen, of whatever material, should be thickly covered with woolen cloth, and immersed in water when filled, it preserves the water cool, and of course is more refreshing. As for weapons, a good "Colt's Revolver" will answer every purpose; a knife and hatchet are needed for general use; a rifle or gun is very desirable at times, but you may not have occasion to use it half a dozen times on the way.

After making the above preparations, repair to Independence, St. Joseph, or any other starting point on the route. Provide yourself with three or four good mules, one to ride, two to pack, and one or two to run bare backed, in case of an emergency. If you wish to indulge in the buffalo chase, you must have a good horse to ride. Take one or two good fitting pack saddles, and have abundance of material to preserve the backs of the animals. Have forty feet of rope for each animal, besides lashing ropes.

Three persons in a mess is enough, and

more than twenty to travel in company are useless. You need no guide, the road before you being broad and plain. If the balance of the company are as well provided with stock as yourself, (you should join such as are,) it will not be necessary to provision for more than eighty days at most. One lb. of bacon and one and a half of breadstuff will be found little enough for each man per day—one half flour, the other hard bread, which tho' less palatable, is more convenient in case of rain or the absence of wood.) A few pounds of beans, dried fruit, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, tea, and other minor articles you may think of, will constitute your stock of provision. A coffee pot, frying-pan, stew kettle, tin cup, and plate, and your kitchen furniture is complete. An India rubber bucket for the mess, would be found very useful.

Armed and equipped as above, you had better set sail with the "trade winds," which commence blowing about the first of May. If your animals should prove stubborn talk Spanish to them, "Happah, mulah, vama!" it will have the desired effect. If you should swamp in the mud, don't swear, but set to and lift them out. If you should be overtaken by a storm, your tent blown down, yourselves and "traps" saturated with water, take it coolly, especially if you can get no wood to make a fire with. If you should wake up in the morning, and find that your animals had walked off in search of better pickings, it will afford you a pleasant day's stroll over the plain in search of them. If your slumbers should be disturbed by the presence of a score of wolves, howling as though there were that many thousand, don't be alarmed; they won't hurt you, they only want your meat. If your guard should fall asleep, and the "Red-skins" see fit to walk off with part of your baggage, don't think hard of it; your need, if you can console yourselves with the idea that they did not take all. If provision should grow short, or stock fail, don't forget to turn in at the Mormon Settlement, to recruit and replenish. If in crossing the desert your animal should drop down under you, think nothing of it; you can easily foot it the balance of the way. Or if any of your companions, overcome with thirst and fatigue, are unable to proceed, leave them to their fate, and rush for water. If in ascending the Sierra Nevada, one of your mules should lose its balance and fall over a precipice, pack and all, you can do no better than assist it in regaining its former footing. If throughout the whole of your journey, you preserve an even temper (I never knew an instance,) you should be worshipped as a saint in this "land of promise," and be presented with a crown of gold. Finally, if one out of ten of you succeed in making a fortune here, you will do better than thousands that have gone before you.

Respectfully Yours,
W. H. C.

"Oak Ranch," Jan. 23, 1850.

John, Fred, and myself are keeping bachelor's hall in a canvass house or tent. We have squatted in a beautiful part of the country, and will probably claim a pre-emption right when the lands are surveyed. We have named our place "Oak Ranch," from four large oaks peculiar to the country in front of our *Casita*, as the Spaniards call our house—a very temporary one you will say; but we are comfortable, and feel very much at home, notwithstanding the wet weather, the country at present being almost deluged. During the dry season it never rains, and a great many people live night and day in the open air. I very much doubt whether you would fall in love with life in California, if here. Our near neighbors are seven miles distant. I am alone to night, John and Fred, having gone down to the Embarkadero, seventeen miles, distant with the mules, to pack up provisions. I wish you were here. It would afford me a great deal more pleasure to tell you my mind than to write it. As to general news, anything I could write would be stale, for if you continue to "take the papers," you know as much as I do, almost.

As to our journey out, I will say nothing. It is an unpleasant subject, and makes me feel "sorter dreadful" to think of scenes we passed through; suffice it to say that it is the longest, most difficult, and hazardous route overland now traveled.

The Lewisburg boys who came by Vera Cruz through Mexico to Mazatlan, thence to San Francisco by water, were highly pleased with their trip and reached here in July.

I have seen papers from the States as late as November. On the arrival of the last steamer, thousands of Tribunes, Herolds, and other papers sold at one dollar

per copy. I was glad to get a Tribune at that price.

There appears to be no end to the emigration to this country. The "gold fever" increases, carrying off thousands daily. Old Pennsylvania is certainly behind the age. The few vessels leaving the port of Philadelphia is rather surprising. Can it be that you are all asleep, or have you seen so more of the "dust" than you can "put in your eye?"

It is generally supposed that during the coming season, this country will reach its zenith, at least in the gold excitement. Speculation will undoubtedly run high. Fortunes will be made in a day as it were. The whole thing is a perfect gambling-shop. I hope we shall be amongst the lucky ones. It is not the persons that dig in the mines that make fortunes, but the trading character.

But this state of things can not last forever. There is scarcely any bound to the price of real estate in San Francisco, and other cities and towns in the country. Lots in the former place that two years ago were bought for sixteen dollars, are now worth fifty thousand. Look at the estimated loss by the late fire in that place. It was there at the time. Some ten or fifteen frame houses, perfect shells and their contents were burned. Total loss, One Million Dollars! Most of these houses were replaced in less than two weeks and gambling resumed as though nothing had happened.

Some of the finest music I have ever listened to, I heard in this country—Spanish, Italian, French, German, and a great variety. More than one thousand dollars are daily expended for music, by the gambling houses of San Francisco. If you were here, and could endure the everlasting jingling of money in the public gambling room, I could safely ensure yourself and violin from an ounce to twenty-five dollars per day, especially if you could give them a touch of "daddy coon" occasionally—pretty good wages for tormenting cat-gut hey?

I would not influence any of my friends for or against coming to this country; then there will be no cause for reflection. In writing, I endeavor to give facts as near as I can. It is not every one that comes, makes a fortune—far from it. There is now suffering and distress here. Scarcely a day passes that we do not feed some unfortunate person who is "strapped"—many of whom were in easy circumstances at home, some wealthy, who curse the day they "resolved to go to California."

How the miners are doing we can not learn, owing to the bad state of the roads. The last news from the "Mariposa Diggings" (where we were,) everything in the way of provisions was two dollars per lb.—flour, pork, beans, sugar, coffee, &c. Thousands of men who worked in the mines last season, and obtained more or less gold, came down to Sacramento City, Stockton, San Francisco and other places to winter, lost all at the gambling table, and are now destitute, and the wet season but half over. I saw a fellow in San Francisco, who came down from the mines, to go home in the steamer of the 1st. He commenced betting at Monte, and when he set sail had but seven thousand left. I have seen some of the "times you read of" since leaving home, and if I should be lucky here, I will endeavor to take care of it. I think we deserve fortunes.

It is laughable to hear passengers by water just landed, complaining of the *hard fare* they had on board, and in nine cases out of ten, the Captain of the vessel is prosecuted for damages. If they remain here any time, they will learn not to complain of the living on the way home. Luxuries such as milk eggs, cabbage, potatoes, are scarce and expensive. *Taters* are now worth one dollar per lb. at Sacramento city—(the greater portion of which city, by the way, is under water.) A short time ago, two New Yorkers came ashore from a vessel just arrived in the port of San Francisco. Feeling a little hungry for something fresh, they stepped into a restaurant, and after looking over the bill of fare, called for ham and eggs. They ate a pretty hearty dinner. Imagine their surprise when told that their bill was sixty five dollars. This is a fact: "green-us" get a good training here.

As a specimen of gambling—last summer, one evening in the mines, a young Spaniard commenced betting. His luck was good, and he won several banks—in all 3,000 ounces, or \$48,600. The gambler proposed uniting to make up a bank of that amount, and asked him if he would "tap" it. He said he would, his friends at the same time urging him to desist. The bank was made, he threw his pile on a single card, and lost. His friends up-

braided him for it, telling him that if he had not bet he would have had \$18,600. "Ah! but," said he, "if I had won, I would have had \$97,200!" He lighted his cigarro and walked away, as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. I will not vouch for the truth of this, although told me for a fact—at any rate, it is a good one, and heavier betting than that is frequently done. A Spaniard loses a heavy bet with the utmost indifference.

We have succeeded in getting the goods we shipped from Philadelphia out to our "ranch." The expenses of freight and storage at San Francisco, exceeded the first cost. But we will make them pay. We packed them up from the Embarkadero on our mules, seventeen miles, and a very bad road. We carried 300 lbs. on a mule, at an average. We have become accustomed to packing, but can not compete with the Mexicans, who beat the world at the business. At best it is but a sorry means of transportation, compared with the facilities you have in the States. We have our mules, which we brought out with us, and they alone are worth more than all our expenses in coming to this country. We have provisions enough on hand, and paid for, to make us several thousand dollars—so you see, although we have done but little, we are not likely to starve for some time to come. We get \$20.00 for boots that cost us \$2.00 in Philadelphia, 50 cts per lb for flour, 75 for pig bread, \$1 per lb for sugar, \$1.50 cts per lb for tobacco, &c. &c. We furnish meals, at \$1.00, which probably don't cost us a "bit." The season of travel will soon commence, when we expect to be very busy, having some other matters in contemplation. I would not take \$10,000 for my chance the coming season, if I keep my health, although I may miss the mark widely.

Any person doing business in this country is obliged to have a pair of gold scales—for the principal currency is dust, at \$16 per ounce. The smallest coin in circulation here is a rial or bit, which passes only for cigars. The "gold dollar" has made its appearance here. Money seems of little value—a penny is more esteemed in Penn's than a dollar here. The other day, J. M. was offered five dollars for an American cent as a curiosity, but refused. We are obliged to do the greater part of our trading in the Spanish language. As far as business is concerned, I have learned to get along very well, and expect soon to be pretty well versed in the "talk."

Clover and wild oats grow spontaneously all around us. Vegetation commenced in November, and now the surrounding hills and valleys are clothed in green—grass of course, for there is very little timber in the country. The California oak, of which so much has been said, is fit only for shade trees, firewood, and to furnish acorns for the Indians. Thousands of cattle are in sight every day. These afford the finest beef in the world. We give a Spaniard \$5 or \$10 to "lasso" one for us. It would do your eyes good to see the operation. W. H. C.

Mr. John H. Goodman.

The Ruler's Daughter.

BY MISS MARY S. B. DANA.

A father is praying, the Savior to bless,
For his daughter is dying, with no helper near.
Beneath him gravely he falls at his feet,
And his story of sorrow O Jesus, I'll give!

"My dear little daughter, I fear she will die!
O thou merciful Savior, attend to my cry!
If thou wilt but touch her, the surely will live;
Then to thee all the glory, O Jesus, I'll give!"

And Jesus went with him—but soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father, "Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the Master thy woes to relieve?"
But the kind Savior whispered, "Now only believe!"

They came to the house, and the mourners were three,
Who with weeping and wailing were reading the air;
But Jesus reproved them: "Why thus do ye weep?
For the maid is not dead, she is only asleep!"

O, see! with a touch how the maiden awakes,
When the mighty Physician her hand gently takes!
And, see! from her features pale death quickly flies,
At the voice of the Savior, "O daughter, arise!"

Homily against Spitting.—The Rev. Mr. Beecher, in a recent sermon, inveighed severely against the filthy practice of spitting in churches. He said that men had a right to snuff, and smoke, and chew as much as they pleased at home, but they had no right to introduce such profanity into the church, destroying the carpets, and showing disrespect to the house of God. What would they think of him if he chewed in the pulpit and spat from it? They had just as little right to do so. The Doctor was only half right. What right has a man to spit even in his own house? What would he think of his mother, sister, wife, or daughters, indulging in such a practice? If they may not with propriety disgust him, under what canon of social justice may he disgust them?

The Public Lands.

To one who reads the Annual Reports of our Land Commissioners, assuring us that we have thousands of millions of acres of land, it may seem useless to inquire how fast it is settled; for it seems inexhaustible. But there is another and different aspect in which to view this subject. Though land is almost inexhaustible, available, fertile land is in every country settled and occupied in a few generations. In this country the standard lands are corn lands for food and coal lands for minerals. Corn lands are in a great measure bottom lands, and therefore not a small part of the whole. Of the coal-fields in the United States there is as yet but a small part accessible to markets. It follows, then, and we know the fact from actual observation, that the best lands in the whole United States are sold and mostly occupied in a single generation. In consequence of this it is that we find improved farms in New-York and Pennsylvania sold, not unfrequently, at one hundred dollars per acre. In another generation the best lands of Ohio will command more than that price.

It is of importance to all men, who either hold or expect to hold lands, to ascertain, if possible, the progress of actual settlement and cultivation. This problem seems to be difficult, but may be solved with a sufficient accuracy to afford a very clear view of the actual progress of the American nation in the settlement of new lands. It is only necessary to know the proportion of agriculturists to the whole people, the amount of emigration, the sales of the public lands, and the annual increase of the inhabitants. All these we know. The population increases three and one-third per cent. each year. Taking the year 1848 as the basis of calculation, the white population was about eighteen millions. The increase in 1849, at three and one-third per cent. was six hundred thousand. The average emigration for three or four years, (which is the true basis,) was about two hundred and fifty thousand. The increase of population is thus made up:—

Increase of native born . . . 350,000
Do foreign born . . . 250,000

The number of persons employed in agriculture is seventy-seven per cent., or rather more than three-fourths of the whole people. Of the increase of the two elements of population stated above, the number of farming and planting people (at three-fourths of the whole) stand thus:—

American born . . . 262,500
Emigrants . . . 187,500

Of the first class, (262,500) we may safely assume that about one-half are provided for by inheritances, while the others purchase new lands. The emigrants must of course all purchase new lands, or the farms of those who must, in their turn, purchase anew. The whole of emigrant farming people must be provided with lands. The total number of persons to be provided with lands on the basis of the population of 1848 is, then:—

American born . . . 131,250
Emigrants . . . 187,500

Total . . . 318,750

The provision however is to be made by families, and not individuals; and the proportion of heads of families to the whole number of persons is about one in six. There are, therefore, on the above calculation, fifty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-five tracts of public land required to supply the actual demand of farming people for land. The public land is now sold in tracts of forty, eighty, one hundred and sixty, three hundred and twenty, and six hundred and forty acres each. It is well known, however, that the emigrants purchase in nine cases out of ten, very small tracts of land. We assume eighty acres for each family as the amount required by actual settlers. This gives us for fifty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-five tracts, the aggregate of four millions two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land required in 1849 for actual use and settlement. This is the theory. If it be correct, it will not vary largely from the sale of public lands, when there is no speculative fever to create a false demand. Let us see how they correspond. We find the entries of public lands in 1849 to be thus:

Sold by the Government 1,897,553 acres
Mexican War Warrants entered 2,288,950 " "
State selections under act '41 379,038 " "
Improvement of rivers, etc. 321,193 " "
Choctaw Certificates 57,340 " "

Total acres entered . . . 4,933,074

Deducting from this total the State and Internal Improvement selections, we have four million two hundred and thirty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty-three acres entered for use and settlement, almost the very same amount we had arrived at by the theory of increasing population!

The increase of land entries, in the three years prior to 1849, were as follows:

Land entered in 1846 . . . 2,901,637 acres
" " 1847 . . . 2,456,464 " "
" " 1848 . . . 4,933,069 " "

This increase is very large; but it must be recollected that in these three years emigration was immensely increased by the European famine of 1846. The emigration in three years exceeded, by three hundred and fifty thousand, what it would have been under the former proportions. This number of emigrants would require about three million five hundred thousand acres; so that, if the fluctuations occasioned by foreign emigration were left out of view, the actual increase of the sales of public lands would be found to proceed exactly in proportion to the increase of population at home.

There are two disturbing causes of the irregularity in the amount of land sold. These are, speculation and emigration. The latter we know and can estimate exactly; but the former (speculation) we may anticipate, whenever the paper currency is largely increased; but we can not tell exactly its effect. In 1835, 1836 and 1837, a most enormous speculation in public lands occurred. Many of the highest official officers of the government were involved in it, and few speculative bubbles have ever exceeded that in extent and power. Full twenty millions of acres were in those three years taken by speculators alone. The consequence was, that for the next five years the sale of public lands greatly fell off. By 1845, however, the sales had got into the ordinary channel, and since then have regularly increased. The sales of 1849-'50 will be about five millions of acres per annum.

The State of Ohio contains about twenty-five millions of acres. The annual sales of public lands is five millions. Consequently the sales of public lands amount to the whole surface of the State Ohio each five years. In ten years, then, two new States would be entirely occupied by settlements, provided the lands were all available. But they are not. We must allow full one-third even of the best States for non-occupation in the first generation, by reason of inferior soils. The conclusion of the whole, then, is that the people of the United States actually progress, in the purchase, settlement, and occupation of new lands, at the rate of THREE average sized States in each TEN years.—Cincinnati Chronicle.

Comfort for the Bereaved.

The following passages, taken from a poem on a Dead Child, (written by Miss BARRERTY) give chap, and verse for the Soul's Bible of consolation.

"The angels have their sweetest
Because we are not worthy."
Aime empty of her child she sits,
With spirit unobscured:
"God will not all take back His gift—
My Lily's mine in heaven!"
"Sill mine—maternal rights scarce
Not given to another!"
The crystal bars shine bright between
The souls of child and mother.
"Meanwhile," the mother cries, content,
"Our love was well divided;
Its sweetness following where she went,
Its anguish stayed where I did."
"Well done of God, to have the lot,
And give her all the sweetness!
To us—the empty room and cot;
To her—the heaven's completeness."
"To us—this grave; to her—the rose
The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To us—the silence in the house;
To her—the choral singing!"

The Reason.

From the New York Tribune.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.

Dr. Gwin, the Senator elect from California, has already become an object of suspicion, if not of denunciation, on the part of the ultra Slavery men, who prefer dissolution to the admission of another Free State into the Union. This distrust has been brought about in this wise: The conspirators against the Union, as an excuse for opposing the admission of California under her present Constitution, have assigned several objections, either of which they have argued was fatal. The first is, that "undue influences" have been exerted on the part of the Executive and his Cabinet in prevailing upon the people of California to adopt her present Constitution, excluding Slavery therefrom. The second is, that the right of suffrage was exercised by foreigners and others, who had no legal right to vote. And the third is, that but for the above two reasons, citizens from the South would have been permitted to have settled there by operation of law with their Slaves.

These propositions are all boldly met by Dr. Gwin, and unqualifiedly denied. He avows that no influence whatever, either proper or improper, was exercised over the People of California on the part of the Administration or of individuals, in the action which they took either in calling

their Convention, the formation of the Constitution, or its subsequent adoption by the People. He denies in the most emphatic manner, that any but citizens of the United States, voted when the Constitution was submitted to the people for its approval. And declares that a majority of all the persons from the Slave States that were in California were in favor of making California a Free State. It is this last assertion that annoys the slavery propagandists more than anything else, and for the utterance of which Dr. Gwin has been most censured.

At a social gathering a few evenings since, composed of southern men, he was asked how he could make such an assertion, that Southerners in California were in favor of her admission as a Free State. He replied, "I can satisfy you of it in a few words: In California Labor is Respected." In her mines are to be found men of the highest intelligence and respectability performing daily labor; and they do not wish to see the slaves of some wealthy planter or owner brought there, and put in competition with their labor, side by side. It is from the very fact that Labor is respectable, that we wish to keep it so by excluding Slavery from our State."

Fresh Air.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the life of his very lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every crevice of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquatics in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of fresh air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born babe, without any need to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated economy of falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roasts in a cherry-tree, and always in the best health throughout the year. Three dunghill lovels preferring the cherry-tree to the warm perch in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a prevention little thought of now a days.—Watson's Essays on Natural History.

Mind in Sickness.—There are dates imposed by sickness. One is, to seek the restoration of health. Another, to deny one's self. Another, to summon the mind to the relief of the body. The physician may do much to aid this, as Dr. Rush, when by the words "the eagle's nest," he raised the mental energies of an enfeebled patient, by the recall of a scene of youth in which both had partaken. We ought to be most assiduous in attention to those whose disease is accompanied with mental depression.

Twenty years ago, the whole quantity of anthracite coal mined in Pennsylvania, was three hundred sixty five tons. In 1840, eight hundred sixty-seven thousand and forty-five tons. In 1849 three million two hundred eighty two thousand four hundred and ninety-two, and for the present year it may be estimated at four million of tons. The business is in its infancy.

English Taxation.—R. Montgomery Martin states, that of £50,000,000 of taxes, two million and a half of rich people pay £11,530,000; eight million of the middle classes pay £25,410,000; and fourteen million of the working classes pay £13,060,000.

The Lancaster banks advertise \$200 reward for the detection of the persons who have mutilated their notes, and pasted together the pieces so as to form new ones.