

The Weekly Mariettan.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Horticulture, The Fine Arts, General News of the Day, Local Information, &c., &c.

F. J. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 7.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

NO. 6.

The Weekly Mariettan
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
Frederick J. Baker,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE in the second story of **Carroll's Block**, on **Frank Street**, five doors **East of Mrs. G's Hotel**, **MARIETTA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNA.**
If subscriptions be paid within six months, \$1.25 will be charged; and if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged. Any person sending **FIVE** new subscribers shall have a **SIXTH** for his trouble.
No subscription received for a less period than six months, and papers will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.
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Heads of Departments.

NATIONAL.

President, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.
Vice President, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.
Speaker of the House, Wm. Pennington, New Jersey.
Secretary of State, Lewis Cass, of Michigan.
Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, of Ga.
Secretary of the Navy, Isaac Toucey, of Conn.
Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Va.
Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, Miss.
Postmaster General, Joseph Holt, of Ky.
Attorney General, Jeremiah S. Black, of Pa.
Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney.
Associate Justices, John McLean, Jas. Wayne, John Catron, Peter V. Daniel, Sam'l Nelson, Robert A. Grier, John A. Campbell, and Nathan Clifford.

STATE.

Governor, Wm. F. Packard, of Lycoming co.
Secretary of State, Wm. M. Hiestor, of Berks.
Attorney General, John C. Knox, of Tioga.
Comptroller General, Wm. H. Keim, of York.
Auditor General, John C. Cochran, of York.
State Treasurer, Eli Shifer, of Union.
Superintendent of Public Schools, Thomas H. Burrows, of Lancaster.
Judges of the Supreme Court, Walter H. Lowrie, Chief Justice, Geo. W. Woodward, James Thompson, Wm. Strong, John M. Reed.

COUNTY.

President Judge, Henry G. Long.
Assistant Judges, Alexander L. Mayes, Ferris Brinson.
District Attorney, Emilen Franklin.
Prothonotary, William Carpenter.
Recorder, Anthony Good.
Register, John Johns.
County Treasurer, Michael H. Shirk.
Sheriff, Benjamin F. Rowe.
Clerk of Quarter Sessions Court, Sam'l Evans.
Clerk of Orphans' Court, C. L. Stoner.
Coroner, Levi Summy.
County Commissioners, Daniel Good, Joseph Boyer, Levi E. Reber, Solidator, Ed. Keittley, Clerk, Peter G. Eberman.
Directors of the Poor, Robert Byers, Lewis Sprecher, Daniel Overholzer, John Huber, Simon Gosh, David Styer, Solidator, James K. Alexander, Clerk, Wm. Taylor.
Prison Inspectors, R. J. Houston, Dav. Brandt, John Long, Jacob Seitz, Hiram Evans, H. S. Garm, Solidator, Dan' G. Baker, Keeper, J. W. Caldwell.
Auditors, Thomas S. Collins, James B. Lytle, John McCarty.
County Surveyor, John C. Lewis.

BOROUGH.

Chief Burgess, Samuel D. Miller.
Assistant Burgess, Peter Baker.
Town Council, Burgess (President) John Crull, Thomas Stence, Ed. P. Trainor, Henry S. Libhart.
Town Clerk, Theo. Hiestand.
Treasurer, John Auxer.
Assessor of Taxes, William Child, Jan. Collector of Taxes, Frederick L. Baker.
Justice of the Peace, Emanuel D. Ross.
High Constable, Abselem Emswiler.
Assistant Constable, Franklin K. Mayes.
Recruiters, John H. Stoolman, E. J. Roth.
Superintendents, Samuel Hippie, Taylor.
School Directors, John Jay Libhart, President, E. D. Roth, Treasurer, C. M. Schaffner, Secretary, John K. Fidler, Aaron B. Gross, Jonathan M. Lawrence.
Post Office Hours: The Post Office will be open from 6 o'clock in the morning until half-past 7 in the evening. The Eastern mail via Silver Spring and Homestead will close at 9 p. m., and arrive at 11 a. m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
The Eastern mails will close at 7 a. m., and 4.10 p. m., and return at 11.21 o'clock at m., and at 6.23 p. m.
The Western mails will close at 10.50 a. m., and arrive at 4.56 p. m.
Railroad Time Table: The mail train for Philadelphia will leave this station at 7.56 in the morning. The mail train west will leave at 11.21 in the morning. The Harrisburg accommodation train will leave at 4.56 p. m., and return, going west, at 6.23 p. m.
Religious Exercises: Service will be had on every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the evening, in the Presbyterian church. Rev. P. F. Timlow, pastor.
Every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the evening there will be service in the Methodist church. Rev. T. W. Martin, pastor.
Beneficial Societies: THE HARMONY, A. N. Cassel, President; John Jay Libhart, Treasurer; Barr Spangler, Secretary. THE FORTUNE, John Jay Libhart, President; Abram Cassel, Treasurer; Wm. Child, Jr., Secretary.

The Hermitage Hotel.

Lower Railroad Station, Marietta, Pa.
THE undersigned would most respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has leased the above named old and well known hotel, and is now prepared to accommodate all who may feel disposed to patronize him, being determined to leave nothing undone in his part to merit and to receive a share of public patronage.
Good Stabling. WILLIAM JOHNSTIN.
March 10, 1860.

WAGY and **SEIGH** BLANKETS of various sizes were sold last fall. Spungler & Patterson.

BETTER TIMES.

BY N. P. WILKS.
My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healings sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

One book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Gives still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there a midwife in the lap
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at even-tide,
Beneath a moon light sky of spring
When earth was garished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing
When bursting buds and growing
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass;
With wilder sweetness, thronged the night;
When all was beauty, then was I,
With friends on whom my life is flung,
Like mirth on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's light hung.

TO THE SUBURBANNA.
While on in beauty thou roll'st,
Pure river to the sea,
As bright and sparkling sunbeams play
Upon thy silver wave,
As purely green verdant banks
Thy flanking sides have;
As sweetly mirr' in their light,
The penicils bloom wave.

As when in evening gong by,
The birch and the yew bore,
While some in chieftain's arm awake
The music is oar.
Or when beneath the curling shade,
Of thy dark hestery trees,
The Indian's raven tress
Wave'd in the breeze.
Thy gent'le waves glide softly on,
As blue as night, as clear,
And still the lulling cadence sweet
Falls on the listening ear;
While thy pure waters play,
Whispering of gladness rove,
And careful foxes, with fain step,
The winding margin stray.

Of thee, at twilight's shadowy hour,
The rocking skiff we bear;
The "sounds of music, softly sweet,"
Float on the evening air,
And o'er thy breast, when morning's mist,
Is silencing trees, and glades,
With eager stroke, the hunter's bird
Impacts the flashing blade.
When then thy too have pass'd away,
In beauty, power, and pride,
Bathed in the sunbeams' golden light,
Thy crystal waves will glide;
And flowers sweet, with foliage fair,
Will fringe thy verdant shore,
Nor one soft murmur tell of forms,
Who'll rove thy haunts no more!

Kossuth, with the few remaining members of his family, was in Paris at last accounts. It is said that the illustrious Magyar felt keenly the death of his sister, and that when he read the account of the attention and respect manifested by the gentlemen of Brooklyn at her funeral, he wept and exclaimed—"Oh, that their people were my people, and their God my God." From some mysterious source Kossuth receives quarterly \$2,000, the accompanying note indicating simply that it is from a friend in America, and that it is intended for his personal expenditures.

The Toronto Committee for the reception of the Prince of Wales are in a fix. They proposed a grand ball in his honor, at an estimate cost of ten thousand dollars, and for a fortnight past the subscription paper has been handed round. When the Committee met on Thursday evening to complete arrangements, it was found that instead of ten thousand dollars, only two thousand had been subscribed.

The gifted though eccentric "Tom Marshall" has been delighting the people of Poughkeepsie and Milton with his lectures on Henry Clay and Temperance.
Dullards are to be kept without the pale of West Point, as the Commissioners have determined upon a rigid examination of all future aspirants for death and glory.

Familiar Quotations.

There are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived, and about encircling upon the sphere of works devoted to this purpose, we mention a few of them:
"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings, iv, 40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Samuel, i, 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Samuel, xiii, 14.—"The apple of his eye," Deut., xix, 21. "A still small voice," 1 Kings, xix, 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job, xix, 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job, xxi, 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm, cxxxvii, 35. "Hanging our harp upon the willows," Psalm, cxxxvii, 2. "Riches certainly make (not take, as it is often quoted) themselves wings," Proverbs, xxiii, 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Ibid, xxv, 23. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiastes, i, 9. "Of making many books there is no end," Ibid, xii, 12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," (made famous by Patrick Henry), Jeremiah, viii, 11. "My name is Legion," Mark, v, 6. "To kick against the pricks," Acts, ix, 5.
"Make a virtue of necessity," Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.—"All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted "All is not gold that glitters," Merchant of Venice. "Scrow your courage to the sticking place," (not point), Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," Ibid. "Hang out our banners on the outward wall," Ibid.—"Keep the word of promise to our (not thee) ear, but break it to our hope," Ibid. "It is an ill wind turns none to good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind blows no one any good," Thomas Tassar, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," Ibid. "Look ere thou leap, Ibid; and "Look before you ere you leap," Hudibras, commonly quoted, "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "A wake, arise, or be forever fallen," Ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Ibid. "That old man eloquent," Ibid. "Peace hath her victories," Ibid.—"Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool," (not little wool), Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere (not before) they're hatched," Ibid.—"Through thick and thin," Dryden.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692.—"Of the two evils, I have chosen the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1763. "A good hater," Johnsoniana.—"A fellow feeling make one (not us) wondrous kind," "My name is Norway," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for war," (not none the worse), Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say," Thomas Morton. "No pent-up Utes contracts our powers," Jonathan M. Sewell. "Iath given ho stages to fortune," Bacon. "His (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller.—"Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh in 1791, though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," (not countrymen), resolutions presented to House of Representatives, December, 1799, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney. "The Almighty Dollar," Washington Irving.

"As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce bill.—"Selling a bargain" is in Love's Labor Lost. "Fast and loose," Ibid. "Pumping a man," Otway's Venice Preserved. "Go snacks," Pope's Prologue to Satires. "In the wrong box," Fox's Martyrs.—"To lame in the sense of to heal, King and no King; by Beaumont and Fletcher." The hackneyed newspaper Latin quotation, "Tempora metantur, nos et mutamur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was, "Omnia mutatur," &c., and this is found in Bourbonius, a German writer of the middle ages.

"Smelling of the lamp," is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pythias. "A little bird told me" comes from Ecclesiastes, x, 20. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." He that fights and runs away, May live to fight another day.

These lines, usually ascribed to Hudibras, are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Meander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in Hudibras is:
"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."
"Hell is paved with good intentions," though found in Johnson and Herbert, was obviously in their day a proverbial expression. Walter Scott ascribes it to "some stern old divine."
"That's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in Rob Roy, and has doubtless, for a long time, been a familiar saying in Scotland.
Whistling girls and crowing hens Always come to some bad end.

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully-observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.
ANECDOTE OF GIRARD.—Stephen Girard, the rich Frenchman who founded the institution in Philadelphia which bears his name, had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear Mr. Girard say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world, but the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage.
"I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course—what do you think I had better do?"
"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is that you learn the cooper's trade."
This application of ice nearly froze Ben out and recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.
"I am in earnest," he replied.
Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.
"One dollar," said Ben, "as low as I can live by."
"Cheap enough—make out your bill." The bill was made out, and old Steve settled it with a check of \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral, to the effect that Benjamin now had a trade, which he could fall back on in case he did not succeed in business.

PROGRESS OF A LIBERIA SETTLEMENT.

The Rev. John Seys writes an interesting letter from Liberia, dated Monrovia, May 12, from which we quote the following in relation to the new town of Carysburg:
"I have been quite recently on a visit to Carysburg," Mrs. Seys accompanied me and was delighted with the place and people. They are improving there beyond our most sanguine expectations.—Already they have a population of 401, and number 107 dwellings, including the three belonging to the American Colonization Society. There are three schools in which 108 children are daily taught, the rudiments of a sound English education. The Methodists and Baptists have good congregations and two commodious frame churches are going up to take the places of the thatched houses of worship in which they have held their services. Two flourishing Sabbath schools are also in operation, numbering 91 pupils. They have also two military companies, one literary association, and one charitable institution. The people seem all industrious and thrifty, and are withal "given to hospitality." My wife and myself were invited out to breakfast, dine, and sup; to visit here, there, and everywhere, and everywhere we saw evidences of peace and plenty, content and prosperity.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—The following reminiscence of Samuel Woodworth possesses sufficient interest, we think, to warrant us in presenting it to our readers. It is a portion of a private letter recently received from one whose authority in the matter can not be questioned. In reference to the period of the production of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the writer says: "It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table: "That is very refreshing; but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said, "Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from his very soul those beautiful lines which we have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SMOKER.—A man in England has won a wager of £20 by smoking eleven pounds of strong cigars within twelve hours. The feat was accomplished at a steambath between London and Chelsea. The task was begun at 10 A. M., and ended at 7 P. M. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes 72 cigars were fairly smoked out, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no less than sixteen. The smoker declared that he felt not the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness throughout his nine hours and twenty minutes work, and calculates that if the match had gone on to the end he should have won by half an hour. The only refreshments taken during the progress of the match was a chop at two o'clock, the eating of which occupied twenty minutes, and a glass and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals during the smoking.—The betting when the match was first made was six and seven to four against the smoker; but after a public trial at the White Bear, Piccadilly, when the smoker consumed an enormous eight-penny cigar in three minutes, offers were made to bet six to four against time.

EXTRAVAGANT FIGURE: The committee of the Board of Trade who visited New York, for the purpose of treating with the directors of the Great Eastern, with the view of having that vessel come to this city for exhibition, did not agree to the terms demanded. The directors asked a guarantee of \$6,500 to pay expenses of the passage to Boston, and \$4,500 for each week day she remained here. They would listen to no other terms, although they were offered \$5,000 to pay the extra expenses of the trip.—On the terms proposed, the Great Eastern would have come to Boston this week. It is not probable that the committee of the Board of Aldermen, appointed to confer with the directors, will take any action at present.—Boston Traveller.

CHILDREN LOST IN THE WOODS.—The Hornellsville (Ohio) Journal states that three young children of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Howley, of that place, went into the woods on Saturday last, to pick berries, without the consent of their parents, and wandered about until lost.—Not returning before evening, the anxious parents, in company with nearly one hundred others, started for the woods, and succeeded in finding them. When found, the two youngest were sleeping, and the eldest, not yet ten years of age, was upon her knees praying.

Two tons of whortleberries were received in Chicago, on Tuesday last, from the western towns of Michigan.

DR. WINSHIP'S ADVICE.

This gentleman who claims to be the strongest man in the world, can lift eleven hundred pounds, dead weight. Among his examples for improving bodily health and strength is one which we consider to be of immense importance to the world, because we know it harmonizes with the experience of all medical practitioners and physiologists. It is: "Never rise early unless you retire early. Be sure to get sleep enough." It is certain that many children, who do not go to bed early, are driven into consumption by being turned out of bed at daybreak, half awake. The early rising theory, as to making one "healthy, wealthy and wise," is, as practiced generally, the greatest humbug in the world. To practice the early-rising theory with benefit one must go to bed early. Nature requires a certain quantity of sleep, and where this demand is not recognized, the penalty is sure to be exacted.

EXCHANGE OF FAVORS.—Some of the journals are stating that the Prince of Wales is the first heir apparent to the throne of England, who has ever visited the United States; but this is a mistake. Doubtless newspaper readers are familiar with an anecdote of William IV., before he came to his estate, to the following effect: While at New York the Prince called at a barber's shop, to be shaved. When the operation was completed he stepped up to the barber's pretty wife, who chanced to be present, and giving her a kiss, remarked, "There, now you can say you have been kissed by one of the Royal family." The barber, choosing to receive this as an insult, seized the Prince, and helping him out of the shop with the foot, exclaimed, "There, now you can say that you have received a royal kick from a freeman."

LARGEST SALE ON RECORD IN ARKANSAS.—The Chicago (Ark.) Press says: "Joshua M. Craig, of Chicot county, recently sold to Judge Griffin, of Washington county, Miss., his magnificent plantation known as 'Leland,' situated about ten miles below Columbia, and consisting of 3,200 acres, 1,700 of which are under cultivation, the balance in timber. Also, his negroes, to the number of 163, old and young—120 being working hands—60 head of mules, and the entire stock of farming implements, &c., all for the sum of four hundred thousand dollars. In addition to this, Mr. Craig reserves the present year's crop of cotton and corn, and eleven family servants."

COMMANDER CHARLES STEWART.—The 28th day of July, was the eighty-second birthday of the gallant Stewart, who has been in the service of his country thirty-three years. He has fought in over forty actions; and will live in history as the gallant captor of the British men-of-war the Cyane and Levant, when in the Frigate Constitution, February 20, 1815.—He is in the enjoyment of good health, works on his farm at Bordentown, from early in the morning, until time for the cars of boat to leave, when he comes down to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and attends to all the business appertaining to his position as Commander, with fidelity. May he enjoy health for another score of years.

CURE FOR ACQU.—The following is giving the rounds of the press: Now, the season for fever and ague is again approaching, we deem it an act of humanity to publish the following recipe for its cure, which has been repeatedly resorted to within the circle of our acquaintance with invariable success. It is simply to pound up, for a grown person, say four ounces of frambosanes, and sew it up in a black silk bag, which is worn by the patient next the skin on the pit of the stomach. We cannot be flattered to try this simple remedy.

Sherman M. Booth, who was the other day rescued from the jail at Milwaukee, was addressing a meeting at Ripon, Wisconsin, on Saturday, a duty-marshal attempted to arrest him, and there was an immediate explosion. The crowd hustled the marshal out of the way, drew many revolvers, made a committee of safety on the spot, and ordered Booth until he chose to leave the town. If a martyr is not made of Booth, it is November we mistake the character of his friends.

Obad Huzzey, inventor of the celebrated Reaping Machine, manufactured by J. S. Marsh & Co., of Lewisburg, was killed, recently, at Exeter, N. H.—He was a resident of Baltimore, a worthy member of the Society of Friends, and was about 69 years old.

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