LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

An Independent Family News Journal.

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1859.

Protect the Birds.

Nothing can be pleasanter than to have these little feathered songsters making their summer homes in the vicinity of your dwellings. Encourage them, then, and put up a few boxes that they may find convenient places where to raise their little families. We do not suppose that anybody in Lebanon county is mean enough to kill one of these birds, but still it may do no harm to publish a section of the act passed April 21, 1858, for their protection. This is it:

"That from and after the passage of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person within this Commonwealth to shoot, kill, or in any way trap or destroy any blue bird, swallow, martin, or other insectiverous bird, at any season of the year, under the penalty of two dollars."—*Pamphlet Laws*, 1858, *page* 271.

[We clip the above from the *Lebanon Courier*. The law covers Union county, and applies to all seasons.

It is generally believed that the loss of our fruit and grain is measurably caused by the absence of those birds which eat up the grubs, worms, insects, &c., which infest trees, vegetables, grain. Let there be plenty of these birds, and it is supposed we should have less losses and much more music.

We once heard a venerable Major, a Member of our State Senate, "stumped" by the word "*insectiverous*"—he did not know what it meant! Lest some of our readers should be in the same predicament, we would say it means any bird which *devours insects*—robins, sap suckers, chipping birds, &c. &c. This, we suppose, includes most of the warblers.

Our farmers, who are annoyed by men and boys popping at little birds, have now only to combine, resolutely, and without distinction of persons, and punish any one intruding on their premises and violating a law ordained for the good of farmers and all others who live by eating.

FOR FRUIT TREES.

How to Destroy Moss, Insects, &c.

Have any quantity of air-slaked lime in readiness; a wheel barrow, with a suitable box, tub, half-barrel, or something of the kind; have a small shovel, shaped something like a large butter-spoon, with a handle from four to six feet long—all made light. Having all things ready, then on the first rainy, foggy, or misty day—the more calm the better—load your barrow and draw under the tree; then throw your lime right up through the tree-top, which will cause a volume of floating lime, that will envelop the whole tree-top. The tree being wet, the lime will readily adhere to every nook and corner, so that not the least speck will escape, destroying all kinds of insects, killing all mosses, and also cleansing the bark of the tree. This must be done before the buds swell—from fall to spring. When the trees get dry, they will look as if they were covered with snow, or were white-washed. The lime that falls to the ground answers as a proper top dressing.

Having practiced the above mode for several years, with astonishing results—it being original with me, having never seen it in print—I cheerfully give it to the public, hoping that thousands may put it into practice before the growing season sets in. As regards the danger that any injury might result from it, I will vouch for it that there is no danger to be apprehended.

Never cut at trees after the first of March, but in the fall and winter, commencing as soon as the leaves and fruit are off. All your old apple trees and limbs should be carefully burned, the ashes gathered and strewed broad-cast about your apple trees. The apple-wood ashes contain a peculiar food for the apple tree. This principle holds good in the whole vegetable kingdom.—*Lancaster Union.*

S. C. WILT.

Hartleton, Union Co., Pa., March 4, 1859.

[The above may not be too late, yet, although, if friend Wilt had sent it to us, we might have had it for our readers two weeks earlier.—There is probably no "danger" to the *fruit* by the mode of cure recommended, but it may be *injurious* to the eyes, nostrils, hands and clothing of the person operating, unless guarded against. Old, thin, worn out clothing, "a shocking bad hat," hands gloved for once, and over the whole head a wet silk handkerchief or some other fabric through which one can see and breathe, would be the proper "costume" while throwing up the fine dust described. With such precautions, the procedure could hardly be detrimental, and we think is well worthy of a trial. Fruit trees generally are certainly in a decaying condition, and efforts must be put forth to restore them thoroughly and make them vigorous and productive—EDS. CHRON.]

YOUR APPLETREES.—Have you noticed their feeble growth and the young fruit in unusual quantities? Remove the dirt from around the collar with a hoe, and with your sharp pointed knife examine for the borer. Very likely you will find the tree half girdled with the insect. Most orchards are ruined before their owners begin to suspect the cause. They presume that everything is right with the tree, because the top remains green; while the worm is doing his work under the bark. Nothing but vigilance—a careful examination of the collar of the tree twice a year—will secure it against the borer. If this was not done last month, let it be attended to now. It will be some satisfaction to see where the enemy has been, and to know where to expect him in the autumn. We have frequently seen thrifty trees of eight or ten years' growth completely killed for want of ten minutes work with a sharp knife and a bit of wire. Bore the borer or he will bore your trees.—*Am. Ag.*

MAPLE SUGAR.—A supply of maple sugar, made this season, arived here on a raft yesterday, and was readily disposed of at fair prices. The Yankee who invested in this article made a handsome speculation. We tried some of the sugar and found it delicious. The wonder to us is that the maple tree is not more generally cultivated by the farmers in this section. In some of the northern and north western counties of this State, owners of sugar camps manufacture thousands of pounds yearly, and sell it at large profits. To our taste, the maple sugar is preferable to the miserable sandy Southern stuff sold by many grocers.—*Harrisburg Tel.*

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of powerful sermons—
  Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out our modern pulpits,
  Man from error to beguile.
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
  Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher
  With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed servants
  Would their hearers' conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
  They must practice what they preach.

Parents! if your tender offspring
  You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
  Which surround the paths of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
  And, to make your teachings sure,
Guide them not along by Precept,
  But Example, just and pure;
For, to shelter from the tempests
  Sin's dark clouds would cast 'round each
Tender flowers of your protection,
  You must practice what you preach.

Teachers! if, throughout your duties,
  Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
  Teach in all sincerity.
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
  Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
  Eagerly your words believe.
Then, beware! lest by your actions
  Untrue principles you teach,
And forget not you must ever
  Strive to practice what you preach.

Died, in Browntown, Bradford county, March 3d, Capt. DANIEL BROWN, aged 88 years, 5 months, and 26 days. Thomas Brown, the father of Daniel, emigrated from Connecticut, and settled in the Valley of Wyoming; he was the father of twenty-one children, of whom Daniel was the last survivor, and two of whom, Thomas and John, were killed at the Massacre. Patience Brown, the wife of Thomas Brown, Sr., escaped from the fort with six children, among whom was Daniel, then about eight years. Thomas, the father, being a cripple, could not keep up with the family, and was overtaken by two Indians, who suffered him to escape in consequence of being a cripple. After Sullivan's expedition in 1779 against the Indians, Thomas Brown with his family returned to Wyoming. Some few years afterwards, Daniel Brown settled at Wyalusing near the place occupied by the Moravians in 1775, and called by them Freidens-huetten, where he continued until his death and is supposed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming Massacre. He was the ancestor of 16 children, 71 grand children, 44 great grand children, and 4 great great grand children.

TAXES.—Guess nobody pays taxes in Chicago. The *Democrat* of Monday, comes to us with a supplement containing *forty-seven* columns of closely printed matter, representing delinquents of that city for the past year. Not less than 13,600 lots are thus advertised for non-payment of taxes! (A flourishing town!)

High tariffs, says the Washington "Union," are a necessity whenever enormous sums of money are to be raised. And enormous sums always have to be raised when the Democratic party is in power.—*Lou. Journal.*

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

[Some of our city cotemporaries note a stir in business, and in such a cheerful tone as to induce a prevalent confidence that the dark days are over, and that a vista of indefinite prosperity is opening before us. The items upon which the belief seems to be based are, the heavy increases of our imports since January 1st over the corresponding period of last year, the revival of manufactures, the activity evinced in auction and other marts of fabrics, and the heavy rush of strangers to the cities in quest of goods or situations. The New York *Tribune* indicates some reasons for believing this prosperity precarious if not delusive. They are]—

"I. The country, as a whole, is bare of Produce. Our Grain crop in 1858 was, on the average, a poor one, and we can spare far less of it to pay debts or buy goods abroad than we had to sell a year or years ago. Then the protracted rains of last Autumn reduced the seeding for this year, [in some parts only] to a minimum, while the open, broken, capricious Winter we are now closing has been very hard on what was sown, while its rains, in connection with those of last Autumn, have greatly restricted Plowing. Grant that last year's Cotton crop was large, and has mainly been sold at fair prices, that Tobacco also did well, and that the South is consequently enjoying an unusual prosperity, that California continues to pour out the Gold at a rate of nearly $50,000,000 per annum; and still we say that there exists in this country no exportable produce, or rational prospect of any, to justify an aggregate importation of more than Three Hundred Millions' worth of Foreign Products in the course of 1859, and that, should more be imported—as is threatened by the Custom House returns of our City for the last quarter—then we must sink deeper into debt abroad, and be exposed to a returning spasm of Revulsion.

"II. For be it never forgotten that this country is to-day, through its merchants and bankers, its States, Railroad and Canal Companies, and Federal Government, in debt to Europe to the amount of at least Three Hundred Millions—we think not less in all than Five Hundred Millions. The annual interest on this debt is not less than Twenty and we think it is above Twenty-five Millions. We ought to export enough annually to pay, in addition to the cost of our imports, the interest of this debt and an instalment on the principal. We *shall*, probably, export less this year, (specie included) than will pay for our current Imports, leaving our heavy Foreign Debt to be swelled in volume by at least the amount of the year's interest accruing thereon. Let the capitalists of Europe be visited by a panic with regard to the fullness of their security—nay, let a great war impel them to withdraw their capital from this continent and use it in invigorating the efforts and magnifying the resources of their respective countries, and the consequence would be a disastrous collapse all over our country. Is their forbearance a secure basis for our National prosperity?

"III. Though there is a present active demand for the products of Furnaces, Forges, Factories, Mills, &c., and though those already in being are generally at work, yet we scarcely hear of a new one being constructed, a new spindle or loom about to be put in motion. Manufacturing property commands but low rates, as the recent sale of the great Holyoke Water power and mills sufficiently attests. Our Industry is not expanding on what is and has been its weaker side, and there is little prospect of any incitement to such expansion.

"IV. The errors and vices which produced and precipitated the late Revulsion are still in full vigor. Our Tariff is so adjusted as to invite Foreign Fabrics and repel their producers, whom we should import instead. Our able and ambitious youth are attracted to Trade, to the Professions, to Fillibustering of some sort—rarely to any form of Productive Industry. Advertise to-day for a man to manage a farm, and three fourths of the responses will come from men of European birth. Advertise for a boy in a lawyer's office, a clerk in a store, a partner in a venture to Pike's Peak, and two thirds of the responses will come from native Americans. We are still, as a people, intent on getting suddenly rich by some kind of speculation, rather than on slowly acquiring a competence by industry. Credit is again expanding its sails; we know that goods are extensively sold in our city this Spring, to Southern retailers, on a year's credit—at what rates of profit, the reader will judge for himself. Enlarged discounts and distant pay days are the general aspiration. The lame ducks of 1857 are intent upon a National Bankrupt Law as the pool of Siloam wherein their distempers are to be washed away. Our aspiring youth fancy it easier to win a coffee or a sugar plantation under the head of some Lopez, Walker, or Henningsen, than to hew a farm out of the wilderness or break one out of the prairies. In spite of immense advances in Agricultural machinery, we grow less grain per head, less per acre, than our fathers did fifty years ago. *While the average British wheat crop (per acre) has nearly doubled in the last half century, ours has decidedly fallen off.* With an admirable climate for producing Sugar from Beet, the Sorghum and other saccharine plants, we are talking seriously of paying One Hundred and Fifty Millions for a single tropical island, in order to obtain cheap sugar. The new gold diggings are about to call tens of thousands of our people from the axe and the plow to the very base of the Rocky Mountains in quest of sudden wealth. In short, our people would seem to have a taste and an aptitude for anything rather than patient, steady Industry. The last "Hog crop" of the Great West sold at high prices; yet few are preparing to double their last year's product of Hogs; Wool is now selling at very high rates as compared with those of Grain and other Agricultural Staples, and seems likely to rule high for years; yet Sheep are being sold off and killed as recklessly as though they were worthless dogs. Land is dirt cheap, in the West and South, yet few of our young men who might do so are securing a tract on which to found a home. Instead of this, the sons even of thrifty farmers are crowding the streets of our cities, begging a chance to air their abilities by weighing out soap or peddling calico. Every body seems to want to avoid productive labor and devise some mode of getting rich by buying and selling the products of others. On the heel of a great Revulsion, there are this day four times as many living or seeking to live by trade as there should be, whether for their own good or for the good of the country."

[These are among many probable reasons why business men generally, should carry easy sail, until the storm has fully blown over. The failure of the last session of Congress to revise the Tariff, in itself renders the present year peculiar, and if we wish to avoid a recurrence of the panic of 1857–58, the greatest caution and prudence in business must be exercised. A change in governmental policy would have re-established confidence. That failing, the best plan is to keep out of debt, and consequently, out of bankruptcy. The *Tribune* says it may be mistaken, but the commercial sky wears to its view a portentous and troubled aspect. Aside from the chances of a great European War, there are troubles brewing in Mexico and Central America which may involve even our own country in hostilities whereof the end is hidden from sight. Better, at least in times of trouble, earn your living by sure and quiet industry than commit wealth to the mercy of angry winds and waves]—*Pottsville Miners' Journal.*

Colonization of Liberia.

It is the ardent wish, we believe of a great portion of the American people, that the African race among us might be colonized in some country of their own, where they would have motives for improvement, and where they would not be perpetually degraded by the superiority of whites. This is desirable on account of both races, and would be to the advantage of both. With this belief, it gives us pleasure to publish anything showing the advancement of Liberia. Rev. John Seys, Government Agent for recaptured Africans, in a letter from Liberia states the following:

"The National fair was being held on our arrival. Instead of a *crystal palace*, they had one much more appropriate, a bamboo floor and sides, and the roof covered neatly with the palm thatch. I obtained a season ticket, and mingled in the throng, to see and examine the evidences of Liberian improvement. I was surprised beyond all anticipation, and could scarcely realize where I was. I can not enumerate the articles on exhibition, but I was truly gratified with every department. The specimens of sugar cane can not be excelled in the West Indies, save in the Island of Trinidad. Socks made of silk of the great cotton silk tree of the tropics is decidedly a triumph of Liberian ingenuity. Never did I believe that the short fibre of the article could possibly be spun or wove; but the daughters of Liberia have done it. Gunpowder made here, by a native Liberian, arrested my attention. Beautiful furniture, made of the superior woods of the forests, claimed the admiration of all. But I can only mention, without commenting upon, the tools manufactured here, the superior iron ore, the cotton, coffee, cocoa, ginger, corn meal, arrow root, yams, eddoes and many more, all giving indisputable evidence of the vast fertility of the soil, of the onward rapid march in the improvement of the people of Liberia, and of the consoling fact that those who labor for their advancement in the arts and sciences, or any good thing, do not labor in vain."

A LADY ROBBED.—Mrs. Matthew Clark, a poor widow lady from Selinsgrove, was robbed of her pocket book, containing $3, (it being all the money she had in the world,) while passing along the platform of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at noon-day. The old lady was for sometime in great distress of mind. The facts having become known to Mr Geo. Garverich, Jr., he interested himself in her behalf, and, aided by a few other gentleman, furnished her with money to pay her fare home.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A Swiss Farmer and the Sabbath.

In the fertile valley of Emmenthal, in Switzerland, lived a farmer, who cared neither for God nor man. One Sabbath afternoon, having a large quantity of uncut grain in the field, and observing the clouds gathering around the tops of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called on his domestics, saying, "Let us go into the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before it rains, you shall be rewarded for so doing."

He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached her grandson with difficulty. "John, John, dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life I never saw an ear of corn housed on the Sabbath day, and yet we have always been loaded with blessings, we have never wanted for anything; it might be done if there was a famine, John, or a long continuance of bad weather, but thus far the weather has been very dry, and if the grain gets a little wet, there is nothing very alarming. Besides, God, who gives the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech you."

At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to each other, "Old customs are out of date; prejudices abolished; the world is now altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, "everything must have a beginning, but there is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in sleeping or in labor, and He will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be tomorrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of doors are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances."

"But, John, God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy own soul?"

"Ah, don't be uneasy about that," said John; "and now, boys, let us go to work! Time and weather wait for no man."

"John, John," for the last time said the good old lady; but alas! it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that they flew, men and beasts, so great was the dispatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drop of rain fell; John entered the house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof."

"Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the building was suddenly illuminated, and fear was printed on every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble on its foundations.

"Oh!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn." All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had just been housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all the men, who but a moment before were so well pleased. Every one was dejected and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind; she prayed and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? O! Heavenly Father, let Thy will and not ours be done!"

The barn was entirely consumed; nothing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof." "But above thy roof, is the Lord's roof," had said his aged grandmother.

This teaches the lesson that all is in the hands of God, whether in the field or in the barn, and what we endeavor to preserve from the rain can be reached in any place by Him who commands both the rain and thunder.—*Dr. Wichern.*

TWINS DEAD.—The Gettysburg papers record the death of the twin daughters of Abraham Guise, of that county, in the 44th year of their age, and adds:—"They were born and reared together—never separated for a single night during their lives—took the same disease, (measles,) died within a few hours of each other, and were buried side by side in the same grave."

The Position of the Farmer.

The intelligent farmer who directs his energies with the zeal and spirit which begin to characterise his class—who looks at his profession with pride and pleasure, and considers agriculture an art to be associated with, and assisted by scientific inquiry, is as far superior to the silken dandy, who may think him a clod-hopper, as one class of beings can be to another. The one is the prop of the State—the other a trifling excrescence upon it. To the intelligent farmer, nature unfolds her beauties as well as her bounties. His is the honest heart, the liberal soul, the ardent mind, the fresh imagination. He makes the best of parents and citizens, the most disinterested of patriots. Between the well systematized laborers of his life are intervals of leisure for general reading and improvement, enough to give him all the information necessary for individual culture and social enjoyment. Though every farmer should first look to the general fertility of his farm, as the foundation on which all improvements are to be laid, he would be utterly wanting in the true spirit of his profession, if he did not design, in due time, to crown his whole work by every domestic comfort and appropriate rural ornament. The business of agriculture is not one merely of practical utility. The farmer is not necessarily a dull swain. His pursuits are consistent with the keenest admiration of the beautiful in nature and art, with the most refined taste, and with all the graces of cultivated life. He owes it to himself as a rational being, gifted with all the capabilities of his race, to the obligations of domestic duty, and above all to the devotion which we will acknowledge to that gentle sex whose smiles are the crowning bliss of life, to provide for his own and his family's enjoyment all the comforts and embellishments which belong to a mature civilization. Among other high duties, is that of properly educating his children. And to such of them as are destined to pursue his own profession, he should give much more than that teaching, which stops at a mere knowledge of the routine of farm practice.

A good agricultural education is both scientific and practical. The knowledge which is necessary to make a thoroughly intelligent farmer is to be drawn from a variety of sources.

It is gratifying to see the attention beginning to be paid to this kind of education in our country—to know that agricultural chemistry is becoming one of the branches of collegiate instruction, and that institutions are projected, and indeed in existence among us, where the best methods of rural art and every branch of farming work will be taught experimentally, practically and scientifically. In such institutions the labors of the field, the barn and the workshop, will be followed by the lessons of the school room. Thus practice and science will be combined, and the agricultural pupil will become the finished farmer. Let me commend such institutions to your favor, gentlemen, for the benefit of your sons.

The first thing for every farmer is to improve himself, and to see that his children are growing up to adorn his own profession or any other they may choose to engage in. More than half the future presidents, cabinet officers, men in all responsible stations, are to be grown on the farms of our country. Now, farmers and planters, you must grow large crops; it is a great loss to only half cultivate the land. You must grow fine cattle; it would be a shame to perpetuate scrubs. You must drive a horse to admire and not one to be ashamed of, since in the long run it will cost no more; but above all things you must grow good boys and girls, for all the country wants them—it must have them, and nobody in the world is well situated for raising them just right, healthy, vigorous, intelligent, incorrupt as the farmer. Let no day go by, not even in the harvest, without getting a new idea, and see to it, that children are getting new ideas and right ones.

Statistics of the Banks.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, on the condition of the banks of the United States, embraces the accounts of fourteen hundred and twenty-six banks and branches, being, with a few unimportant exceptions, all the chartered banks which were in operation on the first of January 1859.

The returns for the last three years give the following general results:

	1857.	1859.
No. of banks and branches	1,416	1,476
Capital paid in	$370,934,684	$401,976,242
RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts,	$683,456,857	$659,183,799
Stocks,	80,772,319	65,602,440
Real estate,	20,124,522	22,976,497
Other investments	5,926,325	8,322,031
Due by other banks,	60,840,205	78,244,987
Notes of other banks,	28,124,009	18,898,287
Specie funds,	25,081,641	26,808,831
Specie,	88,319,828	101,327,818
LIABILITIES.		
Circulation,	$214,778,522	$193,506,818
Deposits,	206,351,252	259,668,278
Due to other banks,	57,674,333	68,212,359
Other liabilities,	19,816,850	13,105,447

The capital in New York is represented at $101,285,480; in Massachusetts, $61,819,825; in Pennsylvania, $24,565,805; in Louisiana, $24,215,689.

The story about walking across the Niagara river, just above the Falls, is a "sell" upon stilts.

Is Killing no Murder?

We have always supposed that we lived in a Christian country, and that the commands and precepts of the Christian religion were generally admitted to be of binding force. Yet we find in a weekly journal, boasting a large circulation, (we refer to *Harper's*) a grave vindication of homicide, whenever committed in revenge for the violation of domestic peace and marital rights.

"In a word," says this Journal, "where a reasonable ground for assuming guilt exists, the party injured may be justified in wreaking his vengeance in his own way upon the party who has injured him. He does so at his own risk. It is murder if he be wrong. If he is right, the act is justifiable. Nor can this rule be fairly impugned. Terrible as homicide is, this method must, on the whole, be admitted to be the most effectual, the wisest, and the most natural revenge of an outraged husband."

In the presence of such a doctrine what becomes of the Christian rule? Are moral and religious restraints to be wholly disregarded, and mankind to become the avenger of their own wrongs? Is not only the law of the land to be defied, but the law of God also to be spurned?

We grant that much should be allowed for the infirmity of human nature, for that distress and agitation of mind which may lead an injured husband to brave, or forget rather, all consequences, and destroy the man who has invaded the sanctity of his fireside, and for ever blasted his happiness. But do not let us confound all distinctions of right and wrong. His revengeful act may be palliated, excused, pardoned; but do not let it be said that, before the law of man and in the presence of Heaven, he has committed no offence. A jury, with something of that spirit which led our Saviour to say to the erring woman, "I do not condemn thee; go and sin no more," may refuse to find a verdict of guilty in such a case, but as there was sin in the one instance, so there was crime in the other.

It is one thing to make *allowance* for the motives which led to the commission of an act, and quite another to *justify* the act itself. The tendency of such teachings as we find in the periodical to which we have alluded, is to elevate the title of a famous pamphlet, namely, "Killing no Murder," into a moral and legal maxim. And, if it becomes incorporated into our customs, that a man may wreak vengeance upon the party who has injured him, in one instance, how long will it be before opinion will justify him in doing it in *other* instances? To permit the rule of law, and the sanctions of religion, to be set aside, in any case, is of dangerous tendency, and especially so when that law and those sanctions are treated as of inferior obligation to the dictates of passion or the sentiment of honor.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE TITLE OF MR.—The title of Mr. is something to be proud of now-a days, in contradiction to Esq. Col. or Hon. In old times, it was equally a mark of respectability, as will be seen by the following extract from the Old Colony Records, Sept. 27, 1631:

"It is ordered, that Josias Plastowe shall (for stealing 4 Baskets of corn from the Indians,) return them 8 Baskets again, be fined vt. and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr., as formerly he used to be, & that William Buckland Tho. Andrewe shall be whipped for being accessory to the same offence."

AN OUTFIT FOR PIKE'S PEAK.—A gentleman who has "traveled all the way," assures us that the following is all that is necessary to secure a safe arrival at the new El Dorado:

100 lbs of flour, 2 bbls of whisky, 50 lbs of bacon, 40 gallons of whisky, 100 lbs of venison, 18 demijohns of whisky, 2 bxs of dried herrings, 1 bbl of whisky, 1 bbl of crackers, 65 gallons of whisky, 3 bbls of pickles, ½ bbl of whisky, 12 quart mugs.

A little more whisky may be necessary, but the other articles will hold out if the man is not a tremendous eater.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.—In Mariposa, California, there lived a large-eyed, beautiful prattler—Mary Cameron. One evening, when all was silent, she looked up anxiously into the face of her backsliding father, who had ceased to pray in the family, and said, "Pa, is God dead?" "No, my child, why do you ask that?" "Why, pa, you never talk to him as you used to do." These words haunted him until he was reclaimed.

HOW TO DO GOOD.—Dr. Johnson wisely says: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. Life is made up of small things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a good deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.

A Virginia paper says that the portion of the Old Dominion called the Panhandle is inhabited by abolitionists. If the abolitionists have got hold of the handle of the pan, isn't there danger that they may upset the whole utensil?—*Premier.*