LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

An Independent Family News Journal.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1859.

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The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the Chronicle, by which we often insert important News in advance of the Philad. Mails.

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WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

Union County Court Affairs.

Adjourned Court Proclamation.

Whereas, the Hon. Abraham S Wilson, President Judge for the 20th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Union, Mifflin and Snyder, and Philip Rahle and John W Simonton, Esq's, Associate Judges for Union county, have issued their precept, bearing date the 28th day of Dec., 1858, and to me directed, for the holding of a Court of Common Pleas at Lewisburg for the county of Union on the *first Monday of February next*, (being the 7th day) 1859, and to continue one week, NOTICE is therefore hereby given to Witnesses and all persons interested in the Issue List, to be then and there present and not depart without leave. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the time appointed, agreeable to notice.

Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's Office in Lewisburg, the 6th day of Jan'y, A.D. 1859, and in the eighty-third year of the Independence of the U.S. of America.

God save the Commonwealth!

JOHN CROSSGROVE, Sheriff

Jurors for Adj. Dec. Court.

Lewisburg—John Jones, J C Kelly, C S Crites, John Barkdoll, Josiah Baker, P H Beever, John Hertz, Saml Geddes, Nathan Rawn, C C Shoemaker, Aug Stoughton, Jos Green

White Deer—Wm L Ritter, Samuel Marshall, Aaron Smith

Kelly—John Alexander, John Shuck, Thomas Ream.

Buffalo—J D Chamberlin, Andw Hauck, Wm T Linn, George Shear, Gershom Biddle

Hartleton—Henry R Charles, John Lashells

New Berlin—Samuel Boop, Henry Solomon

Limestone—John Shimkle, Thos V Barber

Hartley—Jacob Smith, John M'Call, Andrew Cook, George Boucher

Union—Remegious Stocker.

West Buffalo—John Hayes, Matthew Kelly, Henry Oberdorf

East Buffalo—Thomas Penny

Lewis—Samuel Grove

Mifflinburg—John Gast

Issue List for Adj. Court & Feb. T. 1859.

Peter Hummel and Wife vs Daniel Rengler
T Church & Co vs Solomon Mayer
David Fisher vs Jonathan Dieffenderfer
Hunsecker for Church vs Jos D Forrey
Thos Church vs same
Sam'l S Barton vs Joseph Meixell
John Moyer vs Fred'k Worman
Chas Cawley vs John Youngman et al
Reuben Steninger vs Alfred Kneass
Price J Patton & Co vs Jacob Meckley
John Roland vs State Mutual Ins Co
John Locke vs Robert Hilands
Jos F Cummings vs Chas R Cronrath
Comrs Un Co for M'Curley vs Sypher's Adms
Weiler & Ellis vs John Leiser and Wife
John Roland vs Martin D Reed
Philip Seebold et al vs David Spitler et al
same vs Reuben Oldt et al
P O Campbell et al vs Teed & Marr
Howard Malcom vs James P Ross
Ludwig & Ranck vs Isaac Ranck's Ex's gar
David Steninger vs Wm H Marr
L F Albright vs Adam Schreck surv H High
Francis Krick vs Alexander Ammons
Daniel Rangler vs John Lapp
Margaret Forster vs Alex Cummings
S & D Weidensaul jr Shirk vs Church & Forrey
Isaac Brown vs John Locke
Levi K Shoch, decd's admrs vs J Yearger
Samuel Mertz vs J P Seebold and J Seebold
L Palmer indorsee of J F Linn vs Levi Sterner
same vs 7 others
Martin G Reed, a minor, &c vs C Dreisbach
James Russell vs Jacob Dunkle
Christian Bartch vs Daniel Renner
same same
John Kessler vs Geddes, Marsh & Co
Philip Seebold vs Peter Beaver et al
Isaac Walter &c vs Jesse Schreyer
Trustees M E ch at Mifflinbg vs J M Kleckner
Kline & Carroll vs Wm Inhoff
Abram and John Aurand vs Chas F Schaffle
Martin G Reed &c vs John Roland
George Meixel vs Leib & Leib
John Moyer & wife same
Isaac K Dunkle vs Henry Ruhle
Daniel Rengler Jr vs Chamberlin & Stout
Rev Samuel Gutelius vs Saml H Orwig
Wm Jones, ind. Jn Locke vs Isaac Walter
same vs Jn Locke, ind
Abram Wolfe vs Beaver Ged M & Co
Reber & Musser vs corporation University
H M Whitmer vs Jacob Kloss
Samuel H Orwig vs Henry W Crotzer
S L Beck vs Deitrick & Sheckler
Charles Hunter vs Saml Shirk
Reish & Reish vs Peter Reish's Adm'rs
Chas S Critz vs Wm B Shriner
David Fetter by his father vs Jacob Hartman
Saml L Beck vs Charles Stees
John Marty vs John Bartly
same vs 4 others
Thos G Orwig for S Orwig vs J M C Ranck
Scots Presby'n Church vs John M'Call
Israel Geyer vs Aaron Smith
Wm Kauffman vs Peter Kauffman Admr
Jacob Swartz vs Conrad Bland and wife
M'Curdy Tate vs R S Brelsst
James H Mason vs Saml B Mason
Charles Mason vs same
Thos Raser's Adm'r's vs Ammons & Rawn
Wm Frick & Co vs Wm Wolfe
Cyrus Eaton vs S F & W S Bogenreif
Daniel Gash vs Ludwig & Ranck and Joel R
Wm VanGezer vs J H Robenold
David Glick vs Saml S Barber

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in good Style and on fair Terms,

ON SHORT NOTICE,

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RARE CHANCE.—An excellent Silver LEVER WATCH for sale at a bargain—must go. Inquire of

A. E. DENORMANDIE, Lewisburg

BLANKS for Justices and Constables, for sale or printed to order, at the Chronicle Office.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JAN. 31, 1859.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

A PASTOR TO HIS "LAMBS."

A Pastor asked his "lambs" to come
And take him by the hand,
And promise they in early life
Would seek the "better" land.

But, oh! his loving heart was grieved,
To many did refuse
To take him by the hand, and say
"We wisdom's ways will choose;

"While we are young we vow to seek
Our Saviour, brothers' God;
While others other choices do,
We'll try to serve the Lord."

But Jesus will forgive, if now
You make the solemn choice;
And then your pastor's, parents' hearts
With gladness will rejoice. AMICUS.

Tit for Tat...Conservatism.

The Pro-Slavery Locofocos of the American Union have been for some years braying themselves hoarse in proclaiming what *they call* the "Monroe doctrine," viz: that *no European Power shall hereafter obtain any more land in America*. Well argued—but then suppose the "European Powers" also adopt the "Monroe doctrine" and say that *hereafter the United States shall obtain no more land in America?* What, then, will become of the thievish plan to "absorb Cuba"—to steal Mexico inch by inch—to let loose robbers and marauders upon Central America? Yes, adopt the "Monroe doctrine" all around—let Cuba, Mexico and Central America alone—abstain from "all entangling alliances," as Washington advised—develope and elevate our own land, and we shall have enough to do. "Mind your own business," and check wholesale plundering and throat cutting, by Fillibusters, and all will be right and prosperous.

"Oppression will make even a Wise Man, mad!"

Some of the Free State citizens of Kansas give it as their opinion that Captains BROWN and MONTGOMERY are *monomaniacs* on the subject of their wrongs. They are sensible, reasonable men on any other topic—good neighbors, kind fathers, law-abiding men; but the losses they have endured, and the indignities they have suffered, from the Border Ruffians—all aggravated by the fact that the latter have been protected and applauded by the General Government—have infused into the breasts of Brown and Montgomery an irreconcilable, morbid hate of their oppressors, and they have firmly resolved—and think they are doing God service—to retaliate *whenever* and *wherever* they can. "Old Brown" had a darling son ruthlessly murdered—chopped to pieces, by inches; he has himself been reduced to extreme poverty; he has seen the murderers and thieves rewarded by Pierce and Buchanan, and a price set upon his own head for defending his neighbors and his own hearthstone. What wonder if his overburdened brain has become one-sided, and fierce revenge has taken exclusive possession? Capt. Montgomery, also, has been wronged and insulted beyond endurance; his neighbors—men, women, and children—fled to him as their leader; he has risked everything, even to life itself, in their behalf; he has been waylaid and harassed for years by infernal human beings clothed with Territorial and Federal authority; and can poor outraged nature wonder that *he*, too, should sternly swear that he would strike down a Border Ruffian—as an Irishman would a snake—wherever he could hit him? When he is tortured, and hunted to the death, under color of law, (as the Whigs were by the Tories in the Revolution) is it to be expected that he can reverence law? Or when agreements of peace are broken by his opponents, will it be insisted that *he* should regard them?

—All past history is read in vain, if such characters do not spring up from the blood-stained soil of Kansas. Hannibal-like, many a youth will be trained to utter detestation and undying hatred of every ruthless minion of the Slave Power in that dark struggle. The thirst for revenge is, unhappily, too natural—the instinct of retaliation too universal—for the thoughtful observer not to forsee that some of the relatives, descendants, and sympathizers of the Martyrs to Liberty in Kansas will keep their indignation up to fever heat these very many years.....Peruse the fierce contests of the M'Gregors, the Camerons, the Douglases of Scotland—the M'Mahons and the O'Briens of Ireland—the border warfares of South America and of our own early history—and learn how hard it is to permit robbers and assassins—even though shielded by Governmental sanctity—to escape the sleepless, vindictive fury of a people or clan in whose bosoms rankle a thousand unredressed family and individual wrongs. Capt. SAM. BRADY, and scores of others similarly bereaved and embittered, to their last hour would slay any Indian whom they could find, or whom they met...not for any evil the Indian himself had done, but to atone for the foul acts of others of his *race*—(in contests, too, where perhaps they were as much the injured party as their opponents.) The blood of the murdered Freemen of Kansas will, in like manner, call from the ground for vengeance—against the *actors* at least in those damnable deeds—for years to come!.....The attempt to extend Slavery in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by Douglas, as enforced by Pierce and Buchanan, opened a floodgate of woe and carnage which may incarnadine the stream of time for generations yet to be!

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Varieties of Indian Corn and Beans.

MR. CHRONICLE: One of the first things I do, on getting your paper, is to run my eye over your *editorials* for the local news of our region, and then I look for your *Agricultural* information—but alas! I often find it—nowhere. And hence, although I have at times been tempted to write something for you in this line, I have abstained—fearing that I might be intrusive. [Not at all—happy to hear from you, often.—ED.]

Still, I venture now to state that I last season cultivated successfully the following varieties of Indian Corn—most of which are *new* in this region. Among the yellow corns, the early Yellow Canada Flint, the Yellow Dutton, Yellow Dent, Yellow Oregon or Shoe peg, and the Improved King Philip, both the yellow and the reddish-hued sort. Among the white corns I raised the White Flour corn, the New Mexican White Flint, the Wyandotte, White Prolific, Hance's Extra Early, and Adam's Early. Among the sugar or sweet corn, very fine roasting ears, I raised the Penn'a Sugar Corn, Mammoth Sugar, and Stowell's Late Evergreen Sugar corn. And among those of other colors, I have the Blue Mexican corn and the Pop corn, which contains grains of divers colors on the same cob.

I also have, in the *Bean* line, some twenty odd different kinds, of diverse colors, such as black, white, yellow, blue, brown, speckled, &c., and early as well as late ripening kinds, those that require poles to run on, and also such as do not require them.

To give a particular description of these Corns and Beans, would occupy too much space in your paper, and perhaps then do no good—so I forbear describing them. But, as I have some of these choice seeds to spare, I will here say that if any one of your readers, who may desire the same, will forward me twelve cents in postage stamps, I will send him, post-paid, a package of any *two* varieties of my corn or beans he may wish. And if he wants more varieties of them than two, I will send him more in proportion to the amount of stamps sent me.

Address "Box No. 19, Milton, North'd Co., Penna." WEST BRANCH.

The Farmer's Festival Perverted.

[illegible] mean to repeat our exhortation, over and over again, that agricultural fairs should not be perverted from their original and proper design, viz., to promote the interests of agriculture. It is plain enough that the attempt is being made, in many quarters, to have them answer the purposes of a grand holiday, to take the place of the old "training days," or to be a sort of second Independence Day. In many places, auctioneers, showmen, pedlers, gamblers, and humbug catch-pennies of all sorts hang about the fair grounds, begetting dissipation and vice. Drinking and betting, wrestling and fighting, follow close behind mammoth women, hogs with five legs, and nimble Jacks, to the great annoyance of all sober people, and to the moral injury of the young and unexperienced, and to the degradation of the farming interests. Female equestrianism and fast driving are a part of this perversion.

Anybody with half an eye can see where this thing is leading. It is, perhaps, swelling the numbers of those who attend our fairs, but is it not also bringing in the mob? Farmers, and respectable, sober minded country people, find themselves elbowed aside by horse-jockies and "fast" people of all sorts; and, year after year, the fairs are made up less and less of those for whom they were originally established. Agricultural fairs, at this rate, will soon be run into the ground. We beg the managers of these annual festivals to look ahead, and act wisely.

If all they aim at is simply to furnish "fun for the million," let them go on. But if their object is to promote an intelligent interest in agricultural pursuits, and to encourage farming, let them change the tactics.—*American Agriculturist.*

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Because there is less said and written about the sorghum than formerly, it must not be supposed that it has died out, or been a failure. It has been extensively planted as an experiment in this county and neighborhood among our farmers, and with satisfactory results, and next year there will be a large and increased production. Many of our farmers, even as an experiment, have made as much and more molasses than they want for family use. In one neighborhood, in Upper Augusta Twp, we may mention the following: Mr. Kutz made about forty gallons; Davis Jones, Samuel Oberdorf, Harman G. Kline, Jeremiah Culp, Michael Keefer, and others, have all made for family use. The State of Iowa, it is said, has saved millions of dollars, that would have left the State for sugar and molasses. In Lancaster county, in this State, one of the papers says, it was a perfect god-send in view of the total failure of the apple crop, the juice of the cane having been readily sold at two and three dollars per barrel, for the manufacture of pumpkin sauce, an excellent and wholesome substitute for apple butter.—*Sunbury American.*

Ethics of Fillibusterism on THE CUBAN QUESTION.

Arguments of Buchanan, Douglas, Slidell & Co.

Says Captain Robb to Farmer Cobb,
"Your farm is very fine, Sir;
Please give me up your title-deeds—
I claim it all as *mine*, Sir."
"Pray, how can it be thine?" says Cobb;
"I'm sure I never sold it;
'Twas left me by my father, Sir;
I only ought to hold it."

"Nay, Cobb; the 'march of destiny'—
'Tis strange you don't perceive it—
Is sure to make it mine, some day;
I solemnly believe it."—
"But have you not already got
More land than you can till, Sir?
More rocks than you can ever blast?
More weeds than you can kill, Sir?"

"Aye, Cobb, but something whispers me—
A sort of inspiration—
That I've a *right* to every farm
Not under cultivation.
I'm of the 'Anglo-Saxon race,'
A people known to fame, Sir;
But you—what right have you to land?
Who ever heard your name, Sir?

"I deem you, Cobb, a lazy lout,
Poor, trodden-down, and blind, Sir;
And if I take your useless land,
You ought to think it kind, Sir!
And with my scientific skill,
I set it down as true, Sir,
That I can gather from the farm
Full twice as much as you, Sir.

"To be explicit: 'Tis, an age
Of freedom and progression;
No longer, dog-in-manger-like,
Can you retain possession.
The farm long since you forfeited,
Because you failed to till it;
To me it clearly now belongs,
Simply because—*I will it.*

"My logic if you disapprove,
Or fail of comprehending,
Or do not feel convinced that I
Your welfare am intending,
I've plenty more of arguments
To which I can resort, Sir—
Six-shooters, rifles, bowie-knives,
Will indicate the sort, Sir.

"So, prithee, Cobb, take my advice—
Make over your domains, Sir;
Or, sure as I am Captain Robb,
Will I—blow out your brains, Sir."
—Poor Cobb can surely grind his teeth,
And grumble protestations
That *might* should be the rule of *right*
Among *enlightened nations.*

[*San Francisco Pacific.*

Rapid Decrease of Democrats.

At the August election in Kansas, the OXFORD PRECINCT, (which, when Candlebox Calhoun had the footing of the returns, gave nearly *eighteen hundred* votes,) stood as follows:

For the English Bill,	16
Against,	13
Total,	29

This is an unhealthy season in Kansas; but this astonishing mortality, and all in the Democracy!

It is not however, confined to Oxford alone. SSAWNEE, which gave *eight hundred* majority at Calhoun's command, only a year ago, now foots up thus:

For English Bill & Buck,	41
Against do do	80

Here is a decreased Democratic strength that needs explanation. The "ager" can not have shaken so many people out of their homes in so short a time!

Moreover, the same distressing fatality appears to have prevailed in MAGEE COUNTY, which, one year before, all the Democracy swore gave *twelve hundred votes* on their side; but the official returns of August count up—

For Democracy and Slavery,	6
Fornenst do do	14

O most distressing cholera morbus, or whatever dire disorder decimated dear Democracy at such a deadly rate!

—But, seriously, what a commentary are these facts on the most important incidents of Kansas history! When the Free State men one year—*knowing how they were to be defrauded*—refused to vote, the Chicago *Times* (with Buchanan and all the Loco speakers and presses,) declared that they would "thereafter have no more right to say what institutions they would live under than so many Fejee Islanders," and Douglas coincided in that opinion. The people of Kansas always voted, when they could, and when they supposed their votes would be honorably returned; but they would not give *apparent sanction* to an election in which they *knew* the ballot-boxes would be stuffed against them. They acted right, and nobly; they could neither be menaced nor ensnared by the Border Ruffians in power; and by their bravery, wisdom, and firm adherence to Truth, they have—we trust—in substance won the Victory!

RAILROAD DANGERS.—The casualties on the railways of America, since 1853, are stated as follows:

	Accidents	Killed	Wounded
1853	138	234	496
1854	193	186	589
1855	142	116	539
1856	143	195	529
1857	126	130	530
1858	80	77	416
Total,	832	938	3199

On all the English railroads, in 1857, 25 persons were killed, and 641 wounded.

In France, from 7th Sep. 1855, to Dec. 31, 1857, among 224 millions of travelers, 999 were killed, and 1979 wounded. Of the former class 594, of the latter 1836, were railroad officials.

In Austria, in 1857, of 10,250,000 travelers, not one single death occurred save by gross carelessness.

In Prussia, in 1857, only one railroad traveler was killed, and one wounded, both by their own fault.

SEVERE.—The New York *Times* designates President Buchanan "The Great American Mistake of the 19th Century," and says that he represents the United States in about the same sense and degree as General Walker represents Nicaragua.

Modern Democracy means—Untold millions for more Slave Territory, and raise the rates of postage from 3 to 5 cents.

Winter in Russia.

During the present season, which the almanac has been pleased to designate as winter, we have had but a few "cold snaps" to remind us of what this period of the year was in former times, and ought, for the sake of health and pleasure, now to be. Snow has fallen only to disappear; ice has been formed, only to dissolve. All classes have been cheated—the boys of their skating and sliding, the young men and maidens of their sleighing, the middle-aged of that toning up of the physical system which comes of good, honest, frosty weather, and the old of that tranquil flow of pleasing reminiscences which a hearty, old fashioned winter seems peculiarly to provoke.

It is pleasant to turn from the damp, foggy, rheumatic days, the miserable, rainy nights, the eternal mud, the fleeting sunshine, all too warm for the time of the year, to the genuine, permanent, intense winter portrayed in the "Sketches and Studies in Russia" of H. Sutherland Edwards, one of the most chatty, graphic, and agreeable writers of the day.

In Russia, the gray-beard king of the year gives timely warning of his approach, in the shape of two snow storms, the first of which lasts but a few days, the second about a week. Then comes the third snow storm, which remains five months. It is not like our snow—soft, feathery, flaky, but so thoroughly crystalized as to resemble Epsom salts. Of course it lasts, just as Northern ice outlasts Southern ice. Nor is the approach of cold more sudden than that of the five months snow. The Russians have ample time for preparation. Winter sets in early in September, but not until Christmas does the *Nikolshy Meros* or Frost of St. Nicholas begin. Long before that time, the houses have been provided with double and even triple sashes, with cotton placed in the space between the sashes to serve as a still further protection against the keen, insidious wind, which Gregorovich, in his Winter's Tale, says, "howls like a dog, and like a dog will bite the feet and calves of those who have not provided themselves with furgoloshes and doubly-thick pantaloons." Simultaneously with the doubling of the sashes, the stove is lighted, never to go out until winter is over. The Russian stove is not made of iron or any other metal, nor is it visible. It is [illegible] the walls in the centre of the house, so that one stove may serve to warm many rooms. In a furnace in the basement a fire is built of wood, and permitted to burn until the wood is thoroughly charred, and every vestige of flame has disappeared; then the top of the chimney is shut down, and, as it were, hermetically sealed, and certain port holes opening from the oven or stove into the room, are unclosed, permitting the hot dry air to enter, whereby the apartment is kept warm for twelve or fourteen hours, and even longer. If by mistake the port holes are opened before the charring process is completed, then Death enters the room in the form of carbonic acid gas, or *ongar* as the Russians call it. Strangers are always in danger, but the natives instantly recognize the *ongar*, and, rushing into the open air, counteract its effects by applying snow to the temples and forehead.

Snow is the Russian's best friend. It converts his vast country into a sea of smooth ice, bridges the rivers at all points, and renders transportation so easy that the game of Finland and Siberia, the fish from every sea and river in the Empire, are furnished to the markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg in a state of perfect freshness and preservation. One of the most curious sights in Moscow, about Christmas, is the "Frozen Market." Here, under a forest of Christmas trees, is exhibited all manner of fish, flesh and fowl, frozen stiff as stone; and, besides these, innumerable little jars of cream, hundreds of cabbages, thousands of potatoes, each and every jar, cabbage and potato, carefully wrapped up in matting to prevent them from freezing. The animal provisions thus frozen, will keep sweet and fresh during the whole winter, and if placed in the ice cellar with which almost every Russian house is provided, may be kept far into the summer months.

We learn from Mr. Edwards, that the intensity of cold, in Russia, has been greatly exaggerated. Travelers speak of thirty and thirty-five degrees (Reaumur) below the freezing point, as if it were nothing unusual; but the thermometer does not mark thirty degrees more than once in twelve years; the average maximum for seventeen years being twenty-one and two-fifth degrees—a temperature not unfrequently experienced in Maine, Minnesota, and even in Northern New York. But, generally, there is a difference of seventy-two degrees between the temperature inside and outside the house in Russia, to encounter which, the greatest precautions in the way of thick clothing, especially about the head, ears, and hands, are taken by the natives. Foreigners, strange to say, and Englishmen particularly, go much less thickly clad than the natives. This lasts but the first winter; during the second, the foreigner adopts precisely the costume of the Russian, and conforms in all respects to his habits.

The test of cold for the gentlemen walking or riding out in the open air, is the moustache, and for the ladies, a veil. At ten degrees below zero of Reaumur, the moustache becomes stiff, at fifteen degrees a solid mass, and at twenty degrees below, "you can not walk forty yards without having ice enough on your upper lip for an ordinary sherry cobbler." At this temperature, a lady's handkerchief, made of the finest cambric, will in a few seconds freeze into some thing like the coarsest canvass. The color of the features is another test. So long as they are red, you are safe; when they turn white, it is a sure proof that you are frost bitten. It is necessary to feel your exposed features from time to time. If you should suddenly discover that your nose has become hard as stone, you may feel no immediate inconvenience, but unless you begin rubbing it with snow, you will probably lose it altogether. During the coldest Russian winters, pigeons have been seen to fall dead while in the act of flying. At such times, there is rarely any wind stirring. A slight gale would render out door life impossible. All is still. A column of white steam rises from the nostrils of horses and men, and during the early hours of the morning the smoke from the chimneys lingers long above the house tops. This clears the way, the sun shines out with intense brilliancy, the hardy and versatile natives, unable to follow their summer callings, now adapt themselves to other pursuits, and chiefly to the driving of sleighs, thousands of which are continually dashing about at the velocity of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. The fashionable world is out in gayest equipage and attire, the highly oxygenated atmosphere enlivens alike the rich and poor, the means of subsistence are plentiful and cheap, the weather promotes the heartiest health, and Russia, buried in snow, and barred with cruel frosts, becomes a mighty temple of Momus, wherein winter is transformed to a long, joyous carnival, unknown and inconceivable in climes more genial.

While contemplating this picture, and contrasting with it our own damp, changeful, vexatious winter, it is not difficult to perceive that the wondrous compensations of Providence have made all seasons and [illegible] ture, Man. Indeed, the difficulty is not to repine at the hard lot which has consigned us to the torments of a temperate zone.—*Baltimore American.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Letters have been received in Glasgow from Dr. Livingstone to the 6th of October, when all the persons forming the expedition were well. The war between the Portuguese and their rebel slaves, who were making a sort of Canada, or land of refuge, of their encampment, had greatly added to the difficulties of the party; but, as the Glasgow *Herald* remarks, the grand fact has been established that the Zambesi affords a navigable passage into the interior of Africa, through which Dr. Livingstone and his party moved onward into the heart of the land, without the loss of a single man, and with very little sickness. At the date of the last advices, the headquarters were at Tete, from which the expedition intended to push on further up the river. They had tried in the steam launch the coal discovered by Dr. Livingstone in his downward passage, and found it to be of good quality, while there were immense quantities of it. The Doctor, in one of his letters, says: "For six months a steamer drawing five to six feet water, would run from the sea to Tete in a straight line. During the other six months a steamer drawing thirty inches would run with very few turnings." The expedition set up the little engine and the sugar mill above Tete. Mr. Thornton, the naturalist, and Mr. Rae, the engineer, report well of the coal. It approaches more nearly to the Welsh than other coal, having very little sulphur. "With abundance of coal and iron," says Dr. Livingstone, "surely the Great Architect designs something else for Africa than it should always be a slave market." The Portuguese Governor, ill of fever, was encountered at the scene of strife, and the Doctor took him on board the steamer and cured him.

Douglas, vs. Popular Sovereignty.

The Official returns in the Secretary of State's office, of the vote for Representatives in the Legislature of Illinois—which is, of course, the true test between LINCOLN and DOUGLAS—shows a total for Lincoln of 124,698, and a total for Douglas of 121,190—a majority for Abram Lincoln, of THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHT. Who is the *people's* choice? Can Arithmetic figure Mr. Douglas into anything else than A MINORITY SENATOR—*a Senator who is not the choice of the people he represents?*

LINCOLN—or "Old Abe," as the Illinois papers familiarly call Douglas' late opponent—is a great wag. After Douglas' election, he was asked how he stood it? He good naturedly replied that he felt like the Kentucky boy, who, after having his finger squeezed pretty badly, felt "too big to cry, and too badly hurt to laugh."

AUNT BETSY'S YARN.

You know Mrs. Livingston, and how "stuck up" she is called, though I never thought her so. Well, I often run over there, in the morning, without any ceremony, and she never makes a stranger of me. So, some weeks ago, I was there in her boudoir, and she and the breakfast things were not yet removed, (for the lady had risen late, and, being indisposed, had taken her meal alone,) when the mulatto waiter, whom I never could bear, he is so dignified, came in and said, "There is a girl in the kitchen, waiting to see you, madam; she says she heard you wanted a seamstress."

"Send her up, James," said the lady; and in she came. The girl was tall, slender, very pale, and poorly dressed, but with a kind of "I am as good as you" air, which I have noticed in American girls, under all circumstances. Mrs. Livingston kind of started when she saw her first, but recovered herself and invited her to be seated; then made inquiries as to what work she had been accustomed to do; and finally asked her name.

"Jane Craig," replied the girl.

"Indeed! I thought your face looked familiar. And your mother?"

"Susan Craig."

"Did she once live on Green street?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"'Tis as I expected. Where does she reside at present?"

There was a minute's hesitation: then she replied: "On Law street." (A most wretched locality.) She appeared to be nerving herself for an effort, and continued: "My mother has been a widow, some time; she takes in washing."

The lady turned to me and said: "This young girl's mother and I were neighbors, when we were both very poor. She was rather better off, then, for she owned a cow; and many times I have been indebted to her for the luxury of a cup of cream to enrich the tea which formed so large a share of my best meal. She was the kindest neighbor I ever had. I have lost sight of her a long time, but I am now going to see her, directly. I am sure Aunt Betsy, (I am everybody's Aunt, you know,) will excuse me."

Then to Jane: "My dear, sit down, and take a cup of tea, (you must have had breakfast early,) while I dress myself."

So saying, she poured out the tea, and forced the girl into a seat by the fire. I must confess I opened my eyes a little to see the aristocratic Mrs. Livingston—who would not perceive the advances made by Mrs. Jones for her acquaintance, although the latter was the wife of a millionaire, who gave the most splendid parties in town, and whose husband, having made his money by pork-butchering, now in his grandeur ignores lard, and could not endure the squeal of a pig—yet, here she was acknowledging her former poverty without a blush, and reckoning up her indebtedness to a poor neighbor, with all the ease and grace imaginable. She soon returned, warmly but plainly clad, with a large woolen shawl over her arm, and a pair of thick-soled walking-shoes in her hand, both of which she insisted on Jane's wearing.

About a week afterwards, I saw the girl, handsomely dressed, studying her lessons under the lady's supervision, in the morning room. She is there still; and Mrs. Livingston calls her "Jennie dear." One day, I saw her coming out of a thread and needle store, on a genteel street. She stopped at the door to shake hands with a well dressed, middled aged woman, whom she called "Mother."

"Give my love to Mrs. Livingston, and tell her I will be around in the morning," said the elder.

I thought to myself, Mrs. Craig's cups of cream brought large interests; and I guess she found a neighbor, lately, in the sense meant by our Savior in the parable of the Good Samaritan. RUTH HALL.

"I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS."—[Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following extract:]

"A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed, frequently, before, but had never seen such noble specimens; and with great earnestness he asked to know how he had succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was—"*I take care of my lambs, sir.*" Here was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep; he took care of them when they were lambs."—*Illinois Teacher.*

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* called on the President on New Year's day, and had the privilege of shaking hands with Miss Lane, and having his pocket picked simultaneously, in the presence of a strong force of Irish police. All this was accomplished to the tune of Star Spangled Banner, played by a feeble band in an invisible chamber.

Dissolute Young Men, everywhere, should cut out the following and paste it in the crown of their hats: "The human constitution is one that can not be amended by a two thirds vote."