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I would not Live.

I would not live—no, let me die;
The "dovry" grave has charms;
It would be sweet for me to lie
Reposing in its arms.
The care of earth destroy my mind
And leave no time for joy.
I would not live where racking pains
Disturb my very soul,
Where friends are false, and error reigns,
And vices have control;
On every side there's thought but toil
And cares and doubts and fears.
I would not live where not a friend
Will speak without a frown,
The scornful looks and words they send
My better feelings down—
Beat down by all, I long to fall
Into the quiet grave.
I would not live: within the tomb
There's rest from every foe,
No hopes are nipped before they bloom,
No tears are shed for woe—
O for an hour to taste its power
To tanish mortal care!
I would not live, for I've no place
Which bids me call it home—
No friendly hand, no smiling face,
No guardian when I roam—
A weary life of toil and strife,
Oh, tell me, who would live?
I would not live—I love not earth—
It crushes bleeding hearts,
It owns no joys of rest worth,
The best are pains and smart;
Its hopes are dreams, its brightest beams
Are but the fire-fly's glow.
I would not live—no, tell the grave
To hide from me my foes,
For some kind hand I bumbly ease
To take me from my woes;
I would not live, but freely give
The life which brings me pain.

NOVIUS.

Lewisburg, March, 1850.

DEAF SMITH, THE CELEBRATED TEXAN EY.

About two years after the Texan Revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new Government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even bloodshed and the horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The Constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent Capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the incursions of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Comanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the Capital itself, President Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State Records to the latter place, which he declared to be, *pro tempore*, the seat of Government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and farobanks, were thunder-struck, maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be a death-blow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the Administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, a moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the State-House until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was Col. Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to

pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that Pres. Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or way-lay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Col. Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled round the State-House. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the Capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the City Hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the City Hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing unseen a small bushy-topped live oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed in buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the button of his left suspender a large bowie knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with dark complexion and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side arms.

"Who are you, that thus presume to intrude upon gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton, ferociously essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long, bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but of what, the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool-sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery Colonel then drew his dagger and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At that moment, Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but Members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question: "Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter, inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision. SAM. HOUSTON."

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Col. Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger panned his reply: "I am at your service?"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger rejoined: "I am too generous to seek an advantage, and to brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore, I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible, Col. Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose name stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly. "Why, no; that can not be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say be true, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Comanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Col. Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and, if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening, a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result. At length, the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim of the western horizon, covering it with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their station, back to back, at a preconceived signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast betwixt them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side-view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast-iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke-tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas, then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently, two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to re-load his rifle; and then, having finished his brief task, hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State Papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote, was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some years ago; but, although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he

laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently, his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye quick and far-seeing as an eagle's, and a smell keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare that he could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of Independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent-cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks and even months together in the wilderness.

He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven! Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains, or tangled brakes, or wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was fatery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word, "Life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues remembered with hope.—[Houston Advertiser.]

What we most deprecate in politics is the system of man worship so common among the toadies and hangers-on who have no opinions of their own. They do not look to the elevation and progression of a principle, but, with them, everything is a personal predilection for men. They vote according to their passions and prejudices, and can not be brought to look upon candidates as the exponents and embodiments of principles. They can not view a candidate as the representative of certain political ideas.

This servile man-worship may be worthy of those who live under a monarchical government, but it does not become republican America. The great distinguishing characteristic of a Democratic government is that its people should think for themselves. A republic in which a majority of the citizens will not take the trouble to form correct opinions, can only continue to exist by accident, and that man who merely votes from personal preference without regard to principle or to the fitness of a candidate, is not only a dangerous citizen, but in fact a libel upon our republican institutions.

Democracy has a higher and a holier aim than to work for any one individual alone. It looks to the welfare of the whole country, and to the success and triumph of correct political principles. Its object is to subvert selfishness and sympathy. A good democrat cares first for the success of his political faith, and looks to the elevation of men in his party only as a means of good, and not as the end of political organization. As to whom shall be the candidates of his party he cares not, so that they be good men and true.—[Houston Advertiser.]

CLIMATE OF TEXAS.—Talk of the climate of Texas being Italian! Why, there's not fallen the first snow-flake in Middle and Western Texas for many years, excepting upon the hilly country along the Rio Grande. During our winter just passed, sugar cane has not frosted, fresh vegetables have continued abundant, flower gardens have never donned their floral vestments, nor has the song of Bul-bul ceased in our groves.—[Houston Advertiser.]

Speaking against loud prayers, Elder Knapp says: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been long as the introduction to one of our prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under the water."

Aspirations.

I would be strong!
Strong in the majesty of mental power,
Steadfast alike when tempests round me lower
Or flatterers' round me throng.

I would be brave!
Brave in the fearless might of truthful thought,
To burst the chains around the fettered word,
And free the injured slave.

I would be free!
Free as the streamlet from the mountain gushing,
Free as the eagle thro' the wide heaven rushing,
And see my brother free.

I would be wise!
Wise in the knowledge of my soul and heart,
Studying in nature's book a freeman's part,
Read with a freeman's eye.

I would be firm!
Firm in the utterance of heart-felt thought,
Neither by smiles cajoled nor interest bought,
In duty's service stern.

I would be true!
True to my conscience—true to nature's laws,
And true to sacred freedom's glorious cause—
Through all life's changes true.

I would be great!
Not in the estimation of the crowd,
Who prize above rank's tinsel-colored cloud,
Valuing man's true estate;

But great in fame
Based on good deeds wrought ever for the just,
And thus would have a name in hopeful trust
A pure, unspotted name.

The Mania for New Counties.

In the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, a few days since, the wild, extravagant demands for new counties, was brought off with decided effect, in a petition which was gravely presented and read as follows:—[Pottsville Emporium, April 4, 1850.]

To the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met.
The memorial of a large and enthusiastic meeting, (consisting of more than a dozen, and comprising about all interested,) would try to make your Honors believe, that they labor under terrible inconvenience for want of a County House in their immediate neighborhood, and therefore request you to make a new county seat at *Want-to-Grow*, in the county of *Love-Laws*, comprising enough of the adjacent counties to suit our views. There are weighty reasons why this petition should be granted—1st. We want to dispose of all unsold town lots, and to make those already sold more valuable. 2d. There are many disappointed patriots here, dying with zeal to serve their country, who have not yet realized the fruits of their honorable ambition, and would just fill the chair of associate Judges, to say nothing of the other nice little county offices. 3d. The farms adjoining, on most of which we have mortgages, would be more valuable. 4th. This is just about the centre of all the country round about, and all the roads come in here and end here. 5th. A line drawn of a radius of ten miles all around our Borough, with a long pole in any direction, would make one of the shortest little counties in the world; and although it might disfigure the other counties, yet the legal maxim is, *leta eorum magis takeum careum ofum himself*, as John Dunkey said when he danced among the chickens, and besides, public opinion leans this way, and *de gustibus non est disputandum*—"there is no disputing against thunderguts." 6th. Some of us have now 15 or 20 miles to go to Court, and if our county-seat was made, we should have to go but a few rods; and in our republican country, Courts of Justice should be as handy as School-houses, in order to have harmony among neighbors, and everything "sued up to the law," or else our fore-fathers of Plymouth rock, Communipaw, and all along shore, have fought and bled in vain from Palo Alto to California. The name of our borough we wish changed to *Grabbal*, and the county to be named *Humburgiana*. 7th. But should all these reasons prove insufficient to move a majority of the delegated wisdom of Pennsylvania, we respectfully ask your Honors to create a Locomotive Judiciary, consisting of a Gutta Percha Building on Gum Elastic wheels, which shall go about from week to week (after the fashion of the "Pie Poudre" in England,) wherever they want a new Court House, and thus, and then, and there remedy the crying evil of not having a Court House on every farm. And if you will, in your vast kindness and undoubted wisdom, only grant this modest and honest petition, we shall think you a very clever set of Legislators; and on all those who have to come to Court we will ever P-r-y, &c.

Richard Roe,
John Smithers,
G. Wash'n Fitzmaurice Wideawake,
Mumbleton Fitzblatouse, Esq.,
Longing Landlord,
Speculator Sly,
Poverty Printer,
Merchant Trampenny,
Lazylbones X Hatetowork,
Gen. Bobald Blow,
V. N. X. Ridelittle, M. D.,
Theophilus Tickleyou,
Wm X Waitforgoodtimes,
David Dupe, Jr.

The "march of intellect" has become a double quick step, and babes are made to keep time to it.

Hall Correspondence.

[The following neat hit at the slavery question, as discussed at the present time, is from that "queer critter," Peeping Tom, of the Boston Courier.]

HULL, Feb. 4, 1850.
Sir—"Nothing so true as what you once let fall. Nobody knows what the Hulloians will do next. One would think they might dig their claims, and be quiet; but no, they are in a mighty squabble again, and all about selling black-fish at the West End.

You must know, that Peter Smink, of South Cove, is a great dealer in black-fish, which he is not content to hook and eat on his own premises, but wants everybody else to eat likewise. Now it happens that the greater part of Hulloians never eat black-fish, and can not even abide the smell of them; but, to keep Peter quiet, they made a compromise with him, some time ago, to the effect that if he would keep himself to himself, he might eat his black-fish and be bothered. Notwithstanding this, Peter now claps a new kink on his table, and insists on the right to trundle a whole wheel-barrow load of black-fish into the West End, right under the noses of cleanly people, without so much as saying, "Snuff by your leave, tchah!" Is not this cool?

The Hulloians are not disposed to see the West End put under a black-fish dispensation, and insist that Peter shall obey the law. But Peter says that obeying the law does not agree with his constitution; it is his misfortune, he says, not his fault—and as long as everybody else obeys the law, it is a great pity that he can not be allowed to do as he pleases. Besides, he affirms that black-fish were made for all the world, and he was made to catch and sell them. He proves all this out of scripture, in addition to an incontrovertible argument drawn from the flatness of their heads, and the astonishing wideness of their gills. Peter's logic, however, has always been regarded by the philosophers of Hull as a very "peculiar institution."

The West End black-fish question is now the reigning topic. Hulloians stand upon law, and appeal to the city charter, which declares that the corporation shall make "all needful rules and regulations for the government of the West End;" this surely implies the power to prohibit the selling of black fish in those parts, as well as horn-pouts and snapping-turtles. Peter on the other hand stands on what he calls the "all-fired and ever-smoking volcanic dignity of the South Cove mud-puddle." He has sworn a solemn oath upon the point of his fish-hook, that unless he is allowed to trundle his wheelbarrow into everybody's back yard, he will hold a convention and move out of Hull. What he will do when he is out, and his mother knows it, is a question that has puzzled many people, but which Peter never seems to have thought of. All he can do will be to sit on a raft and cool his toes with salt water. It is conjectured that in this condition he will be likely to get a bite or two from the black-fish that will tickle his extremities in a "peculiar manner."

We have read no panegyric upon the subject of Roast Pig, which transcends the following. It is a delicate but highly impassioned tribute, and may be said literally to "go the whole hog" for that dainty dish:

"O pig! (or rather little pork one pig)
Smoking so daintily upon the table,
Making each gazer long that he were able
To eat thee, every limb, both small and big;
No more in squabbling fights, or grunting fits,
Thou rumst about the straw-yard, sty, or stable,
Nor bump'st thy little side against the public,
Nor kick'st thy side, a judge without a wig!
All other vizards which I ever saw—
Served up in silver, cruetry, ware, or tin,
Whether boiled, roasted, baked, stewed, fried, or steamed,
Compared with thee, are worthless as a pin.
Sweet, delicious meat! Cracking without a law—
What, ho! a hallo and fork—I must begin!"

FATAL AMUSEMENT.—In Pittsburg, on Sunday morning, 14th ultimo, a little girl seven or eight years of age, died from the effects of over exertion in skipping the rope. On Thursday last a spirit of emulation arose between her and her playmates as to which could jump the greatest number of times consecutively, and by extraordinary exertion she was enabled to accomplish three hundred and fifty, but her life has proved the forfeit.

THE CHOLERA AT NEW ORLEANS.—The genuine Asiatic cholera is at New Orleans, in what would be considered in this portion of the world, a most violent form. The report of interments for the week ending March 23, shows a total of which number no less than 149 died of cholera.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS?—Mr. George German, Sr., of East Lampeter township, Lancaster county, aged 77 years, we have learned from good authority, last week, ploughed six acres of corn-stubble ground in two and one-fourth days. This, certainly, will be hard to beat by any man of his age.—*Press*.
Mankind crucify their Saviors, and glorify their destroyers. Millions who scoff at the meek and lowly Jesus, adore the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A Model Waiter.

A contemporary tells the following rich anecdote of a waiter at one of the New York Hotels—a newly arrived Hibernian—who was pressed into service one day in a hurry, to supply the place of a more expert one, who had been suddenly taken sick:

"Now, Barney," says mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup anyhow." "Be dad I'll do that same," said the alert Barney. Soup came on the start, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came upon the last one. "Soup, sir?" said Barney. "No soup for me," said the guest. "But you must have it," said Barney, "it is the rules of the house." "Clear out," exclaimed the guest, highly exasperated, "when I don't want soup, I won't eat it—get along with you." "Well," said Barney, with solemnity, "all I can say is just this, it's the regulations of the house, and *devil the drop else ye'll get till ye finish the soup!*" The traveler gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

TEACHERS.—Dr. Channing has justly said, that

"The present poor remuneration of instructors is a dark omen, and the only real obstacle which the cause of education has of contend with. We need for our schools gifted men and women, worthy, by intelligence and their moral power, to be entrusted to a nation's youth; and to gain these we must pay them liberally, as well as afford other proofs of the consideration in which we hold them. In the present state of the country, when so many paths of wealth and promotion are opened, superior men can not be won to an office so responsible and laborious as that of teaching without stronger inducements than are now offered, except in some of our large cities. The office of instructor ought to rank and be recompensed as one of the most honorable in society."

NOT BAD.—The Georgia Legislature having just enacted an anti-dog law, a Southern paper chronicles the following good one:

"A gentleman traveling along was furiously attacked by some half-dog dogs, and seemed in danger of being torn to pieces; but it happening to occur to him that he was traveling from the direction of Milledgeville, he might be mistaken for a member of the Legislature, he pulled off his hat, and with great earnestness assured them that he was not Col. Shackford, nor even a member of the Legislature; whereupon, with one accord they dropped their bristles, asked a thousand pardons for their looks, and sneaked off as if ashamed of their mistake."

\$1,050,000 lost to Iowa.

Such is the doteful head of an account of the California mania, in the Iowa City Reporter, which proceeds thus: "The emigration from Iowa will reach 3000. We estimate the property and money which each emigrant will take out of the State with him, at an average of \$350. The actual average cost of outfit will not probably exceed \$250, but every man takes more or less money for contingencies. If the above estimate be correct, the State loses \$1,050,000 by the California emigration."

TRUTH.—Who knows not that truth is strong, next the Almighty—needs no policy, no stratagem, no licensing, to make her victorious! Though all the winds of doctrine are let loose to play upon earth, so truth be in the field, we injure her to misdoth her strength! Let Truth and falsehood grapple: who-ever knew Truth put to the worst, in a free and open encounter?—[Milton.]

HOORNS.—The origin of the term "by hook or by crook" is found in an old English law which states that persons entitled to fuel from the King's forests were only authorized to take it of the dead wood or fallen branches of trees, "with a cart, a hook and a crook."

The itch is prevailing among the people on the eastern shore of Maryland. They are in a melancholy situation, for such incessant scratching as is necessary in order to get a living in that region, will not admit of a "division of labor."

A little boy who had many lively dreams, said to his mother the other morning, "Ma, is there no way that people can find out to sleep the things when they wake, that they dream they have when they are asleep?"

A hundred dollars used to be charged for passage between Cincinnati and New Orleans; now, twelve dollars are always grieved at.

When once Infidelity persuades men they shall die like beasts, they will soon come to live like beasts also.

Discontentment is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves.

Mosquitoes and flies are supposed to be the souls of backbiters and slanderers.