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the Bible Society was not instituted for that. Taught to read? The law for protection of the masters forbids that. Missions and the Gospel? The American Board can have nothing to do with slavery; and not being an Anti-Slavery Society, can not exclude from the churches under its care those who uphold and practice this sin. The American Board must be silent, and must admit slaveholders to the communion of the churches, and the churches must be silent. And so we grope for the wall like the blind. We look for judgment, but there is none, for salvation, but it is far from us. Speaking oppression, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood, judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the street, and

can not utter. How long, O Lord,
holy and true!

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A Bit of History.

It has been observed by all who have ever seen President Buchanan that his head leans to one side, giving him a singularly marked appearance, which the observer never forgets. How he obtained the leaning is a laughable bit of history, furnished us by a good friend who is posted, as follows:

The President in a Sugar Hog-head:

Mr. Ector:—It is not uncommon for great men to exhibit in early life, premonitory symptoms of future greatness. We have an instance of this in our Chief Magistrate, Mr. Buchanan.

At the age of about seventeen, he attended a select school at Meadville, Crawford county, Pennsylvania. One fine day the boys of the school discovered an empty sugar hog-head near a store in that ancient village, and thinking it would be a good bit of fun to take it to the top of the hill on which the Seminary stood, to enjoy the sport of seeing it roll down again, proceeded to roll it up.

On arriving at the top of the hill,

open end of the hogstead, and so enjoy the ride down the hill—it is supposed that at that early day he had the strong propensity to illustrate the powers of gravity, in which he has so indulged of late to the great danger of the Democratic party—the boys approved of the proposition, "Joems" got in, the hogstead was put in motion, it started with the loud cheers and jeers of the boys. About three-fourths of the way down it struck a stump that stood in the way, a delivery took place—the passenger lay still. The boys ran to lift him up.

The condition in which they found him may be more easily imagined than described. There appeared to be with him a confusion of ideas, from which the writer fears he has never entirely recovered. His neck was not broken, but was badly bent, and hence the inclination of his head to one side.

Notwithstanding this lesson on the gravitating property of a sugar hogstead on a declivity, our worthy President is trying to signalize himself in a second feat of about the same wisdom, on the acquisition of Cuba, which will

probably end more disastrously than even the first. If you doubt the correctness of this account of the cause of Mr. Buchanan's wry neck, I dare say there are some persons living in Meadville, who are cognizant of fact. F.

—[Springfield Republic.]

Items to Think About.

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Pleasure is the greatest foe that happiness has.

Wealth makes a man proud where he has little else to be proud about.

He who can do all he wishes rarely does what he ought to do.

When success makes a man better than he was before, he must be a good man indeed.

When a great man stoops or trips the small men around him suddenly become greater.

Simplicity of manner, as of dress, is a charm that a woman generally admires in another more than in herself.

In ancient days the precept was "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and every thing about him."

"I will lay a wager," said one sportsman to another, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you." "O, yes, you can beat any one crowing."

The worst feature on a man's face is his nose—when stuck in other people's business.

✱ We observe in the London Illustrated News, in the list of wills and particulars of the will of Miss Mary Dickson, formerly of Clapham Common, in which, after several bequests to charitable associations, she makes the following rather peculiar provision: "Her clothes to the Society for clothing poor pious Clergymen." Were we not aware that this society clothes their "poor pious Clergymen" in petticoats. Surely, it doesn't mean that bishops, does it?