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THE DOUBLE TRIAL.

For many years, Sir James Fanshawe, Bart. of ancient family and large estates, had resided at—Abbey, about seven miles from the county town. He was a widower, and had but one child, a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who, upon his decease, (she then being just 21 years of age) became sole possessor of his property, and also continued to dwell at the same place. Shortly after her father's death, Miss Fanshawe benevolently adopted as companion a distant relative—a high born young Irish lady, named Eveleen O'Neill, who had just been left, not merely fortuneless, but a totally friendless, orphan.

On the day of the Assizes at a well known county town in England, this young female, Eveleen O'Neill, was brought into the dock under an accusation of having murdered Miss Fanshawe. The accused was graceful, modest, and beautiful, with large dark eyes, features deadly pale, quivering lips, and her hands lightly pressed before her.

It was charged that this orphan cousin, this dependent, deliberately murdered her benefactress, tempted by mercenary motives, Miss Fanshawe having previously made a will, leaving her property to Eveleen, in case she should die unmarried. The principle evidence introduced was the butler, named Collins. He stated that "a few minutes after four o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of July, he was aroused from his sleep by repeated violent screams, issuing apparently from the sleeping room of his mistress. In great alarm, he dressed, and went as quickly as he possibly could towards that room. The door stood slightly ajar, and as he pushed it smartly open, he crossed the threshold, and was horrified by what he immediately saw. On the carpet, by the side of the bed, lay the body of his mistress, in her night-dress, bathed in blood. Kneeling close to her was the prisoner at the bar, with her left hand resting on her mistress' bosom, and her right hand uplifted with a small drawn dagger, which was apparently about to be plunged in his mistress' body. Both the dagger and the hand which held it were dripping with blood." A shudder of horror agitated the whole court at this deposition; and the accused sank her head between her hands, groaning heavily. The examination proceeded:

Mr. Collins—Will you here describe the exact position in which your mistress lay when you first saw her? Witness—She was stretched out upon her back, her knees drawn up some height from the carpet, which, being a loose one, was ruffled on a heap under and around her, as though a great struggle had taken place. Her head lay on one side, with the right cheek resting on the carpet, and her hair was torn from underneath her cap, and hung backward over her head. Mr. Collins—You say that the prisoner was kneeling by her side, and holding a dagger, which you thought she was about plunging in your mistress' breast? Witness—Yes, Mr. Collins—And there was quite sufficient day-light for you to see, with perfect distinctness, the objects you have described? Witness—Yes, Mr. Collins—Now, sir, on your oath, was the point of that dagger directed downwards? With considerate hesitation, the witness confessed that he could not speak positively in this respect.

With regard to the chamber, no time was lost in making a strict and well-conducted examination of the apartment; and the result was that several most extraordinary matters were brought to light. The bed in which the ill-fated lady had slept was completely saturated with blood, and the sheets tumbled and twisted in a way that clearly evidenced that she must have fought hard with the murderer. By passing the curtains aside, Miss Fanshawe could reach the pull of a bell, hanging in her own maid's room, and so summon her any moment she required. This bell-pull was found carefully tied around the adjoining bed post, completely out of the sleeper's reach. This apparently indicated two important facts: first, that the murder must have been a deliberately planned affair; second, that it must have been committed by some one intimately acquainted

with the apartment. On the victim's body being examined, it was found that she was stabbed in nine different parts; and her hands and arms were also gashed in many places, in a way that showed how desperately she must have fought for life. On the bed was found a very large lock of hair, torn out by the roots.

The hair was at first thought to be Miss Fanshawe's own; but on examination, none was torn from her head; neither did the lock correspond in the least with hers, either in color or length. This was also the case with Eveleen; and, after a most patient investigation at the inquest, all concerned unanimously admitted the inexplicable fact, that this lock of woman's hair, was neither the murdered lady's nor that of the accused. Eveleen herself gave the following voluntary explanation of the position in which she was found:

I was aroused from my sleep, by hearing what I conceived to be a struggle mingled with smothered screams, going on in the sleeping apartment of Miss Fanshawe. I listened, and hearing a scream still more distinctly, and also what I thought to be a cry for help, I hesitated not a moment in hurrying towards the room. As I approached the door, which was at the end of a long corridor, and at a considerable distance from the sleeping room of any one else, my own chamber being the nearest to it, I heard what I thought to be voices of individuals hurriedly conversing; but when I reached the door, which Miss Fanshawe never locked, I found it slightly open, and, on entering, discovered her lifeless body on the floor, in a pool of blood. There were no persons visible in the room. I screamed repeatedly at the sight, and in dreadful agitation, sank on my knees, and then fell across the body, by which I became besmeared with the blood of my dear murdered friend, whom I loved as myself. On arising, I happened to see a dagger, and lifted it up by the end of the blade, hardly knowing what I did. At this moment, the butler entered the room.

The defence of counsel was unavailing; a sentence of guilty was rendered, and Eveleen—although subsequently found to be innocent—was executed.

At the very next Assizes, a man, who was surrounded by an appalling mystery, was accused of being the sole perpetrator of the deed. Circumstantial evidence bro't the act home to him, with a conviction to the minds of all men, and he was also sentenced, but anticipated his doom, and poisoned himself in prison, by the aid of a female accomplice, leaving the following confession behind him:

In a few moments I shall be dead, and I now write all I wish to say, and whatever my life has been, and whatever my religious notions are, all may believe every word I here write to be the solemn truth. I am innocent of the murder of Miss Fanshawe, and I have not the remotest idea who murdered her. The night she was murdered I was many miles distant, and I could not have proved on my trial, but I should not have done so without confessing that I was engaged that night in committing a murder, but where or on whom will never be known. My hands were cut in the death grapple, and my clothes smeared with blood. As to the witnesses who asserted they saw me lurking about the Abbey grounds, they either wilfully lied or were mistaken by my resemblance to another. The dagger with which Miss Fanshawe was murdered really was mine, although I denied it on my trial. I was in the habit of carrying it about me, but I lost it a week before the murder was committed, near the Abbey, and I have no doubt the real murderer had picked it up, and used it as the instrument of the deed. What my real name, rank, or country is—who I am or what I have been—I will never tell. That secret, and many others, perish with me.

It appears, then, that the latter was not guilty, from the death-bed confession made by an old woman, the substance of which is as follows:

She said, that 44 years ago, she had lived as lady's maid with Miss Fanshawe, of—Abbey, and that lady having several times scolded and threatened to discharge her for gross neglect of her duties, an awful spirit of revenge took possession of her, and she determined to murder her mistress. While pondering the matter over, she happened to find a dagger (that left by Roderick Madden) near to the park pailings. About a week afterwards, she murdered her mistress with this very dagger, and being disturbed by the approaching footsteps of Eveleen O'Neill, who heard the death-struggle, she hurried back to her own chamber, leaving the dagger behind her. She had on at the time only a thin night dress, which being sprinkled with blood, she hid, and hastily washing her hands, and face, put on a clean one.

Then, when the alarm was given by the butler, she joined the rest of the family in rushing to the apartment of the murder-

and lamentations. She said, that when she saw the turn the affair had taken, by shifting all suspicion from herself to Eveleen, she no longer felt any fear of detection. She availed herself of an early opportunity to burn her gory night dress, which she easily effected at the kitchen fire during the great confusion of the morning.

She actually had the hardihood to attend the trial of Eveleen, and when the counsel for the latter uttered the remarkable expression, that perhaps the real murderer was then present, she felt ready to die away, but soon recovered—and she afterwards beheld the execution of Eveleen without experiencing an atom of remorse, either for her death, or that of the first victim. From that time forward, she, in her own words, became and continued emphatically, "a child of Hell." Very soon after Eveleen's execution, she married a soldier, and accompanied him to India. Subsequently she travelled over various parts of the world, and committed sin upon sin, and wicked deed upon wicked deed, beyond the capability of her memory to sum up. At length she felt an irresistible prompting to drag her worn out frame to her first fearful crime, and there, finding herself nigh unto death, she determined to unburden herself of a relation of that deed, and accordingly did so as related.

From the New York Tribune.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Softly the wind-blows
Into his downy nest when twilight falls,
And not one care his peaceful spirit links
To the wide world without his fragile walls.
Unthought by those who wake to watch and weep,
He knows God giveth his beloved, sleep.

The rangers of the hills,
Unnumbered herds that roam the verdant plain,
The gliding serpent, charming while he kills,
The bee that hums about his lucid gain—
These rest when o'er them evening shadows creep;
They know God giveth his beloved, sleep.

The very flowers are bowed
When coolers and crosses them, and the dew
Hangs on their tinted petals, and a crowd
Of glittering stars look out from fields of blue;
Then, while the songs of angels o'er them sweep,
They rest—God giveth his beloved, sleep.

To all, most holy Night!
When the low, gray morn'g comes from the east,
Thou comest with the silent wing of night,
And bringest rest to the tranquil hours;
While Man, overcome with grief, forgets to weep,
Knowing—God giveth his beloved, sleep.

And they all sleep in peace,
Faction is hushed; the toll, the strife are o'er;
The struggling spirit hath obtained release,
And plumes his wings, though but in dreams, to soar;
Oh, blessed Night! that bears through shadows deep
The charm that giveth his beloved, sleep!

And when the mellow light
From eyes we love grows dim and fades away—
When the low, gray morn'g comes from the east,
Thou comest with the brightness of life's day—
When flocks of God's spirit's chambers sweep,
Oh, think of—God giveth his beloved, sleep!

Mr. Campbell, sometimes called by his friends "Old Whitey" on account of his snowy locks, is a contractor and engineer on the Vermont Central Railroad. He is a man of considerable humor, is intensely patriotic in his views and feelings, and takes him for all in all, "a decided trump." Falling in one day at a public house, with an English baronet, who, in company with his valet was traveling through the country "in search of information," "old Whitey" determined to give him some. Having learned, by inquiry of the landlord, which was the "master" and which was the "man," he whispered to his companions who sat near him, "There, boys, is a genuine, live, sir—let's enlighten him," and immediately fell to haranguing on "the great and growing prospects of this immense and rapidly enlarging country." "Why, sir," said the baronet, turning to the speech maker, "do I understand you to say that you mean to add Canada to your possessions?" "To be sure we do," said Campbell; "we must have it, you see!" "I don't quite see that," said "my lord;" "but, pray, how far do you propose to extend your boundaries?" "Why, sir, we've pretty much settled it thus fashion," said "old Whitey," earnestly; "South, by all the water there is 'round Cape Horn—west, by the Pacific Ocean—east, by the Atlantic (outside of Cuba, mind you)—and north, by the regions of eternal congelation!" The baronet gazed at the calm face of "Old Whitey" for an instant, made a brief "mem." in his note book, and retired to his chamber.—Boston Post.

A Dampener.

Daniel Webster was once traveling in New Hampshire, near the place of his birth. Meeting an aged man, whom he knew in his youth, he accosted him, and without making himself known, began to make some inquiries in relation to the Webster family. The old man said— "Yes, I knew Mr. Webster very well—he was a good old man, but he is dead, now. His son, Ezekiel, is a famous lawyer. I have heard him plead before now in Court." "But," said Mr. W., "had the old man no other sons?" "It seems to me I do recollect that he had another son—Daniel, I believe they called him; he is practicing law down in Massachusetts, somewhere."

The National Capitol.

The Capitol is sublime. I never before saw any thing the work of man's hand that struck me with such sublimity. Coming by the Baltimore Railroad, it suddenly starts into view, in the midst of a wilderness, like the glorious visions of our prophet-poets, on the desolate wastes of our present bleak and barren world.

Maryland! poor Maryland! how desolate she lies, with shackled limbs and cold and joyless bosom. It is very wonderful to see the old State lie inactive, with great tracts, as far as the eye can reach, at the very foot of the Capitol, stretching out in primitive wilderness or exhausted barren wastes. I wondered much, but when I saw an old man stand, with face as black as ebony, and hair as white as snow, with the cringing aspect of a vassal, and the coarse and tattered garments of a slave, I knew that Maryland, like a second Rachel, was weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted: not that they "are not," but that they are worse than if they had never been! The poor, old, desolate mother! One would think that at this moment she held up her hands, like Jacob of old, to plead, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and will ye take Benjamin also?" For long years she has lain in an apathy of grief, as the thousands of her children have cast themselves upon her bosom to utter their agony of prayer to the God of the oppressed, who seemeth not to hear. Many thousands of them have dragged their manacled limbs away, away to return no more; and as the mother lay, the springs of her bosom have been dried up by sorrow's fires, and her children are torn from her, and sent to seek the sustenance she can no longer give. Premature old age has come upon her, and yet it is not enough. Those who should comfort her, who should give her "beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning," are seeking for another Egypt where her Josephs may be sold into bondage—a cattle market for her sons and daughters, where their bodies and souls, like those of the craven Egyptians, may be exchanged for corn.

These thoughts naturally suggest themselves after passing through the garden-like plantations of eastern Pennsylvania, and then coming suddenly to an extended waste, reminding one who has seen both of the huckleberry districts of Butler county. As the locomotive set the trees to dancing, waltzing, whirling to the music of its railroad gallopade, I sat watching for the overflowing barns, the flocks and herds, the troops of poultry, green fields, extensive gardens, hot and green-houses, that I supposed must extend far and wide for many miles in every direction so famous a city as our great Washington, that Pandora box from which proceeds all things good and evil, and can not well describe my surprise when, as we passed a tract of soil apparently too poor to bring mullin and pennyroyal, and partially enclosed with a rickety old post and rail fence, made with spider-leg posts and three thin rails, here and there propped with rotten sticks, or interwoven with brush and briars, suddenly as though the great marble edifice loomed up in the horizon—the Capitol of this great Republic in the midst of a desert!—Mrs. Swissheim.

A Song of Freedom.

When through the dark air the wild hurricane flies,
And the thunders are out in their might,
Thou then that the eagle mounts up to the skies,
On a wing like a plume of light:
With a snail he looks down on the serpent below,
And he shakes his plume in his glory,
And snail and its fury he smother "Oh!
"Oh! I am free—I am free!"

To thee that my spirit looks down from his height
On the earth and the passions of life,
And high o'er them all, in a region of light,
It soars at the plumed strife.
Like the eagle I gaze on the tempest below—
But what is its fury to me?
With the sunlight around me, I'm shouting—"Oh!
"Oh! I am free—I am free!"

To thee that our country—God bless her for aye—
Looks down on the nations of earth,
For Freedom first opened her eyes to the day
In the struggle that gave us our birth;
Unshaken, we gaze on the tempest below,
Secure from its fury are we,
And from ocean to ocean we'll still shout—"Oh!
"Oh! we are free—we are free!"

Go to Church.

It is a duty of parents to see that their children attend the public worship of Almighty God as much as possible, on the Sabbath. Nothing acts more unfavorably on the moral habits and character of an individual, than habitual abstinence from the House of God. When a man thinks of purchasing an estate, one of the first questions asked should be, "Are there in its neighborhood well-conducted churches, where families may enjoy religious instruction and the ordinances of the House of God?" We do not act the part of good parents while we leave our families unprotected in this respect. No neighborhood or community can have a healthy state of morals, unless it has an altar erected to the worship of the Ruler of the universe.

Weddings.

We have 'not the papers' to show the fact, but from general information which memory has in her library on the subject, we believe we are authorized in saying, that a greater number of unhappy marriages are contracted in these latter days, than formerly; and that, in consequence, more applications are made and granted for divorce. The principal reason of this is, that the old-fashioned wedding has in a great measure given way to a modern method, destitute of form, solemnity and religion. The Squire's office has been substituted for the church, the statute for the prayer-book, and the Justice of the district for the Pastor. It requires no nerve to take 'a solemn vow' for the man who can make an affidavit to an 'ear-mark' can stand up before 'his Honor,' and take a woman 'for better or worse.'

Matrimonial alliances are thus easily made, and quite as easily broken. The limbs of the law have found out that the whole matter is a mere legal contract, like the buying and selling of produce. The life, the spirit, the poetry of the alliance is dying out, and the cold, heartless, insipid, stupid ceremonies, now so generally in vogue, leave no trace of moral beauty or obligation on the mind. The return upon it 'according to law,' and the 'twain made one' go forth without a blessing upon their heads. Is it to be wondered at, that amid the little tempests which most certainly arise in the voyage of life, these worsted bands give way? Is it to be wondered at, that where there is so little to impress the mind with the sacredness, the glory, the grandeur, the heaven of the nuptial vow, the sensibilities soon become deadened, and the yoke oppressive?

We are no advocate for the union of church and state; but the union of men and women by the regular ministers of the church, we go in for most decidedly. If we ever need the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man, it is when, standing in the presence of heaven and our fellows, we pledge love, fidelity, protection to one who has left all to share with our cares and our joys, and the language of whose heart and lips is 'whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.'

Reader, when you marry, get a clergyman, and have the ceremonies performed in the good old imposing way—in a way commensurate with the importance of the occasion. Have a groomsmen and a bridesmaid, a great supper and a house full of witnesses. Pay the minister his fee—it is by virtue of his sacred office—it will help him, too; for his regular salary is not a great deal. His blessing and invocation will be worth it, no matter how large the amount, and the registry of your vows, instead of being written among your stray notices, assault and battery cases, and commitment orders, and liable to be lost and forgotten, will be kept fresh and interesting in your mind and heart by Him who "answereth prayer," and who has said, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."—Terra Haute Journal.

Expounding the Law.

A Scotchman called at the house of Lawyer Fletcher, of Vermont, to consult that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the Squeaker at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively.

Disappointment was now added to the trials of Scania's son, but after a moment's consideration a new thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gie me the necessary information as well as the Squeaker—scin' ye're his wife." The kind lady readily promised to do so if on learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in her power, and the other proceeded to state his case as follows: "Spose you was an auld white mare, and I should carry ye to gang to mill, with a grist on yer back, an' we should get no farther than Stair hill, when all at once ye should back up, an' rear up, an' pitch up, an' break yer dearned auld neck, whod pay for ye? not I, dearn me if I would."

Write Plain.

It makes no matter how coarse and clumsy the penmanship may be, if it is only plain and easily deciphered. No person should direct a letter whose handwriting is not legible. Many sad mistakes have been made in directing letters to puzzle postmasters. There are no less than eleven thousand letters put into the British Dead Letter Office annually, because the backings of the letters can not be deciphered. All that is required, is a little attention and effort. Editors do not like to read the correspondence of a careless writer, and printers have two kinds of devils—the attendant, known as the "printer's" imp, and manuscript that would be disowned as the production of Beelzebub.

TRADITIONS.

[From "THE GUARDIAN" for May, 1850.] To trace the correspondence between the traditions of ancient heathen nations and the history recorded in the Old Testament, is an employment at once interesting and instructive. Most of these traditions—though now in corrupted channels—can be very certainly followed up to their source. They have traveled with the human race in all its wanderings, from the mountains of Caucasus to the plains of Mexico. To our mind, they are an evidence of the unity of the human race, which can not be satisfactorily rebutted. And this, because of the intrinsic resemblance of those of different nations to each other; indicating at once a common derivation—the Jewish nation, within whose limits the stream of History was at one time confined. For their interest, we present a few of these traditions taken at random.

The general doctrine of Providence, the rebellion in Heaven, the state of innocence, the fall of man, atonement, a future state of retribution, for which the present life is only preparatory—all, or some of these, are found in the traditions of all nations, Greeks and Barbarians.

The Chinese historians record that Pe-yun saved himself in a vessel from the general inundation. Hindus have a tradition to the effect that there was a general inundation; and that seven men with one woman was saved with pairs of all animals. The Egyptians thus speak of Osiris: that he was exposed in an ark, afterward restored to the world; that he planted the vine; taught mankind agriculture and the maxims of religion. In the East they preserved the name Noah in connection with their traditions; they also called several rivers after him. In the archives of the Moses and Babylonians was found a very consistent account of the deluge. This speaks of the beginning of the flood upon the 15th of the month Desius; that during the prevalence of the waters, Scinturus sent out birds, which returned three times, not finding a resting place. Plutarch speaks of Noah's dove. Lucian, a Greek author, gives the history of Noah, consistent with the Mosiac records, under the name of Denealion. Abydenus, a very ancient author, says the remains of the ark were visible for a long time; that the people escaped off the septuagint which it was covered, and used it for a chariot. In this, he is corroborated by several ancient authors. The most important part in the ceremonies of Eastern nations, consisted in carrying about a boat in procession. Bryant has a curious description of a coin struck at Apamea in the time of Philip the Elder, on the reverse side of which there can be seen at a glance the whole history of the Deluge. On it, a kind of square machine floating upon water, is delineated. Through an opening in it are seen two persons, a man and a woman. Over this ark, upon a kind of pediment, sits a dove; and below it, another, which seems to flutter its wings, and hold in its mouth a small branch of tree. Upon the ark itself, underneath the persons there enclosed, is to be read in distinct letters, Noe. There is said to be three of these coins in existence; one is in the collection of the Duke of Tuscany.

Among our American Indians this tradition is very distinct. The following is their version of it: An old man knowing the deluge was to come, built a great ship, and went into it with a family, and abundance of animals; that he sent out a crow, which did not at first return, staying to feed on the carcasses of dead animals, but afterward came back with a green branch in its mouth; that Noah got drunk, and some of his sons scoffed at him, others covered him. All through South America the tradition was current; and it is said that when the islands of the South-Western Ocean were discovered, the natives told the navigators some indistinct story of the deluge. The coincidence between the Greek name for ship, Naus, and Noah, has often been remarked on; and it is not probable the people would call ships by the name of the first ship-builder?

The Greeks had a tradition that the world was once divided into three grand divisions, between Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Compare this with "The name of one was Peleg; for in his day was the earth divided." It is recorded in the Assyrian annals, that the tower of Babel was destroyed by rains and tempests; and at that time there arose a variety of languages. The belief in oracles, dreams, was very general; which is plainly referable to the medium God established by which to communicate His will to His chosen people.

Most nations believed in the existence of spirits. The Greeks thought every man had his advising spirit. Persians had their Peris. The Cretans say that Minos had conversations face to face with Jupiter; which is an exact counterpart of the interviews between God and Moses. Also, the Greeks speak of Jupiter holding council on the summit of Olympus; and from thence, veiled in a white gleam, the protector of mankind manifested himself to mortal eyes. It was the firm belief of the Greeks that hands stained with blood, however honorable the war may have been, were unworthy, without lustration, to perform the sacred functions. The Phoenicians abstained from the use of swine's flesh. The Carthaginians had portable temples. The tabernacle of Moloch was something of this kind—idea undoubtedly derived from the Tabernacle of the Israelites. Sacrifices as an expiation of crimes were in universal use among all nations.

Perhaps some of these customs may be accounted for imperfectly on rational principles; yet how truthful was the saying of the heathen poet, "In all things we stand in need of God!"

There is no fault against which we would more warn young persons, than that of DAY-DREAMING. Pleasant, indeed, it is to sit and gloat over visions of future greatness and happiness, but while we do so, we let slip that time which, if rightly improved, would be the beginning of such a career. It is wrong, not only from the fact of its uselessness and the time wasted, but in that it beguiles us into a disposition to put off all exertion until some more propitious season which imagination points us to in the future. A season when we will be so bulwarked by circumstances that our improvement must needs be—but a season which never comes. So our time passes into eternity, and our lives are as an old song—William Pitt once said to his son, "Improve every moment as it flies; let each hour have its appropriate duty, and never let anything interrupt them; else your days will pass unnoticed, and your years unimproved."

Unwise Men.

The following are a few of the characters coming under this head:
The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.
The miser—who starves himself to death, that his heirs may feast.
The mean man—who bites off his own nose to despise a neighbor.
The angry man—who sets his own house on fire, that he may burn up another's.
The slanderer—who tells tales, and gives his enemy a chance to prove him a liar.
The self-conceited man—who attaches more consequence to dignity than to common sense.
The proud man—who falls in the estimation of sensible observers, in proportion as he rises in his own.
The envious man—who can not enjoy life and prosperity, because others do.
The dishonest man—who cheats his own soul more vitally than he does his fellow-men.
The robber—who, for the consideration of dollars and cents, gives the world liberty to hang him.
The drunken man—who not only makes himself wretched, but disgusts his friends.
The hypochondriac—who his highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.
The inconsiderate man—who neglects to PAY THE PRINTER.

Bad Books.

Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither aliment nor medicine; they are poison. Both intoxicating—the one the mind, the other the body. The thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied. Both ruin—the intellect, and the other the health—and together, the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty, and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard, against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.

Ohio is a great State, producing the finest bacon, and one would think, the tallest kind of women. Not satisfied with being their own husbands, they seem to aspire to a control of all the rest of mankind, and for that purpose have held a convention at Salem, in Columbiana county.