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SELECT POETRY.



THE VISIBLE CREATION.

BY MONTGOMERY

The God of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plan'd;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

Lift to the firmament your eyes;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A high-way for their God;
He walks amidst the desert-land,
—Tis Eden where He trod.

The forest in his strength rejoices;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds,
—O could we catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

AGRICULTURAL.



From the American Agriculturist.

HOW LONG WILL TREES LIVE.

Why may not trees live forever? Is there a necessary limit to their existence? Do they, like animals, have their infancy, youth, maturity, decline, and death? This is the common opinion. It is believed that they die, not solely because accidents befall them, or diseases assail them, or because they are cut down by the woodman's axe—but because, escaping all such contingencies, their cells and vessels become hardened and incrustated, and the fluids cease to flow, and they perish from sheer exhaustion and old age. They wear out and run down, like an old clock.

Let us overhaul this opinion a little. Vegetable physiology shows that the living parts of an exogenous tree, that is a tree growing by additions to the outside are: (1) the extremities of the stems and branches, including the buds; (2) the extremities of the roots and rootlets; and (3) the newest strata of wood and bark. These are all that are concerned in the life and growth of a tree; and these are renewed every year.—The functions of life in an animal are carried on for a whole life-time in one set of organs; and when these organs wear out, the animal dies. But the life processes in a plant are carried on through organs annually renewed, and hence the plant is not subject to decay, for the same reason that the animal is. Every year the urtic sap rises from the roots to the leaves, where it is digested, and from whence it descends, leaving deposits on the way, of new buds, bark, wood, and roots. If, then, all that is concerned in the life and growth of a tree is annually renewed, making the living and active parts of a tree never more than one year old—why should not the tree continue to live on for an indefinite period? There seems to be no necessary reason, no cause inherent in the tree itself, why it should die.

Again: a tree is not, philosophically speaking, an individual, like a man, or any animal. It is a community, an aggregation of individuals. The only real individual in a plant is the first cell of which the plant was originally composed. Every bud on a tree may also be considered an individual, since it has in itself all

the elements of an independent plant, and may be made to produce one. Now, if it be objected that the inner parts of the tree die, or at least become inactive heart-wood, yet the outer parts do not; individuals may perish, but the community does not, for it is renewed and increased every year.

Trees have been happily compared to the "branching or arborescent coral." This structure is built up by the combined labors of a multitude of individuals—"the successive labors of a great number of generations. The surface or the recent shoots alone are alive; all underneath consists of the dead remains of former generations. It is the same with the vegetable, except that it makes a downward growth also, and by constant renewal of fresh tissues, maintains the communication between the two growing extremities, the buds and the rootlets." (Dr. Gray.) As the coral structure, considered as a mass, lives on indefinitely, though the individuals composing it perish, so a tree considered as a composite structure may live on in the same way, without any assignable limit to its life. Every joint in the root, and every bud from its branches may be taken off and set up by itself to form a separate and independent tree; but if they all choose to stay on the homestead, need they and the family die out?

So much for theory. We shall present some facts next month.

PROFITS OF SINGLE GRAPE VINES.—We have often urged all our readers to set out at least one or two grape vines somewhere in the garden or dooryard—not usually to raise grapes for sale, but to secure a supply for home consumption. The first cost of procuring and setting a vine or two, or three, is trifling, while the product is large and of great value. A grape vine requires but little ground room, and whoever has a few feet only of soil by the side of the dwelling, may put out a vine, where there may not be even room for a fruit tree to expand its branches. The vine may be trained up over a porch, or on the sides of the dwelling itself.

On page 337 of last volume (Nov. No.) we gave an account of two vines (a Concord, and a Hartford Prolific) which yielded 60 lbs. of luscious grapes the 2d year after planting.—These were unusually well-rooted when set out but are an indication of what may be obtained very soon after planting. We now give another item which we recently gathered from our old friend and long-time subscriber, Stephen Haight, of Dutchess Co., N. Y. He has an Isabella grape vine, 12 years old, which is trained over a trellis, and branches out about 25 feet each way from the root. The past Autumn he picked from this single vine two hundred and twenty six pounds (226), leaving at the same time fifty pounds of unripened grapes which were afterwards made into wine. (In all 276 lbs.) The ripe bunches were carefully looked over, and the green, bruised, and decaying berries cut out with a pair of scissors. They were then packed precisely according to the directions we gave in October last (Vol. 17, page 307.) Dec. 22, when grapes were a rarity in the city, Mr. Haight sold the product of his single vine here, for \$56, (25 cts. per lb.) Pretty well for one vine.—*lb.*

BRAINS.

An American sloop of war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoiter. In the course of his travels, he entered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," says one, "you belong to the United States, I see."
"Right," was the answer.
"Now, what would you do to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a bumboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out!" returned the lieutenant, with great coolness.
There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment, but finally, one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out:
"W—well, Yank, I say it!"
The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:
"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out!"
Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the uss.

The greatest charm of books is, perhaps, that we see in them that other men have entered what we have. Some souls we ever find who could have responded to all our agony, but what it may. This, at least, robs misery of its loneliness.

The origin of Pennsylvania is thus given by an old epigrammatist:
Penn refused to take his hat off
Before the King, and therefore set off
Some other country to light pat on
Where he might worship with his hat on!

DANGERS OF SKATING.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American writing from a town in Massachusetts, where skating is all the rage, tells about his adventures on the ice with Mary.

Hear him:
WHO MARY IS.
Mary is as pretty a piece of humanity in the shape of woman as you can find this side of Heaven. Such eyes! such hair! such teeth! And her hand! Well now there! I think it was just the smallest, the whitest—why, ivory is slow to it. And her foot was like a little white rose bud, its snowy leaves just showing enough to set off the neat covering that concealed the rest from profane eyes. It did not seem a foot; as one saw it reposing in its tiny slipper, like a Canary bird in its nest.

MARY HAS THE SKATING FEVER.
Well, sir, this Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so furiously. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her—but, bless me, how my blood boils at the thought of the consequence.

MARY PUTS HER FOOT IN IT.
We went down upon the ice, and there that little devil of a Mary just set quietly down, ordered me on my knees and quietly placed that foot, the foot, the poetic myth, in my lap and bid me put on her skates. Sir! had I venus dropped from heaven, and did me rub her down with rotten stone and oil, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skate, and stood up, with Mary by my side.

THE BACHELOR'S HEAD SWIMS.
Have you ever taught a woman to skate? No; well, let me tell you. You've been in a room lined with mirrors, haven't you?—You've seen a kaleidoscope with a few old bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it have seen all sorts of beautiful figures. Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curling eye lashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair, coraline, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, cupid's hearts, darts, a clasp of shawder, a bank of lightning, and "old Nick." Imagine yourself the centre of a system with all these things revolving round you, and a violet bank breathing sight upon you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson.

GAITERS IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH.
But just let me try to describe our performance. Mary I start—she on my left arm all square. Lord have mercy on my poor puzzled brain while I try to describe the stirred and mixed rainbow of sights and sentiments.—First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots present themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me I feel them pressing their blessed beauty, with emphasis, into the pit of my stomach.

MARY PITCHES INTO HIM GENERALLY.
Next scene—wavy hair, with a thirty dollar bouret and a divine head, came pitching into my waistcoat, with such force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazed up at me from between my jack boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into the bosom of my shirt. Ah! my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain, till in this eventful year of 1859, the fashion of skating has opened and varied sources of information.

MARY SUBDUES HIMSELF.
Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up, or came round. I am here; but I wish to enter my solemn protest before the world, that she alone could not have conquered me. But who could hold out, when surrounded by an army of Marys on skates? I am here!—but I am awfully sore! Ah! I have learned something. Cupid makes bachelors tender as cooks do tough steaks, by hammering and pounding.

COURTING BY TELEGRAPH.
A certain young man, whom we shall call Smith, was employed at an office on the National line. In the course of business, he ascertained that a person having charge of a station in a small town some seventy miles distant, was a young lady, and that her name was Sarah. Forthwith, in an interval of leisure, flashed over the wires this message:
"My name is Smith—how old are you?"
To which an answer was promptly returned:
"My name is Sarah—None of your business!"

The next one ran thus:
"I am not married—What are you worth?"
"To which the words came back:
"Worth a million."
As a climax, the youth replied:
"Will you marry me?"
The answer was, "Yes"—and in four months they were married.

An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Yes, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?"
"Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard time. It consists of ten hours' labor well worked in.

Wanted by a Dutch gardener—a journeyman cooper, to head a cabbage.

What tune can make every one glad? Ans. Fortune.

VARIETY IN CREATION.

There are 56,000 species of plants on exhibition in the museum of Natural History of Paris. The whole number of species in earth and sea cannot be less than four or five thousand. These are of all sizes, from the invisible forests in a bit of mouldiness to the towering trees of Malabar, 50 feet in circumference, and the banyans, whose shoots cover a circumference of five acres. Each of these has a complicated system of vessels for the circulation of its juices. Some trees have leaves narrow and short; others, as the talipot of Ceylon—have leaves so large that one of them can shelter fifteen or twenty men. Some exuviate their leaves annually, as a whole robe, leaving the tree nude, its bare stem lowering and its branches spreading themselves uncovered in the sky, while the leaves of others drop off one by one, new ones constantly growing in the place of the dismembered ones, and the tree retaining its perpetual verdure.

There have actually been ascertained, in the animal kingdom, about 60,000 species of living creatures. There are 600 species of mammals—those that suckle their young—the most of which are quadrupeds. Of birds, there are 4,000 species; of fishes, 3,000; of reptiles, 700, and of insects, 44,000 species. Besides these, there are 3,000 species of shell fish, and not less than eighty or one hundred thousand species of animals invisible to the naked eye.

Some forms of life require a moist atmosphere, others a dry one. A blue water lily grows in the canals of Alexandria, which, when the water evaporates from the beds of the canals, dries up; and when the water is again in the canals, again grows and blossoms. And some of the lowest animals may be completely dried and kept in this state for any length of time, but when they are again moistened, they resume the motions of life. Some plants are adapted only to particular climates; others grow in different climates; but they do not flourish equally well in these. As a tree which in the Southern States attains a height of 100 feet, at Grace Slave Lake, the Northern limit at which it is found, becomes dwarfed to a shrub of only five feet high. Life, both vegetable and animal, is infinitely modified; but in all cases its development is only under those conditions to which it is specially adapted.

"How infinite are thy works, O God! in wisdom thou hast made them all.—Life Illustrated.

LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life. We rise up in the glorious freshness of spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bush and reflecting morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfeared. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have lain down to rest, but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes are beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and the freshness of the morning have faded and forever. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly air of evening are usurping the noon day. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the West; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaptured, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us—the dark and terrible night time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave. Happy, thrice happy, is he who has laid up treasures for himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—Knickerbocker.

MASKS AND FACES.

A great masquerade ball was given in Milwaukee about a week ago. The *Mus* of that city, in the course of an article describing it, says:
"One gentleman fell in love with his own sister, while another man danced, talked and promenade with a gentleman in a woman's dress three hours in the vain hope of finding out who the dear creature was. One young man took his mother to the supper, and great was the surprise of both on learning how matters stood. One of our leading merchants gave his ring to a young lady if she would raise her mask that he might see her features, when it was his own sister, who he supposed was at home with the toothache! Two gentlemen got into a warm dispute as to who a certain young lady with a black domino was, and after making a wager of two bottles of champagne, found out that the young lady was the younger and mischievous brother of the losing party."

Wanted to know—where the hail stones are quarried!

FUTURE EQUALITY.

We stand upon common ground. The Great Leveller will knock at your door, Sir Millionaire, as well as at mine, and we must both open to him, whether we bid him welcome with our hearts or not. Roll along, then, in your chariot, nor heed the poor pedestrian who drags his blistered feet over the hard sidewalk.—Stoop not at the imploring voice of the ragged mendicant. We are all travelling the same way, and shall ultimately reach the same inn—the grave. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The weary! is there not consolation in the assurance?

Courage, then, storm beaten journeyers over the desert of life! Toil on, yet, while amid trials and tears. The goal is at hand—your home—your haven of rest. Does the man of this world, who has laid up stores for many years and spoken peace to his own soul, afflict or oppress you forgive him. He is your fellow traveller to the land of souls—he will soon stand upon an equality with yourself.—His treasure cannot bribe the spoiler. His gold may soon become cankered, and his fine gold be dim.

Let not the rich be unduly elated, nor the poor unduly depressed; for in the great community of the dead there is nothing known of inequality. Let the proud be humbled at the thought, and the humble lifted up.

Come, neighbor, thy hand! We will trudge along life's uneven road together, if you please and encourage each other so to live—will it not be the better way? that when our summons comes to depart hence,
"We go—not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon—but sustained and
soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach our grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.
At the time Columbus discovered America, coffee had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a drink is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought in 1614, became the parent stock of all the coffee plantations in the West Indies.—The extent of consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landing from fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean and dark color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, is a larger bean, and of a yellow color. The West India Rio has a blue, greenish gray tint.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A certain General of the United States Army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.
"What, is Silvertail dead?" asked Patrick.
"What is that to you?" said the officer; "do as I bid you, and ask me no questions."
Pat went about his business, and in about two hours returned.
"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the General.
"Skinning your horse, your honor."
"Did it take you two hours to perform the operation?"
"No, your honor, but then you see it took me about half an hour to catch the horse."
"Catch him! fire and furies! was he alive?"
"Yes, your honor, and I could not skin him alive, you know."
"Skin him alive! did you kill him?"
"To be sure I did, your honor! and sure you know I must obey orders without asking questions."

WHEN DEATH COMES.

Death comes at noon, when the sun is just rising in the east; at noon, when its rays are most resplendent; at eve, when it gradually sinks beneath the horizon; at midnight when it is entirely hidden from view. It comes to the babe just commencing to prattle; it comes to the man of middle age, when the connecting links binding us to life are most strong; it comes to the aged man with trembling limbs and faded eye-sight, led along by others; it comes to the poor, struggling to obtain a meagre subsistence; it comes to the man in easy circumstances, by whom life is best enjoyed; it comes to the wealthy, reeking in play; it comes to the riot laughing affluence and ease; it comes to the man of ing at his own folly; it comes to the man of just sense enough to pass through life easily; it comes to the educated man glorying in his Cicero and Homer; it comes to the christian who looks upon it only as a happier land.—Reader these words are spoken to you. Will you heed them?

CHRISTIAN EARNESTNESS.

How beautiful and how needful in our churches is Christian earnestness! What are professed Christians doing to bring sinners to the Saviour? Shall not the sight of souls in the guilt of unnumbered sins, and under the threat of everlasting woe, move us? Surely there is power in the death of Christ as a motive. May His love constrain us, as it did one who was "wounding Him in the house of his friends," but was brought to repentance and to duty by a picture of the Crucifixion beneath which were engraved the words:
"Did this for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

We have lately fallen upon something very different from the usual poetical paraphrases of Sacred Writ. It is a versification of the Lord's Prayer—an orison, the brevity and concentration of which ought to be a lesson to those who indulge in many words when they pour out prayer and praise. It has lately been published in London, is composed as a duet, and harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte. It runs thus:

"Our Heavenly Father hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will
In earth as in Heaven, let all fulfill;
Give us this day our bread, that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Not and ever with Thee,
The kingdom, power, and glory be, Amen."
Here nothing is redundant, nothing wanting. The music, simple and melodious, is said to be worthy of the words.

ONE OF THE SENTRIES.

In a recent lecture upon Washington, Theodore Parker told the following anecdote:
At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for service. So one night, when the pass word was 'Cambridge,' he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.
"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.
"A friend," replied Washington.
"Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the soldier.
Washington came up and said "Roxbury."
"No sir," was the response.
"Medford," said Washington.
"No sir," returned the colored soldier.
"Charlestown."
The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he says Cambridge," and went by, and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

PROSE POETRY.

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then—but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no nothing of men. I told her I had oceans of money and goods, and tried to fright her with a growl, but she answered she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a baggage and everything bad; I sledged her features and form, till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel, and she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "we will marry this fall."

DO RIGHT.

A man that has a soul worth a six-pence must have enemies. It is utterly impossible for the best man to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood, and a position taken in view of this fact, the better. Do right though you have enemies. You cannot escape them by doing wrong, and it is little gain to barter away your honor and manhood, and give yourself of moral courage, to gain what? Nothing! Better abide by the truth—frown down all opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which must inspire a free and independent man.

WEIGHT OF A MILLION IN GOLD.—In answer to the question "what is the weight of a million of dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint calculates as follows: The weight of one million of dollars of United States currency, in gold, is 53,750 troy oz. This makes 4470 pounds, 2 oz.,—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 lbs only to each ton. As weighty as this is, we have no doubt that, if the amount were offered to any body who would lift it, there would be enough persons found ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE PRESS.

The incorruptible of the feuilletonist may be judged of by the following fact: A director was vaunting the success of a new piece—
"Why," he said, "the very check-taker is rubbing his hands, put that in. Tell the public that the check-taker is rubbing his hands with glee."
"I cannot, sir."
"I cannot! Why not?"
"Because, sir, the check taker has only one hand."

A lover had been offered a kiss if he would prove his assertion that locomotives were accustomed to chew tobacco, as well as smoke out of their pipes:

"Observe the sound
As the crank comes round,
He archly saith,
"It's choo—choo—choo,
To go ahead,
And choo—choo—choo—choo,
To back'er."

Benevolent impulses, where we should not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst the plaudits of angels.

Calmity never leaves us where it found us; it either softens or hardens the heart of its victims.