UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

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Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

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Jan. 1, 1858. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1860.

For the "Star & Chronicle."

SOME COMPARISONS.

"For these causes, the Jews caught me in the Temple, and went about to kill me."—Paul.

Every observant person must perceive how vastly more unjust and unreasonable are the Southern Democracy, more properly styled the Southern Oligarchy, than were the Jews at the time they arraigned Paul before Festus and Agrippa. Paul was accused by the Jews of teaching against their people and laws, and of defiaming the holy place in their temple. For these trespasses against their institutions, Paul was apprehended, and held to answer before their chief tribunal. After the Jews had brought in their accusations against him, he was granted permission to answer for himself, which he did, and, nothing being found against him worthy of death or imprisonment, he was set at liberty. Although it is true that over forty Jews had "bound themselves under a curse that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul," they were, nevertheless, more exempt from culpability than were the forty Members of Congress who conspired to oppose the election of a man to the Speakership who signed the Helper book—an offence which was about as criminal in its nature as was that of Paul when he preached to the Jews and Gentiles, and bade them "repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance." The Jews were a bigoted and superstitious people, and hence their act of conspiring might be excused to a certain degree on the plea that they acted from motives which their consciences approved. This, however, was not the case, (at least they would not have it said) with the forty Zamzummims of the South who bound themselves (perhaps under a curse) to oppose to the last the election of John Sherman, even if the Government should thereby be dissolved. These live in a land in which the true religion is revealed, and prevails, and in which Justice and Law might look for a due degree of respect. We boast that we live in the most enlightened age of our race, and in the best country in the world, yet, in many respects, deeds are perpetrated which could only befit the most jealous, barbarous, and wicked people that ever lived—deeds that would have been scorned even by the Jews, who at least obeyed their own laws to a great extent.

Although the Constitution of these United States guarantees the enjoyment of life and liberty to every citizen who is loyal to it, we see it most strangely interpreted, so as to mean anything but what it is designed to secure. And not only is it strangely interpreted, but recklessly disobeyed. In no section of our world do we see more flagrant violations of constitutions and of laws than in those States where that abominable and most atrocious system of property in human flesh exists. In no age of man were the teachings of the divine law, with respect to his brother man, so heedlessly regarded by professed christians, or the opinions of great and wise men so disrespected. Any man who dares to tread on southern soil, and manlike express above board his opinions, (in accordance with the Bible and our worthy forefathers,) that the enslavement of human beings is a great moral and social evil, is forthwith seized, and, if not imprisoned, outraged, or lynched outright, is commanded in ominous language to "depart out of their coasts." Belial passes sentence quick, and thus: "Miscreant vile! so strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange thou exposest, that my sudden hand, and power to suit both will and inclination, must bear vengeance upon thee. Thou said'st, 'there is a higher law'—therefore, die thou must, and soon."

But they have other designs—they endeavor to suppress even freedom of thought. Scores of peaceful families—men, women and children—have of late been exiled from their native, rightful homes in Southern States, for no other offence than merely that of holding *privately*, that slavery is an evil! The Oligarchy's senses have become so acute that they are continually haunted with some strange hallucination. They fall into a sudden fit of idiosyncrasy at hearing the word "free" uttered. The smell of guano (being somewhat like gunpowder) forewarns them of some terrible "aberlitioner" at hand, and the first person whom they chance to meet is apprehended and searched from top to toe, and, though nothing incendiary is discovered, he is, nevertheless, commanded to leave the country, on the ground that he "saw a man that made use of guano!!"

"For these causes they go about to kill" men of principle, the best of men in our land and day. Who can doubt but that, if the Republican doctrine, as expounded and upheld by the Republican party, was permitted to "answer for itself" in the Southern States, it would have an effect upon the minds of the masses, there even more strong than was Paul's defence before Agrippa? They would be "not *almost*, but *altogether* persuaded" to be Christians indeed, and the "higher" law of Right would be respected. R. Z.

LEWISBURG, Union Co. Pa. March 6, 1860.

☞ Look out for "Spring Fevers" and "March winds."

From the Daily Confederate Record.

The first M. E. Bishop in Lewisburg.

By way of contrast, and also of illustrating the character of ENOCH GEORGE, formerly a Superintendent of the M. E. Church in the United States, we record the following incidents related to us by an elderly gentleman still living in this town.

Somewhere about the year 1820, the first official visit to Lewisburg (as far as is known) paid by any Bishop, was made by Bishop George. He was then past the meridian of life—a plain, quiet, loving, unassuming, venerable man—who magnified his office as an ambassador of Christ by an undivided devotion to his work. Our then comparatively thinly settled vicinity was a new country in many respects. The first Bridge across the West Branch, at Lewisburg, (then deemed a most gigantic work) was indeed just completed, but no canals or railroads added travel, and the telegraph had not outstripped the slow occasional mails. The whole day and evening were noted for an uncommonly heavy, drenching rain. Bishop George rode from Bloomsburg through the storm, on horseback, without stopping—his cloak being so large, and so disposed, as not only to shelter himself, but in a measure to protect his faithful and favorite animal also.

The Methodist society was organized, but there was no house of worship among the few scattered buildings then composing the town. A prayer meeting had been appointed at the private dwelling of James Kelly, corner of Fifth and Market street;—but only the family, the Bishop, and three other persons attended it. The faithful preacher, however, was not disouraged by "preaching to the walls and the benches," if there was an immortal soul to be renewed—to be awakened from the death of sin, or to be encouraged in the divine life. He read from the Bible, sang a hymn, and prayed as earnestly as if hundreds or thousands hung upon his lips. After the members present had taken a part, he gave an exhortation of some length—labored, thoughtful, and perhaps better adapted to reach each heart than if there had been many present to so divide to others as to leave no share for one's self. The meeting was a most precious one to all. His was an excellent example. The necessity for occasional small congregations, was then more common than now, but if Bishop George—with all his weight of character, and dignity of station—could then exert himself on every occasion, no preacher should allow himself to be discouraged in a similar emergency. Perhaps, the less number to hear, the more they need warning, counsel, and encouragement, and the appeal is more personal. The duty is binding. How often, a word in season, to an individual—a meeting of "two or three in His name"—are followed by the greatest blessings!

Our informant states that the Bishop while staying with him was disturbed by an uneasiness of the stomach, "rising," &c., for which he prescribed a remedy which he believed to be as orthodox as his preaching. It was simply a dish of onions stewed. It had never failed in his case, and was his "universal vegetable remedy" for many ills.

George visited Lewisburg, subsequently, and preached in the first M. E. house of worship—now a part of Marsh & Co's Foundry, near the river.....The progress of the church, and of the town, in the intervening forty years, we will not attempt to trace.

HYMNS....[selected for the "Record."]

THE RESURRECTION.

[As sung by Rev. WM. Taylor, of California.]

Ye angels that watched round the tomb
Where lay the Redeemer was laid,
When days in mortality's gloom,
He laid for a season his head:
That when their fair forms while he slept,
And sought his long lost to employ,
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
Their chords with the triumphs of joy.

Ye saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I part to be glorified too,
Ye bore on Jesus to your breast.
The sepulchre in which Jesus was laid,
Hath buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

Oh, sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done—
The bloom which upstrews our dark west,
The last lingering ray of the sun;
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

Then welcome the last rending sighs
When these aching heart-strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And mantle with dew the pale cheek.
Nor fear the prospect heavy,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sole business of life as it ends
Leaves a form of peace on the grave.

THE INVITATION.

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner, come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree,
The stripes, thy sins, were laid on me,
That pardon and peace to thee
Oh, weary sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring rest to souls oppressed—
Oh, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burdens at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
Oh, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy healing tears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting fears;
The mercy's wide mouth thine ears—
Oh, trembling sinner, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say come!
Let every saint re-echo Come!
Who hears, who thirsts, who will, may come—
Thy Savior bids thee come!

THE ACCEPTANCE.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tost about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

THE LONG NIGHT.

A SWISS STORY.

It was the close of a warm day in the latter part of August, and little Franz Hoffmuster was playing in the cottage door with his baby sister Katrine. His older sister, Therese, was busy clearing away the evening meal, and his brother Robert was industriously carving curious wooden spoons, and knives and forks, to sell to travelers whom his father might guide over the Mountains; for you must know that these four children lived in a little Swiss chatel, or cottage, at the foot of some famous mountains, and when little Franz lifted his eyes, he did not see a row of nice brick houses, three stories high, but instead of these, high mountains stretched their grand old heads up into the very sky. The mother of these little Swiss children had died more than a year ago, and as they were very poor, sister Therese, who was only twelve years old, had been the little housekeeper ever since.

Now, when I tell you that the father had gone to guide some travelers over the mountains, and would not be back till the next day, I think you will feel quite well acquainted with this pleasant family, and will like to hear a little more about them. It was sunset, and Franz, quite tired of play, leaned his head against Therese's knee, and fixed his gentle blue eyes upon the glittering mountain tops.

"Do you remember, sister," said he, at length, "what the little English boy's father said, the night he was here?"

"No. What *did* he say?"

"Why, we were looking at the sunset, and it was just as beautiful as it is to-night, for it seemed as if all the mountain tops were on fire, and you could imagine the strangest things. At last I thought it must be like some of the grand, far-away cities, of which the travelers so often talk. So I went up to the good gentleman and said: 'Does it look like London, sir?'

"I do not think he heard me, for he just kept his eyes fixed upon the mountains, and he looked as if he saw something very wonderful a great way off. And while I was trying to think what it was, he stretched out his hands so slowly, and said softly:

"'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.' These were the very words, for I learned them afterwards from my little book."

"Well," broke in little Franz, breathlessly, "what happened then? Did you see any door or gate, sister, and did any king come in?"

"No," said Therese, thoughtfully, "I could not think what the good gentleman meant, for he only looked straight into the beautiful red sunset, and I had seen it just the same often before. But he looked so long, and so earnestly, that I began to be afraid that something was going to happen. So I took hold of his hand, and said: 'Please, sir, do *you* see any gate, and will the King soon come through?'

"I had to ask him two or three times before he heard me, and then he looked down so kindly, and smiled with his eyes, but did not say anything at first. So I asked again:

"'Is it your king, sir?'

"'Yes, little Therese, *my* king,' said he.

"'Is it the king of England?' I asked.

"'No;' and he smiled a little more.

"'The king of France?'

"'No.'

"'Ah! the king of Sweden, then?'

"'No, little Therese,' said he, 'it is the 'King of Glory.''

"'And where is Glory, sir?' I asked. 'Is it far away behind the mountains, and is it very near England?'

"'No, said he, smiling more and more, 'it is no nearer England than Switzerland. But all good people are coming towards it every day, and the journey will not be long; but bad people are always going farther and farther away.'"

"Well, sister," said Franz, slowly, "I tried to do right to-day. Neighbor Ulrich was just going up the mountains with his mule, and a heavy load of bread and fruit, when the mule fell, and everything tumbled over the ground. Ah, how angry he was! and when I first ran up, he struck at me with his whip, for he thought I only meant to trouble him."

"The cross old fellow!" interrupted Robert. "I would have thrown everything over the rocks, if I had been there."

"Ah, no," said the gentle Therese, "then you would have been as bad as he. I hope you were kind, little Franz?"

"Yes," said Franz, "after a while. But at first, all sorts of bad thoughts came tumbling into my head, and I wanted to call him an ugly name. But I held my breath, just as you told me, sister, and shut my teeth hard, and pretty soon I felt sorry for him, till everything was picked up."

"And what did he say, then?" asked Therese.

"O, he said I was not as bad as some boys."

"The old curmudgeon!" cried Robert, "not so bad as some boys, indeed! Were those all the thanks you got?"

"Well," said Therese, soothingly, "he is a poor, lonely man, and has no children to love him, and make him smile. I am very glad Franz helped him."

"Do you think I came any nearer to Glory?" whispered Franz, with great earnestness.

"I hope you did," replied Therese, "but Robert must not be left behind. We must ask the Great King to guide us, and to-morrow we will all go on together."

"The gates are shutting up, now, are they not, sister?" said little Franz, as the beautiful rosy light paled in the west, and the old mountain tops stood cold and solemn against the clear sky.

"Let us go in," added Robert. "The night wind is cold from the ravines, and I'm sleepy and tired."

"And I," said little Franz, rubbing his misty blue eyes.

Katrine was already sleeping with her fat hand under her rosy cheek, and in a short time the cottage door was bolted, and all these little children, snug in their beds, were on their way to dreamland.

Therese had not slept very long, when she felt a sudden shock, as if something had struck the little chalet, and made it tremble all over.

"What is that?" murmured little Franz, dreamily.

"Is it morning, already?" sighed poor, tired Robert.

But Therese did not know what it could be, and while she was still trying to think, her heavy eyelids dropped, and she was soon fast asleep.

Two or three times she awoke again, and wondered if it were not almost morning, but it was dark as midnight, and she would try to compose herself again. But at last she became so broad awake, that she raised up in bed, and tried to look around the room. "It must be a very dark night," she thought to herself, "for almost always the stars give a little light. I wonder how I happened to wake so early."

Just then little Franz spoke, in a very weary voice: "Dear Therese, when *will* it be morning? It is the very longest night I ever knew."

"So I think," cried Robert. "I've been awake half-a-dozen times, and now I mean to get up."

"Oh, no," pleaded Franz, "let us tell stories till daylight." So Therese, Robert and Franz, each told a long story, and, just as they had finished, Katrine, waking up, cried loudly for her breakfast.

"I don't wonder that she is hungry," said Franz, "for I am half starved, and cold too."

"Ah!" sighed Therese, "if we only had a light." But they could not find any, for their father kept all such things in a little cupboard in the wall, and had taken the key with him.

So Therese searched till she found some milk for Katrine, and some black bread, which she gave to her brothers.

Then, as they could no longer sleep, they all dressed as well as they could in the dark.

"I will go out," said Robert, "and see if I can discover any signs of morning."

So he took down the heavy bar, when, to his surprise, the door flew open, and he found himself upon the floor, half buried in some cold substance.

"Oh, Therese! Franz!" cried Robert, "come help me."

"What can it be?" exclaimed all three, as they helped him upon his feet.

"Why, this is snow," cried little Franz, putting a handful to his mouth.

"How can that be?" exclaimed Therese, "when it was so pleasant a few hours ago."

For a few moments there was a profound silence; then Robert gave a quick, sharp cry.

"Oh, Therese! Could it be an avalanche?"

"No, no," said Therese, in a trembling voice, "that can not be, or the roof would have fallen in, and we all have been crushed to death."

"No," said Robert, "I have heard father say that small ones sometimes fall so lightly that sleeping families have never been disturbed. But then *I* remember a noise in the night."

"And I," said Therese.

"And I," echoed frightened little Franz.

"What can we do?" asked Therese as firmly as she could.

"Will not father dig us out?" sobbed Franz.

"I'm afraid he can not find us."

"Well," said Robert, "I will try and dig through to the light;" and finding an old shovel, he hurried to the door and began to work manfully. But it was all in the dark, and the snow fell over him till he was half dead with cold and fatigue. Several times he tried again, but as soon as he dug a little away, the snow was sure to fall down and fill it all up, so at last he came in, saying despairingly, "Well, Therese, if father does not find us, we must die, down here in the dark."

"If I only could see you, sister," said Franz, in a choking voice, "I should not mind it so much."

"Let us hold each other's hands," proposed Therese, and they all huddled together by little Katrine.

At first, they were quite cheerful, and said often, "Oh father, will certainly find us." But the long hours dragged on, and all was still as the grave. Poor Katrine cried very hard, for she could not understand why it was so dark, and she could not see the sweet smile of her little sister mother.

But you would be very tired if I should tell you all these children said and did through this long night. How often they prayed to the King of Heaven for help—how kind and gentle they tried to be—and how they denied themselves food, that little Katrine might not be hungry. But at last there was nothing left to eat. Katrine was too tired and weak to cry any more, and only once in a while made a little grieving moan. Robert had not spoken for a long time, not since he had said wildly, "O, Therese! Therese! I can not, can not die!" and threw himself sobbing upon his bed. But little Franz, who was becoming very ill, said some very strange things, so that Therese could not help weeping, when he whispered sadly—

"All dark, no sun, no moon, no stars—sister, *when will* the King of Glory come?"

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness—a sound upon the roof. "What is that?" cried Robert, starting eagerly to his feet.

There were several heavy blows, and then a ray of bright, beautiful sunshine came flashing through a hole in the wall, and a voice exclaimed, "Little Franz Hoffmuster, are you there?"

Franz could not speak; but Robert gave a wild shout and hurrah. "Yes, yes, neighbor Ulrich, here we all are!" and in a few moments the room was filled with kind neighbors, who bore the little famished children out into the clear light and air, where their father, who had dropped down from fatigue, was awaiting them with great anxiety.

I can not tell you of all the tears and embraces that were showered upon these children. But it would have done your heart good to see cross old neighbor Ulrich holding little Franz, and feeding him as tenderly, as if he had been his mother. And, O, how beautiful the world looked to them all!

"My dear children," said their father, "God has been very kind to you, and has saved you from very great peril; but, next to Him, you must thank kind neighbor Ulrich, who has given himself no rest, but, when others were discouraged, has always said, "Work on! work on! there is a boy worth saving down here!"

Robert blushed, as he remembered his unkind words, but Therese looked at Franz with a sweet smile.

Little Franz turned and kissed the rough cheek of neighbor Ulrich, then clasping his hands, looked up to the clear sky and said softly, "Help me always to please Thee, dear King of Glory."—*Congregationalist.*

AN ACT in reference to the Commissions of the Justices of Peace and Aldermen.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That every person hereafter elected to the office of Justice of the Peace or Alderman, shall, within thirty days after the election, if he intends to accept said office, give notice thereof in writing to the Prothonotary of the Common Pleas of the proper county, who shall immediately inform the Secretary of the Commonwealth of said acceptance; and no commission shall issue until the Secretary of the Commonwealth has received the notice aforesaid.

SEC. 2. That so much of an Act of Assembly as requires Constables to send copies of the returns of the election of Aldermen and Justices of the Peace, to the Governor of the Commonwealth, is hereby repealed.

Approved the 13th day of April, A. D., 1859. WM. F. PACKER.

ANOTHER STEP.—The Special Committee appointed by the Democratic caucus of the United States Senate, have agreed upon a platform concerning the protection of slavery in the Territories. They accept Mr. Davis' resolution in the main, and say, substantially, that, when a Territorial Legislature and the Judiciary find themselves incapable of protecting of slave property under the Dred Scott decision, then *Congress must provide a remedy* for the right by that decision affirmed to exist. This is but the fulfillment of many prophecies made by the Republican press within six months. In fact, such a plank is necessary to the logical completeness of the platform of that servile party.

BEST SEASON FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—Paint applied to the exterior of buildings late in Autumn or Winter, will endure twice as long as when applied early in Summer, in hot weather. In the former case it dries slowly and becomes very hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by weather, or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather, the oil of the paint soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry and ready to crumble off.

COLLOQUY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman as he stepped on board of a steamer of a "darky" leaning on the guards.

"I did b'long to Massa William, sir, when I come aboard; but he is in de cabin playing poker wid de captain, and I *don't know who I b'long to now!*"

From the Congregational Herald.

THE ELABORATE SERMON.

BY R. POTTS, JR.

"Bene oratus est bene studitus."—MARTIN LUTHER.

It was a week in counter time—
In August, fifty three,
A modern prelate sat him down—
He took his pen and smoothed his crown,
To do Theology "up brown,"
So smart a man was he.

A text he chose—a sermon wrote,
About the "fatted calf;"
He toiled away the whole week long,
To verify what he was strong,
And make it elegant and strong:
But 'twas too long by half.

He cut it down—he made it leaner,
But nothing every point—
Till he was pleased it read so well,
And prize horses for repeat to spell,
To think how the brethren would yell—
So smooth in unlearned point.

The Sabbath came—To-day, thought he,
My people must respond;
My talents more than ever before;
And through my soul and my manner,
Will rush to have me preach it over,
Because of its effect.

So marching to the sacred desk,
He uttered forth his "view;"—
Declaimed about the calf so fat,
But not the heart burning rather—but,
For he had never spoken of it,
And slumbered in their pews.

Returning home, dejected, sad,
He turned to his to pray;
His soul was humbled to the dust—
He prayed and wept till look grey he must,
And exercised a humble trust,
Or else, most "go away."

His strength was spent—he'd done his best—
Yet all had been in vain;
While half his strength, his heart within
Reproached him that he had not won
A single soul from sin and sin—
He never would preach again.

When Monday came, he prayed again,
Then went from door to door;
He saw the sick, the poor, the blind,
And wept—('twas very odd in kind)
Till had he thought to change his mind,
And preach one sabbath more.

But what? and how? he wept and prayed,
Then sat down sore perplexed,
For all so busy all the week,
On what (thought he) could he hope to speak?
He took his Testament in pieces,
And pondered for a bit.

Before the book he knelt, and prayed
For guidance from on high.
Poor man! could not know that God is taught!
He felt the need of help, and sought,
Yet he must try to do his best,
A good text not his eye.

A sermon on it (?) he planned,
And wrote it (?) in the morning again;
He made it (?) nearly twice
Twice as nicely, and nearly right,
And he was in a sweat plenty,
He knelt and prayed again.

The sabbath came—a lovely morn—
The parish prayed again;
The church bell rang to hear he went,
With spirit meek and penitent,
To where God's truth he had spent
His allotted strength in vain.

He rose and read the opening hymn—
Drew with it in a prayer;
But go he for his chosen surprise,
When, (hang, he thought, his ears and eyes)
Sighs—it seemed to him—and deep sighs,
As if the dead were there.

He rose to preach, though sore oppressed
And mortified was he—
For, (ah, he felt it) he was no saint,
The light of grace was very faint,
Yet, strange all eyes were fixed on him;
What could they want to see?

His words—they seemed to fall with power,
The sighs—what a sore they were!
So simple, he could hardly hear
To use a theme, but divine power
The people sighed as a sacred choir
Here will be preached that day.

The sermon past, a Communion went,
Ashamed to show his face,
To those sacraments—who so he—
Shrank back from himself full sore to be,
By preaching what he seemed to be
So very common place.

That week, absent before the throne,
He mourned, he wept, he prayed;
But ever on the Sabbath days,
The people, as first, gathered in throngs,
Drawn by a hearing desire,
Which seemingly grew displayed

In many a soul, which blessed and turned
Wildfire revival light—
What could it mean? The Lord was there,
Who scorns the weapons man prepare,
Yet honors humble, fervent prayer,
Who not by power or might,

Nor by the wisdom of the wise,
His kingdom build th up,
But by his spirit drives the blow
Which humbles even the haughtiest foe,
And, man, in Christ's valley low,
To faith, a door of hope.

Till he, who oft in wisdom's pride
In vain had preached the Word,
Beheld with joy God's work go on,
As day by day some rapt soul one
Was taught on Christ the corner stone,
And glorified the Lord.

Where is the scribe? and where the wise?
Hath not God hath said,
He (by) whom is than men?
Yet ah! what thousands still complain
Their labor in the Lord is vain—
Yet, tell me how they prayed.

And I will tell you why they failed
Their heavy hearts to win—
No human voice the dead can wake,
But he who pleads for Jesus' sake,
Impression can not fail to make
On souls deep sunk in sin.

SAGACITY OF THE ARCTIC FOX.—In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rae said: "On the journey, I saw a very curious incident of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail between his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to look as like a hare as possible, (which is an animal comparatively worthless.) Another fact of this kind occurred to me, whilst being detained at a particular place, where our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was with a spring gun connected with a bait, which when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and permit the charge to pass over his head."

WHAT THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT OF AGRICULTURE.—Socrates says, "Agriculture is an employment the most worthy the application of man, the most ancient and the most suitable to his nature; it is the common nurse for all persons, in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty and riches; and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all virtues."

YANKEE "DEW DROPS."—Why, uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew? Dew come in and rest a little while, dew. How does aunt Hannah dew? and what is she dewing now? and dew tell us about the news, dew. Come, dew sit up to the table and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking, for I shan't dew it. Now I dew say something, dew.

Early Vegetables.

Many farmers are deterred from attempting to produce very early vegetables, by an erroneous idea that the making of a hot-bed is a complicated and difficult operation, while it is just as simple as making a hill of corn. Every man who has a garden of whatever size, if he will once try the experiment of making a hot-bed, will, we venture to predict, find the task so easy, and the result so satisfactory, that he will never forego the luxury afterwards. All that is necessary, is to make a pile of horse manure, two and a half feet deep, with the top level or sloping a little to the south, then set a rough frame made of four boards nailed together at the corners upon the bed of manure, fill the frame with six inches of garden soil and cover with a window of glass. Any old window will answer the purpose, but it is better to have the bars of the sash run only one way, and to have the glass laid in the manner of shingles.

The best plants to force are tomatoes and cabbages, which may be transplanted from the hot-bed to the open ground without any trouble. We have removed tomatoes when they were in blossom, and had them all alive. If melons or cucumbers are forced, they should be planted in flowering-pots, and in transplanting them you turn the pot over upon your open hand and give it a gentle thump, when the earth comes out in a solid lump, and the roots are not disturbed in the least. When the plants are growing, they should be watered frequently, and in warm days the sash should be raised a few inches to give the plants air. We have found the growing of plants under glass, from a small hot-bed, four feet by six, up to a large grapery for raising the black Hamburg and Frontignac grapes, the most satisfactory of all horticultural operations. Having the control of the climate both in heat and moisture, the plants can be made to grow with a vigor which they rarely if ever exhibit in the open air. A hot-bed should be made from four to six weeks before the time for planting corn.—*Scientific American.*

CURIOUS.—The Delaware County *Republican* states that there is a tombstone in St. Martin's Church, Marcus Hook, bearing the following inscription: "Elizabeth Smith, born Aug. 1699, died Oct. 1802." Thus showing—although her age was only a little over 102 years—the fact of having lived in *three* successive centuries—the 17th, 18th and 19th. Where, may we ask, among the mouldering tombs of this post-deluvian world, is to be found a parallel record?

The Oligarchs in Montgomery, Alabama, are engaged in the laudable business of *burning every copy of Spurgeon's sermons* they can lay their hands on. They have decreed the burning of all copies that may be found in the bookstores and in private houses, and advertise the affair to come off in the jail yard in about a week. The next book in order will be the Bible.

Mrs. Rush, of Champaign county, Ohio, has recovered $5,000 damages from Peter Dawson, liquor seller. Dawson sold her husband rum, under the influence of which he committed an assault upon her, injuring her foot so that amputation was necessary. The suit was brought under "An Act to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors in the State of Ohio.

DE BOW'S *Review* says: "The South will not much longer dance to the pipings of Northern merchants and manufacturers." (To which Prentice replies:) "If the South intends to leave off dancing, the best thing she could do would be to 'hang up de fiddle add *De Bow.*'"

☞ Gen. Pillow, in his speech the other day at the Democratic State Convention of Tennessee, said that the Democratic party had two wings. One might think it had fifty pairs, from the terrible fluttering it makes.

The slave trade is now very flourishing on the coast of Africa, notwithstanding the presence of the large naval force of England and the United States. Most of the vessels in this piratical business are said to be American.

Astronomers say that the great comet of 1556 is to re-appear during the present season. In 1556, it caused the abdication of Charles V. of Spain, and perhaps it is now coming to take a look at old Buck.—*Prentice.*

At Cincinnati, on Thursday last, while a body of men were engaged in tearing down the St. Xavier Catholic Church, the walls fell in, burying thirteen persons, and, of course, killing them all instantly.

Mr. M'Cormick, the great reaper man of Chicago, tried to get the Democratic nomination for Mayoralty of that city and failed. The great reaper reaped disappointment.—*Prentice.*

A negro boy has been *executed* at Vicksburg, Miss., for assaulting his master—an overseer on a plantation near Memphis, *stabbed* one of his negroes, *killing* him instantly. *He was not arrested.*

A FACT.—It is confidently asserted that a poor young man has but two alternatives, either to go to work or go to the devil. A great number choose the latter.