

Half-Moon

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1861.

VOL. 7.--NO. 32.

AN INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise the armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The Independent Farmer;
When first the rose in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He gives his term across the field,
Where skies are soft and balmy.
The black-bird clucks behind his plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard lilies behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey old barn whose doofs unfold
His ample-store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all the lands—
The Independent Farmer.
To him the Spring comes dancing,
To him the Summer blishes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
He sleeps Old Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him,
His little flock are liked in love,
And household gods adore him;
He trusts in God, he loves his wife,
Nor grief, nor ill may harm her—
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE WONDERFUL INKSTAND.
"This was a long and difficult piece of work," said Edward Muller the copyist as he folded up nearly thirty full sheets of manuscript. "It has taken me many hours, and I have written as neatly as I could; so I hope the Government Secretary will pay me well for it. I ought to have at least four dollars for my labor. But he lives next to my house and I will soon find out my remuneration."
"Oh," replied Gertrude, his wife, "I do hope he will pay you better than he has been doing. You know it is very hard for us to get along, though it must be confessed we have no children to support."
"Take courage, my dear wife, we have never missed a single meal, and you and I are well provided with clothing for the winter. The wages I shall get for this piece of copying will not be enough to buy a cord of wood and a half gallon of lamp oil. And we don't owe a penny to any person. Really we have no reason to complain; many people are much worse off than we are."
So saying Edward made ready to call with his manuscript at the house of the Secretary. As he took down his hat, he saw the thumb volume of his favorite author, Thomas a Kempis; and opening it at one of the best chapters, he read it upon his wife's lap that she might read it in his absence. These were the first words her eyes fell upon: "There are many people who are impatient; vexed if matters do not occur according to their wish. It is not always in our power to make our way smooth; it is God's to give when he will, to whom he will, and as much as he will and no more."
Gertrude was much encouraged, and a new light seemed to have sprung up in her soul. She could read no more; it was enough to think about that day, that we human beings have no right to meddle with God's business. Edward had not gone two blocks before he met a messenger with a large letter addressed to him. The charge on it was a dollar, and he paid it, though he had but twenty-seven cents left. Important news was there for that poor man's benefit. His rich uncle who lived in Prague was dead. He had bequeathed himself to a vast wealth, and had no nearer relative than Edward Muller, and leaving no will, the copyist fell heir to all his estate. He was notified to come to Prague within a week and take possession of the inheritance.
"A rich man! A rich man! these are very strange words for me to utter of myself. But what shall I do with this writing that I have been commissioned to do? I will go and take it to Secretary Shutz, as he appointed the time for me to call. I would prefer to go home first and tell Gertrude about our unexpected fortune; but then I would be later with my business than I promised. Duty first and pleasure afterwards."
When he reached the Secretary's house a distressing scene presented itself. There lay the Secretary dead and cold and his little girl was playing on the floor. The weeping widow was almost bewildered with grief, and the city magistrates were there to take possession of what property was left, in view of the ten thousand dollars which they said the deceased Secretary had defrauded from the government. In vain did the disconsolate Madame Shutz declare her husband's innocence; in vain did she point them to that child which must not only be impoverished but disgraced, by such a heinous charge. Edward saw her distress and extremity, and he thanked God he could assist her. So he gave his bond on the spot for the entire sum, and the officers departed. He was to pay the deficit just thirty days hence. "May God bless you! may God bless you!" exclaimed the widow when she witnessed his noble generosity. "The time will come when my dear husband's innocence will be proven and the money shall be returned."
Both the officers and Madame Shutz were astounded that poor Edward Muller could give his bond for the smallest sum of money. Everybody knew how indigent he was and that he could barely do enough copying to support his wife. Still nothing was said, but he had ground for his beneficence. It was the happiest day of his life when he found it in his power to do a good act toward a suffering fellow-being. May all who read this narrative have as kind a heart as he had! Why should I speak of the joy he felt in telling his good fortune to Gertrude when he returned to his humble home? That can be imagined, perhaps, but my pen has no power to describe it. When the pleasure quieted down a little, and Gertrude herself had thanked God for providing for them so bountifully, the great question to be settled was, "How should Edward get money to pay his expenses to Prague, whether he must go to take possession of his inheritance?"
"To borrow—that was a hard word for them to say. But it must be done; yes, thirty dollars must be borrowed. It was easily raised, for there was not a man in the whole city who would not trust Edward Muller for any amount of money. At the end of three days he found himself in the Blue Star Hotel at Prague.

Having rested and taken some refreshments, he commenced the search of his uncle's dwelling, several hours passed by before he could find it. At last he found it in a very dirty and obscure alley. The door was ajar and nobody in the house. Truly it did not look like a rich man's house, but I have intimated that his owner was a miser and that explains all. Every article of the homely, broken furniture was covered with thick dirt. I do not think the floor had been swept for a year. Loose papers and old rags were scattered about everywhere. But not a sign of money could be found save a few coppers in an old vase. Every corner was searched and nothing was visible that was worth taking away. Four days did Edward continue the search, and finally he had to give up his task without success. The last day he was there a neighbor called in and told him that his uncle sold all his houses and the contents of the previous year, and having put the money for them in a large chest, he set out for Egypt; he only returned the other day, and the fever was on him which he died; he brought nothing back with him except these old rags and papers you see scattered about. That was melancholy news for Edward, but it was vain for him to remain longer. No one can tell how heavy his heart was when he went home again and had to tell Gertrude that all their hopes were blighted.

"And did you bring nothing from your uncle's house?" she asked in a tone of sadness.
"Nothing," he said, "though it is hardly worth its weight in oak leaves. I thought I would bring it home as a memento of our rich relative. It is of very thick glass and is hard ebony wood. Gertrude, isn't this Widow Shutz's daughter?"
"Ah, yes, Edward. Her poor mother died of a broken heart while you were at Prague, and no one would take her child, owing to her father's defrauding the government. So I went and brought her here. I think we can manage to support her; it repays me for my disappointment. We have stern duties to meet. The ten thousand dollar bond I can never pay; the thirty dollars I borrowed can not be returned immediately. What we shall do our Heavenly Father only knows. May he help us to bear whatever fate awaits us."
Edward and his wife curtailed their expenses to their real necessities. They resolved to drink no more tea or coffee, and only eat twice a week. They both worked night and day to supply their wants. But the time was at hand when the bond must be paid. Where would the money come from? That was a question of hourly conversation and meditation. They could think of but little else, and dreamed about it every night. Still they believed God would deliver them and preserve their little home to them. Finally the dreadful day came and three officers presented themselves at the poor man's cottage. Edward invited them in and told them all that happened. He implored their mercy another month, and other week; but all to no avail. They said it was not in their power to show any leniency; they were servants of the law and had to obey its commands. So they commenced to pack up the various articles of furniture preparatory to taking them to the auction room.
Gretchen, the little adopted girl, became frightened at the officers, and in running by the table knocked off the inkstand that Edward had brought from Prague. The ink fell over her clothes and the inkstand was broken by its fall. The sun was shining brightly through the window, and amid the fragments there shone the most beautiful object that any one there had ever seen. It was a magnificent diamond! It told its own story. The wealth that Edward Muller's rich uncle had taken away was exchanged by him for that diamond, and he had concealed it in the inkstand between the glass and the wood. Its possessor was now the richest man in the Kingdom. The chief officer interrupted the legal proceedings and beckoned to his companions that it was time for them to leave. The family were alone.
The first thing done in that household was the singing of Martin Luther's grand hymn, "A sure fortress in our God." They each knelt in prayer, and little Gretchen—always lovelier because she was the instrument of deliverance—folded her hands as directed and tried to speak her prayer. But she could not, and the falling tears catching in her brown curls looked like dew-drops on the flowers of Spring. She was in reference to the things of this world, what many a Bible child can be in regard to the more important matters of eternity, *The Angel of Salvation*.

A TERRIBLE ROMANCE.—In the year 1766, a young girl of very prepossessing appearance from one of the interior provinces of France, was placed at Paris in the service of a man depraved by all the vices of that corrupt metropolis. Smitten with her charms, he attempted her ruin, but was unsuccessful. Incensed at his defeat, he determined on revenge, and, in furtherance of his designing, secretly placed in her trunk articles belonging to him, and marked with his name. He denounced her to a magistrate, who caused her to be arrested, and the missing articles being found in her possession, she was brought to trial. In her defence she could only assert her ignorance of the manner in which the property came into her trunk, and protested her innocence. She was found guilty, and the sentence of death was pronounced upon her. The hangman's office was inefficiently performed, it being the first attempt of the executioner's son. The body was delivered into the hands of a surgeon, by whom it had been purchased. He immediately conveyed it home, and was proceeding to dissect it, when he perceived a slight warmth about the heart. By the prompt use of proper remedies he restored the suspended animation. In the mean time he had sent for a trust-worthy priest, and when the unfortunate girl opened her eyes she supposed herself in another world, and addressing the priest (who was a man of marked and majestic countenance) exclaimed: "Eternal Father, you know my innocence; have pity on me!" In her simplicity believing she beheld her Maker, she continued to sue for mercy, and it was some time before she realized she was still in the land of the living. The surgeon and priest, being fully convinced of her innocence, she retired to a village far distant from the scene of her unjust punishment. The community subsequently became acquainted with her story, and the author of her misery became an object of reproach and contempt, though it does not appear that any attempt was made to bring him to justice.

SUGAR IN LOUISIANA.

The introduction of the sugar culture into Louisiana affords another illustration of the successful migration of the world's great staples from one locality to another. Two vessels on their way to that colony with troops, stopped at Hispaniola in 1751. The Jesuits of that island obtained permission to put on board of these ships, and to send to the Jesuits of Louisiana, some sugar canes, and some negroes familiar with the cultivation of the plant. The canes were planted on ground which is now a densely populated portion of New-Orleans, where they grew and flourished for many years, but no effort was made to extend the cultivation, or to produce sugar in a large way. The canes were retained in the markets as an article of luxury. Here they attracted the notice of Dubreuil, one of the wealthiest planters in the colony, who cultivated them to some extent, built a mill for grinding them, and attempted to make sugar, but failed entirely. This failure confirmed the general impression that sugar could not be produced in Louisiana, and no further effort was made on a large scale, until 1794, when the wide-spread destitution of the colony drove the people to the introduction of some new agricultural staple. Up to this period, the result of agriculture among the colonists had been very insignificant, notwithstanding the extraordinary fertility of the soil. Rice and corn were raised in quantity sufficient for home consumption, but none for export; and the supplies of products of other kinds which descended the Mississippi constituted the great dependence for food. Indigo, then a staple production of all Southern America, had been suddenly attacked by an insect which devoured the leaves with incredible rapidity, and left nothing standing but the naked stem of the plant. In 1793 and '94 the ravages of this insect were so general and complete, that the whole province was thrown into a state of consternation and despair. Cotton was then introduced, but it was not long before it had not been invented. It was evident that some new article of production must be discovered. The sugar-cane had been extensively cultivated near New-Orleans only on a single plantation, where, also, every attempt to produce sugar had failed. In this emergency, Etienne de Bore undertook anew the hazardous enterprise. Though of moderate means, and past middle life, and though warned by wife and friends of the danger of becoming impoverished, he did not shrink. He planted canes, built mills, and in 1795 his first extensive trial of the sugar culture reached a demonstration. His neighbors, both far and near, had visited him and watched his progress and preparations with the keenest interest. Every discouragement had been set aside, because all doubted his success. When the grinding of the cane was to begin, the inhabitants gathered around the sugar-house in crowds, to be present at the failure or success of the experiment. They waited with impatience for the moment when the man who watched the coction of the juices should determine whether it was ready to granulate. When that moment arrived, the excited spectators held their breath, apparently conscious that it was a question of ruin or prosperity for them all. The sugar-maker suddenly announced that granulation had taken place, when each one of the impatient bystanders pressed in to witness for himself the long doubted but anxiously desired fact. The most perfect granulation had taken place, and the great problem had been successfully solved. Bore was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the sugar culture of Louisiana established as a staple which immediately revolutionized her pecuniary condition. This first crop of sugar Bore sold for \$12,000, a large sum in those days. Such is the narrative given by Gayarre, a descendant of Bore. Other accounts allege that sugar had been previously produced in considerable quantity. But it is certain that only eight years after Bore's great experiment no less than eighty-one sugar estates were in operation on the delta alone, and that the export from New-Orleans had grown in 1804 to 100,000 hogsheads, worth \$6,000,000, all of which, as the tables inform us, went to ports within the Union. It would thus seem that to Bore is due the honor of showing that the great West India staple could be profitably domesticated in Louisiana. Our acquisition of that region undoubtedly gave enormous and rapid expansion to the business. In 1838 and '39, Louisiana received \$29,000,000 for her sugar crop. The fact of this great staple being thus permanently domesticated among us affords additional evidence that human energies will ultimately triumph when directed to provide for human wants—that no region can maintain the world in bondage to it for its production—and that the cultivation even of cotton will in a few years become so diffused over free-labor countries that those who now produce it by expensive slave labor must in the great contest be driven to the wall.

HAD HIM THERE.—Judge C., a member of one of our best families, and himself occupying a high position at the bar, as well as socially, was going up the river last fall on a slow steambot; and of course entered into all the familiar companionship common to travellers thrown together for a week with nothing to do. There was one man aboard who, learning the Judge's name, announced that it was the same as his own, and instantly claimed kin with him. The Judge thought differently, but with perfect good nature answered the innumerable genealogical inquiries propounded to him, while at each reply the bore would exclaim, "Why, sir, we're kin as sure as I'm alive!" At length the fellow became unendurable with his pertinacity and questioning; and losing all patience, at last Judge C. turned upon his tormentor with the abrupt remark: "Well, perhaps we are relations. Are you a white man?" "White man!" shouted the bore, leaping from his chair; "I'd like to see the man who would say I wasn't!" "Ah!" continued the Judge, very quietly, "well, my father was a mulatto!" You may rest assured that Judge C. was not tormented no more on that trip, nor even recognized by the man who was so lately claiming relationship with him, while the other passengers enjoyed the joke immensely.

The congregation of a church in Youngstown were recently edified by a discourse against the sinking of oil wells, on the ground that God intended those oil deposits for some great general conflagration, which was being interfered with by the well borers.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION.

A surgeon in the American army relates this story: A simple girl was instrumental in saving the life of Washington. I can speak of it now, as it can do no harm. It was about the middle of June, 1775, and while the General was at New York, waiting the approach of the British troops, that the girl came to Francis, her present husband, whose she considered in the light of a royalist, and informed him as a secret she had overheard, that there was a plan in operation among the government men to destroy the rebel leader—as she termed the commander-in-chief—by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day, at Richmond Hill, the headquarters, where he was to dine. Francis went immediately to Washington, and acquainted him with the danger that threatened him. The General, having listened with careful attention, said: "I am glad that you have discovered this. I have saved my life to what reserve the Almighty only knows. But, now, for your own safety, I charge you to return to your house, and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips; it would involve you in certain ruin; and Heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me. I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and at the same time discover the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen—there to keep a strict watch on the peas until they should be served for the table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not long been upon his post before the unfortunate T. H., another of the General's guards, came to his door, looked anxiously in and then went away. In a few minutes after he returned, and approached the hearth where the peas stood, and was about to mingle the deadly substance, when he suddenly shrunk back as though from the sting of the forked tongued adder, his color changing to the pale hue of death, and his limbs quivering apparently with fear, evidently horror-stricken with his own purpose—but soon, however, the operation of the more powerful incitement urged forward his hand, that tremblingly strewed the odious bane, and he left the kitchen overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse, and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more—the cry hath reached his heart ere the deed be accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice not devoid of pity, as he looked after the wretch.
"What! T. H.?" said the General, sorrowfully upon receiving the information, "Can it be possible—so young, so fair, so gentle. He would have been the last upon whom a suspicion of that nature could have fallen for right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him. Go join your comrades, and be secret."
The young man went accordingly, and Washington returned to the piazza, where several general officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further instructions from Congress before he departed for Canada. In a few minutes dinner was announced, and the party was ushered into a handsome room, where a sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season. Washington took his seat, and placed General Wooster on his left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated and eager to commence the duties of the table the General said very impressively: "Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal a moment. Let the guard attend to me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed a little toward the upper end of the apartment. Washington, having put upon his plate a spoonful of peas, fixed his eye on T. H.
"The young man is very vegetable?" he asked.
The youth turned pale, and became dreadfully agitated, while he faintly uttered: "I don't know!"
Here H. raised his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made in the presence of all those witnesses. The chicken eat of the peas, and immediately died, and the wretched T. H. overcame with horror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

THE HEART.—Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular power over it. Scarcely it may be observed to sway forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of those motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows, that at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend is a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so is the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

POOR FELLOW.—It is not an uncommon thing to hear city-bred exquisites say they do not like the country. They can endure Nature for a week or so; but after that she is a bore. They find rural life so fearfully dull—a theatre, no restaurants, no politics, no small talk, nobody to admire the well-cultivated meadows and latest novelty in tailoring, no hotel porticoes to review the pretty girls from, no fashionable churches and sensation preachers, no soul to make a little private bet with, no cards, no billiards, no clubs, no chances for a "lark," no coquettes framed in windows over the way to make dumb love to, no anything, in short, but woods and fields and waters, and other natural trumpery. Now don't sneer at these people. They are really very much to be pitied. Just as much so as if they lacked the usual complement of limbs or senses. Indeed, they are more to be commiserated than if thus physically afflicted, for it is better to go about the world with a crippled body than a half-paralyzed soul.

WAKING UP FROM WINTER SLEEP.

Hibernation, or winter sleep, is a condition beautifully devised by the Creator to identify certain animals for the loss of their necessary food during the winter-time. Nutrition being arrested, all the other vital functions are either suspended, or are carried on at low steam pressure, so to speak. This is the case with respiration and the accompanying evolution of animal heat. Animals may be likened to furnaces in more than a figurative sense. Food furnishes fuel, and the breath supplies oxygen for the support of combustion. During ordinary sleep, the combusive function is notably lowered. The human system is so delicately organized, that it cannot sink into the deep torpor of cold, and be afterwards revived; but the long winter sleep of some animals is no more extraordinary to them than the few hours' nightly rest to each of us.

Let us take some examples. The bat lives upon insects and nothing else. Where were the insects in winter? Either dead or torpid—by hibernating too—hidden away in minute holes and corners, whither the bat could not follow them even if he were about and stirring; so what more sensible thing could the bat do than go to sleep also, and remain sleeping until spring time comes again. The frog is an insect-feeder too, which he, no more than the bat can obtain in winter; so the frog goes to sleep. In the north of France and Germany, there are pretty little frogs of green color, and which live on trees. Many attempts have been made to naturalize these pretty things in England, but without much success. The very mildness of insular winter kills them. The degrees of cold we experience is usually not enough to send them into deep winter sleep. The economy of their furnace combustion is not brought down sufficiently low to do without food entirely; and, on the other hand, food they cannot obtain. So the result is that the pretty tree-frogs die. As frogs eat insects, so in their turn do snakes eat frogs; and the latter not being completely enough to hop about in winter-time, what more sensible thing could a snake do than go to sleep too? For a similar reason the spiny hedgehog sleeps soundly too; as people who have found him in his winter-quarters can testify.

One of the most curious of foreign hibernators is the little North American animal called the "prairie dog." Prairie dogs congregate in immense herds; and whilst summer-time lasts, they are active enough. As winter approaches, however, and before cold weather actually sets in, the prairie dogs build their selves houses, and getting under shelter of the same, fasten up the doors securely, and take their long winter-nap. In late winter, or very early spring, whilst snow is yet on the ground, and the prairie land is tormented by icy, howling winds, the prairie-dogs may be noticed, in the morning of some bitter cold day, opening their doors, poking out their noses, and not apparently finding things as pleasant as they might have wished, retiring once more. Again they close their mansion-door, and go to sleep. The time had not arrived for coming out, indeed, but the little prairie dogs will not be deceived. Some indication of a good time coming they perceived. Their instinct led them not astray. The Indian and the backwoodsman, noticing the sign, are able to predict that fair weather is near at hand, having trusted to the sure instinct of the prairie dogs.

Hibernation must only be accepted as a relative term. Whilst some animals admit of being frozen outright, and thawed again without damage to their constitutions, others are by no means so tolerant of lowered temperature. A human individual, having sunk into the sleep of cold, is generally frost-bitten at once, in some prominent and exposed part. The nose is the most likely organ to suffer; after which come the fingers and the toes. If the sleeper be aroused at once, incipient frost-bites may frequently be cured by judicious friction, with ice or snow at first; the object being to supply warmth by degrees. But if the first frost-bite touch any internal organ, the seal of death is impressed. Instances have been known of the congelation of fish bodily, in the ice of a pond, the creatures having been restored to motion, without damage, by judicious thawing. Stranger still, examples are on record of the freezing of insects into a block of ice, which latter being laid before a fire and thawed, the insects buzzed away. Between these extreme cases, and intolerance of cold experienced by human beings, comes hibernation, properly so called.

Even amongst hibernators, there is a great difference. Our pretty little friend, the squirrel, furnishes us with an example of what may be termed modified hibernation. The squirrel is a good economist, as is well known. He keeps a bright look-out at the commissariat stores. In autumn, when the hazel-nuts have ripened, the little fellow may be seen busily carrying the tawny treasures, one by one, in his mouth, and depositing them in some mysterious hole. In that hole is a comfortable nest furnished with great care, and a capacious larder besides it. In this larder he hides the nuts, to be nipped at frugally in winter-time, when the sun shines more brightly than usual, and he resorts to see what is doing in the world. A tame squirrel, living in a warm room, hibernates slightly, or not at all. A sleepy fellow he will perhaps seem, not quite so lively as in the summer, but that is all.

To rouse a hibernating animal from its winter sleep is a very dangerous operation. Hedge-hogs are particularly intolerant of this treatment; in fact, the rough-looking hedge-hog is a very delicate fellow. Thus dealt with, the animal generally dies, furnishing one of the many examples of the beautifully poised relations of vitality to external circumstances, as determined, for beneficent purposes, by Almighty will.

A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last, by way of the witty remark that "the shakers gave it to him."

An English lady of rank recently tied her legs together and jumped from the tower of a church near the gambling spa of Hamburg. Her injuries were fatal. Desperate losses at roulette inspired the act.

A pegging machine is in use in New England, with which a woman's shoe is pegged in two seconds, and the stoutest brogan, with double rows of pegs, in thirty seconds. The work is well done, too.

OUR ATTACHMENT TO LIFE.

The young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probability of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditures of moments and shortest periods like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger on the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth—the fact or town and country—the unspacious rural solitude—and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age at which I am arrived—to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me. Sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle light, and fire-side conversations, and jests, and irony—do not these things go out with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?—Life and Remains of Charles Lamb.

DRIVE ON.—The best advice to the young man just setting out in the world, is to "drive on." In other words, live energetically. Whatever you undertake, do it with a will. And do it well. Do it, as far as possible, in the completest manner. In this way alone can an efficient, useful and successful career be accomplished. "Drive on." But not recklessly. We suppose that whoever gives this short article a perusal, will understand that it is addressed to young men who think before they act; who are, in short, possessed of a little common sense, such as every young man should strive to obtain, and without which he will be poor, indeed. Davy, or David, which is all the same, as of old, was a shrewd fellow—once said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Whether or not Crockett gave utterance to the saying, it contains a great truth, and the wisest of counsel. It means simply this—study and know what is best, what right, what honorable, what useful, what profitable in life, and then drive on, neither to the right or left. Why so many young men fall in life? They look upon the retrospect with so little to rejoice over and so much to regret, is to be found in the fact that they have not started right, and driven on as they ought. Their energies have been spent in the wrong direction, and have proved fruitless of good. They have failed either to comprehend the true purposes and ends of life, or have allowed themselves to cowardly evade them. "Drive on!" should be the motto of all young men. Let them know themselves, know what they purpose in life, and they will have none but themselves to blame if they do not succeed.

FROST WINTER.—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter-day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass thro' me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off, but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air holes for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring sun should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion, when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would bow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.

LEAVING HOME.—We can conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving his home, the scene of all his earthly associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, setting out alone for the "forest." A father on the decline, the downhill of life, gives his parting blessing, involving the best gifts of Heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, to crown all his effort with complete success; tears gush from his eyes, and words are forlorn utterance. A kind, most affectionate mother, calling after him as he is departing from the parental abode and with all the dangers to which he is to be exposed rushing into and pressing upon her mind, she says, "Go my son—remember there is a right and a wrong way." Her advice is brief. Language is inadequate to the expression of the feelings that then crowd on the mind of a virtuous child. Every reader has a case of this kind, and may have been the subject of one in some respects similar. Here may be found a sentence more touching to whom it is delivered than even the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes!

The Nashville (Tenn.) Patriot, publishes the Montgomery Constitution, and makes this brief but comprehensive editorial comment: "The affair appears to have been gotten up for the purpose of conferring 'life-memberships' on hungry office seekers."
"Jonny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from the pulpit, "have ye got a preen about ye?"—"Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side."