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From the Lewisburg Californians.

COUNTY SAN JOSE, CALIF.,
April 1850.

The novelty of a speedy and pleasant trip, through finely timbered woodlands over rich prairies covered with tall grass and wild flowers, or crossing mountains abounding in ever-varying and picturesque scenery, always surrounded by an abundance of game—swindled away into a tedious and toilsome march, over barren wastes and sterile mountains, but little game, scarce enough vegetation to keep our suffering animals alive, and ourselves in frequent want of the absolute necessities of life. But the journey was not without incident, and I should now think light of returning to the States overland. It requires at least one trip to initiate a person into the arts and mysteries of the business. I do not wonder that persons become attached to a wandering life amid the savage wilds and wastes of our country. The hardships and exposures which such persons become inured to, grow upon their nature, and they can not rest unless in their favorite element.

A person could have realized a small fortune out of a trunk full of garden seeds, this spring. Potatoes are now worth 30 cts. per lb. by the cargo; onions sold for \$1 per lb., cabbage \$2 per head, pumpkins 12 1/2 cts. per lb., &c. As soon as the new crop is ready for market, these prices must decline some, although self-interest would have me wish to the contrary. Since our arrival in the country, the prices of almost everything have been sustained or increased, and at one time last winter provisions rose to an enormous height.

We have not been to the Mines since last Fall, and very likely will not see them this Summer; but we have almost daily intelligence from the placers. The latest news is flattering. The diggings are crowded, but at present the streams are very high, and on the rise. They will not subside until July, which seriously interferes with mining operations. There are but about four months in the year that gold washing can be carried on without interruption. Gold dust exchanges readily for goods at \$16 per oz., and commands \$15.50 to .75 in coin. I have heard men say that they purchased it as low as \$1 per oz. from the Indians, when the mines were first discovered.

The population of the country is composed of "all sorts" of people, and the universal order and good feeling that prevail in the absence of common law, is astonishing.

A few days ago, a lot of Chinese passed our ranch, on their way to the placers. These "Imperials," with their umbrella hats, peculiar dress, and singular features, are odd-looking fish. They were apparently in good spirits, but we could not understand their "chow-wow" lingo. These were the first of that nation we have seen, bound for the diggings; they generally stay about the towns, being engaged in the restaurant business, &c.

The majority of American families that have settled upon land, are from the State of Missouri. Those who came out in 1846, and suffered so severely in crossing the Sierra Nevada, were mostly Missourians, many of whom are now independently wealthy. One of them, who packed his wife and child, and all the traps and provisions he could carry, upon one poor old horse, and himself walked to this country, is now worth half a million. Many young men who came here penniless, are now worth ten to fifty thousand dollars. I also know persons who have dug as much, who have now not a single grain to show for it. Gambling and dissipation are sure outlets for the dust.

A great many persons who came into the country about the time we did last season, and made some money in the mines, came down country when the rains set in, and went to work in the Red woods, making lumber, which was then worth \$450 per thousand feet. They expected to get the fruits of their labor to market this spring, when the roads became passable, and realize handsome wages; but the vast cargoes of lumber that have recently arrived, have reduced the price to \$60 per thousand. Their winter's hard labor is lost, for this price will not pay for hauling

it out of the woods; and they are now returning to the mines, more destitute than ever.—It is here as in all other countries, while some speculators "turn Jack," others are not so lucky.

I am surprised to meet so few in California who "fall from" Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Missouri, and Missouri, send "lots of 'em," but you would be more likely, if here, to meet acquaintances from "Old Ireland" than from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hugh Miller. W. H. C.

"IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

BY BENJ. E. TAYLOR.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step, grow slow—
When the form of a child in the blue above
Lies dark in the cloud below—
The song that he sings, is lost in a sigh,
And he turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as a gladness his heart and his eye,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the "strong man armed," in the middle watch,
From life's dim deck is gazing,
And drives through the week of the tempest to catch
The gleam of the day-beam's blazing,
And the wild storm, there hark! by the helm,
He leads not the dark ocean yawning,
For that song in his soul, not a sorrow can whom—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

"Beh! the battle is done, the heart unstrung,
Its music trembling, dying,
When his feet are swept, and his deeds are smug,
And he hangs in the grave to be lying—
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before,
He had wept or wailed the dawning,
"They do love thee for aye—'till be time as of yore—"
"It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and by shore,
Where the mother bends over
The cradle whose tenant has gone on before—
Where the eyes of the lover,
Look the bride's hidden loom—what ever the word,
A welcome, a wall, or a warning—
This is every where cherished—this every where heard,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

A Narrative of Real Life.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going round to Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendell."

"Lucy Wendell! Who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me, in that bit of a little dwelling, that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses, on each side of it. She lived with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it, but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty, fair-skinned, fair haired, blue-eyed, girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observation as the eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of this household. Their only servant, Minerva, (the goddess of wisdom should have known better,) used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily, and I never, in my life, saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say, it must be hard to think of turning to dust." Lucy had no companions, no companions; and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop, every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the cragged, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; and to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure, beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendell's.

"At last, there came to this obscure family, what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully and as an old friend; and though we had never exchanged a word together, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and handicraft of the needle. Ross is seems a very thriving tradesman; and to warm recommendations of Lucy's friend he had promised to board her in his own family, and allow

her sufficient compensation for her labor. In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross's to make inquiries about her.

"My story has brought us almost to the shop; 'Joux Ross, Glove Manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know he would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the true old couplet:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the glory lies."
The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out; now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross! I believe."

"The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you a year last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"(The old man's humor requires me to be explicit.) Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendell."

"Ay, Lucy Wendell did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression on Ross's face at the mention of her name, that might betide good, and it might betide evil, of Lucy.

"I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendell, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment; and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

"You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I'm afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk and seemed about to begin a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendell came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely, and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of the old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, dinging away from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different; she made her nest neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers and fur-blowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only pruned in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman at her needle. I never had a match for her since I began business; but (you know there's always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken coil, that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most, that they should be reasonable. I am a little wifful, I own, and children obey your parents, is the law both of scripture and nature. So I told

John. I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but told him this marriage with his cousin he could have no objection to, and to set about it without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent and looked downcast, but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time. I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears that they were for him; and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not unworthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is a short madness, and so it is; and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the strong sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; it ended by my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning, they had both cleared out, and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy, in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her—and when I answered "so much the better," accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as never should pass between father and son; and it ended in turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away—but hear me. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. "I give up Lucy, father," said he, "but I can not marry any one else." I forgave him, from the bottom of my heart. I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty? He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy: she had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin in the world. She said she had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers, and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she could never have a peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blotted with tears from the top to the bottom; but saying and excepting nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me; I found her that very night and without loss of time, brought her back to my house, and there," he added walking hastily to the farther end of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, madam is the long and short of it"—And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in his bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble found it impossible to mount her horse the other day, owing to his restlessness. A man passing, coaxed the horse up to the sidewalk once more, and stepping to his side took up the off fore leg and held it while the lady mounted—the animal having no power to resist on four legs.—[N.Y. paper.]

The Geographical Society of London

has voted a gold medal to Col. Fremont, for having made, during the past year, the most valuable discoveries in Geography, of any known person. It is usual, we understand, for this Society to give a medal every year to the person having made the most valuable discovery in Geographical science.

Bear On.

BY A. M. EDMONDS.

Bear on! What though life's tale may be
A current strong, opposing thee,
And thou hast but a slender sail—
To spread before an adverse gale—
When trials lash the waves to foam,
And thou art far from friends and home,
Yield not thy spirit to despair,
But manfully the billows dare—
High o'er the waters, wild and cold,
Fix thou the steadfast eye and hold—
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! The world may jeer and scoff,
And chosen friends may cast thee off—
Stay not to weep the brittle chain,
One stormy wind could break in twain.
If thou hast found that heart untrue
Which was by hope, thy idol too,
Sink not in sorrow's depths profound,
Despair will never heal the wound;
Give to the past no vain regret,
The future lies before thee yet—
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! Dost thy repining eye
See worthless men exalted high,
While modest merit sinks forlorn
In cold neglect and cruel scorn?
O, never from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart;
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up—
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honors, sure, but slow—
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,
Though often each its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please;
To each a duty task is given,
A labor which shall fit for heaven.
When duty calls, let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine and the storm;
With Faith, life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest—
Bear on, bear bravely on!

The California Congressmen.

[In the course of some admirable sketches of public men at Washington, Col. Forney of the "Pennsylvanian" gives the following interesting description of the Senators and Representatives from California:]

William M. Gwin, one of the new Senators from California, has a national reputation for experience and sagacity as a politician. That is he, in conversation with Mr. Cobb; for the House will not be called to order for half an hour. He is a man a shade or so beyond fifty; with a large, athletic frame; iron grey hair, a prominent nose; and a keen, resolute, yet benevolent expression of countenance. Gwin is an enthusiast in his likes, and Dr. Johnson would have called him "a good hater." His life has been most eventful, and his career in California has been a scene of trial and of triumph from the first. The slender young man now approaching him is his colleague, Col. Fremont. He looks badly, and should seek repose and restoration at once. Quiet and tactful, you would hardly take him for the adventurous pioneer whose labors have reflected so much credit upon the country, and attracted so much attention all over the world. Fremont has one rare and valuable merit, especially in a public man. He is a good listener, and knows how to keep his own counsel.—The person now approaching the group, with a broad brimmed Californian hat on his head, is Mr. Gilbert, one of the two members of Congress from our golden sister of the Pacific. He is the principal owner and editor of the leading newspaper in California, the Alta Californian, and only a few years ago was a journeyman compositor in the office of the Albany Argus. He is said to be quite rich at present. He is not more than thirty, has a fresh and pleasant countenance, and is a kind hearted and unobtrusive gentleman. Why, here is the remaining member of the California delegation, Mr. Wright. There is character in that face. You see there the energetic business man. He has amassed great wealth in a short time, in California, and will no doubt be a useful member of the National Legislature. Look at these four men closely, and you see the types of those national characteristics which have made our people superior in the art of self-government, and our country prosperous and happy. Gwin personifies the sagacious and intrepid statesman, who foresees the success of an untrod policy, and boldly stakes his all upon the issue. Fremont, that love of the dangerous and the doubtful, which in order to secure the triumph of science, coolly risks health and life in the attainment of objects for which posterity will bless him. Gilbert, the youth of our age and time, which, looking forward and never backward, pursues the path of fame, and wins the prize. Wright, the intelligence and the energy of those vast business interests which found cities, build railroads, erect steamships, and open new paths to trade. A few years ago, all these men were pursuing their avocations in other regions; but destiny has, in the course of its resistless operations, placed in their hands the interests of that Minerva of States, which, springing into being in a day, is destined probably to change the fortunes of nations themselves, and to extend the theatre of progressive christianity and civilization.

The clouds may drop down titles and

estates—wealth may seek us—but wisdom must be sought.

Remarks on Diet.

While traveling on a steamboat from the city of P., I was thrown into company with a lady who was taking a very pale, sickly little girl to the country, for the benefit of her health. She was much troubled with disordered stomach and bowels. In conversation with the lady on the subject, I inquired regarding the child's diet. "O," says she, "it results from no fault in diet, I assure you, for she is never allowed to eat a particle of fruit nor vegetables, and she has always been subject to such turns." I told her the results were what I should expect from such prohibitions; and directed her attention to a child then present, whose food consisted of the products of the field, garden, and dairy, exclusively; who scarcely ever had a bowel complaint. I argued that gross and highly concentrated diet, frequently caused inaction and diseased action of the bowels, in turn, while the freedom and regularity of function produced by fruits and vegetables, prevent the accumulation of morbid matter in the system, which causes disease. The mischief, however, does not always terminate in the bowels; but whatever organ is the weakest will suffer most. But flesh is thought by some, to be necessary to support the strength of the system.

It has been argued that carnivorous animals are the strongest. But are they? The lion may outdo the camel in a single effort; but can he endure the continued exertion of the latter, for an equal length of time, with as little sustenance? A flesh diet, too, directs an undue proportion of nervous energy to the base of the brain, thus robbing the intellect, and higher feelings of their natural stimulus. I do not mean to say that all should at once abandon animal food, but I do mean that we are quite too carnivorous for the best interests of body or mind.

Important as is the kind of food, the quantity is of still greater importance. An Englishman on returning home from a visit to America, being asked what he thought of the Yankees, replied: "Their men are all gluttons, and their women all slaves," nowise complimentary to either sex; but is there not much truth in what he said?

The theory and practice of Dr. Cheyne was, "The lightest and least of meats and drink a person can be tolerably easy under, is the shortest and most infallible means to preserve life, health and serenity." Those who feel an indisposition to take physical or mental exercise, immediately after meals, have eaten too much and are exhausting through their stomachs energy due to the brain and muscles, and the power of the former is diminished by being over-taxed. Hence the greatest eaters are often thin in flesh, receiving less nourishment from a large quantity of food, than the vigorous digestive powers of moderate eaters extract from a much smaller amount. When any extraordinary effort is to be made, physically or mentally, the best preparation is rigid abstinence. Let those who would possess sound minds in sound bodies, and attain the greatest degree of intellectual power and moral excellence, of which they are susceptible, keep a guard over appetite, and pursue their onward course with mind untrammelled and spirits free.

From Liberia.

Late accounts from Liberia represent the condition of the Colony as exceedingly prosperous. The ratified copy of the treaty of amity, friendship, and commerce with Great Britain, reached Monrovia on the 15th of October last.

The resolution of the Legislature requiring the forcible removal of the company of slavetraders at New Castors and Trade-town, had been fully carried out, and the Governor returns thanks, in a proper spirit, for the prompt aid afforded by the British and French governments, in the loan of vessels of war. The slavemasters made a desperate defence.

Since the last meeting of the Legislature, several important acquisitions of territory have been made. The Presidents, Messrs. says: "We have secured the whole of Grand Cape Mount, Sagaree, and Manna territories, on the north-west, and Grand Castors on the south-east; which give us—with the exception of a small intermediate point of about five miles in extent, in the Kroo county—an unbroken line of coast of about 329 miles. The aboriginal inhabitants of these recently acquired tracts of country have incorporated themselves with us, and they increase the population of Liberia Proper to about 150,000."

Negotiations have been opened with

the Chiefs of Gallinas, for the purchase of that territory, and funds only are required to secure it.

A Gentle Hint.—Young tipplers should

get the following by heart: "Men brandy drink, and never think That girls at all can tell it: They don't suppose a woman's nose Was ever made to smell it."

Novel and Ingenious Clock.

Mr. John Geldard, of Pawtucket, R. I., has invented a piece of mechanism, capable of being attached to any common clock, by which it is set in motion at any required time. The machinery is made to operate upon three automatic figures, representing negroes, who perform their respective duties with a neat and promptness at once amusing and interesting. As soon as the appointed time, as indicated by the clock, arrives, the first of three "gentlemen ob color" rings a bell with so much force and for so long a time, as to awaken the family from the soundest sleep—indeed he who should sleep through the alarm thus made, would not be very likely to be aroused by a respectable peal of thunder. Whilst darkie No. 1. (who is known by the soubriquet of Samba), tugs at the bell with a hearty will, Jumbo lights a lamp from a match, which he ignites by drawing across a piece of sand paper. No sooner is the lamp lighted than Pete is at work. This gentleman most dexterously ignites a torch at the lamp, and communicates the flame thereof to the fuel prepared over night, in the stove. So complete are all the varied arrangements, and so perfect is the mechanism of the whole, that no possible risk of fire is at any time present; indeed, the tact displayed by the "little darkies" would do no discredit to help possessed of human intelligence. It will hence be seen that whilst its inventor is dressing, his automatic aids light a lamp and kindle a fire in his stove—services of no small value on a cold winter's morning. Nor is this all; Mr. G. and his family may leave home in the morning, and upon returning at night find his stove warm, his kettle boiling and a lamp lighted, and all these services performed without interference or bickering on the part of those to whom they are entrusted, nor do they ever fail in their respective duties, for they are always found where human help is employed. Mr. Geldard is a self-made mechanic, and gives evidence of a clear constructive brain. He is at present the Overseer of the Weaving Department in Walcott & Co's Mill, Pawtucket, Mass.

Homestead Exemption.

The New York Homestead Exemption Act is rapidly working its way into popular favor. It is no longer deemed either precarious or chimerical. Good men of all parties adopt it as eminently practical and humane. It is no longer deemed either pernicious or chimerical. Good men of all parties adopt it as eminently practical and humane. It reaches far beyond and above all pecuniary considerations. In it is involved, to no inconsiderable extent, the stability of the State, as well as the happiness and moral well being of the individual. While patriotism has other and higher springs than property, an interest in its soil tends to strengthen the bonds which unite the citizen to his country. There is a sanctity in a mere ideal "heart and home." But the elevating emotions which this idea excites, are infinitely augmented by the reality. Members of both parties cordially acquiesced in the appropriate recommendations of Gov. Fish. Their endorsement, by the Senate and Assembly, is alike creditable to them as men and legislators.—[Albany Journal.]

Duty of Voting.

If our substantial, thrifty, quiet, conscientious, busy citizens would only realize that the choice of rulers and legislators is a responsible duty, which they have no right to leave to the necessary and unprincipled—that it is their duty to vote, and to participate fairly and equally in all the steps whereby public opinion is brought to bear on public policy—that they have no moral right to refrain from an election because they feel no special interest therein—the moral benefit to the community would be incalculable. There is a great need of unselfish, independent, God-fearing action in public concerns—of men who are not the slaves of party, but the servants of duty. If a man is not a decided partisan, he generally considers himself excused even from voting; whereas he is the man, who, of all others, should never fail to vote. Partisans may be blind, but he has no excuse for not seeing.—[N.Y. Tribune.]

New York, June 9.

By a later arrival we learn that the King of Prussia is lying dangerously ill, with fever occasioned by his wounds.

Miss Jane Porter, the well-known authoress of the Scottish Chiefs, and many other standard novels and romances, expired, at Bristol, from a second attack of apoplexy. Miss Porter was in her 74th year.

The Hempstead (L.I.) Inquirer, publishes a list of the congregation of Rev. Z. Greene, in Suffolk Co., who are over seventy years old. It includes the names of fifty persons over 100; eighteen over 90; fifty-one over 80; and forty-five over 70 years of age.

Wherever you see a small waist, think how much health is wasted.