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Hours.
The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.
The poison of the nectar,
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift
And leave us in the field.
And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.
And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne—
The tale is told in heaven.
And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
For ever 'round our hearts.
Like summer-bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought—
These viewless angel hours.
And still they steal the record,
And leave it for us;
Their mission light, by day or night,
No magic power can stay.
So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each minute true,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

Preventive of Consumption.
The common fault of all consumptives is, they give up too easily, and abandon the fortress of life before the enemy has had time to sap or undermine its foundations. I believe consumption, taken in its first stages, is as curable as a corn or sore finger. Gymnastic exercise, riding, sailing, amusement, society, abandonment of thinking and intellectual pursuits, a cultivation of the mere animal part, which is the only part that ever fails in such diseases, each and all of these remedies would be in most cases, a sovereign and permanent cure. But the consumptive invariably neglects them, and calls on the doctor with his multitudinous compounds, mops in the sick chamber when he should be out under the blue sky, basking in the sunshine, and inhaling the fresh, invigorating wind—lies in bed, when he should be wrestling, running and climbing up the rough peaks of the mountains. If our American people only knew the value of physical exercise, and improved their knowledge, as the voice of Nature dictates, they would not be the sickly, care worn, haggard and feeble race they are at present. Nine out of every ten men and women, in the new world, especially in large towns and crowded cities, are nothing but walking corpses, galvanized into a kind of spasmodic life, by necessity and love of gain. The mechanic, in his dusty and close workshop; the seamstress plying her needle; the merchant drudging over his ledgers, deep in the mysteries and miseries of profit and loss, all are more or less self-murderers. Labor without rest and repose—labor as understood amongst us, is but a life long suicide.—*Holden's Magazine.*

A Yorkshire Ostler.
A company, whilst regaling themselves with a glass and pipe one night, not long since, in the M. P. public house, Long Preston, were speaking of our beloved Queen and her royal consort, Prince Albert, when the following colloquy took place:—Ostler to the inn: "How long is it since Prince Albert was crowned?" One of the company: "Who's that?" Ostler: "Isn't Prince Albert's Queen?" One of the company: "No." Ostler, rather knowingly: "Yah she is, she was crowned Queen hawker when I was hoos'tin' near Bingley. I know wery well, for we had pudging an' beef all about Bingley; I begow! we might ha' brosen if weed lik'd." (Laugh.) One of the company: "Thou means Queen Victoria." Ostler: "Na I don't, they call'd her Prince Albert hawker." One of the company: "Indeed, but you'll mean Victoria was crowned Queen." Ostler: "Whia'er the both t' same?" One of the company: "Yes, in one sense; they are man and wife." Ostler: "Well, which is t' Queen?" One of the company: "Victoria." Ostler: "Whia, begow, I allos tho't t' Queen an' Prince Albert both t' same."—*Leeds (Eng.) Intelligence.*

Law, like a razor, requires a "strong back," keenness, and an excellent temper. N. B. Many of those who get once "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

OUR OCEAN HOME.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
BY "NOVUS."
Gaily sing—voices ring—we are o'er the billows bounding,
Light and free as the breeze—bearing not the tempest sound;
Let the gale rip the sail—mountains high our barque sur-
rounding;
Still on Ocean's dark blue deck our hearts will roam;
Surges dash—timbers crash—on the briny deep we're
rocking;
Echoes roar on the shore—waves around our ship are
rocking;
Winds may howl—clouds may scowl—proudly surge to-
wards us mocking,
Never will we cease to love our Ocean Home.

Through the spray, dance away—o'er the rippling surface
gliding,
Neat and trim, on our skin, post-up joys on land deriving;
Let the breeze sweep the sea, with the trusty pilot guiding,
Bid farewell to silver spears and gilded dories;
Noble crew cry adieu—friends and loved ones all must
leave us;
Silent tears—trembling fears—aching bosoms must not
grieve us,
Though the heart feels the smart, broad Atlantic's arms
receive us;
Never will we cease to love our Ocean Home.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY OLD JACOB.
I am not quite up to telling stories like the following, dear reader, but I was so much interested in the facts presented below, that I feel almost sure of engaging your attention while I proceed to lay them before you. You must let me tell you the story in my own way; you may rely upon it as substantially true. The real names of the parties concerned I have concealed.

In one of the largest of our commercial cities there lived a few years since, a rich old merchant by the name of Bremen. He was considered "a good" in mercantile phrase, "for half a million" or so. Now, he had not acquired all this by any sudden and unaccountable freaks of fortune, but by a long and persevering course of industry. He had attended closely to his business, had practised the most rigid economy, had been punctual to his engagements, had dealt honestly with buyers and sellers, had entered into no hazardous speculations, and, though he had met disappointments and reverses, like many others, he found himself at the sixty-third year of his age, in possession of an annual income of some thirty thousand dollars.

The residence of Mr. B. was, at the commencement of his mercantile career, not far from his store; but as time is continually bringing about changes, he eventually took his abode "up town," some two or three miles from the turmoil of business. He was one of the most regular of mankind in all his habits. At just such an hour he ate his breakfast, took his ivory headed cane in hand, threaded his way either on foot or in a "bus" through the great thoroughfare of the city, and presented himself to his clerks and porters. At just such an hour he entered his domicile, to repose and refresh himself after the toils of the day.

Our old friend was regarded by some as rather odd in his ways. He generally talked but little, yet always to the point. He hated long stories with perfect hatred, and was more than once known to interrupt an agent in his rehearsal of the wants of some benevolent society, by placing a ten or twenty dollar bill over his mouth, and then turning quietly around to his desk. Nobody found fault with him for such things. "It was Paul Bremen's way," people said, every one has his peculiarities. At home, he had a way of looking his wants, which was perfectly understood by his Irish servant. At some expression of countenance, James would say to himself, "Faith, and that means the shoes I've blacked," or, "And now he is wanting the great coat," or, "Sure, he's looking the umbrella—a rainy day it's to be." The old gentleman was not morose, or sour; he was simply a silent sort of man, saying no more than was really necessary for the transaction of the business of life. What a short session a Congress of such men would make! (I throw in this observation gratis.)

The house of Mr. B. was rather a modest-looking tenement, considering his income and the expectations of a certain class of people called "the world," though it comprises in reality only a very small portion of mankind. It was large enough, he said, for himself and daughter—an only child, reader, and the only tenant of his real fine dwelling, besides himself and servants. Years had passed away since the wife and mother had departed. She had time, however, to sow good seed in a good soil; and as the daughter grew up into life, the fruits of a Christian mother's care and prayers were seen in all their richness and beauty. And now, after this general introduc-

tion, I must make you more particularly acquainted with Annie Bremen. Of course you will want to know a great many things about her, and I will do my best to afford you satisfaction.

I can not tell you whether her eyes were black, blue, or grey; whether she was of a dark or light complexion. People differ so much as to what and who may be called beautiful, that I shall not undertake to express any opinion in regard to this matter, so far as Annie is concerned. Those who knew her best said that she was beautiful—very beautiful; but they were very partial friends. Of one thing I am certain—she was good; and if beauty and goodness are synonymous terms, (which some will deny,) then she was beautiful. She was good—she was a sincere Christian—the highest form of goodness in this world. Like her father, she was accounted something of an oddity, but not by those who were well acquainted with her. That she should move in the spheres of the millionaires and half millionaires, and yet manifest anything like a Christian character, would by some be accounted sufficiently odd without anything else to add to it. One who well knew human nature, once said, that they who had riches entered the kingdom of God "hardly." But Annie had entered it, and thus fulfilled those other words which fell from the same lips, that "with God all things are possible." That she should be no slave of fashion, that she should dare to dress to suit herself, that she should look far beyond the circle in which her father's wealth had placed her, into the wide world, and in the midst of her own plenty to think of others' poverty; in short, that she should be a really sensible, serious minded girl, may be regarded as a thing that one does not see every day. It is true, she went out into fashionable society; she mingled with the gay crowd that assembled in the halls of wealth; but there were also the poor and the needy, who, as often as they thought of her, (and that was not seldom,) exclaimed, "Bless her kind soul!" She might be seen almost daily to enter the dwelling of poverty, and dispense kind words and smiles, worth far more, after all, than the silver and gold which she always carried with her—and all this without ostentation. Her father, who had some idea of her habits in connection with these matters, was well contented to let her become his almoner, as he said to himself. He gave her most freely all that she asked of him, without so much as a single question as to the use to be made of it. There seemed to be a tacit understanding between them, in regard to this.

Annie possessed a mind well cultivated. She had read much, and thought much; and though not learned, she was intelligent, and in company might usually be found, as a sort of natural attraction, in conversation with the most intelligent gentlemen present.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader!) twenty-seven, and was yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other, she had not even fallen in love, as yet. "Had she no offers?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go a begging! Offers? yes, scores of them. It may be accounted as one of her oddities, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have the assurance of this—and how could she, in her present position! How could she know positively that herself was sought, and not the estate to which she was sole heiress! If she could only be divested of everything but what she was in herself; if she could actually be poor—ah! she often tho't this. If you please to call this a mere whim, so be it; it kept her single till her twenty-eighth year. The old gentleman did not urge the matter very strongly, as may be well supposed. A father is not likely, in his circumstances, to drive his daughter into matrimony, unless she wishes to enter it herself. This matters stood, when Annie was led to form and to execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room, and really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and the future—the far future, too—a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said, "I am he."

The stranger might have been some thirty years, or so, of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was that in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had but recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat

unique, I shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:
"Nov. 20, 18—
Friend Paul—This will introduce to thee my friend, Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend on him for aught that he can do, and shall not lean on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest, peradventure, benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice
"Thy former and present friend,
"Micah Loomis."
"It is not every one can get old Micah Loomis' endorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen to himself, as he folded up the letter of a well-known associate of former days. "Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or for anything else—it will do—I want him—seems a sensible, business like man—getting old—business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time."
The old gentleman looked all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips: "Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"
"I have had some few years' experience."
"Any objection to a place here—pretty close work—thousand a year?"
"None in the world."
"When can you begin?"
"Now."
A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features. A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and tho' he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to take a general acquaintance with the most noteworthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two daughters. He was soon settled in the great city to which he had betaken himself, and lived in a very quiet way with his interesting charges, who were fast growing up into life. How many sweet and pleasant evenings did he enjoy in his not very spacious but neat and comfortable dwelling, after the toils of the day of business were over!

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure. Very little indeed was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever save in the counting-room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the younger man before him. Something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James "something's coming—that's clear as a glass of whiskey." Annie too was somewhat perplexed, for these looks dwelt much upon her.

"What is it, father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadily in her face; "what is it?" "Do tell me."
"I wish you'd have him," burst forth like an avalanche. "Have known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."
"Have who, father? What are you talking about?"
"My head clerk—Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill."
Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said, "Marry my father's clerk—what would people say?"
"Humbog, child, all humbug—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy get-toys—say—say what they please—what do I care!—what do you care?—what's money after all!—got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it—all humbug."
"What's all humbug, father?"
"Why, people's notions on these matters—Copeland's poor—so was I once—may be again—world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him."
"Father, are you serious?"
"Serious, child?" said he looked so.
Annie was a chip of the old block—a

strong-minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.
"Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me, and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall have me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?"
"Go ahead, child; do as you like. Good morning."
"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little—I shall appear to be a poor girl—a companion of our friend Mrs. Richards, in H. street—she shall know the whole affair—you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton—I shall be a relation of yours—you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself."
"I see, I see"—and one of those rare smiles illumined his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting-room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and bowed and looked "good morning" to those in his employ, for old Paul was after his fashion a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles!—so many—so peculiar—full of something—that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that too with some alarm. What was coming! At last the volcano burst forth.
"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"
Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that—and in the counting-room, too? The very legers seemed to blush, at the introduction of such a subject. He actually, for the first time, made a blot on the fair page before him.
"I say—why don't you get a wife? I know just the thing for you—prime article, poor enough to be sure—what of that?—a fortune in a wife, you know—a kind of relation of mine—been thinking of it some time—don't want to meddle in other people's affairs—know your own business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her."
Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have so completely divined his feelings, was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day, a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hand, by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document, of a rather imposing form, to Charles, saying, "Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at 67, H. street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom directed—don't want to trust it to any one else."

The clerk saw on the outside, "Mrs. Richards, 67, H. street." The door-bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, rather plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.
"She is not in, but is expected presently—will you be seated?" There was an ease, and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people) made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented—a glance at the outside.
"Mr. Copeland?" Charles bowed.
"Miss Peyton." The younger lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.
That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."
"Forward—march," said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.
"The old man's as swate to-night as a new potato," said James to the cook.
The next day, Charles Copeland came very near writing, several times, "To Miss Peyton, Dr.," as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.
"Delivered the paper last evening?" Copeland bowed. "Mrs. Richards an old friend—humble circumstances—the young lady—Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could."
"Ah, this is your 'prime article,' Mr. Bremen." The old man looked—no one can tell how he looked.
When did a man ever fail to find pretensions to cultivate the acquaintance of a lady in whom he was interested? Copeland

found himself quite often at 67, H. street. He was sometimes disappointed in not seeing Miss Peyton. She was out, or had an engagement in another part of the city. He saw her very frequently, however, and matters went on to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

"How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen!" said Charles, one evening, to Annie. "I think he said you were a relative of his."
"I am related to him through my mother," was the very grave reply. Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile. Somewhat later than usual on that night, Annie reached her father's house. "There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there. "I see, I see," said the old man—"the account's closed—books balanced—have it all through now in short order. You're a sensible girl—no foolishness—just what I want—bless you, child, bless you." The next day old Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting-room. Casks and boxes and books, seemed to be staring with wonder.
"Copeland, you're a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposal to my relation—Peyton—all right—done it up well. Come to my house this evening—never have been there yet, eh?—8 o'clock precisely—want to see you—got something to say."
"How much interest he seems to take in this matter!" said Charles. "He's a kind old fellow in his way—a little rough, but good at heart." (Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for.)
At eight o'clock precisely, the door-bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by our friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "my daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.
"Charles, will you forgive me this?" He was too much astonished to make any reply. "If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would."
That the motive and feelings were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.
"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, "no use in a long engagement."
"Oh, father!"
"No use, I say—married now—get ready afterwards—next Monday—who cares! Want it over—feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though—must bring your daughters here—house rather lonesome—no words—be still—must have it so—partner in business—Bremen & Copeland—got the papers all drawn up today—can't alter it. Be quiet, will you!—won't stay in the room."
I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you facts. I can not say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles. As however, the Lord commended the "unjust steward because he acted wisely," so I suppose the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage enough to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart which the world can not give nor take away.

The Gentle Word.
A gentle word hath a magical power
That a gentle heart to beguile,
It gladdens the eye, it brightens the brow,
And changes the tear to a smile;
In the gentle confidence it sheds abroad,
The shadows of care depart,
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone
There's a balm for the wounded heart.
Oh! watch thou, then, that thy lips ne'er breathe
A bitter, unkind word;
For that which is lightly and softly said,
Is often too deeply heard.
And though for the moment it leaves no trace,
The world behind thee will
(For spite will its way conceal),
Remember, the spirit that's calm and still
Is always the first to feel.
It may not be in thy power, perchance,
To secure a lofty place,
And bless thy name upon history's page
As a friend to the human race,
But oft in the daily tasks of life,
Through the world behind thee not,
Thy kind and considerate words may soothe
A desponding brother's lot.
The will to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all;
Since life is a weary and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Trevorton.
This newly laid out town in Northumberland county, has improved with great rapidity. The Sunbury American, in speaking of this place, says that at the letting of the Trevorton and Susquehanna railroad, on the 28th of May last, the whole ground upon which the town plot was laid, was a wilderness. With the mountains rearing their rugged heads upon each side, and the thick woods covering the little valley between them, it presented anything but a favorable aspect. A single log cabin was the only landmark of the place. The sight which now breaks upon the eye as you

descend the mountains, presents a beautiful and cheering contrast. Where waved the lofty forest, now ascends the wreathed smoke from nearly one hundred neat cottages, and instead of the deathlike stillness that hung over the valley, comes up the clang of the workman's hammer, the shout of the carters, the rumbling of the loaded teams, and the thousand confused noises of a busy settlement. Up the mountain road labors a long train of wagons loaded with coal from the neighboring mines, and bound for the Susquehanna; for the railroad is not yet finished, but the enterprising operators are determined to introduce their coal into market. Down the valley the line of rail road can be traced by the knots of men and lines of carts engaged in excavation and embankment. Everything is full of life, and indicative of successful enterprise. The whole face of the country is changed, and one can scarcely recognize the spot. Progress and improvement are stamped wherever the eye rests.

Eleven veins of pure coal lie in the mountain south of the town, and the mountain itself is divided to its base by Zerbe's run, affording easy access to them on either side of the stream. All of these have been proved, and several are now being worked. This coal will find its way to the canal over the rail road now in progress, and thence to market. Trevorton has every advantage to become one of our most flourishing mining towns. Its prospects at present are very flattering.

The Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.—The London papers contain an engraving of the building now erecting for this, the World's Great Show. It is to be composed, principally, of glass and iron, and will be 1848 feet long, and 408 feet broad, covering 19 acres of ground. The roof will be supported by 2,230 long cast-iron pillars, from 14 to 20 feet long, each of which is a water conductor from the peculiar-shaped roof, which is composed of a succession of low ridges of glazed sash, which conduct the falling water into numerous wooden gutters, which discharge through the supporting pillars. The centre of the immense structure is crossed by a transept 108 feet high, enclosing a row of large elm trees that stand in the way, but are too large to be removed, and must not be destroyed. The glass used will weigh 400 tons, and covers 900,000 superficial feet. The roof and south side will be covered with canvass to break the glare of the sun, which would otherwise be intolerable, even in smoky London. Besides the ground, walls, and roof, to exhibit articles upon, there will be a gallery 24 feet high, nearly a mile in length, which can be increased if necessary. The cost of the building completed, is about \$750,000. The cubic contents of this largest room ever built in the world, will be 33,000,000 feet. It is to be amply ventilated, but what provision is made for warming it, does not appear. The space allotted for exhibition of articles from the United States is 85,000 superficial feet, which, large as it appears, will be found too small. Any information required by those desirous of becoming exhibitors, can be obtained from the Central Committee, at Washington.

A Sabbath in New Orleans.
The New Orleans Crescent, in speaking of a recent Sabbath in that city, says that "the different places of worship were all thronged, and thousands listened, with deep solicitude, to the exposition of the Scriptures. We are happy to mark the changes which are taking place, from year to year, in New Orleans, in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. It is not long since Sunday was looked upon as the best day of the week for the different retail stores, and it was considered as much a business day as any other. 'Tis not so now. But few even of the small stores now keep open on the Sabbath, and the custom is looked upon with so much disfavor, that it will soon be entirely abolished. Public opinion is becoming strongly set against the open violations of God's holy day, which have long prevailed in New Orleans, and they must ere long be numbered among the customs that were."
A Chapter of "Jenny's."
New stores, and saloons, and hotels, are christened "Jenny Lind;" steamboats, locomotives, stages, and vehicles are "Jenny's;" on Change they sell "Jenny-see wheat;" the spinning "Jenny" is eclipsed by this singing "Jenny;" at least for this "Jenny" ration; people delight in tracing their "Jenny" alogy back into Sweden; all men seem to be studying verbs in the "Jenny" view case; "Jenny" rosy is a virtue no longer neglected; even our only militia Major—"Jenny"—ral has surrendered to the queen; fond mothers call their babes, sportmen their dogs and hores, farmers their cows and pigs, "Jenny's;" in short, "Jenny" is the "Jenny" vic term for all these things, and for many more, "Jenny" sets quot."

The Gentle Word.
A gentle word hath a magical power
That a gentle heart to beguile,
It gladdens the eye, it brightens the brow,
And changes the tear to a smile;
In the gentle confidence it sheds abroad,
The shadows of care depart,
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone
There's a balm for the wounded heart.
Oh! watch thou, then, that thy lips ne'er breathe
A bitter, unkind word;
For that which is lightly and softly said,
Is often too deeply heard.
And though for the moment it leaves no trace,
The world behind thee will
(For spite will its way conceal),
Remember, the spirit that's calm and still
Is always the first to feel.
It may not be in thy power, perchance,
To secure a lofty place,
And bless thy name upon history's page
As a friend to the human race,
But oft in the daily tasks of life,
Through the world behind thee not,
Thy kind and considerate words may soothe
A desponding brother's lot.
The will to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all;
Since life is a weary and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Trevorton.
This newly laid out town in Northumberland county, has improved with great rapidity. The Sunbury American, in speaking of this place, says that at the letting of the Trevorton and Susquehanna railroad, on the 28th of May last, the whole ground upon which the town plot was laid, was a wilderness. With the mountains rearing their rugged heads upon each side, and the thick woods covering the little valley between them, it presented anything but a favorable aspect. A single log cabin was the only landmark of the place. The sight which now breaks upon the eye as you

descend the mountains, presents a beautiful and cheering contrast. Where waved the lofty forest, now ascends the wreathed smoke from nearly one hundred neat cottages, and instead of the deathlike stillness that hung over the valley, comes up the clang of the workman's hammer, the shout of the carters, the rumbling of the loaded teams, and the thousand confused noises of a busy settlement. Up the mountain road labors a long train of wagons loaded with coal from the neighboring mines, and bound for the Susquehanna; for the railroad is not yet finished, but the enterprising operators are determined to introduce their coal into market. Down the valley the line of rail road can be traced by the knots of men and lines of carts engaged in excavation and embankment. Everything is full of life, and indicative of successful enterprise. The whole face of the country is changed, and one can scarcely recognize the spot. Progress and improvement are stamped wherever the eye rests.