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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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business to O. N. WORDEN, Publisher, Second and Third, over
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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

To an Old Maple Tree.

BY MR. J. H. BROWN, OF MIDDLEBURY.

I have loved thee from my childhood,
Thou old and now grown tree!
And a thousand gentle memories
Are linked with thoughts of thee.
Sweet visions of thy olden shade,
When, with joyous heart, I strayed
To seek the earliest white flowers,
By the streamlet's "mossy" shade.
There, when, at spring's soft breathings,
The snow-crust fell away,
Each green and mossy knoll was graced
With patting-berry gay.
The May-dew and the violet
Peeped from their bed of snow,
And the dark wake-sleeping wood
By the sinner's tongue of gold.
The fishery fern waved to the breeze,
With wild wood fragrance fraught;
While the lowly, brown, mossy knot,
Its sheltering covert sought.
And among the spreading branches,
In their soft, pale-green array,
The song-sparrow trilled his earliest notes,
And the blue bird poured his lay.
I've loved thee when the fall spring brought
Her gifts of bloom and life,
Not less when summer's loveliness
Came flashing o'er the earth.
For then, when all was bright and gay,
Thy crown of green,
And thou, a monarch of the wood,
As the sun's light glances shone.
And when the change came o'er thee,
In the positive autumn day—
When pale and withering, and stream,
Went rushing in their way,
Thou didst, as thy progress robes put on
Of crimson hue,
And proudly spread the honors up,
Thou might'st not longer bloom.
Majestic still, though shorn, thou'st stood
With thy light trunk and limbs,
Beneath, in fairy penillings, 'gainst
The clear and starlit sky.
The wind's wailing, and the nightingale,
And the lark's sweet strain,
Each thy lay, with thy first strength,
In glittering gleams seemed to dwell.
And oh, when through thy starry tangles,
The evening wind had raved,
I've gazed to see how lonely thou,
The violence had been,
But a speller has been busy 'neath
The woman's of the shade.
And to mark the ravages,
The woodman's axe has made.
Thou stand'st almost alone, old tree!
The stream has shrunk and dried,
And the flowers, beneath the sun's fierce glare,
From their old haunts have fled.
Thou too, thy long, dark, shaggy hair,
How low thy hoary head!
So pass from earth thy lovedest
And nobler, to the dead.

A Reminiscence.

Some time in the month of May, 1826,
while I was concerned in publishing the
"Northern Spectator," a weekly newspaper
in the village of East Poultry, Vermont,
I was one morning engaged in my garden,
when there came to me a stripling of
about 14 years of age, and enquired if I
was the man who carried on the printing
office? I answered that I was. He
asked me if I would take a boy as an
apprentice? I told him I had thought of
it, and asked him if he wished to become
a printer? He told me he had some notion
of learning the printing business.
He had come some ten miles on foot that
morning from a humble home in the
vicinity of West Haven, to make this ap-
plication. I had not at first paid much
attention to his address—and now turning,
to the young stranger, I saw standing
before me a light, slender form, dressed
in the plain farmer's cloth of the day, and
without the fastidious taste of Neau Nash
or Brommel. His hair of a light hue,
shading upon the orange, lay thinly upon
his broad forehead, and over a head rock-
ing on shoulders apparently too slender to
support the weight of a member so dis-
proportioned to his general outline. On en-
tering into conversation, and a partial ex-
amination of the qualifications of my new
applicant, it required but little time to dis-
cover that he possessed a mind of no com-
mon order, and an acquired intelligence
far beyond his years. He had little oppor-
tunity at the common school, but he said
"he had read some"—and what he had
well understood and remembered.
In addition to the ripe intelligence
manifested in one so young, and whose
instruction had been limited, there was a
single-mindedness, a truthfulness and
common sense in what he said that at once
commanded my regard. After conversing
with him a while, I told him to go to the
office and talk with the foreman. He did
so, and soon returned with a line from the
foreman, saying he thought we had better
try having bound himself an apprentice
for four years.
On his first entering the office, there
was quite a sensation among the older ap-
prentices and journeymen. They thought
they had caught a green one, and resolved
on a treat of fun. But the new comer
paid no attention to what was passing. He
took his copy and composing stick from
the foreman and stood up to the desk of
types, "intent on thought, and all the
world blank." He had not stood there
many days before his office companions
appeared some what to doubt, and the
more time once began to sniff a little of

young lion. But they could not entirely
forego the anticipated pleasure of initiating
the new friend, so, as his hair was of a
lighter hue than they thought became the
trade of ink and types, applied the "black
balls," until they thought the impression
would come off intelligibly. This was
done while he stood at the desk of types;
but none of these things moved him, nor
did he lose a single "em" by the operation.

About this time the late Rev. L. J.
Reynolds, a sound, well-bred theologian,
and a practical printer, was employed to
edit and conduct the paper. This opened
a desirable school for intellectual culture
to our young debater. Debates ensued
—historical, political and religious ques-
tions were discussed, and often while all
hands were engaged at the font of types;
and here, the purpose for which our friend
"had read some," was made manifest.
Such was the correctness of his memory
in what he had read, in both biblical and
profane history, that the Rev. Mr. R. was
often put at fault by his corrections. He
always quoted chapter and verse to prove
the point in dispute. On one occasion,
the Rev. Mr. R. said that money was the
root of evil, when he was corrected by the
"devil," who said he believed it read in
the Bible that the love of money was the
root of all evil.

A small town library gave him access
to books, by which, together with the
reading of exchange papers of the office,
he improved all his leisure hours. He
became a frequent talker in our village
lyceum, and often wrote dissertations.

In the first organization of our village
temperance society, the question arose as
to the age when the young might become
members. Fearing lest his own age
might bar him, he moved that they be re-
ceived when they were old enough to
drink—which was adopted *non con*.
Though modest and retiring, he was
often led into political discussions with
our ablest politicians, and few would leave
the field without feeling instructed by the
soundness of his views, and the unerring
correctness of his statements of political
events.

Having a thirst for knowledge, he bent
his mind and all his energies to its ac-
quisition with unceasing application and un-
tiring devotion—and I doubt, if in the
whole term of his apprenticeship, he ever
spent an hour in the common recreations
of young men. He used to pass my door
as he went to his daily meals, and though
I often sat near, or stood in the way, so
much absorbed did he appear in his own
thoughts—his head bent forward, and his
eyes fixed upon the ground, that I have
the charity to believe the reason why he never
turned his head or gave me a look, was
because he had no idea I was there!

At the end of about four years, he went
to Chataqua county, where, I think he so-
journeered about a year, employed as a jour-
neyman printer, but lost all his earnings
by which he had hoped to better his cir-
cumstances.
We next see him in the city of New
York—a stranger in a strange city, friend-
less and alone, in quest of employment as
a foreman printer. At this time he wrote
me the first letter giving an account of
himself since he had left Poultry—stat-
ing his object in going to the city, and the
many obstacles he met with in the way of
obtaining the employment he desired.

Now, all the rest of the acts of *Horace
Greely*, from first to last, are they not
written in the "New Yorker," "The Log
Cabin," "The New York Tribune," and
the contemporary literature of his country?
except we have lately seen him at the as-
sembling of nations, speaking of America
at the Paxton dinner, or, as an American
Lion, shaking paws with a British Lioness
at a levee of England's nobility.—*Hon.
Charles W. Marsh.*

Every Village has its Paper.
Lyell in his travels in the United States,
seemed surprised that every Village should
have its own newspaper. It is known
now where else, but the reason is, that no-
where else does man get so much of what
he ought to have, and which is conducive
to his comfort. The luxuries of life are
monopolized by great men and great cities
everywhere else, here they are diffused
more equally. And why should not news-
paper follow the same laws? Has the in-
habitant of the country village or borough
no wants to be supplied, or wishes to be
made known? Has he no events, the
memory of which he wishes to be pre-
served! Must he hold on the even tenor
of his way, unnoticed or unknown—no
voice to announce his entrance or his
exit? The country newspapers can only
supply this want. The properly conduct-
ed country newspaper is the place where a
man can meet where all that concerns
himself. Its readers know all that has
happened, and are allowed to form their
own opinions. They are especially con-
versant with their own affairs, and are the
best of all reformers, for they know when
anything goes wrong at home.

Father Howe's Dream.

Rev. Mr. Howe, lately of Hopkinton, is
known to have been an original man. His
waking thoughts were peculiarly his own,
and his dreams may be expected to partake
of the same qualities. This dream we
place in our columns on account of its ori-
ginality. We give it publicly, also, for
benefit of singing choirs who are some-
times liable to fall out by the way.
At one time during his ministry, the
singers all took offence and left the choir.
On the next Sabbath he related the follow-
ing dream, which had the desired effect of
restoring them to their places. He
dreamed that a spirit from the other world
appeared before him, and informed him
that there was singing enough in heaven
but none in hell; and that one of the most
essential distinctions, between angels and
devils consists in this, that the former de-
light in singing while the latter have no
inclination to engage in this heavenly em-
ployment.

The angels, (continued the spirit) were
all created in holiness; but in process of
time a part of them became tired of
employing their faculties in singing the
songs of heaven. When these were
urged to use all their talents in the ser-
vice of God, they said they had no encour-
agement to sing, or, in other words, no
pay! They would not trust the Lord to
reward them, but must be paid by their
fellow-servants. The Almighty, therefore,
prepared them a different place and name.
I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and lay nu-
sing on the subject for some time, and then
fell asleep; my thoughts turned to
my former dream; departed spirits ap-
peared to me, and their conversation was
audible. At length one of them stood
forth to interpret the dream, and said it
had respect to the people of Hopkinton.
Your last year's singers (observed the in-
terpreter) are all dead. I saw them go to
Heaven's gate and knock for admission.
Whereupon Gabriel opened the gate, and
said, "Who are you? can you sing?"
"No!" "Then you can not be admitted
here." "We did sing for a time," re-
plied they, "but were discouraged." "He
that putteth the hand to the plough," an-
swered Gabriel, "and looketh back, is not
fit for the kingdom of God; you can not
be admitted here." "We would have
sung, if there had been suitable encour-
agement." "Those who will not sing on
earth," returned the angel, "shall not sing
in heaven. You can't be admitted here.
Depart, Depart!" Upon this the gulf
opened and swallowed them up. Then I
awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and behold it
was a dream; but the thing was certain,
and the interpretation thereof, *sur-*

Commercial Crisis.

The Dry Goods Reporter, of the 2d
inst., published in New York, predicts
that a pressure, if not a crisis, in com-
mercial affairs, is at hand. Two leading
causes for this state of things are given:
First, the lessening of the rates of the
tariff has led to great importations, for
which we must pay in specie, as our pro-
ducts are not wanted in Europe to any
great extent. Some of them they will not
have at any price, though we exclude none
of theirs. Miserable Dutch looking glasses,
slates, marbles in casks, and wretched
German clocks, flat champagne and sour
clarets from France, a great variety of al-
most useless articles from England, inun-
date our markets, all of which are to be
mainly paid for in specie, while our own
manufacturing industry is depressed, and
our surplus productions are left upon our
hands. All can see very plainly, if they
will, that this is a perfectly natural result
of the reduction of the tariff, and must, as
the Reporter avers, contribute to produce
commercial pressure and disaster.
Second, our California trade, which
promised much at the commencement, but
which now bids fair to break down the
staplest houses, and to overwhelm even
the merchant princes. As a general rule,
says the Reporter, almost all the consign-
ments to California, within the last two
years, have proved unfortunate and ruin-
ous. The obligations originally incurred
for the purchase of these goods have been
extended along to the present time. Pay-
day has come, or is close at hand. The
greatest exertions are making by many to
keep up their credit abroad, that they may
recover their losses by future gains. But
the specie rolls away by millions to Euro-
pean creditors. Our four they will not
take at any price, our tobacco they ex-
clude, our cotton they depreciate. The
consequences are inevitable. We are so-
restly in debt, that the whole of our
specie is likely to leave us, unless some
European convulsion produces a sense of
insecurity among foreign capitalists.

In view, then, of the results which seem
to be at hand, we may make up our minds
that we shall hear of failures, defalcations,
and other troubles peculiar to a money
pressure. Sound men of business need not
fear these mutterings; they will at once
take in sail or lie to, while the storm
pases by them. No country in the world
that imports more than it can pay for can
expect prosperity.

Give.

BY MISS E. H. BUCKLEY.
"It is more blessed to give than to receive."
Give prayer; the evening had begun;
The earlier than the rising sun;
Remember those who feel the rod;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can bestow blessings give;
Bless the prayer; through them the soul shall live.
Give alms; the needy sick with pain;
Give freely; hoarded gold is vain;
The orphan mourn, the crippled complain,
A prey to robbers and to rust.
A prey to robbers and to rust.
Christ, through his poor, a stain doth make;
Give gladly for thy Saviour's sake.
Give books; they live when you are dead;
Light on the darkened mind they shed;
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the souls of holy truth;
They wake amidst where you are dust.
Give smiles; to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild;
It brightens love, his guard to be—
It helps the poor, a stain doth make;
Howe'er by fortune's gift unhid,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless bread.
Give words; kind words, to those who err;
Ignorance doth needed words to ferret;
Thought in temptation's wiles they fall,
Condemn not—we are sinners all.
The words that heal, and words that teach.
Give thought; give energy to them;
That perish not like folly's dream.
Bless'd from the islands of the sea,
The missionary tries to thee;
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

A Cider-Drinker's End.

In the early settlement of Pennsylvania,
three men of the same name came from
Connecticut, and settled in a row along a
mill-stream. They all commenced alike
in the woods by putting up their log cab-
ins and felling the trees, clearing the land,
and tilling the soil as they obtained an
opening for culture; and seemed to have
an equally fair prospect of comfort and
usefulness in the future.

One of them was a member of the Con-
gregational church, and lived to see all his
ten children professors of religion.

Another was a Methodist, and had the
confidence and respect of the community
for his intelligence, piety, and stability of
character. He too lived to see all his chil-
dren professors of religion, and one son a
preacher of the everlasting gospel.

The third was "not so." Like the sur-
vivor of the deluge, he "began to be a
husbandman," and planted an orchard and
drank of the cider, "and was drunken."
He had no children. The little fatherless
boy that he obtained at a distance, ran
away from him as from a monster of brut-
ality, when twelve or thirteen years of
age; and that boy and his twin brother are
now proclaiming the gospel in the Metho-
dist connection. More than once this man
fell into the stream near which he lived,
by the influence of his "good old cider,"
as it was termed. On one occasion, two
of his boon companions took him out of
the creek when his life was nearly wasted
by strangling. So great was their alarm
at this revolting spectacle, that they imme-
diately quit a practice so destructive and
unbecoming a man. But Mr. — contin-
ued cider-drinking. And while his neigh-
bors of his name supported their numerous
families genteelly, and supported society
also, and had put up comfortable framed
dwellings, his cider-drinking habits con-
strained him to remain in his log house,
though it was sinking beneath its own
weight by decay. After a long time,
however, he began to build; but on a plan
so large and ill-adapted to the size of his
family and the length of his purse, that
he "was not able to finish." Luke 14: 28.

His habit gained so rapidly upon him
that he could not finish his house, though
he finished his work of suicide. Delirium
tremens seized him at times. Finally, his
end was as public as awful. He had gone
to a camp-meeting on a neighbor's field.
There he was seized with the delirium
tremens, and ran away in a paroxysm of
insanity, shouting and crying, and alarming
his acquaintances. He hastened through the
standing corn, and slunk away through all
the rooms of a neighbor's capacious house,
to one most retired and secluded; and
there begging the neighbors that followed
him to keep off the devils, and slapping him-
self violently with both his hands, crying
out with the most acute pain, "The bees
are stinging me to death," he died of mor-
tification, an awful warning against intem-
perance, which the by-standers can never
forget; no, never, never!

Resist the beginnings of intemperance.
Venture not with the first drop. One man
I knew to fall on his face in the dusty road,
and struggle with the dust. Another, not
thought to be intemperate, six months af-
ter he commenced tavern-keeping, died of
mania potu, leaving a wife and five or six
children in poverty and want. O beware
of the intoxicating cup.—*American Mess.*

The New York Morning Star of the
26th ult., referring to the yet partially hid-
den sources in the United States, of the
late enterprise, more absurd even than
wicked, against the island territory of
Spain, says:
"We are informed, and believe, that the
authorship of this document (the coun-
terfeit Proclamation) can be fixed upon
certain parties in this city. The story of
the origin of the invasion, and the means
used to keep up the flow of rhimo into the
country, is as yet but half told.
"Patriot treasury," is as yet but half told.
It will all come out one of these days. In
the meantime, the facts and vouchers are
in safe hands."

Yankee Silboe in England.

"Yankee Silboe," now on a profession-
al tour in England, has commenced writ-
ing a series of home letters to the Detroit
Daily Advertiser. His first letter is capital.
We make an extract from it:
Well, I've been in London over a week,
and have made good my time. I've not
stood with my hands in my pockets won-
dering where I should go, or who I should
go with, as some of the Yankees do. I
bolted off, "slap bang." First, I went to
the Exhibition, of course, where everybody
goes, the first thing, and la! such a stu-
pendous pile of glass the world never saw.
It looks like an over-grown hot-house, and
I believe that will be its ulterior use at
the close of the present affair. As to the con-
tents of the building, I can't begin to tell
what my eye brings in at one little glance
—such a medley of statuary and satins,
fabrics and feathers, pearls and petticoats,
machinery and mobs, silver and sandwiches,
all mixed up like pickles in a jar.

The American department don't quite
come up to the chalk, but as the Times
newspaper said some time ago, a nation
with a continent in its pocket can afford to
be independent. We've got lots of slick
things here for all the talk and bluster, for
John Bull loves to turn up his nose, and
let him do it, he'll turn it up so far one of
these days that he won't get it down in a
hurry.

Among other distinguished places I have
visited, was the Tower, the great Tower
where Anne Boleyn and several other wise
people were affectionately invited to leave
their heads, and which they did much
against their wills, although I suppose they
made their wills before they went. Its
gloomy sombre walls called up a flood of
golden recollections of the days of Queen
Bess and her sister Mary. Then old Clarence,
too, who tumbled into a butt of his
favorite Malmsey, and there "kicked the
bucket." We can't say whether the Duke
was drunk, although it must be confessed,
that when he died he was very much in
liquor. We roamed with a party of others
through the various apartments of the
Tower, and our guide, who was a chatty,
talkative little man, frisked about and
showed us every object with a deal of gu-
ste. At last he came to the great cannon
and ordnance captured from the enemies
of various nations.

"This piece," said our little guide, with
all the pomp of a little Englishman, who
never feels so happy as when boasting of
their victories, "this piece is from Water-
ford. Lord, how we did beat them there.
This is from Badajos—this is from so and
so," and so he ran over the cannon, dilating
on the history of each with evident satis-
faction visible in the movement of every
muscle of his countenance.

I saw he was highly diverted with relat-
ing the exploits of his nation, so I thought
I would "bring him to anchor," as the
sailors say. All at once I looked carefully
about me, turning my head every which
way, and then looked enquiringly at the
guide.
"What are you looking for, sir, may I
enquire?" at length said he: "we've got
trophies from all nations," and he pointed
to a number of interesting specimens with
their mouth gaping open like hungry bul-
dogg. "Have you, indeed?" said I care-
lessly. "I wasn't looking for French
trophies, nor Spanish."
"Perhaps it's the Chinese?" interrupted
he.
"No, not the Chinese," said I, "but I
see you have got so much stuff lying about
here, where's all that was captured from
the Americans, eh?"
"Ah?" grunted he, looking amazingly,
"Americans—yes, the Americans—from
the Americans—you mean?"
"Yes," replied I, still looking, "I don't
see any from the United States—where is
it all?—I want to see it."
"Oh, yes! that taken in America—I see
—yes."
"Exactly," repeated I, "I heard you
took a good deal at Bunker Hill, and Ben-
nington, and Trenton, and those places."
"So we did," said he quickly, "but it
was such old stuff that we didn't care about
bringing it home!"
Just then a sudden thought struck him;
his eye rolled up, a little blood flew to
his cheeks, and he evidently "smoked." He
took the queue, and backed down. When
the company were going out, he leaned
over and whispered in my ear that I was a
Yankee.

"I am nothing else, sir," said I, "and
as for the old stuff you took at Yorktown
and several other places I might mention,
I'll tell them to send them over to you
when I get home."

Trial Trip of the first Locomotive.

[Major Allen, the Engineer of the New
York & Erie Railroad, in a speech made
during the recent festival excursion, gave
the following account of the first trip made
by a locomotive on this continent:]
"When was it? Where was it? And
who awakened its energies and directed its
movements? It was in the year 1825,
on the banks of the Lackawanna, at the
commencement of the Railroad connecting
the canal of the Delaware and Hudson
canal company with their coal mines—and
he who now addresses you was the only
person on that locomotive. The circum-
stances which led to my being alone on
the engine were these; the road had been
built in the summer, and rails of large di-
mensions notched on caps placed far apart.
The timber had crooked and warped from
exposure to the sun. After about 300
feet of straight line, the road crossed the
Lackawanna creek, on trestle work, about
30 feet high, and with a curve of 350 to
400 feet radius. The impression was very
general that this iron monster would either
break down the road, or that it would
leave the track at the curve and plunge
into the creek. My reply to such appre-
hensions was that it was too late to con-
sider the probability of such occurrences;
that there was no other course but to have
the trial made of the strange animal, which
had been brought here at great expense;
but that it was not necessary that more
than one should be involved in its fate;
that I would take the first ride alone and
the time would come when I should look
back to the incident with great interest.
"As I placed my hand on the throttle
valve handle, I was undecided whether I
would move slowly, or with a fair degree
of speed; but believing that the road
would prove safe, and preferring, if we
did go down, to go handsomely, and with
out any evidence of timidity, I started with
considerable velocity, passed the curve
over the creek safely, and was soon out of
hearing of the cheers of the vast assem-
bly present. At the end of two or three
miles I reversed the valves, and returned
without accident, to the place of starting,
having thus made the first railroad trip,
by locomotive, on the western hemisphere."

of other men's labor; an army of thirty
thousand men have I employed, and I have
paid those men, for labor alone, over two
million five hundred thousand dollars. I
have cleared over ten thousand acres of
land, used two hundred thousand cords of
hemlock bark, and paid over half a million
of dollars for it, used and worn out five
hundred horses and one thousand yoke of
oxen. Used two hundred and twenty
thousand tons of hay, thirty thousand bar-
rels of beef and pork, and nearly one hun-
dred thousand barrels of flour, and pot-
atoes without number or measure.
"I have tanned one million two hundred
and fifty sides of leather; my usual dis-
bursement is over five thousand dollars
per day, and I have used in my business
here over ten millions. Every laborer re-
ceived his money, yea, every man his pen-
ny in peace; and to the credit of this com-
munity be it said, that I never had a side
of leather stolen, and never was chosen de-
fendant in law on account of my business
transactions, during my residence among
you. The great object of my living is to
be useful. Live with your neighbor, not
on him. Allow me, gentlemen and ladies,
to conclude by congratulating you upon the
rich blessings of health, power and pros-
perity which surround you; and may suc-
ceeding generations do as much as you
have, toward national wealth and industry,
which are the safeguards to our independ-
ence."

Man is a Chameleon and both feed on Air.

Professor Leibig, in the following, de-
monstrates this poetical assertion to be a
scientific truth:
"Science has demonstrated that man,
the being who performs all these wonders,
is formed of condensed air, (solidified and
liquefied gases;) that he lives on con-
densed as well as uncondensed air, and
clothes himself in condensed air, and by
means of the same agent moves the heav-
iest weights with the velocity of the wind.
The strangest part of the matter is, that
thousands of these tabernacles formed of
condensed air, and going on two legs, oc-
casionally, and on account of the produc-
tion and supply of those forms of con-
densed air which they require for food and
clothing, or on account of their honor and
power, destroy each other in pitched battles
by means of condensed air; and further,
that many believe the peculiar powers of
the bodiless, conscious thinking, and sen-
sitive being, housed in this tabernacle, to
be the result simply of its internal struc-
ture, and the arrangement of its particles
of atoms; while chemistry supplies the
clearest proof that, as far as concerns this,
the ultimate and most minute composition
and structure, which is beyond the reach
of our senses, man is, to appearance iden-
tical with the ox, or with the animal
lowest in the scale of creation."

Anecdote of Washington's Wife.

In conversation with an aged lady of
Whippany—Mrs. Vail—the following was
gleaned. Among the visitors of her first
husband's mother—Mrs. Tuttle—was Mrs.
Troupe, the lady of a half-pay Captain in
the British Navy. She is described as an
intelligent lady, of affable manners, and
much esteemed.
One day Mrs. Troupe visited Mrs. Tuttle,
and the usual compliments were hardly
passed before the visitor said, "Well, Mrs.
Tuttle, what do you think?—I have been
to see Lady Washington?"
"Have you indeed? Then tell me all
about how you found her ladyship, how
she appeared and what she said."
"Well, I will honestly tell you," an-
swered Mrs. Troupe, "I never was so
ashamed in all my life. You see, Madam
—, and Madame —, and Mad-
ame Budd, and myself, thought we would
visit Lady Washington, and as she was
said to be so grand a lady, we thought we
must put on our best bibs and bands. So
we dressed ourselves in our most elegant
ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her
ladyship. And don't you think we found
her knitting, and with a speckled (check)
apron on! She received us very graciously,
and easily, but after the compliments were
over, she resumed her knitting. There
we were without a stitch of work, and sit-
ting in state, but General Washington's
lady with her own hands, was knitting
stockings for herself and husband!
"And that was not all. In the after-
noon her ladyship took occasion to say, in
a way that we would not be offended at,
that it was very important that American
ladies should be patterns of industry to
their countrywomen, because the separa-
tion from the mother country will dry up
the sources whence many of our comforts
have been derived. We must become in-
dependent by our determination to do
without what we can not make ourselves.
Whilst our husbands and brothers are ex-
amples of patriotism, we must be patterns
of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Mrs.
Washington gave her visitors some excel-
lent advice, the meanwhile adding force
to her words by her actions, and withal
such a way that they could not take
offense. In this she proved herself more
worthy to occupy her distinguished posi-
tion, than she could have done by all the
graceful and elegant accomplishments
which are often found in princes and
queens. In the relation she occupied, her
knitting-work, and her check apron, were
queenly ornaments, and we may be proud
to know that such a woman as Martha
Washington set such an admirable exam-
ple to her countrywomen!—[Newark Ad-
vertiser.

A Man of Business.

At a Greene Co. (New York) Agricul-
tural Fair, an address was made by Col. Za-
dock Pratt, from which we take the follow-
ing passages:
"And now I will show you the advan-
tage those dreary hemlocks have been to
the farmers of our mountain towns. Since
I first engaged in farming, it has been my
lot to employ over fifteen thousand year-

Singular Incident.

A recent "Winchester (Va.) Unionist,"
says: "Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Evans, and Mrs.
Davis, three pious and estimable widow
ladies of this town, all in usual health,
called upon Mrs. Judd, a pious Methodist
lady, the wife of one of our citizens, who
is lying at the point of death, with the
droupy, hourly expecting the messenger
for whose summons she has been long
prepared. After spending an hour, in
which the tenderest and holiest sympathies
of Christian hearts were freely communi-
cated, they rose to depart, and taking the
dying woman by the hand, they spoke say-
ing to her, 'that she seemed to be near
her end, but perhaps some of them might
be in Heaven before her.' Yesterday
(Sabbath) pious friends again assembled
around the bed of the dying woman. B. G.
these friends were not there. They had
all three been stricken down with the
cholera during the week, and were all 'in
Heaven before her.'"
The Devil is full of inventions. His
last achievement is the converting of the
innocent tomato into villainous whiskey.