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To an Old Maple Tree.

BY MR. J. H. BROWN, OF MIDDLEBORO.
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-crowns 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 sadder's tongue of gold.
The feather fern waved to the breeze,
With wild wood fragrance fraught;
While the low, low, low, low, low, low,
Its shrilling-courts 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 gladness
Came flashing o'er the earth.
For then, when the sun's rays
Thou dost, thy gorgeous robes put on
Of crimson, blue, and gold,
And proudly spread the honors up,
Thou might'st not longer hold.
Majestic still, though storm, thou'st stood
With thy light tresses
Beneath, in fairy pendulings, 'gainst
The clear and starlit sky.
The wind's wailing, and the nightingale,
And the lark's song, thy throat
Each tiny twig, with thy soft strength,
In glittering green, seemed dressed.
And oh, when through thy starry tresses,
The evening wind has raved,
I've joyed to see how softly thou
The violence had, and how gently
But a spider has been busy 'neath
The web-work of the shade.
And oh, 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 application. 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 reeking on shoulders apparently too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to his general outline. On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. He had little opportunity 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 apprentices 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 debutant. Debates ensued—historical, political and religious questions 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 received 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 acquisition with unceasing application and untiring 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 sojournd about a year, employed as a journeyman printer, but lost all his earnings by which he had hoped to better his circumstances.

We next see him in the city of New York—a stranger in a strange city, friendless 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—stating 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 Greeley*, 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 assembling 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 no where else, but the reason is, that nowhere 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 newspaper follow the same laws? Has the inhabitant 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 preserved! 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 conducted 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 conversant 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 originality. We give it publicly, also, for benefit of singing choirs who are sometimes 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 following 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 delight in singing while the latter have no inclination to engage in this heavenly employment.

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 service of God, they said they had no encouragement 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 musing on the subject for some time, and then fell asleep; my thoughts turned to my former dream; departed spirits appeared 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 interpreter) 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," replied they, "but were discouraged." "He that putteth the hand to the plough," answered 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 encouragement." "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 beheld 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 commercial 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 products 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 almost useless articles from England, inundate 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 staidest houses, and to overwhelm even the merchant princes. As a general rule, says the Reporter, almost all the consignments to California, within the last two years, have proved unfortunate and ruinous. 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 European creditors. Our four they will not take at any price, our tobacco they exclude, our cotton they depreciate. The consequences are inevitable. We are so vastly 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 passes 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 unhled,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless bread.
Give words; kind words, to those who err;
Inquire their souls, and seek to cure;
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;
Think not like folly's dream,
Think 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 cabins 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 Congregational church, and lived to see all his 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 children professors of religion, and one son a preacher of the everlasting gospel.

The third was "not so." Like the survivor 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 brutality, when twelve or thirteen years of age; and that boy and his twin brother are now proclaiming the gospel in the Methodist 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 immediately quit a practice so destructive and unbecoming a man. But Mr. — continued cider-drinking. And while his neighbors of his name supported their numerous families genteelly, and supported society also, and had put up comfortable framed dwellings, his cider-drinking habits constrained 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 himself violently with both his hands, crying out with the most acute pain, "The bees are stinging me to death," he died of mortification, an awful warning against intemperance, 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 after 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 hidden sources in the United States, of 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 counterfeit 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 rhino into the 'Patriot treasury,' is as yet 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 professional tour in England, has commenced writing 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 wondering 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 stupendous 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 contents 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 gusto. 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 Waterloo. 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 satisfaction visible in the movement of every muscle of his countenance.

I saw he was highly diverted with relating 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 bulldogs. "Have you, indeed?" said I carelessly. "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—yes." "Exactly," repeated I, "I heard you took a good deal at Bunker Hill, and Bennington, 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 circumstances which led to my being alone on the engine were these; the road had been built in the summer, and rails of large dimensions 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 apprehensions was that it was too late to consider 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 without 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 assembly 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."

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," answered Mrs. Troupe, "I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see, Madame —, and Madame —, and Madame 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 sitting 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 afternoon 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 separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we can not make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Mrs. Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions, and withal in such a way that they could not take offense. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position, 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 example to her countrywomen!—[Newark Advertiser.

A Man of Business.
At a Greene Co. (New York) Agricultural Fair, an address was made by Col. Zaddock Pratt, from which we take the following passages:
"And now I will show you the advantage 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-

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 barrels of beef and pork, and nearly one hundred thousand barrels of flour, and potatoes without number or measure.

"I have tanned one million two hundred and fifty sides of leather; my usual disbursement is over five thousand dollars per day, and I have used in my business here over ten millions. Every laborer received his money, yea, every man his penny in peace; and to the credit of this community be it said, that I never had a side of leather stolen, and never was chosen defendant 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 prosperity which surround you; and may succeeding generations do as much as you have, toward national wealth and industry, which are the safeguards to our independence."

"Man is a Chameleon and both feed on Air."
Professor Leibig, in the following, demonstrates 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 condensed as well as uncondensed air, and clothes himself in condensed air, and by means of the same agent moves the heaviest 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, occasionally, and on account of the production and supply of those forms of condensed 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 sensitive being, housed in this tabernacle, to be the result simply of its internal structure, 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 identical with the ox, or with the animal lowest in the scale of creation."

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 drooping, 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 commingled, they rose to depart, and taking the dying woman by the hand, they spoke saying 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.