

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

There's a little little maid with a dark rolling eye,
And her hair is like the dew on a rose,
And her smile is like the sun on a hill,
And her heart is like the wind on a hill,
And her soul is like the stars on a hill,
And her love is like the fire on a hill,
And her life is like the light on a hill,
And her death is like the shadow on a hill,<

And her name is like the name of a flower,
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but I can not pause in my narrative now
to illuminate its margins with gratuitous
portraiture.

The clergyman is entitled to our first
attention. This is the first year of his
ministry. He is a stray slip of Virginia
aristocracy, who has found scope for his
enthusiasm of religious sentiment, and
opportunity for his generosity of self-denial,
in circuit preaching through a mountain
range of three hundred miles compass,
which he must traverse once every month,
preaching on an average, "once every day
and twice on Sundays." He is marked by
better education, better manners, and more
refinement than the men among whom he
ministered; but he embues his tastes,
and conforms his general demeanor, to the
coarse conditions of his work, with all
the devotion, but, happily, none of the
pretence, of a martyr. In good truth, he
is very much out of place in this rude
region, except for the rare spirits, one in
a hundred or a thousand, who, perchance,
may apprehend him. But he came among
us in such singleness of heart and cordial
devotion of spirit, that he is as much
disguised, to selfish and superficial people,
as a prince in temporary banishment. And
he would have it so, for he wants the dis-
cipline of such duty; and the concealment
of his accustomed style of life is necessary
to the free working of the experiment.

The congregation felt that indefinable
something in him which distinguishes the
gentleman, but missing all the pretence
and mannerism which, in their idea,
marked it, they generally accepted him at
his own modest estimate, and the secret of
his family and fortune escaped the gossip.
He accepted his hundred dollars a year,
made up by some thirty little congrega-
tions, as comports itself if he needed such
a pittance, and he took the hospitalities of
the circuit as contentedly as if their best
was something quite agreeable to him.

Not unfrequently the position of the
preacher, in this rugged region, is a matter
of ambitious aspiration, notwithstanding
the rudeness of the people and the hard-
ness of the work; for some of our moun-
tain clergy are the coarsest men within
the boundaries of the brotherhood; but
often, the service is a sacrifice
of rich sensibilities and a dedication of fine
talents to the most repugnant forms of
duty. Such was the person, and such the
aptitude to his work, of our friend, the
Rev. George Ashleigh. It were well for
our new world if the ministerial office were
generally filled by such men as he.

Among the women belonging to this so-
ciety, there were two girls, whose charac-
ters were brought well enough to the sur-
face by the events of my story to allow the
hope of adequate presentment.

Nancy Barton's general character was
strength and style. Her religious impul-
ses were very active, her social sentiments
free and strong, and her selfish feelings,
also, sharp and importunate. She was
defective in imagination proper, but the
life of passion warmed and strengthened
her thoughts into grandeur, and her verbal
eloquence was of the highest tone cen-
surable in a woman destitute of literature
and the culture of refined companionship.
The custom of the church admitted of
female participation in the public devotions,
and Nancy found scope in a stormy elo-
quence of prayer and exhortation, for tal-
ents that had no match in such use within
the circuit of a hundred miles.

She was strongly rather than hand-
somerly made. There was a firmness,
weight, and force, with such elegance as
belonged to them, in her make and man-
ner, that kindled admiration, unminged, how-
ever, with tenderness and affection. Her
face, well fitted for the elocution of her
strong thoughts and burning words, was
strikingly brilliant, and even handsome
enough, without being quite agreeable, or
in any fashion fascinating. It turned, it
may be, too fully and boldly to one's gaze;
it confessed, perhaps, too much conceit-
ness, and too much of the purpose of its own
working, even in the rapture of its excite-
ment; for there was a little of that system
in its passion which corresponded to the
full elaborateness of her robust oratory.
The trouble was, that while her rhapsodies
were in the vein of inspiration, the deliv-
ery intruded the feeling of much study
and large practise with an aim.

Nancy was an orphan, and dependent
for her support upon her industry or the
hospitality of her church friends, as she
pleased to choose between those two sorts
of reliance. She compromised and mix-
ed them as her tastes and purposes re-
quired. She made a long visit the year
before, to a distant town in one or other of
these characters, and had returned with no
slight advantage of travel and observation
from the trip. A few weeks in the family
of a lawyer, who had lately joined the
church, put some polish upon Nancy's
manner, and worked some notions into
her understanding, which were not a little
valuable, both for her private and public
uses in our little valley. It was evident

to me, at least, that it might somehow
concern the young clergymen whom the
fates should favor with appointments to
this circuit for a year or two to come. It
was, however, so obvious, that Mr. Ash-
leigh was not a marrying man, that Nancy
made no demonstration in that direction,
and, I believe, his general demeanor ef-
fectually protected him wherever he went
from the usual liabilities of his exposed
position.

But now that Nancy had had her usual
fore-ground privileges and preferences,
and made her due impression upon the
company; and, after she has shaken hands
with everybody entitled to that ceremony
before the congregation separates; and
while she occupies Mr. Ashleigh with ques-
tions about the result of the last camp-
meeting, followed by inquiries about the
health of the most interesting members in
the most fashionable parts of the circuit;
and especially for the health of "Dear old
Father Ball," the Presiding Elder, and of
Brother Sauford, the eloquent young
preacher, that is the present agony among
church-gossips—all uttered in tones of
unimpeachable meekness and pleasing mel-
ody, touched with the slight abstractness
of a devout spirit,—let me introduce you
as well as I can to her cousin Elizabeth;
whom Nancy's presence has covered and
shrouded until the last moment for lin-
gering has arrived, and the preacher and
the old folks have moved decidedly for
the door.

Elizabeth Barton was something above
the middle size, and might be taller still,
with advantage, if her bearing had but
a little pretty pride in it. She was finely
formed, with such a mould of limb, and
style of carriage, and rhythm of movement,
as results from the best combination of
strength and grace in form and arrange-
ment, the best health and habits, and the
best tone of mind and feeling, which the
laws of correspondence can any way achieve
in actual life. Her hand and foot, espe-
cially, were models, and her face, in every-
thing but the consciousness of high men-
tal powers, was perfect in appropriate
beauty. Her head had that symmetrical
elegance that is never wanting in a fine
character. Her complexion was rich and

very pure, and the features regular and
finished, but the forms and tints, though
faultless, seemed subdued to the air of a
hard service; and her dark chestnut hair,
checked of its fulness and effect, was almost
hidden from view by the severe restraint of
its arrangement. My first sight of her
was such a glimpse as I am now giving to
the reader. I marked then the rich re-
sources of physical beauty that lay covered
there and unpronounced, the serious air
of dedication to some onerous duty, and the
deep religious renunciation of all the del-
ights of sense and all the pride of life.
She spoke modestly and kindly to those
who were nearest to her, while she ad-
justed her bonnet and waited till the com-
pany gave her room to pass; and, when
she moved, it was remarkable for nothing
so much as its quick directness and unob-
trusiveness. She seemed to have no gos-
siping to do, and no time to spare, as she
stepped rapidly from the door, and, turn-
ing the corner of the building, bent her
course toward home. She had two miles
to walk; most of it over a rugged ridge,
which separated the little glen where she
was born from the valley in which the
Union Schoolhouse stood. It was, in
fact, but a rift made in the hills by a wa-
tercourse, with a narrow border of arable
soil, raggedly irregular, in spots affording
room for a cottage, a little cornfield, a
garden, and so much meadow as might
feed a cow or two through the winter.
Just where Tommy Barton lived, the rivulet
was a little more liberal of margin,
and gave space within a mile for three
other tenements; one, occupied by Eliza-
beth's grandfather, another, by her uncle,
and a third, by John Brown, who renders
us the service of describing our heroine
as the ridge on bad nights, when she
is obliged to be abroad, and occasionally
performing other duties of kindness and
courtesy, such as his superannuated sort
of character owes to useful people in the
world who are their neighbors. By the way,
this was the noble office
that the poor fellow ever filled, and we
ought to be thankful that he was good
enough and good-for-nothing enough,
to be always ready for the duty. Brown,
though a married man, of about forty-five,
is Elizabeth's only beau; but we may
accompany her in imagination to her cot-
tage home in the glen. The footpath
leads straight up the hillside, leaving the
winding wagon-road abruptly and plunging
directly into the thick bushes. A sharp
struggle with the steepness, a brisk squab-
ble with the loose stones which slip and
tumble under the foot, and we have
gained the flat rock that caps the ascent.
But it affords no outlook. The broad-
limbed chestnuts, scrub-oaks, and under-
growth of bushes, hide everything but
patches of the sky, and glimpses of the

tree-tops on the mountain range before us.
Besides, we are on the way to Tommy Bar-
ton's, and there is nothing in our search
that matches well with grand scenery and
pretty landscapes. We must get down
the rugged pathway, with our attention
sharply employed upon our footsteps, and
when the feat is well accomplished, we are
on the margin of the little rivulet that
unrolls like a silver ribbon between the
hills. Stepping daintily upon the plank,
that swings and dips till the surface of the
water steadies it, we reach the worm fence
of the little meadow, which is crossed by a
stile, made rudely enough of an upping
block on one side, and a stump upon the
other. The cabin sits fifty yards before
us, upon a natural terrace; a rocky bluff
rises rapidly behind it, like a giant stair-
way, to climb the mountain, which swells
away into the mid-heaven, so steep and
barren, that it seems built there to dyke
out the northern storm-waves. This cabin
is a rude, unshapely piece of architecture.
Originally it was a square pen, built of
unhewn logs, about a foot in diameter and
twenty-five feet long; but, as a necessity
for room increased with a rising family,
additions of similar log-pens were piled up
at either end until it stood stretched out
in line, three houses made one, by cutting
out the end walls of the first and throwing
all the rooms into one great hall, which,
without partitions, blinds, or curtains to
divide them, served for kitchen, dining-
room, and bed-chamber for the old folks,
and cubbies for half a dozen of the young
ones, besides room for a hand-loom and
its appurtenances in the corner farthest
from the kitchen end of the building. A
half-story above this long range of rooms,
accessible by a ladder instead of stairway,
with a clapboard roof for ceiling, divided
into rooms by drop curtains of home-made
canvas, afforded the girls a dormitory at one
end and the older boys like accommodation
at the other. The family, all told, reached
the round number of fourteen children, of
whom Elizabeth, the elder, was about twenty
two and the youngest child four years old
at the date of our story.

The mother was one of those indistin-
guishable who usually figure at the head
of a regiment of children. The father
was a man, and had as much of that
as an angel, and was, as it were, twice as
in him as would serve to "do" and "be"
many heirs," as the saying is, "in extra-
ordinary." He was one of the Bartons of
the North, according to his own account,
"of a decent family, that lived on their own
land at home, and sired one of the name
was ever known to be a Papist." Tommy's
zeal for the true faith, it was easy enough
to perceive, was the old grade, and only
another phase of his pride of caste and
boast of blood. He was religious of course,
or he might as well have been born any-
where else in the County Antrim. A dozen
years before, he had been a member
of the society that worshipped at the school-
house—that sort of a member which can
neither be kept in nor out of the church
but by severe measures and the hardest
fighting. Tommy left the brotherhood but
two choices—either to put him out, or to
blow themselves up. Accordingly, they
expelled him on sundry charges, among
which were hard swearing, occasional in-
toxication, and perpetual contumacy. The
injury of this expulsion was nothing, in
the account that Tommy opened with them
for it; his pride fed fat upon his injuries;
everything, everybody, injured him. In
fact, he had all his consequences in his in-
juries. Their greatness served to measure
the magnitude of his rights, and were wel-
come to his magnanimity; but the injury
was too much for one of the Barton fam-
ily to bear. Tommy was eloquent by birth-
right, but, unhappily, he was never genial
except when he was boring some gen-
tleman in good broadcloth, with the proofs
and indications, historical and fanciful, of
his family's gentility. Ill luck and ill
treatment, ill conduct and ill conditions
(Tommy never had any other sort of either),
had curdled the wit and humor inherent
in his blood, and kept it for ever boiling
and bubbling with fretfulness and passion.
Yet, queer, crafty, and absurd as was the
mixture in this proud, weak, worthless,
high-spirited old man, Elizabeth derived,
it seems to me, her steady nobleness from
his impulsive aspirations, her fine enthu-
siasm from his wild fire, and her generos-
ity from his Irish pride.

The chemistry of matter knows how to
convert the elements of charcoal into dia-
mond; and the modifying forces of the
vital laws are equally adequate to all the
difference between this foolish old father
and his noble daughter. There was that
in him which, by looking for it, one could
see might, by better mingling and steadier
drift, be made to answer the best uses and
highest ends; but, by an accident, or a jog
in the settling, had produced instead—an
Irishman—which, I take it, as a rule, is
never a natural nobleman, and yet fur-
ther from a reasonable being, than any
other variety of the human race.

two persons was so great that they never
actually touched, even at the borders; yet
an intrinsic resemblance could be traced in
every fibre of their respective constitutions.

Tommy could get tipsy occasionally,
talk nonsense mixed up with poetry any
time, and brag like a jockey about every-
thing that in any way concerned him.
He was, moreover, incapable in business,
unsteady in labor, and given to substitute
the sentiment of duty for its practice, and
to content himself with fine speeches in
place of noble actions; and all without a
shade of hypocrisy, for he was in fact so
proud of what he was, and so ready with
reasons and apologies for all that he was
not, that he needed no pretences. He was
not profligate, unprincipled, or insensible
to right; he was only an Irishman; and
that hindered him from being either worse
or better. The raw elements of every
human excellence were in him in rich
abundance, and in great confusion, too;
but in Elizabeth they had crystallized into
the most efficient forms and most per-
fect beauty; for all of texture that was
wanting in her paternal blood was supplied
to her by her maternal grandfather, who
was an unmitigated Scotchman.

With his beggar's complement of chil-
dren, and general unthriftiness of character,
Tommy was, of course, poor to the very
 verge of destitution. He had grown
steady—that is, sober—lately, and he was
not lary; but it was as much because his
health had failed, and age was beginning
to stiffen the machinery, as from any prin-
ciple, that he was amending in his habits.
It must be allowed, also, that he was feel-
ing Elizabeth's influence with steadily
increasing force. There was dignity with
his incident authority in her deportment;
not of the imposing kind, nor by any
means directly and distinctly shown and
felt; it was more like that energy of gen-
tleness which shapes the bone of the brain's
steady pressure, the framework of the
chest to the resiliency of the lungs and
heart, the vital power that in the tenderest
flower-stalk pierces and mellows to con-
formity the hardest cloa.

The very poor are unapt to respect each
other, or to regard, amid the rude fami-
liarities of their daily intercourse, the noblest
qualities. Nor, indeed, is it easy for them
to discover them in the coarse dress of
circumstances which poverty imposes. As
it is the bitterest of poverty's ten thousand
curses, that it denies the conditions of
decorous association and refining inter-
course; that it prevents that discipline
which habitual proprieties of demeanor
only can enforce, and destroys all pure
and healthful self-respect, by the undig-
nified and indelicate personal relations which
it compels. And it is uttering a volume
of commendation in a word, when I say
that Elizabeth had conquered her father's
refractoriness, and secured from him a
refinement which almost inverted the Irish
order of domestic life.

Five years before, when she attached
herself to the church, the very church
which had expelled him, he drove her with
violence from the house, with as great in-
dignation as if she had stained his name
and honor with the deepest shame. A
weary, wretched year she endured the
exile, earning her support by labor light-
er, indeed, upon her hands than the tasks
which she performed at home, but heavier
upon her heart; for she could do nothing
for that large family that needed her now
every day, more and more, in every office
that a woman can fulfil to a household
of small children in great need. The
mother was what the country people called
"a doleous creature," and the sister, next
in age to Elizabeth, was delicate in health,
and too feeble in character for the service.
The weight that lay heaviest upon her
heart, was half a dozen of little sisters, as
beautiful as birds, wanting all things; and
wanting, most of all things, the governance
and culture of an elder sister's nursing
love and controlling prudence. They were
crowded there together, like a herd of
orphans in an almshouse, exposed to their
father's petulance, and to each other's
selfishness and tempers, and suffering many
things, besides, which childhood can not
suffer without having the very fountains
of its life poisoned by the bitter deprivations;
and, all without the mediation of
that wise, good heart, which was seeking
in its exile to render its self-sacrificing
services. There were frettings and fightings
there, tears and turmoils, injuries inflicted
and endured, and with all, and above all,
the absence every hour felt, by the hourly
recurring need, of the ministering angel
of the household. Especially through the
long, gloomy winter, the days and weeks
and months wore wearily away in that
wretched cabin. All suffered the penalty
of the father's pride; but none so keenly
as himself, for to him it brought all the
privation, with the sin and folly added.
But he would not yield to the constraints
he felt, and the necessities he witnessed;
because it would have been in such cir-
cumstances, not a reconciliation, but a

surrender; and, the refractory old fool
would dash the tears out of his eyes, with
the pretence that it was passion, and not
sorrow that moved them; and with an
oath refuse her permission to return. At
last, when things had become intolerable;
half a dozen children and the mother sick;
the whole household suffering, and the
father at his wit's end; she bravely forced
her way into the wretched hovel. It re-
quired a little more resolution than the
old man could muster, to make resistance;
and he silently and sullenly submitted. It
was enough; she was installed again, and
she had returned strong in purpose, and
very rich in resources for the exigency.

A year's experience, a larger sphere of
thought, and broader observation, had done
wonders upon her earnest character. It
seemed natural enough that she should be
a little strange for a few days after her
return; moreover, she was still under ban,
though the banishment was remitted; and
these things together served to explain her
difference of manner and general de-
meanor to her father, and old familiars,
and to protect her peculiarity from impertinent
remarks.

She left them before her religious en-
thusiasm had time and opportunity to
settle into form, and take the habitual
direction of her conduct. Residence
among strangers, with its medium of lei-
sure and privacy, had invested her with
proper individualism; and the severe
discipline of mind and feeling undergone
had worked its permanent results into the
texture of her mental constitution, which
was remarkable at once for its aptness and
tenacity. The controlling quality of Eliza-
beth's mind was, very plainly, in its
intense religious devotedness, which, in
her, not only sublimed, but strengthened
her natural affections, held them well ad-
visedly to their office, and gave to the sim-
plest duty which had anything of sacrifice
in it, the tone and determination of a
sacred obligation.

Her ideal of a religious life is, in the
phrase of her church creed, called sanctifi-
cation, perfect love, or Christian perfection.
This conception was her standard. The
instant aspirations of her heart were
angel purity and excellence. Her stand-
ing in its enthusiasm, her high moral
manoeuvring, by which her Berlioz
moments of the highest law are by Mas-
sachusetts, by which her Berlioz
habitual delinquencies of her [6m306]

felt weakness itself like a
meekness bore without ap-
peared, induced prices,
of her offences.

the ground of natural infirmity
would have felt to her the very boldness
of an appeal from the law of conduct pre-
scribed for her by her Divine Father. The
soul held in such a frame, grew and gushed
like the flowers and fountains under the
kindest influences of heaven. In the
calm of her holy reveries, blessing lay
like dew upon her affections, and in its
exultant moment, the Divine Presence
flooded her whole being with its light and
life, like a sunburst on a mountain top.
It needed only a clear insight, to perceive
that her essential life was "hid with Christ
in God"; that there was a constant rap-
ture in the soul under that tranquility of
the senses—afulness of the divine life
sustaining a level of perpetual calmness
on the surface, which the forces of the
outward and accidental had no power to
disturb. This supremacy of the central,
took nothing from the wonted energy of
the loves she owed to the world without;
it rather adjusted, steadied, and supplied
them with a receding strength, a constant
freshness and untiring patience. If her
faith and fervor bordered on fanaticism in
sentiment, they nevertheless, in all the
verities of use, flowed like life blood thro'
her moral system, feeding with vital force
all the faculties which perform the benign
offices of love and duty. A deep peace
ruled her spirit, and wore its quiet into all
the solicitudes which she sustained for
others; and holy rest within, compensated
and repaired the waste of toil without.

She held herself aloof from the coarse
companionship around her, without offence,
for it was seen that she had no leisure for
idle courtesies; and the restraints which
occupation would not account for, were
credited to her devotional habits. Besides,
however strange it may seem, with all her
dignity, beauty, and efficiency, she was
not especially attractive to the undiscern-
ing bores about her. Her riddle was
quite beyond their reading; and her
charms were not in direct array to their
apprehensions; for, in all its proportions,
that saying of the apostle has accurate ap-
plication, that "spiritual things are spiri-
tually discerned," and not otherwise. She
was quiet constitutionally, more so still by
the high occupation of her thoughts; and
she was, besides, really not eloquent in
words, nor copiously furnished with tho's
and utterance for conversational uses. Her
early education had been sadly neglected
by that improvident father of hers; her
present opportunities for study were abso-
lutely nothing; and her mental activities

were now, on account of their nature, as
well as of necessity, almost wholly con-
verted. Indeed, she was one of those
instances of adequateness for the severest
trials and highest duties, for the noblest
styles of life, where the intellect is only
moderate, but the harmony and richness
of the moral nature supplies it with inspi-
ration, giving it range and strength and
certitude, quite beyond its own independent
capabilities. Three centuries ago, there
were peers of England who could neither
read nor write; and the highest fame in
all the ample round of historic greatness
belongs to a man, who in speculative
philosophy and general literature was
neither proficient nor remarkable for his
capabilities.

Elizabeth knew everything that her
life demanded, though she had learned so
little. She could work miracles in the
domestic economy of that burdensome
household. She knew how to rule without
usurpation, where authority rather required
her to obey; and the younger inmates,
refractory to all other force, yielded to the
charm of her goodness, and the mixture of
gentleness, steadiness, and address which
she had the grace and patience to employ.
A just analysis of her agency in that
family, would make an excellent treatise
upon domestic conduct, though she would
probably have been both silent and inca-
pable in a discussion of the principles and
policy of her system.

Her mind and feelings, more than any
other that I ever knew, found their mani-
festation in action, duty, practice; and
less in utterance and social demonstration.
Her reserve, indeed, seemed like an inca-
pacity, and its rigidity scarcely escaped the
censure of her kindest friends. Nothing
except some household duty could draw
her from that everlasting loom. No visit
paid there, seemed to include her in its
courtesies or idleness. If a direct question
interrupted the flying shuttle, and a hand
paused a moment in its office, it was only
for the interval required by the shortest
answer that could be made in kindness and
cordiality. The thread of her web required
to be woven by her own hands.

Sold by respectable dealers generally, in the United
States and Canada. Also by
L. W. SCARVILLE, Lewisburg; I. Kessler, New
Berlin; J. F. Caslow, Milton; H. Massey, Southport;
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Agents: F. Klett & Co. Philad.; M. Ward & Co.
New York; Wm. Jackson, Pittsburg.
1851 inside-pg.

EVERY man and his neighbor that's in want
of a cradle, should call and examine those
made by Chadwick, Blackman & Co. New York,
and for sale by D. S. KREMER & CO.

The German Washing Powders
is considered by Thousands who have tested
it, as being the greatest
SO AS TO WONDER OF THE WORLD;
by no feeling but that what laborious and
I have seen but few women who
well at the piano, and when she had a fine
linen web in the loom, and the weather
allowed of open doors, clear air and sum-
mer neatness in the array of the cabin fur-
niture, nothing could be more becoming than
her occupation.

It was monotonous; for her face was
full of thoughtful light and changeful feel-
ing. Her perfect gracefulness of motion
and simple elegance of form, her felt
strength and quiet beauty, which, without
challenging admiration, gave deep, pure
pleasure, preserved an air of naturalness to
the picture which allowed it to glide un-
questioned into the spectator's feelings.
Thus I found her and her surroundings
when I called occasionally as a visitor;
but, when I went professionally to see the
children in their little illnesses, difficult as
order was in such circumstances, the
whole feeling of the scene was changed by
the effect of her changed attitude. She
stood foremost then, the mind that took
the direction of affairs; her manner intima-
tizing the highest qualities, and her
whole action impressing me with the feel-
ing, that she was my equal and something
more, except in my professional office. In
a thousand women I have met none whose
mental sympathies and intuitions felt
firmer and broader than did that rustic
girl's.

After a year's occasional intercourse,
but more than occasional interest in her,
the relentless severity of her toil and un-
relaxing strain of her mental exertion,
conspiring with the recurrence of the
epidemic season and an unusually wet
autumn, broke down her strength, and I
was summoned to her bedside, by her
faithful old friend and servant, Brown,
with a rap on the window of my shanty, I
know not how long after midnight.

"Doctor, you're wanted badly at Tommy
Barton's. Elizabeth is down, I'm afraid,
with the fever; and she wouldn't let me
trouble you till, I doubt, we've waited
almost too long; but I hope not."
"Why, Brown, is that you? Are you
sfoot? It must be pitch-dark on the
ridge just now."
"Yes, I had no horse; and I'd rather
walk such a night as this than ride, any-
how. I don't know how you'll get along
in the woods, Doctor!"
"Don't bother your brains about that,"