LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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JOB WORK and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Articles Deferred last Week.

A Victim.

A man named Joseph Stalford was suddenly killed last Saturday night, by falling off the narrows between Wysox and Standing Stone. We are informed that the deceased left this borough that evening in a state of intoxication accompanied by a friend who resides near the narrows and who endeavored to dissuade him from going any farther that night. He however persisted in going on, and set out from his friend's house alone on foot. He had nearly accomplished the ascent, when it is supposed that in consequence of the bewilderment of intoxication, he stumbled off the fatal brink, and was precipitated down the rocky descent nearly three hundred feet to the spot where his crushed and mangled corpse was discovered the next day. We are informed that the deceased, with the exception of this one habit of intemperance, was a useful citizen, and an honest, kind hearted man. He was a resident of Standing Stone, and leaves a wife and family of small children overwhelmed by the extent of their calamity, as well as the peculiarly afflictive manner in which it has come upon them.—*Bradford Argus.*

Important Decision.

Among the decisions by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, sitting at Harrisburg, is the following reported in the Telegraph:

Gamble vs Gamble—Black, C. J.—The declaration of an insolvent husband can not, under any circumstance, be evidence for the wife as to the ownership of property. When property is claimed by a married woman, she must show by evidence which does not admit a reasonable doubt, either that she owned it at the time of the marriage, or acquired it afterwards by gift, bequest or purchase. If the husband could create title to personal property in the wife by merely saying it is hers, no creditor would be safe for a single moment. It is not easy to conceive how a higher premium for dishonesty could be offered. The relation of husband and wife is so intimate, and the identity of their interests so absolute, that even the oath of either is not and ought not to be taken in favor of the other. A multi fertiori, the naked declaration should be rejected.

North Branch Canal Letting.

The following is the list of the allotments of work at the letting held at Towanda, on Wednesday, 12th inst.

SECTIONS.
No. 2—Ira H. Stephens;
" 10—Baird, Hireen & Edminister;
" 22—Jerry Culp;
" 26—John M'Mahon;
" 38 & Lock—Parsons & Coolbaugh;
" 52 & Culvert—John Jones;
" 73—James Allison;
" 87—F. Trace;
" 100—Robert Smith;
" 111—John Snodgrass;
" 112— same
" 184—James Deegan;
Guard Gates on Sec. No. 30—V. E. & J. E. Pollett;
" 117—Pratt & Wright;

A large number of bidders were in attendance. Gamble, Morrison and Clover, the Canal Commissioners, were present, and left on Monday last.

MAIL ROBBERY.—Some time during the fore part of the present month, two mail bags were stolen from the mail car at the Junction. The robbery was effected with so much secrecy and tact as to defy detection, and but for a train of singular circumstances the probability is that the scoundrel who committed it would have escaped scott free. The manner of his detection is stated to have been as follows: On Friday last one hundred and fifty dollars in gold were stolen from Mr. Beatty, at Beatty's Station, and suspicion rested upon a man named Campbell: he was pursued and arrested, and on being searched for the gold some $3,500 in money was found secreted about his person, together with a number of papers and packages, which left no doubt of his being the man who had stolen the missing mails. Finding himself thus accidentally cornered, he made a clean breast of it and confessed to the commission of the robbery. Campbell was employed as brakesman on the Central cars and had in his possession a key which unlocked the mail car, which accounts for the secrecy with which the robbery was committed. Two brothers of Campbell were also subsequently arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and the whole three lodged in the Pittsburg jail to await their trial.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

Two hundred of the three hundred looms in the Reading Cotton Factory are now in operation, turning out an average of six thousand yards of fine muslin per day—or between forty and fifty thousand yards per week.

MEAGHER AND THE ASHBURTON TREATY.—In reply to the question whether under the provision Ashburton Treaty with Great Britian for the mutual delivery of fugitives from justice, Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish patriot and exile, is not liable to be demanded from our Government by England, the "Bulletin" says, we may state that the treaty only requires the delivery of persons convicted of murder, piracy, robbery, forgery and other heinous crimes; such offences as treason, suspicion of treason, desertion, &c., being carefully excepted, and this was fully understood in the negotiations that preceded the treaty. So that Meagher is perfectly safe from molestation on American soil.

We regret to learn that Capt. Wm. Slenker, Benjamin Fisher, John Gauth, William S. Knepley, John Armstrong and Andrew Meirth, all of Clinton county, were arrested in Columbia last week for passing counterfeit money in Philadelphia, where they were taken for investigation before Mayor Howell. In their possession was found $345 in Commercial Bank notes, besides a $5 Middletown Bank note, five $1 Lancaster Bank notes, and forty-six $2 Harrisburg Bank notes—all counterfeits. The investigation came off on Saturday afternoon last, and they were all committed to prison.

While in Boston, Jenny Lind became acquainted with the rare musical abilities of Miss Phillips, and advised her to study under an European master. The generous Swede also recommended her to Garcia, celebrated as a teacher of the divine art. Miss Phillips took the advice, and at last accounts was in London under the tuition of Garcia, who writes to Jenny expressing thanks for having sent him so promising a pupil. Her voice is a contralto, which bids fair to be second only to the first in the world, that of Alboni. So say the musical critics.

While Mr. Jacob Rose (native of Shamokin, Northumberland Co.,) now of Long Grove, in this county, and his son Jacob, aged about 15 years, were fishing in the Mill Pond attached to Vincent's Mill near Hall Day on Friday of last week, the son accidentally fell from the dam, when the father, to rescue him, leaped into the water and both were drowned. Mr. Rose was a man highly respected by all his acquaintances and has left a large family to mourn his loss.—Waukegan (Ill.) Gazette.

LIME FOR PEACH TREES.—We have the authority of the Hon. John M Clayton, who is among the most improving farmers of the most improving State in the Union, (Delaware,) that lime is the best manure ever applied to peach trees. He scrapes the dirt off and applies from three to a dozen shovelsful of lime fresh from the kiln to the naked roots. Grubs die and peaches live by the operation. Certainly we have never seen more healthy looking trees than those of farmer Clayton.

INFANTICIDE.—A new born female infant was discovered in the privy attached to the premises of one of the respectable citizens in Bloomsburg on last Tuesday morning. Esq. Painter, summoned a jury of twelve men, who after holding an inquest on the body, reported that it came to its death by suffocation. A colored woman, named Elizabeth Jackson, formerly of Danville, is its mother, and was instrumental in causing its death.

On Saturday week, as Mr. John Robinholt was driving a four horse team, near the Fulling Mill Hill in Maine township, in Columbia county, a most fatal accident occurred to him. When last seen he seemed to be asleep, and the horses ran off, breaking and tearing the harness, jerking the foot off one of the horses, and breaking his leg; and the wagon passed over the hips of the unfortunate man, so severely injuring him, that he lived but four hours after. He leaves a wife and seven children.

"X," one of the Washington correspondents of The Baltimore Sun, makes the following point in one of his late letters: "I noticed that not a single member of the European corps diplomatique attended Mrs. Adam's funeral. Had a German Duchess died, with her pedigree in the Saxe Gotha Almanac, they would have followed on foot. And yet these men claim extraordinary immunities from censure here."

The entire front of the large brick ware house at Chicago, belonging to C. M. Reed, of Erie, fell to the ground on the 13th ult. The warehouse was filled with 20,000 bushels of grain, which were emptied into the street. It was feared that several persons were buried under it. The citizens were employed in clearing away the grain, so as to get at them.

We learn from the Adler, that on Thursday of last week, a little girl about two years old, daughter of Jacob Lies, of Spring township, Berks Co., fell into a tub of boiling water that stood in the kitchen. She was quickly extricated, and afterwards sat some time at the table and ate; but, subsequently she was seized with convulsions, and died in about nine hours after the occurrence.

THE GLORY OF WAR.—The spirit of the age is fast developing itself in opposition to the foolishness of supporting armies in time of peace. The present army of the United States, numbers 10,000 men. To keep and support them costs the snug sum of $10,000,000 or $1,000 each. A sum sufficient to pay the State debt of Pennsylvania in 4 years.

The young man who once saw the day when he wouldn't associate with a mechanic, is now acting as book keeper to a manure waggon. Queer reverse of fortune that.

The Temperance Convention at Lewisburg, on Wednesday week, was well attended. A large number of ministers, of the various denominations, were present. The citizens of Lewisburg, especially the ladies, turned out in large numbers to listen to the addresses of Doctors Malcom and Yeomans. These were truly able and appropriate productions. It is evident that new life pervades the cold water army. Another Convention has been appointed to be held at Milton on the last Wednesday of August next, and preparations have been made to procure a large turn out. Let us be up and doing.—*New Berlin Presbyterian.*

Observer, the Washington correspondent of the Ledger, in his letter in the paper of Friday, says: "As to the Tariff, it has been so badly managed that I question much whether it is within the reach of resurrection. I rather think it isn't during this session, and pending a Presidential election. Besides, *the Baltimore platform forbids it, and the fact that Gen. Pierce himself is an uncompromising Free Trader.*"

What a glorious time they must have out in Clearfield. No Courts there, it is said. Every man can do as he pleases we suppose—having the fear of justices of the Peace before his eyes, however.—The last Legislature voted that county out of Judge White's district into Judge Knox's, and it is said the latter functionary refuses to accept it.

An adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Northumberland was held in the Washington Church, in White Deer Valley, on Tuesday the 8th inst., when after the usual exercises, which were highly satisfactory, the following young men were licensed to preach the gospel, viz: Robert B. Foresman, Robert F. Sample, Andrew M. Lowry.

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venitian Red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

☞The Electoral Vote of each State, under the New Appointment, will be as follows—(the States marked in *Italics* voted for Taylor in 1848:)

STATES.	1852.	1848.	STATES.	1852.	1848.
Maine	8	9	Ohio	23	23
New Hampshire	5	6	Indiana	13	12
Vermont	5	6	Illinois	11	9
Massachusetts	13	12	Iowa	4	4
Rhode Island	4	4	Wisconsin	5	4
Connecticut	6	6	Michigan	6	5
New York	35	36	Kentucky	12	12
New Jersey	7	7	Missouri	8	7
Pennsylvania	27	26	Alabama	9	7
Delaware	3	3	*Louisiana*	6	6
Maryland	8	8	*Tennessee*	12	13
Virginia	15	17	Mississippi	7	6
North Carolina	10	11	Arkansas	4	3
South Carolina	7	9	Texas	4	4
Georgia	10	10	California	4	0
Florida	3	3			
Total				296	290

Number of votes now necessary to a choice, 149.

☞Solomon Shuman's barn, in Main township, Columbia county, was struck by Lightning on Wednesday, and consumed by fire. We learn that some two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat, fifteen head of sheep, a large lot of old meat, threshing machine, wagons, sleighs, sleds, harness, &c., were all burned with the barn. His loss must be near $2,000. We are told that Mr. Shuman's barn was entirely without the protection of Insurance or Lightning Rods! His policy expired only a few months ago, and by *saving* some $3 THEN he *now* LOSES $2,000. Or by investing some $10 or $20 for a complete fixture of lightning rods, he no doubt would have saved his barn and all its contents. The "penny wise and pound foolish" policy, upon which some men practise, generally eventuates in some sad developement of false economy.

A GOOD STORY.—The New York Tribune, relates the following story of the Hon. John McKeon. It says:—Our friend John McKeon, was down at Baltimore last week, "going it," after his impulsive and whole-souled fashion, for Cass, and nothing short, when a by-stander remarked, "McKeon, you had better take things more quietly—you may get into trouble if you talk so freely." John scanned the large crowd of New Yorkers present with the practiced eye of an ex-District Attorney, and replied, "No, Sir, I think I know where I am, and who are about me. There for example, is J. S., whom I once convicted of aggravated assault and battery, resulting in homicide, there is M. M., whom I tried for a felony; there is I. R., whom I tried for a conspiracy, and convicted of riot; there is J. N., whom I tried for murder, and so on for a score or two. I don't believe there is another man present, who has so many *tried* friends about him as I have, and I shall say just what I please."

CALL FOR RELIEF.—Our countryman, Catlin, the celebrated collector of Indian relics, whose Museum has long been one of the attractions of London, is now in prison for debt. It appears that Mr. Catlin, in his zeal to enhance the value of his collection, has involved himself in pecuniary difficulties to such an extent that unless Congress speedily interferes, his paintings and curiosities must be sold at auction, and irreclaimably scattered. In a letter to a friend, he makes a pathetic appeal to Congress, that his collection may be saved the country, which can be done, if done quickly. He reminds the statesmen of our country that such records can not be again collected. We hope this appeal may not prove fruitless.

Singular Accident.

On Friday, 7th of May, a little child four years old, son of Jeromiah Myers, near G. street, South Boston, while returning from school, was suddenly seized with the most intense difficulty of breathing, and violent cough. He ran home immediately, said he had something in his mouth, when a boy threatened to whip him; that he swallowed the substance and was choked. Dr. Mann was called in, who pronounced it a case of croup. The child remained in this situation until 4 o'clock Saturday morning, eleven hours after the attack, when the difficulty of respiration, &c., quite suddenly disappeared. The child was relieved, but did not perfectly recover. On the fifth day after the attack, Dr. Heaton was called in and saw him last on the eighth day. On May 17th, ten days after the commencement of the disease, the child had an attack of convulsions. Dr. Fogg was then called in, and upon learning the mode of attack and the previous symptoms, concurred with Dr. Heaton in the opinion that some foreign body had entered the trachea. The child suffered from inflamation of the lungs from that date until his death, on the 8th of June. Three days before his death, a large quantity of offensive, gangrenous matter was discharged from the lungs, with the most imminent danger of suffocation. An examination of the body was made a few hours after death. The left lung was in a state of mortification, and contained a gill or more of matter. Upon opening the trachea to the bronchial tubes, there was found impacted in the left bronchia a large prune stone measuring one inch in circumference, and three-fourths of an inch in length. There it had remained for the past thirty-two days, and had ultimately caused death.

A New Telegraph.

BUENA VISTA WELLS, VA., May 22, 1852.

We have a Telegraph here that is the wonder and admiration of every visitor. It is none of your silent or unseen operators, but runs openly and above-ground, bearing loads that all the world may understand. Ours is called the "*Water* Telegraph," and 'taint nothin' else. I will not undertake to describe this marvel of mechanical ingenuity, lest I fall into the same dilemma that caught the man who attempted to explain the workings of a steam engine and stumbled over the "thing-um-bob," suffice it to say: there is a wire extending from house to well; on this wire is placed a car, below which is suspended the water bucket. By means of the windlass this apparatus is moved along the wire at pleasure. Your readers may form some notion of the rapidity of this movement when I state that water is brought from the well in three quarters of a minute!—the distance traveled to and fro, being full three hundred yards. Of course, this contrivance proves extremely useful and convenient to the proprietors. The Water Telegraph, I believe, is quite a modern invention. Certainly, the Egyptians were totally ignorant of the "mascen," else their Israelitish bondmen need scarce have complained of the pleasant pastime imposed upon them as "drawers of water."

The Pocket Book.

Scene First—A young gent discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his intentions to a certain young lady.

YOUNG GENT.—Boys, I'll just tell you how it is. You see, I care nothing for the girl—it's the old man's pocket book that I'm after.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS—"Ha! ha! ha!"

Scene Second—A parlor. Time 11 o'clock, P. M. Young lady seated. Young gent rising to depart. Hesitates, as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits—my attentions—cannot have been without an object—"

YOUNG LADY.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire—(Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it, displays a large, old fashioned, and empty morocco pocket book)—*This*, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

SLAVERY, CALIFORNIA.—The question of polluting California with the accursed system of human bondage, is creating considerable discussion in that country. A writer in the *Sonora Herald* concludes an article thus:

"This eternal struggle for enslaving our fellow men has to me become heart-sickening and disgusting. It is a disgrace to human nature, it is a disgrace to the American name, that a class of men are tolerated who openly advocate the introduction into a virgin State of a system so barbarous, so unchristian, so disastrous to the State and national welfare."

Thirty-Five.

BY E. P. WILLIS.

"The years of man's life, are three score and ten."

Oh, weary heart! thou'rt half way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To pleasure and her giddy troupe
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop
To think that love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when youth is flown,
Midway to death left sad and alone?

Yet stay!—'tis twas a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a bright'ning light from far
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God!—it's golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows thy dear hand clasps in mine!
But list what those sweet voices say!
"That better land's in sight,
And by its chastening light
All love from life's midway driven!
Save her a whose clasped hand brings thee on to heaven!"

Origin of the Apple Tree.

At the present time, owing to the lack of works or books of a very early date on the subject of agriculture and horticulture, it is very difficult to trace the origin of many of the fruits which we now have in abundance. By origin we mean the country in which they were first found and appropriated to the necessities or luxuries of mankind.

It is generally supposed that it was first found in Palestine, it being mentioned in the scriptures, and the Bible being one of the most ancient of books, and recording transactions in that region, incidentally mentions many things of the kind.

James Grigor, of Norwich, England, in a communication to the London Horticultural Magazine, on classical fruits, observes that the apple is mentioned in holy writ, but I am inclined, says he, to believe that our apple is not the tree alluded to in the sacred text.

In Canaan and the surrounding country it is almost worthless, and is by no means entitled to the praise bestowed upon that tree by the spirit of inspiration. The inhabitants of Egypt and Palestine import their apples from Damascus, their own orchards producing no fruits fit for use. It is impossible, therefore, he continues, that a tree whose fruit was represented to be delicious and comforting could be found in the "crab or wilding," whose fruit, according to Pliny, had "many a foul and shrewd curse given it" on account of its sourness. Besides, the apples of the Scriptures are classed with the vine and fig tree, palm and pomegranate, as furnishing a grateful repast, and the failure of which was reckoned a serious calamity, an unquestionable proof, he thinks, that we must look elsewhere for the real apple of the holy land.

In Patrick's commentary, it is thought that the word *Thepucheem*, translated apples, denotes any species of fruit emitting a fragrant odor; but this definition is too vague to be useful. The term occurs in six passages of Scripture, and in them all is given as an appropriate title to one of the noblest trees in the garden of nature. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons; I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Mr. G. thinks that these passages refer to the citron or orange trees. Mr. G. does not pretend to designate the native country of the apple, and of course the subject is still in doubt, or rather becomes still more uncertain by his remarks. This, to be sure, is of no great consequence, except as a matter of curiosity, and the natural desire which every one has to be informed of facts in these things.

It is thought by some that our present stock of apples originated from the crab apple, by means of cultivation and crossing one with another, and as the crab apple is indigenous to Europe, that Europe is, therefore, the native place of this valuable fruit. Downing, in his "Fruits and fruit trees of America," says: "The species of crab from which all our sorts of apples have originated, is wild in most parts of Europe." He then goes on to state that there are indeed two or three kinds of wild crab growing in this country, (America.) Sweet scented and wild fruit, about an inch in diameter, grows in many parts of the United States; and the wild crab of Oregon, (*Pyrus rivularis*,) bearing a reddish yellow fruit about the size of a cherry, which the Chinook Indians use as an article of food; yet none of our cultivated apples have been raised from this native crab, but from seeds of the species brought here by the colonists of Europe. Now it is somewhat problematical to us whether our present cultivated apple did indeed originate from the crab. Cultivate a crab apple itself as much as you please and it yields nothing more than crab apples. Suppose you take the several species of wild crab apples found native, and cultivate them in an orchard by themselves, you might get varieties of crab apples only. You would by planting the seeds obtain crab apples of different colors, &c., but we doubt if you would get anything above the character of a crab apple after all. How long would it take, think you, provided you had nothing but wild crab apples to work upon, before you could bring them up to the size of a Ribstone pippin, Greening or Baldwin?

The celebrated English horticulturist, late Mr. Knight, it is true, improved the crab apples by carefully mixing the pollen of the crab with that of some of the cultivated apples, and then planting the seeds produced, but we have never heard of his doing it, or of any one else doing it by confining the operation to the pollen of the crab apples alone.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Crop of Acorns.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

There came a man, in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek,
"ONE CROP ALONE is all I seek;
That harvest o'er, that claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail,
So took the proffered pay in hand,
And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
At first, like tiney shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw:
But long before these oaks sublime,
Aspiring, reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ye whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should vice or insolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
Go parley bold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sunsecluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark o'er-shadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

The Self-Taught Servant Girl.

We have always admired the resolution of an uncouth servant girl, brought up in no very gentle way, who went to live with a rich and cultivated lady. There was within her a love of the beautiful, a dim perception of the fitness of things, by which she determined to polish herself, and become every whit as graceful as her mistress. Now here was a herculean labor to perform—a vast undertaking for a poor girl, whose companions for years had been the pigs and geese around her father's miserable shanty, with a mother whose love for inebriation led her to wallow in filth, and neglect her family for the poison of the still—a girl whose skin was begrimed and tanned to subjection, and who in all probability was doomed to labor among pots and kettles for the residue of her life.

But that was just what she determined she would not do, and accordingly she set herself to work, and her first lessons were those of observation.

She saw much company; unobserved she watched their manners, some of which her native good sense rejected; the more pleasing she "treasured up in her heart."

Lo! the change! The mistress soon sees, bringing on the breakfast dishes, a comely, interesting girl, with a careful, watchful air, her dark locks put tastefully back somewhat *a la mode*, her dress re-arranged, her answers respectful, and though hesitating, correct. Next she is surprised at a modest request from the untutored servant, that by some means she may learn to read. Pleased with this mark of intelligence, she devotes a little spare time each day to the accomplishment of this object, and her pupil is no dull scholar.

Almost imperceptibly, by dint of care and cleanlidess, the brown skin grew fair and ruddy, the thick locks hung in curls, the brow developed broadly, and many little elegancies betrayed themselves in motion and attire.

This young lady as she assuredly meant to be, craved an hour for herself, if we remember right, after her work was over, which privilege she was also to retain, and in the peculiar occupation of which she was never to be disturbed. It was granted; and her mistress thought no more of it, until some months after, when passing by her room, she fancied she heard strange voices. Curiosity prompted her to look in by means of a trap door, and there she beheld her "help," in all the glory of fancied magnificence, seated near a table holding in her hand a book, and talking quite eloquently with an invisible captain, whom she was honoring with her patronage.

Presently she would get up, managing her movements admirably, bend gracefully, as if inspecting some work of art in said captain's ghostly hand, receive a compliment with all the careless elegance of a leader of the ton; respond in a delicate, dignified manner; arrange her ebon curls with the tip of her fan; glide across the room with the tread of a princess, fairly bewildering the good lady above, who could not make out what it all meant. Finally she bowed the captain out with the greatest ease imaginable; then returning, took up Shakspeare, and entertained her mistress—unconsciously of course—with "to be or not to be," read in a clear musical tone.

But mark the conclusion of these strange proceedings: the lady's son returned from his travels, and the very first day, not knowing who she was, escorted the domestic home in a rain storm, as any gallant gentleman would have done.

In the evening, he asked impatiently why his mother's visiter did not appear.

"We have no visiter, my son," she replied.

"And pray who was that beautiful creature that I waited upon to this very door? Am I bewitched? Are there fairies yet? I certainly in all my journeys, have not met with so agreeable and polished a lady; and here she disappeared."

The proud woman, in anguish, explained to him that it was only their servant girl, and besought him to restrain his rhapsodies: but he declared that she was some divinity, and no more adapted to the kitchen than were his mother's porcelain ornaments to a blacksmith's forge. And he persisted in the idea, married her in spite of his mother's remonstrance—even displeasure—and the haughty woman learned to be as fond of her noble daughter, as her son was of his gifted wife.

THINK OF THAT!—Upwards of twelve thousand persons arrived here, the past week, from foreign lands. Every immigrant, however poor, is worth to a new country, like ours, in muscles and sinews only, $10,000, just as if he had brought here so much gold. Our country was enriched in one week, therefore, one hundred and twenty millions of dollars.—*N. York Star.*

In answer to this, the *Day Book* has a question or two in the rule of three for the expert mathematician of the *Star*. If the muscles and sinews of a foreigner, who comes here and has to depend upon the Commissioners of emigration, for the maintenance of the aforesaid muscles and sinews, are worth $10,000, how much are those of a native born citizen worth? And if the muscles and sinews of a foreigner are worth $10,000, how much are his voting capabilities worth? And more than all, what is the entire value of the muscles and sinews of the whole country—black, white and grey, spirits and philosophers, slaves and freeman?

☞A traveling correspondent of the Phila. Saturday Evening Post, of June 26th, winds up a letter from New Berlin, Pa., with the following paragraph:

"The village in which I am at present sojourning, is remarkably quiet and picturesque in appearance. Indeed, the whole face of the country has a dream-like and visionary look; strongly reminding one of Washington Irving's 'Sleepy Hollow!' 'Every man sits under his own vine and fruit tree,' and smokes his *meerschaum*, with an appearance of *insouciance* truly reposing after the hurry and confusion of city life. Ease and plenty are about them, for their wants are few and simple, and amply suppled from the spot of mother earth which they call their own. The stone jail is tenantless, and drunkards, if such there be, are invisible, while a tincture of the gravesse and sobriety of the *Futerland* is everywhere perceptible."

BOSTON, June 13, 1852.—The St. John, N. B., papers of yesterday contain the particulars of a melancholy disaster which happened on Tuesday last in the Bay of Fundy. As Rev. Edward D. Very, (late pastor of the Baptist Church in the parish of Portland,) Prof. Chipman, and four students, named Rand, Phalen, Grant, and King, belonging to Acadia College, were proceeding in a boat to Cape Blomidon, (near Windsor, Nova Scotia,) a gale upset the boat and all were drowned. One of the two boatmen also perished.

A QUEER RACE.—Our neighbors of the Lancasterian, in subscribing the names of PIERCE and KING at their editorial head, embellish them with two eagles, one chasing the nominations, and the other running away from them! As both birds appear to be traveling at the same speed, the result of the race is somewhat apocryphal. A wag at our elbow suggests that the advancing eagle personifies "Young America," the retreating one, "Old Fogy."

ELECTION OF POSTMASTERS.—The subject of electing Postmasters by the people has been called upon in the House of Representatives, and a resolution introduced directing the Committee on the Judiciary to report, if they deemed it constitutional so to do, a bill having for its object the proposed change, and if they think the constitution does not authorise it, to report an amendment thereto which will.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Several years ago, when Mrs. Rogers, the player, was young and handsome, Lord North and Grey, remarkable for his homely face, accosted her one night behind the scenes, and asked her with a sigh—"What was a cure for love?" "Your lordship's face," said she, "the best I know in the world."

POTATOES, PROFITABLE.—Mr. Robert W. Lewis, near Charlottesville, Va., planted last year on a piece of land less than an acre, upon which he had put fifty loads of manure, six bushels of Mercer potatoes, from which he raised three hundred bushels of very superior potatoes. Last week he sold a portion of them at $1 per bushel.