

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office.

O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Riding in a Stage.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Creeping through the valley,
Crawling o'er the hill,
Splashing through the "branches,"
Rumbling by the mill;
Pulling nervous "gunmen"
In a towering rage;
What is so provoking
As—riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing,
Heads severely bumped,
Friends and foe together
Get their noses thumped,
Dresses act as carpets—
Listen to the sage—
"Life is but a journey"
Taken in a stage!"

Spinners "fair and forty,"
Maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast in—
To their neighbor's arms;
Children shoot like squirrels
Darting through a cage;
Isn't it delightful—
Riding in a stage?

Married men are smiling—
They are out of fright,
Thankful that the broomstick
Is no where in sight.
Young men wish the devil
Would with fenshish rage
Take them, if again they
Ever take a stage.

Bonnets crash around us—
Hats look "worse for wear,"
Teeth at each concussion
Fly to take the air;
Shrivelled maiden ladies,
Past a "certain age,"
Glean forlornly—"Dreadful!"
Riding in a stage!"

Jolted—thumped—distracted—
Racked and quite forlorn—
"Oh!" writes one—"what duties
Now are laid on corn!"
Mad—dismayed—angry—
In a scolding rage,
'Tis the worst of evils—
Riding in a stage!"

Random Records of a Brief Trip to Europe.

BY PROF. G. W. ANDERSON, No. III.

COMPAGNIE, Sept. 19, 1852.

I found on my arrival in Paris that some of the persons with whom I had business to transact were absent. I have taken advantage of this to absent myself a day or two from the great Capitol. I left Paris in the midst of a heavy rain yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock—and I may here remark that I have seen but one day since my arrival at Liverpool two weeks ago without at least one shower. At Brighton a week since, in the course of the afternoon, I counted eleven, and the twelfth came just as I took my seat in the cars for Lewes on my way to France. The route to Compiegne as far as Creil—42 miles from Paris—is the same as that to Boulogne. At Creil the railroad to Compiegne turns to the east. This old town is about 65 miles from Paris. It is one of the oldest towns in the Empire. I ought perhaps, in courtesy to the fashion of the times, to say Republic. But so far as I can see, I think that Louis Napoleon is practising the same game that Tamagint and Servius did in olden time, who reigned in the name of the dead Tarquin for a considerable time in order to establish their power and to prevent any unpleasant strife. I think that, perhaps, we shall see an Empire in name, as well as in fact, in France, before many snows fall on Paris.

But to return to Compiegne. It was here that the Maid of Orleans was taken; the spot on which she was captured is still pointed out on the banks of the Oise, not far from the place of this writing. It was here that the French kings in long succession were wont to come to enjoy the pleasure of the chase in the neighboring forest. Here, too, Napoleon, after his discharge of his wife Josephine, received his new and heartless queen, Marie Louise. The Chateau, with its high walls, stands not twenty feet from me darkening the page on which I write. I have been through its magnificent halls and chambers. There is much of gilding, and painting, and stucco work, and tapestry, and silk, and rich Sevres porcelains, but very little of what our Americans would call real home comfort. In fact it looks like a fitting place to put gilded puppets in for the gaping

crowd to come and admire and do them reverence. It will probably surprise many to hear that there is no sign of a carpet in the whole of the Chateau that I have seen, and I have seen all, perhaps, except the kitchen and cookloft. I looked in upon the gilded bedsteads, with rich silken curtains and coverlid, where royalty has often sought repose, but even here, though all was in the same condition in which its last occupant, Louis Napoleon, left it, there was no carpet on the floor. It was a plain oaken floor, waxed and polished, the only thing ornamental in it, the squares and triangles made by the different pieces that compose it. This style, so far as I can judge from what I have seen, is quite fashionable in France. It requires some art to walk with ease and dignity on the smooth waxed floors that one treads upon every where. I came near falling the other day, in one of the galleries of the Louvre in Paris, and sending the crown of my hat through a glass case, among sundry specimens of old Egyptian handwork. I was walking along, looking at the fine paintings on the ceiling, when I trod upon a smooth inclined plane, and only saved myself in time to prevent the crash of a pane of glass, three feet square, and all the other disagreeable things that might have followed.

One thing in the Chateau arrested my attention particularly. The guide had accompanied me around giving the details of each apartment as we entered it. At last he opened a door and called out "the Theatre." There was a handsome theatre, capable of holding about eight hundred people, for the private gratification of the supreme power in the State and his attendants. It was exceedingly large and very splendid. Passing on a very short distance, the guide called out "the Chapel." It was a small place, capable of holding about one-fourth of the number that the Theatre could accommodate, and fitted up in very plain though very neat style. Every one can make his own comment.

The Park is that which most of all arrested my attention and pleased my eye. It is laid out with such perfect taste, and kept with such perfect care, that I could have wished that finer weather had permitted me to enjoy it more. The avenues contain some magnificent elms, that have been trained and trimmed so as to present the appearance of long arched shades. Here, as in the forest of which I shall speak more anon, the trunks rise for twenty, thirty, sometimes forty feet without a limb, giving a fine artistic effect as one stands at the entrance of the long straight or curved avenue. Some handsome specimens of statuary are scattered through the park, and the Imperial seal still remains on which Napoleon was accustomed to sit when he received calls. It is a stone seal, with handsome carved back, about ten feet long, in the form of a section of a circle. "There," said one of his old officers, who walked with me through a part of the park, "there, I have often seen him sit in that corner to welcome the people as they came."

About ten o'clock, in company with a friend, I started for a ride in the forest of Compiegne. It contains about 30,000 acres, and the wood that is cut therefrom brings to the State an annual revenue of about 2,000,000 francs. We chartered a cabriolet, as we wished to visit the ruins of the Abbey of St. Pierre, the Chateau of Pierrefonds and the village and Church of St. Jean du Bois. The cabriolet is very much like one of our gigs, a vehicle with two heavy wheels, a moving top, and about twice as heavy as any pleasure carriage for one horse, that we see at the present day on the other side of the Atlantic. The seat is wide enough to accommodate three. The charges, too, were very moderate, only eight francs for cabriolet and driver for the day, the owner finding everything.

Our way lay toward the South, through one unbroken forest, though by no means a forest in our sense of that term. There was nothing wild about this vast tract, of which I traversed about thirty miles in a wide circuit and by several cross ways. All gave token of the greatest care. All along the avenues we saw piles of small brush wood, each containing perhaps half a cord or more, carefully done up in small faggots for sale. Our conductor told me that they bring from three to four francs per pile. The plan of the forest I have examined, but I scarcely know how to give an idea of it. There are a multitude of circular areas of different diameters made at the distance of perhaps half a mile or a mile apart. From these circular clearings, avenues extend in different directions, from some four, five, six, eight and even as many as ten in one instance. One may stand by the guide post which is located in the centre of this circle and have a very fine view down the different alleys that open around him. It is no small task for a stranger to find his way even with the aid of the guide posts that meet him

at each opening. A pretty scene of confusion would ensue if some mischievous person were to shift a score of these posts partly round on some dark night. There are no houses to be seen, except one in the space of three to five miles the dwelling of one of the keepers of the forest imbedded in the trees, and now and then a cluster of houses dignified by the name of village.

A ride of two hours brought us to the old chateau of St. Pierre and the remains of an old abbey. They were not of sufficient interest to detain us long. Another horse brought us to the village of Pierrefonds, and as we entered, far above us towered the remains of the old chateau, grand and imposing even in its ruins. We soon mounted the hill by a steep path in its side, and walked around for some time among the ruins. There are three towers and a portion of the outer walls, as also portions of the interior edifice standing, all founded on the solid rock. As we passed around, clambering over masses of ruins, we occasionally looked down into the thick darkness of the lower apartments through narrow loop-holes in the masonry walls. At length we met the keeper of the ruins, with his keys. He conducted us down to the dungeons by a staircase about ten feet wide, cut in the solid rock. After descending about forty steps we found ourselves in the damp chill atmosphere of the dungeons; we passed through chamber after chamber, perhaps 250 feet from the staircase, and then returned by another series of cells, with arched ceilings and resting on masonry columns and high walls. The masonry in some places was as perfect as though laid within the last ten years. Yet nearly 500 years have passed since these gloomy vaults were constructed. It was commenced in 1390 and finished in 1405. Some conception of the size of the ruins may be formed when it is borne in mind that the whole space inclosed within the walls was, I should think, about eight or ten acres. There were formerly eight towers all of the same height, more than a hundred feet above the interior of the walls, and perhaps 300 feet above the level of the plain. I mounted one of these towers that still remains and looked down upon the inner court of the chateau and out upon the plain, and marked the massiveness of the walls, and did not wonder that it had been so often besieged in vain. The Duke of Epernon, the Marshal de Biron and the Duke of Nevers all tried in vain to obtain possession of it by siege. Charles de Valois, Count of Auvergne, battered it terribly with his cannon balls in 1616-17. Some of them still lie in one of the towers, and the marks of their violence is still visible on the walls. It at last capitulated, and by the advice of Cardinal Richelieu it was reduced to its present condition. It was with much reluctance that at the approach of evening I turned from the ruins. I have seen much already in France, at Dieppe, at Rouen, at Gaillon, at Paris, and at Compiegne, but nothing that has left upon my mind such an impression as the ruins of the Castle of Pierrefonds.

But my sheet is full and my time is gone, and I need say nothing about the church at St. Jean du Bois, which has nothing to recommend it but its extreme antiquity.

Pennsylvania Legislature, 1852-3.
SENATE.
Democrats in Roman, Whigs in Italian, Native in SMALL CAPS—new members marked thus.

1. Wm. A. Cralch, Chas. O'Neil, City.
2. Thomas H. Forsyth, SAM'L C. HAMILTON, William Goodwin, County.
3. Benjamin Frick, Montgomery.
4. Henry S. Evans, Chester.
5. William M. Heister, Berks.
6. Edward K. Seager, Bucks.
7. E. C. Darlington, E. Kinser, Lancaster.
8. John C. Kunkle, Dauphin.
9. William Fry, Northampton.
10. E. W. Hamlin, Wayne.
11. Thomas Carson, Franklin.
12. Jacob S. Haldeman, York.
13. Joseph Bailey, Perry.
14. James W. Quiggle, Clinton.
15. R. A. McMurtrie, Blair.
16. Charles R. Buckwalter, Columbia.
17. George Sanderson, Bradford.
18. Byron D. Hamilton, Potter.
19. John Hoge, Mercer.
20. James Skinner, Erie.
21. Archibald Robertson, Lawrence.
22. James Carothers, George Davis, Allegheny.
23. Maxwell McCaslin, Greene.
24. Hamilton R. Barnes, Somerset.
25. Christian Myers, Clarion.
26. Eli Stiffer, Union.
27. John McFarland, Westmoreland.
28. John Hendricks, Schuylkill.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
(Whigs in Italian—Democrats in Roman.)
Adams—D. Melling.
Allegheny—Geo. F. Gilmore, John M. Porter, C. S. Eyster, Geo. E. Appleton, Richard Conan.
Armstrong, Clarion and Jefferson—J. A. Fulton, Thomas Magee, J. B. Hutcheson.
Beaver, Butler and Lawrence—J. D. Roway, B. B. Chamberlain, J. R. Harris, Bedford, Fulton and Cambria—Thomas Collins, William P. Scheel.

Berks—Isaac Yost, Jacob Wecklein, George Eungler, Daniel Zerby, Blair and Huntingdon—Jas. L. Guin, S. S. Wharton.

Bradford—William E. Barton, John Passmore.

Bucks—Jonathan Ely, Edward Thomas, Noah Shull.

Carbon and Lehigh—James R. Strubler, David Laury.

Centre—Charles R. Foster.

Chester—Wm. Chandler, Jesse James, Joseph Hickman.

Clearfield, McKean and Elk—A. S. Arnold.

Clinton, Lycoming and Potter—Joseph Turbert, John H. Kilborn.

Columbia and Montour—George Scott, Crawford—George Morrison, Ransom Kingsley.

Cumberland—R. M. Henderson, David J. McKee.

Dauphin—J. Landis, Isaac S. Waterbury.

Delaware—Jonathan P. Abrams.

Erie—Charles W. Kelo, Humphrey A. Hill.

Fayette and Westmoreland—L. L. Bigelow, Wm. A. Cook, Peter U. Hook, Alexander M. Hill.

Franklin—John Rowe, C. T. Campbell, Greene—Fletcher Brook.

Indiana—Alexander M. Connell.

Lancaster—Danl. Herr, Geo. G. Walton, Moses Pincus, Jas. A. Weistand, Hy Gray, Lebanon—John C. Selzer.

Luzerne—Truman Atterton, A. B. Dunning.

Mercer, Venango and Warren—John J. Kilgore, L. N. M. Granahan, C. V. Kincaid, Niffin—Henry P. Taylor.

Monroe and Pike—Henry S. Mott.

Montgomery—C. W. Gabe, O. P. Fretz, Henry Beyer.

Northampton—Isaac Richards, Thomas Barr.

Northumberland—Samuel Bergtresser, Perry—Rev. D. Shaver.

Philadelphia City—George H. Hart, Jos. R. Flanigan, Henry K. Strong, Wm. Sargent.

Philadelphia County—Isaac Leech, Daniel Rubicon, John J. Meany, Isaac W. Moore, Solomon Demers, Smith Skinner, Robert B. Knight, Andrew Hague, Isaac C. Bryant, George J. Piper, Richardson L. Wright.

Schuylkill—Jacob Henner, Jno. Horn, Somerset—Samuel M. Heller.

Susquehanna, Sullivan and Wyoming—Ezekiel C. Chasley, J. W. Dannison.

Tioga—James Lowrey.

Union and Juniata—John Beale, Washington—John N. McDonald, J. W. Arlander.

Wayne—Richard Lancaster.

York—James M. Anderson, David F. Williams, Ezekiel R. Herbert.

RECAPITULATION.

	Dem.	Whig.	Native.
Senate	15	17	1
House	62	38	—
	77	55	1
	56	—	—

Dem. maj., joint ballot, 21

The State Agricultural Fair.

This has been a great week in Lancaster. It has been estimated that the Fair was visited by about 50,000 persons. The Exhibition was, in all respects, far superior to any ever held in the State.

The display of agricultural implements was extensive, not a few visitors were surprised at the wonderful march of improvement in this noble science. The Reaping and Planting Machines alone formed a very attractive feature, as was evidenced by the numbers who constantly thronged around. The variety of live stock, too, was very large, and a marked improvement was noticed over the exhibition of last year. The display of Poultry was unusually fine and attracted a constant throng of admiring visitors. The ladies were not backward in adding interest to the occasion by liberal contributions to the Floral and Household Departments. Mechanic and Floral Hall were continually crowded, so much so that it was with difficulty a person could get a fair opportunity to examine the various attractions therein exhibited.

The various premiums were awarded yesterday afternoon. We had intended to furnish them to our readers to-day, but Secretary, Mr. Walker, informed us that he had concluded not to permit their publication in the newspapers until he had first published them in pamphlet form.

Hon. Wm. M. Meredith, who was expected to deliver the annual Address, having been detained in Pittsburg unexpectedly, that part of the entertainment was dispensed with.

It gives us more than ordinary pleasure to record the fact that less intemperance and disorderly conduct was noticed at this Fair, than at any other large popular demonstration we were ever at. This fact has been the subject of general remark and commendation among citizens and strangers, and reflects a large measure of credit upon the improved moral condition of our city.—Lancaster Express, Oct. 23.

Hon. T. Butler King, has not been removed from the Collectorship at San Francisco, but he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. The vacancy thus made has been filled by the appointment of Beverly C. Sanders as his successor.

Death of an Unknown Female.

On Sunday last, a girl aged 19 years, died at a house in Radcoot street, of apoplexy. The only name by which she was known to the residents of the house was "Mary," her birth-place and the names of her parents and friends, if she had any living, being wholly unknown. She had been an inmate of a house of ill-fame, and her story, if it could be told, would add another leaf to the history of the sins and miseries of a great city.—Traveler.

A single deviation from the track Of human duty, leads?

"Mary!" The only treasure left on a whole casket of precious jewels. Innocence crushed and dead! youth blighted and withered! beauty in the sere and yellow leaf! her "good name" gone! what has this young Magdalen left but those four letters of magical combination, "Mary!" "Home," though perchance within an hour's ride, was never thought of as a home for her. Even the golden memories of youth were obscured and lost in the recollection of present shame. She saw nothing of the roses that bloomed in the pathway of her childhood but their thrilling hues of the songs of girlhood that still faintly echoed through the darkling chambers of her memory! This sad record indicates a trace of her maidenly sensitiveness in the days of her innocence, when

"Into the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anon, with many a sigh,
The hoarsest breath her sherry cheeks did give."

In the unimpenetrable mystery which hung as a pall over the place of her former home, and even the names of her dearest friends, whose memories were hallowed by the enchantment of too holy a spell to be profaned by the polluted atmosphere of that house of vice. Deep down in her "heart of hearts" lay that hidden secret; no solicitation, no entreaty, no yearnings of woman's curiosity, no blandishments of the "lords of creation," no woman's confidence reposed, not even the gloom of lonely hours, the sufferings of disease, or the foreshadowing darkness of death itself, could fright or draw it from beneath its veil of unrelaxing silence.

Who can tell her anguish and her despair? Who can tell from what height she fell? or the magnitude of that circle from whose centre her very name is for ever blotted? Who knows what checks are bathed in bitter brine—what grey hairs are there whitening early for the grave? And where the serpent, perchance, with gilded crest and glittering apparel, that beguiled this fair daughter of Eve, whose greatest fault might have been a too confident belief that all the world were guileless as herself? He may be in our midst.

Mary! let thy story, half told and sad, speak volumes of advice and caution to thy giddy sisters. It may be "a savor of life unto life" to many Marys!—Nashua Oracle.

Daniel Webster

Was descended from an ancestry originally Scotch, but for a time resided in England, which migrated to this country very soon after the Landing at Plymouth, and was born in Salisbury, (now Boscawen,) New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. His life has therefore been extended over nine months beyond the seventy years allotted to man. His earliest known progenitor was Thomas Webster, who settled at Hampton, near the sea coast of New Hampshire, as early as 1636. The Websters were generally farmers, and (on occasion) soldiers, were fair-haired, of light complexion, and slender frame. The Statesman inherited his sturdy frame, dark features, black hair, &c., from his father's mother, daughter of Rev. Stephen Batchelder, and a woman of remarkable force of character. His own mother was also a woman of rare intellectual powers. His father, after fighting well for his King and country, in the French and Indian wars, obtained, after the peace of 1763, a grant of land in Salisbury, at the head of the Merrimac River, and there built his log cabin, and commenced his clearing in 1764—the farthest North of any British subject in New England. The log house has since vanished, as did the frame one built beside it, in which Daniel Webster was born; but the farm remains in the family, and the trees which shaded his boyhood, and the well which quenched his thirst, still wooed him with their well-remembered attractions, on each recurring visit, to the last. He received his education in the common schools of his native town, and at Dartmouth College, to which his father resolved, unsolicited, to send him—a great undertaking for a poor farmer, in what was still almost a pioneer settlement. He entered college in 1797, and graduated in 1801, spending the next year as principal of an academy at Fryeburg, Maine, for \$350 per annum, which he saved entire, earning his livelihood by copying legal records. After spending a few months in the law office of a Mr. Thompson, in Salisbury, he went to Boston, and entered as a student the office

of Christopher Gore, an eminent lawyer

and statesman, where he made rapid proficiency, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1805. Returning to New Hampshire, he declined a proffered clerkship in Court of which his father was now a Judge; and as his father was visibly declining, he settled beside him at Boscawen till the old man's death, which occurred in April, 1806. The next year Daniel removed to Portsmouth, and was married the following summer to Grace Fletcher, daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H. By her he had four children—Grace, Fletcher, Julia, and Edward—of whom Fletcher alone survives. Edward died in Mexico, in 1847, while serving as a Major of Massachusetts Volunteers. Julia became Mrs. Appleton, and died in Boston some years ago. He lived nine years in Portsmouth, and was thence elected to Congress in November, 1812, and re-elected in 1814. His talents were widely known to be extraordinary, though he had filled no public station, when he was first elected at thirty years of age. In August, 1816, he removed to Boston, and devoted himself entirely to the practice of the Law. He declined a nomination to Congress in 1818, and an election to the Senate, but served as a Presidential Elector in 1820, and as a member of the Convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1821. In the fall of 1822, he was again pressed to represent Boston in Congress (House,) and so urgently that he did not feel at liberty to decline. He was chosen by over 1000 majority, and returned to the Councils of the Nation, after an absence of six years.

He distinguished himself (1823) by a proposition looking to an early recognition of Greek Independence, and a magnificent speech in its support. He favored also a like acknowledgment of South American Independence. In 1824 he made his great free trade speech. Re-elected in 1824 and 1826 with scarcely a show of opposition, Mr. Webster was in the latter year chosen a Senator of the United States. Toward the close of 1827 his first wife died, while he was on the way to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. During the session of 1829-30, occurred the memorable debate on Foot's resolution respecting the Public Lands, wherein Mr. Webster, in replying to Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, vindicated his right to rank first among living debaters. Mr. Webster remained in the Senate advocating the re-charter of the second United States Bank, condemning the veto by which that re-charter was defeated—opposing the re-election of Gen. Jackson, and supporting Mr. Clay in opposition to him—vigorously opposing nullification when attempted to be put in practice in 1833—opposing the tariff compromise of that year—the removal of the deposits, &c. &c. He was a candidate for President in 1836, but received the twelve votes of Massachusetts only. He continued to serve in the Senate, warmly advocating the election of Gen. Harrison in 1840, until he was called thence to take the first place in Gen. Harrison's Cabinet, which he continued to fill after the death of that lamented patriot until 1843, having meantime negotiated the Ashburton Treaty, whereby our long disputed Northeastern Boundary was definitively settled, and returned to the Senate on the 4th of March, 1845.

On the 7th of March, 1850, while the country and Congress were both agitated by questions connected with the organization of the Territories recently acquired from Mexico, and the proposed introduction of slavery therein, Mr. Webster made his memorable speech, taking ground in favor of a compromise respecting the Territories, and against any act or proviso by Congress aiming to exclude slavery therefrom. He argued that such an act was wholly uncalculated for—that the "law of God" had interdicted slavery therein, and needed no re-enactment by man. Thenceforth Mr. W. voted steadily against the Wilmot Proviso and all kindred measures until, on the sudden death of Gen. Taylor, (July 11, 1850,) he was called by Mr. Fillmore to fill once more the first place in the Cabinet, which he retained to the last.—Pittsd. Sun.

The Papers don't Say.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and his walk in life has been in by-paths and out-of-the-way places. His mind is characterized by literalness rather than a comprehensive grasp of subjects. Mr. Slocum can, however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work.

A few evening since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had occurred at a factory, in

the next town, and which the village editor

described in a great many words. "I d'clare, wife, that was an awful accident over tew the mills," said Mr. Slocum. "What was it about, Mr. Slocum?" "I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you'll know about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read—

"HORRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life was hurried to 'that bourne, from which,' as the immortal Shakespeare has said, 'no traveler returns.' ('Do tell!' exclaimed Mrs. S.) Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but a few superiors this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the large drums, (as 'I wonder if 'twas a bass drum, such as 'E Pluribus Unum' painted on,') said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity, about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution, ('Poor creature! how it must have hurt him!') When the machinery had been stopped it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were mangled to a jelly; ('Well, did it kill him?') asked Mrs. S. with increasing interest; portions of the duramata, cerebrum, and cerebellum in confused masses, were scattered about the floor,—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question—

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—hava't come to that yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece."—And Mr. Slocum continued his reading:

"It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct." ("Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.)

"Do you have a little patent old 'oeman,'" said Mr. Slocum eyeing his better half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading—

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narration was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not."

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare wife," said he, "it's rather cur'us; but raly, the papers don't say."—Literary Museum.

Hon. A. Jackson Ogle, whose death has been announced by telegraph, died on Thursday last, at his residence in Somerset, of apoplexy. He was a member of the 31st Congress, and defeated for the 32d by Mr. Dawson, the present incumbent. Mr. Ogle was appointed by President Fillmore, Charge d'Affaires to Denmark, but his commission had been revoked before his death. He was a very young man, of sterling abilities, but had already destroyed himself by intemperance.

GREEK MEETING GREEN!—On the 22d of this month there was to be a political discussion between selected members of the two great parties in Washington.—The discussion was to be in front of the Patent Office, and to begin at 4 o'clock in the evening. The call was signed by WALTER LENOX, President of Washington Whig Club, and J. D. HOOVER, President of Jackson Democratic Association. What a pity it is the Washingtonians have no votes!

SMITH O'BRIEN.—It is feared that this noble Irish patriot and martyr, is not destined long for this life. He is slowly passing away, oppressed by ill health and melancholy. We trust his epitaph may be written with ENNETT'S, by a free country, and in the blood of that country's oppressors. There is a heavy day of retribution hanging over England for the wrongs of poor Ireland.

The Governor of South Carolina has ordered the Legislature to meet on the first Monday of November, to cast the vote of that State for President and Vice President. It is said that 14 of the 18 members of the South Carolina Legislature just elected in Charleston, are in favor of giving the election of Presidential Electors to the people.