

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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OFFICE (for the present) in Beaver's block on N. 3d St., first floor, 4th door from corner.

Census of Union County.—Tendency of Population and Business.

The question of Division which most of all now interests the reflecting portion of the citizens of Union county, is one which can not be rightly decided without looking into our condition in the future, as well as our present convenience. And a comparison of our past advances will aid materially in judging of our future progress. Let us then look at the last two records of the

CENSUS OF UNION COUNTY.

1840. 1850. Increase			
SOUTH SIDE.			
Beaver	1629	2238	609
West Beaver	2069	2148	79
Center	1891	2172	281
Centerville	1979	1488	204
Chapman	2662	3142	480
Middlecreek	2426	2762	336
Penn and	2280	2762	482
Schu-grave	1254	1329	75
Perry	1135	1239	104
Washington	11010	12451	1441
NORTH SIDE.			
Buffalo	1218	1528	310
West Buffalo	812	970	158
West Buffalo	1460	1007	453
Limestone (new)	807	176	631
Union	1620	1522	98
Hartley	1866	2159	293
Kelly	788	831	43
Lewisburg	1229	2012	783
Millburg	704	733	29
New Berlin	679	734	55
White Deer	1252	1547	295
TOTAL.			
1840	11759	13423	2664
1850	11010	12451	1341
1850-40	2749	26284	3835

Of this total increase, the River Districts contributed as follows:

Chapman	209	East Buffalo	158
Washington	104	Lewisburg	783
Penn and	164	Buffalo	190
Schu-grave	482	Kelly	46
Union (say)	109	White Deer	285
	895		1471

The 9 River Districts, comprising about one-third of the territory and a little over one-half of the population of the County, increased in ten years 2566.

The remaining Districts increased 1139.

The River Districts gained most by 1227.

In other words, the increase of population along the River has been 2 to 1—or over 100 per cent.—greater than that of the back country. This is not owing to any superiority in climate or population, but to the River and the Canal—causes which will always give the River Districts decided advantages.

These advantages of the River Districts must not only continue, but they will be increased. In addition to the River and the Canal, a RAILWAY will ere long—in spite of every unworthy obstacle—complete a “three-fold cord” forty miles along the easterly border of Union county. And while its advantages will be felt by the whole population—and by the Farmers most of all—by far the greatest increase of population and business establishments will be in the immediate vicinity of the Railway.

The history of Public Improvements everywhere shows this tendency of greater increase of population in towns along their lines. It shows a rapid springing up of towns or villages, and a comparative slow progress in townships or rural districts. The country is greatly benefited, but the towns are more benefited by Highways whether natural or artificial.

The increased value given to agricultural products, creating increase of wealth, causes an addition of one farm to another, by which (in many cases) the redundant population have been removed into towns, or migrated to cheaper lands at the West.

In the light of these facts, it is obvious that while in years gone by New Berlin may have been comparatively central for county purposes, it is so no longer. While the sparse population and the roads of that day caused that location to be submitted to, the necessity no longer exists. Public improvements have caused changes which must be headed for their direct and unavoidable influence. New Berlin was never a business point, and is not now the center of population. The Valleys North and South of it—Middlecreek and Buffalo, and with the other Valleys leading into them—have now a population sufficiently large and wealthy for all county purposes; and an organization small and compact as that would be, we firmly believe would be less

costly in proportion than our large counties are.

The large back townships of Hartley, Center, and Beaver, have not increased faster in proportion than the smaller districts, New Berlin and its vicinity. And Millburg—although deprived of the County Seat, which was once hers, and may be again—still takes the lead of her rival, (New Berlin), although the County has contributed thousands annually to the latter town, for nearly forty years.

The construction of the Lewisburg, Center & Spruce Creek Railroad, seems quite as probable as any undetermined work of that nature. Its tendency would be to benefit all of Union and Center counties, but more particularly Hartley, Millburg, the Buffaloes, and Lewisburg. Its result would be to throw the center of population and business still further to the north and east of New Berlin.

Every portion of Union county—New Berlin perhaps excepted—is more or less flourishing. But the points of notable progress are, undoubtedly, Chapman, where the Trevelton Coal Company are throwing a Bridge over the Susquehanna, to reach the Canal—Schu-grave, which now puts on the dignity of a Borough, and was never more prosperous—Washington, at the mouth of Dry Valley, which imparts to New Berlin all the life it has apart from the business forced there as our county seat—Lewisburg, which advances with the sure pace it has for ten years past, and surely develops new and more strong resources—White Deer Mills with its superior water-power, at the northeast corner of the county.

It is evident to every observing mind, that the Public Buildings at New Berlin will not long answer for county purposes. New buildings, somewhere, must be erected. The pecuniary benefits of the seat of justice to such a place as New Berlin, are not sufficiently great to justify her people in constructing proper edifices at their private expense. She has not the public spirit, the inclination, nor the ability, so to do. They must be erected by TAXATION, or by the People in other Towns.

It is true, as we are told, that there are citizens of New Berlin circulating through the county and trying to soothe the people with the pretence, “We don't want any new buildings—all a mistake—one of old Israel's tricks, &c.” It is true that while a citizen of New Berlin Mr. Gutelius worked for New Berlin interests, and offered \$29 as his share of contribution toward that object; but Mr. G. did not write the editorial for the Star copied in the inside of this paper, nor forge the names of citizens there referred to; nor was he one of the Citizens which nominated the New Berlin candidate for Commissioner. Let not the people be lulled into sleep; the Star told the truth; and the Commissioner is elected, they hope soon to have Grand Jurors who will direct, and Commissioners who will construct, at the public cost, new County Buildings, equal to those of our “sister counties.” (And we know of no “sister county” which, with the people's purse strings open, stop short of \$50,000 or \$100,000 for county buildings.) First ascertain the amount of taxes levied for Jails and Court Houses in Dauphin, York, Lancaster, Berks, Chester, Montgomery, &c., and run that hazard if you choose.

—We have spoken plainly in this article, as we are wont to do; and we trust we have readers who in their moments of calm and unbiased reflection will appreciate the force of the facts presented.

The Editor of the “*Protestant Banner*” quotes from the “Washington Republic” the following article, without comment, and consequently with approbation; and yet that same Editor will talk for columns, from week to week, about the necessity of being governed by principles, and not by worldly interests. Alas, for the subserviency of even our church organs, as well as New York cotton merchants, to a time-serving policy!!! Well may he say, “I am anti-slavery, but not an ABOLITIONIST.”

Charleston Enterprise.
If Georgia be the Empire State of the South, Charleston is the Boston of that section. She has recently completed her arrangements for a Railroad to Cincinnati upon a line of survey only 631 miles in length. She will also connect with Louisville by a line of 600 miles. The shortest Baltimore line with Cincinnati is, we believe 680 miles. Charleston will thus attract a large proportion of the provisions and manufactures of the Ohio Valley, and in the next war we shall have regiments of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana volunteers coming down to defend the outlet of their trade at Charleston, as their fathers did at New Orleans; and when abolitionists come to set free the negro, that wear the goods, eat the bacon, and work the mules of the North West, the volunteers will rise up and aid in their expulsion, upon the plain-

nest and most inevitable reason, because it will be their interest to do so.”

Lemon Juice for Acute Rheumatism.

The treatment of acute rheumatism with lemon juice, as recommended in the *Scientific American*, more than a year ago, having been successfully practiced in Europe, has been tried here, and found to be a very effectual remedy. Dr. T. D. Lee, of this city, has communicated his experience with it to the *New York Journal of Medicine*. He cites two cases, one a male and the other a female, who had been subject to severe rheumatism for a number of years, who were often troubled with acute pains, severe swellings, and could find no effectual remedy. He gave the lemon juice from fresh lemons in quantities of a table spoonful to twice the quantity of cold water, with a little sugar every hour. The effect of lemon juice was almost instantaneous; in ten days the worst case was cured, and in seven the other was able to go out, and there was a flexibility of the joints of the cure, quite unusual in recovery after other modes of treatment. The *London Medical Times* directed attention to this remedy for rheumatism in 1850, and we would state, that it may answer for one person and not for another. There are two cases recorded in Braithwait's *Retrospect*, Part 22, 1851, pages 56 and 58, where one patient was effectually cured by lemon juice, after calomel, opium and opium had been tried in vain, and the other where lemon juice failed, and the patient was cured with opium, and calomel pills, taken along with the draughts of the acetate of potash and nitre in a camphor mixture.—*Scientific American*.

Suicides—Mistaken Sympathy.
The suicide of two young females, in one of the New England States, has created an unusual excitement among the newspapers of that region. The journals in question come to us with columns upon columns of narratives, speculations, and comments on the occurrence. The history of the erring creatures is rehearsed from their childhood; their personal appearance is minutely described; the disappointed attachment which led to the catastrophe is expatiated on fully; their letters are published; their proceedings on the day of the suicide elaborately depicted; in short, nothing is omitted, which can bring notoriety to the victims or arouse a morbid sympathy. Nor amid all this excitement, is a word uttered about the folly and crime of suicide. Had it been the design of the New England press to render self-destruction romantic, the course followed in this instance would have been exactly that most proper to adopt.

Surely this is not right! There is danger, if the press acts thus, of awakening sympathy to such a degree for suicides, that the horror which the crime should arouse in forgotten, to the ruin of weak-minded persons. The victims in this very tragedy afford an illustration of this. We wish to speak as tenderly of the dead as our sense of duty will permit. But we cannot help saying that these two young females appear to us to have been extremely silly, and by no means to have been merited, by their misfortunes, the sympathy expressed in their behalf. Thousands, nay! tens of thousands of females, in all countries and ages, have endured, with silent fortitude, similar disappointments of the heart. Nor does their affair to have been any circumstances, in the cases of these two girls, to aggravate peculiarly their fate. On the contrary, the neglect of their lovers seems to have been attended with less mortifying concomitants than is usual in such desertions, while in one of the instances it is by no means clear that the attentions of the young man had warranted the expectations that were subsequently disappointed. The tragedy, we greatly fear, had its origin in a morbid sentimentality, encouraged by the tone of society in its sympathy for suicides. These girls were apparently victims of a foolish sensibility, combined with want of proper fortitude, and possibly attended with a scarcely acknowledged belief that suicide would make them heroines in the eyes of lovers as well as of the public.

We blame not only editors and newspaper-mongers, but authors, and some even of high repute. The popular literature of the day, such at least as is found in many weekly newspapers at the East, but especially in those which circulate among factory operatives, almost entirely ignores the great fact that life is a battle manfully to be fought, and not a romantic tragedy, to be finished scenically, by a broken-hearted or suicide, at the first rebuff. All the heroines, in the fictions that fill the journals in question, are deluged in woes, which rise, by climax, to some grand catastrophe, that is painted sentimentally as the only proper conclusion. Not one of them conquers sorrow, by learning, from it, that trouble is for discipline, and that the worst disaster vanishes, like a specter,

when courageously faced down. There is no teaching of faith in this popular literature. Its lessons are all of morbid despair. Even authors of high repute, we repeat, have contributed to disseminate this dark and hopeless philosophy. Much as we admire Hawthorne's genius, we can not but censure him foremost of all; for the harm he has done, and is still doing, is in exact proportion to his skill as an artist. The self-chosen fate of Zenobia, in “The Blithedale Romance,” is but a more dramatic version of the very suicide under consideration. The haughty beauty, who had lost faith in all things, is but a tinsel tragedy queen, where these poor girls, to whom faith and courage were equally wanting, are humbler imitators in the same line.

One thing is certain. Suicides among females are becoming alarmingly frequent in the New England States. Just where the intellect is cultivated the most, the striking fact is seen of the greatest practical weakness. But alas! it is not always cultivated right. Else we should not behold so many poor hearts shrinking from life, at the very first disappointment, as if never before had hearts been wronged, or the Tempter whispered suicide unrebuked in the ear. We fear that, with all this intellectual progress, the moral advance has not been commensurate. Or rather, perhaps, we should say, religious instruction has not kept pace with mental culture. Mothers have failed to teach their daughters faith, faith in their own capacity to surmount sorrow, faith in God helping them bravely to combat misfortune. The plain, humble, trusting religion of the past century is too often despised now in the land even of the Puritans. New beliefs, which are truly no beliefs, but only a skepticism questioning of all things, have supplanted the all-relying, all-trusting beliefs of other days. We could almost say that there is no longer any faith among all the pretended faiths of the age. A haughty trust in self has supplanted a child-like trust in heaven, and the hence, when that fails, all fails, and the sufferers seek a relief from despair in death.

Yet how is this to be corrected? An obvious way to begin reform, even if no more, is to cease making heroines of suicides. The heroic are those “who suffer and grow strong,” not those who weakly lay down the burden of life. It is a very thing comparatively to die. It is an infinitely hard thing to live on uncomplainingly. There are to-day thousands of females, all over this wide land, who have borne, in meek silence, the weight of disappointed love, who are still bearing it, who will bear it to their graves. Yet we never hear eulogies on their heroism. No editor calls on the public to sympathize with them. Few authors make such brave and true women their theme. All our pity and admiration is sought to be aroused in behalf of those who deserve it not, because what their sufferings entitle them to, they sacrifice by their want of heroism.

But, more potent remedies are needed. The caudery must go even deeper. Everywhere, among all the teachers of the people, there is need of more earnest inculcation of faith. Poor human nature wants a stay in the rough highway of life, a bulwark against the wild ocean around it. Of itself it cannot maintain the struggle. It must have faith to fall back upon, or all alas! is lost. The *Martyr at Paris*, is a daily proof that a people with no faith have no resource but in suicide.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

A LARGE STORY.—Some traveler in Mexico relates the following whopper: “I was consoled by watching the beautiful horses, mostly high stopping Craze-cos. They were prancing along, looking as conceited as any man, and twice as handsome. I had been positively assured that they teach the m to raise up their forelegs immensely high—which they almost all do—by putting on them magnifying spectacles when young, by which means the stones on the road are made to appear large blocks in the way, and they lift up their legs in order to step over them, and so acquire the habit. I dare say you laugh incredulously, but I tell you what was for me a fact; and I am further informed that this is also practiced in South America.

Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads to embarrassing results, as is proved by the following gossip, current at Berlin. A party met the other night and formed a chain, and when the fluid was in movement, a married lady present put the question—“How many children have I?” Tap, tap, tap, tap—or four, replied the table. “True; wonderful!” exclaimed the lady, and all the others. Presently her husband came in, and asked the same question. Tap, tap, tap, tap, was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described. This might be termed “scandalous table talk.”

The Orphans.

AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

My chime the village inn did gain,
Just as the sun's last setting ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the eaves
Of the old church where the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In mourning for the dead
That mused round that ancient pile.

There many a trifling story I view'd,
For those who once had wealth possess'd;
And many a lumb, green grave show'd,
Where want, and toil, and pain did rest.

A faded bench its shadow brown
There o'er a grave where sorrow slept;
On which, though scarce with grass O'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat, and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take,
And yet, to want seem'd such a prey,
It made my swelling heart to ache.

“My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear,
And why you waste your food to grow
That look, which manly a heart would cheer.”

The little boy in accents sweet,
Reply'd, whilst tears each other chased,
“Lucky, we're not coming to eat,
And if we had we would not waste.”

“But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whole of her day,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day.”

“Indeed,” the man, starred Mary said,
“Till Henry eat, I'll eat no more,
For yesterday I had some bread,
While he's had none since day before.”

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
I almost saw the grave,
And press'd a dry-old hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
And voice that spoke a grateful heart,
The childing boy did seem to draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart.

“Before our father went away,
Endued by God with all the best,
Sister and I did mangle but play—
We lived beside you old man here.”

“But then your mother ill so cry,
And looked so changed, I could not tell;
She said that she was much to die,
And bade us touch her other well.”

“She said that when the wars were o'er,
Perchance our father we might see,
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be.”

“She kissed us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have;
How many a day we've sat and cried,
Together at our mother's grave.”

“But when our father came not here,
We thought if we could find him now,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again should happy be.”

“He had in hand, went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met,
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did distant get.”

“But when we reached the sea, and found
That our dear father was not there,
We said that father, sure was drown'd,
And with us were both sore bereav'd.”

“So we came back to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be,
For Godly, when this bread she gave,
Said father did beyond the sea.”

“Then since no parents have we here,
We'll get our bread for God around;
Say, lady, can you tell us where
This God, our Father, may be found?”

“He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Godly says that mother's there;
Then if she knows we need his aid,
I think perhaps she'll send him here.”

I clasped the orphans to my breast,
Saying, “Come both, and live with me,
I'll feed you, clothe you, give you rest,
And will your second mother be.”

“And God will be your Father still;
Twas He, in mercy, sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will;
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.”

From the New York Working Farmer.

Farmers' Club, American Institute.

The Chairman stated the subject of the day to be—“The benefits of Railroads to Agriculture.”

Mr. Solon Robinson—Sir, I proposed this question, and hoped to see here those who are far more capable than I am to render justice to its great importance—however, for want of a better, I will begin. I have tried to convince farmers of the immense value of this rapid communication to the farmer—that it was their salvation. The first effect has been to bring beef cattle 1000 miles to our market in a week. Game, poultry, come the same distance in 48 hours. The oxen come as the market requires, notice of which goes by telegraph for the number required. The cost per ox is about \$10 or \$12, whereas, on foot, as of old, the oxen travel with loss of flesh and heavy expense on the road, from 60 to 70 days before they reach New York. Strange that many farmers do not understand this. Sometimes our city would starve without this railroad supply. Last spring all the chief articles within striking distance were exhausted; now we rarely have on hand 100 head of oxen at a time. Some cattle are shipped from Chicago to Buffalo—some from Indiana go by cars to Cleveland on Lake Erie, thence by cars to Dunkirk and to Buffalo, thence the greater part come by the Hudson River. Last week there came in a drove of cattle raised by the Cherokee Indians, marked with their hieroglyphics. An Illinois drover had bought them, fed them a white, and then brought them here by railroad, &c. Look at the map and see what a walk that drove must have had to reach New York without the steam and railroad! Oxen can travel only about 10 or 12 miles a day. And our milk for the morning coffee was milked last night, and drawn from Chatham Four Corners, 130 miles distant from our city. Some years ago it was proposed

to Mr. R. L. Stevens, to have a freight train on his road, but he thought one car only would be used, and that would not pay. Now look—there is a blackberry train! All this intercommunication is a great fertilizer—all sorts of people are brought to a knowledge of each other, and a knowledge of the business of their own country and the world. The birds used to have the blackberries all to themselves—nobody wanted the one-thousandth part of them. I say nothing of the whortleberries which now come by rail, and are on the tables of everybody. And the lands near the railroads are growing more valuable every day, and they are in course of cultivation and improvement, and without the railroads they would not have been reached this century, and hardly that.

The benefits go with the roads. One improves the other with a rapidity which resembles that of the trains which glide through the lands.

Mr. Judd observed that he was not certain that there exists much opposition to our railroads among our farmers, nothing near as much as there is in this city to the Broadway Railroad. Some farmers are interested in their opposition, but at large, the farmers have subscribed liberally for railroads. Many have tried to get the roads to go through their own farms.

Prof. J. J. Mopes.—This subject has been treated so ably by Mr. Solon Robinson, that I can hardly add to it anything important; however, I can state that besides their immense utility in the transportation of cattle, they now carry from our cities into the heart of our country very large amounts of the fertilizers—guano, the spent ashes of the soap boilers, pot ashes, bones of animals from Cincinnati, and particularly, common salt, for manure.

All these are spread by our railroads far and wide, which would have remained at home for want of freight trains. In New Jersey we have two railroads, both of which are still opposed by many. As to the stock being owned by farmers, it is chiefly owned by Wall-street and European capitalists. Our Hudson River Railroad was opposed by almost every farmer on its line. The cost of freight by the roads is rapidly diminishing. Soon we shall have suitable pieces of ship timber shaped in the Green Mountains, (to render it more portable) brought to our ship-yards by railroads. The naturally curved pieces are already scarce. Blanchard has set his remarkable inventive genius to work. He can now take the timber green in the mountains, of eight inches (or larger if required, as for futtocks, for large timbers only require large curvatures) square, bend it to the desired curve, stay it there, and send it by railroad to the ship-yards. Hitherto, a tree containing only a few naturally curved pieces has been valued at \$25. A great saving of expense and a superior strength in ship frames will be the direct result.

The cost of freight by the railroads of Belgium, is much less than with us, although their roads are more expensively built than our own. When first constructed, their prices for both passengers and freight, were greater than those of this country, but the increased amount of business consequent upon a reduction of rates has enabled them to declare larger dividends than the average of American roads during the same time.

The fruit trade of the Camden and Amboy railroad is much larger than is generally supposed. Two years since the *London Times* contained an estimate of the amount of fruit consumed in Great Britain during a year, giving the amount imported from the continent in baskets, quintals, &c., all these reduced to the size of peach baskets, and that the amount of peaches carried into the city of New York over the Amboy Railroad in a single week was greater than the total amount of fruit consumed in Great Britain in one year. The freight for one day at an average of 8 cents per basket for peach baskets was \$1100. Ninety thousand baskets of strawberries were sent over the Courtland street ferry from New Jersey in a single day. Blackberries and whortleberries are received by the car load, and add materially to the health of the million occupying New York and its environs. But yesterday I observed at Jersey City, 7 large cars laden with milk, and a similar quantity is brought by that road each day. There are many milk dealers who employ a large amount of capital in the sale and purchase of this article. Railroads will soon render the whole of Monmouth county capable of being used as a market garden, and in this free soil where one horse can draw a plow as easily as two elsewhere, this business may be pursued with high profit, and the amount of land that may be so used is equal in extent to almost all the market gardens now supplying the great city.

Charcoal dust thrown off at each trip from the spark catchers of the locomotives, once so neglected, is now in great demand

for the compost heap, and eagerly taken up by farmers at a shilling or more per barrel.

Railroads carry thousands of farmers to fairs, where they give and take away knowledge, where they leave seeds and take away others, where we have seen a farmer with a hundred packages of choice seed in his pockets intended for a farm afar off, where a farmer may learn that the hybrid of some farms when brought into comparison with the pure sorts, made him ashamed to have cultivated such stunted carrots, parsnips, beets, &c.; where he sees and buys farm implements of superior value, where a machine jasper capable of doing the work of a dozen men in a day may be procured, and where he learns many precious lessons as to the management of his farm. All these but for railroads could be of much slower adoption.

Thaddeus Selleck, of Greenwich, Conn., was not able to attend, but desires the secretary to give a few remarks from him on the subject of the day. He was intimately acquainted with the operations of the Erie Railroad, at the beginning of it. That on the line from Piermont to Goshen in Orange Co., about 80 miles from New York, the farmers had been promised by the company, payment for their lands taken for the road, and also fencing the sides of the road; but the company failed, left many unpaid and many farms unfenced.

This created a strong opposition on the part of the farmers, who being unpaid and unfenced were much annoyed by trespassers on their farms and damage to their fruit trees, &c. I presume they have since been satisfied by F. Piano & Co., soon as that road was completed. The project of a book for the State of New York by that road, a copy of which I have seen, is a very good one. It is a volume of 300 pages, all sorts of trees, &c. It is a very good book, and I have seen it in the hands of many of the farmers of Orange Co., and I think it is a very valuable work. It is a book that every farmer should have. It is a book that every farmer should have. It is a book that every farmer should have.

Our railroads will be doubled in ten years.

Mr. Scott, of Staten Island.—Without railroads many vegetables of a somewhat hardy character can come considerable distances to market, but the tender and delicate kinds can not; among these are lettuce. Now as to fruits, the rail brings them first from the south and last from the north, and generally in good condition. We have the finest peaches of the South, as fresh and perfect as from the next village, and then they come cheap to our people. When no sales can be effected in our market, they go to another. Without the rapid transportation of steam, this could not be done, the fruit would spoil. Gardens a hundred miles distant are as good as those of ten miles only.

A Miss Flaherty, of Hammersmith, has made a bequest of nearly £30,000 to Lord Brougham, “out of respect and admiration for his unequalled abilities, public conduct and principles.” Truly a substantial evidence of respect.

The *Journal of Commerce* says that the groceries and puppet shows which spring up in such abundance around the Crystal Palace, anticipating rich harvests, have been sadly disappointed. Public opinion struck them as with a light, and more than one half of them have already disappeared. Buildings are left in an unfinished state and upon others appear ominous words to be, showing conclusively that their expectations of gain have been frustrated.

Greenough's Group.—The Washington Union says that the figures are colossal, and the grouping is highly artistic. A civilized man is represented as clothing a savage, while a lovely woman nurses high nursing an infant in her arms, and a friendly watch-dog stands as a sentinel. The struggles of the Indian chief as he kneels overpowered to the earth, are depicted with great force.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the directions.—“Swallow one every two hours.”