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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

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relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be
addressed to H. C. HICKOK, Esq., Editor, and those on
business matters to O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Editorial Correspondence of Lewisburg Chronicle.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1854.

Fairly cornered again. Left Cincinnati at 7 o'clock A. M., yesterday, and arrived here at 5 o'clock A. M., to-day—640 miles in 22 hours, including stoppages; and running on the N. Y. & E. last night, for a number of miles, at the rate of a mile in 58 seconds by the watch! to make up for lost time, occasioned by stopping at a station somewhere near Olean to take off a baggage car, whose axle had become too hot to run further with safety—an exhilarating and delightful rate of speed that becomes perfectly fascinating. Tumbled into bed for a brief snooze, expecting to take the morning accommodation train for Williamsport, but, through a blunder of my landlord, missed it, and must therefore lie back for the mail train this evening—much to my regret, for I had hoped my first trip over the Williamsport & Elmira Road would be in daylight, to see and enjoy the wild mountain scenery through which it passes.

This flourishing city of 10,000 inhabitants lies on both sides of the Chemung river, in the heart of a beautiful alluvial flat, three to five miles in diameter, that opens out among the mountains like a smiling Eden in the wilderness; traversed by the river from west to east, and north and south by the railroads. The town is of ancient origin, yet such an impulse has been given to it by the various railroads centering here, that it strikingly resembles, in its business and buildings, the fresh and stirring cities that spring up by magic along western waters. The mammoth hotels, and some stores, are of brick, but the greater proportion of the buildings, including the Court House, are frame, painted white; giving to the place a frail and perishable aspect, very unlike the solidity of your own, and many other thriving Pennsylvania villages.

Found my way up stairs into the diminutive Court room, long enough to scan and analyze the faces and heads of the judge and jury, and limbs of the law, and witness their efforts to embarrass an unlettered witness with subtle interrogatories as to the scientific operations of hot water in a steam boiler—and then magnanimously left as quietly as I came, in order not to disconcert the "Court" with the knowledge that a "chief" from Dutchdom was "among them, takin' notes." The judge might readily pass for a twin brother of Maxwell M'Caslin of your State Senate; and the legal fraternity, though of "assorted sizes," evidently comprise some A. No. 1 material—though the Yankee dialect of several twanged unpleasantly on my ear, and I couldn't help but wish they would learn to speak good English, as we do in the lower parts of Union and Northumberland counties! "Yaw, mynheer, ed is recht! Ich speeks der english fast rate!" The most notable thing to my eye, was the operation of the recent New York rule which requires the lawyers to stand up while examining a witness; the latter meanwhile comfortably seated in a cushioned arm chair on the same platform with the judge, between him and the jury; and—except when worried by a twisty idea, pitched at him in a crooked way—looking down upon the foe as independent and sneaky as a wood sawyer. The consequence is that the "frogs" as well as the "boys" can come in for a share of the fun; and if the latter gain a victory, it is not because the witness' shins give out first.

Next dropped into the Republican office to look over the exchanges in the vain hope of getting news from somewhere near home. Spent a pleasant half hour with the gentlemanly "local," and the publisher—the latter a Pennsylvania—in the course of which they begged for some information as to the precise whereabouts of your famous village. By first marking on a skeleton railroad map, the exact sites of the Cross-out, Smoketown, Milton, &c., I was enabled by a regular system of triangulation, to indicate the approximate locality of that remarkable borough, which, as "Derrington," is known far and wide to hundreds

who are puzzled to know where to put "Lewisburg," which latterly makes so much noise in the world, yet is refused a place on some current maps of the day, and therefore seems at a distance more like a myth than a reality.

The telegraph office was the next resort; where the obliging young operators, the Messrs. Morse, relatives of the great inventor, permitted access to the key to elicit tidings from home over the wires. But wind and weather just then interdicted communication down the North Branch, and a sociable chat with the operators at Carbondale and Honesdale, as well as those at my elbow, was the sum total of relief from that quarter, for impatient disappointment.

Had a brief interview at his law office, with A. S. DIVEN, Esq., President of the Williamsport & Elmira railroad, whose official appreciation of the editorial fraternity is prompt and practical. Your readers will remember him as one of the prominent invited guests at the last railroad meeting at Old Fort. He inquired with much interest after the local prospects of the Spruce Creek road, and said it ought to be made, but added truly that the present overwhelming depression in the money market, rendered it impossible to move in it at present.

But while my hand is in, perhaps I had better go back to where my last letter ended, at Cincinnati; though I can add but few details, for want of leisure to explore the city and its suburbs, and gather items. I had supposed it to be a delightful place to reside; but one day the heavy, oppressive, stifling atmosphere of which, everybody complained, developed the fact that the circular basin containing the city, sometimes suffers for want of free circulation of air; and in summer time, it is said, the sun often beats down with furnace heat as into a cauldron, without a single breeze to lift and lighten the fiery mantle.

Heard Dr. ELDER lecture one evening on "Liberty—Ideal and Practical," most of the time being taken up with the first branch of his subject, which he discussed extemporaneously with great acuteness and profundity, and wonderful fluency yet choice precision of language, and embellished with quaint and humorous illustrations—furnishing a rich and instructive entertainment, yet doubtless disappointing some who evidently expected a blood-and-thunder ranting declamation.

I chanced also to hear FRED DOUGLAS there one evening, before a select audience of 3000. He is a light mulatto, and on a first view in front, the general aspect is unmistakably African; but a quartering or side view by day light, as I afterwards discovered, gives more the color and features of an Indian. He is above medium height, stoutly and squarely built, with high shoulders, and evidently possessed of great muscular strength. The craniological developments indicate great firmness and self reliance, and an invincible will, as well as a high order of intellectual endowments. His voice is full, deep-toned and clear, well modulated and under perfect control, and his enunciation deliberate and distinct. His talent for wit and humor, and his powers of sarcasm, and invective, and the most stirring eloquence, are certainly remarkable; and I can now the better credit the statement received from a respectable source, that Tom Corwin is about the only man in Ohio, who can beat him on the stump. There is an occasional tinge of misanthropic bitterness in his tone and manner, arising doubtless from the ostracism and insult to which he is constantly liable when traveling; Railroad Companies and Conductors generally evincing more of a disposition to pitch him overboard, than suffer him to occupy the most secluded seat in the train. Hotel keepers, ditto, of course.

For instance: He was on board yesterday, and when the train stopped at Shelby, midway between Columbus and Cleveland, with "20 minutes for dinner," we all hurried to the first seats that offered, and FRED took the lowermost opposite corner of the remotest table, out of reach of the other passengers; and attracted no other attention than as an object of curiosity. When about half through an angry attack was suddenly made upon him by the landlord, who sought to then transfer him to a small stand in the corner. Failing to influence him, a brawny bully was called in who took him by the shoulders, and attempted to remove him by force; but FRED seized hold of the table and declined the invitation with an expression of countenance that indicated an inclination and ability to take care of himself, if he had only two to handle. He had intruded on no one, nor had any passenger complained, he had paid full price, and said there was no time to finish his dinner if he had to take a fresh start. The passengers were about interfering in his behalf, when his assailants left him; but he passed his plate in vain to the serving table for a fresh supply. Mine host took his money,

and looked daggers at him, but gave him no more turkey. He remarked afterwards that he "would have clubbed him out of the room, but he was such an ugly devil that he didn't want raise a fuss with him." He told Fred in passing out, that if he didn't behave himself the next time he came along, that he wouldn't get in at all. "Oh," said Fred, "it's a public house. I didn't stop for your accommodation, but merely for my own convenience!"

The incident afforded much amusement to some Southern planters in the company, who seemed to think it a small matter to kick up such a dust about, although they greatly disliked Fred and his abolition principles. An intelligent slaveholder from Fredericksburg, Va., remarked to me, "That's nothing strange. Northern people come down amongst us and coax away our slaves, but when they get them here they lift up their hands and eyes in holy horror, if a colored person happens to come within gunshot of them. To be sure we don't permit our slaves to eat with us; though the women frequently sit at the same table with their mistresses, feeding the children. But if I had my coachman Bill with me now, I would have taken my dinner with him at the same public table without hesitation, and a deaf rather than with one half the loafers and rowdies I meet with along the route."

In this connection I may add that I became acquainted at Cincinnati, with a wealthy New Orleans merchant, who informed me his favorite confidential slave John, now near 60 years of age, was one of the most perfect gentlemen he ever knew; not only in dignity and politeness, but in purity of morals and inflexible integrity. "I broke up housekeeping last spring and he has been absent nearly all summer traveling in the northern States, as he has frequently done before. He is one of nature's noblemen, and I would trust him with millions."

Railroad speed gives very unsatisfactory ideas of the regions passed through. From Cincinnati to Columbus the country is rolling and hilly, and thence to near Cleveland low and flat, but fertile, throughout. At Columbus, beside the outskirts, I could see little above the dead level, except the huge dome of the new State Capitol, which it is said will cost \$3,000,000 when completed. At Cleveland the cars reached the water's edge through a deep ravine in the lofty bluff, on either summit of which spires and roofs were widely extended; but no time was afforded to ascend the heights, to promenade the wide, beautiful streets, and get a wider view of the ocean-like expanse of Lake Erie. In a mile or two eastward, we lost sight of the lake, and did not come within reach of it again in daylight. I was anxious to get a leisurely glimpse of famous Erie, but darkness concealed everything but the depot, and the glimmering lights in the direction of the city. Not even a "peanut vendor" was visible. The belligerent Erieans were doubtless right, but are bitterly anathematized by everybody out of Pennsylvania; and will have some trouble yet to secure a satisfactory final adjustment of their railroads. These are now located so high, that to bring them to the harbor, I suppose would require a new location for many miles in both directions, which would be attended by heavy expense.

Dunkirk, also, was invisible; and will be associated in my memory with only a "hasty plate" of oyster "soup." If any of your readers want to know more about the place than that, they will have to make an exploration for themselves. —So much for my forced detention in this interesting part of the Empire State. If I hadn't missed my passage, you would probably have been spared the infliction of this epistle. Better luck next time.

H. C. H.
From the Bloomsburg Democrat.

Letter from Senator Buckalew.

BUEYNOS AYRES, S. A.,
September 22, 1854.

DEAR SIR: We arrived here on the 19th, and intend going up the river in six or eight days. We have both enjoyed pretty good health thus far, and have had over the whole a prosperous journey. We left New York on the 8th of July, in the steamer Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool on the 19th, went to London on the 24th, and returned on the 28th. Left Liverpool for Rio, August 1st, in screw steamer ship Brasileira. Stopped at Lisbon, Madeira, St. Vincent, Pernambuco and Bahia, and arrived at Rio September 1st. We were there detained until the 12th, and then came on here, in the steamer Camilla, stopping by the way at Monte Video. The distance from here to our destination is 1000 miles by the course of the river. To go up, discharge and receive cargo and return here, requires a sail vessel from three to five months. The steamer in which we go up, will require 12 or 15 days to ascend; will remain at Assumption about two weeks, and return in 9 or 10 days.

I intend to return to New York direct, either from here or Rio, in one of our rail vessels, which will take 45 to 70 days. Every one is congratulating us upon arriving here at this particular time, when we will be able to go on by steam. A steamer does not go up to Paraguay oftener than about twice a year. The last one was there seven months ago, and another after the present one may not go for a long time.

This city is the most inviting one for strangers in South America. There are no vexatious restrictions upon residence and business imposed by the Government, duties upon importations are moderate, there are no internal taxes, and the climate is salubrious and invigorating. The trade of the city is considerable, although the harbor is unfortunately a bad one, and requires great improvements.

We find many Americans here, and our people have a good share of the foreign trade. Last evening we attended a Sabbath School celebration at the Methodist Church, at which many declamations and dialogues were recited, very much after the fashion of a school celebration at home. Only one was in Spanish. The spirit of Methodism is one of innovation, and, like that of most sects, is uncompromising. Hence the popular and religious prejudices of the country were not spared in the performances. Catholicism received many thumps, and frequent allusions were made to United States, her privileges and position. A large Missionary Map hung up, represented England, the United States, and one or two other spots in pure white—all Catholic countries in red—Mahomedan in blue, and Pagan in black.

It is remarkable how healthy and comfortable the whole population here appear. The ladies dress very gaily, and, as every where else, are not unwilling to be seen. Shopping is done in the evening, and the streets are pictures of gayety and life.

I shall use all possible expedition in getting home, being very anxious not to fail in prompt attendance in the Legislature. I hope to get back by New Year's, and if I fail, it will not be for lack of due diligence.

I shall return with increased regard for the institutions of our beloved country, and I hope with the improvement which travel is calculated to produce.

Very truly yours,

C. R. BUCKALEW.

Hon. L. B. Rapert, Bloomsburg, Pa.

HUGH, THE HUNCHBACK.

From the Little Pilgrim.—By MARY INGRAM.

"Shame! for shame!"
"To treat a deformed child so!"
"Why can't you look, man, at what you're treading upon?"
Such were a few of the ejaculations poured out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibition of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of July. The first speaker had picked up from the dusty grass a child, who had accidentally been knocked down in the general crowding and jostling, and who now lay apparently senseless in his arms.

"Who is it?—what is it?" inquired one and another.
"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis they could'n't have kept him out of this crowd. He has been knocked down and banged about, till I am not sure whether there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir!" exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, whose carriage had been driven just outside of the ring which encircled the crowd.
"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor boy!" cried the youngest of her children, with tears in her pitying blue eyes.
"Just as well as if he were," said an older lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hush! sister," returned the first lady, "he is coming to. Remember, the child probably has a mother to love him, if he is a hunchback!"
"And he has a soul, too, Aunty!" spoke up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in her half dried eyes.
"You are a strange child, Lilla! Look at the fireworks!"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their attraction for Lilla; and when her mother proposed leaving them for a few minutes, to take a deformed boy home, as his arm was very painful, she consented gladly.
"I declare, I never will ride with you again, sister Winstan," said the aunt, disdainfully; "you are always picking up some object of distress to shock my nerves. I shall not get this creature out of my dreams for a month!"

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all; but it was nothing new to the poor deformed child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply, for he had a sen-

sitive spirit, which had grown sore in its harsh contact with a selfish world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had guessed wrong; he had no mother in this world, but was cared for in some small measure by a boisterous, drinking father, and a rough, but well meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive him, soon after the carriage stepped at their dwelling—a tumbling-down block in the dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him out in her strong, red arms, thanked the lady for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone, and then stood to watch the horses as they trotted away.

"Oh, Dolly!" moaned the boy, "please carry me up stairs!"

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what you get by going to such places! How long, I wonder, before you will learn that you are not like other folks, and can't go amongst 'em?"
"Not like other folks!" repeated poor little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him up carefully in his warm attic, and gone down to prepare a wash for his sprained wrist. He forgot for a moment his bodily pain, in the pain which shot through his heart at these careless words. "Not like other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself! Why did God make me so?"

He peered the blanket from his face, and gazed into the darkness with a kind of superstitious fear at the question he had involuntarily asked, for he had not forgotten what his dead mother had taught him: that God was good, and that he did everything for the best.

"Don't know what we shall do with Hugh, to keep him out of harm's way," said his father the next morning. "He has such an intolerable curiosity to see all that is going on in the world, that I'll get his neck broken among these city boys. I'll send him to my sister's cousin in the country, to learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such a he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh was packed off to a country cobbler's close leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned from morning until night, waxing ends, whitening pegs, or driving them into the tough soles of shoes new or old. Not a kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear. If he did his work faithfully, he received no word or look of encouragement. If he fell to musing as he sometimes did, he was roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to the effect that he didn't earn the salt to his victuals; "should like to know what he expected to do in the world!"

One Saturday, Hugh had the unusual privilege of a half holiday. With the village boys he could not go to play, for they had once driven him from their green, with shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned down a shaded lane, that led to a dark pine wood. Through the heart of this wood stole a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy knoll, on its bank, Hugh threw himself down to cherish sad thoughts.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay in a staid-up shop!" thought he, "I can't bear it! But what else can I do? Who cares for me? Who is there that does not laugh at me? I wish I was dead—so I do."

He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss and watered it with bitter tears. As he raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he took the flower in his hand, it seemed to him as though its fringed blue eye looked lovingly into his, saying, "God made me!"
"God made you—yes; made you sweet and beautiful, but how did he make me?" reasoned the bewildered boy, whose rebellious feelings had by no means left him. Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"I don't laugh at your hunched shoulders, Hugh," it seemed to him again to be saying softly.
"No—you don't; and if there was one living blue eye that looked as kind as yours"—he stopped, and thought for a moment of little Lilla and her mother.
"But that was only pity; even kind people can never love me. I wonder if the angels in heaven will love me? My mother will, I know," and his lips trembled. "But I am afraid I never shall be fit to go to her, if this naughty feeling stays in my heart! I can't help it either. It must be God made me for something, as well as this dear little flower! Yes, he gave me a soul—the little girl said that! Perhaps my soul can do something in this world, though my body is poor and crooked. I'll try!"

And with these little magic words, Hugh sprang up from his knoll, buttoned the flower in his vest, and made his way homeward to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a village academy, a knot of school-girls are discussing a weighty matter. The young men of the academy have been de-

livering orations of their own composition for a prize; and the result has astonished every one.

"Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that such a fellow should win the prize?"
"Why, has he not got as good a right as any of them?" asks a blue-eyed girl of fourteen at her side.

"Oh, right, to be sure! but I shouldn't think such a deformed piece of humanity would be very forward to push himself before other people!"

"Should he not make the most of the gifts God has given him? It is unjust, Sarah! He won the prize fairly, and spoke nobly; you ought not to be so unkind!"

"I suppose you think no prize too great for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his services in escorting you to the picnic next Monday, in return for your eloquent defence of his rights. The Lily of Lisbon Academy," as Professor R. called her, would be honored by such company."

"She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by any mark of esteem from one whose opinion is worth something!" replied the blue-eyed girl, proudly arching her graceful neck. "Did you never learn those lines of Watts—"

"I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the stature of the man!"

"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla Winstan! But, good evening! I must not stand fooling any longer." And away went Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while Lilla returned to the school-room, to search for a missing book.

"Thank you, Miss Winstan!" These words spoken almost in her ear, as she was bending over her desk, caused her to lift her head with a start and blush of surprise. The deformed Hugh, now a young man of some seventeen years, stood by her chair, gazing at her with those mournful, deep, black eyes, which had often won her sympathy.

"Bless you for your words of kindness; they have done more for me than a hundred prizes could! I have learned that there is at least one in the world who will judge me by truth—not by sight!"

In the pulpit of one of the principal churches of D—, rises Sabbath by Sabbath, a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose deformity is the first feature to catch the eye of a stranger. It is not until you hear him speak—until you catch the fire from his eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that you forget to pity the speaker. You do not wonder then, that he is willing to come before the public eye weekly, even with the weight of his natural defects; for who can think of these, when once carried away by the tide of his eloquence?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is "measured by his soul" in the sight of all who know him. He has striven nobly, by the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for companionship with the spotless apostles and angles, and a ray of their own pure light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing, after the church services are over, a young, proud, beautiful woman, lay her white hand upon the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down the richly carpeted aisle, they have but to look into Lilla's face for the solution of the mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled form at her side, better than the most matchless ones of earth; but she is proud of her noble husband!

Agricultural Knowledge.

Knowledge is something which too many of our farmers think unnecessary to be coupled with agriculture. They think it only necessary for professional men, that a farmer has neither need nor business with it, and it would be wasting time and money in giving a good education to a boy intended for a farmer. Now if Knowledge is useful to a professional man, why could it not be to a farmer? Would not the latter be as much benefited by it as the former—and would it not be of the same advantage to him?

The time was when agriculture was looked upon as something of little consequence, but that time is past, and it now ranks among the first of sciences. Its beautiful parts have been slumbering in obscurity yet; and we can only sustain it in its present position, and raise it still higher, by acquiring useful knowledge ourselves, and by educating our children. For, couple any pursuit with ignorance and it sinks—link it with education it will rise.

It will never do to think that, if a boy can read in the Testament, scratch a little with the pen, and solve a few questions in the Rule of Three, he is sufficiently learned for a farmer. He might crowd himself through the world with that much, if Nature had been liberal with her gifts to him. But without the "fickle Dame's" assistance, we think he would make little progress. But give him a good education, and he will go through the world respected and honored by it, to be a benefit to his noble calling, and an ornament to society.

We live in an age of improvement, and must keep up with the march of the same.

There are too many that follow in the footsteps of their forefathers, and think nothing can be done well, unless it be performed after the fashion of their ancestors. Their modes suited their age, not ours. Farmers are not alive to their interests as they should be, and unless knowledge has a more general flow among them, they must remain behind the age. Many farmers can not afford to give their sons a classical education; but they may all give them a good English education; they have it in their power to raise the Free Schools to such a grade as to have all the English branches taught in them. Let them make their sons acquainted with all the English branches, and see what a difference there will be in the next generation of farmers.

We should not only attend to the rising generation, but improve ourselves by studying and reading such books and papers as are calculated to improve us in our noble pursuit. We spend many hours in idleness and foolish conversation, which, if spent with useful books, would be of vast use to us.

The beauties of agriculture are to an ignorant man as though they were not, therefore not appreciated by him. He lives and sees the things grow around him—he knows that if he plants a certain kind of seed that it will grow and produce seed; but how it grows, and what it feeds upon, he does not care to inquire.

"One man there was, and many such you might have met, who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, and never changed their course. But told them over, each in his customary place. From morn till night, from youth till hoary age; Little above the ox which grazed in the field. His reason rose; so weak his memory. The name his mother called him to beseece (remembered; and his judgment so outwight. That what at evening played along the swamp, Fantastic child in robe of ferny blue. He thought the devil in disguise, and fled With grooving heart and angled footstep botte. The world philosophy he never heard. Or science, never heard of liberty. Necessity, or laws of gravitation; And never had an unbelieving doubt. Beyond his native vale he never looked; And thought the usual line that run round The world's extreme, and tho't the silver moon That nightly o'er him led her virgin host. No broader than his father's shield."

How differently 'tis with the enlightened farmer: he derives pleasure from everything that grows around him, in watching its growth, in observing what it feeds upon. He knows by examining the soil what kind of grains are best adapted to it. He understands the philosophy of almost everything around him, and feels ready to exclaim with a celebrated poet:

"Happy the man that knows the cause of things."

A Hard Case.

A Cleveland, Ohio, paper commenting upon the late bank failures in that city, says: "A poor Irish woman, upwards of 60 years of age, who for the last ten years has kept an apple stand in the vicinity of the Depot, deposited some three months ago the sum of \$300 in gold in the Canal Bank. Yesterday morning with trembling steps she went to the Bank and asked for her money. But she was coolly refused the little all, which she had laid up to support her declining years. This poor old creature had borne the heat of summer and the blasts of winter to accumulate the sum, and now she finds it swept out of her reach, and squandered in luxurious living, or sunk in copper stock speculation. How much is the heartless swindler better than the open highway robber?"

The Philadelphia Ledger of 29th ult. in giving an account of the current exhibition of the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, states that on the sixth floor, the improved Gas Stoves exhibited by Andrew Mayer, were put to the test on Saturday, and the raising of a piece of beef weighing 14 lbs. was effected in two hours, with the consumption of only 16 feet of gas, the value of which is about three cents. The meat was partaken of by a number of persons enjoyed. It is a novelty to witness cooking in operation at the height of six stories from the ground. These stoves are improved over the kind before made by the use of two burners, which enables the cook to carry on boiling and frying at the same time. Mr. Mayer also has an improved form of stoves for warming chambers or dining rooms, with gas, that command them to general use, from the ease with which they are managed and their freedom from ashes and cinders.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—The London News says: "Since the days of Cromwell, we have heard no such orator for the masses as John B. Oough. Men of more learning, of more logic, of more gorgeous rhetoric, of course we have."—The writer of the foregoing must be something more than two hundred years old.

Mr. J. Lorenzo Lyons was ordained as a Missionary, designated to the Syrian Mission of the American Board, at Mountrose, Pa., on the 9th ult.

It is said—well, no matter what.