LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

HENRY C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

Fridays---at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1855.

☞ We find the following seasonable poetical exhortation in the *N. Y. Recorder*, where it appears without credit:

A Winter Sermon.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home;
Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes:
While homeless wretches 'round thy mansion roam,
On whose unsheltered head the tarrent plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
O'er which thine eyes in sated languor wander;
Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally;
Many have scarce a rag about them cast,
With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,
When thy light step resounds within the portal;
Some have no friend save Him who dwells above;
No sweet communion with a fellow-mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,
Lulled by the power of luxuries unnumbered;
Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
Never again to wake when they have slumbered.

Then think of those who, formed of kindred clay,
Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters;
And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
They are His children, though in rags and tatters.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

A Woman Voted

At the last State Election! Yes, in one of the larger towns of Pennsylvania, a female, plainly but decently clad, came to the ballot box, and offered a ticket—her mute, agonized countenance, was a plea sufficient—the officer took the ticket—and the woman returned with at least one line of joy upon her face. The officer did not put it in the ballot-box, but he opened it, and read—

"*Prohibitory Law.*
FOR a Prohibitory Law."

Reader! would you know *why* that modest lady braved the glances of an election crowd, to give even so small a testimony as that in favor of the cause of Prohibition? I will tell you. *Her husband lay at her home dying of mania potu!* He could not vote—she proceeded to put before the Board of Officers at least, *her* wish, in behalf of one who could no longer exercise the power! What a story of blighted hopes—of agonizing sufferings—of heart-rending sorrow—did that woman's offering at the place *of voting, reveal!!!*

But, ah! her vote, and a million of votes were too late. *Her husband* died in a few days—an eulogy was published of him in the village paper—but no stranger reading it would suspect that his death was suicide on his own part—murder on the part of those who gave him the poison when he could not resist it!

I confess no incident I have heard in a long time has so affected my sensibility as the vote given by that soon-to-be-widowed woman, yet in the prime of life, for the husband of her youth, dying of intemperance! How long, O how long, shall a death-procuring, needless evil be allowed to waste and destroy? How long! O how long? *

Lottery Revivals.

One hundred—fifty—perhaps twenty years ago, Lotteries were tolerated in most of the States of the Union, and attempts were made, by legal restrictions, safeguards, and overseers, to make them *honest*. Some of the persons who owned and conducted licensed lotteries, were men who stood high in the world as respectable citizens, and, with the sanction of law about them, they were regarded as honest and even religious men. But the gradual development of the system—its legitimate tendency—was ere long found to be most injurious. It was proved that, by some fatality, the most upright "managers" grew rich fast, while others of them became notorious villains, and their offices dens of robbery. It was seen that thousands of youth, instead of following some sure, honest, useful business, with energy and forecast, were idling away their time in day-dreams of splendid fortunes to be gained by a turn of the wonderful wheel which—by some happy conjunction for their especial sakes—would eject the three particular No.'s they desired in consecutive order. (It has been proved, by figures, that men stand more chances of being struck by lightning, than of drawing "splendid" prizes by lottery!) But, worst of all, so seductive were the hopes implanted in the bosoms of the less wise, that an ungovernable infatuation seized upon thousands, and the old gave all they could earn or secure to the Lottery Leeches; and clerks, journeymen, servant girls, agents, cashiers, goaded by disappointed hopes, and still listening to the syren's song, purloined, appropriated, *stole* money to carry on the maddening drama. The results, in thousands of cases, were exposures, loss of character, and of peace, as well as property, and in numerous instances downright robbery, murder and suicide.

An occasional prize was allowed to be drawn, to whet the public appetite, and stimulate the fading hopes of the victims of the delusive dream that gold could be had without labor, and enjoyed when never earned. But for every dollar the scheming managers allowed to be taken, they were sure of having four returned.

So odious, however, did the system become, and so manifold were its evils, that public attention was aroused, and by legislative enactment in most of the States, all Lotteries were abolished.

Within a few years, however, we regret to see, the system has been revived, by a set of sharpers and land sharks compared with whom licensed Lottery-men were saints.

We allude not to the Maryland Lottery men, who insult every man in this State, whose name they can find, by sending him lottery circulars, and some of which they even get inserted in Pennsylvania newspapers. These are clearly opposed to the spirit of the law against lotteries, and a man in Harrisburg was recently sentenced to imprisonment for helping these Maryland plunderers. A more rigid law against uttering their Circulars, or publishing their Schemes, would soon deprive them of their power to do mischief so openly.

"GIFT CONCERT" is the usual title of the present mode of Lottery swindling. They are of plausible aspect, fair and promising in their representations, and we receive two or three a week, with a polite request to aid in wronging our patrons by lumbering up a column or two of the *Chronicle* with their frauds—some offering to pay in cash, but most requiring us to meet our creditors by taking our pay in tickets! We suppose they are becoming numerous, and that they find thousands who will be fooled out of one to five dollars each in this way.—We present a *specimen* of these programmes:

METROPOLITAN
GIFT CONCERTS!!

500,000 Gifts, valued at $500,000!!!!

REV. PROF. GOODFELLOW, PH.D.,

ANNOUNCES to the patrons of the Fine Arts and the generous Youth and glowing Ladies of America, that he has, after years of toil, and regardless of expense, projected a series of Musical Entertainments and of Gift Prizes, which have never been equalled in splendor and utility.

As soon as the sum of $500,000 is secured—which will probably be within a few days, as our Washington Agent informs us $475,000 is already secured, in Tickets of only $1 each—the Concerts will be given, in San Francisco, St. Pauls, St. Augustine, and Quebec. Each ticket will entitle the holder and one friend to *three* free admissions to the Concerts. JENNY LIND and the HUTCHINSON Family are engaged as Vocal Performers, and JULIEN and his unrivaled Troupe, for Instrumental Singing.

☞ Besides the Concerts—which are themselves richly worth $5 each, and, from the character of the performers, it will be seen will cost fully that sum—Prof. Goodfellow has the satisfaction of stating, that Each Ticket is certain of drawing ONE of the following splendid Prizes as Premiums, viz.

1	The Philadelphia Mint, which Prof. G. is making private negotiations for, and doubtless contains	$100,000
200	Shares in the Pacific Railroad, now slightly under par, but which will be soon be over 200 pr ct. above par—say	75,000
1	A block of palatial residences in Fifth Avenue, New York, ground rent	50,000
1	Profit's own private residence on the Hudson—said to be the finest on that American Rhine	45,000
1	A perpetual loan for 99 years without interest or security of	40,000
1	The splendid piece of Statuary—Noble Venus rising from her Bed—lately on exhibition at the Chrystal Palace	25,000
10,000	Copies of a Female Young Ladies' Parlor Bosom Friend, or Family Monitor	10,000
20,000	Acres of Gold Quartz Land, lately discovered on Hamburge River, between Kids and Sonora, for which a deed has been procured from Gov. Young and Pres. Walker	150,000
100	Gold Watches, extra gilt, $300 each	30,000
100	Bedbug Catchers, new patent, $50 each	5,000
90	Colt's Revolvers, $10 each	900
200,000	Know Nothing Envelopes, containing a valuable prize and secret each	30,000
100,000	Sticks of Candy, enamled	1,000
8,000	Engravings from pictorial newspapers	8,000
10,000	Spoons, of purest silver	20,000
50,000	Yards of Brussels Tape	5,000
1,324	Jewsharps, made by the Wandering Jew, and warranted	1,326.
1	Tract of land, a corner lot in Bogtown near Cairo, sold at Marshal's sale for	3,601.97
1	Three cent piece	3
500,000	Prizes	$500,000 00

☞ Thus it will be seen that *every Ticket* is sure to draw a prize, as everything is to be conducted on the most honorable and scrupulously virtuous principles.

When the Tickets are sold, the holders are to be invited to a Grand Reunion at the Astor House, and appoint a Committee to manage the Drawing, and see for themselves that all is properly conducted, so that the most conscienious need not fear investing a trifle of money in a patriot effort which shall enure to the lasting glory of American Literature and Native Artistical Genius, and place many a worthy but indigent person in the possession of luxuriant comforts for life!

Now, *Who gets the Mint?*
and *Who begs the $40,000 Loan?*
and *Who takes the Gold Field?*
each for $1 !!!!!!

N.B. Should any money be received after the drawing shall have been held, it will be scrupulously refunded.

Rev. Prof. Goodfellow assures all who may confide in his unsullied honor, that the *utmost secrecy* is expected on both sides.

Prof. G. has two offices—one at 99½ Wall St., New York, and the other at Tuckahoe Valley, Pennsylvania. At the latter office is to be constructed—there being ample room—the unique GIFT GALLERY, composed of marble from Italy. Mr. C. SLINK is Acting Agent at Tuckahoe.

REFERENCES—Prof. G. has the honor to refer (by permission) to the undernamed distinguished individuals, any of whom will qualify to the foregoing, and add also other facts that native modesty forbids his mentioning, viz.

President PIERCE,	Rev. Dr. WAYLAND,
Bishop ONDERDONK,	Maj. Gen. SCOTT,
Abbot LAWRENCE,	Hon. Mr. DISTINGUISHED,
HORACE GREELEY,	Lord BROUGHAM,
Senator T. H. BENTON,	J. H. GREEN, the Refil Gambler.
PAUL GULLIVER, Esq.	Prof. LONGFACE,
Rev. Miss A. L. BROWN,	P. T. BARNUM, &c. &c.

**Funds of any solvent banks, or specie, received at par. Direct to Box No. 4523.

(Any Printer copying the above four weeks shall be an Ornorary Secretary of the Metropolitan, and be entitled to two Tickets.)

[*Private, and Confidential*—Dear Mr. Editor, do give us a right good notice, and I will reward you richly, as you will see my speculation will be glorious, and already I have received a hundred dollars. Keep dark. Anything I can do for you, shall be promptly attended to.
Sincerely yours, FLAVIUS J. SHAFF.]

It should certainly appear that all who escaped being devoured by the cows in the late dry time, would have common sense enough to see that these schemes are all most delusive and bare faced frauds on their face. If Prof. Goodfellow has half the property he claims, he would not wish to engage in such speculation. If he had the property, moreover, and every ticket draws something, his $500,000 received for tickets are gone, and he has his pains, expenses, risk and trouble for nothing!

But, in nine cases out of ten, the "Gift" gentlemen are desperate characters, as bankrupt in purse as in honesty, who, without a clear dollar in the world, are "bound to make a raise somehow," and take this means of bleeding the gullible public, as readiest and least expensive. No doubt their "concerts" *will* come off, and JENNY LIND and JULIEN *will* sing and play, and the Mint *will* be bought, and the Jewsharps *will* be ready, WHEN the $500,000 is procured—and no doubt that *will be* SOON!

Occasionally, a nest of these sharpers is routed from our cities—but another is soon started, the public forget, easy editors advertise some new form of the same old fraud, and thin-pated greenies—sapient simpletons—are found, all over the country who will "risk a dollar, anyhow," and the hundreds and sometimes thousands that this way flow into the pockets of laughing "operators" in the Cities, each prove the old adage true, "a fool and his money are soon parted."

—Since writing the above, our eye fell upon the following speaking paragraph from the *Mauch Chunk Democrat* of the 16th ult.:

"The last Humbug

Has terminated in a grand humbug. The great *Catasaqua Gift Lottery*, has come to a close, and the ticket holders get nothing for their dollars invested. The whole thing has "busted," and we are informed the cunning chaps who got it up walk off with about $70,000."

Scores of beings who common charity invests with *brains*, will read the above, and the next month will be caught—mouth open—in another trap of the same sort!! O *intelligent* public! O *keen-sighted* "Young America!" O *wiseacres* who send your money *secretly* (some of you owing for honest debts, and others suffering for necessaries of life)—what gullible specimens ye are!—"No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

—"But, Mr. Editor, don't you approve of the fine arts?" Aye, aye, Sir—but this wholesale swindling is a little *too fine* for common honesty and good morals. The Supreme Court of New York declared the celebrated "American Art Union" itself illegal, because it did, in a manner truly honest and above-board, distribute some of its productions or purchases *by chance or lottery*. Its Managers *were* honorable men, *real* patrons of the fine arts. No other portion of the system was obnoxious to law or to the general welfare. But, the same good can be accomplished, by annual distributions of splendid pictures and busts to all subscribers, and the sale of large works privately or by auction. The deceitful and demoralizing attraction of CHANCE, is not a benefit to the fine arts in the long run, however it may subserve special interests, in times of need, at the cost of public morals. The standard should be elevated by maintaining the general interests of community, and not lowered by stimulating the sordid and the sensual to compete for a Hebe, or an Amazon, or a Horse, as they would raffle for a turkey or pitch coppers for a drink. In short, any mode of gaining property by *chance or lottery*, is wrong in *itself*, and deleterious in its influences, and should be prevented by the strong arm of law. W.

What to Eat, and how to Cook it.

We find some suggestions in the *Tribune* upon the important question, "what shall we eat?" which we commend to the economically disposed. With all kinds of food so high in price, depressed business, thousands thrown out of work with families dependent upon them, whatever can be shown less expensive than former diet, should be at once adopted. Fresh meat of all kinds, at the prices at which butchers retail it, is not economical food. Meats will average over a shilling a pound. Salted meats are cheaper than fresh. In economizing food, meat should never be fried or boiled. If you would get the most substance out of fresh meat, make it into soup, or stew, or pot pie. In making soup, soak your meat some hours in cold water, and boil it in the same. Thicken with beans, peas, rice, barley, hominy, or broken bread. The best meat is the most economical for soup. Do not buy bones. If you boil meat to eat, never put it in cold water. Let it be boiling when you put the meat in the pot. Do not buy fresh meat a pound or two at a time. Buy a quarter or half a sheep. You get it at half price. Beef or pork by the quarter is a quarter cheaper.

Do not buy your bread ready baked. It is sixpence a pound more. Dry flour is the same. Home made bread is far more nutritious. Make use of corn meal, oat meal, Graham flour, hominy, and cracked wheat for bread, in preference to fine wheat flour, both for health and economy. Here are the relative retail prices per pound of these articles: Wheat flour, 6c.; Graham flour, 6c.; cracked wheat, 6c.; corn meal 2½c.; hominy, 3c.; oat meal, 4½c. The latter is the most nutritious breadstuff known. Look at the Scotch with their oat meal porridge—as robust a set of men as ever lived.

Hominy is an article that no family desirous of practicing economy, can do without. It is a very cheap, healthy, nutritious food. It costs only half the price per pound of flour, and contains no moisture, while the best of flour holds from twelve to sixteen pounds of water in a barrel. Cracked wheat is excellent for sedentary persons. That, and Graham flour should be used in preference, at the same price per pound, to white flour, because more healthy and nutritious. One hundred pounds of Graham flour is worth as much in a family as one hundred and thirty three pounds of superfine white flour. It is worth twice as much in winter—not so economical in summer, because it takes so much fire to cook it. The first great error in corn meal is in grinding it too much, and next in not cooking it enough. Corn meal mush should boil two hours; it is better if boiled four. Buckwheat flour should never be purchased by a family who are obliged to economize food. It is dear at any price. It must be floated in dear butter to be eaten and then it is not healthy. Oatmeal is as good in cakes as buckwheat, and far more nutritious. But it is most nutritious, and is particularly healthy for children, in the form of porridge.

The cheapest of food is white beans. They are worth from $1 50 to $2 a bushel, and retail for eight cents a quart. Prof. Liebig has stated that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life and give bone, muscle and fat, in proper proportions to a man. This food will enable one to perform more labor, at less cost, than any other substance. A quart of beans, 8 cents, half a pound of pork, 6 cents, will feed a large family for a day, with good strengthening food. And who that can raise a reminiscene of good old times in New England, but will remember that glorious old-fashioned dish called "bean porridge?" We should call it bean soup now. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef would give a good meal to fifty men—one cent, a meal.

Potatoes should be utterly abandoned by the poor this winter. They cannot afford to eat them. At retail, the poor pay $2 50 a bushel, or about five cents a pound; twice the price of corn meal, five-sixths as much as fine flour, one fifth more a bushel than beans, while one bushel of the latter are worth for food as much as a cart load of potatoes. All other vegetables are still more uneconomical than potatoes. Carrots are the cheapest of all roots. But they are but little used as human food, though very nutritious. They are partially used in soups. They are good simply boiled and eaten with a little butter or meat gravy. They are sold by the quantity at 50 cents a bushel. Turnips are dear at any price. There is more nutriment in a quart of carrops than in a bushel of turnips. They are 92 per cent. water. Cabbage is nutritious, but very expensive. Buy very little of it if your money is short. Dried sweet corn is an article that all persons are fond of. It sells for $4 to $5 a bushel, which weighs 42 lbs., and would retail at about 10 cents a pound. We dont know about the economy of eating it, as compared with other breadstuffs, but as compared with coarse vegetables, it is immeasurably cheaper. A pound of sweet corn cooked to be eaten with meat, is worth more than three pounds of extra meat. It is also very excellent and nutritious mixed in the bean soup. Another very excellent, nutritious, economical article of food is dried peas. They are generally a little more costly than beans, but some think they will go further. At any rate, they are good for a change.—*Phil. Sun.*

☞ By a table published in the *Chicago Press* it appears that there is more grain collected in Chicago directly from the producer, than at any other port in the world. The following are the totals, including wheat, corn, rye and barley, exported in 1853:

Odessa	7,040,000
Galatz and Obrelia,	8,320,000
Dantzig,	4,408,000
St. Petersburg,	7,200,000
Archangel,	2,528,000
Riga,	4,000,000
St. Louis,	5,081,468
Milwaukee,	3,747,161
New York,	9,430,335
Chicago,	13,726,728

☞ Is your ice-house filled?

Gov. Reeder.

[Honor to whom honor is due. Gov. Reeder's appointment as Governor of Kansas did not particularly prejudice us in his favor, but he is really showing more grit than we gave him credit for. Any one mixed up in any manner with the infamous Nebraska iniquity, either as aider or abettor in the passage of the bill, or as an accessory after the fact, stood low enough in our estimation, and Gov. Reeder's appointment looked too much like a bribe for support from Pennsylvania. But his letter, an extract from which we give below, places him on another foundation for the present. We hope he will continue as he begins. The letter will sufficiently explain itself.]

Gentlemen: On the 16th instant, you called on me, in the capacity of a Committee claiming to represent and speak for a meeting of citizens of Kansas Territory, held the preceding day at Leavenworth City, and presented me your memorial in behalf of that meeting.

The meeting *was not* of the "citizens of Kansas," as your proceedings will show, if you will produce them. It was a meeting composed mainly of citizens of Missouri; and few of the citizens of Kansas. Your own body whom I am addressing, contains two undoubted residents of Missouri; one of whom is your Chairman, who resides with his family in the town of Liberty, Mo., as he had done for years, and whose only attempt at a residence in Kansas, consists of a card nailed to a tree, upon ground long since occupied by other settlers, who have built and live upon the claim. The President of your meeting was Major John Daugherty, a resident and large land holder in Clay county, Missouri, as he has stated to me since the meeting, and will not hesitate to state it again, as he is a high minded and honorable man, above all concealment or disguise. The gentlemen principally composing your meeting, came from across the river, thronging the road from the ferry to the town, on horseback and in wagons, in numbers variously estimated by different persons from two to three hundred, and after the meeting was over they returned to their homes in the State of Missouri. These are facts as notorious here as any public occurrence can be, and every man who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, is cognizant of them.

The law guarantees to us the right to manage our own affairs. It is the great—much discussed feature of our Territorial Government, and one which our people highly prize—under the pledges of which the inhabitants of the Territory have come and staked their future fortunes on our soil.

The pledges of the Law must be redeemed, and it were a poor and pitiless boon to have escaped from the domination of Congress, if we are only to pass under the hands of another set of self-constituted rulers, foreign to our soil and sharing none of our burdens, no matter what may be their virtues or their worth as men and citizens at home. It may be very desirable for gentlemen to live among the comforts of the States, with the accumulated conveniences and luxuries of an old home, and make an occasional expedition into our territory, and arrange our affairs—instruct our people and public officers, and control our government; but it does not suit *us*, and I much mistake the people of this Territory, if they submit to it. One thing I am certain of, that having sworn to perform the duties of the office of Governor with fidelity, I shall denounce and resist it in friend or foe, and without regard to the locality, the party, the faction, or the ism, from which it comes.

This, gentleman, with due respect for you personally, is the only reply I shall give to suggestions in behalf of your meeting, relative to the time of taking our Census and holding our election.

Your obedient servant,
A. H. REEDER.

Pennsylvania and Prohibition.

The deep interest which thousands of our readers take in the redemption of their fellow men from the thraldom of intemperance, and the unspeakable importance of removing, by the due exercise of the social power, the stumbling block which causes the ruin of myriads, temporally and eternally, induces us to keep our readers well informed of the progress which is being made in the prohibitory line. United action, on wise and sound principles, is needed.

The State Committee, at a recent meeting in Harrisburg, adopted a resolution which presents some facts and considerations of importance. They also appointed a Committee to prepare an address to the Legislature, and passed a vote calling a Mass Convention at Harrisburg on *Wednesday, the 17th of January inst.* Men may well persevere in a good cause.

POLITICAL SWEATMEAT—That spoken of by President Pierce, when he says, "We have *preserved peace.*"

The Bugle, heard at Midnight.

BY GREENVILE MELLEN.

Oh! wild, enchanting horn!
Where music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls an echo there
Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again! the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her secret crown,
Intense, and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourn in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lonely and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some spirit of sound went wandering by,
With lone hallos and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my startled spirit hears thee with a start,
As childhood's old remembered shout.

Oh! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-lathed battlements
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Sterller than eagle's clamor, to the skies
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go! go—no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn
On midnight, lit's fathomless profound!

Think of the Poor.

As the cold winter sets in, and the wind, in hollow bass, sweeps our dwellings, and the blinding snow, in mad fantastic dance, keeps time to the music, says a contemporary, let us think of the Poor. How many thousands, at this hour, sit crouching over a few embers which their scanty fuel will scarcely replenish for the day; homeless in all that makes home happy and lovely; without food, without clothes, without smiles, and without hope. Poor in the heart of a great city's abundance; desolate even in the centre of wealth, and surrounding church spires; in the midst of gaiety abandoned amid crowds. To the strong man it is not bearable. Up and away to the busy mart to struggle and to labor. With energy winning relief from destiny; daring even Fate to her worst! But the poor woman; what of her? If she beg, she is an impostor. If she solicit work in the streets, she is rebuffed and scorned. Alone amid her famished ones, she toils at a child's wages, and with that last refuge from the world's scorn—a cold room and a needle—sits drooping as the weary hours go by. Let the daughters of wealth, of fashion, and of pleasure, think of these suffering sisters *now* as the winter comes with all its horrors upon the poor; and resolve, *each one of them*, to relieve at least *one* from suffering, as the beginning of a duty, a baptism of the new year, with warm prayers, and kind hands. Let them think of her poor sewing woman, and taking to heart the following lines, from the poet, begin a new life of thought and action.

James Russel Lowell has written many glorious lines, and among the many is the following which for suggestiveness and beauty, equal some of Hood's pathetic efforts!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness.
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in,
And in midnight's chill and murk,
Stitched her life into her work;
Bending backwards from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought,
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there.

Death is Silent.

In the city, while men are brawling and busy in the crowded streets, death is entering the secret chambers, and friends sit pallid by the couches of the breathless, or love is drinking in the sigh which bears the soul to heaven. Death is silent; those whose very look spoke to us in life, pass from our sight as the shadow from the dial, and the music of their words become sad echoes in the distance of our memory. Death is silent. Living hatred thunders in the strife of war, but when the contest is over, death, grim and speechless, is the monarch in the field. Death is silent. Tempests shriek madly upon the ocean, and many are they who sink with this requiem into their fathomless grave; but from the depths of that sublime sepulchre, no sound comes back to tell of those who perished. Death is silent; yet not so entirely; silent it is to the ear, but not always to the heart; our brethren are still bound to us, and though dead, they have not ceased to be. There is much to be felt and learned where they rest.

Humility has instruction from the proud man's monument, and content a lesson from the vanity that overlies his clay. There is pathos in the solitude where the stranger sleeps; there is mute eloquence on his unlettered grave; there is beauty in the poor man's epitaph, inscribed honestly by affection; there is sublimity in the rude sculpture of the peasant's tomb, when it is the effort to symbolize an immortal faith. And it is such faith which takes terror from the power of death, and despair from the silence of the grave. There is that in us which is not all clay. That which belongs to earth must go to earth, but when earth claims and gets back its atoms, God gathers up, and calls home his spirits.—[Discourses on Life, by Rev. Henry Giles.

From the Pennsylvanian.

Meeting of the Democr. State Central Committee.

There was quite a full attendance of the members of the Democratic State Committee in this city, on the 26th inst., and the proceedings were conducted with spirit and unanimity. The meeting of the Committee will, no doubt, produce the happiest results. Mr. BONHAM presided, and E. B. Chase, of Susquehanna, acted as Secretary *pro tem.* After a full and free interchange of opinion in relation to the present position and duties of the Democratic party, the following resolutions and an address of similar terms were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the immutable truths embodied in our principles, which have been faithfully and successfully carried out by the Democratic party, and by which the glory, honor, and prosperity of the country have been upheld and secured, forbid and preclude the possibility of our making any treaty with error, or forming alliances for the sake of expediency, or temporary party triumphs.

Resolved, That the allegations against the Democratic party of using influences to obtain the votes of naturalized citizens, and of favoritism towards them in the distribution of offices, are unfounded and unjust—that while there has been no proscription on account of religion or birth place, no negation of constitutionally guaranteed privileges, there has not been any deviation from that principle of justice, that regards equally the right of every citizen.

Resolved, That our faith in the great fundamental Democratic doctrine has not been diminished by the fortuitous combination of circumstances that occasioned the temporary defeat of the Democratic party in this State, confidently believing that the people will perceive in the first attempt to incorporate into our system of government principles and measures inimical to the rights of any, the beginning of a policy dangerous to the rights of all.

Resolved, That the idea, that the old issues on which the Democratic party triumphed, have been abandoned by our opponents and are obsolete, is false and deceptive, all experience proving that on the acquisition of power by our adversaries, they seek to overthrow the Democratic and substitute the antagonistic policy.

Resolved, That as the battle of the Democracy is a battle for measures, not men—principles, not place—the defeat of their candidates produces no evils or discouragements, except so far as it may enable their opponents, for a time, to carry obnoxious measures; and being fully aware of this truth, a sense of duty and patriotism will constrain them with unrelaxed zeal to advocate, and unabated vigilance to guard, those principles of government to which the country is indebted for its unexampled growth and prosperity.

Resolved, That a State Convention of the Democratic citizens of this Commonwealth, composed of a number equal to the Senators and Representatives of the General Assembly, to be selected in the usual way in the respective Representative and Senatorial Districts of the State, be held at Harrisburg, on the Fourth day of July, A. D. 1855, to nominate a suitable person for the office of Canal Commissioner, transact such business and adopt such measures as the exigencies of the times may seem to demand.

THE WAY TO BUILD UP A STATE.—Governor Grimes, of Iowa, in his inaugural address, thus describes the wants of the thriving State over which he presides:

"She wants educated farmers and mechanics, engineers, architects, metallurgists and geologists. She needs men engaged in the practical duties of life, who have conquered their professions, and who are able to impart their knowledge to others. She wants farmers who shall be familiar with the principles of chemistry as applied to agriculture; architects and mechanics who will adorn her with edifices worthy of so fair a land; and engineers and geologists who will develop her resources, and thus augment the wealth and happiness of her citizens. This want can only be supplied by the establishment of a school of applied sciences. I have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending that a university fund be appropriated to establish a practical scientific or polytechnic school."

WHO SHOULD WORSHIP GOD IN SINGING.—Professor Thomas Hastings says, "If any individual has really no voice for speech and song, and can acquire none, he, and he alone, is allowed always to be a sient worshiper; for where nothing is given nothing is required. Even such an one, however, is bound to yield the homage of the heart in relation to the exercises, for the duty is absolutely universal."

PRAYER.—One has somewhat quaintly, but very truly said—"God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity—how spiritual they are."