

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1856.

YEAR XL—WHOLE NUMBER, 619.

AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

THIRTY-FIVE.

"THE TEARS OF A MAN'S LIFE ARE THREE HUNDRED AND TEN."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, weary heart! thou art half way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Youth started with us at the dawn—
Hope grained but to leave us here—
And Reason takes the guidance now:
One backward look—the last—the last—
One silent tear—for Youth is past.
Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, memory! take the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy throng
Farewell, without a word or song!
But heart gives way, and spirit drops—
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—
Midway to death left and lone?
Yet, stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That wanders in the eastern sky,
I see a brightening light from far
Steal down a path, beyond the grave!
And now, blest soul! thy golden line
Come over and light us shadowy way,
And show the last bright glancing mine!
But, what! what those sweet shadows say:
"The better land is in sight,
And by its shining light
All Love from life's midway is driven,
Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee on to Heaven!"

The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1856.

The "Difficulty" Laid.

Some weeks since, we referred to the fact that the first Congress under the American Constitution commenced its first session in the Spring of 1789; adjourned 29th Sept. that year; and second session commenced 8th of Jan. 1790. Following from this starting point, as follows—

Cong. Years.	Cong. Years.	Cong. Years.
1-1789, 1790	12-1811, 1812	23-1823, 1824
2-1791, 1792	13-1813, 1814	24-1825, 1826
3-1793, 1794	14-1815, 1816	25-1827, 1828
4-1795, 1796	15-1817, 1818	26-1829, 1830
5-1797, 1798	16-1819, 1820	27-1831, 1832
6-1799, 1800	17-1821, 1822	28-1833, 1834
7-1801, 1802	18-1823, 1824	29-1835, 1836
8-1803, 1804	19-1825, 1826	30-1837, 1838
9-1805, 1806	20-1827, 1828	31-1839, 1840
10-1807, 1808	21-1829, 1830	32-1841, 1842
11-1809, 1810	22-1831, 1832	33-1843, 1844

—it would seem that the present is the 2d instead of the 1st session of the 34th Congress. A correspondent says this is "the half century question over again," and raps us as follows:

Mr. CARROLL: Your seeming difficulty about whether this is the 1st or 2d session of the 34th Congress, is singular, taking into consideration the acknowledged learning of the topographical corps of the U.S. in the 19th century. As the 1st session of the 1st Congress began on the 1st Monday of Dec. 1789, so the 1st session of the 34th must begin on the 1st Monday of Dec. 1855. Thus:

Dec. 1789	Dec. 1855	66
1855		

As the 32d Congress closed 4th March, 1855, the 34th must begin on the 1st Monday of Dec. 1855.

But then Congress DID NOT "begin on the 1st Monday of Dec. 1789," for "Gen. Washington was inducted into the office of President, on the 30th of April, 1789, in the presence of Congress. 29th Sept. 1789, the 1st session ADJOURNED. And the second session began 8th Jan. 1790. Every session occupying a year only, there appears clearly an overlapping or an extension of time, somewhere in the time past. Having sent our "difficulty" to Mr. GREELEY, he explains it thus:

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 29, '56.
ED. CARROLL:—You are as wrong as can be. The 1st Congress commenced in 1789, and closed 4th March, 1791. The 11d commenced Dec. 1791; the XXXIVth of course opened Dec. 1855, as it should, and will close in March, 1857. Where is the difficulty?
Yours,
HENRY CLAY.

It appears, then, that the 1st Congress extended from April (instead of Dec.) 1789, to March, 1791. The apparent error was the opening of the first two sessions nearly a year earlier than the 3d—Dec. '91—since which that is the uniform mode for opening.

The House Committees.

Speaker Banks has had an arduous task in putting 230 Members, most of them new men, on the Committees; but he has answered public expectations by placing the most important in the hands of the lovers of Freedom—an advantage which has not been enjoyed in very many years, but is of great influence in shaping legislation.

The Committee of Ways & Means is composed of Messrs. Campbell of O., Howard, Sage, Campbell of Pa., and DeWitt, Republicans; Cobb of Ga. and Jones of Tenn., Democrats; and Davis of Md., South American.

ELECTIONS—Washburn of Me., Colfax, Watson, Bingham, Rep.; Spigner, Dem., voted for Banks; Hickman of Pa.; Stephens of Ga., and Oliver of Mo.

TERRITORIES—Grow, Giddings, Purviance, Granger, Morrill, and Perry, Rep.; Richardson and Houston, Dem.; and Zollicoffer, S. A.

FOR'S AFFAIRS—Pennington, Matteson, Sherman, Burlingame, Thurston, Rep.; Bayly, Clingman, Aiken, Dem.; and Fuller of Pa.

MANUFACTURES—Clark of Ct., Durfee of R.I., Knight of Pa., Bliss of O., Edwards of N.Y., Rep.; Crawford of Ga., Dowdell of Al., Dem.; Campbell of Ky., Ricard of Md., S.A.

Mr. Kunkel is first on the Militia Committee; Mr. Pearce is on the Committee of Public Expenditures; Mr. Todd on Indian Affairs.

The Indian Battles at Walla-Walla.

Col. Kelly, victorious!

In the CHRONICLE, 18th ult., was a letter from Lieut. COL. JAMES K. KELLY, commanding the Regiment of Oregon Mounted Volunteers, dated 8th Dec., which letter left him in a condition of much danger. The last arrival from the Pacific states that his camp was called Fort Henrietta, and that his object was to recover Fort Walla-Walla, which had been some time previously captured by the Indians. Col. Kelly's friends in Buffalo Valley will be particularly gratified to learn that he has emerged from the conflict with victory and with honor. The annexed account of the last three days' fights, is from a volunteer's journal as copied by the "Statesman."

"Dec. 9.—Indians made their appearance in the morning, on the battle ground, but not half so thick as the day before. Kept a continued firing all day, but doing little execution, as the boys were getting pretty good at dodging. Wasco boys took the hill, and after two hours' sharp shooting, routed the Indians out of their trenches, &c., that they had dug, leaving guns, knives, and blankets. At the same time the Indians were seen driving off their stock up the river.

"10th.—A few Indians presented themselves on the hill, filled up some of our trenches, and dug new ones of their own. Wasco boys on the hill, and Linn boys along the brush; fought on the hill an hour or two, when the Indians began to retreat. Maj. China ordered a charge, when Linn and Wasco pitched in and ran the devils past their upper camp—three Indians killed. As we were coming back they fired a few times at us, but no one was hurt during the day on our side. At dusk, the enemy all disappeared.

"11th, 9 o'clock.—Three hundred and fifty men under Col. Kelly, mounted on horseback and pursued about forty miles; found considerable stock, but not one Indian. From the appearances in the Indian camp, there must have been fifteen hundred or two thousand Indians. There were one hundred and thirty lodges; some were twenty-five and thirty feet long, and others only large enough to contain six persons.

"13th.—Col. Kelly and company returned with thirty or forty Indian horses. Houses nearly all burned; grain, etc., destroyed by the Indians. It is supposed that in the four days' battle we killed about sixty Indians, and wounded probably about the same number. Our list of killed and wounded is as follows: Killed—2 Captains, 6 privates—8. Wounded—2 " 14 " —16. The Wounded all appear to be doing well.

"The weather for the past few days has been cold, with occasional gusts of rain and snow."

A Preacher's Speech.

[Upon the reception, at Waltham, of the news of Mr. BANKS' election as Speaker, a general illumination was made; and the parents, wife and sisters of Mr. Banks were greeted with cheers; and Rev. Mr. FOSTER addressed the crowd as follows:]

I thank you, friends and fellow citizens, for calling me up, even in the small hours of Saturday night, to join my congratulations with yours over this day's glorious work. To-night we may say with emphatic exultation, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of Massachusetts." To-day witness the first backward turn of the ponderous wheel of Oppression that has so long threatened to roll over and crush the spirit of Freedom through the entire North. Now has the old fire-ship of Slavery stranded on the firm Banks of New England. To-day, for the first time in many years do we witness the out-stretched arm of Almighty Power staying the desolating tide of Wrong while the voice from above proclaims "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." We celebrate here and now the most glorious triumph the spirit of Liberty in our country has achieved since the days of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown.

All honor to those noble men who have achieved this triumph! All honor to the worthy son of Massachusetts who is doing his share in straightening up and stiffening the back-bone of the North, which had become so drooping under the soft nursing of Webster and Everett and Fillmore & Co. This day's work seals the freedom of Kansas, and SAVES THE UNION.

Now let Congress and the people regulate Kansas affairs, and secure to Freedom her inheritance there; and then, when we have advanced N. P. Banks to a still higher post, or put some other statesman into the Presidential chair, with Congress to back him up in a thoroughly anti-slavery construction of our noble Constitution, we will LET SLAVERY SLIDE! Then may we soon "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof," and thus FOR EVER "STOP THIS SLAVERY AGITATION!"

Good Moral Habits.

Lord John Russell has lately delivered an address in Exeter Hall, London, and we make the following extract from the full report of it in the London Times:

Young men in these days, and for aught we know in all ages, expect to have moral and religious progress made not only easy, but pleasurable, triumphant and ingenious—dignified with theories and sweetened with indulgence. They want a royal road to improvement—a wide road, a pleasant road, and not very tedious. So Lord Russell does not hesitate to warn them, and gives them the stern old advice that the only way is to be found in good habits. Bad habits and vicious inclinations, in one form or another, are the real obstacles to progress, and they are powerful ones. Strong restraint is necessary to subdue them, and that restraint is to be found only in morality and a good teacher. Good moral habits are the very sinews of the frame, whether that be the frame of a mind or of all society. They are the fibres that make the muscles, that form our solid consistency, that gives us working power, and make us true men. All the talk in the world goes for nothing if it does not end in good moral habits, the want of which is sure to make a clever man a fool, wise reforms nugatory, and a great nation profligate and corrupt.

Let Heaven send good harvests; let our cities resound with the hum of factories and the traffic of streets; let earth be covered with railways, and the ocean with our ships; but let the salt of life be wanting—let luxury spoil the rich and intemperance degrade the poor; let the moral sense be once blunted by bad habits, and then all that should have been for our wealth becomes occasion for failing, and harvests, cities, factories, railways, ships, arts, science, everything on which we were lately boasting ourselves, passes over like a traitor to the camp of destruction, and obstructs that moral and political progress of which it seems to be the chief means. Immorality, whether public or private, is the one source of mischief, and Lord John Russell has read a good lesson to a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation, when he points out that nothing is to be done, and no progress made, without good moral habits. Whether all the young men who heard him last night thought this any more than so much sermonizing we know not, but if they live long enough they will find it all true, to their pleasure or their cost.

Convents—Miss Bunkley's Book.

Some weeks ago we called the attention of our readers to the subject of convents, and we were gratified to find that our remarks and suggestions met with a most favorable reception, and were very extensively circulated through the means of our journals, religious and secular. We have waited patiently for some movement in our State legislatures toward embodying in laws the undoubted sentiment of the people on this subject; but we have waited in vain. Our legislators are as much afraid of responsibility as the Chinese, and they shrink from the very acts which, if performed, would give them the popularity for which they sigh. There is but little manliness among our public men. They seek to be only the unthinking, irresponsible indices of party. They hope that their official conduct may be satisfactorily negative, and that at the next canvass there will be no wrong—that is, independent action to charge them with. They do not aspire to lead the public mind; they only hope to follow it, and, like the timid apostle, they follow afar off, keeping a relative position, which will warrant them to hurray for a victory, while it will give them a good start in a retreat. More than anything else they dread to meet the cry of persecution. By the threat of this the great American party has already been overawed, and the reformers whom the mighty surge of American feeling lifted into public place have found the fiery patriotism that glowed so fiercely in the council-room, damped and chilled almost to extinction in the ungenial region of legislative publicity. The Americans, the Protestants, the freemen of the country must try again. Men who can do nothing in public assemblies have no business there. Let them return to the quiet walks of domestic life, which many of them are well calculated to pursue with advantage to themselves and the community. The times require other men in public places—men who fear God, and only God.

Having appealed in vain to our legislators, we now appeal to the people. Is it your will, men of America, that women shall be held in slavery, the worst of all slavery, by foreign priests, in your very midst? There are scattered over our country hundreds of strongly walled and barred houses, into which young women are artfully inveigled, and from which they are not permitted to depart. In these pla-

ces their lives are one continual scene of oppression, cruelty, outrage, and disgrace. The torments inflicted by Spanish inquisitors were humane, contrasted with the cruelties of the convents. To them there was at least a speedy end. By the force of their very violence they were brief, and under sharp bodily pain the soul was often exalted to almost seraphic grandeur. In the convent, soul and body are racked by ingenious contrivances, until the other becomes exhausted of sensibility, and the other of nervous energy; and the lively, romantic girl, pure from her mother's hearth, is transformed into a soulless thing; with affections dead at the root, with the mind broken at its springs; a passive living corpse in the hands of the priestly ghouls, who have made her this. We will not insult you by adducing proof that all this, and more, is true. You can read, and you have read, and you have thought too, about this matter until you need no statement of evidence to determine your judgment. The book of Miss Bunkley, if there were no other, is abundantly sufficient. It is a plain statement of facts, which bears the stamp of truth so certainly that no unprejudiced reader can read it and doubt its perfect faithfulness. It corroborates all that we should reasonably infer, had we no positive testimony; it is corroborated by the official reports of Catholic authorities, and by many other witnesses, who, like herself, have been so happy as to escape from the coils of priestly art and the barbarity of priestly law. We have nothing in bar of all this but the simple denial of the parties accused of this horrible wickedness.

Shall these dreadful places remain among us, and shall they be *imperium in imperio*, sovereign estates of the priests, within which there shall be no law but their own will? This is the question for you to decide. God made man the protector of woman, and there is no obligation laid upon him by his Creator which an American is so ready to fulfil. Yet here in America there are hundreds of women inveigled into places where they are unprotected by the law. Their very names are changed, and thus the register of their baptism is virtually effaced. They have ceased to live to society. They are no longer components of it. Walls and bars prevent escape. They are entombed; shut in from all aid, from sympathy, from protection of law, the foul work of prostrating the will and perverting the morals is begun. Day after day, with persevering art, it is continued. Hounds do not so remorselessly pursue the hare as the priests and accomplice nuns hunt down and worry the wretched victim, lured from her father's house by wily agents of these dens of silent, unrestricted wickedness.

What will you do about it? All this monstrous wickedness is powerless to resist the expression of your will. We would not have you interfere with religious rights or even superstitions; we would have you vindicate the sovereignty of your laws and bring every woman in the land under their protection. We would have you *reannex* convents to the United States; and not suffer independent Pashalies to be established here, within the domains of which Oriental despotism may lord it at pleasure over helpless women. We would let the law into the inmost chamber of that ecclesiastical spider, and thrust it between the bottle spiders and their prey. The way is easy and sure.

Let public meetings be called immediately, to consider this subject. Let petitions be drawn up and circulated, demanding the necessary legislation. These will be signed by almost all to whom they are presented, and a wonderful energy will suddenly be infused into our legislators. We would recommend the formation, throughout the country, of "a league for the protection of woman," which should ascertain the sense of the community and secure the expression of it.

All this would be necessary if we had in the Legislatures of the country "men with bones in them." It would only be necessary for one to move for a committee to inquire whether any legislation is required for the better protection of women. The committee once raised, there would be no difficulty in devising and procuring proper laws, provided the committee should be men fit for the times.

The thing must and will be done. We earnestly counsel all with whom our words have any influence, to vote hereafter for no candidate for the Legislature who will not pledge himself to the abatement of the nuisance: the removal of the shame, the disgrace of convents, as they now are.

Call the meetings. Circulate the petitions. Instruct the league for the protection of women. Who will begin?—*Christian Advocate & Journal.*

Dinner at the Old Homestead.

This is said to be a pretty hard old world; and some say this is a pretty hard old winter. Perhaps it's so, but let one under the plea of cousinship, or good talks, or friendship, or very remarkable talkativeness, be bidden to an annual reunion dinner at the Old Farm Homestead, and he will believe there is one bright green spot in it, any way. A pleasant,

profitable, glorious time is that, when the old folks gather the children, and the children's wives, and the children's husbands, and the children's children, and the children's cousins (we like to have them included) around the old table, in one of those kindly reunions which come only once a year, and yet last one a long lifetime.

The old nest has perhaps been well nigh forsaken for many a month, or many a year. The vine, the sweet brier, and the rose, have long since clambered up over windows where little heads used to pop out and giggle at the blast. The shrub which little hands planted and watered, and which little hearts wished was "a great tree, high as the house," has outstripped that little wisher's aspirations, and now interlocks its broad arms with other branches protecting high over the place where they were born. The old walls and the old buildings are all as they were then, only like their tenants older and grayer grown. The old well sweep swings and squeaks; the old gate rattles and slams; the old dog and cat bark and purr no longer, but their successors do; the fire blazes up cheerfully in the same old corner; the parlor walls are just as homelike and cozy, and just as "mum" as when the girls did their "spar-kim"; the kitchen and pantry are just as savory of good things as then; the "old arm chair" is more rickety, but invites you just as hospitably to rock your cares away; the old clock has perhaps "ticked out," and a younger, more ambitious one rattles ahead with a faster click in its place; but the old hearts at home, thank God, still beat on with that same, steady, parental old throbs of half a century or more!

But the winter is long and passes heavily. The old folks want to see the children again, at home. And so the dinner at the old homestead is prepared. The children, and cousins, and friends come in load after load, bundled in big coats and shawls and cloaks and tippets and hoods with many a giggle and red nose, till the old homestead is almost full—it never is quite full. The warm greeting, the merry laugh, the lively jest and kindly smile, pass round and round, till heavy eyes sparkle, and sober lips laugh in gladness. But the dinner is ready. "Come, children, right along, sit down there, and there, and there," till the table is full—how joyous if without a vacant seat. And such a lively time is there; and such a dinner! The turkey and the chickens and the pork and the beef; the potatoes, the onions, the beets, the turnips, and a garden full of other vegetables; the good, new, cherry-red "rye and ingen" bread, and wheat bread and biscuits and cake of all kinds, white and delicious as that at the weddings; the butter and cheese "as 'wetter and cheese," the smoking coffee and tea and clear cold water from that "moss covered bucket that hangs in the well"; the preserves, the sauce, the tarts, the jell, the cream, the pickles, the apples, the peaches and the Lord only knows what else, which crowd one to splendiferous and forgetfulness—how deliciously tempting they pile up—and how they pile down! Surely the cooks did justice to that dinner and the caterers did. Surely, big full hearts give it, and big, empty stomachs receive it!

Of all dinners, give us a dinner at the Old Farm Homestead. Of all unions, give us a reunion under that old moss grown roof and around that old time-honored, hospitable board. The old lady watches your every movement and want as kindly and as lovingly as when your hands were helpless as infancy. She is pleased when you are pleased, and sorrowful when you are sad; now as then. She welcomes you as kindly, sympathizes in your sorrows as truly, and drops as bitter tears for those who are sick or dead, as when she first sang your lullaby or taught your infant your coming with a kindling eye; she knows what is best for you and provides for it, as of old; she listens to your manhood's story and compares it and you with what you were when such and such a thing was done on the farm; he gives you the same stout Patriarchal spirit as when he sent you forth to do and dare in life's broad battle.

Forget not the Old Folks, at the Old Farm Homestead, in your eager chase after pleasure, gold and fame. Love them truly, treat them kindly, visit them often, and take the children, for you can do it only a few years longer. Let old age and youth—the Past and the Future—mingle together very often, for it stirs up all the good there is in us and makes the heart better. These gray hairs are way marks to the down hill of life whither we all are tending. What we do for them, we do for ourselves in advance. Have a kindly care, then, for those who sheltered you in infancy and sent you out in life with honor, virtue and a good name. They have done more for you than you can do for them; therefore what little thou doest, do quickly.—*Warren Mail.*

Out West, the qualifications a man must have to render him eligible to office are fever and ague, a pork-house, a hoghead of whiskey, a bowie knife, seventeen grown up sons, a military brother-in-law, and plenty of dog-leg tobacco.

Reasons why Every Farmer should Pursue his Business as a Science.

1. Because Agriculture is a Science.

Every man who has pursued, even moderately, the Science of Vegetable Physiology, understands perfectly that almost all the modern improvements in fruit culture have been made because men have devoted themselves to the study of the great facts in regard to the growth of plants; the circumstances in which they flourish most; the chemical analysis of the elements which compose them, and the modifications of which they are susceptible, by proper care and cultivation. Just so in respect of the various soils which the farmer has to manage. If he knows the chemical elements which compose them, and those which compose the various products he wishes to grow, he will be able to adapt his crops to his soil, and his manure to both, in a way which will prove to all that Agriculture has its laws; and that acting in conformity with them, is the basis of the only true art in farming. For example: wheat contains gluten and starch in such proportions that they compose together *seventy five per centum* of its entire substance. Now, if the farmer undertakes to raise wheat on a soil which does not possess them, his labor and wasted capital will be the penalty of his ignorance of the scientific condition of permanent success. On the other hand, the knowledge of these conditions, and the application of them in the exercise of caution, common sense and reasonable skill will bring an abundant reward.

Every department of the great business of farming is full of the illustrations of the point that we are now on; namely, that Agriculture is a Science, and that its laws, when known and applied, will secure results as certain as any that attend the application of the laws of Hydraulics in Machinery, or those of light and chemistry in the beautiful productions of the Daguerrean art.

2. Because Agriculture pursued as a Science, with the needful caution and perseverance, is a source of the highest and most constant pleasure.

No thinking, active mind is content with mere processes of muscular effort. To such a mind, the tread-mill of a farmer's work, pursued from generation to generation, in the same unvarying monotony, is tiresome enough. The toil becomes doubly toilsome, because it is unvaried by no living and inquiring thought. And the farmer himself becomes almost as stupid as the cattle he feeds, except politics, or literature, or religion, shed at intervals, and from afar, a beam of cheerful light on his mind. But let every process have its well digested theory; let every piece of work, while done in its time, and most efficiently performed, be an experiment which compares different modes of manuring or cultivation; let every change be made on sober thought, and with a full knowledge of the objects to be gained, and of the best and cheapest means of gaining them; in short, let the life of a true Science send its healthy pulsations through the whole system of a farmer's work, and he feels a joy "unfelt before" in every work to which he sets his hand. His farm becomes his laboratory. The pleasure felt by the Chemist or Artist, as he communicates these discoveries which bring the ends of the earth together, and revolutionize the social condition of nations, is shared by the careful and laborious student in Scientific Agriculture. For he is applying similar principles, and his labor tends to a similar result. Every crop is a study to him, for it has its own laws to be studied. Every season has its charm for him, for its changes and chances must be carefully watched. He must make suns, showers, and snows, and frost, and fire, all to minister to his interests and work out his ends. And in doing all this—and all this he will do, if he works with open eye and careful hand—will he not find a pleasure so constant as to enliven his heaviest toil, and so varied as to strip of their charms the false attractions of city life, and so purely intellectual and refined, as to place him in dignity and aim side by side with the great brotherhood of thinking men, whose hands have been busy, but whose brains have been more busy still; and who have done most for the wealth and comfort of the race, because they have done most for its improvement in all solid and enduring Science.

3. Because it would be greatly to the pecuniary advantage of the farmer to pursue his vocation as a Science.

If he pursues his work simply because he has done so before, or because his father or his neighbors have done so, he shuts out all improvement, of course. If he makes changes blindly, he is much more likely to lose than to gain. Besides, if he makes experiments at random, some of his neighbors—and perhaps he himself—will set down his failures to the account of Scientific farming; and be the more confirmed in their old ways, because of his blindness and blundering in a single case. But if he studies, during his leisure, the results of former experiments in the department he is enquiring about; if he converses with intelligent men, who have been successful in the same branch, and who understand and will explain to him the

principles and processes which they have adopted, he will be safe in following their example.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Anecdote of a Chaplain.

Henry Clay Dean, the present Chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago a resident of North Western Virginia. While preaching one day at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation as manifested in turning their heads to see every body who came in. "Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach when thus interrupted. Now do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered. "Brother Scatterfield" called out the preacher, while the "brother" was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter. Another came in: "Brother Joseph Miller," bawled the preacher with a like result; and so on perhaps in other cases. After a while, the congregation were amazed at hearing their preacher call out, in a loud voice: "A little old man, with a blue coat and a white hat on! Don't know who he is, you look for yourselves."

PAT'S IDEA OF A CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

A gentleman visiting his estates in Ireland, was standing in a field noticing work that was being done, when he overheard Paddy telling Pat of some terrible intelligence from the seat of war. The news seemed so very astounding that Pat couldn't quite make up his mind to swallow the whole of it without some further authority; so he inquires,

"An' faith, where did ye get hold of the intelligence?"

"Oh," said his companion, "and didn't I trade it in the chape newspaper that's printed in the town?"

"An' d'ye believe what ye see in the chape prints?" inquired Pat.

"An' why shouldn't ye believe that as well as any other? it's a gentleman as prints it."

"Because," said Pat, "by my faith, I don't think they can afford to spake the truth for the money!"

STRANGE OPTICAL INSTRUMENT.

There has lately been exhibited in Paris, a large concave mirror, an instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your face and figure in true proportions, but reversed, the head downward. But retire still further, at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing between you and the mirror! The effect is appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so striking indeed is the exhibition, that men of the strongest nerve will shrink involuntarily at the first view.

"You say, Mr. Springle, that Mr. Jay-cocks was your tutor. Does the Court understand from that, that you received your education from him?"

"No sir. By tutor I mean that he learned me to play on the French horn. He taught me to toot—hence I call him tutor."

It is stated that the capital invested in the oyster trade of Baltimore amounts to \$5,000,000, and that five hundred vessels and fifteen thousand men are employed in it. There is an ordinance there prohibiting the sale of oysters during the summer, which has cost over \$1,000,000 of the capital to Philadelphia and New York.

In Philadelphia there is an establishment for the manufacture of paper bags, for druggists, confectioners and other dealers, with machinery driven by steam. It produces 60,000 bags of various sizes per day, and consumes nearly one ton and a half of paper per week.

A carpenter bachelor friend of ours, had both his ears frozen, last night, while in bed—snoring away in his selfish loneliness. If such a warning does not terrify him into matrimonial speculations, we hope he may never thaw out when he freezes again.—*Md. Wisconsin.*

A party of Belgian emigrants located about 20 miles north of Green Bay, Wis., have been suffering severely from exposure and lack of supplies. The people of Green Bay sent a delegation to their relief with provisions.

Messrs. Comstock & Cassidy have united the Albany Argus, and the Albany Atlas, into one paper. These papers were the organs of the Hard and Soft (Hunker and Barnburner) sections of the Democratic party.

According to official reports, published in the beginning of 1855, the capital of France with a population of 1,000,000 souls, has only forty-six churches, or one church to 25,000 inhabitants.

A letter from Yadkin county, North Carolina, says, "The Yadkin river is frozen entirely across, which has not been the case before for twenty years."