

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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## Fadeless is a Loving Heart.

Sunny lines may lose their brightness,  
Nimble feet may forget their lightness,  
Pearly teeth may know decay,  
Raven tresses turn to gray,  
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim,  
Faint the voice, and weak the limb,  
But, though youth and strength depart,  
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower,  
Peeping forth in wintry hour,  
When the summer's breath is dead,  
And the gaudier daisies dead;  
So, when outward charms are gone,  
Brighter still doth blossom on,  
Despite Time's destroying dart,  
The gentle, kindly, loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail  
When in life's rough sea we sail,  
For the wealth may melt like snow,  
And with it no longer glow;  
But more smooth will find the sea,  
And our course the fairer be,  
If our pilot, when we start,  
Be a kindly, loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old,  
Ye who bow the knee to gold,  
Does this earth as lovely seem  
As it did in life's young dream,  
For the world has crusted o'er  
Feelings good and pure before?  
Ere ye sold, at Mammon's mart,  
The best years of your heart!

Grant me, Heaven! my earnest prayer,  
Whether life of ease or care  
Be the one to me assigned,  
That each coming year may find  
Loving thoughts and gentle words  
Twined within my bosom chords,  
And that age may but impart  
Riper freshness to my heart.

## MAN WITH A GOLD IN HIS HEAD.

"By dabe is Jodes—Daddie Jodes. I ab the best biserable bad under the sud. I ab eternally catching cold; by dabe is overabstingly gubbed up, so that I dever cal pleid. I tried everything id the world to prevent it, but after it is all the same. I breathe through by mouth from January to December, from the beginning to the end of the year. I've tried every sort of beddied, but id vaid. All kinds of teas, drops, ad old withed's dose trubs have bid tried; I've swallowed enough of theb to drown be; but's do use. Doldig under heaved cal keep by foot warb, dothig keep be frob catching cold."

**JUST PRINCIPLE.**—The Pottsville *Mercury* contains an opinion delivered by Judge Higgins in a case of equity, on an application by the Schuylkill Navigation Company, for an injunction to restrain Thos. Shillenger from placing his coal dirt in such a position that it may be washed down the stream, to the injury of the holders of property by the overflowing of the stream, by which the Company are rendered liable for damages. The Judge granted the injunction, on the principle that a man must use his property so as to do the least injury to others.

**MISSOURI.**—The *Democrat* counts upon an emigration into Missouri of TWENTY THOUSAND FAMILIES, "at the opening of navigation, and the first breath of vernal air." The *Democrat* is right in believing that the impulse to free emigration to Missouri was given by the victory in St. Louis of the free labor or white man's party, and that the continuance of this emigration will depend upon the unabated efforts and onward progress of that party.

**THE SPRING BONNETS.**—It is stated of the forthcoming new bonnets, that the decided new feature is a point in the middle of the front slightly drooping towards the forehead—as last season. The inside rouche no longer extends all around the face, but appears only at the sides, making amends by greater fullness, for its diminished length. The trimmings across the top of the bonnet have also disappeared.

**DIED ALONE.**—Ellen Bagley, aged seven years, was recently found dead in her bed room, in Susquehanna county. She had been left alone in the house at noon, but intended to go to singing school that evening, and had partly dressed herself for that purpose, when (as it is supposed) she was attacked by congestion of the brain, and, falling, died all alone, probably about sundown.

**THE MAN WHO RECENTLY MARRIED** Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, is a printer. A law in Germany requires every man to have some means of earning a livelihood for himself, and the young Prince chose to become a type-sticker. Good luck, brother!

From various parts of the country we hear of more favorable signs of the times. Factories, mills and shops are being put into operation. All we need is a protective tariff, which, however, we can not have as long as we are ruled by the Cotton Slave Lords of the South.

**ALLSPY.**—One of the conspirators against the life of Napoleon, is supposed to be in this country, probably in Philadelphia or New York. He is described as a gray-haired, smooth-chinned Englishman, 60 years of age.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for so many closed eyes at church during sermon time.

There is a lady down east so high minded that she declines to own that she has common sense. There are a great many of the same sort elsewhere.

## THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG: —OR— The Triumphs of Meekness.

### CHAPTER III.

It was as Wolf had feared. When Frau Ursula learnt what her husband had agreed to undertake, she uttered a loud lamentation, accusing him of want of love for her and his numerous children; of needlessly risking their lives and his own for the sake of those who had no claim upon him.

"What are the plague-stricken to you?" she said, passionately; "your place is at your loom, and in the midst of your family, not in the chamber of death. Look at your children; see how healthy, how rosy, how well grown they are; and would you after all the years of care, toil, privation, and anxiety which they have cost us, expose them to the danger of being carried off in a few days? Tell me, how much are they to give you for the lives of your children? How large is the bribe for which you are to yield up yourself and us to the black death? In all our poverty, were we not happy—happier than the burgher-master, our governor? Children! Erwin, Beatrice, all of you, up! beseech your father not to sell your lives; not to make orphans of you; entreat him to keep the black death far from us."

Wolf was at once surrounded by his children, who seized his hands, stroked his cheeks, embraced his knees, and assailed him with caresses and earnest petitions; his wife meanwhile, weeping so bitterly that it might have melted a heart of stone to see her. But meek and mild and gentle as Wolf was, his resolution remained unshaken.

"Wife! Ursula!" said he, striving to free himself from the children, "when you see one whom you love, sinking under a heavy weight, will you add a fresh load to it, or will you help him to bear it? A heavy burden is laid upon me, which, on your account, almost crushes me; but the command of my Savior, the will of my burgher-master, and my duty as a citizen, have imposed it upon me, and I may not shake it off again. Christ our Lord has said, we must even lay down our lives for the brethren; and whoever will save his life shall lose it, but whoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall find life eternal. If it be God's will, the black death will find us out without our going to it."

As Wolf was not to be moved from his purpose, his family ceased by degrees their entreaties and lamentations. With a cheerful heart and firm trust in God, Wolf entered upon his dangerous office. He became the adviser, preserver, and comforter of the sick and their relatives. His activity and vigilance saved many lives. By his consolations he preserved many from despair; by his attention and care he rescued yet more in the infected houses from the pangs of hunger. The consciousness of doing so much good, filled him with indescribable satisfaction, and set him above all fear of danger, which perhaps was the cause that he escaped the infection. Wolf's example had also great influence with his family; and, as they became accustomed to the danger, their anxious fears gradually subsided. It is, of course, to be understood, that whilst Wolf was occupied in the management of his important trust, which put a complete stop to his linen weaving, he and his family were liberally supplied with all that they required from the town revenues.

In the course of two months the pestilence, which had carried off so many victims, and placed so many families in mourning, disappeared from the town of Naumburg. Men are more commonly moved to repentance and thankfulness by the chastisements than by the bounties of God. The inhabitants of Naumburg, accordingly, celebrated their deliverance from the plague by appointing a day of general thanksgiving. One of the most deeply affected by the day was Wolf, the linen-weaver: and with good reason; for had not the Lord done great things for him and his? Not one of his beloved ones was taken from him, and he looked with a grateful heart upon his wife and eight children, who were on their knees beside him, uniting with him in prayer and praise. Had not the black death passed over his house, even as the destroying angel passed over the houses of the Israelites, in the night when all the first-born of the Egyptians were slain?

Others, however, celebrated the day in a different way. Out of the black stain by which the infected houses had been distinguished, a figure was made to represent the black death, and fastened to the top of a pole. The bearers of it were preceded by Stein with his drum, whilst the noisy rabble formed the advance and rear guard. As they proceeded, the multitude rapidly increased, and the black death was carried out of the town in triumph, and given up to the flames outside the gates, with loud shouts of joy. This *auto de fe* took place in nearly all the towns and villages which had been visited by the plague, and was for a long

repeated on a certain day, until at length the meaning of this whimsical ceremony was forgotten, and the observance of it was prohibited by the authorities, on account of the riot and disorder which frequently accompanied it.

After formally resigning his well executed trust, Wolf returned, with feelings of inward delight and satisfaction, to his loom.

"Dear valued friend," said he to it, "who has been so many years the constant support of my family, how glad I am to sit down before thee and once more throw the shuttle! I think thou must have missed me a little." And, so saying, Wolf set to work with the zest and eagerness of a hungry man at his meal.

He was, however, soon interrupted by a messenger with a summons to the council house. He started and exclaimed: "What am I wanted for now? Surely the black death is not come back again! Heaven forbid!" And he followed the messenger in great disquietude.

When, after a considerable time, he returned to his house, his stooping gait and slow steps foreboded nothing good to his anxiously expectant wife.

"Andreas, Andreas!" she cried, as he entered the room, "what can be the matter? You look more cast down than you did when you had undertaken the charge of the sick? What did they want with you at the council house?"

Wolf drew a long breath, looked at his wife with a suppressed smile, and said, "I am made a common-councilman."

"A common-councilman!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment; "and you speak as dolefully as if it was a great misfortune!"

"I am quite ashamed of myself," answered Wolf. "It is not suitable for a simple weaver to be a member of the town-council."

"But," replied Ursula, "how can they make you a common-councilman, when you have no property in the town? Such an exception has never been made."

"But I have property now," said Wolf, quietly, "and am become a householder." Ursula laughed. "A snail's house, then, it must be; for not even a dog-kennel or a hen-house could we buy for ourselves."

"I have not bought the house; it has been given to me," said Wolf, coloring. He was serious and spoke plainly. How came you to get a house, and what sort of a one is it?"

"It is the house of the late locksmith's widow, in Seiler Street, who left no heirs, which consequently devolved to the town. You know the house; it is not a large one, with three windows in front and two stories high; but quite large enough for us."

"Is it possible!" cried Ursula, in joyful astonishment. "Are you not imposing upon me?"

"No, indeed," said Wolf. "Our town-council has made us a present of the house, as a reward for what I have done as overseer of the sick. It is so expressed in the deed of gift. And that is what makes me so ashamed. For have I not already been paid more than I could have earned by weaving? Was not the pleasure of being permitted to save so many human lives, and receiving the grateful thanks of those placed under my care, a far richer reward than I looked for? Will not the people now say of me, that I only took the office for the cold love of lucre?"

Wolf preached to inattentive ears. No one listened to his last words. "Have you heard, children?" said Ursula exultingly, "we have a house of our own! A large handsome house, with kitchen and parlor, and windows, doors, and stairs, has been presented to your father by the town council. We need not live in lodgings any more. And he is made a common-councilman, too. That is the next step to an alderman, and a lucrative post. There is good news for you."

"A house! a house!" exclaimed eight pair of rosy lips in chorus. The children seized each other's hands and jumped round the little room, raising a cloud of dust, and nearly upsetting their father's bench.

After the merry noisy caper had lasted for a while, Seibert let go his sister Adelgrenda's hand, and, panting for breath, asked his father—"Has our house a garden?"

"Yes, it has," answered Wolf; "rather a narrow one, but long, very long."

New rejoicings followed this intelligence. "Can we keep fowls, and geese, and ducks?" inquired Beatrice.

"Nobody can hinder us," replied Wolf. "I suppose there is not a pigeon-cote to our house," said the pigeon-loving Erwin, doubtfully.

"I rather think I saw a dove-cote in the centre of the yard," returned Wolf; "but I really do not exactly know, for it is a long time since I called to see the late locksmith's widow."

"When are we to enter our house?" asked Ursula.

"Could not we soon go to see it?" said Erwin.

he drew a large and somewhat rusty key out of his pocket.

"Father!" they all cried at once, "let us go directly to see our house. Dear father, pray be persuaded! Come now, this very minute!"

Urged by the delighted children and their happy mother, Wolf left his loom to accompany them to the new house. The children ran on before, and when he reached the house, he found them all planted in a row in front of it, busily counting the number of windows, and admiring its outward appearance. They crowded round him as he unlocked the door, and with loud exclamations of delight, poured into the house, and dispersed themselves in the different rooms, giving them all a close inspection.

A fresh and joyful surprise awaited them when they entered the yard. They here found themselves greeted by a noble chintze, at the head of a number of hens of various colors. Two white and two gray geese stood gravely upon one leg and twinkled their eyes at their new masters. Five ducks, with bright green and blue wing feathers, waddled quacking up to them, and aimed with their broad bills at the children's toes; at which little Bertha was a good deal frightened and began to cry.

"Guckergack! guckergack!" now sounded from above their heads; and as the children turned quickly towards the dovecote, Mr. Pigeon raised his feathers, stretched out his neck, and made a low bow by way of welcome to his new friends. Meanwhile Winfred had hunted the yard thro' for a pig-sty, and quickly found one in a corner. Standing on his toes to peep over the door, he espied the long snouts of two young pigs, which immediately set up an inharmonious grunting, answered by the happy children with a shout of delight.

"All this has been given to us by our noble, generous burgher-master," said Wolf, deeply moved, and with tears in his eyes. The children, followed by their parents, now hastened into the garden, measured its length and breadth, counted the fruit-trees, currant and gooseberry bushes, and calculated its capabilities.

Wolf took no share in these proceedings. He stood under a pear-tree, whose fine ripe fruit hung upon the boughs in rich profusion. He had unperceivedly his hand and feet busy. "O Lord," he prayed with folded hands, "I am all unworthy of the favors which thou hast bestowed upon thy servant. Preserve thou me and mine from pride and arrogance. Let my children grow up in thy faith and fear. Amen."

"My good Andreas," said Ursula, joining her husband, "how ashamed I am that I so earnestly dissuaded you from undertaking the care of the sick. If you had listened to the entreaties of your foolish wife, we might have remained as poor as church mice all our lives."

"But if, instead of being liberally rewarded," answered Wolf, earnestly, "we had caught the infection, and some of us had died, you would not then have praised me, but perhaps would have heaped the bitterest reproaches upon me. Oh, Ursula, Ursula! we must not judge of our actions by the good or harm that may ensue, but solely by what they are in the sight of God. Ursula, my dear wife, promise me that you will remain as you have hitherto been, humble and contented. Do not have pointed shoes with glittering buckles made for you; nor wear caps trimmed with gold spangles; nor dress up the children in finer clothes than they have hitherto worn. Then shall we continue in the good repute which we have enjoyed up to this time, and those who envy us will have no just ground for fault-finding. Now, please, call the children here."

When Wolf saw them all around him, he said in an agitated voice: "Well, my dear children, how do you like our new property? Does it please you? Are you satisfied with it?"

"Oh, beautiful, splendid, magnificent!" resounded on all sides.

"By linen-weaving I could not have gained this house in twenty or thirty years," continued Wolf, "even had I worked doubly hard at my loom. But two months' care of the sick has done what thirty years of incessant toil could not have accomplished. Consequently, we have not earned our new possessions. They are a generous present from our beloved native town, to which we are therefore bound to be grateful all our lives. Promise me, then, my dear children, that you will, all of you, faithfully and honestly serve our town and its inhabitants; yes, even venture your lives for them, if necessary, and without expecting any other reward than the approval of your conscience."

"Yes, yes, yes," responded the children, giving their father their hands in confirmation of their promise. The next day the weaver's family entered their modest little house. Wolf commissioned a painter who was passing through the town, and who bought a piece of linen from him, to paint a picture of a snail with his shell on his back, and had it fixed over his house-door.

There was never a rose without a thorn, as Seibert found, when, by his mother's directions, he set to work to root up the rank and tangled weeds which overran the long neglected garden, whilst his elder brothers and sisters were at school, and the little ones with their mother in the house. The poor boy's back ached with the constant stooping; his fingers smarted with tugging at the stubborn weeds, and his legs would go to sleep from the cramped position in which he stood. Hot and tired as he was, he worked resolutely on, until he heard the sweet voice of a child in the neighboring garden, calling out—"Click, click, click! bunny, bunny! come, come!"

The garden from whence the sounds proceeded belonged to Herr Muller, the master of the school which stood opposite to his house, and was the same that Seibert's brothers and sisters attended. Schools were not then what they are now. The art of printing was not yet invented; books were consequently scarce and very dear. The youth of those days were only very imperfectly taught reading, writing, singing, and accounts. Many branches of knowledge, which are now considered a necessary part of education, were then unheard of. Herr Muller had one child, a daughter of nine years of age, who had from her earliest infancy been weak and delicate. The poor child suffered from contraction of the muscles of one leg, which prevented her from walking, and at times gave her great pain. Little Johanna's bodily deficiencies were, however, more than compensated by the powers of her mind. She was quick and intelligent beyond her years, and her education had been carefully attended to by her fond father. Johanna also possessed a peculiarly sweet and pleasing voice, which her father had diligently cultivated.

There followed upon her calls of invitation to her pets, such a fluttering, rustling, and flapping of wings as excited the young gardener's curiosity, and induced him to peep through a hole in the wooden partition which separated the two gardens. He could distinctly see the little girl seated in an easy chair, which was set upon wheels, and surrounded by a multifarious assemblage of animals, consisting of hens and chickens, white and colored doves, blue sparrows, redstarts, finches, and goldfinches, pretty little rabbits, and a splendid peacock with two peahens; all scrambling for the food which Johanna distributed amongst them with a liberal hand. The schoolmaster's garden resembled a paradise, in which the various animals feared neither man nor each other. Johanna's right shoulder a pretty little finch was perched, and on her left a snow white dove sat wiping her beak. Two sparrows and a tiny goldfinch were pecking the crumbs from her lap, whilst three playful rabbits nibbled cabbage leaves from her hand. When the peacock had eaten enough, he spread his magnificent tail, which glittered in the sun, and the geese and ducks gabbled in noisy chorus.

Seibert could not take his eyes off this lovely picture. He entirely forgot his work and his mother's injunctions. "How I should like to have one of those beautiful peacock's feathers!" said he, wistfully. "How rich the schoolmaster must be, to be able to buy such an expensive creature! Is not the peacock a prince among the birds? No, a king, the emperor himself, for does not he wear a crown upon his head? and are not the blue feathers on his neck far more gorgeous than the emperor's purple mantle, and his tail more splendid than the sceptre and the imperial globe? But that buffine is really quite shameless! It is throwing the corn about in the basket as if it were all his own, like a rich farmer in his granary. If I were in Johanna's place, I could easily catch him and put him in a cage, and make him sing to me all the year round."

At this moment Johanna opened her pale lips, and with a clear sweet voice, sang:

"I would I were a little bird, with light and airy wings; For over the sea I'd swiftly fly, and merrily I'd sing; But vain the wish; and here I sit, a lone and lonely child, And dream of joys I must not share, by faith thoughts beguiled."

"Yet, look, there is a place above, the mansion of the blest, Where David longed with dove-like wings to flee and be at rest; Thither would I, too, speed my way for Thou art ever there, And in that home of pure delight forget my sorrows here."

Seibert listened with delight until the sweet sounds had ceased. He then said to himself: "I should really think it better to be rich Herr Muller's daughter, than a poor little bird that the first bird-catcher that comes may take in his net, and twist its head off. And I would rather be here than across the sea, into which many a bird, tired with flying, must fall and be drowned."

When all the food had disappeared, the birds and rabbits acted like ordinary friends and acquaintances, who, when they have eaten enough, turn their backs upon their host and go their way. Johanna looked sorrowfully after her pets as they went, some walking, others flying lightly through the air; and when they were all gone, she took up two pointed sticks which she held in her hand, and began with her left,

ved along quite easily. Seibert watched her progress with fresh delight. All at once the little chair stood still. Johanna in vain exerted all her strength; it would not move from the spot. After many fruitless attempts, she laid down the sticks, and leaned back exhausted and panting for breath. After a while she said in a plaintive voice: "Father is in the school, and mother is gone out, and I live in the kitchen, where she can not hear me call. Oh! how long must I wait before anybody will see after me and help me!"

As she spoke, the little girl mournfully laid her head on her hand, and sighed deeply. In a short time she raised it again and said earnestly—"Oh that I was a bird; or," she added after a pause, "if I had but a pair of duck's or goose's legs! I should be very thankful even for them." And two large tears ran down her pale thin cheeks.

Seibert, who had just thought Johanna one of the most enviable of human beings, now compassionated her from the bottom of his heart. "Oh!" said he to himself, "I had quite forgotten that the poor little girl has a contracted leg, and cannot walk a step. To think that she would be thankful for a pair even of duck's or goose's legs! Why, I have two good legs, with which I can scramble over hedge and ditch; yes, or jump over this fence if I like. My legs are truly more precious to me than the handsomest wheel chair, and all the peacocks, ducks, geese, fowls, doves, and rabbits in the world."

Seibert now put his mouth to the hole he had been peeping through, as to the mouth piece of a speaking trumpet, and called out—"Johanna, shall I come over to you and push your chair along?"

"Who is there?" said the little girl in surprise, turning her face towards the new-fashioned speaking-trumpet.

"It is I!" answered the boy, "your new neighbor; my name is Seibert."

"But I do not at all know you," objected Johanna, timidly.

"We can soon mend that," answered Seibert; and the next moment he was astride upon the fence which separated the two gardens. "There!" he said, with a smile; "now you see who I am. Shall I jump down and push you along, or not?"

"But you will prick yourself with the briars which grow along the fence," said Seibert, letting himself drop among the bushes.

"Look! how you have run the thorns into you," cried the little girl in a distressed voice, as she saw Seibert stuck fast in midst of the thorn bushes, and striving with all his might to free himself from them. "A thorn will not kill me," said Seibert, making his way triumphantly out of the briars.

"But your hands are bleeding," exclaimed Johanna, "and your left cheek is bleeding too!"

"It is only the skin," said Seibert, in a consolatory tone, hiding the smart with a forced smile, "and that soon heals again;" and he caught hold of the back of the chair to push it along.

The little girl hastily stopped him. "Let me see your hands and your cheek," she said, in her sweet persuasive tones. Seibert obeyed, and Johanna began with a skilful though somewhat trembling hand to draw out the thorns from him. "Does it hurt very much?" she asked, looking anxiously in his face.

"Only like a great bite," answered Seibert, smiling again, and twinkling the tears out of his eyes.

"The thorns must come out," said the young doctor, continuing her operations, "else they would fester, and that would last much longer, and hurt a great deal more. There! that is the last; I told you before how it would be—poor Seibert!" The stout, hearty boy looked, in comparison with the pale and delicate Johanna, like the full moon beside the last quarter—a contrast that struck Seibert himself. "Do you not get enough to eat?" he exclaimed; "you look as pale as this as a farthing candle."

"My poor leg is the cause of that," answered Johanna; "not that I have too little to eat."

"And you have very little strength, too," continued Seibert; "for only look, with one hand and with a very slight push, I can send your chair forward; whilst you quite tire yourself, and can not move from the spot."

"That also proceeds from my lame leg," sighed the little girl.

"That is very strange," said Seibert. "How can the weakness of one leg make you so pale and thin and feeble?"

"When one member suffers, my father says, the other members suffer with it," replied Johanna, gravely.

"Yes, that is true," nodded Seibert; "for when my little brother Winfred, who is, as I may say, a member of us, had the small-pox and was very ill, we all suffered with him, mother especially. That was a sad time! But your garden is much prettier than ours. We have hardly anything but weeds and stinging nettles."

"My father says," answered Johanna, "that everything which God has created is

of some use, though we do not always know what."

"Yes," said Seibert, laughing, "the thorns in your fence are very good for sticking into one, but for nothing else. The rose bushes and gooseberry-bushes are splendid fellows too, and wish no one well."

"Oh, it is not right of you," said Johanna reprovingly, "to find fault with what God has made. If you took pains to observe how beautifully he has created everything, you would not speak in that way. Have you ever noticed that each plant has different leaves, some round, some narrow, some long leaves? one is jagged at the edge, another quite plain; one is light green and another dark. Just hold up a leaf to the light, and you will perceive that it has veins passing through it in all directions, which are its blood vessels."

"How very clever you are!" said Seibert, in astonishment. How do you know all this?"

"My father has taught me to examine everything, however small; and since I have done so, I never find the time to long when I am alone in the garden or in the house. I watch the busy ants and bees, and see how the spiders spin their webs and catch flies in them, and how the birds carry straws and feathers to their nests, and teach the young ones to fly; and many other pretty things besides."

"I have never troubled myself about these matters," said Seibert, "nor my father either. To be sure my father is a linen-weaver and common-councilman, and can not attend to leaves and birds, and ants and bees, and such like vermin. Your father being a musician and schoolmaster, these things are quite right for him."

"Oh!" cried Johanna, zealously, "Solomon was a great and wise king, yet he could speak of the cedar that grows upon Lebanon, and of the hyssop that springs out of the wall. My father told me all this, and he never says anything that is not true."

"Oh, but kings have not so much to do as a linen-weaver and common-councilman of Naumburg," answered Seibert. "All that they need do, is to sit upon a golden throne, holding the sceptre and the imperial globe in their hands; and to eat and drink a great deal, and ride in a gilt coach on a coal-black horse."

Solomon had to sit from early morning till late in the evening on the judgment seat, and decide the cases brought before him."

Mrs. Wolf's voice was now heard in the next garden, calling, "Seibert, Seibert! where can you possibly be?"

"Here," answered the boy as loud as he could, leaving hold of Johanna's chair.

"As soon as I may, I will come back again, if you would like it," he said; and scrambling through the thorns, he speedily disappeared over the fence, and ran to tell his mother where he had been, and all that had happened. Master Wolf and his wife had, as may be supposed, no objection that their children should be intimate with so well brought-up a child as the schoolmaster's little daughter. As, however, the way over the paling and through the thorns was by no means a convenient one, a little doorway was, by mutual consent, made in the fence, through which the children, as well as their parents could visit each other whenever they pleased.

## The Song of the Sewing Machine.

By J. A. J.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of a gifted lady in Cincinnati, written in a moment of inspiration, after having used one of Goss's & Bunn's celebrated sewing machines, in executing her family sewing, and putting into the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. The new household domestic slave is a pleasant song.

From from the realm of thought, I speak  
Oh! give me a welcome in your home;  
For I bring in my trail a stranger guest—  
A friend to the weary—Blessed be his name!  
An-hour for a purpose—twelve hours for a gain;  
And my iron hand has the spring for all  
Who summon my aid in the quiet of the night.

And, lo! what a blessing I bring—  
To the weary housewife an hour from care—  
To the sick the sun of the Tropics I'll bring;  
To the weary of the North I'll sing;  
And the trumpet of Rome shall sound to them,  
The triumph shall sound of my useful reign.

And, with a cheerful song I come,  
And I weave long threads of thought and rhyme;  
To the weary housewife an hour from care—  
To the sick the sun of the Tropics I'll bring;  
To the weary of the North I'll sing;  
And the trumpet of Rome shall sound to them,  
The triumph shall sound of my useful reign.

**CONVICTED OF HOMICIDE.**—On Saturday last, an Irishman named John Kilpatrick, charged with the murder of Jas. McCracken, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. The case was tried by Judges Allison and Ludlow, of Philadelphia. The parties were draymen, and had been fighting. After the fighting was over, Kilpatrick walked up to his victim, who was standing at the head of his horse, and stabbed him through the heart.

**A Sad Accident** occurred in Richmond, Va., 11th ult. Mr. Augustus Case, discovering smoke issuing from an upper room of his dwelling, entered the room for the purpose of extinguishing the fire. After groping several minutes in the dense smoke which filled the room, he was forced to retire, in a half suffocated condition, and survived but a short time thereafter.

Father Sargy of Bangor, the venerable preacher, who has reached his 102d year, has just received from government a land warrant of 160 acres, for military services in the Revolutionary War.

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