

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

At the grave of a departed.
In a lone, silent spot, beneath the sad drooping willow,
Where the grass and the vine matted over his grave,
A soldier of Jesus by pressing death's pillow,
Whom we saw and we loved, and whose sin was to save.
He sleeps there in peace, no dangers can harm him,
Though battles may rage, and the wild tempest roar;
His rest is unbroken, no sound can alarm him,
In quiet he slumbers—his conflict is o'er.
The cross was his standard, his banner he blazoned,
He offered salvation, and bled all his pains;
But his work is now finished, his battle is ended,
His toils are o'er, and he lies in his grave;
His form, cold and still, in its damp bed is sleeping,
The eye is grown dim, that with lustre once shone;
No friends mourning over him in sadness are weeping,
And the head-drop of sorrow falls not on his tomb.
But soon, the slumberer, command will be given
To rest of the fathers that cling to him now,
An army of angels shall bear him to heaven,
And garlands of glory be woven 'round his brow.
While millions of graves around him are ringing,
His body immortal in brightness shall shine,
While millions of ransomed sinners are singing,
In triumph he'll enter his home in the skies.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1858.

Who does it Mean?

A few years since, there appeared anonymously a short poem, mourning in most pathetic but vivid language the downfall of political character of one of our most mighty gifts. We quote two verses:
"Lachad,
"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore,
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For ever more."
"All else is gone—from those great eyes
The soul hath fled,
When Truth is lost, when Honor dies,
The man is dead!"
No name was mentioned, but every intelligent person exclaimed, with a sigh, "That's WENDELL, pointed by Whittier!" Every line pointed out his then recent defection from the cause of Liberty.

A gentleman hands us the following lines—not so sombre in hue by a considerable, (nor on so great a subject) —and we leave our readers to guess who they hit, and who hits him.
"The pathetic lamentations of a 'Southern man with Southern principles.'
O how I longed to see
That blessed 'fraternal' sight,
Two States, one slave, one free,
One darkness and one light—
Together, side by side,
Into the Union come,
And there in love abide,
Like children in their home!
But hang the cherubim North!
They want both to be free;
And what is freedom worth
To poor old Buck or me?
When Slavery's reign is o'er,
And every man is free,
The South will need no more
To use old Buck or me.
When locomotives run
Along new railroad tracks,
Of course we lose the fun
Of donkeys and their packs.
And when the slave-power dies,
Alas! it dies in dust,
Then each poor doughface lies
Disheveled in the dust!"
For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
A correspondent who has on several occasions, heard the word professed, pronounced as if spelled *profel*, begins to fear that in this progressive age, we shall soon be obliged to call a woodpile, a *woodpeel*—*Wielding Intelligence*.
And why not? And why stop at a woodpeel? Let us "go ahead." Let the blacksmith call his file a *feel*; and the mother call her infant's smile, a *smel*; and let stilt, be called *stiel*; and go on, and instead of reptile, *reptile*, servile, textile, crocodile, imbecile, infantile, defile, &c., let us say *reptel*, *servel*, *textel*, *crocodel*, *imbecel*, *infantel*, *defel*, &c. And why not "progress," with satire, feminine, opine, superfine, confidine, backside, decide, &c., and say *sturneez*, *femineen*, *opeen*, *superfeen*, *confed*, *backsideel*, *decideel*, &c. How sweet!

From Philadelphia.

The *Review in Progress*—Rev. Dudley A. Tyng—Brotherly Love—Sabbath School Efforts—Rewards of Labor.
[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]
PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1858.
The very interesting series of public religious meetings, which began in Jayne's Hall, many weeks ago, and were afterward removed to Sanson St. Baptist Church, have been again removed to the Hall, and the attendance is as large as ever, and the interest quite as great. For a week past, it has been greatly increased by the death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, who was one of the prominent men at those meetings; who was indeed a prominent man everywhere in all that related to staunch piety and the supremacy of his Master's kingdom. The dispensation which has carried him off is one of those wonderful providences which all must bow to as an act of a wise and overruling God, but which our shortened vision can not fathom.
Mr. Tyng, who is represented by all who knew him as a man of sterling quality, was first brought prominently before the public because he dared to preach against

national sins and include slavery in the category; knowing at the same time that he had in his congregation many whose interests were closely connected with the South, and indeed whose whole estates lay in a region unfit for themselves to inhabit, but which they were in duty bound to uphold even at the expense of the peace, unity and purity of the church. Mr. Tyng was on that occasion requested to leave on the plea that the church of Epiphany had nothing to do with national sins, and a gentleman from the "infected district" was, with very bad taste, chosen in his stead, and in very much worse taste, accepted the call; a circumstance which showed conclusively, that slavery was the only national sin they had any particular interest in.
Mr. Tyng, who was an active Christian, at once organized a new congregation in a public hall, where he has been gaining strength and adding to his influence ever since. When the present remarkable revival took place, he was among the first of its supporters, and while he was spared battled manfully, and fell in the harness; for he was deeply interested to the last in the great work.
Perhaps, since the first organization of the Reformed Church, there has not been such a scene enacted as that at Mr. Tyng's funeral obsequies, and on one or two occasions at the hall of prayer. The millennium seemed for the moment to have just begun, and all its promised peace to have descended to the earth. The church for the moment doffed her mitre and took her seat in happy communion with Baptist and Presbyterian, and Dutch Reformed and Covenanters—her old and deadliest foe—and Methodist and any other "dissenter" who was willing to "stand up for Christ."
I have just returned from one of the Jayne's Hall meetings, and such a scene is worth a visit to the city from a greater distance than Lewisburg. Mingled in one brotherhood on the spacious stand were ministers of almost every denomination. From a grand chorus of not less than two thousand voices, was going up, at the moment I occupied, the touching hymn,
"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,"
and the effect you can possibly imagine, I can't describe.
But if the exercises were interesting and highly Christian, the audience was certainly interesting and curious. The merchant from the great thoroughfares of mammon leaving his countinghouse (for the hour) and his cares behind him, was there, deeply attentive and apparently deeply concerned. His clerk and his porter were there also, mingling for once in worship with their employer, where no door plates and lockers bar intruders from cushioned pews, and send strangers and poor folk to the gallery. The policeman's star was also visible among the crowd, and the man about town, "bearded like the pard" and whose presence was never seen in a church, seemed among the most attentive of listeners.
The prayers possessed all the fervor of feeling, earnestness of appeal, belonging to warm hearts, true piety, without any of the enthusiasm and excitement generally consequent on revival seasons, and the addresses, short and to the point, were of the same class, and seemed to tell on the hearers.
But this state of affairs is not at all confined to one spot. In all the churches, there are many enquiring "the way." The Sabbath Schools are sending out their young recruits by hundreds, and the poor, destitute wanderers, are forgetting their sorrows and crowding to the cross, like the pilgrims to the ford of Jordan.
The writer has been employed in a Mission Sabbath School for ten years past, and only now is he, with his fellow teachers, beginning to reap the fruits of their labors, which, many a time and oft forgetting the promises, they had looked upon as thrown away. It would do you good to see a few of us packed into a little stifling, and almost unfurnished room, in some one of the houses of our people, surrounded by a crowd of most unsavory sinners who are just beginning to feel that they have souls, and that we have really been in earnest all these long years, when we have tried to tell them and their children that we loved them, and were laboring for their good. Their gratitude is a reward for any amount of labor.
There are districts in our city, as much in want of faithful missionary efforts, as in China or Hindoostan, and as legitimate a field. They are reached only by the Sabbath school teacher, and then only through the medium of their children. I myself have assisted and lectured at evening conversational meetings, when we had to employ a police force, both inside and out of the building to preserve the peace, and protect ourselves. It is changed, now, and when we walk the district, every one is ambitious of a recognition, save the poor blinded Romanist, and even some of these wink at the fact of their children attending our Sabbath school.
But I have written too much on a subject which though very dear to me, is but a local one, and may not interest generally. If you can afford to come down and spend a Sabbath with me, I'll show you such

A Bull-Backing Adventure.

[George W. Harris, a Tennessee Editor and Post Master, is publishing a series of humorous sketches, in the name of "Sut Lovengood"—a pure type of the loafing, ignorant, drinking, chewing, hunting, lazy, yet shrewd "poor white trash" of that region. These sketches are very coarse, and many of them would be pronounced unfit for print in the North, but they seem to be well adapted to the Southern taste. In truth, judging from those most popular Southern authors—David Crockett, "Georgia Scenes," Major Jones of Mineville, and our "Sut"—chaste and delicate humor are not among the "domestic institutions" or native literature in that quarter, while broad, practical, rough "fun" has no restraints upon it, and the more gross the better.—The annexed specimen is the most readable, truth-like, and laughable of the "yarns" retailed by "Sut" to his friend "George."]
I had got about a fox squirrel skin full of billed corn juice under my shirt, an ur aimin fur Bill Kar's on foot, an when I got in site o' ole Burns's, I seed i' onto fifty hosses an mules hitched onto his fence. It wur Sicily's wedding. She married Clapshaw, the sukiter rider. Now ole Burns hed a big black and white bull, with a ring in his nose, an the rope tied up 'round his horns. They rid in tu mill and sich like with a saddel made outen dog-wood forks and clappards, an kivered with ole carpit, rope girth and stirrup-leathers, with a loop fur the foot. "Ole Sock," es they called him, hed jist got back fur mill, an wur turnd into the yard, saddel an all, tu pick grass. I wur stargin rou' too, outside the house, fur they hedent axed me in when they set down tu cat. Sock nosed rou' till he fou' a big basket what hilt a little shatterin' corn, an he put in his hed tu git it. I slipped up and jerked the handli over his horns. Now, George, du yu no the nature o' a cow brute? They the durndest fools o' all the beastes, fur when they gite inter tribulashun they nos natuin but tu shut ther eyes, beller, an *back an keep a bakin*. Well, when ole Sock found his self in darkness when he raised his hed, he made wur lunge agin the house, that shook the daubin out, then he feteh a beller mout ben hear a mile, an then set inter an onondin sistin o' bakin. A big onondin fur nosed. Foot agin was thing, then over another, among which was the bee bench, an a dozen stands o' bees. This knokin down ther bench, feteh out all the bees fin mad; and the whole ar wur full o' em, redy tu pick inter anything what moved. The hous set over an slopin groun, an the yard dore wer even with it; so Sock jist backed in onder a dubble hed o' steme, a blowin and a bawlin, an the leder o' the biggest army o' bees ever seed out at wur time; they filled the basket, they lodged outo histale till it wur es thick es a waggin tung, an strate up the ar at that, lookin sorter like a ded pine kivered with ivy. They wur in fact all over im, an at work with all ther mites, a makin im feel good an hot an improvin his temper mitley. O' all the durnd times yu ever hear tell o' wur thar, and tharabouts. He cum tale fust agin the ole two story Dutch clock an feteh it, busting the innards outo it; the leetle wheels wer all over the flore. Next pass he feteh up agin the foot o' a big dubbil engine bedsted, an rared it on tu aind an punchin wur o' the posts thro' the glass window. The next tail fust expedition wur agin a katarcornered cupbord, what soon kotch duration. He smashed the glass dore in, upsetin it, an then stompod everything inter the shelves all tu giblets, a tryin tu back further in that dereebest. Pickles, preserves, jars, vinegar jugs, seed bags, yarb bunches, paragogick bottles, aig baskets, an delf were all mixed miskiskusly, an not wuth a sortin by about a dollar and an alf. Next he got a fair back across the rume agin the board pertishun; he went thro' like it hed been paper, an tuck about six fet square of it in splinters an skrap with im inter the rume whar they wur a catin. An now the fitt o' bees, an a dancin, an a dodgin begun. Clapshaw's mam wer es deaf es a dogiron, an sot at the aind o' the tabil nex tu whar Sock busted thro' the wall; tail aind on he cum agin her cheer, histin her an it on to the tabil. Now the squawkin an cussin an the smashin o' things, an a mix in o' vittils begun. They had sot several tabils together tu make it long euf, so he jist rolled em up tu a top o' one another an thar sot ole Misses Clapshaw a straddle o' the pile, a fin bees like on tu a mad windmill, with her caliker cap in wur hand fur a wepup, an a eruet frame in tuther; an a kiek in like she wur ridin a lazy hoss arter a doctor. Tatars, cabidge, meat, supe, sop, dumplings an the truck yu waller em in, milk, plates, pies an every darn fixin yu cud think o' in a week, wer thar mixed an mashed like it hed been thro' a thrashin masheen. Ole Sock still kep a bakin, an backed the hole pile, ole 'oman an all, with five ur six uther bee fitors, an a few cheers, outen the big dore an down seven steps inter the lane; an then he turned a fifteen hundred pound sumerset his sof arter 'em, an lit atop o' all the mixed up mess flat onto his back. About the time he got tu his feet, ole man Burns—ye

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

The four Constitutions of Kansas.
TOLPEKA.
She was nursed in the tempest
So stern and so wild—
With the eye of an eagle,
She's Freedom's own child!
LECOMPTON.
She's weak-eyed, and cross-eyed,
With an only flat foot,
A mean, spiteful vixen,
And a "nigger" to boot!
LEAVENWORTH.
So calm and so truthful,
Enlightened and bold,
She truly re-echoes
The teachings of old.
THE ENGLISH FRONTIER.
With the tooth of a serpent,
And eyes of a bat,
She's Lecompton's half-sister,
And a bastard at that!

MOST APPPOSITE COMPARISON.

[The new U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, Judge DOOLITTLE, made a most telling speech against the juggle by which it is hoped to entrap Kansas into voting for a Slave Constitution, in the course of which the following apt parallel was drawn:]
The point we are now considering, is simply whether the proposition of the committee of conference does itself present any improper inducement to bring Kansas into the Confederacy under the Lecompton constitution; and if she refuses to come in, does it impose upon her any improper penalties—anything by way of punishment? Is Kansas left perfectly free to make her own choice in this matter? Sir, it is very easy to illustrate this by resuming once more the analogy. Imagine the case of a parent with large possessions, having a large family of highly educated and accomplished daughters. As they grow up and arrive at the age of maturity and marriage ability, one after another they are settled and established in life, and a portion of his vast inheritance is set off to them. A younger daughter, not yet arrived at the age of perfect maturity, hardly marriageable as yet, at that tender and interesting period when the sentiment of childhood yields to the shame of womanhood, is sought in marriage by two rival suitors; the parent's consent is asked. One presents himself, an intelligent, frank, honest, noble youth, who has wrought out his own fortune by his own strong hands; and he has sought, received, and secured her affections. Another presents himself who claims to be of noble blood—to belong to the first families of the land, too proud to labor himself, but ever willing to live upon the labors of others—like too many, greedy of other's goods and prodigal of his own—and he seeks her hand in marriage also. He plies every art, attempting sometimes by force and sometimes by fraud to obtain her consent. She rejects his suit again and again. Her elder sisters takes a deep interest and an active part in the controversy, are about equally divided, and the result even threatens to surrender their family relations. She comes to her parent for advice. She fully avows her affection for the one, and her detestation for the other; and what does he propose? He says to her, "my daughter, if you will marry this man of family and pretensions I will give you houses and lands; I will endow you with a large and independent fortune, as I have all your sisters that have settled before you; I will establish you at once in a high rank in society; you shall have all the deference and consideration which grow out of that establishment, on a footing of perfect equality with your elder sisters; but if you refuse to marry him, you shall not marry at all, so long as I live, or at all events so long as I keep you under my control; and until you arrive at the full age of majority you shall not marry any other; and though you do not choose to marry him, you shall continue to associate with him and receive his attentions."
Mr. President, is that leaving her perfectly free to follow the dictates of her own heart, to make her own selection, or is that what you call *parental intervention*? Is it leaving her perfectly free, or is it endeavoring to force her choice, to say to her in plain English, "if you will marry this suitor, you are old enough to marry now; but if you desire to marry anybody else, you are not old enough to marry at all; if you will marry this one, you shall have houses and land; you shall be endowed richly, as all your sisters have been endowed before you; but if you will not marry him, you shall marry no other for an indefinite length of time, and you may have to pass that certain age which no female desires to pass unmarried; and whether you like him or dislike him, you shall continue to associate with him?"
I ask you if this is leaving her perfectly free in her choice to choose her own domestic institutions, and to form and regulate them in her own way? or is it paternal intervention to overcome her free will, to tempt her, to smother and crucify her affections, and to join in alliance with one whom, instead of loving, she detests?

know how fat, stumpy, an cross grained he is enyhow—made a mad snatch at the basket an kotch it, but cudent let go quick enuf, fur ole Sock gist blowed, beller an histed the ole man heels fust up inter the ar, an he lit on Sock's back an hed the basket in his hand. Jist es soon es ole Blackey cud see, he tore off down the lane (tryin tu outrun the bees) so fast that ole Burns was feared to try tu get off; so he jist socked his fat inter the rope stirups an prepared hisself fur the fastest bull ride mortal man ur oman ever hed. Sock tuck down atween the hitched hosses an the rail fence, an ole Burns a fin him over the hed with the basket tu stop im, an then fist the bees. I tell ye he kep thar ar bakin a movin. I'll jist be durnd if I didnt think he hed four ur five faskits. I cud see that menty sumtimes at onst. Well, Burns, basket an bull, seered every hoss an mule loose from the fence, soon obsarvin bees astepin on each wur tu help im start fast fur that onquist an tribulashun place. Must on em, too, tuck a fence rail with em, fas into the bridil rein. Now I'll jist gin yu leve tu kiss sister Sall of ever sich a site wur seed ur sich nises learn as wur in that long lane. A monstrous cloud o' dum, like a barykane hed cum along, hid all the hosses; an away abut it yu cud see hosses tails an ends o' fence rails a flyin about, an now an then a par o' brittle hind shoes wur flash in the sun like two sparks, an away a head wur the basket circelin rou' an about at random. A heap o' brayin, sam nickerin, the bellerin o' the bull clatterin, ur ruinin hoofs, an a monstrous rushin sound, made up the nise. Ole Burns kin beat any man on yeath a fin bees with a basket—jist set him astraddle o' a mad bull, an let thar be a plenty o' bees so es tu exite the ole man. Stray hosses an mules wer tuck up all over the county, an ye cudent gin a mile ey cou' an not find buckles, stirups, straps, ur sumthin belongin tu a ridin hoss.

Hints to Buyers of Horses.

Many persons who purchase and pay for good horses, are sadly disappointed with their bargains. Of course, many bad bargains will be made. The really fine animals, and the seemingly fine to common eyes, are very unpleas, and such purchasers are not easily deceived. Still, no man is beyond being sometimes overreached by an imposing animal in the hands of an artful jockey. This kind of imposition can never be wholly prevented, and must be endured.
But there are some causes of dissatisfaction with the buyer, for which the seller is no way in fault. A horse, or a pair of young horses, are bought of a breeder or dealer, which probably have been used to light work on the farm, and to daily exercise. The buyer drives them a few times and feeds them high. They are not bought for regular, steady labor, but for occasional use, when the owner has the leisure. After the novelty of the new horses is gone, they are consigned to the groom. They remain day after day, and sometimes for weeks, standing on a hard plank, indulged with high feed, and deprived of all exercise. The horse delights in motion; and confinement he abhors. He watches the long days to have one come to take him out and give him a chance to move. The master very likely seldom sees him, and he is left to the mercies of the groom.
After a week of inaction, he is ordered to be brought out for use. He has been fed high for a week, and it may be a fortnight, and his feet are hot and dry from standing on a hard dry floor; but he is a fast horse, and was perhaps bought because he was fast; consequently, the owner must drive fast. He is driven in this state eight or ten miles at a rapid pace. He is covered with foam, and panting for breath. The owner is surprised. He can not imagine what makes the horse sweat so. He has been well fed, and has not been out of the stable for a week. He begins to think that the horse is tender, and lacks a good constitution. When the horse returns to the stable, heated with a sharp drive, how many owners see that he is carefully rubbed until he is thoroughly dry, and know by their own observation that the groom is faithful?
The horse, with his fine spirit, high courage, and boundless ambition, will go till he drops dead in the harness. But whoever wants to drive fast must remember that, in the first place, the horse must be prepared for it by daily exercise. Secondly, he must not be driven fast after a full meal; and thirdly, after being driven fast, he must have the best of care. Horses for fast driving must not carry much flesh, or they are more liable to injury.
If you are the owner of a good horse, see him daily. A little practice will make it pleasant to you, and you will see how soon he recognizes you and loves to accompany you on your excursions. Be careful to whom you commit a good horse. A coarse brutal man is unfit to have charge of him. The horse is easily won by kindness to the most implicit obedience, while harshness and violence are very sure to spoil him.—*Vermont Stock Journal*.

INDIAN CORN.

Seville's soft luxuriant climate
Yields the orange and the lime,
And the cool refreshing shade
By the clustering branches made
Seems to hold the perfumed air
As a willing captive there.
Ceylon, Isle of spice and balm,
Boasts her groves of stately palm;
Where the sublimed fragrant rest,
As they loved that land the best;
Where the birds amid the bowers
Are like gorgeous winged flowers.
In thy vales, fair, sunny France,
Presents love the vintage dance;
When the vines their clusters yield,
Songs are heard from every field;
All the land in festal dress
Overflows with happiness.
But of all the precious stores
Nature's bounteous hand outpours
O'er each hill, and vale, and plain,
Flower, fruit, or waving grain,
Dearest to the Northern born
Stands the graceful Indian Corn.
When it springs the verdant leaf,
Burns the seed's encircling sheath,
Or, in Summer's glowing light,
The feathery tassels greet the sight,
Grace and beauty still adorn,
Every change of Indian Corn.
When the autumn's gorgeous dyes
Reflect the hues of sunset skies
O'er the glowing harvest plain,
Take the ears of clustered grain,
In the yellow sheath enrolled,
Seem like tops set to gold.

Progress of the Nullifiers.

Incidents in the life of Col. BENTON, now brought prominently to mind by the death of that venerable statesman, reveal so pointedly certain political changes in the country as to deserve a passing notice.
Col. Benton was all his life a national man, and opposed to sectionalism, either at the North or South. He was the mainstay of Gen. Jackson during his contest with the nullifiers of the South, and was the never sleeping opponent of all of Calhoun's peculiar notions. Up to the defeat of Van Buren in 1848, he was the leader of the Democrats, and Calhoun of a faction. But that was the turning point; and in the election of Pierce, the nullifiers obtained that hold upon the Democratic party which they had for years been struggling for. Since that time they have wielded the destinies of that party with an iron hand. Van Buren was their first victim; Benton the second—the only alternative is presented to every public man, submission or political death.
Year after year sees the revolts in the Democratic ranks—see the power circumscribed to narrow and narrow limits; and as soon as the people of this country become convinced—as we believe they are now—that the present Democratic party is obnoxious sectional in its aims and purposes, more so than any northern party that has ever been formed, it will be overwhelmed.
It takes a long while for the Democratic party to undo the reputation Gen. Jackson achieved for it as a national organization; but it is being done. Mr. Buchanan would have been defeated through the belief that his party had proved recreant to its past aims, had it not been for the hope that he would break away from the incubus which was destroying the vitals of the Democratic party—its nationality. But this has proved a false hope, and the nullifiers have a stronger hold than ever upon that party; and the revolt of Judge Douglas and other Democrats, added to the long array of testimony that has gone before, is opening the eyes of the people to the facts which they should have recognized when Col. Benton, the great champion of Jackson's Administration, was driven from office by the intrigue of the nullifiers, acting through the Democratic party.—*High Register*.

Grubs and Wire Worms.

Sward land, plowed in the Spring for Corn, is often found filled with worms which are sure to make great havoc with the seed unless they are exterminated. The following is an excellent remedy: After turning under the soil, sow broadcast a bushel and a half of fine salt to the acre, and harrow it in, following with the roller. Soak the seed in tepid water about eight hours. Dissolve two ounces of sal ammoniac and add it to the water. This amount will answer for a bushel of seed. Plant the corn soon after sowing the salt. The seed will germinate quickly and the plants will come forward at once. Between the salt and the ammonia, the corn will suffer little from the worms. Who will try this, and send us a report of his success, in the Autumn?—*American Agriculturist*.

Removing Ergot from Rye.

Two years ago I had a small piece of rye, and from causes not known it contained a great deal of black rye, (*ergot carinatum*) Black rye or ergot is a poison, and my grain contained so much of it that I could not feed it. By accident a very fine hog was destroyed by eating it. I have met with no mill or screen that will separate it, as much of it is as slender as the true grain. After various failures, I discovered that brine would separate it, the rye sinking and the ergot floating on the surface. This might in some instances, be turned to profit, as the ergot is bought by druggists and is worth much more than the rye itself. The salt should be immediately washed out and both carefully dried.—*Geo. Hill, Lycoming Co., Pa.* [*American Agriculturist*].

Dress and Health.

The glowing color and freshness of English female beauty has always excited the gratifying comments of Americans who have visited the Albion Isle. The striking contrast between the organization of American women and that of their trans Atlantic cousins is entirely due to the relative care or neglect of physical training, the indifference or inattention to physical education, which is so universal a deficiency in personal strength and beauty. With all our republican defiance of restraint and formality, we practically ignore, as a nation, the very advantages which should ensure to us from our independent position. If we were actually beyond the opinion of the world, public sentiment would never tolerate the rearing of females to remain all their lives animal hot-house plants.
The active in-door exercise, the constant riding and walking in the open air, and in all weathers, and above all, the robust style of costume which English girls cultivate, tend to make a totally different race of beings from what we see here. The end of female education appears to be, at least in our large cities, the making of dolls and playthings, rather than active, stirring, energetic women, such as formed the womanly element of the Puritan times and the fighting days of the Revolution.

The old home-spun clothes and homedressed shoes have given way to crinolins and gaiters. Even in ordinary traveling and every day promenade, our American ladies affect a luxury of costume which the Queen of England would not assume outside of her palace drawing-room. English women take life practically, as a life to work and enjoy, and they utterly discard fashion where personal health or comfort is concerned. Many of our fashionable ladies here dress as if they were never to go out except to tread on carpets of velvet. We can imagine with what an instinctive shrug of aristocratic disdain many of these must read the account of the outfit of the Princess Royal. Amongst the items particularly striking, take the following:
"Twelve dozen pairs of boots of useful and every day make; some of them, intended for rough walking, being provided with treble soles, and small projecting nails."
"Only thick of some of our 'paper ruled,' oiled-tooled dannels, who float like so many Hobbs along Chestnut and Walnut Sts., sporting, by way of novelty, hobbled, triple-soled shoes! Does any one doubt, however, that such an innovation would do more to preserve the roses in fair cheeks than any style of hygiene which the 'faculty' could recommend? We denounce often the fashions of England as monarchial—we think the Princess Royal might set us good republicans an example in the matter of understanding—*Philad. North American*."

Danger as to our Sabbath.

[The fact that America has a universal Sabbath for the poor as well as the rich, says the *Home Journal*, is the most instructive contrast to the following picture of Europe, given by a correspondent of the *Times*.]
"After a careful observation and experience in foreign cities, I am justified in this conclusion: That Sunday is a day of leisure to the moneyed classes of society, to whom all must be made easy, and a day of toil to the poorer. To the richer classes it is a gala day, but to those who provide the dress, pleasures, and excursions for them, it is a time when their labors are more in demand than any other day of the week. Sunday is the day for the finest performances at the theatre and opera. It is a day for sumptuous dinners; and evening assemblies, concerts and balls. You may easily imagine, therefore, what an amount of labor is required, and especially when indifference to the day excludes all forethought. Young people are plying their needles on Sabbath mornings, to complete the gay robes for the evening. Launderers are commonly seen carrying through the streets articles of attire. Printers and billposters are engaged in announcing the amusements for the evening. Shoemakers are furnishing dress boots; boys carrying them home. Tailors are bending over brodered vests. The chief market of the week is held on Sunday morning. Cooks, in the public kitchens, are busier than usual. Confectioners and decorators are pressed with labor. A carpenter in Nice said he would be grateful for any law that would exempt him from toil on the Sabbath. An eminent physician in Brou told me, that so numerous were the private and dancing parties on Sunday evenings in that city, that in hundreds of houses the servant girls were so hurried that they could only catch a moment to eat their food as they stood. The most painful thing about this is, that there is not the most distant conception of any injustice being done to the suffering toilers by this state of things. The amount of it all is, that the *non-rest* principle works well enough for the selfish aristocracy, but terribly for the poorer classes. It would be so here, as in Europe, only that there can be no second state of public or private work."
... among rich or poor, without a day of sacred rest."