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O. N. WORDEN, Publisher.

From the Bloomsburg Democrat.

TRUE STORIES.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"I declare, Emma, I had almost forgotten to congratulate you on your approaching happiness," said a handsome and fashionably dressed girl, to a young lady, on whom she was inflicting a morning call.

"Thank you, Mary," replied the girl addressed, "though I am not conscious that any unusual happiness is approaching me."

"How exceedingly innocent you are, dear! So you suppose that your engagement to Frank Jeffrey is a profound secret? Ha! ha! ha! Well, I can not blame you for seeking to keep it so."

"I assure you, Miss Glitter," replied Emma, with quiet dignity, "Mr. Jeffrey has not sought an engagement with me."

"Glad to hear it. I did not half believe the rumor of the engagement. I trust you will not give him opportunity to offer you such an insult."

"In my opinion, Mary, the greatest honor that a woman can receive, is the offer of marriage, from an honorable man. It implies admiration, confidence, and esteem, and though there may be insuperable obstacles to prevent her acceptance, a sensible woman will reject such an offer with tenderness, and feelings of grateful regard."

"How exceedingly sentimental, dear Miss Gentil! I declare, I should not be surprised if you were yet to marry Frank Jeffrey, or some other penniless hero."

"Mr. Jeffrey is not quite penniless, Mary," rejoined Emma, "and his character is wholly unimpeachable. I would sooner be his wife, than the lady of any wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance."

"How exceedingly romantic!" sneered Mary; "and you could live in a nice little white-washed cottage, and be your own cook, chambermaid, and housekeeper; you could feed your own pigs, and plant and weed your own garden. In the intervals, you could make and mend your husband's shirts, and darn his stockings, and brush his coat; and when he came home at night, you could bring the boot jack and slippers, with a sweet smile—Oh it would be delightful! Does not the picture set you longing? My prospect, now, is quite of another complexion. With a man whose very name is another word for wealth and honor, whose residence is decidedly the most aristocratic in the city, and whose ample fortune insures me every indulgence of luxury and taste—I may reasonably look forward, with pleasant anticipations."

"It is not always the wealthiest who are happiest, Mary—and you may rely on my sincerity when I tell you, that no consideration on earth should induce me to become the wife of Herbert Tracy. The shadow of an honorable name can not conceal the stains of vice and cruelty, or the glitter of wealth atone for narrowness of soul and dearth of intellect. Oh! Mary, I shudder when I think of the price for which you are selling yourself, body and soul. You do not love Mr. Tracy, I am sure—nay, I believe that in your heart you despise him. How then can you become his wife, promising, before God, to love, honor, and obey him?"

"Nonsense, Emma! Do you suppose these old-fashioned promises mean anything? If they did, I fancy there would be few marriages. Obey, indeed! I would like to see the man who should command my obedience; and as for love and honor, my ideas are wholly different from yours, on both subjects. I see that wealth commands homage, everywhere; and sentimental love is merely a school girl's dream. The object of my call, was to ask you to be one of my bride's maids; but, as you feel so bitterly towards Mr. Tracy, I suppose it will suit you better that we be benefactors to each other.—Good morning, Miss Gentil."

"You are not going in anger? Mary?"

"Not exactly. My feelings are scarcely sufficiently dignified to claim that epithet. And so saying, the haughty girl walked out of the house."

"Poor Mary!" sighed her friend, "I pity her for the weakness of her judgment,

and the false principles in which she has been educated. She knows no more of her destiny, and duty, as a woman, than she does of what constitutes true happiness."

And Miss Glitter became Mrs. Tracy, and mistress of the finest mansion and most sumptuous equipage in the city. Flattery lavished its incense before her; the votaries of fashion knelt at her feet; smiles and adulation waited on her footsteps—not because she was an excellent woman, doing good in her generation—but she had wealth at her command. And she, amid the splendor and homage that surrounded her, forgot that she was utterly useless and valueless in the world, doing no good, even to her own dear self. While she squandered her thousands on useless toys, she forgot that the worthy and industrious women who were in want of the necessities of life, were all her sisters, and better than she—better, because they more nearly performed their duty.

Frank Jeffrey did propose to Emma Gentil, and she accepted him, because she knew him to be one upon whose truth and honor she could confidently rely.

Frank had done as too many in these days do, and so was "admitted to the bar," "opened an office," and verily commenced business, with no mean prospect of success; but, when one client after another came, desiring him to assist them in carrying out some scheme of wrong or villainy, he grew disgusted with a profession, which, while it pretends to help the oppressed to their right, too often prevents all the ends of justice.

"I will never," he soliloquized, as he returned one evening, more than usually harassed by the appropriate duties of his profession, to which had just been added the solicitation of a well-dressed and a well-connected scoundrel, "I will never advocate the cause of guilt, or assist toward triumph over his victim;" and as he entered his quiet parlor that night, "a change came over the spirit of his dream."

"Emma," said he to his wife, who was beginning to feel perplexed at his unusual gravity, "Emma, let us go to the West—let us go to the far West; not to practice law, but in a well selected location to engage in the no less honorable and more congenial pursuit of agriculture. We need ten acres of land, and in due time they were on their way, with hopeful hearts, to the broad savannas of the West.

Tracy's mansion was lighted like a fairy palace, and swarming with beauty, finery, and fashion—Mrs. Tracy herself, richly attired, smiling through a borrowed tress, moved gracefully amid the glittering whirl, exciting the admiration of a few heartless fops, and the envy of all. Simpering compliments and untimely glances attracted the notice of Mr. Tracy, and the lowering brow and flashing eye told that the leaven of jealousy was at work. Presently, with a paper-valiant officer and a small group as heartless and thoughtless as herself, Mrs. Tracy is found in an exclusive *te-te-a-te-te*, regardless of her husband, who, irritated at the apparent favor with which she entertained the impudent puppy at her side, had left the house. Mrs. T. and her party were entertained with an account of marches, and adventures in his country's cause, by the officer.

"By the way, my queen," he went on, "do you remember that dainty little prude, Emma Gentil, who scandalized society by marrying that booby Jeffrey, and was glad to go and hide with him in the woods?"

An expression of pain crossed Mrs. Tracy's face—then with a sneer she answered, "I do recollect some such circumstance."

"Well," he went on, "I found them in their hiding place. Passing up the Arkansas, through swamps and tangled forests, we came at length in view of a rise of ground where the timber was partially cut away, and some grass and grain growing among the stumps. There were also some cattle in an inclosure, and a low, odd looking sort of pen, made of trees laid down, and a roof over it. We saw many such in the west—they are called log cabins. Well, having a fancy to try for some fresh provisions, we landed, and proceeded to the cabin. The room was large, but O, so strangely furnished! A large table stood in the middle of the floor, and a chubby little woman in a gingham dress, with sleeves rolled up, and arms and face glowing with the heat, was placing loads of bread, meat, and vegetables, upon the ample board, sometimes as she passed hastily her to and fro, touching with her foot, to

set in motion, a cradle in which a fine fat baby lay half asleep. When I requested to see the master of the mansion, she replied, "he will be in presently to dinner," and added, "if I am not much mistaken, this is Mr. Woodford." But I could not recollect her until her husband came in, and she presented me to Mr. Jeffrey. I declare, I was confounded. Emma used to be so gentle and delicate—and there she was, toiling like a colored cook in the kitchen of the Astor House. Yet she seemed happy as an empress, and Jeffrey, with his sun burnt hands, looked merry and proud as if he swayed his sceptre. They pressed us to remain until the next morning; and I observed that Emma had no servant. And such chambers and accommodations—would you believe it, their beds were green frames of cane, with corn husk mattresses, and they had neither mirrors, ewers, or basin, in the house; but the whole family bathed in a large veranda around a pump of water. Ha! ha! ha! Primitive, isn't it! How should you relish such a way of living, Sultana?"

"I believe you have been romancing, General," replied Mrs. Tracy. "Emma, surely, is not so utterly degraded, cooking her own dinner! O, I would sooner die!"

"Her own dinner, bright one! why, she had six great rough bush-whackers to dinner, besides her husband."

"Dear me! Has not she lost all trace of refinement, during two years?"

"Well, *chere amie*, I must admit that in her manner she is very ladylike, and possesses a self respect, or confidence in herself, which imparts a beautiful air of independence to her character. She makes one think of Sarah of old, or some primitive queen, having power in her words, her eyes, her arms, as well as her sceptre. But, she reigns in such a primitive palace, ha! ha!"

Thirteen years had passed, when two ladies were seen walking leisurely in the direction of Mrs. Tracy's residence.

"I can not attend you to-day," remarked one of them, "I am going to call on Mrs. Tracy, poor thing! I wonder if she knows of her husband's arrest, and their utter ruin and beggary?"

"Probably she knows it by this time," replied the other, "but she will meet but little sympathy. She has been so haughty and extravagant."

"Indeed she is to be pitied," said the first speaker, "for that very reason. No body loves her; and she is utterly incapable of providing for herself. But I shall break the intelligence to her, so that she may be able to appropriate some articles of her sumptuous furniture before the officers of the law seize upon everything."

Picking up a newspaper as she entered the hall, she passed through to the parlor and walked across the room to a lounge, on which was extended a tall, emaciated woman, in an undress of canary colored silk, with rose lining and trimmings. She enquired tenderly after Mrs. Tracy's health, which that lady protested to be excellent, admired her exquisite taste, in the selection and arrangement of colors in the toilette, protesting that she looked most interestingly beautiful in it—"This newspaper," she said at last, "lay in your hall, is it of consequence?"

"I presume it is," replied Mrs. Tracy, "as that is a paper we do not take. Will you do me the favor to read it to me? My eyes are so very weak, that I do not read at all, of late."

"Dear me! How do you contrive to get through the time? for you do not go out often, and certainly do not work. What shall I read? Here is a gossiping letter from Washington. Hardly worth reading, I fancy."

"The federal city is very gay at present—thronged with Southern beauty and magnificence. Several of the Senators have their ladies and beautiful daughters, with them; and there are some unapproachable beauties from the North, fair, pure, and cold as their native mountains. As for Mrs. Tracy, she has never known true happiness, and now, she never shall know peace. And all this, not because she was wicked, or malicious, or lacking in natural good sense, but because her education was radically and entirely wrong. Thus she suffered for faults which were not her own, and hundreds of women have for miserable companions. Taught to view all things by false lights, and to believe that the grand end of your existence is to get married; you accept some glittering offer, and ensure a life time of misery. Every condition of misery admits of hope except that of a miserable marriage, in which the only hope is a dreadful sin."

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed a shoemaker; "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

"Put on more steam, I'm in a hurry," as the snail said when he crept into a railroad car.

"Here is something wonderful, indeed, my dear Mrs. Tracy, but I have not resolution to read it to you. It will break your heart."

"Do not distress yourself, my kind friend. I am well aware what the intelligence is, which you expected to announce to me. I have long known that Tracy is a deep-dyed villain, and have suffered more than tongue can tell, by his ill nature and unprincipled conduct. I rejoice that his career of crime is checked at last; and a fearful sense of responsibility lifted from my soul. For, as I knew of his crimes, I could not but put myself in a manner, his accomplice. O how I have hated him, with heart burning and detestation, for my connection with him has been to me a life-long misery. I have foreseen this, and have secured myself against pecuniary suffering; but I am of all women most miserable. I have no resource against sorrow and *ennui*, and no pleasure in anything; and the fashionably educated and petted votary of folly threw herself back on the lounge, and covering her face with her hand, wept more in vexation than in sorrow. Her heart had been chastened, but the trial was too recent for the good fruits to manifest themselves. Let us hope, however, that it made her wiser and better—in *fine*, that it made her, though late, a true woman."

It is unnecessary to follow the stories of these personages further. Enough has been shown for our purpose, and you will permit us now to make a few remarks, in application; and how fervently do we wish that our voice could be heard, by every mother in the land, especially those, who are able to train up their daughters in fashionable folly and idleness! And that the wretchedness we have endeavored to depict, may be foreseen and guarded against by every daughter who aspires to fulfill the true woman's mission!

The industrious need no admonition. What a wicked perversion of the intention of Providence it is, to educate girls as they are generally educated! To teach them only to select fashions, and colors; to move and speak gracefully; to display whatever of beauty they possess, to advantage; to conceal in public all defects of person or temper, and assume a lady-like gentleness of demeanor and speak in praise of virtue, only that they may appear fair and amiable, and secure a rich and fashionable husband. This is the end and aim of fashionable female education—the guardian held up, the goal pointed out as the reward of their utmost endeavor. And what do they expect, having attained this glorious end? merely to reign awhile and be worshipped as a bride, and then to give parties, and be envied for her style and high standing. Against disappointment, sickness, and the day of calamity, she has no resource whatever.

Until woman is educated for herself, taught to value her own self respect, to honor her own judgment, to rely upon her own abilities, to feel that she has an individual duty and identity, that she has an active part in life allotted her, which it is her happiness, her glory to perform well, she will never be happy in herself, or a blessing to another. The well educated woman who is capable of sustaining herself, and who marries a noble man, because she esteems him, in the expectation of assisting him to make a fortune, or, failing that, to bear with him the burden of earning daily bread for a family, deserves success, and honor, and happiness. Did you suppose Emma Gentil a fool, when she gave her hand to Frank Jeffrey—yet now look at the contrast between her lot and that of the fashionable Mrs. Tracy. And this is nothing, compared with the state of their minds. She has been a happy, active woman, possessing the confidence and affection of a noble heart, and the approbation of her own conscience, and her path grows brighter, as she walks onward. As for Mrs. Tracy, she has never known true happiness, and now, she never shall know peace. And all this, not because she was wicked, or malicious, or lacking in natural good sense, but because her education was radically and entirely wrong. Thus she suffered for faults which were not her own, and hundreds of women have for miserable companions. Taught to view all things by false lights, and to believe that the grand end of your existence is to get married; you accept some glittering offer, and ensure a life time of misery. Every condition of misery admits of hope except that of a miserable marriage, in which the only hope is a dreadful sin."

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Hourn not for the Dead.

Why mourn for the dead? Why lament o'er the tomb
When the forms we have loved moulder slowly away?
As the stars from an angel that whispered their doom,
And the sunset of life was the dawn of their day.

Why mourn for the dead?—when the world we are in
Hath so little of bliss, and so much of despair—
When here they were tortured and tempted by sin,
But glory and happiness circle them there.

Why mourn for the dead?—When confined to the earth
Their spirits were yearning like eagles to fly
Back, back to the glorious home of their birth—
Oh, 'tis sinful to mourn when the heaven-born die!

For the fingers of death, when they grope in the heart,
A private of heavenly music will waken,
As the stars from the touch of the monarch will start,
Or thrill to his spirit hand till they break.

And the spirit that looks from the dark, sunken eye,
Or shrinks back to hear what the death-angel sings,
Is smiling to know that its rest is as high,
Or waiting impatient, and waiting its wings.

Then why should we mourn for the mouldering dead?
Why weep o'er the tomb of the loved and the lost?
Twere wicker to call back the spirit that's fled—
The flower that faded ere blighted with frost.

Rather smile, when the Father that loveth us all
Calls a child of His choice to his final reward—
Rejoice that a dear one hath answered the call,
And shortened the road between you and the Lord.

Oh, rejoice in a faith, and confide in a love
That shall gather us all in the mansion of light;
Remember "our Father" still reigns above,
And "death" whatsoever seems good in his sight.

W. L. T.

The foregoing came to us, in a letter from the Lewisburg Chronicle, but with no name as guarantee for its originality. It is a superior production, whoever may have written it, and we invite "W. L. T." to furnish us more like it. If this be his own composition, he need not be afraid or ashamed to give us his name in confidence. We can "keep a secret."—Ed. CHRON.

[Correspondence of the Chronicle]

From Central New York.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1850.

Friend W.: As you were formerly somewhat acquainted with this flourishing city, I presume you, and perhaps your intelligent readers, would be pleased to hear of our progress. The census, which has just been completed, shows an increase of over 5,000 inhabitants for the past five years, our present number being over 17,000.

We are now supplied with abundance of soft and most excellent water, from the hills about three miles south of us, which is circulated in iron arteries all through the city. And while the water, (like the blood in the human system) is flowing down to the extremities, the light or current is flowing up through the veins, giving vigor and animation to all its parts. The gasometer is placed near the river, a little west of the Railroad depot.

House's Printing Telegraph has just been completed from Buffalo to Utica, and will soon be extended to New York, passing through the village on the south side of the Mohawk River. This makes three telegraph lines passing through this city. House's Printing Machine is a wonderful invention. To see that little wheel, having the alphabet on its circumference, dance around at the will of the operator, at the rate of one hundred and eighty a minute, impressing a plain Roman letter at every touch of the finger, astonishes even grey-headed printers.

You are aware that efforts are being made to endow Madison University, at Hamilton, with \$60,000. The amount now secured is over \$30,000. The new Faculty are very popular in this section, where their worth is best known. This venerable Institution has educated, it is stated, nearly 50 Missionaries, and 1000 preachers in all, and should certainly have a surer support than annual contributions and tuition bills.

I notice you are inviting the attention of your citizens to the desirableness of investing their funds in stock that will be productive. That is very well. If the man who causes two spears of grass to grow where one grew before, is a benefactor of his race, surely he who introduces an instrument by which men can do ten-fold more labor with the same effort and time, must also greatly benefit mankind. Our Factories both Woolen and Cotton, are in the full tide of successful experiment. But it will not be wise for all capitalists, to invest their funds in the same business, for that would create a surplus, and increase the supply beyond the demand.

An exhibition of weakness on the part of frail woman, and of rascality and villainy on the part of man, has just come to light here. On Thursday last, a man about forty-five years of age, accompanied by a young woman, stopped at the National Hotel in this city, he entering their names, "H. Moore and Lady, Poughkeepsie." He remained until Saturday morning, representing himself as just married, and expressing himself highly delighted with his brief experience of married life. Having borrowed from the landlord, \$17, under pretence of needing it until the banks opened, he left, and has not been seen since. His companion, who appears to be an over-confiding, abused woman, says her family name is Payne; that her parents and herself were returning from Sheboygan, Mich., to Hudson, and after leaving Buffalo in a canal boat, made the

acquaintance of this man. He pretended, she says, that he resided at Poughkeepsie; that he was wealthy; and that he would make her happy. His professions won her regard, so that she was induced to leave the boat when near Rochester, and accompany him for the purpose of visiting the Genesee Falls, (though against the advice of her parents,) he engaging to overtake the boat again. On finding herself alone with him at Rochester she was induced to marry him. Whether the marriage was real or pretended, the reader can judge. A purse was made up for the distressed girl, and she left on the cars, Sabbath evening for Troy, where she expected to meet her parents. Let others beware of the familiarity of strangers.

I regretted to see you dispute the truth of the assertion that President Fillmore, (whose natal day was the 7th of Jan. 1800) was born in the 19th century. Why, sir, you and I were born in the 19th century, and is it not an honor to be born in the same century with that great and justly honored man? Now if you will look at some old time-piece, made to strike from one to twenty-four hours, you will notice that when it strikes one, 60 minutes have passed, when it strikes 18, eighteen hours have passed, and the nineteenth hour has commenced! The seventh minute after 18 hours have passed, is in the nineteenth hour, is it not? Very well, then, apply the illustration, and tell me if it is not clear as sunlight, that our worthy President was born in the present century!

The interior of New York is already becoming a middle-aged if not an old country. As an illustration, I notice that your aged friend, Rev. Alfred Bennett, the well known agent of the Missionary Union, preached the semi-centennial sermon (last Wednesday, in Auburn) before the Cayuga Baptist Association, it being half a century since its organization. Although he begins to feel the infirmities of age (having passed his three score and ten) yet he possesses uncommon intellectual and physical vigor, and was listened to with intense interest.

Yours to serve, S. T.

"I want me"—was only the Editor!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of To-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed To-day!

We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past—it comes too late!

Don't tell me of To-morrow!
There is much to do To-day,
That can never be accomplished
If we tarry these hours away.

Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Why put off till To-morrow
What To-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of To-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
We see how much we've left to do
We can not do at last!

To-day is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life—
A moment gives it birth.

Value of Newspapers.

A thousand times, says the Macclesfield Courier, have we heard this question and answer: Two gentlemen meet—

"What's the news?" says one. "Nothing but what you see in the papers." They pass on about their business. Has it ever been noticed that among the thousand benefits of a newspaper, not the least is, that it does away with title-tattle, gossip, street-yarn, foolish exaggerations, scandal, and news-mongering, which once took up so much of the time of those who were always hearing or telling some new thing. One real evil of social life is thus ended. The man rises in the morning, looks over the paper, is satisfied that he knows all that is worth knowing of the passing history of the world. He has nothing to hear further. He does not spend his time in giving information which his neighbor knows as well as himself. He is not annoyed in the midst of his business or pleasures by the recital of affairs in which he takes no interest. The same with women. Curiosity is gratified with out loss of time. The scandal of the day has not employed a hundred busy, meddling tongues in its circulation and exaggerations. Conversation takes a higher tone. Principles of morals and taste are discussed; the new poem, the last book, the magazine, or the review, becomes the subject of conversation.—Even in the minor matters of life, society owes a large debt to the newspaper.

We wonder if it is true! A contemporary says, under the head of "Advice to Lovers," that "the best friend, (says a distinguished widower,) that you can use in courting, is a flute. There is an amorousness about the advice of this little instrument, that calico finds irresistible. With the exception of doubletons and epaulettes, we know of nothing that sooner takes the sex."

Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who tries to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well set down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

Scene at our Office.

An intelligent looking and apparently "well off" farmer of this county entered our office recently, when the following dialogue occurred:

Farmer. I want the December number of your paper.

Editor. You will perceive that this is the last number of the present year—I suppose you will renew your subscription for the next year.

Farmer. I merely called to get Mr. paper; I don't take the Farmer myself.

Editor. Don't you think it would be to your advantage to take the Farmer, and read it?

Farmer. I think I can plough and raise wheat as well as my neighbors who read the Farmer, and sometimes I think better than most of them.

Editor. Suppose I grant that you can raise wheat better than any of your neighbors—suppose you have some plan, some method for doing so not known to them. Now, do you consider it your duty, as a good citizen and neighbor, to make this successful plan known?

Farmer. I am always willing to give my neighbors the benefit of my experience—indeed I consider it a duty, and I flatter myself I have done not a little good in this way.

Editor. I am glad you acknowledge your duty in this respect. Now if it is your duty to give the few you daily come in contact with the benefit of your experience, and you can do good in this way, how much greater is the duty to throw the light of your experience before the one hundred thousand readers of the Farmer, and how much greater will be the amount of good you can do in this way!

Farmer. I never wrote a line for a paper in my life, but I will take the paper, anyway.

Editor. You must write, too—give us the facts, no matter how, and we will put them in shape.

Farmer. I believe I'll try.

Now, this is what we have so long contended for. If farmers even do understand all the necessary operations of the farm, it does not follow that they should not read the suggestions, experiments, and improvements of others, who may be equally well skilled in the great pursuit of agriculture; nor should they withhold the knowledge in their possession from their brethren and co-laborers in the great vineyard. Read and write. Read the books and papers devoted to your calling, and also write for them, for the benefit of the young and new beginners and those who are not so far advanced in practical and theoretical knowledge. Do this, and you will have discharged a duty devolving upon the good farmer, the good neighbor, and the good citizen.—[Genesee Farmer.]

The True Doctrine.

The "Protective Union," Boston, argues Free Trade, and apparently rather from instinctive hostility to the capitalist owners of factories, rather than from any logical conviction of the soundness of the doctrine. In its last issue, we find the following in an editorial "improvement" of a recent case of heartless wrong to a poor seamstress:

"Let those who are decoyed by glaring advertisements of Cheap Clothing Stores, ascertain if the garment is honestly paid for ere they purchase it. Remember that the 'penny saved' in such a place, may withdraw nourishment and life from the poor seamstress; but seek out the employer who deals fairly by his operatives. Rather would we submit to the rains of heaven and the wintry blast without a garment, than to wear those robbed from the starving poor."

If a man could utter a sentiment more diametrically adverse than the above to the whole Free Trade policy, we should like to see it. We have been trying these twenty years, and never beat that utterance of the "Protective Union."—[Greely.]

JERRY LIND and her personal attendants visited the New York Tribune office on the 24th inst., and were much interested in the details of that unrivalled newspaper establishment. The pile of 45,000 papers for the Weekly Tribune, and the new fly of the cylinder press which takes off and deposits with the utmost regularity four copies of the paper at once, attracted special attention.

The Hutchinson Family, (with Mrs. Abby, who has rejoined the company) also visited Miss Lind, and appeared pleased with the execution of some of their favorite airs.

Jenny's last Concert was most thronged and admired of any. There is no longer room for doubt that she is no "humbug," but is the noble, generous, artless, unrivalled "Queen of Song."

Girls, do you hear this?—Rebecca Smith, of the town of Henderson, Jefferson county, N. Y., reelected of Ahira Smith, deceased, has spoiled and killed the yarn for 1000 yards of cloth, knit 60 pair of stockings, within the last ten months, besides attending to her household duties, usually making her own and two other beds daily, and all this at the age of 90 years in February next.