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John Leake and the Fall of Water.

John Leake lived in the neighborhood of Mr. Curtis's Connecticut home. Order was not Leake's first law, nor his last. Though he was a good natured, easy tempered, obliging man, there was no one whom his neighbors so much dreaded as to borrow something.

When the movers halted that day for their nooning, the very first time John took his hat off he dropped out Uncle Ben's card without perceiving it. His son, Lyman Leake, did see it.

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Ben, my old neighbors could not twist me now. "Your old neighbors, John, always knew you for an honest, hard-working man; it was only your careless way, your want of order, that troubled us.

"Yes, yes, I know; and just so Lyman talks now. Among you, you put an old head on his young shoulders.

"And thus the elders talked, and the youngsters had their pleasure; the visitors telling the wonders of jugglers, and wax-work shows, and delights incident to the down country advanced civilization; and the "New State" children relating adventures with bears and wild-cats, and their own personal concerns with taming squirrels and catching rabbits.

"And, finally, the evening closed with a game of "forfeits," in which Lyman, having been sentenced to the common penalty of "lowering to the prettiest, kneeling to the wittiest, and kissing the one he loved best," declared that all these dues were to his cousin Sally.

"His cousin Sally protested and resisted; the girls all joined her, and, after a laughing scramble together, Lyman's oldest sister caught up a candle, called "cousin Sally" to follow her, and they made good their escape to the bed-room.

"And bolted Lyman out. Lyman retreated; and the evening was far advanced, and the Leakes and their guests separated for the night, but not till after Lyman had performed a duty that had been postponed by his uncle's arrival.

"While his mother, "on hospitable thoughts intent," was preparing her little affairs for the morning's breakfast, Lyman went to the wood-house to split kindlings for the morning's fire; and having finished, he could not resist the temptation of showing his well-preserved axe to his Uncle Ben.

"The boy is a fool about that axe," said his father; "if it was made of a wedge of gold he could not be more choice of it; he even hides it away from me that gave it to him."

"Lyman looked at his uncle with a quiet smile. "Come, come, Lyman," said his father, "there's reason in the roasting of eggs; throw your axe in here for to-night."

"He opened the door of a little closet next the fireplace. "Don't go clear back to the wood-house this cold night," "A place for everything, and everything in its place," replied Lyman, and the axe was returned to the wood-house.

"Now there's a little more," said his father, "while he took from the open closet a splinter broom to sweep in the wide-spread coals of the fire he had just raked. Just as he was finishing, his wife called him into the kitchen, and, hastily throwing the broom into the closet, he went to her.

"John," she said, "there's no water in the house."

"Well, what of it?" "Why, you know, I never like to go to bed without a pail of water at hand."

"I know that is one of your superstitions," John Leake, in spite of all his experience, persisted in looking upon the provisions of foresight as "superstitions."

"Let it go, just for this one night, wife; it's dark and biting cold, and the way up to the well all shod with glare ice."

"This bad," said the wife, meekly, and urged no more; but, as she looked wishfully at the empty pail, she thought if they should chance to want water in the night, it would not be any better getting it, and an anxious sigh escaped her.

"The horses and cattle from the stable when that, as well as the house and wood-house, was enveloped in flames. All as Leake's neighbor had forewarned him, went together, and in one mass of ashes lay the labor of many months—the dear old furniture of the Connecticut home, all the children's pretty things, fond memorials, precious keepsakes, that no toil, no kindness could make up to them.

Cultivate and Improve.

Deterioration in plants and animals, is possible of improvement. Nations, once renowned as the perfection of the human race, by neglect, have sunk back into barbarism. Egypt was once so learned, that it is recorded as striking mark of its greatness, that Moses "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

"Egypt is now a semi-barbarous province of Turkey, so poor that none do her reverence. The Bedouin robber makes his haunts where was once the Alexandrian School, from which has come much of our civilization and science.

"Tyre, celebrated in Holy Writ for her knowledge in the arts and navigation, has lost her designation as "Queen of the Sea," and scarcely a vestige of her greatness, her art, or her power remains.

"We might extend our illustrations of the truth of our position, at the expense of our pride of human progress, but these will be sufficient.

"The best breed of animals extant, turned into the wilderness, will soon lose their distinctive qualities, and assimilate to the original wild stock. But a few generations are required to change the Berkshire, or China, into the long nosed, Lap-eared wild hog, from which all our varieties have sprung.

"So with our fruit. Let the best variety of apple known, grow up in the hedge, or in the woods, and in a short time the descendants will be no better than crabs.

"We may follow this law of deterioration through the whole vegetable and animal creation, and we shall find it occurring—that is not progression, is retrogression. Every farmer, then, may make up his mind that, unless, by his (fertilizer, properly directed, in tending nature, he is improving his stock, and other products, they will deteriorate in his keeping.

"If we eat our best and earliest grain, generation after generation, or sell it because the immediate profit is greater, the rich wheat kernel will soon become a shivered corn, as well as its ancestor as a crab is to a pippin.

"By cultivation, all our choice varieties of apples have been produced from the wild crab of Asia; by neglect, they will return to that again. Our best varieties of peaches have been by cultivation, produced from a fruit of Persia, that possessed, in its whole mass, the poisonous property that is not in the seed; and a person eating some of the rich, pulpy varieties of peaches, may fairly imagine that it is a descendant of what Pliny described eighteen hundred years ago, when he said, "all peaches whatsoever, are but a heavy mist, unless they be well boiled or baked."

"While such has been the progress forward of many of the fruits, others have greatly deteriorated, or progress backward. Not long since, some wheat kernels were found in the coffin of one of the Gallic Kings, who had been buried fourteen hundred years. The wheat, in its natural character, is identified with the wheat of the present day; and yet on being planted, it produced from sixteen to twenty stalks, to each grain; and had an average of twenty more grains to a stalk, and each grain heavier than our common wheat.

"This shows that wheat culture has diversified the crop in the last fourteen centuries so as to almost make the plant a different species, and every year's sowing is making it less, and less likely that we shall reap even the present deteriorated article good without constant care and skill in the use of fertilizers, and in the selection of seed.

"The descendants of vegetables, as well as of animals, are the representatives of their ancestors. If consumption, serofula, or other disease exist in the parent, it will appear in the children; and though it may sometimes pass over a single generation, it is sure to appear in the next. It is so with the vegetable. Your peas full of bugs, and you will get buggy peas; now wheat, full of weevil and smut, and you will reap a rich crop of weevil and smut, now shriveled and late ripened wheat, and it will require a miracle to produce a good crop.

"In the retrograding scale, the descendants are always worse than the parent. In the human race, even in the parent makes a third of the child—the principle is inherited, but it is more fully developed. So in all animals and vegetables, the bad traits in the parents are inherited by the offspring, and more fully developed. Deterioration thus goes on, in an accelerated ratio, until we can scarcely trace a resemblance to the ancestor.

"Let every farmer, then, conscientiously resolve never to allow a good article to deteriorate on his lands; but by tending the force of Nature to improve, whatever is entrusted to his care. Let him resolve, not only to compel the earth to yield her increase in abundance, but the abundance shall be improved in quality.

An Infidel's Confidence in Christianity.

Mr. B—, a young gentleman of fine talents was years ago a chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar, and a courteous and honest young man, but the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he called "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

"On one occasion upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to accompany it. As he was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robbery and even murders were said to be frequent, he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and having lost himself, was glad to find a shelter anywhere. He rode about a long time in the forest, amid the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night.

"At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to a poor, wretched, looking log cabin. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked, and was admitted by a woman who told him that she and her children were alone—her husband had gone out hunting; but she felt sure he would return as he always came according to promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no further—what was to be done? The woman gave him supper and proposed his retiring to rest. But no, he could not do this so easily permitting himself to fall into the hands of the robbers. He took out his pistols, examined the priming, and determined to sell his life as dear as he could.

"In the meantime the man of the house returned; he was rather a fierce, uncouth looking hunter; he had on a dirty skin bunting shirt and a bear skin cap, and seemed to be much fatigued, and in no very talkative mood, all of which led our young infidel to good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire; he told him no, he would sit, by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he could not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principles gave him little comfort. His fears gave into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

"At length the rough backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said, "well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter out of God's word before I go to bed." A loud gasp was at once manifested from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had full confidence in the Bible, he was at once safe. He felt that the man who kept an old Bible in the house, and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayer of the good man, and then dismissed his wife, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

"From that day he ceased to revise the Bible. In after years he became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that no man can be an infidel from principle."

"A TEST OF SPIRITUALISM was recently made at New Bedford, Mass. which we commend to the believers in the "new revelation." The son of Mr. Wade was supposed to be lost with a wrecked ship some years ago. The father, a full believer in the truth of mediumship between mortals and immortals enjoyed communications with the spirit of his loved and lost son. The son, through a medium, informed him that he was happy among the saints, and that a crown of glory was in reserve for himself. "Mr. W. however, was taken all aback a few days since by the arrival of his son in the form of flesh and blood, and his relation of wondrous escapes by field and flood. The medium mistook."

"THE LAMP OF CONTRACTIONS.—In Australia, the north is the hot, west, and south, the cool, the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious, it is summer with the thermometer when it is winter at home, and the thermometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and to fall before good. The swans are black and the eagles are white, the male lays eggs and the female does the incubation (an animal between the deer and the squirrel) has his claws on his feet, three times as long as his hind legs, and he is able to keep on his tail. There is a bird called a phoebe, which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue, a fish, one half belonging to the genus eel, and the other that of a snake. The cod is found in the river and patch in the sea, the valleys are cold and the mountains tops warm, the apple is a lily tree, and the poplar a dwarfed shrub; the pease are of wood with the stalks at the broad end, the cherry grows with the stone outside, the fields are fenced with masonry, the humberstone is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel, the trees are without fruit; the flowers without scent, and birds without song."

The Jolly Mariner: A BALLAD.

It was a jolly mariner A crew he had; He wore his trousers wide and free, And always at his peg, And blessed his eyes, in sailor-wise, And never shirked his brag.

Up spoke this jolly mariner, Whilst walking up and down—The briny sea has pick'd me, and done me very brown; But here I go, in these here cloes, A-cruising in the town!

The first of all the curious things That chanced his eyes to meet, As this unseason'd mariner Went sailing up the street, Was, tripping with a little ease, A dandy all complete!

He stopped,—that jolly mariner,— And eyed the stranger well:— "What that may be, he said, says he, "Is more than I can tell; But so or before, on sea or shore, Was such a heavy swell!"

He met a lady in her hoops, And she'd the stranger hail:— "Now how me light! but there's a sight To manage in a gale! I never saw so small a craft With such a spread of sail!"

"Observe the craft, before and aft; She'd make a pretty prize!" And then, in that improper way, He spoke about his eyes, That mariners are wont to see In anger or surprise.

He saw a plumber on a roof, Who made a mighty din:—"Shigmate, shoy!" the reverend cried, "It makes a sailor grin To see you copper-welding Your upper-decks with tin!"

He met a yellow-bearded man, And asked about the way: "But not a word could he make out Of what the chap would say, Unless he meant to call him names, By screaming "Mik furstey!"

Up spoke the jolly mariner, And to the maid he said:—"I haven't sailed thirty years Upon the stormy sea, To hear the thrum of such a name As I have heard thee say!"

"So take thou that!"—and laid his fist, But soon the man was gone, And beat the jolly mariner Across his jolly nose, Till he was fain, from very pain, To yield him to the blows.

'Twas then this jolly mariner, A wretched jolly tar, Wished he was in a jolly boat Upon the sea afar, Or riding fast, before the blast, Upon a single spar.

'Twas then this jolly mariner Returned unto his ship, And told unto the wondrous crew The story of his trip, With many a tale and warning, too, Upon his wicked lip!

As he lay on the mariner In his bed he lay,— His timbers might be shiver'd, and his leeward rigging danc'd (A double curse, and vastly wrong Than being shot or hanged!)

If ever he and here again A dreadful fate he were— If ever he a stranger were, Or the son of—something—went A-cruising on the shore! [Atlantic Monthly for December.]

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There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose in the night.

After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning that he could not find it.

She, said she, "do look again, it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "it is not there."

"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

FUNERAL OF THE ARCH-DUCHESS MARGARET OF AUSTRIA.—We translate the following curious details from a German private letter recently received from Vienna:

"The Hapsburgers (the reigning house of Austria) while living, must be revered—when dead, they must be worshipped. As a proof of this, let me relate to you what disposition was made of the dead body of the Arch-Duchess Margaret, (whose death was sometimes since announced.) Archduke John must not return to sea; and priestly cunning and monarchical tradition call for the ornament in one of the largest and most brilliant capitals of Europe, of a drama fit only to be performed by barbarians in the dark ages.

"The Baron Princesse Margaret, wife of the Archduke Charles, was laid upon a black and chopped in pieces, in order to send different parts of the body to various parts of the country. The chopping up process took place in the chapel of the Castle, in the presence of the woman's husband. Extended on a red-draped block by the naked white corpse, surrounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths swinging censers, and a number of men armed with chopping saws, and other implements. First, the least was cut out of the body, enclosed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by the Pope, after which it was sent to the Lovette chapel, thence returned to Vienna. But it was not to rest in that place. Two cities claimed the honor of being honored by its birth place, and an Austrian high-episcop claimed the privilege of possessing all or a part of the sainted Margaret's body. The bishop of Prague would be content with the arms, the Salzburg wished to obtain the head and shoulders, while the bishop of Innsbruck desired to possess the two middle fingers.—The Vienna Consistory was obliged to decide between the claimants, and the heart was at length sent to the common council of Emperor in Tyrol, accompanied by two autograph letters of the Archduke Charles—one of which was directed to the chief of the Jesuits—in which the body was commended to them, with the request that they should observe the memory of the Archduchess, who was a saint upon the earth."

Had the heart alone been separated from the body, the chopping up process would have been finished; but the church men demanded more. Hence the Archduke directed the cutting up of his wife's abdomen, which was at once done. The intestines were taken out, put in copper, silver, and golden capsules, and sent with an autograph letter to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where the mid intestines were first exhibited on the altar, and then buried under the altar. Hereupon the two middle fingers were separated from the body, and sent with another autograph letter to Dresden. All that remained of the Archduchess was then wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state or a coffin containing the mutilated corpse was placed in a coffin and deposited in the imperial tomb.

ARTIFICIAL LAKE.—Mr. Elliot, the engineer is engaged in a grand scheme for improving the navigation of the Kanawha river, by forming a vast reservoir or mountain lake, to feed that stream during low water. The Greenbrier Reservoir has the following information relating to the contemplated improvement.

The object is to form an inland lake, or reservoir of water, to keep up the navigation of Kanawha River. The reservoir which we are now surveying, will be made by making a dam between the mountains across Big Sewell Creek. The dam is to be nine hundred and forty feet long, sixty feet high, four hundred ft. thick at the base and forty at the top. At either side of the dam will be immense sluices to carry the water away, which would naturally flow over the dam when it gets full. The sluices are to be made of masonry of the most substantial kind. The water is to be kept in this lake till it is needed in the Kanawha, when it is to be let off as it is needed to keep up navigation in the river. It will be let off by means of locks. You can form some idea of the amount of water it will hold when I tell you it will be twenty-five miles long, and from one thousand feet to 1 1/2 miles wide. There is an immense amount of operation about this great work, the probably cost \$2,000,000. The cost of the dam will cost about \$200,000. The cost of the sluices it will cover about \$50,000 acres of land, besides 50,000 acres more which will have to be paid for by the Company, because it will be no account to the owners, being all mountain land and remnants of farms. I suppose \$1,500,000 will not buy the land and pay the damages. What time it will take this reservoir, to fill will, I suppose, depend on circumstances. There are eight creeks flowing into it. The object is, after the lake gets full of water to cut through the dividing ridge, between the lake and Greenbrier river, and make a canal through the cut. Mr. Elliot is making other surveys on New River and Gauley river.

THEY SAY.—The following story is told of Jenny Maker, who has so long been the patroness of the Presidential mansion, in Washington.

The President had heard rumors that Jenny was accustomed to get drunk, and he desired to see the visitors at the White House on one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jenny," said the President, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and unwell to visitors."

Jenny was puzzled for a reply, at last he said—

"Mr. President indeed I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them? No, by the power, I know they are lies."

He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "it is not there."

There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose in the night.

After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning that he could not find it.

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