

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Commerce, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

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TERMS.

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All letters and communications must be POST-PAID, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention. OFFICE—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choice Poetry.



THE MORNING SHOWER.

Softly it came, that cooling shower,
Upon the dusty-heated morn;
Long time the sun had scorched each flower,
And caused the tender plant to mourn.
But then it came, not by the roar
Of awful thunder in his might,
Nor by the lightning's vivid glare
That doth the timid soul affright—
But silently upon the earth
Came the refreshing drops of rain,
Dispensing joy, and peace and health,
Restoring flower and plant again.
Father above, whose tender care
Is over all thy creatures here,
We offer now the grateful prayer,
And feel that thou art ever near.
Newark, July 29, '56. S. J. C.

DEPENDENCY.

Sometimes, when nights are foul and dark,
And silent meters cleave the gloom,
A ripple sounds anear my bark,
And ghostly voices go and come.
And shadowy sails fit by, and show
The banks that gaily rode with me,
When hope and youth sat by the prow,
And looked across this desert sea.
Oh, for the sunshine and the breeze!
O'er glancing waves we swept along!
No thought of pause or slothful ease,
With now a silence, now a song!
A wanderer from y native land,
I drift across this trackless sea,
Yet, oh, my God, my heart and hand,
In storm and sunshine stretch to Thee.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Tolling, dragging, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Praise not; though the proud ones frown;
Shrink not, fear not. Live them down!
Thought to vice thou shalt not pander,
Thought to virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander;
Gibe and ill thy soul must feel:
Jest of wit, course of clown,
Need not either. Live them down.
Hate may wield her scourges horrid;
Malice may pierce thy soul's deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown;
Fear no foe-man! Live them down!

MORAL.

From the New York Observer.
THE SORROWS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Earth has no pleasure unalloyed. It gives us joy to meet from time to time our distant friends, and exchange with them the pledges of fraternal interest and love; but it is joy tempered with grief. The thought of the approaching hour of parting breaks in upon the happiest moments, unwished for, unbidden; and turns the tear of gladness into one of sorrow.

As life's sweetest enjoyments are oftentimes those of memory, so the bitterest anguish is frequently in anticipation. For the voice of greeting echoes ever—farewell, and if we rejoice in the loved one's presence to-day, we fear that it will be our lot to mourn their loss to-morrow.

"I have no desire to make new acquaintances," said an aged man, "for these recurring separations from those whom I have learned to love, fill my soul with almost constant sadness." The feelings of this old man I well understand, but my heart cannot respond to them. It is better, it seems to me, to form all the friendships we can consistently; for if we truly love and cherish those who are permitted to call our friends on earth, the more numerous they are, the more familiar faces we shall see smiling upon us, the more familiar voices we shall hear welcoming us, when through the infinite mercy of God we are allowed to enter the blissful gate of heaven.

Faint not, then, when called to say goodbye to those whose life seems bound in yours. Repine not when clasping perhaps for the last time the hand whose cordial grasp has so often sent a thrill of rapture through every fibre of your heart. The kiss of parting is affection's costliest gift, yet who would refuse or be denied it, should it impoverish him forever. Let us look beyond this little sphere, and that legacy of love shall change into a foretaste of an infinite, an eternal rest.

Y. H. P.

VALUE OF SMILES.

Persons, especially of the beautiful sex, have been accused of affectation for indulging too much in smiles. Ill-natured remarks are made on such exhibitions—that they are designed to show ivory teeth, bewitching dimples; some even go so far as to insinuate that a mean hypocrisy is at the bottom of the whole and it is hinted to be a trick to persuade the world to believe, that the person so full of wreathed smiles possesses the sweetest of tempers, of which the frequent smiles is but the natural outcropping.

This view of the matter may be true in many instances, and yet we do not hold it correct as a general rule. Smiles are natural to children. The exceptions are only to be looked for among unhealthy and the few who may perhaps be constitutionally cross, though not suffering from disease of pain. Smiles are the blossoms of the human face. Like that curious plant, called the Resurrection flower, that is perpetually fading away, and reviving; or rather the face of a child reflects the intermitting cloud and sunshine of the summer sky, or a beautiful garden in its several departments, where the eye as it happens to be directed, now rests upon an opening, then on a closing flower, and sometimes sees nothing but the sweet serenity of young foliage.

Smiles are significant of the agreeable. It is not social intercourse, excepting among the pleasurable, suggestive of happy thoughts, of merriment or emotions? If it is so generally, then smiles, which are the outward signs of those inward enjoyments, must be spontaneous and the most natural things in the world. Our internal life must have appropriate expression; and unless the social is tuned to sounds of dissonance, instead of chords of harmony, something of the character of smiles must have been originally planted in the human countenance to interpret its interior emotions which would otherwise be a prisoner in its deep recesses, without the means of communication with the external world, and other similar spirits in it. These charming symbols, then, of the interior beauty of the soul are genuine, spontaneous and necessary.—And as they convey intimations of beauty within, so they certainly are powerful agents in developing and heightening the beauty of the face without. To this circumstance it is owing, that they have been charged with affectation, and being real counterfeits, without any real corresponding feelings. We hope this accusation has been sufficiently disproved by tracing their existence back to the countenance of children; for even infants, not nurtured by their mothers by this soul-born token that their dearly-purchased offspring possesses an intelligent, emotional and happy principle in their tiny framework.

Finally, it would not be a bad idea, if some people did put on a little affectation, if nature has parsimoniously withheld from them a disposition to be agreeable. It would enhance very much the pleasure of their society, at the same time, that it would be no injury to themselves, if an acid temper happens to have a sour countenance for its interpreter, it surely would be a gain all round, if the owner of it would be so good, if it can be done by art, to mingle as much sugar in its composition, as he or she can do by any affectation whatever. Such, in our opinion, would be, not only pardonable, but entitled to absolute commendation. And the world would not be the only gainer by the effort. How much to the felicity, would be augmented!

Besides, we seriously contend, that such a habit would be exceedingly beneficial to the person contracting it. The sunshine of the countenance would gradually descend in heavenly sweetness to the heart, and generate feelings there inferior only to those, which a more beautiful nature has planted in that of some more fortunate persons.

An old miser in New England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man who would perform the requisite labor, a half starved pauper hearing of the terms accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning he invited his help to breakfast, after finishing the morning meal, the old skindiff thought it saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched. "Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble you know."

"Just as you like it," said the eager eater and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the delighted laborer, I never work after supper."

House of Reformation.—The Legislature of New Hampshire at its last session, just closed, appropriated 25,000 dollars for continuing the erection of the "House of Reformation for Juvenile and Female offenders against the laws."

A brutal prize fight between women, took place on Saturday near Gloucester. The fight was a most fierce one, the women punishing each other to such an extent that they were covered with blood from head to foot. They and several of the lookers-on were committed to the Woodbury jail.

The steamer Northern Indiana, which was recently burned on Lake Erie, was valued at \$200,000, and not insured.

The steamer Empire State, on her trip from Fall River, to New York, exploded her boiler on Saturday night off Point Judith, causing the death of seven or eight persons.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mr. Edron:—After dining with our good friend, P. Bushy, Esq., to whose kind hospitalities we had been consigned before leaving Indianapolis; we started, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, to take a walk about the city. We found abundant proof that the spirit of improvement and progress is not confined to any one locality in this great country of ours. The Yankee is to be found everywhere, all over the land.—Here we saw some of the most unpromising and impracticable locations, either by filling up or by draining, converted into most eligible sites for pleasure and business. Some fine speculations in real estate have been made in this way lately. St. Louis must of necessity become a great city at no very distant day. The evening set in with a heavy rain, our host, who has recently retired from business, as an enterprising architect & builder, entertained us with a history of the growth and prosperity of the city, and in good time we retired to rest. We arose in the morning perfectly relieved from the fatigue and excitement of our previous travel, to look upon one of the most delightful Sabbath mornings. The rain was over and the clouds were gone; we had the promise of a pleasant day. It was arranged for me to preach in the morning, in what is called "Ebenezer Chapel," the first church built by the M. E. Church after the late unhappy division. It is a plain, but very neat building, of very respectable dimensions, and was well filled with an earnestly attentive congregation. I might add, that the house is soon to be supplanted by a large and beautiful edifice. Before the public services commenced I must needs address their large and flourishing S. School.

In the afternoon I was desired to go out to Benton St., to preach to a new congregation who are engaged in putting up a neat and commodious house of worship, furnishing the evidence of the growth and the prosperity of our church there. While I was engaged at Benton St., my friend and colleague who had been holding forth to a colored congregation attached to our church and at present under the pastoral care of Dr. Harrison, formerly of the Michigan Conference; but who is now located, and practicing medicine in this city. Brother Felch was vastly pleased with his congregation; declared he had never preached to a congregation that were more orderly, or more finely dressed. As he was sitting in the pulpit with the Dr. "lady of color" dressed in the very brightest style of fashion, her rich silk dress burdened with flosses, and her hat loaded with flowers, and having the usual appendages of gold chains and bracelets, and a splendid breast pin, sparkling in amiable contrast with her ebony skin; when the Dr. said, "Do you see that lady coming up the aisle?" "Yes," "Well, that's a slave!" We may not commend the notice which prompts the excess of kindness toward the poor slave, but the truth is, it has come to be a necessity, in order to hold them. They are so near to Illinois and to Iowa, that just about as soon as a slave decides upon his freedom, he can migrate across the line, and is at liberty. This the master knows, and hence his lenity. From what what we could see, the condition of the slave, as well as of the free people of color, (of whom there are a great many), is greatly ameliorated in the city of St. Louis. The Doctor told us, that his practice among them was worth about twelve hundred dollars a year. Two tiers or ranges of counties on the Northern boundary of the State of Missouri, are useless to the slaveholder, on account of their proximity to the free State of Iowa, and we have but to make Kansas a free State, and the slave power in Missouri is effectually broken. Our kind host, who appeared to be well posted in political affairs, gave it as his opinion, that if the people of the State could speak out, free from the influence of menaces or threats, three to one would declare against the peculiar institution. They begin to see with unmistakable clearness, how effectually it interferes to prevent the development of the almost infinite resources of their State.—But I must leave these suggestions to make the remark, that although one sees on the Sabbath, in this busy city, a great deal of irreligion and Sabbath breaking, yet I am compelled to believe, that the cause of true religion, and true morality is gaining ground. The Catholic influence is strong and powerful, but it is at its zenith. It does not increase as rapidly as during a few years past. Meanwhile the evangelical element is increasing, and spreading; and wherever true evangelism shows its light, error and superstition must decline.

In the evening I listened to an excellent discourse from Brother Felch, at Ebenezer Chapel, before a large and attentive audience, who testified their regard for our services by generously contributing to defray all our expenses. In concluding my sketch of the city, and in confirmation of what I have said of the extent of the Protestant feeling there, I should add, that there are three churches of the M. E. Church South, one of them a splendid structure, put up at a cost of \$70,000.—Four Presbyterian churches, that I saw, (perhaps there may be more). Three Baptists, and several Episcopalian Churches, besides some others. So that while there are numerous Catholic Churches, and a Cathedral, where senseless numeraries are repeated to an ignorant populace, and numbers of Saloons and Hotels are open to the careless, and to the worldly or pleasure-taking traveller on the Sabbath; yet there is to be found an encouraging multitude of God fearing men, of noble, christian enterprises, who will not only operate as "the salt of the earth," to preserve from destruction; but as the assimilating leaven, "that leaveneth the whole lump." Our services for the day being closed, we retired to rest under the influence of the pleasurable excitement produced by the novelty of the scenes we had witnessed while worshipping with christian friends so far away from our own congregations.

Monday morning came, and we procured a seat in the "Bus," for Illinoistown, where we took the cars on the Alton and Terre Haute Railroad, which would give us a new route homeward. If I described the scenery presented by a Western prairie on the route we took on Ohio and Missouri Railroad from Vincennes to St. Louis, I did not describe the enthusiasm with which it was looked upon by my colleague, who saw the interminable plain for the first time. Perhaps I need not attempt a description. The route we were now taking was now far more beautiful. The land lay higher. The hand of cultivation had been more busy. Sometimes the road would bring us out to some "old town" of the first settler, established as far back as 13 or 18 years ago! And then we would be out again upon the broad bosom of the uncultivated plain; with nothing to look upon but the illimitable ocean of grass and flowers that seemed to lean its lovely sides against the distant sky. "Isn't that sublime," would hardly be uttered by my delighted companion, before it would be made to give way to, "O how magnificent." Coming back from a better view, which he would get from the door of the car, he would say, "Well, who'd stay and farm in the East, when so much splendid land lays idle here? Why it looks like such a waste; it can't be right." Thus he would give vent to the extravagance of his delight; and then moralize himself into contentment by reflecting, "Well, they have got no hills nor mountains. They can never look upon a mountain glen, or see a beautiful cascade of water-fall, and then who would want the globe forever." In this way we rode and talked until the day wore away, and the sun got low, and then we caught a new, a glorious thought—we were still on the prairie. There were a few white clouds in the Western sky; and the sun went down amidst them, and sank into the distant plain; and we could see it.—Nothing was wanting to make our pleasure complete; to fill the measure of excitement. We watched the glorious orb, now more ample and full than we had ever seen it before, till reared with his work of gilding with glorious purple and burnished gold, those thin white clouds, he sank down, as it seemed, into a bed of flowers. We were ravished with what we had witnessed; & turned away to speak of the wisdom and beneficence of Him whose power had formed these objects of grandeur and loveliness, when our eyes were met with something scarcely less glorious.—"The full moon was rising! Was not the night well chosen? Were not peculiarly favored? Yes; there was the moon lifting up a portion of the green turf, and spreading out its ample disc, to a measurement I had never dreamed of before. It seemed as if it were rods across its surface. But as the distance became greater between her and the stand marks by which we had been measuring her, she floated off in the beautiful sky, with the appearance of no greater dimensions than we had often beheld at home. We could now no longer look on the grand prairie by daylight; yet the moon lent a peculiar beauty to the scene of loveliness that had cheered us all day long.

Passing Paris and Terre Haute, we arrived at the city of Indianapolis at half past one o'clock, a.m. more than pleased with our long and exciting adventure.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Edron: Among the towns that in the Great West have risen to a state of business maturity, Joplinville may claim a share of notice. It is situated in Rock county, in the north part of the state, ninety miles northwest of Chicago, is the shire town, and has a court house and jail. It is divided into eastern and western divisions by Rock river, which passes through it in a direction nearly north. The whole country hereabouts is of prairie formation and character; the elevation on the eastern side is 70 to 80 feet from the level of the sea, and in passing through the town, it is a gradual descent, but more feet wide, and in passing through the town, it furnishes two distinct falls, together yielding a fall of 17 feet, on which are mills for the manufacture of flour and other purposes.—Not being embarrassed by its proximity to any other town, it enjoys fair advantages for trade and barter. It is 70 miles from Milwaukee, 14 from Beloit, and all which it will be shortly connected by railroad. But experience shows that when farmers can spend but one day in traffic, they prefer to be their

own carriers, whatever other facilities may offer. From the most reliable information, seventy to eighty thousand barrels of flour are manufactured annually at these mills, besides a corresponding amount of the coarser grains. There are four separate mills, and an abundant supply of water, as the river is frequently fed by lakes.

Eighteen years ago, I am informed, there were but three families, now they number 600 inhabitants. There was a blind road where Milwaukee street is now, across the river, which was fordable, and sometimes foot-passengers were taken over in canoes.—Sometime after a considerable settlement had been made a ferry-boat supplied both footmen and teams. Now they have a durable bridge built with several arches; and two other bridges, are being built this season.

A few of the present settlers are from New England, quite a number from New York and New Jersey. Germany and Ireland are fully represented. Farmers are now busy getting their crops out and secured. Thirty dollars per acre was offered and refused yesterday—laborers demand \$2 per day. It may be safely calculated that at least fifty men are idle every day, merely to gratify this knot of independent freemen. These servants, for they are not so called, before lagerbeer and whiskey saloons, with hardly ambition enough to move to accommodate themselves with shade. One productive day's labor will supply means of cheap living for two days, and they become prepared to exclaim with Cato,

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty," &c.

For my next, if I can be assured, I shall not be tedious or rusty, I will say something of the religious character and actions, of the institutions of education, public buildings, &c.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.

The Diario de Madrid relates the following romantic story:

A few years ago, an English nobleman, a grandson of the first water and an eccentric of the wildest school, honored New York with his presence and his money. He lived strictly in the Mexican way. His sole amusement consisted in wandering through the streets after night-fall, and in relieving those of his fellow creatures who had experienced the pains of poverty or the penalties of dissipation. While upon one of these humane excursions, he encountered a female who tenderly solicited alms.

Inquiring he found her to be an orphan of surpassing beauty; with an intelligent mind and of excellent education, reduced to abject destitution from the death of her father, shot in the Mexican war. The titled Howard, wearied at his bachelor's existence and won by the romance of the beggar's history, tendered to her his heart, his coronet, and his hand. The sequel, according to the Diario, is, that at recent ball given by the Russian Emperor, a duchess, radiant with beauty, and sparkling with diamonds, won the hearts of all observers. The distinguished lady was the *de-début* mendicant of the New York streets.

Here is quite a romantic—and strange, if true story:

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft-pated, pomatum-haired, mental-begged, strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money, deposited it all in banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued for her hand. They knew her not and cast a look of scorn upon her veiled and costumed form, but she had her "begone!" She cursed the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the purer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on the beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress, from some cause or other, had wandered there. She asked alms of one or two, termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly, but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed, or looked as if they thought "served her right." The beggar woman turned about and was walking sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke: "begone!" "You shall have ten times that sum.—Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle, exclaiming, "I want a sixpence, sir—only a sixpence!" Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at, for so doing, by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying: "Perhaps she is an heiress—or an angel in disguise." I mean to ascertain."

band, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise." The happy husband is often heard to say that he got an "heiress for a sixpence."

JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling.—He sprang upon his horse one day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments, thinking if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would be glad to place confidence in his ability. A wag who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor gobbled by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the mean time his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of his trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him further from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wits' end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunch the wound.—Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said— "Oh lucky neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, that he acquired a reputation not only for skill but also for supernatural presence. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

The Big Figures of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel have published a description of their immense establishment, from which we quote a few particulars.

The Saint Nicholas has a front on Broadway, of two hundred and seventy-five feet, and a depth of two hundred feet, thus covering an area of one acre and three quarters in the most valuable part of the city. The building cost \$1,200,000, and the entire cost of building, furniture, &c., was \$3,900,000.—The area of the front wall, which is of marble is 18,000 feet. The building will accommodate 900 guests, and has frequently contained as many as 1,000. It was completely finished on the first of March, 1855. The number of rooms in the house is six hundred, all well lighted, and provided with hot and cold water. These include one hundred complete suites of rooms, with baths, water-closets, &c., attached. The three largest dining rooms in the house aggregate 5,000 superficial feet, and can accommodate six hundred guests at any portion of it. It was completely furnished on the first of March, 1855. The number of mirrors distributed about the house was \$14,000; and the silver ware and plate \$50,000.

The proprietors are Messrs. J. P. Treadwell, J. Acker, Peter Acker, and Virgil Whitcomb. The number of servants averages during the year about three hundred and twenty. The hours of meals range through nearly the whole twenty-four, excepting from midnight to 5 o'clock A. M. There is a regularly organized fire department in the building, with steam power for forcing water to any portion of it. Eighteen plugs, with two hundred feet of hose to each, enable the engineers to flood the building in six minutes from the time the alarm is sounded. The house consumes 18,000 to 30,000 feet of gas nightly, from 2,500 burners. The gas is made on the premises. The laundry employs 75 laundresses, and can wash and iron 6,000 pieces per day. Steam is the great agent in this process, and is extensively used in the St. Nicholas for boiling, washing, mangling, drying, turning spits, heating water, &c.

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

We have spoken several times of the Vinegar Plant, a sample of which we have growing in the Rural Office, converting sweetened water into vinegar. It floats upon the surface, like a piece of spongy leather, and so much resembles "mother," that many persons who see it are quick to pronounce it nothing more or less than that. We think, however, that is a hasty conclusion. It is of a closer and firmer texture than mother, and rests altogether upon the surface of the liquid; whereas "mother" is a less substantial fungus that settles to the bottom.

The following, says the Albany, N. Y., Country Gentleman, from which we copy it, comes from a respectable source, and will be read with interest:

I noticed in a recent number of the Country Gentleman, an allusion to this singular and anomalous production. Having had a little practical observation of its nature and qualities, I may perhaps present some facts in relation to it of interest. I received one a few months ago from a friend, who had pro-

duced it in Plattsburg, but from whence or how it was introduced in that, I have not been able to ascertain.

I conjecture it to be a fungus, and that it is probably the concentrated essence of the substance commonly called "mother" in vinegar. It is somewhat darker than the substance, and of much firmer consistency, and may be taken up and handled without breaking or dissolving. It spreads horizontally with rapidity, until it fills the cavity of the vessel; and it is said that the pressure of its expansion is so great as sometimes to burst glass vases of common thickness. After attaining a vertical thickness of an inch or two, a second plant forms beneath the first. This adheres but slightly to the original, and may be separated with ease by slipping the hand between them. These layers or new plants, continue to form, and if not removed will fill the vessel. They form, and are ready for removal at intervals of about four weeks. I imagine, from the appearance of some vinegar made from this substance, which is contained in a transparent bottle, that the plant is also formed by its element rising and coagulating on the surface of the liquid. It may be rapidly propagated by the first process.

Water, sweetened and applied to the plant in an open vessel, in all that is necessary. A gallon of water, combined with a plant of ten or twelve inches in diameter, will form vinegar fit for use in about three weeks.—When a larger quantity of water is used or a smaller plant, the operation will be slower.

The vinegar continues to increase in acidity by age, and becomes equally pungent with that made in any other manner—indeed it acquires too much pungency to be pleasant.—When the vinegar is formed and removed, fresh water may be applied and the operation carried on indefinitely. A family may thus secure an insignificant expense, a constant supply of most excellent vinegar. I confess that at first I entertained a prejudice against vinegar thus formed, and used it with reluctance; but without hesitation I now pronounce it equal in flavor and every other essential, to any I have ever had in my family. It is proper for me to add, although I doubt the fact, that it is represented, if the plant is broken or the mass be separated, that it loses its peculiar properties.—*Drew's Rural.*

Independence the Chief Value of Money.

The "Criterion," in a review of our Lives of American Merchants, quotes the maxim of Peter C. Brooks, one of the subjects of that work, viz: "The whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures," a maxim, says the "Criterion," that "deserves to be placed on every book in which mercantile transactions are recorded." We find in one of our exchanges an amusing and singular illustration of the Merchant's maxim too good to be lost. It is this:

A man named Porter says he once had a clerical friend, whose whom and himself there existed great intimacy.

Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting balancing his cash, a note would come, requesting "the loan of a five dollar bill."—The money was always returned punctually at 8 o'clock on the Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was, the person always returned the very identical note he borrowed. Since he had discovered this fact he made private marks on the notes still the same. One Saturday evening Porter sent a five dollar gold piece, instead of a note, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on the Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could not sleep at night for thinking about it; he would awake his wife in the middle of the night, and ask her what she thought of such an occurrence. He was fast boiling over from curiosity, when a note came from the Reverend, on the note still the same. A brilliant thought struck our friend. He put on his great coat, resolving to call and demand an explanation of the mystery.

When he was shown into his friend's study, he found him plunged in the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. ——" said our friend, "if you will answer me one question, I will let you have the ten dollars. How does it happen that you always repay me the money you borrow on the Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The person raised his head, and after a violent struggle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said, in faltering tones:

"Porter, you are a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian and a New Yorker, I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my elopement. You know that I am poor, and when I have bought my Sunday dinner, I have seldom a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he has something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have therefore borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how indispensably I preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes. Well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket. Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning. Now, as Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach to-morrow, I thought I would try the effect of a ten-dollar bill-sermon on him."—*Merchants' Mag.*

SALT YOUR COWS.—A small handful of salt given to cows twice a week, seems to act as a preventive against many of the diseases incident to neat cattle. Besides, regular salting in small quantities, saves a great amount of labor at the churn—a fact worth knowing, to those who have to toil an hour or more to bring a few pounds of butter, and then perhaps of inferior quality.

An old bachelor out South, heads his list of marriages "Melancholy Accidents. The brute.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you can't tell what may turn up.

own carriers, whatever other facilities may offer. From the most reliable information, seventy to eighty thousand barrels of flour are manufactured annually at these mills, besides a corresponding amount of the coarser grains. There are four separate mills, and an abundant supply of water, as the river is frequently fed by lakes.

Eighteen years ago, I am informed, there were but three families, now they number 600 inhabitants. There was a blind road where Milwaukee street is now, across the river, which was fordable, and sometimes foot-passengers were taken over in canoes.—Sometime after a considerable settlement had been made a ferry-boat supplied both footmen and teams. Now they have a durable bridge built with several arches; and two other bridges, are being built this season.

A few of the present settlers are from New England, quite a number from New York and New Jersey. Germany and Ireland are fully represented. Farmers are now busy getting their crops out and secured. Thirty dollars per acre was offered and refused yesterday—laborers demand \$2 per day. It may be safely calculated that at least fifty men are idle every day, merely to gratify this knot of independent freemen. These servants, for they are not so called, before lagerbeer and whiskey saloons, with hardly ambition enough to move to accommodate themselves with shade. One productive day's labor will supply means of cheap living for two days, and they become prepared to exclaim with Cato,

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty," &c.

For my next, if I can be assured, I shall not be tedious or rusty, I will say something of the religious character and actions, of the institutions of education, public buildings, &c.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.

The Diario de Madrid relates the following romantic story:

A few years ago, an English nobleman, a grandson of the first water and an eccentric of the wildest school, honored New York with his presence and his money. He lived strictly in the Mexican way. His sole amusement consisted in wandering through the streets after night-fall, and in relieving those of his fellow creatures who had experienced the pains of poverty or the penalties of dissipation. While upon one of these humane excursions, he encountered a female who tenderly solicited alms.

Inquiring he found her to be an orphan of surpassing beauty; with an intelligent mind and of excellent education, reduced to abject destitution from the death of her father, shot in the Mexican war. The titled Howard, wearied at his bachelor's existence and won by the romance of the beggar's history, tendered to her his heart, his coronet, and his hand. The sequel, according to the Diario, is, that at recent ball given by the Russian Emperor, a duchess, radiant with beauty, and sparkling with diamonds, won the hearts of all observers. The distinguished lady was the *de-début* mendicant of the New York streets.

Here is quite a romantic—and strange, if true story:

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft-pated, pomatum-haired, mental-begged, strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money, deposited it all in banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued for her hand. They knew her not and cast a look of scorn upon her veiled and costumed form, but she had her "begone!" She cursed the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the purer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on the beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress, from some cause or other, had wandered there. She asked alms of one or two, termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly, but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed, or looked as if they thought "served her right." The beggar woman turned about and was walking sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke: "begone!" "You shall have ten times that sum.—Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle, exclaiming, "I want a sixpence, sir—only a sixpence!" Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at, for so doing, by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying: "Perhaps she is an heiress—or an angel in disguise." I mean to ascertain."

band, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise." The happy husband is often heard to say that he got an "heiress for a sixpence."

JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling.—He sprang upon his horse one day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments, thinking if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would be glad to place confidence in his ability. A wag who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor gobbled by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the mean time his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the

