THE UNION VILLAGE JOURNAL.

JOHN W. CURTIS, | LAW AND ORDER ARE THE PILLARS OF A REPUBLIC—JUSTICE AND HONOR, ITS CROWNING SHIELDS—AND PEACE ITS CORNER-STONE | EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS { VILLAGE SUBSCRIBERS $1,50 in adv. or $2, at end of year / MAIL & OFFICE do. $1 in advance, or $2, do. do. }

GREENWICH, WASHINGTON COUNTY, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1853.

NO. & VOL { WHOLE NUMBER—783 / VOL TWELFTH—NUMBER 10 }

Fun, Fact and Fancy.

—There is the most assurance, usually, where there is the most ignorance: we feel certain of safety, because we have not light enough to discover our danger.

—A character should retain always the upright vigor of manliness; not to let itself be bent and fixed in any specific form. It should be like an upright elastic tree, which bends, accommodating a little to each wind on every side, but never loses its spring, and self-dependent vigor.

Never talk of your parentage; for if it is honorable, you virtually acknowledge your claims to rest on the merits of others; or if it is mean, you wish to show that something good has at length come out of Nazareth; or if it is neither, your conversation can be interesting only to yourself.

London extends over an area of seventy-eight thousand and twenty nine acres or one hundred and twenty-two square miles; and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six, on the day of the last census.

Miss Dix, the philanthropist, states that among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her sacred missions have brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones.

The heiress prays in costly silks, while the poor sewing-girl makes her responses in plain calico. When in is the one better than the other? The latter may have intelligence and virtue; the other money, and nothing else. Still, the silk will be stared at and courted, while calico goes unnoticed and unknown.

A funny incident came under our notice the other day. While waiting our turn at the barber's, a fellow "poked his head in," and asked if they did curling there. He was answered in the affirmative, when stepping inside, and calling after him a most villainous looking cur, he pointed to it, saying:

"I would like to have you curl that dog's tail then!"

Innowise abashed at the burst of laughter which greeted him, the barber stepped forward and fetched the dog a lusty kick, pointed to the continuation of the row yelping owner, tightly coiled between his hind legs, and then demanded his quarter for the job. Doggy and his master left, amid the yells of the excited bystanders, while the night of the lather-brush unconcernedly called for the next customer.

The Christian Era very pertinently remarks: Our young people will do well to remember that it is no use to pray to God to save them from the Cholera, while they swallow inordinate quantities of crude and unwholesome food of any kind

Years ago we read of the man who learned to say "our Nankeen trousers." He was just married, and on the first Sabbath, inquired of his gentle spouse if he should wear his Nankeen trousers to meeting.

"Our Nankeen trousers, husband," replied the gentle better half.

"My Nankeen trousers," rejoined the spouse.

"Say our Nankeen trousers," persisted the woman. And then and there, they fell into a dispute about the ownership of the aforesaid article, the wife arguing that as they were married, everything was owned equally. The wife failing in the argument, snatched the broom and beat her husband until he escaped under the bed. As meeting time came, he thrust his doleful countenance from under the bed and in piteous accents asked,

"Wife, may we wear our Nankeen trousers to meeting to-day?" The man was conquered and the Nankeens went to Church.

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match, the first twelve being the suitors children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

It is estimated that there are 3,000 Canary birds imprisoned in the United States.

POETRY.

Hopes and Fears.

Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam,
That glitter on each shining wave,
Where with a grating sound they come
The white and thirsty beach to lave.
The waters part—the ripples gleam
A moment on the silent shore,
And vanish as the hopes that seem
A moment bright, and are no more.

Seeking for love, for fame, for power,
To the fair threads of life we cling,
For hope we cull a withered flower
And tune a harp with broken string.
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For mouldering columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though severed be love's magic chain,
Still to its broken charms we trust,
And hope to mend the links again,
When grief has eaten them like rust.
Frail as the bubbles on the beach
That hope may be—a transient beam,
But reft of joy, 'tis sweet to teach
The heart to hush its grief and dream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom
Upon the mountain's verdant side,
That mountain's heart a burning tomb,
Cleft by the lava's scorching tide.
They spring and flourish, fade and die,
Like human hopes—as frail and fair,
While quenchless fire beneath them lie,
Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across a summer sky,
When life is fairest, some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
The gloom may pass—the shadow fade,
And sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade,
A fear that clouds will come again.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there, to fling
A shadow on the path of joy.
A canker-worm within the fruit,
A serpent in the linnet's nest,
A sentry ever grim and mute,
Is fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume, is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form,
Hope never chants her fairy song,
Or bids us rest beneath her wing,
But fear, with all his phantom throng,
Is the distance hovering.

We seek the laurel wreath of fame,
And all her fickle favors trust,
To live—perchance without a name,
And find the chaplet turned to dust.
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears,
The wedding peal, the funeral toll;
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

SKETCHES OF LECTURES.

The Lost Arts.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Hall was densely crowded last night to hear Mr. PHILLIPS; and all who attended were richly repaid. He used no notes in the delivery of his Lecture. The following sketch will give but a very imperfect idea of its classic beauty:—

Mr. PHILLIPS commenced by a brief reference to the characteristic conceit of the age in regard to its attainments in science, and our own people, who too generally believe themselves a little ahead of all others. We deem ourselves, not pigmies standing upon the shoulders of giants, but giants ourselves; and kick at the idea that wisdom will not die with us. This self-conceit reminded him of the German poet who invariably took off his hat when speaking of himself. He desired the attention of the audience for an hour, while he endeavored to do justice to the past.

In the fine arts—Painting, Sculpture, &c.—we are willing to concede that we are outdone; to say that the first harvest was the heaviest, and that all we can now do is to imitate. If we speak of a poet, and can say of him 'he is Homeric,' we are satisfied. The Italian speaks of Powers—our own countryman who went out from the banks of the Ohio—not as perfect himself, but as resembling the old masters, who were perfect. When we boast of Shakespeare's forty dramas, we forget that he borrowed the themes for thirty of them from ancient tales, and also that Bulwer's greatest novel was built upon a story 1200 years old.

France is celebrated for the beauty of the designs on her manufactured goods. An English manufacturer gave as a reason for this, when testifying before a committee of the House of Commons, that French artizans had the advantage of studying the drawings of the ancients.

Even our best jokes are old. For instance: when a correspondent gave as a reason for not writing more confidentially, that an impertinent fellow was looking over his shoulder, the spy exclaimed 'that is a lie.' This is cited as an excellent Irish bull. But it is an Irish bull recorded 400 years before the Christian era. The music frozen in Munchausen's horn is but a plagiarism from a record of the 4th century.—Another modern joke is the remark, 'I am quite sure the lady is 30, for she told me so 20 years ago;' and yet this joke is 1500 years old Indeed, Joe Miller is but little more than an ancient classic—older even than the New Testament.

And in regard to the Useful Arts, the remark is true, that we have yet much to do before we approximate the wisdom of the despised Pagans of antiquity. He was aware that Herodotus, the Father of History, was long called the 'Father of lies,' because he recorded so much that was marvellous. But modern investigation has so demonstrated the truthfulness of his most marvellous records, that his stock had now gone up to par. The true mode of historical criticism is this: If you are satisfied that nine of ten recorded stories are true, believe the tenth, unless you are satisfied that what is recorded is an impossibility. If it is possible, believe it. If not, be charitable. Do not decide that whoever shall dare to record more than yourself know, lies in the record. It is said of Archimedes that he set the ships of the enemy on fire at distance by mirrors erected on the walls of Syracuse. This, for centuries, was set down as a fable. But when, in France and Germany, its possibility was demonstrated, then the world of unbelievers confessed that Archimedes might have done what is recorded of him.

Let us look at some of the 'Lost Arts' of the ancients. Take, first, GLASS, which we find so useful. Did the ancients know anything about it? Some modern authors deny that they did. But Pliny tells us that Glass was discovered accidentally on the shores of the Mediterranean long before his day. Not only were the ancients acquainted with the manufacture of Glass, but they had the art of rendering it malleable. He cited several proofs of this. But the art was lost, although it is said that the secret was known in Richelieu's time. The art of manufacturing STAINED GLASS, was better understood five hundred years ago than it is to-day. When any of the magnificent windows in the Cathedrals of the old world get broken, it is well known that the new piece possesses none of the brilliancy of that which has received and transmitted light for 300 years. You have all doubtless seen colored figures enclosed in glass, of modern manufacture. But this is no modern art. Far more beautiful specimens can be seen in far greater beauty and perfection among the relics of ancient art, preserved in the Museum at Rome, Naples and elsewhere. The famous Barbirini or Portland Vase in the British Museum, is of a material unknown to modern art; and the famous Sacred Dish in the Cathedral at Genoa, was believed for ages to be a massive sapphire, which was given to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. So sacred was it kept, that none but the priesthood were allowed to look upon it, and a Frenchman about the time of our revolution, was imprisoned for several years for daring to touch it. But when, with other precious relics, it was taken to France, and put to a chemical test, it was found to be no gem at all; but glass of exquisite perfection.

Were MICROSCOPES and TELESCOPES unknown to the ancients? Their knowledge of astronomy forbids the idea that they were ignorant of what was essential to the attainment of that knowledge. Alexander found among the spoils of war a copy of the Iliad transcribed upon so small a space that it could be enclosed in a walnut. It could only be read by aid of a microscope. Could it, then, have been engraved without such aid? There had also been found machinery sufficient to impel the object over a smooth surface, enclosed in the body of a minute insect. That required a powerful aid to the eye to be manufactured. An ancient writer records that by the aid of an instrument, he saw ships at a distance of a hundred miles. What was that but a telescope? Nero was used by the aid of some artificial object, to mark the gladiators at a distance. What was that object but an opera glass? In the museums of the old world and new, there are many objects of ancient art preserved—onaravings, &c.—so minute that it requires a microscope to discover their singular beauties. Could these have been traced with the naked eye? But all doubt is removed by the fact that ancient microscopes have been discovered and are now in existence. Hence, it is a demonstrated fact that neither Microscopes nor Telescopes are of modern invention.

And in regard to COLORS, we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago, are in the least faded except the green. The tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to-day as it was 3000 years ago. Some of the stucco painted centuries before the christian era, broken up and mixed, revealed its original lustre. And yet we pity the ignorance of the dark skinned children of ancient Egypt! The colors upon the walls of Nero's Festal Vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptian princess, who was cotemporaneous with Solomon, and of Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his Empire.

And in regard to METALS. The edges of the stones of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted, that their seams, laid without mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard—so hard that when the French artists sought to engrave two lines upon an obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many sets of the best tools which could be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden time. This, with other facts of a striking character, proved that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that, when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa, a son of that benighted region made, from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence, from a piece of iron. Fiction is very old. Scott had his counterparts 2000 years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had not time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seizing it red hot, rode forward, but found to his surprise that the cold air had tempered his hot iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel, therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old 2000 years ago!

We know that the ancients must have been acquainted with the ARCHIMEDEAN SCREW, or some equally effective instrument of power, else they never could have elevated the ponderous blocks of stone which constitute their Pyramids and Columns.

VENTILATION is deemed a very modern Art. But this is not the fact; for apertures unquestionably made for the purposes of ventilation, are found in the Pyramid Tombs of Egypt. Yes, thousands of years ago, the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

Nor is STEAM, as a locomotive power, a modern invention. That power was unquestionably known to the ancients. Arrago, the French philosopher recently deceased, so insists, and gives conclusive evidence in support of his opinion. The science of HYDROSTATICS was also known. There are evidences still extant in Monasteries, where this power was employed, thro' the agency of ingenious machinery, to work "miracles." We have, also, drawings of ships propelled by some invisible power; and Homer, who was a historian as well as a poet, says that Ulysses was taken back to Greece in a vessel propelled without the use of either oars or sails. What was that but steam?

Nor were they ignorant of CANALS. The engineers who accompanied Napoleon into Egypt discovered traces of a vast canal, 150 feet wide, 40 feet deep, and some hundred miles in length, with locks, whose gates suddenly closed when needful, to elevate vessels from one level to another. This canal is alluded to by Herodatus, as being in existence during the time of Pharaoh; and so perfect was its original workmanship, that those engineers expressed the opinion that it could be put in perfect repair for half a million of dollars.

They had also RAIL ROADS. All the great cities of antiquity were inland.—Alexandria was the first erected on the sea border. There was a reason for this. The merchants of that day were little else than slave-traders and pirates; and it was to escape their sudden incursions that retirement was sought. Piracy is now out of fashion; but slave-trading is not. Ready means of communication with the sea was important, and Rail Roads were resorted to. They were constructed by first laying upon a level huge blocks of granite. This is the first principle of a modern rail road. These blocks were then grooved for the wheels to run in—the equivalent of the iron rail of our day. The same class of rail roads were seen in South America by our own countryman, Mr. Stephens, who adds that these wheel grooves were lined with a hard metal—thus more closely approximating our modern rail road.

OUR LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM OF TEACHING—so popular, for a time, as a modern improvement, is more than 2000 years old. The TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLE—the pledge of abstinence—was known and practiced upon the banks of the Ganges 1200 years ago. GUANO,—whose wonderful power was illustrated by the remark of the Yankee, that he placed a small quantity upon the earth where he had deposited a pumpkin seed, when instantly it commenced growing, and the vine ran with such rapidity that it entangled his legs while trying to get out of its way, and putting his hand in his pocket for his jack-knife to cut it, it went to seed before he could get his hand out—Guano was known and used long before it was sought for by our people. It is not a new discovery.

We are apt to insist that Columbus first discovered the new world; but 400 years before Christ, it was talked about as consisting of two islands larger than all Africa and Asia

Nor is HOBBS' LOCK anything new. It is but a model of an Egyptian lock, thousands of years old. MESMERISM is no modern idea. It is older than the new testament. HYDROPATHY was a science centuries upon centuries since. Whether it was practised any more successfully then than now, he could not say. It doubtless had its disciples and its opponents as in our own day. Charles Lamb once expressed his hostility to it, by saying that the deluge killed many more than it cured.—But the hydropathist's reply was, that all were saved who were worth saving

He had supposed that modern times might claim the invention of the Loom; but on investigation, he had come to believe that he was mistaken. There are ancient pictures extant of the Loom; and there is still to be seen ancient muslin—called the Ducra muslin—finer than any of our own day. Juvenile, the ancient Hudibras, says that the women of his day dressed in garments "woven by the wind." Our muslin is called fine which has but 150 threads to the square inch; while the muslin in which the Egyptian mummies are enveloped has 500 threads to the square inch; and many of the colors of the ancient cloths are believed to be the same recently discovered by the French.

But the lecturer would not have his audience go away with the idea that we were in no respect in advance of the ancients. We may not know more, but we use what we do know differently. What was known of science and the arts by the ancients, was used by the rulers and the priesthood to deceive and hold in subjection the masses.—When these classes were themselves overthrown, the Arts were overthrown and trodden out with them.

There can now be seen in Rome bricks bearing the stamp of their maker's name, 4,000 years ago. That stamp was but the modern stereotype plate. But this stereotype plate is used for other purposes than to stamp the name of the manufacturer of the brick. It gives immortality to ideas. It prints the book, which renders it impossible that the knowledge of the present day, like that of the past, should go out with the men who, to-day, possess that knowledge.

It is in the use of Science that we excel the ancients—in the practical exemplification of the doctrine that no man has a right to know anything which he is not willing to make useful. It is this which pre-eminently distinguishes us from the ancients; and it is to this, and the recognition of the great brotherhood of man, which, under God, is to elevate us, in the eyes of future generations, far above those whose "Lost Arts" are the subject of our wonder.

From Moore' Rural New-Yorker.

ISABELLA RAISINS.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of Sept. 3d, you copied a short account of my "*Isabella Raisins*," from the Horticulturist, and thereby caused me to be flooded with inquiries, from Maine to Iowa, in regard to my mode of preparing them—" whether their preparation is expensive"—whether 'sugar is used,' &c., &c.,—nearly all offering to remit the amount charged for the information sought.

Now I do not complain of all this, for it indicates a laudable desire on the part of cultivators to avail themselves of all the improvements suggested in the preparation of the fruits of the earth for the use of man. But I think it will only be an act of Justice on your part, to allow me to answer all these inquiries "at wholesale," through the Rural. I cannot answer in fewer words than by giving the account of their preparation published in the Naples Weekly Journal, of Feb. 25, in answer to similar inquiries, made at that time by the editor of the Country Gentleman, which was substantially as follows:

First then as to the expense, for I propose to come to the point at once. The expense of preparation is nothing at all, except so far as "sun shine," or a little fire heat, may be expensive. The raisins presented to Mr. BARRY, and forming the subject of his notice, were nothing more than well ripened Isabella grapes, dried slowly upon shelves in a closet adjoining my dining-room, in which there was sufficient fire for ordinary use and for comfort, during the months of November and December. They received no more care or attention than would have been demanded by an equal quantity of apples, after being spread out in a similar manner to dry. It is confidently believed that it would be an improvement to wring the stems while yet on the vines and let them remain there and dry in the sun, as is the practice in preparing our best imported raisins. I shall try this mode of treatment the coming season, and if the result seems to be of any importance to the public shall not fail to report progress. But my friend, the Country Gentleman, says—"It can hardly be that the Isabella grape will afford good raisins without addition of ingredients." I do not say that they will; but I do say that the raisins in question were prepared as above stated, and wholly "without the addition of other ingredients."

I have said the manufacture of them is not expensive, but in this statement I am not exactly correct. There is a loss of weight in the process which may prove a barrier in the way of the profitableness of their preparation.—On this point however, the figures cannot be given, as no means were taken to ascertain the amount of that loss. Next time I prepare Isabella raisins I will use the necessary means to enable me to report fully on this important point. All my friends who have tasted these raisins have expressed themselves in as strong terms of approbation of them as did Mr. Barry. I have in every instance been told that they were preferred to the imported article. The Isabella raisins are a little tart, and this is the secret. I apprehend, of their being preferred. To most tastes the foreign article is altogether too sweet. E. A. McKAY.

NAPLES, N. Y., Sept. 1853.

Oil Well and Oil Spring.

In Western Virginia, near the falls of Hughes river, there is an oil well and an oil spring, which are curiosities in their way. A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* thus describes them:

This well was dug for salt, but it commenced blowing out oil, and continues its blowings at intervals up to the present time. Every fifth day it blows out about fourteen gallons of oil.

At the oil springs, vast quantities of oil are gathered, by sinking pits in the earth thirty feet deep. The bed of oil lays parallel with the bed of the river, and is generally near five feet thick.—The oil, in its natural state, adheres to the sand, and can only be separated from it by washing the sand in water. The sand is washed by sinking a small pit as deep as the bed of the oil; the pit soon fills with water, when men go into it with broad hoes, and wash the sand by pulling it to them and pushing it from them. While this is done, the oil loses its affinity from the sand and immediately rises to the top of the water; it is then gathered by a large ladle and put into large cisterns and hogsheads, where it purifies itself; it is then put into barrels and sent to market. Some pits fifteen feet square have yielded one hundred and thirty five barrels of oil, but all are not alike rich. The oil is valuable for weakness in the breast, sprains, cuts and bruises; it burns very well in lamps, and may be used in dressing leather, instead of fish oil, but makes the leather porous.

How few of us at the close of life can say, I have filled my position to which I looked forward when a boy! In the onward progress of life, how often, in some stray moment of thought and reflection, do we not find ourselves inquiring, is this as I hoped—have I enacted my dream? And the answer is invariably—No! We look forward without reflection. We build up gorgeous palaces, we sketch a career of life all gold and sunshine. What are they, and where are they, when years sober us!

Here is a beautiful sentence from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent, nothing more true:—

'Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells and his face may be unknown by his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for the wealth defying computations, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye.'

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. 'Because,' said he, 'we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none.'

There are hardly any bodily blemishes which a winning behavior will not conceal, or make tolerable.

A monster tunnel is now in course of construction near Cincinnati, Ohio, on the route of what is called the Short Line Railroad. The tunnel proper will be 3004 feet in length, or with its approaches, which are to be arched, 10,011 feet. It will be 29 feet wide and high.

A REMINISCENCE OF OLDEN TIMES.—The first bell in Haverhill, Mass., was purchased in 1781; before that time there was a singular substitute, as appears by a vote passed in 1660—'That Abraham Tyler blow his horn half an hour before meeting time on Lord's day, and on lecture days, and receive one pound of pork for his services from each family.'

The Gas Company of New Orleans city purchase their coal at thirty-eight cents a barrel, manufacture gas out of it, which they sell at four dollars a hundred feet, and then sell the residue of the coal, in the shape of *coke*, for seventy-five cents a barrel.