THE LABORER.

BY S. SEABURY.

The uncrowned sovereignty of him
Who daily earns his bread,
On whom earth's idlers coldly frown,
And fierce as lions tread,
Is he to whom I am allied,
Whose wrongs I'll ever sing;
A brawny toiler at the forge,
At heart a real king.

Oh! there is not in all the world
Such glory to be found
As circles him whose hopeful heart
With labor's love is bound.
Oh! what would be the sterling gold
That's worn by drowsy drones;
And where would be the monarch's wealth
The pomp of transient thrones—
If labor ceased to use its skill,
Its lustrous deeds and ways,
Like summer beauties when the sun
All golden roofs the days!
For there are melodies that start
From labor's mighty chords,
As ever thrilled the human heart,
Fired with a blaze of words.
The toilers shed their bitter tears
For friends and kindred gone;
Yet, grand as thunder in the storms,
Sublimely struggle on.
The tyrants shed their fellows' blood,
And talk of Heaven's decree;
Then strike like murderers where a State
Is burning to be free.
Ah! let the silken dandies scorn
The toilers of the land;
But let me feel the worker's heart,
His hard and wrinkled hand:
And let me labor for his class,
And win his honest thanks;
And I will own a joy unfelt
In fashion's pampered ranks.

[Written for The Press.]

FAMILIAR LIFE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[NOTE.—We have run our scissors through the manuscript, of which the following article is, in the Pennsylvania idiom, the first *gale*. We would have cut deeper into the matter, to give a better (earlier) specimen of the work undertaken; and, in part, accomplished by the author, but the requirements of our journal do not permit.

The work is not, in the ordinary sense, a Serial, but we must publish it in divisions, without strict regard to the intimate dependency of its parts, which we shall not always be able to provide for.

Its range and limit are quite indefinite. We may have fifty or five hundred portraits of the representative men, women, and children of Pennsylvania commonly, with an occasional touch of landscape and historical portraiture, done in natural colors. The material and data are solely the observations of the writer, running through thirty years of time and a very comprehensive range of characters; the names only localities generally will be reserved, in part, because they are mostly of no consequence to the use and intention of the sketches, and, in part, out of respect to the rights of all concerned.

Our readers will do us the justice to believe that we would not let a mere literary hack mar the visage and spoil the fair proportions of the glorious old Keystone State. It is a bold adventure, but that is the author's risk. His candor, caution, and correctness, will guard him from such errors as they can prevent; and, as for his ability to execute his task up to its grand requirements—why, we would be rash in saying that any living man could fairly come up to the mark, but we want to see it tried; and we are sure that all competent and candid people will be well repaid for the perusal. If anything in the work tempts others to give their help, we may have the pleasure of seeing the *Life* of Pennsylvania written, which, in its way, is even more wanted and better worth having than its history.—ED. PRESS.]

I have no talent for either poetry or fiction; and I believe that I am losing my taste for them—I do not mean the classics of imaginative literature, but the staple of the stock now common in the market. I acknowledge that I am getting old, and I admit that the circulating libraries of my earlier days were not nearly so well furnished as they are now. Cooper, James, Marryatt, and that class of authors, have done much, and cheap printing has largely helped them, to improve the quality of fiction afloat among the people. Within the last quarter of a century the average character of our light reading has been wonderfully improved, but the feeling grows upon me that the current common life of the times, is worthy of a consideration which it does not get from the authorship of the day, and I feel disappointed, almost offended, that the writers for the million are so much more occupied with metaphysics and morals than with the manners of the times. People are alive now and here as certainly and as fruitfully, for all the purposes of description, as they ever were in the land of fancy, and are well worth an earnest effort at presentment. What is the good of analysing the passions, and satirizing the fashions of possible or probable, but not actual people, while the men we parted from yesterday, and those we will meet to-morrow, are not well presented to our apprehension or settled in our understanding? Traveller's guides for countries which we may never visit are entertaining and instructive, indeed, but the geography of home has a pre-emptive right to our attention. Judging by the average talent of those who are now writing our popular books of men and manners, one must conclude that it is much easier to produce a clever work of imagination than to daguerreotype the actual life around us, or to recover and reconstruct the "form and pressure of the times" just gone by from the vestiges that remain. The present and the familiar are, perhaps, in their nature, more difficult of clear comprehension and attractive portraiture than the distant and ideal; just as self-knowledge is less common than historical and philosophical attainments; and it may be this intrinsic difficulty of the thing that makes the difference between Dickens and the ordinary mediums who are engaged in rapping up the spirits from the limbo of noveldom.

There is an admonition to mediocrity in this, which I feel, in both senses of the word, very sensibly. But in spite of the difficulty of the task, and risk of failure, too, the unwritten history of our homes ought to be attempted; and in sheer despair of relief from any other quarter, and in some confidence, also, that the thing may not prove quite so impracticable as it threatens, I will venture to try my hand at sketches of life in the country of my boyhood.

I had not the sense to observe it as I might have done while it was still sitting for its picture. My thoughts were busy then with the distant and the future, and until head and heart had travelled they could not comprehend it; but now my thoughts and feelings return to it, and a better apprehension, experience won, will do something to supply the defects of more immature observation.

The scene of the first sketch that I shall attempt, lies in a valley of the Alleghanies, in the heart of Pennsylvania. Its borders are a ridge on the East, and another on the West, leaving ten miles breadth of arable land between them. It is cross-cut by a tributary of the Susquehanna, and by a turnpike road and canal, for communication with the Atlantic cities and the head of the Ohio. North and South of these highways the valley stretches thirty or forty miles before it laps its head in the embrace of the twin mountains at the one end, and stretches out its nether limbs among the rolling lands at the other. A middle track of this intervale, thirty miles in length, and from three to seven in breadth, is as rich as a heavy limestone soil and abundant irrigation can make it. The mountain skirts on either side, like the suburbs of a clever village, exhibit the usual compromise of rich and poor, gradually tapering to absolute sterility, and serve to show which way the wealth of villages and valleys is distributed, and the sources from which it is drained.

It is with the heart and centre of this region that I am now concerned, and the time to which my memories relate is thirty years ago.

The population was a mixed one: Pennsylvania Germans, Irish, Scotch and their descendants, a few English, and as few New Englanders; no Welsh or French, and no Negroes or other Southerners. The religions professed were Dunkard, Menonist, Lutheran, United Brethren, (not Moravians, but a branch of the Methodists,) Presbyterian, Covenanter, Methodist—no Baptist, Quakers, Episcopalians, or Catholics.

The nationalities and churches are here set down very nearly in the order of their respective numbers and importance in giving character to the society. In the valley there were about ten physicians and one lawyer. The people who worshipped in English had six or seven church edifices, regularly built for the purpose, and large enough to seat four or five hundred people each. The Germans had as many of smaller size. The Methodists, having no churches, used the school houses for their services, where their congregations were largest, and the dwelling houses of the members in winter, and their barns in summer, where they were less numerous.

Flouring mills and saw-mills abounded; for the yield of grain was liberal, and the primitive stock of timber was still large. The manufactures were only those which were necessary for home use—tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, tanners, wagon-makers, wheelwrights, weavers, blacksmiths and cabinet-makers.

We had four villages within our bounds; three of them contained respectively from thirty to fifty families. There were no grog-shops outside of these, but we had plenty of distilleries. Flour and whiskey were our principal exports. Cash and store-goods were the imports.

I think there was not a piano in the valley in those days. The violin, flute and clarionet, were the ordinary musical instruments in use. The church melodies were wholly vocal. In the Presbyterian Churches, the version of the Psalms, "allowed by the Kirk of Scotland," was the only book permitted. The Methodists indulged themselves with every style of tune and sacred poetry that suited their fancy and feelings.

Debating societies were organized every in several localities every winter, but there was no literature professed by any body, and we had no newspaper published in the valley. The Temperance reformation first brought the native talent into requisition, and is responsible for several young lawyers, and a clergyman or two, who grew out of its discipline, and have since matured into very clever members of the bar, and respectable ministers of the gospel. A very little Latin was taught in every few boys, by a clergyman in one of the villages, but that had no results of any kind.

Among the institutions of the country, singing-schools were of first rate consequence. Ostensibly they were got up for learning the rudest rudiments of sacred music. They usually collected thirty or forty pupils, one night in the week during the winter season, at an expense of a dollar a head for thirteen lessons, and as many tallow candles, which, besides lighting the house, determined by their own length that of the lesson for the night. Children of either sex, young enough to be classed in the neuter gender, never attended these gatherings; for they played at company-keeping quite as much, as they worked at the avowed business of the meetings; and going home with the girls was considerably more material to the issue than any of the other harmonies in the programme.

These country school houses were squares on the outside; but they had only three sides for the scholars within; the master's platform, with its desk and other furniture, occupied the other. The right-angled trigonometry of this arrangement fitted the customary division of the music and musicians, into *tenor, bass* and *treble*, exactly. The teacher sometimes sported a lilt of the *second*, but the scholars, I think, never attempted it. Something was usually said by the master at the beginning of the quarter, about the gamut; but that branch of the science was always entrusted to his exclusive care, and he held his rank among us mainly by his monopoly of its mysteries. It never seemed to be much to the purpose, for it did nothing toward the merry-making. Serious study, with a serious intent, would have broken the heart of the enterprise. The dollars showed some disposition to dive into it, but they were not the stars of the singing nights, and the brighter spirits needed none of its light for their style of shining. I need not, I suppose, take any more trouble to indicate the regular drift and issue of these pleasant little assemblages. Very trifling things they may seem in report, but many a child, then unborn owed to them the complexion of his fortunes.

In rustic societies, where no etiquette covers the design, or supplies the occasions for non-committal visitings among the young people, the festivities, generally, and the more formal and orderly assemblies occasionally, must serve the purpose; and they are often justly answerable for the little fortulties, "which make and mar the foolish fates."

City people will not at first sight understand this; for their ways of canvassing their courtships are regularly provided for. Mr. Thompson can call upon, and ask to see, Miss Simpson, any day between ten and two, and it is nobody's business, not even Miss Simpson's, to know what he is after. Indeed, such a call raises no presumptions whatever; but such a thing in our valley would have been a clear case of trover and conversion, under the common law of the land. With us two or three couples might ride together to church without any constructive involvement; but a single pair seen anywhere, or on the road to any place, would be public notice to all intents and purposes.

Now, gentle reader, do you understand the use of singing schools, apple-butter boilings, quilting parties, church goings, and other make-believes of rural association?

All this methodical masquerading, however, belongs only to the English denizens of the district that we are concerned with. Among the undiluted Germans I never observed that there were any forms, or fashions, or pretences for effecting the same objects. I suppose the sentiment had its natural force among them, and in manifestation must have had some manner and method; but I never heard the word love or courtship on their lips, and I never saw the signs in any sort of display. They were inevitably married at maturity; but how it came about nobody but the parties could tell, and they never did. They wrote no rhymes and read no poetry; so the passion got no culture or confession in that form. They patronized no novels or love literature in any shape, and never betrayed their secret in that way. Yet there were no old maids among them, no bachelors, no widows and no widowers. Their system must have had certainties of operation as nothing else could equal; but I never could see into the mystery of it. They attended their religious meetings on Sundays, but there was nothing to the purpose in that, for their customs allowed no courtesies toward the sex; they had no manners or etiquette which could give the opportunity and the covert for any sort of love-making; the beaux were never seen spruced up *en route* for their neighbour's houses; social parties were utterly unknown among them; and they had no usages or accidents either, that could effect an accomodating intercourse. In their ordinary working dress, the young men might be seen going for, or returning, some borrowed article, and they did work sometimes in the hay fields with the maidens whom they must marry; but other or better occasions than these never appeared to those who had the best means for observation.

How much opportunity is necessary, I wonder, or rather how little opportunity of formal and favourable intercourse is best for promoting marriage in a civilized community? The problem stands thus—no merry-makings, no visitings, no courtesies, no music parties, no dancings, no holidays, no cards, no compliments, no gifts, no gatherings, and no celibacy! Moreover, no divorces or matrimonial bickerings. The home happiness might be very homely, but it held uniformly good, Reciprocal wrongs of the sexes, before or after marriage, were never heard of. All that was expected was sure; and the surface looked like contentment, and nothing deeper ever peeped out to impeach appearances. To be sure, the women could not read a word out of the Bible and Psalter, and the men had only so much of arithmetic and letters as served to transact their simple agricultural traffic, and master the advertisements in the county newspaper. But neither were they sottish, selfish, or even sinful. They showed none of the signs of discontent, and they never violated the municipal laws, the peaceful order of social life, or committed suicide. The love relations were ever reasonable and regular, comfortable with the common interests and duties of their lives, and probably, this was the reason that there was nothing else out of repair among them.

This simplicity and sobriety is strictly true only of the Dunkers, Menonists, and United Brethren of the German people; the Lutheran and other denominations among them, were a little more Englished in their habitudes; and the irreligious and irregular borders of the race were as vicious, and as much agitated with the sin and suffering of more advanced and progressive people as their larger liberty of life was likely to engender.

But we must leave this general outlining, and endeavor a portraiture of the men and women more specially individual.

We must have a stand-point, or starting point, somewhere, and we may as well take it at a place about six miles from the river, upon the creek which watered our pretty valley and ground the corn which it had helped to grow. From this position we can visit the country and see the people conveniently. Here on the stream there is a grist-mill and saw-mill for country work, a retail store, a squire's office, and a dozen ugly frame houses and log cabins, awkwardly scattered around them, which together utterly despoil the scenery of all its beauty. The gardens are enclosed with board fences made of the refuse slabs from the saw-mill; the houses open their front doors into the roads and pathways, without any defence from the dust or from the domestic animals that belong to this struggling little hamlet: and there is not a shade tree left standing, or an ornamental one planted, within its limits.

These mean and disorderly little tenements attracted a scrubby population of poor, good-for-nothing people, who idled away their time in any sort of way that happened to them:—going to the county town whenever they could invent an errand, or find an excuse, or borrow a horse, or get a ride on a wagon; or fishing a whole day for as many suckers as would make a single meal for them; or killing a pheasant or half a dozen pigeons, at a like expense of time; or gathering the forest fruits and nuts in season at a still less renumeration for their labor. Some of them cobbled badly and unpunctually at such domestic trades as can be somehow practiced without being anyhow learned; others, who had no trades, worked a little in harvest time on the farms in the neighbourhood, and a little less at odd jobs all the rest of the year; doing nothing steadily except chewing tobacco, drinking cheap whiskey, when they could get it, and having the ague pretty earnestly every autumn—a set of people to be found only in such forlorn looking hamlets as are commonly baptized by the country wits with the name of Slab-town, Hard-scrabble, Frog-town, Bugs-burg or Hell-town; measuring the worthlessness or viciousness of the inhabitants by a fitting appellation selected from the assortment in their slang dictionary.

With whatever purpose or reason the name of Slugsburg was bestowed upon this forlorn cluster of wretched huts and equally wretched people, it had come to mean a social sink for the drainage of the neighbourhood, where the redemptionless managed to "put in their time" like dogs and cats in society,—domesticated and domiciled, but without any drift or destiny, or any thought of such a thing. In a word, they were without energy enough of character for any available vice or virtue—a sediment of civilization which the clearer currents of the neighbouring life somehow managed to flow over without taking much taint or turbidness from it. There were not many of them, and like the insoluble matter of a chemical analysis, they were represented by the fraction of a per-centage in the mass from which they were precipitated.

These people, reinforced by a few of their kindred from the hills around, for very idleness attended the religious meetings with great punctuality. Such gatherings stirred up their sluggish life with a little relish of social and sectarian excitement. The Sunday was to them a regular God-send. It interrupted the monotony of their heavy week, and gave them rest from the worry of their reluctant work, with a warrant that made laziness all right for one seventh of their time. It met some want which they vaguely felt, but did not take the trouble to understand, and could not raise the resolution to redress by any vigorous endeavour. The meetings which they usually patronized were held in the "Stone School House" that stood up on the slope of the hill, beside the public road. A square, one story building, large enough to accommodate fifty or sixty people. The door fronted the road, and always stood wide open in fine weather. The windows, low and long, were also opened to the air; and the preacher stood, and the congregation sat, as much exposed and out of doors, except for the shelter of the roof, as if it had been literally field-preaching.

The congregation made an odd picture, as seen by a horseman pausing in the road to look and listen as he passed. The preacher could be seen upon the master's platform; his open bible on the writing desk; a large-figured silk handkerchief thrown wisp-shape like a marker over it; the hymn-book sprawled beside it, ready to be turned up at the right place. The congregation occupying the children's benches, which ran in rows round three sides of the room, with their faces all turned upon the centre, where the tea-plate stove stood. These benches constructed, as they were, for the little folks, gave the grown-up occupants their own trouble in managing the difference of pitch and attitude, resulting from their greater length of nether limbs. The feeblest of the old, and the laziest of the young men, by planting their elbows upon their knees, and digging their knuckles into their cheeks, managed to hold up their heads and make an appearance of attention; though half the number were asleep, or as easy in their minds as if they were, before the services were half finished. The brighter and brisker of the young gentlemen, with whom the appearance that they designed to make was not an hypocrisy, though full enough of pretence, usually relieved themselves of the irksome backward tilt, by thrusting forth one leg, catching up the other knee with locked fingers, and bracing shoulders, back and elevated limb into a stiff triangle that balanced nicely. So they see-sawed easily, if not elegantly, through the service, allowing themselves any number of alternations of the salient shin, and as many pleasant changes of fair faces, in the two corners of the women's side of the house.

The girls, of course, observed the proprieties better; maintaining their uprightness, cost what it might of effort, with the long-suffering and patience of the sex, in all matters of duty and decorum. The old ladies—the mother Cumminses, and Ranselees, and Jonceses—claimed the privileges of age and position, and compromised the matter by making liberally wide laps, and dropping into them humbly little bodies plump into them, and so taking it nice and easy.

I said the building would accommodate about sixty people, but on this fine May morning there are eighty inside, and fifteen or twenty lobbying the service around the door and windows. Let us look through the congregation and get a little better acquainted with, at least, the representative men and women, which we may readily distinguish in the assemblage,

First of the insiders:

There are four substantial farmers in the number; two of them middle aged, the other two, old men. Good people; good citizens; that is, not vicious, intemperate, passionate, or given to speculation in stocks or doctrines, and free from any worldliness that can lead to immorality.

In this community there is no indifferentism—none bold enough for scepticism—none strong enough to stand alone at an equal distance from the pious and the reckless. Every man's position is settled easily and certainly. If he is not bad, he's good, and of necessity a church member. There is no infidelity and no logic-built religion. The people are divided, as they will be distinguished in the final judgment, into those who do evil, and those that practice righteousness. The crime of unbelief, or misbelief, and the virtue of a sound faith, have no place in the destribution of the parties to the right or left hand of the judgment seat.

As these men sit now before us, they seem not to have a care upon their minds, and I think they have not. The sunny spring morning disposes them to slumber; they looked quietly at their wheat crops as they came to church, tied their horses carefully to the saplings in the grove above the school house, where they are always safe; the sermon is rather logical and therefore unexciting, this morning, and there is nothing to disturb them. What should there be? They are settled in life without thought of change; their children are doing well; they are out of debt, and have tolerable health; they live by habit; they mean no harm, and are decently devout. They are accustomed to say, and to say truly, too, in class-meeting, that they "enjoy peace, and trust it will be well with them when they come to change the things of time and sense for a better world." They "have reason to believe that they were converted in their youth," and they can testify that, though they have not been so faithful as they should have been, the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are paths of peace. They desire the prayers of the brethren that they may hold out faithful to the end, and hope to meet them all in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." To which the congregation say, amen, and turn to Brother Brown. Let us turn with them.

He sits there in the corner of the back row of benches, where the angle of the writing-desks that stand against the walls affords him bolsters for his elbows, and a retreat for his "unworthiness." It would not be in keeping with his profession of humility to take a position that challenged observation. He is about forty years of age; has a very round head, low forehead, a globular face without a distinct feature, except an upper lip a little swollen, and an under one so limp and raggy that it looks as if it were made of wet buckskin. His eyes are very little and anxiously unsteady, and his hair is bushy, black, and touselled. He wears his winter overcoat without a waistcoat, for his summer clothes are not good enough to go to meeting in. His shirt collar stands as stiff as pasteboard around his throat, as coarse in texture almost as if it were made of grape-vine chain, with oven-wood for filling. He greased his shoes last night, and shaved himself this morning with a rough razor; the cuts look like snips of red thread on the blueish ground of his bristled chin, but the scraping has been so thoroughly performed that it shows a very clean contrast with his open neck, which is never washed.

He is chewing tobacco desperately, and looking piteously for the preachers meaning. Brown is a zealously religious, but most unprosperous fellow. He is without a fault in conduct that the keenest scrutiny can detect; but, at the same time, without a point of character that any body likes. An innocent slack-twisted mortal, over-much given to whining, self-depreciation, and casuistry. He is respectful, more than respectful to everybody, but gets nothing of the kind in return, or any credit for it. His humility is so sloppy that when he says he is nothing but wounds, bruises and putrifying sores from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, the figure seems quite too like the fact, and we feel uncharitably think of poultices and lint and ointment.

He never misses meeting in any weather, though he has three miles to walk to it over that sort of abandoned road that usually straggles among the hills in search of such lost cabins as the one he occupies. For a dozen years he has been taking and giving ten times more trouble about the saving of his soul than its total loss could possibly occasion to himself and all the congregation, whom he worries with the incessant effort. His habitual mood of mind is a despairing pity for himself. Like a lubberly over-grown boy, that every body abuses, he is always complaining in a strain and tone which excite no sympathy, and he would only whine the more if you tried it. His piety in a word is only a shabby sort of helplessness, and he keeps blubbering about it as if he really believed that when the world, under whatever provocation, casts him off, "the Lord will take him up," and expecting that sort of foundling adoption, he is anxious to feel that he is in the condition to secure it. His picture is as nearly finished as I can paint it, when I have added that he is a very full feeder, a very heavy sleeper, and a remarkably slow-goer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HENRY A. WISE AND EDWARD STANLEY.—In the red-hot belligerent Congressional party debates of Van Buren's administration, the two most prominent and terrible Southern whigs in the House were Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and Edward Stanley, of North Carolina. Wise is the Democratic Governor of Virginia—the Southern Achilles of the Democratic party—and as such the especial party champion among his numerous admirers for the next Presidency. On the other hand, Edward Stanley, having joined the general exodus some years ago of conservative politicians to California, has turned up in that country of wonderful things the Republican candidate for Governor—a Southern man with Northern principles, in opposition to John B. Weller, a Northern man with Southern principles. But should Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, be elected by the republican party as Governor of California, it will be an individual and a popular revolution only surpassed by the election of a son of Henry Clay to Congress as a Democrat from the Ashland district. Such are the ups and downs of politics.—*New York Herald.*

A PROMPT REPLY.—The Rochester *Union* tells the following: A man residing in Schenectady, who has long been in the employ of the Central Railroad Company, and is now a fireman on the road, applied to Mr. Vibbard, the Superintendent, for a pass to take him to some point on the road which he desired to visit. The Superintendent declined the request, and said:

"The company employ you, and pay you so much per month for your services. When your wages are paid our obligation ends. If you were at work for a farmer at one dollar per day, and desired to go to Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and carry you there for nothing?"

The fireman replied—"No, sir; but if he had *his team hitched up*, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a hog if he did not let me ride."

The noted house, No. 31 Bond street, is vacated. The Misses Cunningham are no longer occupants of it; the furniture has been removed by the tradesmen who supplied it; and not a sound at present disturbs the solitude of the premises where Dr. Burdell was murdered—from which the marriage party repaired to Rev. Mr. Marvin's—and where the Believue baby was a second time born. There is no such other house in the city, and may many centuries elapse before there is one like it. The Misses Cunningham, it is understood, are in Lexington avenue with their aunt.

The hotel at Bedford Springs will be kept open until the first of October.

Miscellaneous.

HOMESTEAD FOR $2,00! LAND DISTRIBUTION!! CHANCE FOR POOR MEN!!

The Northwestern Mutual Land Benefit Association will make a grand distribution of $20,000 worth of real estate and maps to its members. The number of members is limited to 15,000. $2.00 and five letter stamps per membership, or a share. Any individual sending $10 and the stamps, shall be entitled to six shares; or any person sending $10 with six names, with the address of each, carefully written, shall be entitled to ten shares. The distribution will be made in Chicago, Sept. 25th, 1857.

The following is the real estate to be distributed:

No. 1. An improved farm of 80 acres in Cooke Co., Illinois, valued at	$3,000
No. 2. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteides Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 3. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteides Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 4. An excellent private residence in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	3,000
No. 5. 160 acres superior farm land in Cooke Co., Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 6. 160 acres well pine timbered in Waupaca Co., Wisconsin, valued at	2,000
No. 7. A good lot and cottage residence in Chicago, Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 8. 160 acres superior land in Whiteides Co., Illinois, valued at	1,000
No. 9. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 10. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 11. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	800
No. 12. 160 acres good land in Dunn Co., Wisconsin, valued at	800
No. 13. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 14. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 15. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 16. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	500
No. 17. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 18. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 19. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 20. One building lot in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	300
No. 21. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 22. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 23. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 24. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	300
No. 25. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	300
No. 26. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 27. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 28. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 29. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 30. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 31. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 32. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 33. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 34. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 35. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 36. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 37. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 38. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	160
No. 39. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	100
No. 40. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	100

The distribution will be conducted fairly and honorably. The names and address of stockholders shall be written on as many small cards as they have shares, and the whole placed in a box, and the first name taken out shall be entitled to the improved farm No. 1, in the above list, and the next taken out will be entitled to No. 2, and so on until the entire real estate are all distributed. Then to each of the remaining 14,960 stockholders will be sent a cheap map of a Western State or Territory. A full account of the distribution will be published in a public circular, to each member of the Association, with the names and address of such as may receive the real estate—to whom also the deeds will be sent without immediate expense to them. Each application must be accompanied with $2.00 and five letter stamps. Address LINDELL, JONES & CO.,
au-13 Chicago, Illinois.

CHOICE FARM LANDS FOR SALE.—THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY are now prepared to sell about 1,500,000 acres of choice Farming lands, in tracts of 40 acres and upwards, on credit, at low prices, and at low rates of interest.

These lands were granted by the Government to aid in the construction of this Road, and are among the richest in Illinois. They are situated along the line of the road, through the middle of the State, to the extreme South, and include every variety of climate and productions found between those parallels of latitude. The Northern portion is chiefly prairie, interspersed with fine groves, and in the middle and Southern sections timber predominates, alternating with beautiful prairies and openings.

The climate is more healthy, mild and equable, than any other part of the country—the air is pure and bracing, while living streams and springs of excellent water abound.

Bituminous Coal is extensively mined, and supplies a cheap and desirable fuel, being furnished at many points at $2 to $4 per ton—and wood can be had at the same rate per cord.

Building Stone of excellent quality also abounds, which can be procured for little more than the expense of quarrying.

The great fertility of these lands, which are a black rich mould, from two to five feet deep, and gently rolling; their contiguity to this road, by which every facility is afforded for travel and transportation to the principal markets North, South, East, West, and the economy with which they can be cultivated, render them the most valuable investment that can be found, and present the most favorable opportunity for persons of industrious habits and small means to acquire a comfortable independence in a few years.

Chicago is now the greatest grain market in the world; and the facility and economy with which the products of these lands can be transported to that market, make them more productive, at the prices asked, than those more remote at government rates, as the additional cost of transportation is a perpetual tax on the latter, while it adds to the worth of the producer, in the reduced price he receives for his grain, &c.

The title is perfect—and when the final payments are made, deeds are executed by the trustees appointed by the State, and sent to the owners, free of charge.

The prices are from $6 to $30; interest only 3 per ct. Twenty per ct. will be deducted from the price for cash.

Those who purchase on long credit, give notes payable in two, three, four, five and six years after date, and are required to improve one-tenth annually for five years, so as to have one-half the land under cultivation at the end of that time.

Competent surveyors will accompany those who wish to examine these Lands, free of charge, and aid them in making selections.

The Lands remaining unsold are as rich and valuable as those which have been disposed of.

SECTIONAL MAPS

Will be sent to any one who will enclose fifty cents in postage stamps, and book-marks containing numerous instances of successful farming, signed by respectable and well known farmers living in the neighborhood of the Railroad Lands, throughout the State—also the cost of fencing, breaking, expense of harvesting, threshing, etc.,—or any other information will be cheerfully given on application, either personally or by letter, in English, French, or German, addressed to JOHN WILSON,

Land Commissioner of the Illinois Central R. R. Co. Office in Illinois Central Railroad Depot, Chicago, Illinois. au1

LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE—THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY are now prepared to receive and forward FREIGHT between Philadelphia, Lancaster, and Columbia, at the following rates per hundred pounds:

BETWEEN PHILA. AND COLUMBIA.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.
22 cts.	18 cts.	15 cts.	14 cts.

Flour, 18 cts. per barrel.
Pig metal, 10 cts. per 100 pounds.

BETWEEN PHILA. AND LANCASTER.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.
20 cts.	17 cts.	15 cts.	13 cts.

Flour, 25 cts. per barrel.
Pig Metal, 10 cts. per 100 pounds.

ARTICLES OF FIRST CLASS.

Books, Boots and Shoes, Cotton and Wooden Ware, Dry Goods, Eggs, Furniture, Feathers, Fresh Fish, Nuts in Bags, Porter and Ale in bottles, Poultry in coops, Pork, (fresh,) Poultry, (dressed,) Wrapping Paper.

ARTICLES OF 2d CLASS.

Apples, Cheese, Clover and Grass Seed, Copperas, Candles, Casks or Barrels, (empty,) Earthenware, Guns and Rifles, Herring in boxes and kegs, Hardware, Hop, Iron, hoop, band, or sheet, Leather, Lumber in wood, Marble Slabs and Marble Monuments, Molasses, Melons, Oils in casks or barrels, Paper in boxes, Pasteboard, Peaches, (dried,) Printing Paper, Paper Hangings, Queensware, Sweet Potatoes, Tobacco in bales, Tea, Type, Tallow, Turpentine, (spts.) Varnish.

ARTICLES OF 3d CLASS.

Alcohol, Coffee, Hides, (green,) Iron, Oysters & Oj.ams, (in shell) Tobacco, (manufactured,) Potatoes, Turnips, Vinegar, Wheat, Land, Window Glass.

ARTICLES OF 4TH CLASS.

Codfish, Cotton, Fish, salted, Furs of all kinds, Nails and Spikes, Pitch, Plaster, Rosin, Salt, Tobacco, (leaf,) Tin, Tar, Whiskey.

☞ For further information apply to
E. J. SNEEDER, Freight Agent, Phila.
E. K. BOICE, Freight Agent, Columbia.
au13] W. H. MYERS, Freight Agent, Lancaster.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT—NEW GAS CONSUMING FURNACE.

CHILSON'S NEW CONE FURNACE, after having been put to the most severe test, during the two COLD WINTERS OF 1856 AND 1857, has proved to be the most *powerful heater in the world, saving* from ½ to ⅔ the fuel over any of the best furnaces now in use. THEY MANAGED to be constructed with a cast iron ash pit, and a broad, shallow pan-shaped fire pot, lined with fire-brick or iron staves. The fire pot is surmounted with

A SERIES OF CONES, OR TAPERING RADIATORS, large and broad at their base, but tapering to small apertures at the top, and uniting with the similar chamber, through which the heat and smoke pass to the flue. THE WHOLE products of combustion in the form of *smoke* and GASES, are suspended directly over the fire, CONFINED or compressed into the tapering CONES and CONTINUALLY EXPOSED to the direct action of the rays of heat and light from the fire.

This heat and light is brought to a FOCUS IN EACH CONE, and unites in a

COLLECTION OF THE SUN'S RAYS,

to a focal point through an ordinary lens, causing the SMOKE AND GASES to become intensely heated and thoroughly CONSUMED, by this operation the SMOKE AND GASES are MADE EQUALLY AVAILABLE with the FUEL itself for heating purposes, while, in other furnaces, it is CARRIED OFF AND WASTED up the CHIMNEY.

All persons desirous of obtaining the best and MOST ECONOMICAL HEATING APPARATUS, should not fail to examine the NEW GAS CONSUMING CONE FURNACE, before purchasing any other. The attention of architects and builders is particularly requested.

ARNOLD & WILSON,
(Successors to S. A. Harrison,)
No. 624 WALNUT Street,
Opposite Independence Square.
au1-tf

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY—N. W. Cor. THIRD and CHESNUT Sts.

L. PELOUZE & SON, thank(ful for the liberal patronage heretofore accorded to their Establishment, and desirous to merit its continuance, would announce to Printers and Publishers that their new SPECIMEN BOOK is now ready, and from their increased facilities, are now prepared to furnish every thing necessary in a complete Printing Establishment, at the shortest notice. Their long practical experience in the business, and the fact of their personal superintendence of the manufacturing department, justifies them in asserting that they can furnish a more durable and better finished article than their cotemporaries.

Those, therefore, who desire Printing Materials, would do well to apply to them previous to purchasing elsewhere.

Old type taken at 9 cents per pound, in exchange for new at specimen prices. au1-tf

COACH, ENGINE AND HOTEL LAMP Factory of E. W. USHERS, No. 109 (late 43) South EIGHTH, below Chestnut street, has become a saving of 50 per cent. to our SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MERCHANTS, and also the convenience of having their old Carriage Lamps new silver-plated and bottomed, and sent by express to all parts. au12-1y(z)

Savings Funds.

SAVING FUND—FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY—WALNUT STREET, SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THIRD, PHILADELPHIA.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

INCORPORATED BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Money is received in any sum, large or small, and interest paid from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal.

The office is open every day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 7 o'clock in the evening, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.

All sums, large or small, are paid back in gold on demand, without notice, to any amount.

DIRECTORS.

HON. HENRY D. BENNER, President.
ROBERT SELFRIDGE, Vice President.
WM. J. READ, Secretary.

Hon. Henry D. Benner,	C. Landreth Munns,
Edward L. Carter,	F. Carroll Brewster,
Robert Selfridge,	Joseph B. Barry,
Saml. K. Ashton,	Henry L. Churchman,
James E. Smith,	Francis Lee.

This Company continues its business entirely to the receiving of money on interest. The investments, amounting to over

ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS,

are made in conformity with the provisions of the Charter, in REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES, GROUND RENTS, and such first class securities as will always insure perfect security to the depositors, and which cannot fail to give permanency and stability to this Institution. au1-1y

SIX PENNY SAVINGS FUND, Corner of FIFTH and WALNUT Streets, Open daily, from 9 to 2, and on Tuesday and Friday Evenings, until 8 o'clock. Large or small sums received, and paid without notice, with FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST, by check or otherwise. JOHN THOMSON, Pres't.

VICE P