[Written for The Press.]

FAMILIAR LIFE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[PART IV.]

The next subject worthy of earnest study is a married woman, thirty years of age. She is very tall and thin, but sinewy and strong; cheaply but becomingly attired, for she has sense and character enough to regulate her dress and demeanor in good keeping with her own proper manner of existence. In her girlhood she lived a year or two in the family of a respectable Presbyterian clergyman; a domestic, indeed, but, under the simple rule of manners that prevailed there, as associate of the family and a respected member of the household. Here she saw the better style of life that the friends and visitors of the clergyman and his daughters offered to her observation, and she made large profit of the opportunity. At twenty she joined the Methodist Society, and soon afterwards married a Presbyterian, a small farmer, in one of the sequestered glens which open through the ridge, where its streams issue upon the valley. Such farms afforded the leanest sort of living, but secured a wholesome, though scanty, independence, upon condition of the steadiest toil and severest economy compatible with comfort—the heaviest end of the service and sacrifice always, of course, falling upon the wife. Ruth Rankin was one of the best results of such circumstances as these. The little insight—for it was not education—which her early experiences gave her, supplied her with steadiness and self-balance, which kept her above the women around her, who had no resources against the influences of their condition. She had seen the rank above her, and was the better satisfied with her own. That rank at best was but the transition stage between coarse rusticity and high refinement. It had not the rugged strength of the one, nor the culture and nobleness of the other. It was a compromise and a disquiet, and was unsound and unhappy in its half-way uncertainties and solicitudes. Ruth had seen this, and some of its issues, and understood it sufficiently for all her necessary uses.

The severe morality and strict religious observances which she had witnessed in that Presbyterian circle, gave sobriety and steadiness to her devotional feelings, and imposed a wholesome restraint upon their manifestation. She yielded to the greater enthusiasm of her own church, but held it under correction of her confidence in the soundness of that which she had witnessed in the manner of those who allow of less display. The doctrines and the zeal of Methodism she heartily approved, and believed in its excitements, too; but governed her own emotions with more caution than its customs encouraged. She showed the benefit of this balancing, and was relied upon accordingly. Ruth secured the quiet, by resisting the raptures of devotion. This discipline toned her nerves and feelings into such steadiness, that she escaped the damaging endeavor after high enjoyment, and the depression into which such tension habitually relapses. Religion was, therefore, to her an always present consolation in suffering, and a sure resort for the enjoyments of the higher life, that could get no theatre in her surroundings.

As my memory gathers up these histories, and my judgment apprehends them, I grow more and more convinced that religion is the compensation of the common life of womanhood. I wonder not that piety is their distinction. The life of privation and restraint imposed upon them shuts the world out of their concern; the habit of submissiveness, the feeling of helplessness, beget prayerfulness, and secret sorrow and solicitude readily resort to Providence for solace and security. Moreover, in rude societies, the sensibilities of the sex, the play of fancy, and the out-gonings of hope and aspiration, have little indulgence in other directions, and the higher life within has no choice but the highest objects, or annihilation.

If I even doubted the verity of religious experience I would be too glad of the blessing there is in it, to disturb the illusion. But I have seen it so tested that it is as certain to me as the sun, and the treasures of rain which it distributes over the fainting earth.

Ruth's physical and mental constitution, her early training, and the wholesome influences of her accidental conditions, were, together, the true explanation of her singular excellencies. The lack of literature and social culture were well supplied to her by innate appetencies and the tuition of circumstances. Her character is a comfortable assurance that the common provision for the well-being of society is a safe reliance. The value and the necessity of systematic education are not at all affected by such competency for self-developement as this woman and thousands of her kind, everywhere found in rustic life, exhibit. They are rather the proper hope of its greater fruitfulness, but they are, independently of all formal cultivation so safe in themselves, that philanthropy, upon worse conditions, may well strive without success, to supply the best helps.

"'Tis education forms the common mind;" but this is not affirmed, nor is it true of our common schools. I am at a loss to say what, or how much, Ruth lost by loss of their assistance; or what she might have gained by it. Books had done almost nothing for her; in her circumstances she could have done almost nothing with them. Yet she was by the grace of nature and the grace of God a woman worthy of all reverence and reliance. It were well worth the trouble of a week's watching and study of her character and conduct while she nursed and waited for the issue of her child's illness. Her house affairs were all as usual despatched by her own hands, while the cradle of the little sufferer was never out of her sight. She felt all its pains and wants as clearly as if little life were but a divided current of her own. Her mind and heart were in constant readiness for every change, even for the last, if it should come. She never for a moment believed it would recover; she knew she should soon have a child in heaven, that would never grow up to womanhood and go out of her mother's arms into the world; and if it might but pass without pain into the spirit world, her own best life, in right of her motherhood, would pass the crystal gates to dwell in its society. Such faith of that baby hand upon her breast, would hold the two worlds together till her own hold on earth gave away, and faith and hope, already merging into feeling, should forever be swallowed up in sight.

Her strength held out well, and under the unremitting waiting and watching, through many weary weeks. It was summer time; the men were all day out at work, and slept heavily with fatigue through the short night. She had no help from them, in toil, and but little sympathetic support in her suffering. Their solicitude sunk to rest with their hopes. Silently and sadly they would sit a moment by the cradle, and then turn away to their engagements, with the feeling that they had no skill or fitness for any service which might relieve her. Neighbor women would at long intervals drop in, to question her about the symptoms, the treatment, and her expectations; but she would willingly have been spared every thing in their visits except the kindness of their purpose. No one could do anything for the little one but herself; and their awkwardness in sympathy and unavailing offers of assistance gave her nothing but the trouble of declining them, for reasons far deeper than those she must in courtesy assign for it.

The trouble of dangerous illnesses in cottage life is chiefly the intrusion of every body, who can claim acquaintance with the family, into the sick chamber, the gossipping gatherings which it favors, and the troublesome restraint which the custom puts upon the sorrowing household. Ruth's manner of disposing of such impertinence was delicate, discreet, and admirable. She knew its measure and worth, and patiently adjusted her words and demeanor to its requirements. She was at hand refugied, she got some rest, she said, and if she should need their help she would let them know; and so dismissed them without offence. She had one friend, a niece, a quiet, sterling, noble-hearted girl, who could take her place beside the cradle for two or three hours in the day, without the bustle of officiousness or the appearance of effort, and this was all she needed, or all of what she needed that she could command, and she made it answer. The young physician in attendance upon the case made way-calls two or three times a week, but it was only to satisfy her that there was no nothing else, or more, than her own skill in nursing afforded, for the relief of the symptoms which occurred in its fatal progress, and that other and equally necessary assurance, that nothing could be done with any hope of benefit. These visits afforded something more available, however, than all his properly professional assistance: he had sensibility, and sympathy for the suffering mother; she felt that he understood her; and there was strength for her in the respectful confidence he showed in her womanly conduct under the severe trial that was upon her. But for this she would have been too much alone in her great struggle. No one else in her little circle of associates had the same strength and refinement blended; and the countenance and approbation of no other friend could give her at once the solace of fully understanding all her feelings and approving her conduct of mind and heart through all the stages of her conflict. He did not present to her the consolations of religious faith; these she neither needed nor expected from him. But he could give her the steadying support of manly sympathy and kindness, well-toned frankness of judgment upon the prospects of the case, and generous participation in its solicitudes, with all that is magnetic in the influence of a healthy mind and heart over the docility that suffering produces.

Ruth buried her little one in a confidence so clear and lively, that it had passed from her own care to that of the angels, that only the habit of having it with her, and the hungering mother-tenderness, were left to be struggled with. I would not say that she was reconciled to the bereavement, for she had not resisted it; she was consoled, I think I may say, compensated, for the loss now, by the security it gave her from the severer losses possible in her prospect of the child's future life, if it had not been taken away so early from the evil of the world. She did not fabricate her fortitude. If it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart," when he beheld the helpless condition of the creature he had loved into being, the mother of a girl might well accept an assured salvation for her offspring. That it was which tempered the wind to the shorn lamb; which compelled the respect, that makes calamity of so long life;" and if she must bury her darling in its innocency, the helpless solicitudes of maternity went to rest with it forever, leaving its fond affections in vivid expectancy of a timely reunion

Ruth is a widow now, living with the least fortunate of her married daughters. Her sons have done well under her training. Their prosperity satisfies her, and she devotes herself to the only child who has disappointed her hopes. Mary and her children need her care, and "it is no matter about herself," she replies, when her sons offer her a more comfortable home. The little driblet of dower, the interest of the third of the poor little farm, exhausted in the support of the family before it was appraised and apportioned to her, helps, under her economical management, to eke out the sustenance of her new charge, and if she can only see them all safe past the pinching point of early destitution, why then they may bury grandmother and forget her.

Women who "follow Him in the regeneration," bear an untold weight of its burden. I have stood at her cabin door, fronting the ridge which hemmed in the little strip of valley, and observed how nature had cultivated it into its meagre fertility. The record of the process lay open to the eye. The facts concealed under the sods below, were repeated and exposed upon the slope above them. By reading the story in the chaptered terraces downwards, I could trace it backwards in date to its origin. First the bare rock, softened and pulverized by the winds and rains, had given sustenance to a moss; the birds and breezes brought seeds, and brambles sprang up; these gathered nutriment from the air and died to enrich the soil which supported them; then shrubs, plants, grasses, mingled with a few flowers, and last of all trees, got root in the ruins of their predecessors, until by the life and death of devoted generations, a middling maturity was at last attained. How many generations of transition life, how much mother-dust has grown us into our degree of good!

Toward the close of the service an interruption of its quiet, slight, but annoying, though by no means so unusual or unexpected as to produce any serious disturbance, attracts the attention of the worshippers, and is unrelated to ours. Our picture of the place, and the manners of the people, would be very incomplete without it; and the transition of the narrative, by its very rudeness, the better corresponds to the rugged variety of our subjects.

The school-house fronted southward, without shelter from the sun. The old grudge of the early settlers of this wooden country against the timber-trees which encumbered the land, was still kept up, and the re-actionary sentiment in favor of shade trees and natural groves had not yet generally awakened. The bald exposure of front to the growing heat of the clear, warm May morning, had driven the loafers, who didn't "go in" for the preaching, behind the house, where they stood, and sat, and sprawled on the grass during the service, carefully cultivating the shade, except when an occasional horseman passing along the road brought them round the corner for a brief view of the phenomenon.

A dozen of these young fellows had been thus trying to enjoy, or endure themselves, during the progress of the service, in respectful silence; but they had wearied of the effort in the first half hour, and relaxed a little. A silver watch, valued at five dollars, trading price, which one of them had got on trial, had been passed all round the party, opened, examined, and returned to its fob. The willow sticks cut by the way, had been whittled to the last shaving. The brass buttons and calf-skin boots, on parade, had all been scanned with curious and thorough attention. A new pocket comb had been passed round the company, and tried satisfactorily on every head; and the yawning and stretching had set in which showed that they had done up their best and last possible good behavior for the morning, and a cautious undertoned conversation began.

One of these idlers was a boy of fourteen or thereabouts. He had a rather pretty little chubby face, pink and white as a lily, and as expressionless, except for an effervescing consciousness of his color, and curls, and Sunday costume. His rampant shirt collar seemed to be as uncomfortable as it was incongruous with the lad's character; the long points threatening to cross swords at the bridge of his nose, or failing that, ready at the slightest turn to plunge into the corners of his eyes. Waistcoat too short and every way too little. Shirt bosom, a fine muslin inserted in a very coarse body, with the borders of the prettily plaited parallelogram all in view, fully exposing the utmost limits of its pretensions, as if expecting to gain credit for all the difference which the contrast displayed. A thin silver brooch, worth about two shillings, heart-shaped and quite genteel, held it together, over an interval of the natural white kid beneath, which it was thought more necessary to adorn than to hide. The pants made so short at both ends as to show the buttons above, and expose the legs of the boy's first pair of "man's boots," standing like stove-pipes around his engulfed shanks. His jacket, a flimsy cotton fabric, made by a cheap tailoress of the neighborhood, with its sleeves very short and very tight, and stuck into the body at a pitch so stiffly horizontal that they cut like a figure where the arms were dropped. The discomfort of the pinch at the arm-pit the boy endeavors to relieve by inserting the tips of his fingers into the very little pockets of the jacket, which being but two or three inches perpendicular below the stricture, relieves it by thrusting the elbows outwards and upwards, like the wings of a split chicken prepared for the gridiron.

Such girdling as the lad's garniture everywhere inflicted upon his person, would have been intolerable in any other shape than that of finery; but good clothes of any cut or style would make him just as awkward. That blushing smirk in his face, the snapping light of his eyes, the exact parallelism of his feet, the maintained stiffness of his knees, the tightness of his straw hat upon his head, and the general wound-up expression of his whole frame and figure, show that he feels about right, and that his dress is just to his mind.

He has insinuated himself into this group of lounging outsiders, because his claims to men's company, being as yet a little ambiguous, are more likely to be allowed by gentlemen not very particular about any thing, or responsible for any thing, than by the class of people who have a position, and must, therefore, choose their company, and demean themselves accordingly. If Josh could have been admitted to the ad ensuem degree of the dry inside of the meeting house, he would have been there by choice, for he was a good boy; but there he would not have been sufficiently noticed; and we all do so like to pass for somebodies, and all the more so in proportion to the dubiousness of the claim.

Another sort of these chaps had a representative in Sam —, who was "raised" higher up the valley, and had come down into this more promising district upon the enterprise of doing something for himself. He was not of age by three or four years, but was fully at liberty, and had been so for many a day, to take care of himself as soon as he was brave enough to take the responsibility. He is just now engaged in the business of grinding bark in the one horse mill at the tannery, down the creek, but has made up his mind to begin with "Uncle Abraham," one of the old farmers inside, in general work on the farm for the ensuing spring and autumn, at six dollars a month and found. This Sam — is a bluff, burly fellow, with a thick neck and chuckle head, and some conceit in his yellow hair which he has drawn out, thin and thready, along his cheeks with a wide-toothed pocket-comb, leaving the tracks of its teeth in long-drawn parallels, sharply preserved in the soap-stiffened locks. The foretop is gathered into a point, curved and pitched in keeping with the pretentious turn up of his nose. His hands are monstrously large and unmanagable; they look as they might do if they had been steam-scalded two or three days ago, and were just beginning to convalesce. These scaly, reddish-brown paws of his are thrust at least six inches too far through the sleeves of his new summer jacket, and look, in the way he carries them, as if he were just going to lay them away some where to get rid of them. His waistcoat of calico lies so tightly on his collar bones, that it grins with the sixteen at the button holes. The metal buttons on his pants are nowise ashamed of themselves, either. There are five of them in the horizontal row that traverses the precordium, two in the waistband vertical to this glittering base line, and one for each suspender—all in full view. A man may have a soul above buttons, yet still entertain them as a sentiment, I suppose. To Sam, they were something more than a mere circumstance. To him they were "a thing of beauty," and what was more to his pressing need, a theme for conversation. He has just informed Josh, that the whole of them, nine in front and two behind, had cost him seventeen cents, which Josh ventures to say, in compliment to the buttons and congratulation to Sam, is cheap.

We have no sort of use for Sam, except as a representative man. There he stands in our picture of the actual life of the place, and he must have meant something in it. The subject of such natural plants as we arrogantly call weeds, belongs to botany; that of the human lumber in society, to the political economist. I wish they had some enough to settle it. To the young doctor who sits at the window, taking Sam's measure, he imports a poor patient about the end of autumn. A little cash to spend at shooting-matches, a few corn-huskings, and unreasonable hours at racoon hunting and apple-butter boilings, and Sam is good for the ague, and anything else that may be "going about" when he gets well (?) of that. If he shall happen to be laid up toward spring with a pleurisy or inflammation of the lungs, very likely he will marry the bound-girl who waits upon him, as soon as he is well recovered, and begin housekeeping on nothing in one of the cabins across the creek; and so get himself settled for life, and then, in due time, there will be a dozen more of them.

But the pivot-man of the party who stands so flat-footed and uncompromisingly there with his shoulder against the corner, is quite another variety of rustic. He is not worth a great deal more by the month than Sam is, but he is worth a great deal more to himself, and he feels it, and does not depend nearly so much for his existence and enjoyments upon his buttons. He drives team for Squire Dickey, and has seen life "down below." Generally, he hauls flour no farther than the river, but once a year he makes a trip to the city for store goods; and, if he don't know a heap I should wonder. Josh and Sam regularly play toady and chum, with a difference, to this great fellow, and help him immensely to admire himself when he indulges them with his notes of travel. Strange things he tells them of, and what is strangest, they seem so common to him! The pleasure of bragging is rising almost to a blush in his face, as he feels that he will have to invent a little presently to keep up the admiration which they give him as he tells them the length of the turnpike bridges, all covered with shingles; the size of the taverns by the way; and, the enormous price of horse-feed in Philadelphia. There is some danger, honest fellow as he is, that, like other capital entertainments, he will have to begin lying soon to supply the demand for astonishing things. But lack of fancy keeps him safe from all but the helpless desire to sin.

Mike—that is his popular appelative in the circle of his pets—is not eloquent, nor can he shine in the description of the natural objects, which it would be so much to his purpose to present for their admiration. Even his memory, tenacious of particulars, and his senses, keen as they are in scrutiny, do not serve to daguerreotype the streets, and stores, and crowds of the city. But he noticed a good many things for their differences from the things at home, and he criticises them as confidently, but not quite as correctly, as if he understood them.

The hurry and rush of its thoroughfares, and the alarming quickness of the clerks and servants, and, above all, the fire-bells and engines, have impressed the teamster with the feeling that everybody is desperately reckless down there. He looked pretty sharp after himself, but do as he would, he was always running into somebody, or somebody was dashing against him, upon the pavement, and it was as much as his life was worth to cross the streets. So, as he felt kind of out-of-joint everywhere, he minded his horses, did'nt run to the fires or go to the theatre, or look about much after night, though the lamps made it as light as day; and the market-house, half a mile long! was such a nice place to walk in, for fear the sharpers would take him to be green, and pick his pocket. "Gramany," interjects Josh, "you do'nt say, pick your pocket in the street!" "Yes," replies Mike, with a look at Josh, dreadfully composed for such a startling announcement, "Yes, pick your pocket any where, no matter how wide awake you are; or knock you over, and hold you up before a supro and swear you into some place or other, where nobody knows you from a side of sole-leather, and you have no more chance than a cat in a strange garret."

This does'nt look spunky in Mike, but it is knowing, and that is the feature which he sports with his comrades. Mike's constitution settles his sphere for him; he is amiable, he can't help it, and he makes no claim to the reputation of a devil of a fellow.

His impressions of city life are not reliable for depth or accuracy, but they serve as well as any traveller's opinions do to exhibit himself to us, and that is our object now.

He contributes a good deal to the self-complacency of his auditors, and indulges his own, (in which he is not a singularity among tourists,) by telling them how ignorant of the commonest things city people are. For instance: He heard, once, of a young lady who had never before been in the country, and on hislock a white-oak stump, two feet over, for a young tree that had grown only that high. At which the whole party laugh till they reflect that they may be overheard and reproved. He tells them, next, that there are boys in Philadelphia twelve or fourteen years old who never were on a horse in their lives, and some that never saw one! Here Josh pulls up his collar, as if he began to feel himself, and Sam mixes a little of the same in his smile. But the crowning and clinching fact is one that happened to Mike himself, or he never could have believed it.

"What?" says Josh, his eye brightening, and a sweetening smile playing on his parted lips, which give a good deal of innocent beauty to his fair face. "Do tell," says Sam, feeling that the interest is deepening and the fun getting thicker now, that Mike has a real story of his own to tell. Mike, thus invited, thrusts out his leg, takes a fresh quid of tobacco, and proceeds: "Why, you see, one day while I was waiting for my load, and had nothing to do, I thought I'd go into the market house and see the things. So, after I had looked round awhile, I crossed over to a corner where an old black woman was sitting with a basket of chestnuts to sell. The boys called her Aunty, for all she was black, and so, I called her Aunty, too. And says I, 'Aunty,' says I, 'I'll take a couple of cents' worth of your chesnuts. And have no objections?—just that way I said it. With that, she looked up, and says she, 'My chile, you shill have 'em; and nice chesnuts they are, too.' 'Where do you get them?' says I, just as you came to talking, with kinder. 'Why, I raise 'em myself. I get 'em?' says she, 'I bury 'em, to be sure,' says she. 'Oh,' says I, 'I thought may be you gathered 'em yourself.' 'Why, how you talk!' says she. 'Do you think people would let me pick 'em off of their trees!!' For, as sure as a gun, she thought they grow'd in some kind of orchards, I do believe!"

A burst of laughter told how the story took; and just as Josh was adding that it was his belief that there were enough of people in Philadelphia, who didn't know any better than old black aunty, Uncle Abraham, who was sitting in front of the platform, and had heard, through the open window, the talk of the boys, hearing it patiently till it got beyond safe bounds, rose slowly from his bent posture, took the bandanna from his bald head, which he had spread out over it to keep the flies from tickling it with their tiny feet as he slept under the argumentative part of the sermon; and in right of his age and standing in the church, takes upon him to speak to them about making such a noise. And very gentle he is, and, therefore, successful. His manner of approaching them, as he rounds the corner, tells his story, and without waiting for the remonstrance, they quietly withdraw and go strolling into the woods. Not far nor quite out of sight, however, for they intend to return and see the girls as they pass out of the door at the conclusion of the morning service.

The rowdy and refractory fellows, who, by-the-by, are very one of them young married men, have been lying in the fence corner under the shade of a service-tree, about fifty yards up the lane. They met here, because without appointment they were more likely to meet each other near the church than any where else. They thought this morning after breakfast, with the whole day on their hands, that the best chance for help in putting it through would be likely to fall out somewhere about the meeting house. They have been for several hours clustered here, discussing the horse-trades and small law-suits of the last week, and exchanging opinions about hunting and fishing, discussing the value of each other's shot guns, and comparing the calibre and range of their rifles. Every one able to tell, yet every one telling the others, the precise number of bullets to the pound any gun in the whole neighborhood carries. And the wittiest of the set entertaining them with anecdotes, not required to be either true or decent, about the preacher and some of the brethren, after the usual fashion of loose fellows, hardening their hearts against the religious influences around them. I could name this company of loungers to a man, and tell what any one of them would think upon any given subject, and, more difficult still, I could tell what he would say; how much conscience he had left for practical use, and the things he thought himself best at. But we must drop them now to take them up some other day when we can do them full justice.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—The Secretary of War returned to the city last evening, in good health and spirits.

THE U. S. STEAMER FULTON.—The following officers have been ordered to the Fulton, now fitting out at the Washington navy-yard for the Home Squadron: Lieut. Commanding, John J. Almy; First Lieutenant, M. K. Warrington; second Lieutenant, J. B. Stewart; Third Lieutenant, Robert Golden; Purser, R. H Clark; Master, M. C. Campbell; Passed Assistant Surgeon, John L. Burtt; First Assistant Engineer, H. Newell; Second do., R. W. McCleery; Third do., J. S. Albert; Fourth do., W. P. Barron; Fifth do., J. B. Houston.

PUBLIC SURVEYS IN OREGON.—Returns of the public surveys have been received at the General Land Office of the extension of the coast meridian in Oregon, situate east of Cape Blanco, and passing through townships 26 to 31 south, and between ranges 13 and 14 and 14 and 15 west of the Willamette meridian for the distance of 60 miles. The coast meridian, in place and by offsets, in running through the foregoing townships, intersects Coquilla river twice in township 28 south; Sequalchin creek, in township 30 south; Floores creek and the trail from Port Orford to gold mines in township 31 south; pack trail from Port Orford to Rogue river in township 32 south; the Pacific ocean in township 34 south, and Rogue river in township 35 south.

APPOINTED.—The Postmaster General has appointed James Ward, Esq., of Pike county, (Pittsfield,) Illinois, to be the special agent of the Post Office Department for the State of Illinois, vice Alexander Starne, resigned; also, S. P. Daniels to be the railroad (post) route agent from Crestline to Indianapolis, Indiana, vice James Ferguson, resigned—*Star.*

FROM CINCINNATI TO CLEVELAND AND BACK IN ONE DAY.—The wonderful effects of railroads upon the business of the country was exemplified strongly a few days ago in the case of the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. He says: "On Monday, the writer had occasion to visit Cleveland on business that required but fifteen minutes' attention. We left on the 6 A. M train—Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati line; arrived at the foot of Superior street, where we left the cars at 7 minutes before 3 P. M; had a full quarter of an hour to transact business; took the Cincinnati mail train at the Superior streetcrossing, and were home again at midnight. From Cincinnati to Lake Erie, at Cleveland, and return, is 510 miles. The writer of this item very well remembers when he resided in Cincinnati, and "had occasion to visit Cleveland on business," and thought himself pretty fortunate to make the same journey in a week's time without accident, although with all the fatigue incident to staging over corduroy roads, and through deep Ohio mud. Forty years has worked a change.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miscellaneous.

CHOICE FARM LANDS FOR SALE.—THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY is now prepared to sell about 1,500,000 acres of choice Farming lands, in tracts of 40 acres and upwards, on long credits, 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 and most fertile in the world. They extend from North-East and North-West, through the middle of the State, to the extreme South, and include every variety of climate and productions found between these 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 transportation.

The great fertility of these lands, which are a black rich mould, from two to five feet deep, and gently roll ing; their contiguity to this road, by which every facility is furnished for travel and transportation to the principal markets North, South, East, West, and the economy with which they can be cultivated, render 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.

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 much more profitable, at the prices asked, than those more remote at government rates, as the additional cost of transportation is a perpetual tax on the latter, which must be borne by 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 in whom the title is vested, to the purchasers, which convey to them absolute titles in fee simple, free and clear of every incumbrance, lien or mortgage.

The prices are from $6 to $30: interest only 5 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 the 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 books or pamphlets 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, price of cattle, 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. aul

LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE—THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY are 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.	16 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, Fresh Fish,
Boots and Shoes, Nuts in Bags,
Furniture and Wooden Ware, Porter and Ale in bottles,
Dry Goods, Poultry in coops,
Eggs, Pork, (fresh,)
Furniture, Poultry, (dressed,)
Feathers, Wrapping Paper.

ARTICLES OF 2D CLASS.

Apples, Molasses,
Cheese, Melons,
Cotton and Grass Seed, Oils in casks or barrels,
Crockery, Paper in boxes,
Candles, Pasteboard,
Cordage Barrels, (empty,) Feathers, (dried,)
Groceries, Printing Paper,
Guns and Rifles, Paper Hangings,
Herring in boxes and kegs, Queensware,
Hardware, Sewing Patatoes,
Hops, Tobacco in bales,
Iron, hoop, band, or sheet, Tea,
Liquor in wood, Tiles,
Marble Slabs and Marble Tallow,
Monuments, Turpentine, (spts.!)
Varnish.

ARTICLES OF 3D CLASS.

Alcohol, Potatoes,
Coffee, Turnips,
Hides, (green,) Vinegar,
Lard, White Lead,
Oysters & Clams, (in shell) Window Glass,
Tobacco, (manufactured.)

ARTICLES OF 4TH CLASS.

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

☞ For further information apply to

H. J. SNEEDER, Freight Agent, Phila.
E. K. BOIOS, Freight Agent, Columbia.
aul13] 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. THESE FURNACES are 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 before they enter THE WROUGHT IRON PIPE, which conducts the smoke and GASES, are suspended directly over the fire, and CONFINED TO CONTINUE THEM in the tapering CONES AND CONTINUALLY EXPOSED to the direct action of the rays of heat and light from the fire.

THE HEAT and light is brought to a FOCUS in EACH CONE, not unlike the

COLLECTION OF THE SUN'S RAYS,

to a focal point through a convex 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 IN 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. 524 WALNUT Street,
Opposite Independence Square.
aul-tf

HOMESTEAD FOR $2,001! LAND DISTRIBUTION!! CHANCE FOR POOR MEN!!

The Northwestern Mutual Land Benefit Association will make a grand distribution of $30,000 worth of real estate among 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 for six shares, 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 six 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 Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 3. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteside 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 Whiteside 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. 40 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	500
No. 17. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	500
No. 18. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	500
No. 19. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	500
No. 20. One building lot in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	500
No. 21. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	500
No. 22. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	500
No. 23. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	500
No. 24. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 25. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 26. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 27. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 28. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 29. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 30. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 31. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 32. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 33. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 34. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 35. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 36. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 37. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	500
No. 38. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	100
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 40 lots of 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 forwarded in a printed 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 and immediate possession given. Each application must be accompanied with $2 00 and five letter stamps. Address LINDELL, JONES & CO.,

au-13 Chicago, Illinois.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!—The subscriber, who has for several years occupied the premises at Sloan's Planing Mill, Kensington, has removed to COATES STREET WHARF, adjoining the Phœnix Planing Mill, on Delaware avenue, where he intends keeping a large assortment of Carolina and other flooring boards, steps, risers, shelving, ceiling, fencing and scaffold boards, thoroughly seasoned and well worked. For sale at the lowest cash prices. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves, and every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Orders received and supplied at the shortest notice for all kinds and sizes of Southern yellow Pine, Timber and Scantling.

S. S. RICHIE.
au 1-tf

RUSSIA AND AMERICAN TARRED CORDAGE.—A superior article, manufacture and for sale by WEAVER, FITLER & CO.,
au 8-tf No. 23 N. Water st., & 22 N. Wharves.

BALE ROPE.—Buyers are invited to call and examine our Manila Bale Rope, which we can sell as low as American, and warrant it superior in strength and durability.

WEAVER, FITLER & CO.,
au 1 No. 23 N. Water st. and 22 N. Wharves.

COTTON—100 bales Gulf Cotton, in store and for sale by

MARTIN & MACALISTER,
aul 119 North Water Street.

Savings Funds.

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

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'