UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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Jan. 1, 1858. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1860.

For the Star & Chronicle.

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Dread season! thou hast gone at last—
Thy tempest reign is over—
Thy hoary frost and howling blast
Now chill the earth no more—
Thy freezing feet and icy breath
Are silent now, and still as death.
From northern climes, with ruthless tread,
With snow-shroud and icy head,
And wild, bright wings outspread,
Cold, whitened Hiemus, thou didst shed
Over every thing a sense of dread.

Yet, are thou talk'st the homeward way,
I pray thee let me kindly ask,
Despite thy rather manifest sway,
Thou hast seen fair, too, in thy day.
Though surging winds and beauty blow,
And bow the noble lakes to and fro,
We mortals merrier grow below—
When harnessed to the well-filled sleigh,
The bounding steeds in bright array
Swift take their freight away, away;
The merry bells thus merrily jingle
Through the pure air of hill and dingle;
Next, in the bright and crowded hall
Gather the gay at pleasure's call,
And sounds of mirth and revelry
Burst forth in songs of rapturous glee—
Or in home's fireside, quiet, warm,
We heed no outward, howling storm.

But Winter's past—its flittering that
No longer wings the air;
Sweet sounds of rapture are welcoming
The balmy April fair;
Chill Frost's sad sigh goes murmuring by,
I hear him sob drowsily,
And withered vines and sighing pines
Sing low his funeral knell.

EAST TWP., 1860. MOSES.

Pennsylvania---the Presidency.

A RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—We clip the following very sensible paragraph from the Snyder county *Tribune*. —We hope our brethren of the Press will stop their foolish bickering about men. Principles we go for. As a Pennsylvanian, we are a Cameron man. We know that Mr. Cameron will think none the better of any one of his friends who abuses others because they have their preference and express it in favor of other candidates. We hope Cameron will be nominated; we believe him one of the most, if not the most available candidate. If he is nominated, we look for the friends of Seward, the friends of Bates, the friends of Crittenden, the friends of Lincoln, and all who are opposed to Buchananism and corruption, to support him. If either of the others are nominated, he will do the same thing. Let there be no treachery—no side-door influence—no foul play."—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

We cordially endorse the sentiments inculcated in the above extracts. We have a CAUSE to contend for, which infinitely transcends the honor or the wishes of any MAN. No State in the Union has more interest in a Protective Tariff—none is naturally more opposed to Slavery—than *Pennsylvania*. There is, therefore, no State which *should* be more sure for the Chicago nominee, than this. *Principles* are eternal, while *men* are the bubbles of an hour. It is an insult to the common sense of our people to say that Pennsylvania will vote for the Pro-Slavery Free Trade party unless she has the candidate. Doubtless, one of her own sons would be her first choice, and prove the strongest man within her borders—for State pride and personal acquaintance will swell the vote of any candidate—yet the great masses are more influenced by the *measures at stake*, than by the *name* of the standard-bearer.

We are led to add these remarks from seeing, in certain over-zealous organs of Gen. Cameron, and also of Col. Curtin, some very injudicious and incorrect manifestos as to *what must be done* at Chicago, and of the *omnipotency* of the Keystone State. We object to these impressions going forth, because they misrepresent our State, and are calculated to do us injury at home and abroad. Doubtless, Gen. Cameron is the first choice of the Opposition in this State—a fact which we trust, and doubt not, will be duly weighed at Chicago. But to say *no other man* can carry the State against the Charleston nominee, is a gross stigma upon our intelligence; and that he *must* be nominated to help Col. Curtin, is an admission most suicidal and humiliating, as well as untrue and ill-timed.

In the first place, Col. Curtin will need the help of the friends of *other* candidates for President, as well as those of his own late-formed choice. They will not tamely submit to any of his own or his friends' improper interference at Chicago. He is himself a compromise candidate—dependent upon *all* the Opposition—and the last one who should thus early attempt to play the dictator. The friends of Seward, of Bates, of Lincoln, of Fremont, and others, desire Col. Curtin to do the best he can to be elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and—if he or his officious friends do not become obnoxious by interposing against them—they are disposed to help him, manfully, and to the end; but the spirit indicated by his county papers and others is better calculated to repel than invite their cordial co-operation in his behalf.

In the next place, the election of Governor of Pennsylvania is a *secondary* and not the *first* consideration. Our candidate for President always draws out more votes than for Governor. We shall desire to elect our Governor *in order to succeed with the President*—and *not* to sacrifice a President for the sake of a Governor.

—But, it is said, "*As goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union.*" Upon this ASSUMED fact, it is claimed that *only* Gen. Cameron can carry Pennsylvania, and *therefore* he *must* be nominated at Chicago. But what are the FACTS? The truth is, Pennsylvania's *vote* is *not* an infallible vote—she is *not* the point upon which the Presidency always turns. In 1796, if we have read right, Penn'a went for Jefferson, and New York for John Adams, and *Adams* was elected. In 1800, New York turned for Jefferson, and *Jefferson* was elected. In 1812, Penn'a went for Madison, and New York for Clinton, and *Madison* was elected. In 1824, New York went for J. Quincy Adams, and Penn'a for Jackson, and *J. Quincy Adams* was elected. In 1828, New York went for Jackson, and *Jackson* was elected. In 1832, Penn'a went for Wilkins for Vice President, and New York for Van Buren, and *Van Buren* was elected. In 1856, New York went for Fremont, and Penn'a for Buchanan, and *Buchanan* was elected. In all other contests, we believe, these two great States have voted together. Each has lost two votes for President, but the "Empire State" is, as a talismanic power, *one Vice President ahead* of the "Keystone."

Nor is the other claim true, that "*no man can be elected without Pennsylvania.*" Two Presidents and one Vice were elected without her aid—while the larger vote of New York has been even more potential. Adamses, Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, and Taylor, have all *needed* the votes of *New York*, while Harrison, Polk, and Buchanan at least could have been elected *without* Pennsylvania.

All the States vote the same day, and could not know how Pennsylvania would go, even if they had no higher governing motive than to vote as she did!

These *facts* are known elsewhere, and are considered by the calm and earnest men of other States. The Delegates to Chicago, generally, are sound and intelligent politicians, who will no more be scared or overwhelmed with wonder at such declarations as we have noticed, than our Congressmen were deterred from voting for a Republican Speaker by the threats of Disunion from the Nullifiers. It is folly for us here in Pennsylvania to inflate ourselves with such exaggerated ideas of our own importance. Such baseless assumptions, coupled with the *vote* of this Tariff State for "Polk and the Tariff of '42," and of this Anti-Slavery State for "Buchanan and Free Kansas," do not elevate us in the scale of *sagacity*. The sturdy New Englanders, the stirring New Yorkers, and the enterprising men of the West, can take the measure of Pennsylvania, and will give it its proper weight. Her 27 votes will be duly considered, as well as the 35 of New York, the 23 of Ohio, and all others. We trust they will not ask how the nominations for President and Vice will help this or that candidate for Governor, Congressmen, Assembly, or Sheriff, in Pennsylvania or any other State, but will only seek to get the BEST AND SUREST MEN FOR THE HIGHEST PLACES. Such selections, in the proper spirit, will aid all subordinate candidates.

Should Charleston nominate a Pennsylvanian, Chicago might have a stronger reason to do the same. But as that is improbable, the claim has less force. Neither Pennsylvania's Vice President, nor her President, has proved remarkably wholesome or popular. Should some other State than our own be favored by both parties, it would be a contest of PRINCIPLE, and we trust "Protection and Freedom" would prove successful, whoever might be our standard-bearers.

We need only remind the friends of Curtin of the position he would be in, under the plea that Penn'a *must* have the candidate for President—if it fails. It will be a tacit admission of his own defeat, which they will find it hard to overcome.

—The *true* position is this: Pennsylvania asks the nomination of her own son, Simon Cameron, and advances strong reasons of policy for his selection; yet she asks it respectfully, as a favor, not as a right; in a spirit of devotion to the cause, and not demanding it for any man. But no State is as much interested as she is in the success of the Chicago nominee. Whether that nominee be her own first choice, or the Statesman of New York, or the Pathfinder of the West, or Bates, or Cassius Clay, or Lincoln, or M'Lean, or Chase, or Corwin, or Dayton, or Read—whoever or wherever he may be, if of a fair and satisfactory record, Pennsylvania is bound, by every consideration of self-interest and of political principle, to cast for him her Electoral Vote.

☞ The *Home Journal* has the following most touching representation of the thoughts of a suffering child, reduced from affluence to poverty, its dear mother sustaining it by her daily toil, and trying to teach it truth, trust in God, and resignation to His will. How many fear the haunt "wolf" Poverty, at their "doors?" and how many might do something often, to drive him away, and to cheer the poor and suffering—the widow and the orphan!

"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR."

You're tired, dear mother! your cheek is quite pale;
Won't you lay down your sewing, and tell me a tale
Of fairies that used, in the good times of old,
Rich banquets, and jewels, and purses of gold?
Not about little Red-Riding-Hood stealing the mount—
Was the wolf, that she met, like the Wolf at our Door?

Shall we never walk out where the leaves so tall
Have lace-work each window, and lamps in each hall?
Where the early buried children play over the grass?
We might hear their gay laughter and talk as we'd pass.
Must you sit here and work till your fingers are sore?
I think we might scare by the Wolf at the Door!

I'll lay down your work—oh! how warm it will be—
My new little cloak!—why, I thought 'twas for me!
Once, always in garments such as I was dressed.
But I shan't ask for this if you think I would be best;
Yet I won't mind—mamma! what you told me before,
That it might be a while, long, the Wolf from the Door.

The clothes I have on, are so thin and so worn—
I try to be thankful they never stay torn!
But I should like some new ones with flowers and braid,
And stockings not mended, and holes, nor Patched!
And a pair of new shoes—these they'll break on the floor!
But then he might hear them—the Wolf at the Door!

The room's growing dark, and I can't see to play
By the light of the lamp that shines over the way.
And the glare we that fills up its beam on the wall—
They frighten me, coming so sleepless and tall;
Oh, how I'd love for a candle once more!
If you thought he did not see me—the Wolf at the Door!

And the fire on the hearth, it has died away quite—
Won't you kindle a new one, our mother! to-night?
Don't you know in the soft flames we can see pictures and glow?
They would warm your poor hands that are cold as the snow!
And the little would sing—hark!—is that the wind's roar?
Oh, mother!—I fear 'tis the Wolf at the Door!

Well, hear me my prayers, and I'll lie down in bed,
And while your soft arm is pressed under my head,
Would you tell me again to be trusting and brave,
Though I march over thorns on my way to the grave?
To keep sin from my heart lest it cast to the core—
Fear neither!—even thus the Wolf at the Door!

And tell me of mansions still grander than these
Where the rich children play, and the grass greenly grows;
Where they'll give me bright robes, and a crown for my head,
And an home from the gardens of God I'll be fed!
Oh, mother! to think there will come no more,
And be in no fear of the Wolf at the Door!

Lincoln of Illinois.

The history of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the able Republican leader of Illinois, should give encouragement to young men who have their own fortunes to hew out in this world of rivalry and activity. His parents were Friends, and removed from Berks county, in Pennsylvania, to Virginia, and thence to Kentucky. Mr. L., born in Kentucky, was, at an early age, left without a father, and in indigent circumstances. He grew up to labor, never enjoying more than about six months schooling. At 21, he went to Illinois, and hired with a farmer, with whom he remained one year. The second year he became a clerk in a store; then volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen Captain by his company; the next year was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature; was chosen the next, and served four sessions with eminent usefulness and steadily increasing reputation, studied law meantime, and took his place at the bar; was early recognized as a most effective and convincing advocate before the people of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay; was a Whig candidate for Elector in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852 inclusive; was chosen to the XXX Congress from the Central District of Illinois in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election; and in 1849 measurably withdrew from politics and devoted himself to his practice, until the Nebraska iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena. He was the candidate of the Whigs for U. S Senator before the Legislature chosen that year, but they were not a majority of the body; so he declined and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was thus elected. Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Fremont Electoral ticket of Illinois in 1856. In 1858 he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State with remarkable ability. Douglas secured a majority of the Legislature, and was elected, but Mr. Lincoln had the larger popular vote.

A Geographical View of the Presidency.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* (Dem.) compiles an interesting table of figures from the latest election returns, to show the relative strength of the party in the several divisions of the Union with reference to a geographical claim to the Democratic nomination for President. By these we find the

Aggregate vote of the Union to be	4,527,000
Whole Democratic vote	2,099,000
Democratic vote of the North-east, including all the free States north of the Ohio	748,000
North-west Democratic vote	701,000
South Democratic vote	648,000

Following the same division of the Union as above—

The South have had the Presidency	57 months.
The North-east	287 "
The North-west	1 month.

This *one month* of Presidential service was an Opposition President. The South, with less than *one-third* of the Democratic voters, has had the Presidency over three-fifths of the time, while the Democracy of the North-west, with more than one third of the Democratic voters, have had no President at all.

The *Times'* San Francisco correspondent writes that FREMONT never had so many friends in California as he has to-day. "During the past four years he has stuck closely to his business, and his success at it testifies how practical a man he is. The Colonel himself is seldom seen in town. 'Jessie' is more often seen here, the care of their place near the Mission seeming to devolve upon her hands."

Hon. Morton S. Wilkinson,

[The new Republican U. S. Senator from Minnesota, made his maiden speech in that body, last week. It was a manly, fair, eloquent defence of the principles of the Homestead Bill, as passed by the House, and opposed to the restrictions proposed by the Senate committee. We copy a synopsis of his speech as reported in the Phila. *Ledger*:]

Mr. WILKINSON (Minn.) said he regarded the amendment as not of any value. It was known that whole townships had been entered, settlements oppressed, and the Government swindled, by private entry. He had traveled in his own State over miles where all the lands were subjected to private entry, and where there was no culture nor inhabitants. The Government was but a land speculator, and the public domain was but used to replenish the treasury; and while the domain was used as revenue, there would be no faithful observance of the land laws. A change for this, he was glad to say, has been found in the Homestead Bill. The Senate bill, he thought, while it recognized the general principles of the Homestead Law, lacked force, and did not reach the merits of the case. It was loaded down with provisions and restrictions, which tended to destroy the liberality of the law by excepting certain classes. The bill should extend its provisions to prospective citizens, to those who come hereafter. He did not suppose there was a leading man in any party opposed to the Homestead Bill. A Senator said he regarded this bill the same as voting money out of the treasury, and had offered an amendment to destroy the bill. He thought, if the Senator supposed this to be a charitable measure, he did not understand the true merits of the case. It was a measure of national justice and wisdom, and it was the duty of the Government so to use its common property as to promote the whole interests of the country. This was the solution of the problem. He maintained the position that wild, uncultivated public lands should belong to whoever resides on them, cultivates them, and subdues them. In this respect, he should adopt a policy older than the nation, that the public lands shall not be sold for ever. He would have the Government extend this protection to the working masses of this country—they who are so often struck down in the contest between capital and labor. Another objection he had to the Senate bill, was, that it excluded the young unmarried man; he did not see why the Government should be less liberal in the Homestead Bill than in the Pre-emption Law. It was unjust to exclude the unmarried man. It would cut off all the earlier settlers, who were single men, and who underwent all the hardships of pioneer life. Young men were the vanguards of the civilization of this country. They go where families can not go securely. They clear the forest, cultivate the soil, and furnish a greater protection than all the army, and they lay the foundation of future states. He wanted the bill as broad for them as the pre-emption act was in this respect. By this bill, these hardy pioneers are entirely disregarded. They have to pay for their land, while the less fearless, who come after, get their homes free. It was not common fairness that this class should be ignored. He also objected to the clause excluding the foreign population from the benefits of the bill, and the clause allowing only lands subject to private entry to come under the provisions of the bill. Such a law would be inoperative in his State. His last objection to the Senate bill was, that it only allowed settlements on alternate sections. He was opposed entirely to speculation by the Government in public lands, and keeping settlers apart on alternate sections. In conclusion, he advocated the House bill, which favored the prosperity of the country. The Homestead bill was not a party measure. It was above sectionalism, and legislated for the people, and not for abstractions. He hoped it would be considered with harmony and unanimity. Its passage would be welcomed by all sections of the country, as it benefitted all.

In a notice of the speech of Wendell Phillips in Brooklyn, recently, the *Miners' Journal* declares that the Abolitionists and Democrats are leagued together to dissolve the Union. Our Pottsville cotemporary does unnecessary injustice to the Abolitionists in so saying. The juster conclusion is, that the Garrisonians have employed James Buchanan & Co. to destroy the Government—they not being strong enough to do it themselves. Our opinion is that the Abolitionists have too much self-respect to ally themselves to the Democratic party, in its present demoralized condition.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A negro woman, named Milly Famar, said to be 135 years old, died at Macon, Ga., last week. She was owned at the time of her death by G. B. Lamar, of Augusta, and remembered distinctly when the forest trees grew luxuriantly where that city of sixteen thousand inhabitants now stands. Old Milly was blind for sixteen years before her death, and there is scarcely any doubt but that she was really as old as represented.

Beauties of "The System."

[A correspondent of the Chicago *Journal*, writing from Cincinnati, relates the following incident:]

On the cars the other day, a beautiful woman—one of the finest forms, and sweetest, lady-like countenances, we have seen for many a day—attracted our attention. On the seat back of her was a gentlemanly looking man, *whose features the lady's very much resembled.* Before the cars started, another well-dressed gentleman came in, and, recognizing the first, took a seat by the side of him.

"Is that a slave?" asked the second gentleman, pointing to the lady in front.

"Yes."

We were astonished, for the lady had deep blue eyes, straight, beautiful hair, and a clear, blooming complexion.

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"For sale?"

"She is."

"What do you ask?"

"Twelve hundred."

The trader—for so I deemed him—walked out in front of the woman, examined her hands, tried her arms and joints, and then, as if examining a beef, with both hands examined her bosom, abdomen and hips, in the meantime asking the shrinking creature a series of questions such as we hope never again to hear put to one of the sex of our own mother.

"*I'll take her*, and pay the money when the train reaches—"

The blue-eyed, flaxen-haired chattel, goes to New Orleans, and to a fate worse than death. Such is the "divine institution!"

Were Northern haters of slavery responsible for the *bleeding* of that chattel?

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one, our eyes we strain—
Where magic joys we shall for ever regain—
Bright isle of morning with its glimmering shore.
All truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded, when no change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irrecoverable dead;
We see them—clouds strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The tone, to hearts by gladness, that we were wont to cling
To trump her long-clay relict, be the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there—but here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow floor,
For brighter hills and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land, the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities swim—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream;
Its woods unruffled by the wild winds' roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
How on its very, very verge
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost, so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe;
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carols soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that roll of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo! the wide wings of the seraphim
Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The light of long ago:
The sorrow burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

Last summer, I took my four-year old to see his aunt in Washington county, N. Y. There, for the first time, he had a near view of a cow. He would stand and look on, while his uncle milked (the men do the milking there,) and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long, crooked branches on the cow's head were called horns. City boys only know of one kind of horns—i. e., little city boys. A few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange kind of bawling noise in the yard he ran out to ascertain its source. In a few minutes he returned, wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma! oh! do come out here! *The cow's blowing her horn!*"

SUDDEN FOR HER.—As an example of ludicrous expression, take the following dialogue:

Doctor.—"How do you do to-day?"

Stranger.—"Pretty well, *for me.*"

"How are the old folks?"

"Quite well, *considering.*"

"Anything new in your section?"

"Well no—nothing very. I s'pose you heard old aunty was dead?"

"No, I had not. She must have died suddenly?"

"Well, yes; rather sudden *for her.*"

A man from the back country in Michigan was in at Detroit, and went to a bank to get specie for some notes of his he had on hand for a long time. They proved to be on a "bust up concern," and the teller told him they were good for nothing. "Wa-al, now, look a-here, mister," said he, "won't you tell a fellow how you can tell when money's a-goin to *spile?*"

A letter written from Washington to Senator Monroe, of the Onondaga (N. Y.) District, and published in the Syracuse *Journal* says: "Cameron told me to-day that Mr. Seward could carry Pennsylvania by 10,000 majority." [And the statement is denied by a Pennsylvania paper.]

WHERE HAS IT BEEN?—The Rock Island *Argus*, of Feb. 29, 1860, has just come to hand, having been just one month on its journey—long enough to have gone to London and back. Where has it been?

The Dangers of Spring.

We have the highest medical authority for saying that a great many more persons die in May than in November. The natural causes are, 1st—The increased dampness of the atmosphere, proven by the fact that doors, which shut easily in winter, do not do so in the summer. 2d—Nature takes away the appetite for meats, for heat-giving food, in order to prepare the body for the increased temperature of summer. But two errors in practice at this time interfere with wise nature's arrangement, and induce many and painful and dangerous disorders. First, the amount of clothing is diminished too soon. Second, the conveniences of fire in our dwellings are removed too early. All persons, especially children, old people, and those in delicate health, should not remove the thickest woolen flannel of mid-winter, until some time in May, and then it should be merely a change to a little thinner material. Furnaces should not be removed, nor fire-places and grates cleaned for the summer, until the first of June; for a brisk fire in the grate is sometimes very comfortable in the last week in May. That may be a rare occurrence, but as it does sometimes take place, it is better to be prepared for it, than to sit shivering for half a day, with the risk to ourselves and children of some violent attack of spring disease.

By inattention to these things, four causes are in operation to chill the body and induce colds and fevers. First, The dampness of the atmosphere in May. Second, That striking falling off in appetite for meats and other "heating" food. Third, The premature diminution of clothing. Fourth, The too early removal of the conveniences of fire. And when the very changing condition of the weather is taken into account, it is no wonder, that, under the influences of so many causes of diminution of the temperature of the body, many fall victims to disease. In November, the healthiest month of the year, we have put on our warmest clothing, kindled our daily fires, we have found a keen relish for substantial food, while the dampness of the atmosphere has been relieved by the increasing cold. The wise will remember these things for a life time, and teach them to their children.

Who Got that Money?

The *Democrat* last fall asserted that $2,000 had been sent into this county, by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to influence the election of candidates for the Legislature. We never denied that that sum was sent into our county for party purposes, and we have every reason to believe that even a much larger sum was sent here and used. But we have repeatedly asked the *Democrat* to give the names of the *persons* who received the money. This they have never condescended to do.

We have now some clue as to the parties who received it. We give the Democrat's own statement that $2000 had been sent here by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. *Mr. FOSTER, their nominee for Governor, is the COUNSEL of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and, when a member of the Legislature, in 1856–7, made a speech in FAVOR of the Repeal of the Tonnage Tax.* Now put that and that together, and it is no difficult matter to guess who were the probable recipients of that $2,000 which the *Democrat* alleged was sent into Carbon county.

We do not wonder, now, that the *Democrat* was so backward about answering our interrogatories. They will probably get a much larger sum, next fall, to help at the election of Mr. Foster.—*Mauch Chunk Gazette.*

The Republican State Committee of New Hampshire canvassed their State prior to the late election, and announced that she would give 4,500 Republican majority. The majority is within a dozen votes of 4,600. Lancaster, the county seat of Coos, returned 316 Republican voters, and she polled just that number for Governor, but one more for other Republican candidates. The Republicans of that State seem to understand their business.

Gerrit Smith has instituted suits for slander against the Fifth Avenue Hotel Committee, for charging him with complicity in the Harper's Ferry raid. The members of the Committee appear severally anxious to avoid the necessity of proving the charges, and show a disposition to back out. Mr. Smith lays his damages at $50,000 in each suit, making an aggregate of a million and a half.

Mrs. Jane Swissbelm, editress of the St. Cloud Democrat, Minnesota, has adopted the following novel and independent mode for the choice of her candidates: "For President, Wm. H. Seward. For Vice President, Cassius M. Clay; subject to the decision of nobody's Convention." (A good ticket that!)

The Richmond *Whig* says, that it will be content with the ticket framed by the Baltimore Convention of the 9th of May, "even though we were convinced we stand no chance of obtaining for our nominee the electoral vote of a single State in the Union."

There is a room in a house in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in which fifteen children—eleven girls and four boys—were born of the same parents; and what is more singular, the eleven girls were married in the room.

"K. G. C."

The Knights of the Golden Circle, a pretty complete [account of whom we gave some time ago, have found at last a country which answers to the mismatched "No. 6," which was then announced as the object of their regard and purposes. "No. 6" is Mexico. Gen. George Bickley of Virginia, the chief of this order, which proposes to take under its protecting shield all widowed and orphaned States, made a few days since, a speech at Atlanta, Georgia, at a public meeting, in which he laid bare the plans of himself and associates. This "military organization," he said, "was originally intended to advance the rights and interests of the Southern States," and those rights and interests, he proceeded to explain, can be better subserved "by armed intervention in favor of the Liberal or Juarez party" in Mexico, than in any other way. This party, he declared, has invited the K. G. C. "to assist them in establishing a permanent government, and in putting down the factious malcontents which [who] have brought desolation and revolution upon the country."

There is a good deal more of the same sort and to the same purpose in the speech of this new "blue-eyed man of destiny," Gen. Bickley. Mexico is to be, to use his bastard and unprincipled participle—"Americanized." The South owes it to civilization, to republicanism, to her own institutions, to push her arms southward, and to conquer a country which "opens so fine a field for Southern capital and Southern enterprise." In short, to strip the speech of all its fine verbiage, Gen. Bickley proposes, if he can raise the men and means, to overrun Mexico, suppress both Miramon and Juarez, hold the country as a conquered province, re-establish slavery, open it to an emigration of Southern slaveholders, annex it to the United States, or, when the time comes, make it a part of the Southern Confederacy, which, thus strengthened, is to spring from the ruin of the Federal Union. To the call for aid for this purpose, the General said other Southern States "had responded nobly." Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas, have already in the field, fully armed and equipped, from one to two regiments, ready to march at a moment's notice. Georgia, he asked, should take with her sisters "an equal share in the rich, glorious blessings of the future," by coming to the aid of an organization already so ripe, and which embraces "Southern Governors, Senators, Members of Congress, and many of the best citizens of the South, as well as a numerous membership in the Mexican Republic."

Precisely how much the present Administration at Washington has to do with this plan—whether it will permit it to mature unquestioned—whether the recognition of the Juarez Government, and the capture of Miramon's steamers, under a general order to get into a row if possible, were intended to give it aid and comfort—we do not certainly know, nor very much care. For this we do know—if the conspiracy is as wide-spread and as strong as its leader represents it, and if the South is determined that for the perpetuation of her dominion over Northern white men and Southern blacks it is necessary to extend Slavery into Mexico, she will have the countenance, and when the time comes that it can be given with any show of decency, the aid, not only of this but of any other Democratic Administration that may come into power. For the scheme itself, it has this advantage: It aims at the acquisition, not of a united and powerful colony of a European kingdom, like Cuba, to be reached only by the sea, but of a border State, torn and distracted by internal convulsions, worn out and helpless from internecine strife, ready to fall an easy prey to the first comer wicked enough and strong enough to subject her to his own purposes. And it has this advantage: that the scheme is as a tale twice-told; the annexation of Texas was brought about under similar pretences, and by similar measures; but, as forewarned is forearmed, the very fact that such an act has been accomplished, will render it difficult if not impossible to do it over again.

In any event, we doubt if the "K. G. C." will have finished the work it proposes between this and November, and after that time, we trust, there will be a new order of things at Washington, which will effectually restrain the ardor of these gentlemen of mediæval propensities.—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

NEW ORLEANS, April 3.—Two subordinate officers of the Knights of the Golden Cross have published a card, denouncing Gen. Bickley, the Commander-in-chief of the Order, as an impostor. About fifteen hundred men have been enrolled here, under the representation that there was plenty of money to fit out an expedition to assist President Juarez, in Mexico, where promises of land grants, &c., had induced many to join, but there was no evidence yet of any bona fide movement. [A subsequent report is that Bickley is expelled, and another leader chosen by these pirates!]