UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

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Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle:

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL

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☞ When the time expired for which a paper is paid, it will be stopped (unless we have a written request to continue it) and a bill sent for the subscription and all back arrearages then due.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of $1 per square (twenty lines or less) for three insertions, and 25 cts for each subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisements, $3 for six months, $2 for three months, $1 per year. Half a square—10 lines—$2 for six months, $1 for three months, 75 cts. per year. Other sizes, &c., in proportion. A square is 12 lines or less. Business notices, 10 cts. per line. Advertisements of a smaller size than a square, inserted in the business or general notice column, 10 cts. per line for the first insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements of a business character, from persons not residing in or near Lewisburg, will be charged double rates.

Communications, containing interesting facts or general information, are solicited from all parts of the country. Rejected communications will be returned only when the writer's real name and address are given to the Editors. Business letters must be addressed to the publishers.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the Star & Chronicle, and we shall endeavor to make it an important source of interest to our readers, by publishing the latest News in advance of the Daily Papers.

Connected with the office are Job Presses, and a supply of fancy and other kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch, and on reasonable terms.

☞ Casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in. Job Work when delivered. All letters on business should be addressed to the publishers, and not to any individual connected with the office.

☞ OFFICE on Market street, one door west of the Post Office.

Jan. 1, 1858. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Return of the Robin.

'Tis Spring, and my Robin came back to-day,
Perched on the wild cherry tree,
He warbled a beautiful roundelay
For his dear little wife and me:
She chirped by his side while he sang so gay,
While he warbled so merrily,
"O, we have come back! O, we have come back—
My dear little wife and me.

"Ah, dear! what a time they have had, down South,
About negroes and slavery;
We scarcely ventured to open our mouth,
Lest turned and bothered will be;
But one little word we sang most bland,
"Union and liberty!"
Then we winged our way to our native land—
My dear little wife and me.

"O, I would abide, with my loving bride,
Where men and birds are free;
When the cloud in the sky and the storm pass by,
How happy we all shall be!
Wake up, little flowers! all in your bowers!
While we build our nest in the tree;
You have slept a long sleep, no night to keep
Like my dear little wife and me."

Then he sung of the place he was picked,
High up in the sycamore tree,
I listened long to that matchless song,
So merry, and full of glee;
Then he warbled again, "O, we have come back—
My dear little wife and me!"

Green Cherry, Pa., Republican. A. H. H.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1860.

Our Great Men, not all Dead.

We frequently hear lamentations over the supposed loss of all truly noble, talented, virtuous Americans. "Adams, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Wright, Webster, and Benton," it is said, "have left not their equals." Our glorious names are asserted to be, like the true greatness of Virginia, all beneath the sod. But this is a useless and unjust view. It is true, that when most men die, they are looked upon with more consideration, and their faults are buried with them. "Ye build the tombs of the prophets"—and yet ye maligned them while living, robbed them of their just dues by your blind and causeless hatred, and perhaps persecuted them to the death!

Although there are not, now, as marked occasions for testing and calling out eminent characters as in some previous years, there are living among us as honorable statesmen, warriors and orators as adorn the pages of our country's history. Future days will look upon the era of Seward, of Fremont, of Scott, of M'Lean, of Corwin, and others, as most fortunate in its men of mind, and of patriotism. They may not reach the highest positions, but their transcendent worth and merits will be felt and appreciated. Probably the most honest and accomplished of our statesmen (the younger Adams) was hunted out of the Presidential chair by the most insane and wicked antagonism; Clay, Webstes, Wirt, Wright and Calhoun never reached that position; and yet they will all be remembered and revered for their personal eminence, generations after their more successful rivals may be known only in dull official records.

Brightest among the Statesmen of the day—recognized throughout the civilized world as the first and most illustrious of Americans—is WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Wherever the English language is spoken—and wherever the generous impulses of Liberty and Law animate the hearts of men—he is hailed as one of the most gifted, learned, and practical of legislators. Were the selection of President in 1860 to be decided, not by party or local prejudices, but by an unbiased recognition of the adaptation and worthiness of the man, Mr. Seward would be chosen almost by acclamation. Men of all parties, everywhere, acknowledge his worth and his fitness to discharge the weighty responsibilities of the Presidency. Cool, calm, reflecting, dispassionate, mild, conciliatory, forgiving, generous, yet firm, untiring, decided and inflexible, he would challenge universal respect and admiration. His large and intimate acquaintance with home and foreign affairs—his extensive practical knowledge of law, of business, of legislation, and of all the details of administration itself, were never better combined, except perhaps in the person of J. Q. Adams. With the purity of a Washington, the fervor of a Jefferson, the personal attractiveness of a Clay, the constitutional learning of a Webster, the tenacity of a Calhoun, the energy of a Jackson, the industry of a Benton, and the suavity of a Van Buren, he stands confessedly head and shoulders above all his Presidential competitors. On the great issues of personal liberty to all men, under the just restraints of useful and beneficent laws—and of protection to the industry of free labor—he has, during an official life-time of thirty years, been found earnest and hopeful, in times of adversity as well as of prosperity. He is an embodiment of Constitutional Republicanism, longest recognized, and most traduced as such, and by age and service best entitled, in right as well as adaptation, to the first position.

In paying this honest tribute, it is with no hope in the least of influencing the decision at Chicago. We regard it as due to the man, whatever may be the conclusions of the approaching deliberations. Nine-tenths of the Republican party, and we believe also all other branches of the Opposition, would really prefer Senator Seward to any other gentleman proposed. Candid and generous men, his antagonists in politics—and men of no party prejudices—uniformly concede that he is rightly entitled to the nomination. Intelligent well-wishers of our Republic in other lands, naturally look to him as the proper and successful candidate of the truly progressive and liberal party.....And yet, in view of the momentous consequences involved in the coming contest, neither they, Mr. Seward, nor any of his warmest friends, can or should compel his nomination, unless under a full and firm conviction that his election was most certain, or that he would make the most successful rally for the cause of Constitutional Freedom. "Not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more." The Cause immeasurably outweighs the Man.

—We add a few expressions of the general feeling at home and abroad, which meet our eye while preparing this article:

"No man for the last few years has been more heartily abused, at the hands of the Democratic Party, than Senator SEWARD. The reason for the abuse, we apprehend to be, (as in the case of the great CLAY,) that his distinguished abilities, character, and far seeing statesmanship, give to the Opposition a strength of position dangerous to Democratic supremacy. Most shamefully and scandalously abused while living, no man dead now receives warmer encomiums, at the hands of Democratic politicians, than the patriot Clay. When Senator Seward shall no longer be numbered with the living, we believe his name will be universally venerated by his countrymen as the synonym of honesty, truth, genius and patriotism. Our country can boast at present no greater man, and his like we fear we shall not soon see again. His position makes him a mark for the attacks of malice, envy, jealousy, and selfishness. We hope to see genius and true patriotism vindicated, and would be glad if every citizen would avail himself of the opportunity of reading the pamphlet edition of the late speech of Senator Seward, as his best vindication. It will be found that the man, whom the Democracy would like to see standing before the country as the impersonation of fanaticism and abolitionism, is liberal in his views, moderate in tone, mild in temper, concedes to the States full control over slavery in their own limits, but demands, in the spirit of Jefferson, that the Government, within constitutional limits, should prevent the spread of slavery over territory now free, instead of becoming in all its measures the aider and abettor of slavery extension. It is a noticeable fact that Democratic journalists, always so ready to seek cause for complaint in anything that Seward does or says, have not yet been able to find anything objectionable in the Senator's speech. The intelligence of the country has been insulted for months by the changes rung on the words "irrepressible conflict." It needs but an examination of the few sentences of the speech containing the term, by any honest mind of intelligence, to be convinced that the Senator has said nothing to which exception can be taken. Above all, never let Republicans suppose that a public man is dangerous to his country, simply because Democratic politicians say so. If Democrats are to be believed, Republicans are *all* "enemies of their country," and against any such judgment we protest.—*Lehigh Register.*

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.—In concluding an article on this speech, the *London Times* remarks:

"All who are interested in the deliverance of the Western Republic from the curse of Negro Slavery, will see with pleasure the cause of Freedom transferred to the guardianship of a great and responsible party, the policy of which will supersede the impotent and irritating devices of agitators. A principal cause of the continual success of the Southerners has been the dread felt by the Conservative party of being thought to adopt the views of the Abolitionists. Under the organization of the Republicans, and with the moderate programme sketched by Mr. Seward, the North may be able, without plotting or bluster, to roll back the tide of Slaveholding aggression."

☞ The New York Republican State Convention assembled, on Wednesday week, in Syracuse. The attendance was very large. A resolution, recommending the Delegates to Chicago to support William H. Seward for President, was passed by a *unanimous* vote. Not one dissenting voice, in all the giant State in whose service he has spent thirty years of active, honorable life. They know him well, and trust him wholly. The Empire State, unanimous for Seward! This expression was not made by intrigue, coercion, haste, or management. It is the honest voice of the independent and intelligent masses who know and desire to honor him.

History of a Rescued Young Woman

[C. L. BRACE, Secretary of the New York Children's Aid Society, writes the following touching account of the sore struggles of a young lady with want and danger in that great, miserable, wilderness city:]

About two years ago, an English girl, of perhaps fifteen years, with refined manners, and a pretty although pale face, presented herself at our Office, and nervously asked for some place in a family in the country. We observed that her hands were very thin and bony, and her cheeks hollow, and that, on being assigned to an excellent home by Mr. Mack, her eyes filled with sudden tears of thankfulness. Something was given her to eat, which she received quietly, and the next day went to her place.

Lately, on a re-visit to the city, we learned the particulars of her history. She had been, in England, in good circumstances; had come over on the death of her father, and on the wasting of his property, to seek her fortune in America. She sought at once to enter some trade, and to earn a living for herself; but, without friends, and with the crowded competition of the city, she could find no opening. Each day her means were being exhausted, and she was forced to pawn all the ornaments and relics of better times. She was reduced finally to living in a small attic room of a tenement house, sleeping on straw in one corner. Hour after hour through the weary day, her little feet were traversing the streets, as she followed advertisements for a chance to work. At last, she reached the point at which every available means had been sacrificed, every penny spent, and hunger stared her in the face. She described her feelings then, most touchingly. One day she could get through quite comfortably, without anything to eat; the second, she says, she crouched herself in her bed, "And, do you know, sir, what I found the best to stop hunger? Why, I drank water, and then I prayed, and somehow I always felt better and stronger after it!" The third day, when it seemed as if she could not hold out much longer, she would go fainting down stairs to a woman she knew in one of the lower rooms, and this woman would offer her something to eat, which she would take carelessly, no one ever suspecting that the poor creature was being saved from starvation.

In this mode of life she grew so weak she could scarcely walk, and thin, she said, as any skeleton. She was attacked, too, with terrible headaches, and some days she is sure she was delirous, for she now remembers how she seemed to see angels and spirits in the little room, bringing her food!

Once or twice she determined to beg, though she felt as if she would rather die; and she went into a store, and said, gaspingly, "she was hungry." The people were very kind, set her in a chair, and gave her food—once, she recollects, a cup of tea.

Then, as she lay on her straw, thinking of her dear old English home, and the comfort there, the mother and the days that were, she would ask, "Do I deserve this? Why should God pick me out to make me suffer so? Why should I be deserted?"

One day, she had gone down into the lower room, and sat there, weak and despairing, when a gentleman entered whom she described as very grand and wealthy in his appearance. He spoke to her kindly, said he had watched her go in and out, and said she must be in misfortune; that he had admired her—yes, and loved her! She answered, gasping with weakness: "Why do you come here to insult me because I am poor?" He replied that he did not mean to insult her, that he truly loved her—and, in various phrases, he offered to her to live in a splendid home with him, but not as his wife.

The poor girl crouched down with her head in her hands, and confessed that for a moment the thought crossed her mind, "What if I should do this? No one will know it. Here is comfort, and a home—an escape, at length; and, on the other side, a long, weary struggle, and starvation." But in the midst of this—she almost believes it was real—there seemed to come up before her a figure of her mother; she saw the face, and the warning gesture, almost as distinctly as she ever saw any one. She seemed to call her away—and then she thought of all she had ever told her of Heaven, and of God, and she started up and said, with sobs and gasps, "I know I am poor—I have nothing—I have no home, and no friends—I am starving; but, if you should give me all the money of New York, heaped ten times over, I would not do this thing! Why do you come here to tempt me and insult me because I am poor?" She almost fell down gasping; but, she says, she saw the man start back, with face ghastly pale, saying, "My God! What a sin you have saved me from!"

That day, she heard accidentally of the Society to help Children, and resolved to go there for a last chance. If she failed there, the only thing left for her seemed to be self-destruction or death. We know the happy result.

I HOLD STILL.

From the German of Julius Sturm.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and leaves my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, pitiless as
Twixt Hiram's fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and heats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it over and over, and beats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow,
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in His mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
It could not come, and will, tomorrow,
Whatever God does with me is see;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, hoping in the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all the heated dross are surely
Infinited by a master hand;
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

Truly a Ghost Story.

[The *New York Presbyterian* states that a gentleman and two ladies, being overtaken one cold, damp night, on returning from Presbytery, were forced to seek lodgings with Judge B——. During the evening, the Judge related the following unique but instructive incident:]

Years ago, we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low. At length, death closed those eyes, and sealed those lips, for ever; and we learned by trying experience how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life. The time rolling sadly on, brought us to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well screwed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a great, sheltering roof, and then wended our way to our desolate home.

Evening came, and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment my wife came flying into the room, and, springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed, "*See there! our child! our child!*"

Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw a little form in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave the last kiss, walking slowly towards us. Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man—I should have leaped from the window and fled without casting a look behind. But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covered me—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before us. The eyes were open, in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold, and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of either speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The terror of our minds was the more intense, as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been, but a few hours before, eye-witnesses of its interment.

While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, "What can this extraordinary Providence mean? For what can it be sent?" the servant girl, having crept to the door, after a time suggested, "*It looks like Mrs. ——'s child.*"

Now, our neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house, at that hour, and in such a plight? Still, the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth, that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse was a somnambulist! And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling visit!

Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to counter-march the little intruder to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping by my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

Now, (said Judge B——,) if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and, after a flight of extraordinary velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either Christian or heathen, that I had seen a ghost!

The Cattle Disease in Massachusetts.

This terrible epidemic, by its continuous spreading, threatens to become one of the greatest scourges that has ever visited our country. The imagination is appalled at the contemplation of the thousands of herds from Maine to Texas being visited by this wasting and fatal malady. The suffering and anxiety from the loss of property and from the dread of its loss among the agricultural community, and the fear of diseased meat in all our cities, may be partly conceived but can not be fully realized. It seems that the Legislature of the State has been aroused to the importance of the matter. A law has been passed for the appointment of three commissioners to investigate the subject, and authority has been given them to have slaughtered, at the expense of the State, all the cattle that are sick or that have been exposed to the contagion, to have their bodies buried and the barns purified—even burning the hay if the commissioners think it necessary.

The commissioners are Richard S. Fay, of Lynn, Paoli Lathrop, of South Hadley, and Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield. They have caused fourteen animals to be killed, that they might trace the progress and character of the disease in all its stages. It is purely a disease of the lungs, affecting the animal in no other organ, and seems to be certainly contagious. A cow that died before the commissioners arrived was examined, and both her lungs were a mass of frothy, cheesy corruption. One cow that was taken sick so long ago as the 1st of January, and seemed to be recovering, appearing bright and healthy, was slaughtered; the left lobe of the lungs was sound, but from the right was taken a mass of pus, looking like rotten cheese, of more than a pint in measurement. She might possibly have thrown off the disease and lived, had she not been killed. Another cow in the same herd, and showing stronger signs of the disease, had a similar but greater mass of pus in the lungs, and with it a large amount of watery fluid. An ox that looked bright and well, and ate and chewed his cud as if in a healthy condition, was among the slain, and one of his lungs was a mass of corruption. Another singular case was that of a cow that calved some ten days ago; one lung was healthy, but in the other the disease was developing itself in scattered balls or masses of pus, looking like liver on the outside, but, on cutting, like rotten cheese; and her calf was found to have the disease in precisely a similar stage. The presence of the disease is detected by the breathing of the animal, which makes a croupy noise like breathing through a quill.

It is to be hoped that these energetic measures are not too late, and it is especially to be desired that the commissioners will allow no childish weakness to prevent the thorough and efficient discharge of their momentous duties. Contagion is so subtle in its nature, and is scattered abroad by such widely pervading agencies, that we shall be agreeably disappointed if any human power is able to arrest the spread of this deadly pestilence.—*N. Y. Scientific American.*

The Poor Customer.

"How much butter?"

"One half pound, if you please."

"And sugar?"

"Half a pound."

"And those oranges?"

"Half a dozen, sir."

"You go by the halves, to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy, ma'am—you're keeping better customers waiting."

"Half a peck of Indian meal, and one fine French roll," said the woman; but her lip quivered, and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken, at her faded shawl, her thin, stooping form, her coarse garments, and I read poverty on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid, pinched features, the mournful but once beautiful face, told me that the luxuries were not for her.

An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale lips longed for the cool, fresh orange, for whose comfort the tea, butter, and roll were bought, with much sacrifice. I saw him sip the tea, and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of the sweet butter, and turn with brightening eye to the golden fruit. I heard him ask her, kneeling at the smoky hearth, to taste them with him. As she set the broken pan on edge to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say, "By-and-by, when I am hungry." But "by-and-by," when the white lids of the sufferer were closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie; the grocer's hard eye was upon me—"*You are keeping better customers waiting.*" Oh! how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold, purified by many a trial; and that woman, with her little wants and holy sacrifices, was more in the sight of God than many a trumpet-tongued Dives who gave that he might be known of men.

Contentment is the greatest wealth.

Wimin's Rites.

BY ARTEMAS WARD, THE SHOWMAN.

I pitcht my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last season, & while I was standin at the dore takin munny, a deppytishun of ladies came up and sed they was members of the Buncumville Female Moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Associshun, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Do you know who we air?" said one of the wimmin, a tall and ferosius looking critter, with a blew cotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air sur?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kursere view, that you are females."

"We air, sur," said the ferosius woman—"we belong to a Society which bleeves wimin has rites—which bleeves in raisin her to her proper speer—which bleeves she is indowed with as mutch intellect as man is—which bleeves she is trampild on & abused—& which will resist beneath & 4ever & lever the encroachments of proud & domineering man."

Durin her discourse, she grabbl me by the coat kollar, & was swingin her umbreller wildely over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, startin back, "that your intencshuns is honorable? I'me a lone man, bear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes, cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwing off the yoke of tyranny, & thinking & speaking & voting for herself? Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not being a natural fool," said I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she doth not."

"Oh, whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, "Oh, whot is the price that wooman pays for her experience?"

"I don't no, marm," sez I," the price to my Show is 15 cents pur individooul."

"And can't our Society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & bust out into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" said anuther of the xcentric wimin, takin me afeckshunitly by the hand, "Oh, pleas let my darter in! She's a sweet, gushin' child of natur!"

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal noncents, "let her gush."

Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observation that I was a Beest.

"My femmale friends," sed I, "be I you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; way them wall. The femmale wooman is I of the greatest institooshuns of which this land kin boste. It's onpossible to git along without her. Had there been no femmale wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparaled Show on this very auspichus occashun. She is very good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. Oh, wooman!" I cride, my feelings worked up to a high poetick pitch, "you air an angil when you behave yourself: but when you take off your proper spariel & (mettyforiedly speakin) git into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides & with your heds full of wimmins' rites noshuns go round like roaring lyons seekin whom you may devour sumbody—in short, when you play the man, you play the devil, & air an emfatick nussance. My femmale friends," I continued, as they were indignantly departin, "way well what A. Ward has sed."

A FEMALE CAPTIVE RECOVERED FROM INDIANS.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Tuscon, Arizona, on April 1st, states that Mrs. John Page, (recently a bride, and but eighteen years old,) who was stolen by the Apaches and carried into captivity, had been recovered by a party of her friends. It would appear she gained sight of the pursuing party, and refused to proceed farther, when the Indians, rather than give her up, and supposing themselves closely pursued, lanced her in several places, and left her for dead. She recovered, and binding her wounds, and subsisting herself for two weeks on roots, &c., managed to drag herself to her friends in the pinery. Capt Ewall, who had come in for supplies, left on the 1st for Aravypa Canon, to effect the release of the little girl who was stolen with Mrs. Page.

PEACE has been concluded between Spain and Morocco, to the advantage of the former. Morocco not only yields up an important strip of sea-coast, but makes many concessions in trade and religious privileges, together with 20,000 piastres to pay the expenses of the war. As to the loss of life, it is believed that Spain is the greater sufferer.

A letter from an officer of the African squadron says of the discovery of coal in Liberia, all the hilly ranges abound with it, and will bring not only wealth, but civilization to Africa. The only drawback is the want of proper harbors for vessels along the coast.

The World of London.

Year by year this ancient town, like a young and rich colony, creeps eastward and westward, north and south, fields and fresh air giving up their verdure and freshness to dingy brick houses and fetid alleys, and the masses of population clustering together around the common centre of work and pleasure. The thirsty souls of London need have no fears of becoming thirstier, so long as there are upwards of 4,000 public houses, and 1,000 wine merchants. The bread to this enormous quantity of rack, is represented by 2,500 bakers, 1,700 butchers, (not including pork butchers,) 2,600 tea-dealers and grocers, 1,260 coffee room keepers, nearly 1,500 dairy-men, and 1,350 tobacconists. To look after the digestion of this enormous amount of food, upwards of 2,400 duly licensed practitioners, surgeons, and physicians, are daily running to and fro through this mighty metropolis, whose patients, in due course of time and physic, are handed over to the tender mercies of 500 undertakers. Nearly 3,000 boot and shoe-makers add their aid to that of the doctor to keep our feet dry and warm, while 2,050 tailors do as much for the rest of our bodies. The wants of the fairer portion are supplied by 1,030 linen-drapers, and 1,500 milliners and dress-makers. Then, 1,510 private schools take charge of our children; and 290 pawn-brokers' shops find employment and profit out of the reverses, follies and vices of the community. About 300,000 houses give shelter to two millions and a half of people, whose little differences are aggravated and settled by upwards of 3,000 attorneys and 3,900 barristers. The spiritual wants of human souls are cared for by 939 clergyman and dissenting ministers, who respectively preside over 429 churches, and 424 chapels; of which latter buildings, the Independents have 121, the Baptists 100, the Wesleyans 77, the Roman Catholics 59, the Calvinists and English Presbyterians 10 each, the Quakers 8, the Jews 10, the numerous other sects being content with numbers varying from 1 to 5 each.—*London Ex.*

Mr. Spurgeon has declined an invitation from the Congregational Union to participate in its anniversary exercises at New York in May. He writes to Dr. Thompson that it is quite impossible for him to leave home at present, for America, and adds: "I have been nearly seven years without rest, and am hoping, this year, to make a little journey upon the Continent. I must then come home again, and, if God shall help me, stick to it another seven years."

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.—The Crocket *Pioneer* says that Mr. T. Collins, a merchant of that place, published a scandalous piece of poetry about a Miss Whitewell, a school-mistress. She sued him for $6,000 damages, and gained the suit. The jury returned the verdict at midnight. So strong was the public sentiment in favor of the plaintiff, that the verdict was received with shouts of the people, and firing of guns, and other demonstrations of gladness.

Speaking of the Potter and Pryor affair, the Washington Star says: "Col. Lander is a native and citizen of Massachusetts, but has spent some years on the extreme western frontier, where he had been professionally engaged as a civil engineer. Politically, he is a very emphatic pro-slavery Democrat, and the fact that he is the cousin of Mr. Potter's wife, we take for granted, is the reason why he was found acting in the matter of Mr. P.'s behalf."

The officers of the Government Assay Office in New York say that nine-tenths of all the gold ornaments now do not contain on an average over 20 per cent. of real gold. A heavy gold fob chain, that cost $80 on Broadway, when melted down at the Assay Office, yielded but $8 in gold, the balance being an alloy of copper and zinc.

Miss Helen Pike died very suddenly at Taberg, Oneida county, N. Y., last Friday morning. She was attending a dance at the hotel, and while on the ball-room floor, complained of feeling faint, and almost immediately fell over and was caught by some one near. She did not speak again, but died instantly.

A little boy fell into the river at Greenfield, Maine, a few days since, barely escaping drowning. When asked by his mother what he was thinking about while in the water, he said he thought "he should furnish an item for the newspapers."

A man in Vermont has four sons who are lawyers. The Brattleboro *Standard* says, "Four lawyers out of one son! We venture to say there is not another family in Vermont that presents such a deplorable example of wholesale depravity."

The Appletons of New York have a printing press so large that they can print a whole copy of Webster's Spelling Book at once. That old stand-by still demands a million copies a year to answer the public demand.

Jeremiah H. Brown, who supports fifty-two young Baptist theological students at Howard College, in Alabama, at an annual cost of $13,000, has recently endowed a theological chair to that college by a contribution of $25,000.

LIME is good for top dressing around Fruit Trees, when used in a moderate quantity, but white-washing trees is in the main injurious. Washing the trees with lye will kill the bark louse quite as effectually, and not close the pores as lime does.

Prentice says he has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but he knows of many thousand young ones who have kissed very great calves.