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

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[illegible] at Lewisburg, Union county, Penn'a.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, AUG. 13, 1860.

An Hour at the Old Play Ground.

[illegible]

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook's stream,
Where we were boys in the olden time,
When matchless was a dream.
The [illegible] with fallen leaves,
The pool is as clear—
I scarce believe that I would know
The seat of years to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath the [illegible] tree;
The wind moans in the willow wale,
No music waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The old home's residence
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The hole and grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough.
I read our names upon the bark,
As I found the pebbles rate
Lay up beneath the hollow rock,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bounded down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and dark,
And not a foot, this many a day,
Presses, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rang.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That fence is in old time,
The same rail panel in the path,
We used to climb—
And in sight now o'er the face of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And fell me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

The Civil War in Mexico.

The civil war in Mexico has almost ceased to have interest for newspaper readers. From time to time we have, by telegraph or mail, reports of the movements of the contending parties, but the posture of affairs is about the same that it was a year ago. The Church party retain possession of the Capital, and the Liberals still hold Vera Cruz. All the rest of the country continues to be debatable ground, on which the rival leaders meet occasionally to indulge in a little fighting practice.

The battles, however, are rarely of a desperate and destructive character. If the Mexicans fought as Americans would, the country would have been almost depopulated by this time; but the Mexicans know better than to fight hard when it is not absolutely necessary. Sometimes the opposing forces just come near enough to see each other, and then prudently retreat, both sides claiming, of course, a decided victory. At other times, when the leaders succeed in getting up the courage of their followers, there is a little bloodshed and the capturing of prisoners, arms, and ammunition. An event of this kind is at once proclaimed by the more fortunate party as a signal and crushing triumph.

Yet the chronic state of revolution and civil war into which Mexico has fallen, must, ultimately, result in utter exhaustion. Like the victim of a slow consumption, Mexico is passing gradually into the last stage of national decay. Dissolution is inevitable, and the apparent indifference of the people and Government of this country to the condition of Mexico is well calculated to excite the surprise and tempt the ambition of the European nations which desire power upon this continent. It will soon be made imperative upon us to adopt a decided policy, but we may delay action until European intervention has created difficulties of a serious and most dangerous character.

SEARCH FOR THE SITES OF TYRE AND SIDON.—Mr. Renan, member of the French Institute, has been charged by the Emperor Napoleon with the mission of endeavoring to discover the sites of Tyre and Sidon. He recently had an audience of his Majesty, and is to leave with his family in October. It is presumed that his researches will shed new light on the prophetic portions of the Old Testament.

Suits have been commenced against four citizens of Richmond, Va., for refusing to take Census tickets

A DOUGLAS DELEGATE.

Bold Speech on the Slave Trade.

REAL NON-INTERVENTION.

[The Cincinnati GAZETTE prints in full the speech of Mr. GOULDEN of Georgia, in the Baltimore Convention. Mr. G. was one of the most earnest of Mr. Douglas' friends, and remained in the Convention to vote for him on both ballots. It is this speech to which Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, alluded when he said that he could not act with a Convention in which the reopening of the Slave Trade was advocated.]

SPEECH OF MR. GOULDEN.

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention: I come from the State of Georgia, indorsed by that State Convention and by the Convention of Charleston. This ought surely to give me a right to be heard before you; and though I have not joined my fortunes in the State of Georgia either to the House of York or the House of Lancaster, I feel that I have a right here to speak to the great Democratic party of the United States. In seeing the elements of disruption and disorganization which seem to prevail in the midst of this most intelligent assembly, I have felt that the experiment of the capability of man for self-government was about to prove a failure here, and that the genius of liberty was about shrieking to leave the world; but I trust that this may be the darkest hour just before the day, and that from these elements of discord, the representatives of the intelligent American people here assembled may be able to devise a plan upon which the great Democratic party of the United States may be united; and that we will add another victory to the many we have already achieved.

I am an advocate for maintaining the integrity of the national Democratic party.

I belong to the extreme South; I am a pro-slavery man in every sense of the word—aye, and an African slave-trade man. [Applause and laughter.]

The institution of Slavery, as I have said elsewhere, has done more to advance the prosperity and intelligence of the white race, and of the human race than all else together. I believe it to be founded on the law of Nature, and upon the law of God; I believe it would be a blessing to all races; I believe that liberty would not truly exist in this Western World except maintaining the integrity of the great national Democratic party. [Applause.] As for this irrepressible conflict party, with their serried ranks now ready to march down upon us, I have no faith in it, because it is founded in anarchy, in everything that is opposed to human progress; while I understand the idea of the great National Democratic party to be non-intervention in its broadest sense. [Applause.]

Now, my Northern friends, I do not know that I can do anything in Georgia to reconcile these matters, but whatever I can do I will. [Applause.]

Our friends in Georgia who are crying out for protection of Slavery in the Territories are advocating a mere theory, a mere abstraction, a thing that is not and can not be; they would do much better if they would demand protection from the General Government, and have a line of police established along the borders of the slave States to catch and hang the thieving Abolitionists who are stealing our niggers. [Laughter and applause.]

That is a means of protection, and why? Because it is practical. [Renewed laughter and applause.]

Here is my old native State of Virginia, the slave trading and slave breeding State of Virginia. [Laughter.]

DELEGATE FROM VIRGINIA.—I call the gentleman to order. He casts an imputation upon Virginia by calling her the slave breeding State of Virginia.

MR. GOULDEN.—Well, I will say the slave breeding State of Georgia then. I glory in being a slave breeder myself. [Loud Laughter.] I will face the music myself, and I have as many negroes as any man from Virginia. As I invited the gentlemen of this Convention at Charleston to visit my plantation, I will say again, that if they will come to see me, I will show them as fine a lot of negroes, and THE PURE AFRICAN too, as they can find elsewhere; and I will show them as handsome a set of little children there as can be seen, [laughter,] and any quantity of them, too; [renewed laughter,] and I wish that Virginia may be as good a slave trading and slave breeding State as Georgia, and in saying that, I do not mean to be disrespectful to Virginia, but I do not mean to dodge the question at all.

Now, I want no office; I never asked any; I did not ask the State Convention to send me here; but I am here to tell the truth to you all, and this is my idea of non-intervention: I want the State of Virginia, if she has negroes, to have as many as she pleases; if you want Slavery in Massachusetts, I want you to have it; if you want it in Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, in God's name, have it. It is your right to have slaves, and just as many or as few as you please. I will never join a party which desires to force slavery anywhere, or keep it from any place. [Applause.] I believe that it is regulated by the law of God, of nature's God, and all his history proves that to be so. All that I ask is hands off—leave it to the people of the States and Territories to settle that matter for themselves, under the Constitution of the United States. [Applause.] And now while I am up I want to put my veto upon one thing. I know that I am not going to be applauded in what I say, but seed sown in good time will bring forth fruit, and though you may say now that I am wrong, yet I think I shall live to see the day when the doctrines I advocate to-night will be the doctrines of Massachusetts and of the North, for—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid its throes in despair."

I say I go for non-intervention in the broadest sense of the term. I say that this whole thing should be taken out of the hands of the General Government. I say it is all wrong to be spending two or three millions of dollars annually from our pockets, and sacrificing thousands of lives upon the coast of Africa, in that terrible clime, to prevent our going there to get a few negroes. If it is right for us to go to Virginia and buy a negro and pay $2,000 for him, it is equally right for us to go to Africa, where we can get them for $50. [Applause and laughter.] Here is the condition we are placed in, and you may as well come to your senses and face the music.

There are 203 negroes down at Key West, begging and pleading not to be sent back. If they should be sent back, what would be the result? One half of them would die before they got there, and the other half would be turned upon the coast of Africa—upon the coast of Liberia, among strangers, to be eaten up by cannibals, or be caught and sold again, or die of starvation; and this you call humanity! I say it is piracy; I say that our Government is acting against right and reason in this matter; and if the Southern man had the spunk and spirit to come right up and face the North, I believe the Northern Democracy at least would come to the true doctrine of popular sovereignty and non-intervention. [Applause and laughter.]

Think of it: two thousand poor barbarians from Africa caught within the last four weeks, and kept upon the miserable island of Key West, dying there from disease and starvation; and what do not die are to be sent back by our Government at an expense of one or two millions, though they are begging not to be sent back, and landed upon the coast of Africa. It is cruel, inhuman, wrong, and I appeal to the good sense of the American nation against it. Look at John Bull; he has bound us to catch all we can, and we send them back at an expense of twenty five dollars per head. We send them back, but what does John Bull do when he gets them? He apprentices them out again, and makes slaves of them. That is the hypocritical treaty that you are bound by, and yet I hear no Southern voice, or Northern voice, raised against this aggression upon the law of nature and nature's God, but I intend to raise my voice against it, humble as it is.

Now, this may be a secondary question before us to-night. The great point is harmony and union in the great Democratic party. Let us whip the Black Republicans, let us win the fight, and when we have settled these things, let us act together, and all will be right.

ANOTHER.—Mr Hamline, of M'Donough county, Illinois, has resigned his post as Chairman of a Democratic Club, and come out for Lincoln. In his card he says:

"Having recently read the late speech of Judge Douglas in the U. S. Senate, in which he took occasion to say in substance that his doctrine of 'non-intervention *had given to the South, Slave territory five times larger in extent than the State of New York*,' whilst it *had not given the North an inch of territory*," and remembering that our Democratic leaders in this State claimed four years ago that the results of that doctrine would be in favor of *freedom*, I am inclined to believe that I have followed the lead of Douglas about as long as a candid man should be required to do."

In endorsing the Dred Scott dogmas, Douglas loses all claim to the support of any true friend of Popular Sovreignty.

THE WESTERN GRAIN CROPS.—Wells' Commercial Express, of Chicago, gives, in its issue of the 2d inst., the result of the Wheat crop of 1859, as marketed at that point. In Flour, 711,302 barrels; in Wheat, 8,942,461 bushels; total, equal to 12,498,971 bushels, exceeding the receipts from the crop of 1858 by 5,203,850 bushels, but falling short of those from the crop of 1857 by 3,709,829 bushels. The Express stages its commercial reputation on the probable truth of the prediction that Chicago will receive nearly if not quite fifty millions bushels of grain, from the country, which seeks its market here, in the year from August 1, 1860, to August 1, 1861. Corn receipts here from the last crop have already reached twelve million bushels. Receipts of new Wheat are already beginning to be liberal, and will soon be large.

Editorial Correspondence of the Cincinnati Morning Herald

An Evening with Abraham Lincoln.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 21, 1860.

Ten hours of dusty riding in the sun brought me to Springfield, a common-place, sprawling sort of town covering about ten times as much ground as it ought. After vainly searching for a hack, and finally setting down to the conclusion that all the world hereabouts were pedestrians, I set out to visit the future President of the United States, afoot, and unattended by any guide save my own wits. I had but little difficulty in finding the place of my destination. A modest looking two story brown frame house, with the name "A. LINCOLN" on the door-plate told me that my pilgrimage is ended. The house was neatly, without being extravagantly furnished. An air of quiet refinement pervaded the place. You would have known instantly that she who presided over that modest household was a true type of the American lady. There were flowers on the table; there were pictures upon the walls. The adornments were few but chastely appropriate; everything was in its place, and ministered to the general effect. The thought that involuntarily blossomed into speech was: "What a pleasant home Abe Lincoln has!"

Presently I heard footsteps on the stairs, and a tall, angular looking man, with a profusion of wiry hair "lying around loose" about his head, a pair of eyes that seemed to say, "make yourself at home," a forehead remarkably broad and capacious, and arms that were somewhat too long and lank for a statute of Apollo, made his appearance. The lips were full of character, the nose strongly aquiline, the cheek bones high and prominent, and the whole face indicative at once of goodness and resoluteness. In repose, it had something of rigidity, but when in play it was one of the most eloquent I have ever seen. None of his pictures do him the slightest justice. His presence is commanding, his manner winning to a marked degree. After you have been five minutes in his company, you cease to think that he is either homely or awkward.

He approached, extended his hand and gave me such a grasp as only a warm-hearted man knows how to give. He sat down beside me on the sofa, and commenced talking about political affairs in my own State, with a knowledge of details which surprised me. I asked him if he was not very much bored with calls and correspondence. He replied that he liked to see his friends, and as to the letters he took great care not to answer them! He referred playfully to the various "attempts upon his life," and the poor success that attended them. His greatest grievances were the artists; he tried in vain to recognize himself in some "Abraham Lincolns" of the pictorials.

I asked him if he continued his professional business since his nomination. He said he had attempted it, but pitied his clients. He had been arguing a case the day before, but said the demands of his position made him an indifferent lawyer. He spoke with great freedom of corruption in high places. He regarded it as the bane of our American politics; he could not respect, either as a man or a politician, one who bribed or was bribed. He said he was glad to know the people of Illinois had not yet learned the art of being venal. The whole expense of his campaign with Douglas did not exceed a few hundred dollars. I wish the thousands of people in my own State who loathe corrupt practices, could have heard and seen Mr. Lincoln's indignant denunciation of venality in high places. I can now understand how the epithet of "HONEST Abraham Lincoln," has come to be so universally applied to him by the great West.

He related many pleasant incidents connected with his contests with Douglas. He told me that he spoke, in all, SIXTY-FOUR times, nine or ten face to face with his antagonist. His estimate of the "Little Giant," is generous; he concedes to him great hardihood, pertinacity, and magnetic power. Of all men he has ever seen, says Mr. L., he has the most audacity in maintaining an untenable position. Thus, in endeavoring to reconcile Popular Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision, his argument, stripped of sophistry, is,: "It is legal to expel slavery from a territory where it legally exists!" And yet he has bamboozled thousands into believing him.

I asked Mr. Lincoln if he saw much of the Democratic papers. He said some of his friends were kind enough to let him see the most abusive of them. He should judge that the line of tactics which they intended to pursue, was that of personal ridicule. The Chicago TIMES tried that in '58, and helped him amazingly. He was inclined to believe that the present efforts of his enemies would be attended with like results.

My visit, which I intended should be ten minutes, was nearly two hours long. More than once I rose to leave, but he was kind enough to assure me that he did not regard my call as a bore. I found him to be one of the most companionable men I ever met. Frank, hearty and unassuming, one feels irresistably drawn towards him. In his conversation and bearing, he reflects the gentleman. Hardly a trace of the rough schooling of his earlier days remains. You may be impressed by his angularity of character, but it never occurs to you that he lacks culture. If his manner is at times somewhat unusual, it never strikes you as in the least degree uncouth. In the essentials of good breeding, Mr. L. is infinitely superior to the generality of Americans. I find him far more refined—far more subdued in manner—exhibiting far more the effects of social attrition—than I had expected.

I was greatly impressed with the eminently PRACTICAL character of his mind. No man living has less of the visionary. He is evidently a "good hater" of cloud capped theories. The grasp of his mind is strong and tenacious. He talks like one who thinks clearly and profoundly. He has all the marks of a mind that scans closely, canvasses thoroughly, concludes deliberately, and holds to such conclusions unflinchingly. He seems to me to be rarely gifted with the faculty of remaining faithful to his convictions of right in the face of difficulties and discouragements. Another characteristic that impresses me is his eminent TRUTHFULNESS. I do not believe any earthly power can drive Mr. Lincoln into the commission of a mean action. I am sure that he would far prefer being right than being President. One FEELS, in talking with him, that his utterances come from the heart.

I heard but one expression—unqualified praise of Mr. L., among his neighbors. No man living is more profoundly respected and more ardently loved among those who know him best. All parties and interests join in paying tribute to his private virtues. Everywhere I heard him spoken of as the best of husbands, the kindest of parents, the most irreproachable of citizens.

Gen. Lane on Abraham Lincoln.

[Gen. Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, is stumping the State, together with Mr. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate. In a recent discussion at Tipton, Gen. Lane spoke as follows of Mr. Lincoln:]

"We present you a candidate for the Presidency who, in his person, is an apt illustration of our free institutions. An orphan child, born to no inheritance, but with an honest heart and name, a strong right arm, and industrious habits, he has carved out for himself the proudest position on earth. He bears aloft to day the meteor flag of our common country in his strong right arm, and around the name of Honest Abraham Lincoln cluster the hopes of the whole world for the perpetuation of free government. This obscure child of poverty spent a large portion of his life in the humble vocation of a farm laborer; and when I look over this vast assembly, composed in part of young men, my heart grows stronger, and my hope grows brighter. There listens to me, perhaps, this day, some honest son of toil who shall yet reach the place higher than kings, higher than emperors, the proudest position on earth, the position of President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln is at once a distinguished lawyer, a patriotic statesman, and a leading politician for the last twenty years, whose political discussions with Stephen A. Douglas show him to-day to be one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, political debater on the whole continent. Now is he not worthy to be presented to you as a candidate? What high quality do you desire in your President? You desire, above all things, plain, old-fashioned honesty, and Abraham Lincoln is a synonym for all that is honest. Sirs, he has come through the fiery furnace of three heated contests in Illinois, and to-day there is not a smell of fire on his garments. No man has dared to impute to him aught save honesty and integrity. His mind is beautiful in its purity; beautiful as in the fragrant flower of his own prairie home, and his life and character is as pure and spotless as the crystal water which laves the shore of his north western home. As the proud representative of American institutions, he will be your President in 1861, and in the presence of thirty millions of people, upon the eastern portico of your great Capitol, he will assume those duties so intimately connected with the well-being and destiny of thirty millions of freemen. In the enthusiasm sweeping over this whole land from the Lakes to the Ohio, from Maine to the Wabash; in the watch fires of freedom which now blaze upon a thousand hill tops, and light up a thousand valleys; in this enthusiasm which greets us, I catch the spirit of prophecy. I hear the tramp of the march of coming events, and foresee that Abraham Lincoln is to be President in 1861, and that that decree is written in the book of fate."

An infernal machine, called the centrifugal gun, is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw five hundred balls a minute, with the force of an ordinary rifle, without the aid of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank like a coffee mill

One of the First Meridians.

BY R. T. PORTER.

The wonderful capacities of this Planet of ours for the support of life are never so thoroughly appreciated as in the growing months, when the sun, and the rain have waked every thing that slept, and Nature replies to the question, "if a man die shall he live again," with myriads of affirmations.

We stood, last Sundy evening,—the evening of such a day as George Herbert called

"The extract of the earth and sky"

and the dew, as the poet prophesied, was weeping its fall,—stood on a little roll of earth new swept with the keen scythes, whence we saw seven or eight long swells of land—not more—and one was crowned with corn, and one was touched up with wheat as with sunshine, and two lay in the blank furrows of the summer-fallow, and one sloped away in a smooth pasture, and one was broken in to the billows of an orchard, that washed up in the green surges around something we could not see, and one towered with a fir grove; and the whole was walled in by woods of the first growth, and what lay there as in a bay was a farm, and the something we could not see was an old homestead.

Twenty-eight years ago it was a wilderness. Mind the word: a wilderness, not a "desert," for Nature had "improved" it, winter and summer, since time began. Now, this little bay of land is hardly large enough for a German Principality, small as such things are, but it supports tenants innumerable; not the sheep, the tinkle of whose little bells we hear in the woods; not the cattle lowing along the winding path from the pasture; not the horses kicking up their shod and shining heels in the Sabbath sun; not the chickens all abroad and grasshopering; not the lord of this manor, his children and grand children, and friends and neighbors, and "the stranger within his gates." We always thought that old Hamburgher a sensible man, and one who obtained mercy withal, who left his estate to certain swans and their heirs, rendering them independent, and "beholden" to nobody forever—swans with golden eggs in the Bank—though we can not say as much for the wisdom of the burghers who sent a colony of these "forehanded" birds to New York where they are in the habit of killing man and beast with kindness and good living. Now Nature has multitudes of heirs on such a farm as we are writing of; things two-footed, six-footed, no-footed; things that fly, hop, bound, creep; that burrow in the earth, twinkle in the sunbeam, dwell in the green towers of the trees. And they all live and thrive; some "lay up" for winter like the ants, the bees and the squirrels, and some—happy fellows!—have no winter to lay up for, and so, like Logan's cuckoo, are "companions of the Spring," without going away from home.

Doesn't it stand Nature in hand to do a good deal of vigorous growing when it can? Look at the business she did in those thirty days of June. How tree and shrub reached out their hands all at once and rolled down their green slaves. Elms and maples have met together, and lilacs and roses kissed each other. And thus, there is enough for all the tenants, in-doors and out. There's many a white leaf in those yellow wigwams of "shocked" grain; honey in the hives, sugar in the sorghum; Joel Barlow's golden theme in the silked and tassled corn; abundance everywhere.

But we have been "ciphering" a little; making two or three calculations not down in Dotboll, that possibly may prove suggestive to some reader or other. We want him to look at the narrow path worn from the gate to the door of the homestead, worked through flowering shrubs that border it, and saucily catch you by the coat-skirts like children who have been waiting for you and have come part way from the threshhold to meet you. That path began to be worn more than a quarter of a century ago, by the touch of feet, some of which have wandered and returned not; and some have gone forth and trodden bravely and firmly in the broader paths of life; and some have gone across the Continent, and over the sea, and some have gone over the River, and had rest. It does not cut much of a figure—that path—it is only a faint line on the dark palm of the earth, and yet there have been far more ambitious writings with a world less meaning. It was the work, at first, of those whose lives were one; who came out of the same nest and bore one name in common. And by that path, over that threshold have love and friendship, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, youth and age, come and gone, and lent the place the charm of humanity, and made it beautiful in thoughtful eyes forever.

Along that path worn in Indiana Woods, how many pairs of feet, do you think, have passed, in twenty-eight years? What do you say to forty thousand—fifty thousand—sixty thousand? And yet if that valve of a gate only played ten times a day, we should have one hundred and two thousand, two hundred pairs of feet; enough to make the footfalls of a great city; enough to keep broad banners from sinking on such fields as Waterloo. Somewhere afar off, you may meet one who is hastening to walk in that path; one may linger in the mountains and think of it; one may toss on the sea and remember it; feet wait in Paradise that pressed it; feet torn with thorns that would delight in it. Such is the magic and beauty of home. But that gate has opened and closed twenty times a day, and so, to and fro upon that path more than two hundred thousand pilgrims have gone. Only one in all these years has been borne forth to return no more forever.

And what a multitude has been sheltered beneath that roof; has enlarged the circle round the fireside; has partaken of the abundance of basket and store. An hundred thousand have come, and an hundred thousand have been taken by the hand and made welcome. And all, over that path, and all, over that threshold. And yet the latter, come to look at it, is not worn. The sun is swinging round towards the "noon-mark" they traced on it; the "noon-mark" as legible as ever. Here was a spot unnoted in the wilderness, only a little while ago; an oak-opening where deer trooped and hunters built their camp fires. One man rolled up four cabin walls and trod an earthen hearth; one woman swept the rough floor and garnished the walls with the humblest of adornings; one girl trained vines around the little windows, and planted flowers beside the cottage door. This was all, and this was home. And to this almost undiscernable spot, now feet and hearts made frequent pilgrimage. Then did they begin to wear the narrow path; be it worn and beautiful forever!—then was drawn that First Meridian of many hearts; that point whence they reckon their "departure," and wither, wander they ever so far, tarry they ever so long, they all promise themselves to return, sooner or later, this year, or the next, some time.

People talk a good deal of the "missions" they have to perform; of the going about they have to do among the heathen of Christendom, but he who carves out in the wilderness one such Home, one such bay almost becalmed in the midst of the woods, and stays in it and honors it, does more for his neighbors, more for God and his country, more for the years to come, than the moral Sancho Panzas that go forth by pen or person to do knightly service, the World is not better for them to the amount of one such narrow path, one more First Meridian of Home.

RAILROAD PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Railway Annual for 1859 states that in nine years, or from 1850 to 1859, the railways of the United States have increased from 7,355 to 27,944 miles in length. In this period the increase in the New England States amounted to 62.74 per cent., while in eight of the Western States the increase was 1201.41 per cent. At the same time, the former gained in population 16.12 per cent., and the latter 42.22. The total cost of the roads, up to 1859, amounted to $565,451,070, of which large sum it is supposed one-third has been wasted in construction.

There are at this time 28,000 miles of finished roads in the United States, and about 16,000 under construction or projected, requiring $400,000,000 for their completion. It is estimated, however, that many years must elapse before sufficient capital can be diverted from other objects to carry them through. In the meantime, many projected in the spirit of rivalry to other roads will be abandoned. It is calculated that 20,000 miles of railway are sufficient to do all the business of the country at the present time, and that 8,000 miles have been constructed in part in rivalry to other roads, which have proved a dead loss to stockholders, and in the main will pass into the hands of the stockholders.

The average cost of railways per mile in the New England States has been $36,328; in the Middle States $40,319; in the Southern States $22,209; and in the Western States $36,303. The reason assigned for the cheapness of construction of railroads at the South is that they were built on the cash plan. Among the net earnings the Panama shows the largest returns, being $29,564 per mile; and those earning the least or nothing to stockholders are found in Maine, Vermont, Mississippi, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, New York, &c. The list of dividend paying roads comprises seventy-eight, among which two pay an annual dividend of 5 per cent.; nine 10 per cent.; two 9 per cent.; ten 8 per cent.; six 7 per cent.; thirty 6 per cent.; five 5 per cent.; one 4 per cent.; one 2½ per cent.; and one 2 per cent. The list of delinquent companies on stocks or bonds amount to thirty-three, the total bonded debts of the American railways, all of which mature between 1859 and 1874, amount to $411,199,702.

Capt. Kell, the agent of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, who was sent to take up the New Foundland end of the cable, has succeeded in raising a portion of it, after some weeks of labor, and has discovered a serious defect in it, caused by resting on a ledge of sharp rocks, on which it was laid, a mile or two from Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay.