UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1860.

"THE UNION," established in 1844---Whole No., 2,440.

"CHRONICLE," established in 1843---Whole No., 861.

[illegible] Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

[illegible]

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

[illegible]

Presidential Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, [illegible] by an Act of the General Assembly of [illegible] entitled "An Act [illegible] the general elections of [illegible] enacted [illegible] day of [illegible] on me to give public [illegible] to be held, and to [illegible] what officers are to [illegible] I, JOHN CROSSGROVE, High Sheriff of the county of Union, do therefore hereby make known and give this public notice to the electors [illegible] that a GENERAL ELECTION will be held in said county on the FIRST TUESDAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, being the 6th day of the said month, at the several places composed of the following townships [illegible]:

I district, at the late Commissioners' office [illegible] New Berlin borough.

II district, at the house of Thomas Parsel, [illegible] for Union township.

III district, at the house of Theobald Sanders, [illegible] for White Deer township.

IV district, at the house of James Lawson, [illegible] for Kelly township.

V district, at the house of George Wolfe, [illegible] for East Buffaloe township.

VI district, at the house of James M'Creight, [illegible] for Buffaloe township.

VII district, at the house now occupied by [illegible] Beckard, in Mifflinburg, for West Buffaloe township.

VIII district, at the public school house in [illegible] North Ward in Lewisburg borough.

IX district, at the Buffaloe House and for [illegible] Ward in Lewisburg borough.

X district, at the house now occupied by [illegible] in and for Mifflinburg borough.

XI district, at the Lambton School House, [illegible] and for Hartley township.

XII district, at the house of Peter Wehr, in [illegible] for Limestone township.

XIII district, at the election house near [illegible], in and for Lewis township.

XIV district, at the house of William Wolfe, [illegible] for Hartleton borough.

At which time and places there will be [illegible] by ballot—

Twenty-Seven Persons as Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

[illegible]

And the said Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act relating to elections of this Commonwealth," passed July 2d, 1839, further provides as follows, [illegible]:

[illegible]

[illegible] hereby make known and give notice [illegible] the following Act of Assembly was [illegible] by the General Assembly of this Commonwealth on the 25th of February, A. D. [illegible]:

[illegible]

[illegible] and after the passage of this [illegible] for the various offices [illegible] and [illegible] Commonwealth.

[illegible] the provisions of an act passed [illegible] April, 1840, entitled 'An Act [illegible] in Franklin county, &c.,' [illegible] Mifflin, Union, [illegible] Westen and Northumberland [illegible] general elections.

"It shall be the duty of the several Assessors respectively [illegible] every general [illegible] during the whole time said [illegible] for the purpose of giving information [illegible] in relation [illegible] to vote [illegible] or either [illegible].

"No person shall be permitted to vote at any election [illegible] than a white [illegible] of the age of twenty-one years [illegible] in this State at least one year [illegible] and in the election district where [illegible] within two years paid a State or county tax [illegible] assessed at least ten days before the election. But a citizen of the United States [illegible] qualified [illegible] and who has [illegible] shall be entitled to vote [illegible] in this State six months: Provided, That the white freemen, citizens of the United States, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two years, who have resided in the election district ten days, shall be entitled to vote, although they shall not have paid taxes.

"No person shall be permitted to vote whose name is not contained in the list of taxable inhabitants furnished [illegible] unless, First, he produces a receipt [illegible] within two years [illegible] the Constitution, and give satisfactory evidence [illegible] affirmation or [illegible] of another that he has paid such [illegible] a receipt shall make oath [illegible] a right to [illegible] between the ages of twenty-one [illegible] shall depose on oath or affirmation [illegible] in the State at least one year [illegible] with proof of residence [illegible] required by this act, and that he does [illegible] he is of the [illegible] are required [illegible] the name of the person so admitted [illegible] in the alphabetical list by [illegible] opposite thereto by writing [illegible] be admitted to vote by reason of [illegible] if he shall be admitted [illegible] shall be called out to the [illegible] the like notes in the lists of voters [illegible].

"If any person shall vote at more than one election district [illegible] more than once [illegible] shall fraudulently fold and deliver [illegible] with the intent [illegible] another so to do, he [illegible] conviction be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars [illegible] less than three nor more than [illegible].

"If any person not qualified to vote in this Commonwealth [illegible] except the sons of qualified [illegible] at any place of election for the purpose [illegible] notwithstanding the citizens [illegible] conviction forfeit and pay [illegible] one hundred dollars for every [illegible] term not exceeding three months."

Agreeably to the provisions of the sixty-first section of said act — every General and Special election shall be opened between the hours of eight and ten in the forenoon, and shall continue until seven o'clock in the evening, when the polls shall be closed."

The Return Judges of the several districts will meet in the Court House at Lewisburg, on the third day after the election, (being Friday, the 9th day of November,) to do and perform those duties enjoined on them by law.

Dated at the Sheriff's Office, Lewisburg, this 8th day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

JOHN CROSSGROVE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Lewisburg, Oct. 8, 1860

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN'S

ACACIAN BALSAM

FOR THE PERMANENT

CURE OF CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, COLDS, GENERAL DEBILITY, &C.

[illegible]

EVERY PERSON

[illegible]

TO PREVENT SICKNESS.

[illegible]

I ASK THE TRIAL

[illegible]

PRICE $2 PER BOTTLE

PREPARED ONLY BY Dr. O. Phelps Brown, (No 21) GRAND ST. JERSEY CITY, N.J.

The above is for sale at 25 cts. and $2 per large bottle, by J Baker & Co. Sole Agents

HOW TO MARRY.

When you get married, don't marry a pet,
A flirt, or a vixen, nor yet a coquette;
But marry a maid (that is, if you can)
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl who is fair if not young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue,
And though she be freckled, or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the wife for a sensible man.

With riches, great wretchedness often in life
Goes linked, when your riches are got with a wife;
But marry, and make what you honestly can,
Like a bold, independent, and sensible man.

Be sure that your lady-love's gentle and kind,
Intelligent, modest—then tell her your mind;
If she's wise as bewitching, she'll welcome the plan—
That is, if you're the right kind of a man.

Then cherish her excellence wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgently blind—
For so you make happy, if anything can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1860.

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

To Our Old Editorial Pine Table.

SANGERFIELD, Aug. 18, 1860.

DELIGHTFUL TRAVELING.

That was a most bright, lovely, balmy afternoon we left Hamilton, and, with a sober but strong and sure-footed beast before a light wagon, made for this place. It was a day to be embalmed in memory—for, after all, these quiet rides, with one you love, in your own conveyance for the time being, and going just as fast as you please, in the rich luxuriance of an antedated Autumn, is *the* way to travel. The hills through Central New York are much less than your mountains, roads are good, and almost every acre is cultivated, so that a succession of neat, tasty, yet diversified farms and buildings breaks constantly on the sight—scenes "ever charming, ever new"—and we were in no hurry whatever—almost sorry that our animal raised a gentle trot—no objection if the Sun had stood still and rejoiced with us over the beauty of the landscapes—could have ridden a week longer without weariness or satiety.

CHANGES.

Yet, long before sundown, we reached the cross-roads, and "the Green" or central square, where, about 1795, my mother's parents settled, from "the land of Goshen" in Connecticut. There is the great square house they built, where mother was born and married—there the very corner store where father sold goods in 1813 to '15—there the brick, erected in 1816, where grandfather died, a Revolutionary pensioner and Presbyterian elder, about 1838. The first lady married in Sangerfield was his brother's daughter, in 1793, and she still living. The old burying-ground on one corner contains the remains of many who suffered in the Revolutionary War. Around my great-grandmother's grave cluster her children and children's children of the fourth descent—five generations represented in a settlement not seventy years old! The "town" (or what you call "township") comprised 67,130 acres of land, which sold for 3s. 3d. per acre—£10,918.13s. in all. How dear to my heart are the recollections of visits here, as long ago as I can remember anything, when a day's travel on a stool at my parents' feet brought me to a crowd of relatives now deceased or scattered abroad! What delightsome days were those to the boy! how he loves to live them over again in the different periods and places of his existence! Twenty years, however, reveal many changes—show many vacant seats which memory loves to fill. The children and youth we then saw, have grown to be business men and thoughtful women—while younger cousins, and cousin's children, never seen before, rise to welcome you to the old family hive. Gray hairs have taken place of the black, and the furrows of time have ploughed cheeks aforetime full—but the hearts are natural, warm, and friendly still. We cross the door-sill once trod by a large family of cousins now scattered as far west as California, but the joyous welcome we covet is exchanged for the cold, careless stare of the stranger. The boy with whom I played "hide-and-seek" so riotously in grandfather's brick-yard on one visit, is now a sedate man, owner of the yard, and we had a long, sober, scientific conversation about tile-making, draining, machinery, and other solidities!

DESECRATION.

But I missed most of all the "Sugar Orchard" grandfather reserved in the centre of his farm, consisting of a park of large maples, in the interior of which was a log-cabin with fireplace adapted for the big kettles, reservoirs of sap filled by troughs outside, and every facility for making sugar, night or day, cold or warm, wet or dry. The barrels of saccharine food "stirred off" to resemble Muscavado, with the extra white cakes, molasses, &c., were no small item in the domestic economy of the pioneers. And then, what jolly times under that old roof when the eras of "sugaring off" came around! How many children's shouts have rang out there! and how many maidens fair and youth ardent have made that their meeting place! My last visit there, I stayed all night—and, dear, distant Coz. H., do you remember how we talked of the days when "the good old folks," with all their love and piety, their energy and industry, settled the then wilderness! the hardships they encountered, and conquered! and how in imagination we went back to the years when the savage Indians and beasts of prey were the sole "fellow citizens" of all that land, now vocal with civilization and happiness? Well, (could you believe it?) that old cabin is demolished—the stately, thick-set maples are mostly gone, a handful only remaining to tell of the primeval glory of the grove, which is imprinted upon my soul like a vision of Paradise to banished Eve—and on the very farm where the sweet, innocent, healthful, cleanly, delicious sugar was made, our good uncle and his kind son are raising—tobacco! Can you doubt, now, that this world is degenerating? More than that—they pointed out, without a blush that I could see, fifteen or twenty large boxes of the abomination, unsold from last year because the market price was too low, with the comfortable assurance that it did not spoil by age, but rather became better—that is to say, more sickingly, odiously strong! Shades of my Puritan ancestors! only to think that one of your descendants should be compelled to bear witness against the others, that the ground you cleared with so much toil should be perverted to the tobacco worm, and that that base narcotic's culture should be preferred to the kindly milking of the sugar maple! "Tis flat burglary!"......But I must make the admission that tobacco raising is common in this region—thought to be more profitable than grain—and that, with rich manuring, it produces better yields than at the South. It is also demonstrated that negro or unpaid labor is not essential to its cultivation—for nowhere are Anti-Slavery principles more firmly held than here, as you may infer from the fact that six evenings in the week many farmers "take" and read the *Daily N. Y. Tribune*, as I found by happy experience. But, then, to think that tobacco is sending its pestiferous fumes around the farms, barns, houses, and even the honored graves of the beloved dead—really, I must dismiss the subject!

FLORA TEMPLE.

Perhaps it may not be a much better topic, but you may whisper to Will Moore, Will Frick, and a lot more of connoisseurs in the equine line in your region who "believe in hosses," that this is the place where "Flora Temple" was foaled, bred, run, and (unfortunately for public morals) did n't die! Her pedigree is that of honest, hard-working horses, that earned their living respectably, and violated no laws against racing. It was rumored, indeed, that her dame had "blood in her," which was an undoubted fact, but while she worked on uncle's farm there was no stain upon her reputation—no "black one in the flock." Miss Flora herself was for a long time a most unpromising creature—vicious, scrawny, and when about a year old was offered for two dollars and a half, and was afterwards sold at a little more—worth nothing, in short, but for a 2:30 beast of pleasure!

WRATH ABATED.

Notwithstanding all these facts, you need not wonder that I spent a few days here very pleasantly. We are on the old "Western Turnpike," which had fifty carriages passing where there is now one, before the Canal and Railroad twenty miles north of here made that the great artery of travel. On the ridge of land between the waters that flow into the Mohawk and those that flow into the North-East Branches of the Susquehanna, some streams run one way and some the other. The air is salubrious. The forests comprise beech, cedar and maple—the latter the most beautiful of shade-trees, and sometimes in this region lining the roads for miles. The soil is said to be so full of lime that even the running water is hard, and lime is not needed on the land. There are no peaches, but apples and other fruits grow well.

NEDROW.

THE FIRST DESPATCH FROM ST. PAUL TO THE EAST.—The St. Paul *Times* says: **Yesterday the following despatch and answer passed over the wires. It was eminently fit and proper, that the first despatch from this Capitol should be addressed to the great statesman who is soon to be our guest. Gov. Seward's reply is pertinent and characteristic:**

ST. PAUL, Aug. 29, 1860.

To GOV. SEWARD, Auburn, N. Y.:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Winslow, proprietor, we are enabled to send this, the first despatch ever transmitted by lightning from St. Paul to the East, as complimentary to you.

M. S. WILKINSON,
AARON GOODRICH.

(Sent at 1.45 P. M.)

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 29.

To M. S. WILKINSON and A. GOODRICH, St. Paul:

You have grappled New York—now lay hold on San Francisco.

WM. H. SEWARD.

(Rec'd at 8.30 P. M.)

The shortest speech on record was that of Gen. Nye, standing in a railroad car, recently, in a Western State. "Fellow citizens," said the waggish General—and just then the whistle sounded for a start, and he concluded, "Good-bye!"

The Quaker's Revenge.

OBADIAH LAWSON and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most severely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded horse, (or filly, according to the western mode of speaking,) which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sun-down, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn-field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into the corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck—that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet-hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted:

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well made beds and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quickly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did get pay.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I supposed," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard; not even a blow has been struck her; she is where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend from the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked:

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment;" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as any one could wish to have—being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.

For Revenue Only!

☞Read, carefully, the two following Planks of the Pennsylvania Democratic Platform adopted at Reading, and see if is not *Revenue*, instead of *Protection*, that is aimed at:

Resolved, That the convictions of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania remain unshaken in the wisdom and justice of *adequate* protection of iron, coal, wool, and the other great staples of our country, based upon the *necessities of a reasonable revenue system*.

Resolved, That as the Representatives of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, in Convention assembled, we do hereby reiterate and reaffirm our adherence to, and confidence in the fundamental principles of the party as proclaimed and declared by the National Democratic Convention of 1852, at Baltimore, and that of 1856, at *Cincinnati*.

☞*The following is the "Tariff" Plank in the Cincinnati Platform, to which* FOSTER, DOUGLAS *and* BRECKINRIDGE *all subscribe:*

Resolved, That there are questions connected with the foreign policy of this country which are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the U. S. to declare themselves in favor of free seas and PROGRESSIVE FREE TRADE throughout the world, and by solemn manifestations to place their moral influence by the side of their successful example."

☞So, you see, the virtue even of the "Revenue" recommendation hinges upon the *Cincinnati* Platform, which is undeniably "FREE TRADE!"

(A pretty "Tariff party," that!)

INFORMATION FOR "JOLLY FELLOWS."—There is a tradition that brandy was at one time manufactured from the vine, but the grapes of France having of late years followed the example of the tomato, and taken to moulding and rotting, many of the French brandymakers have adopted bituminous coal as a substitute. They distill a potent spirit from this substance, which is thus made available for the production of two kinds of fire—one for the comfort of man, and the other for the destruction of his health, his senses and his soul. Large quantities of alcohol distilled from coal, and "doctored" with certain chemicals to give it the "Cognac flavor," are now exported from France to England. Coal brandy is the latest adaptation of the good gifts of Providence to the purpose of poison-mongers that has come to our knowledge. Coal tar has long been used for the flavoring of whiskies, but a liquor with a coal basis is a specimen of chemistry which will make the "best fellows" shudder.—*Cheval's Family Newspaper*.

THE METHODISTS throughout the country are stirred by the accounts of the hanging of the Rev. Mr. Beyley, in Texas, on suspicion that he agreed with John Wesley in regard to the "peculiar institution." Mr. Beyley was well known as a peaceful and devoted evangelist. His views of slavery were of the mildest character, and he would be deemed the last man to thrust his views offensively—mild and conservative though they were—upon any community. On his removal to Texas, a few months since, he carried with him testimonials of his humility and devotion to his work. But he was a *Methodist*. That, in Texas, is deemed the equivalent of abolitionism, and the devoted minister of Christ, guilty of no crime, and on the merest suspicion that he cherished offensive opinions, was hung up like a murderer!

It is worthy of remark that men who have nothing to do seldom have any leisure, while those earnestly engaged in business have spare time enough. The latter have leisure, because they attend to their own business, and nothing else; the former want leisure, because they do not attend to their own business, but to everything else.

The Colored People of Philadelphia.

We notice in Forney's *Press* an original article of four columns, under the above heading, and as all that one usually sees on the subject of the colored people amounts to mere declamation and violent assertion, we were glad to peruse the article with care, hoping to find something reliable and satisfactory. The reporter, in company with a respectable colored man, first paid a series of visits to what he calls the "Colored Uppertendom," chiefly in Rodman street. He next visited the shops and places of business of the Africans, and finished with a visit—accompanied by a policeman—to the haunts of poverty, drunkenness and crime in Baker, Bedford and other similar streets. In the first named street, he found the tall marble fronted dwellings, with their tasteful parlors, their harps, their pianos, their books and periodicals, and with the conversation and manners of the occupants exactly like what one finds in Chestnut and Walnut streets. In Baker, &c., he encountered all that human folly and wickedness could show, to shock and horrify the heart. In Rodman street, however, he found the society exclusively African, while the dens of horror in Baker and the like were filled with a mingled mass of whites and blacks, alike in nothing besides their degradation.

There are about twenty five thousand free blacks in Philadelphia, whose average condition is inferior only to those of New Bedford and some other eastern towns. In 1850, these free blacks owned $800,000 of property, divided among 19,000 persons. The present population, of about 25,000, is assessed as owning nearly Three Millions of Dollars worth of property.

By some statistics, published three or four years ago, it appears that the colored population make 4,019 families, of which 241 are living in their own houses. About 5,000 of these, are able-bodied men, over 21 years of age; 1581 are laborers, 256 mechanics, 240 sailors, 166 shopkeepers, 276 coachmen and carters, 557 waiters, 159 barbers and hair-dressers. "Those negroes of this city who pursue what may be called the higher mechanical branches, acquire their knowledge chiefly in the North and East. The principal of the colored Academy of this city is from New Haven—most of the colored teachers are from Boston, Providence and New York. There are several bona fide negro physicians in southern Philadelphia. Some of these managed to acquire odds and ends of a medical education in our own medical colleges, but they perfected themselves in the East."

"Their clergymen are, as a class, conversant with theological differences, and some of them acute reasoners. There is not a colored lawyer in this city that we have heard of."

"There are two large African literary societies, and more than twenty beneficial associations. They have elegant Masonic, Odd Fellows and Temperance Halls, lodges of every kind, several excellent private schools and some half dozen public libraries."

"Those who look lightly upon the negro as of no practical value to this city are unwise, for he fulfils functions distasteful to most whites, and in certain departments labors with an aptness which whites could not supply."

We saw some years ago a table made up from the Assessors' lists, the Penitentiary and Alms House Reports, and records of the Courts of Philadelphia and New York, from which it appeared that crime and pauperism were decreasing among the blacks, while there were increasing among the whites; that the proportion of beneficial societies, the number of children at schools, and of real property to the whole population, was greater among the blacks than whites. We confess we were surprised at this, but as the tables were made up by white officials, there could be no partiality in the business—they must be correct.

The reporter remarks that there are few pick-pockets, but some very noted burglars, among the colored population of Philadelphia.

We are sorry that we can not lay the whole report before our readers, it being written with much ability, and embodying a vast amount of information in a most attractive form. A number of illustrative anecdotes give life to the production, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of all who desire information on a subject which the necessities of the times and the action of all political parties is making more important every day.

The report is contained in Vol. 1, No. 30, of the *Press*.—[Correspondence of the *Muncy Luminary*.

As the same sunlight tints the flowers and colors the rocks, and alternately sparkles in the dew-drop and shines in the broad ocean—so the true religious spirit is present in the humble bargain, the smallest act, and the lowliest word of kindness, as much as in the grand songs of Hebrew bards and the profound teachings of St. Paul the Apostle, those ancient headlands of Christian thought.

Lehigh county numbers 43,983 inhabitants—an increase of 12,212 in ten years.