UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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OFFICE—In Market-square, northwest corner, second story.

Jan. 1, 1858. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

CREEDS.

By E. A. W. H.—Fulton Gazette.]

What countless creeds are based on ONE who died,
Though all for pardon seek His bleeding side!
One prayer ascends from every bended knee—
"Our Father! help us, as we trust in Thee!"

On Him we see in every change below—
The world obey Him, and the lightnings know;
The earthquake comes obedient at His call,
The city shake, centrical columns fall,
The sun illumes a continent to light,
One pole is born, another sinks in night;
He moves and overturns from pole to pole,
Upholds the stars—yet stops to save a soul!

"As I have loved thee, even unto death,
Love thou thy brother!" the Redeemer saith;
"Refer to him thy interest and thy will,
And though he wound thee, be thou faithful still;
Share with him in sorrow be thou there,
Fold my own shoulder beneath his load of care;
If thirsty, feed him; if he be thirsty! give
From thy own well-spring, bid him drink and live."

"Hear, my brother!" Ponder well the Word—
The poorest servant of the common Lord.
Know ye he dwells, whate'er his faith or name,
The kind fraternal bonds ye both the same;
Let neither claim the right to lead and rule,
Nor judge his brother, nor pronounce him "fool."
"As a man thinketh," saith ye, "so is he;"
As man he acts, so life and shall be.
Prove thy faith better, by thy better deeds
Than he thou doubtest, nor contend for creeds—

Which are of earth; we lose them in the strife
With the last pulsings of our mortal life;
One "welcome home!" awaits the good and pure
Where prayers, and rituals, and all tears, are o'er.
Heir! thy jewels, born of every faith,
Bear but one name in Thy blood-bought wreath.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, FEB. 25, 1861.

On Monday Next,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the constitutional choice of the law-abiding people of this Union, will probably assume the office of Executive of the laws of the United States, and HANNIBAL HAMLIN will be officially recognized as his successor, in case of a vacancy in that important post.

It is on all hands acknowledged that no one—WASHINGTON perhaps excepted—has come to the discharge of a more difficult duty than now devolves upon the man from Illinois. He is as little accustomed to the mere routine duties of national statesmanship as was Washington himself, but is as well fitted as he was by honest, straight-forward habits of thought and action, quickness of apprehension, untiring energy, and honest devotion, for the work before him.

There have been divers insurrections against this Government during eight years, some of them of great extent and malignity, but none as wide-spread and alarming as the present. Fairly defeated at an Election in which they participated to the last, the Slave Oligarchy has openly rebelled, and set up a new Government, in seven States. Four or five other States threaten to side with the seceding States in case of any attempt to reduce the latter to allegiance. And in six or eight more States, men can be found—members of a large but minority party—who openly declare that if the Government exercises its authority as it has done in cases of rebellion heretofore, they will side with the traitors in arms, and fight against the Government to which they are in legal allegiance—fraternizing the deadly weapon against the bosoms of their neighbors, in defence of the abhorrent, revolted Slave Power!

This treason has penetrated the Army and Navy—corrupted Members of both branches of Congress, notwithstanding their oaths of office—demoralized the Cabinet—and mesmerized even the Vice President and the President themselves! None can tell how far the deadly poison has been permitted to infect the body politic.

During the last year, the National arms and munitions of war have been quietly transferred, by the Arnolds in council, from the loyal to the revolting States. The Army and the Navy have been disordered, scattered, and made as unserviceable as possible, by the same secret cabal. The Government Treasury has been exhausted, and left without money or credit. And finally, the Secretary of War has stolen Indian Trust Bonds, and thrown into the market illegal acceptances upon the Government endorsed by himself officially, to the amount of Five or Six Millions. Most of this sum, it is right to presume, has been used in paying the extraordinary expenses of this Secession movement, which has been managed in such a manner as indicates the presence of large amounts of money.

The new Administration will come into power with a National Debt of One Hundred Millions of Dollars. The retiring Administration found an overflowing Treasury!

The sympathizers with Treason in the Congress just expiring, are exhausting every means to prevent the incoming President from having any sufficient increase of Army or Navy to be serviceable, or to so enlarge his power as fairly to meet the present unprecedented emergency. He can not call a regiment or fleet into service—and yet it will be expected that he will put down thousands upon thousands in rebellion!

The whole military and naval force of the United States is merely able to guard the National forts and other property, and could not assume an offensive attitude without exposing those points to danger.

Mr. Lincoln, further, labors under the disadvantages of relentless hostility on mere partizan grounds. Nowhere among his late leading opponents is there evinced a general manly desire to give him that FAIR PLAY which is the right of every man truly elected to any office.

—These are the dangers and the difficulties which lie at the outset and will obstruct every step of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. The agonies of the Slave Power, now for the first time driven from its leech-like gorgings with the very life-blood of constitutional liberty, will be like the death-throes of the monster in Holy Writ. It must be met and subdued to its place everywhere that it exceeds its legal privileges.

The strife for office—the disappointments and revenge of designing but discomfited men—the blighted hopes of the too-ardent and visionary—the new questions and complications which may arise....all these also will combine to make the Presidential couch "no bed of roses" for four years to come.

But Mr. Lincoln called to aid—in the very moment of leaving his own threshold for the White House—the God of our Fathers. Let us, too, seek the Divine favor. We trust He yet designs Mercy, and not strict Justice, for our highly-privileged but proud and oppressing People. The President intends to be just, generous, and fair to all. He brings a pure heart and clean hands. Let the People, regardless of party, show him their good will. Let them not be disturbed by clamors, misled by enemies, or disconcerted by failures or errors. Look to the DESIGN—to the END to be sought—and the blessings of Heaven may continue to be ours.

BEARDLESS BARLEY.—Four or five years ago, we distributed in this county to different persons each a few seeds of the above-named grain. The ravages of the weevil for a few seasons killed most of it, but those who started were much pleased with it. Mr. Dauberman, of Limestone Tp., informs us that he saved the grain through all the dangers—and that from *three seeds* he has now *three pecks* of most beautiful grain, weighing 62 lbs. to the bushel, for which he has been offered at the rate of $6 per bushel. It is desirable that pains be taken to secure and give a fair trial to grains and fruits of other countries, which may turn out immensely to the advantage of our own.

How they Sustain "the Union!"

The following are the "Democratic" resolutions unanimously adopted at the meeting of Monday, (reported by us last week,) presented by a committee of which Daniel Long instead of Mr. Hesser (as we stated) appears a member. We give them in full—put them on record—for future use, as expressive of the views of that party in the present contest between Lawful Government and a Mexican Anarchy:

Resolved by the Democacy of Union county in Convention assembled, that we are, as we ever have been, unalterably attached to the Constitution of our fathers and the Union of the States, the crowning glory of that Constitution. That we believe the Constitution and Union to be in imminent peril on account of the success of a Sectional party, and we deem it just and right that *the Republican party should yield its platform* of theoretical politics in this juncture, when it is shown to be absolutely necessary to maintain the Union.

2. That we deprecate civil war, as we believe that this Union can never be maintained by force of arms, and that *as Democrats we are not willing to take up arms* to support a platform which a *majority of the people* repudiated and opposed at the polls.

3. That we *cordially approve the policy of the National Administration* in its wise and conciliatory course in the present perilous condition of the country.

4. That the report of the Committee of the Peace Convention, now in session in Washington, *meets our hearty approval*, and we urge upon our Members of Congress, its adoption, if it shall be laid before them.

These resolves exhibit a queer way of *proving* a professed love for the Union and Constitution. They have not a word against the *opposers* of the Union and Constitution—they do not even pledge themselves to sustain those "crowning glories"—but they *denounce the friends* of the Union and Constitution! Was there ever such inconsistency! How would the Whigs of the Revolution have appeared, declaring for Liberty, yet justifying the British and Tories, and demanding that Adams and Hancock and their friends should yield all their "*theoretical politics*" and submit to the domination of tyrants!

The *first* resolution assumes that great danger exists. A disappointed party, failing to dictate the policy of the Government, now seeks to overthrow it. The *remedy* proposed for this base, black treason, is for the majority party—now to be the Government itself—to yield its well-won and hard-fought victory, and give up to the very men whom the people by their votes declared should not rule! If that is not a patentable proof of "attachment," we know not what is. Destroy the Union, to save it!—trample upon the Constitution, to preserve it! Verily, "ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you"....But Washington did not "yield" to the Whiskey Insurrectionists—Jackson did not vacate the Presidential chair, and put Calhoun in, for peace's sake—nor did Buchanan ordain compulsory Polygamy to *pacify* the Mormons in rebellion. In all those cases, Government, like "the Republican party," adhered to its "platform," and supported the Union and Constitution by withstanding—not by encouraging—its enemies. *Our Democracy would save the Union by giving up to the Disunionists!*

The modesty of this dictation as to what "the Republican party should" do, is sublime! The Democracy have a right to roll in the mud as much as they choose—to forswear their professed principles, and take new ones from their Southern masters, every four years—if they please. They may speak for themselves—yield, compromise, beg, howl for their party, but not for ours. Their assumption of our duty is much like picking other people's pockets for money to put into a contribution box! Instead of volunteering terms for our degradation before men who as richly deserve the halter as ever did Benedict Arnold or John Brown, they had better "yield" their own "theoretical politics" of Slave Extension and Filibustering.....then these periodically-manufactured "*Union crises*" would soon for ever cease!

2. This resolution means that they will *not* sustain the Government of their country against its enemies. The men, "unalterably attached to the crowning glory of the Union," will *not* lift a hand for its continuance! They will *not* fight for "their own, their native land"—they will *not* "rally under the stars and stripes," if called upon by the constituted authorities, against the rattlesnake flag. Other rebellions have been put down by "force of arms," yet none is so baseless as the present, which has been maturing for thirty years, and is not caused by Lincoln's election.

The claptrap about a "sectional party, repudiated at the polls," can refer in truth only to the "sectional" party now in open war. What was the decision of the people at the last election? Look at the returns!

LINCOLN, no Extension of Slavery, and THE UNION	1,857,000
DOUGLAS, no Legislation on Slavery, and THE UNION	1,365,000
BELL, the Laws, the Constitution, and THE UNION	590,000
TOTAL UNIONISTS	2,812,000
BRECKINRIDGE, and Slavery Extension, OR SECESSION	847,000
UNION MAJORITY	2,965,000

More than Four to One against this "Sectional" Breckinridge Slave Code Party, which, overwhelmingly defeated at the ballot-box, flies to the sword! The Unionists number about Four Millions—the Disunionists less than One Million—yet this latter minority demand that the majority shall submit to them, or war will ensue! The Lincoln, Douglas and Bell men agreed on the Union issue, and are Three Millions of a majority. On the question of Slavery Extension, its Opponents polled over One Million more votes than its Friends! yet the latter require servile submission from the former. Out upon such rascally, infernal impudence!

3. This covers—without reservation—all the thefts and treasonable deeds of Cobb, Floyd, and their confederates, who have robbed the Treasury of its money and valuable securities, deprived the Free States of their share of the weapons and munitions of defence, and set on foot and consummated the capture of our forts, arsenals, navy-yards, custom houses, sub-treasuries, and marine-hospitals! While thus plotting treason, weakening our Government and arming its avowed foes, Buchanan parts from them with tears and blessings. Breckinridge aids and abets them, and the patriot Cass retires hopeless.—This resolution endorses the imbecility and short-sightedness of those in power who permitted all this, winked at the traitors coming and going, and leave our hardy soldiers and sailors, faithful to their trust and their flag, cooped up in danger of wasting to death by the sworn foes who surround them. "*Wise and conciliatory*" to give full swing to treason, until half the Slave States have arisen and wronged the nation out of millions and millions of money and property! "All right," say the *five* or more who voted a timid Aye on these resolutions in one batch. But not one kind word have they for brave Anderson or Slemmer—for noble Johnson or Clemens in Congress—or for the gallant old Hero-Pacificator, Winfield Scott, whose foresight, courage, skill, patriotism and sleepless energy have checked the turbid tide of Secession, saved our National Capital, and preserved the President and Congress from being driven out of Washington as Madison was by the British in the War of 1812! All the compliments, all its honied words, are for those dastardly thieves and traitors, the ENEMIES of the Constitution and the Union, or their tools and abettors! The "Democracy of Union county, in Convention assembled," have not a compliment, not a friendly greeting, not a syllable of cheer, for one of the *tried and true* FRIENDS of our country!

4. This "Peace Convention," or "John Tyler Party," are under a pledge of honor not to reveal any of their proceedings. No one knows what has been or what is now before them. They had made no "Report" when this resolution was adopted—they do not even expect to "Report" until to-morrow! This wholesale advance endorsement of a thing of which "we" know nothing whatever, is not the least singular of this batch of crudities. They are very easily satisfied—their principles hang conveniently loose about them! If the Convention, so long in labor, ever brings forth, we hope its "Report" may be consistent with the genius of our institutions, our laws, our Constitution, and the Union, and "settle the Slavery question, *for ever*,"—*again!* When they *do* "Report," it will be ample time to see how much and how hearty approval it merits from those who are really the friends of the Union and Constitution, and who would stop bloodshed by thwarting revolutionists at the right time.

SOUND ADVICE.—Trust no man in this crisis, says the *Raleigh (N. C.) Standard*, who says "there is no hope for the Union." He who does not hope for the Union, will not work to preserve it.

Bayard Taylor on Real Estate.

I repeat it, the only positive property is real estate—not only in imagination, but also in fact. You may hold in your hand a hundred thousand dollars in bank notes; a sudden puff of wind surprises you, and, whisk! away they go. Or you may fall into the water, and they are reduced to a worthless pulp; or the house burns down, and your notes, and jewels, and mortgages, are consumed with it. But who ever heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter? Did any man ever see a counterfeit farm? The market value of land may fluctuate considerably, but, unless nature is subjected to violence and outrage, its intrinsic value never varies. It always possesses the same capabilities, if not the same capacities.

There is one feature, at least—and, to to me, not the least important—wherein the bleakest barren is equal to the most fruitful intervale. Within its limits, the proprietor is sovreign lord. He may build, tear down, excavate, fill up, destroy, or do whatever else he will. Yea, he may even (in our country,) write, speak, proselyte, establish a new religious sect, adopt another form of government—provided he still pays his taxes—and in every other way compatible with the rights of his neighbors, give free play to the eccentricities of his individual nature.

It extends, legally, to the centre of the earth. I own, therefore, a narrow strip of territory nearly four thousand miles in length! Truly, I can not travel to the end of my dominion; what of that? I have no desire to do so. And above me, the seas of blue air, the dark, superimposing space—all is mine, half way to the nearest star, where I join atmospheres with some far-off neighbor! The scattered clouds as they pass over, the rain, the rainbow, lightnings and meteoric fires, become my temporary chattels. Under my feet, what unknown riches may not exist! beds of precious minerals, grottos of jewels, sparry caverns, sections of subterranean seas, and furnaces heated from the central fire! This is wealth which, indeed, would not be received as collateral security for a loan, but it is, therefore, none less satisfactory to the imagination.

Judge not from Appearances.

When I was eleven years old, my mother moved to the country. Our nearest neighbor was a minister by the name of Wayland, who, in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night, my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house. In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by her husband, who was armed with a huge fire shovel; around the room she went, still pursued, and, as I listened breathlessly, I thought, nay, I was sure, I heard a scream. I hastened to my mother, and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone, and all was quiet. Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning to say nothing about it to any one, before school was out the next day I had confided it to a bosom friend, and in a week half the village knew it, and a great talk it made I assure you. Finally it reached the ears of the deacons, who proceeded to investigate its truth. My mother looked grave and troubled when they called; but conscious of having told only the truth, I met them fearlessly, and related what I had seen. They left, taking a bee line for the minister's to bring him to account. With many apologies they made known their errand, when, to their surprise, the minister burst into a hearty laugh.

"Wait a moment," said he, "till I call Polly. You see, that night I found a big rat in my chest, and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light, while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide, the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress, and she ran, screaming, while I managed to dislodge and kill him."

I have ever since been careful not to repeat any unfavorable report about my neighbors, at least, until I knew the whole truth.—*American Agriculturist.*

Timely Hint.

A prominent gentleman tells a reminiscence of the days of Nullification. It seems that Gov. Letcher, of Kentucky, who sympathized with the Nullifiers in 1832, called upon Gen. Jackson to learn, is possible, what the General intended to do toward crushing Calhoun's conspiracy against the Union. The Governor opened the subject mildly, and Jackson only answered by telling Letcher to read a certain instrument of writing on the table before them. Letcher read it, and found it to be a Warrant for the Arrest of John C. Calhoun. "But, my dear General, you don't intend to carry out what this paper calls for?" "Gov. Letcher, is my name signed to that paper?" "Yes, General, it is." "Very well, Governor, it is very seldom that I sign papers merely for effect. Governor, look on the left corner of the paper; is the seal of the United States to it?" "It is, General." Gov. Letcher visited Mr. Calhoun after he left Gen. Jackson, and, awakening him up out of his sleep, related to him his interview with Jackson. Gov. Letcher alleged that Mr. Calhoun assumed the appearance of a ghost, when he heard what Gen. Jackson intended to do, and Nullification lost all its venom from that hour.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithglowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dower which Robert Bruce bestowed on his elder daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenetor of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburg and Glasglow, those rival queens of East and West, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years, coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district; which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden gray, and had but two subjects of interest—the corn-market and the kirk-session. Among its peaceable and industrious population, there was one dame, who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by her good man, who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad—not on her own thrifty house-keeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle, but—on the possession of a dozen silver tea-spoons. Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Cavalier, and had been bestowed upon her grand father in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grand father, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them of an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and had bestowed them on his grand daughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow, as regards the match, until at length the following event occurred and caused her to give way. About the hay-making time, a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way from Linlithglowshire. It was not often that this superior relative honored her home with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being performed in the kitchen, in the midst of one of these uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of a heavy rain. The hay was dry, and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop-preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half-scoured on the kitchen table.

In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hayfield, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson? Well, the kitchen door was open, and he stepped in. He banged the settee with his staff; he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat which sat purring on the window-seat, and at length discovered there was no one within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth pot boiling on the fire, and the other was the spoons displayed on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-hook, and muttered, "very thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter, must remain unmentioned; but, half an hour afterwards, when he was safely ensconced in a farm-house a mile off, the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm; they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, whiting and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose, the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding, and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was because Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the Widow bade fair to lose her senses.

The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbit holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpie's nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirkgate and the market places; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggars' meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed, through all its borders, concerning the spoons.

When almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard concerning the spoons, the widow's suspicion turned from beggars, barns, and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character, but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist, (box,) unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and then ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was common then in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes, which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits and scandal prevented. The minister had heard, (as who in Bathgate had not?) of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it was very strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most exemplary girls in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty, the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over in the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased with the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best *mutch*—that is to say, *cap*—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigations.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer day was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen. The minister, elders, and neighbors, soberly listened to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm-men setting by till their turn came; when the door, which had been left open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said she; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's o' nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I could na miss, bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; and what's better, I saw them."

"Saw them, Geordy? whar are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather a glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in one day, and seein' the silver unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, *among the leaves o' that Bible*, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read!"

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy flew to the proudly displayed, but never-opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen long-sought spoons!

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity, while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, that the spoons would be certain to turn out of it! Geordy got many a basin of broth, and luncheon of bread and cheese, on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year; and it is said there was peace ever afterwards in the farm-house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more *pretence* than *performance*, still refer to WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

MAGNIFICENT.—Matthew Vassar, Esq. a liberal Baptist of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has endowed a Female College, (to bear his own name) with Four Hundred Thousand Dollars. The classics and sciences, will be taught after the rigid method of our colleges for males, recognizing no difference in mind on account of sex.

Political Items.

T. Russell Dawson, a native of Maryland, some time a resident of Norfolk, now a collector for M. L. Hallowell & Co. of Philad., was last week grossly insulted, and driven out of Norfolk, for having confessed, in reply to the question, that he voted for Lincoln—at the same time denying that he was an Abolitionist. Mr. Hallowell helped raise $47,000 to aid Norfolk when it was swept with the yellow fever.

LIBERTY IN DANGER.—The *Southern Literary Messenger*, issued at Richmond, shows the object of the Disunionists. One of these is to abolish universal white suffrage, by making a property qualification necessary for the franchise—in a word to drive out its poor citizens, Secessionists or not, and to re-erect a feudal system on this continent.

Charles Jared Ingersol is the man who said "he would have been a Tory if he had lived in the Revolution," and deemed the name no reproach. Accordingly, we find him active in the recent Breckinridge meeting in Philad., which, while feebly declaring for the Union, denounced its friends and apologized for its enemies!

The Secessionists take the Federal Government's fortifications by force, capture its revenue cutters by force, drive away its transport ships, seize its arsenals, arms and ammunition by force, and then cry aloud about the atrociousness of the idea of the employment of *force* between the Federal Government and themselves!

The Baltimore *Sun*, a rabid secession paper, openly confesses that the sole purpose of the South Carolina Rebellion was to break the Republican party into pieces, and that the failure of the Border Slave States to side with South Carolina and go out of the Union has blown up, not the Republicans, but the Cotton States.

Pennsylvania has been called upon to endorse U. S. paper to the amount of nearly Three Millions of Dollars—it being the National Surplus Revenue deposited with this State in 1836. Should the General Government not redeem this, it will be so much added to our State Debt to please and build up Slavery.

Jas. C. Lutrell, a Union man, and run as such, was elected Mayor of Knoxville, Tenn., on Saturday last. The Knoxville Whig says that a majority of the people of Tennessee do not favor secession, but will, "at all hazards and to the last extremity," vote to remain in the Union and under the Constitution.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, in withdrawing from the Senate, was kind enough to say: "We do not seek to conquer you." [That's clever in Florida, which can hardly keep down her alligators. It cost millions for us to capture Billy Bowlegs and his squaws to protect Florida!]

While the South and the Democracy are trying to make it believed that the "white niggers" of the North are starving for bread, it has been ascertained on a count that *Twenty Thousand* men in Pittsburg have full work, and none idle that want to work.

Lincoln has 54,581 more of the Popular vote, and 4 more Electors, than Buchanan had....Buchanan had 460,865 maj. over Fremont...Lincoln has 491,634 maj. over Douglas, 1,009,657 over Breckinridge, and 1,256,979 over Bell.

Dr. Alexander Jones, of that infamous sheet the New York Herald, confesses he informed the Charleston people that the Star of the West was on its way. In any other country, such a treacherous act w'ld subject him to the fate of a spy or traitor.

The California Assembly have expugned from their records the former vote of censure against the late Senator Broderick for his stand against the Kansas Abominations. "Ye build the tombs of the prophets," &c.

PROFITABLE.—St. Charles, the largest, most fashionable hotel in New Orleans, which every Winter averaged from five to eight hundred Northern boarders, has at this time but *thirteen* guests north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Some say the present is the second "Whiskey Insurrection" in the United States, for half the Secessionists are drunk as fools. Take away their grog, and the insane rebellion would soon subside.

Providence *Journal* to Kansas is, "Now, young sister State, don't you go and secede before we have a chance to spend a few millions on you."

The Charleston *Mercury* remarks that on Saturday an officer of Fort Sumter called and subscribed for the Mercury to be mailed to him at the Fort *for the next three months.*

A Rhode Island Congressman says he is keeping close watch that all the other States do not slip out of the Union, and leave Rhode Island to pay the National debt!

Fort Gibson, in Arkansas, which the Cherokee Indians "took," had been deserted for three or four years, and was therefore "easy to take."

Charles T. James, of Rhode Island, who had contracted for some arms to the South, since Secession has declined to furnish materials to injure his own country.

The sympathizers with South Carolina are now called the "Rattlesnake Democracy," and the Bell-clappers to the Secessionists are the "Copperheads."

Before the election, *ten* of the *fifteen* Congressmen from Virginia issued a Secession address—five addressed the people in favor of the Union.

South Carolina has finally concluded to drop the Rattlesnake from its flag—folks make too much fun of him.

John Minor Botts says Virginia has a debt of $45,000,000, to be paid by direct taxation.

Timothy O. Howe (Rep) is elected U. S. Senator from Wisconsin.