Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1858. VOL. 4.—NO. 33.

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Sunny lines may lose their brightness,
Nimble feet forget their lightness,
Pearly teeth may know decay,
Raven tresses turn to gray,
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim,
Faint the voice, and weak the limb,
But, though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flow'rets dead;
So, when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly, loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail,
When in Life's rough sea we sail,
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And with wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly, loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old,
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Does this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er
Feelings good and pure before?
Ere ye sold, at Mammon's mart,
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven! my earnest prayer,
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart.

LIFE AMONG THE HILLS.

Who is George M'Mullen? Ask any old settler up in Wayne county, Pa., and he will tell you that he is one who pitched his tabernacle in that wilderness a long time ago. I like him, and it seems to me that your readers would like him if they knew him. I have eaten of his savory meat, and blessed him, but not of his venison, for George is not now what he once was. A man who has passed his sixtieth year, is not as sprightly as at twenty. He cannot bring his rifle down to as true an aim, nor as actively pursue the deer, as when in the vigor and strength of manhood. But he had a comfortable fireside, a plentiful table, and a warm heart.

I took a fancy one pleasant winter's day to visit him, having heard of his fame as a Nimrod. In company with a friend we set out for his mountain home, eleven miles distant. We followed up the valley of the Lackawanna for eight miles and then made a turn to the left, pushing towards the Moosic mountain. Did your readers ever hear of the Lackawanna? It is a beautiful stream, pure and cold from its mountain springs, which sparkles as it dashes along the mountain's side, to commingle with the Delaware. Paradise did not contain a more lovely river. It was full of trout while the trees of its native forests stood upon its banks, and before the invention of man had found out so many ways to dam its current, and by means of vile substances cast in it from saw-mills and tanneries, to drive out and destroy its spotted inhabitants. I knew it when it flowed in its pristine beauty, and when in every deep eddy lay the speckled trout waiting to make a dash at the fly, and many a fine one has my own line drawn forth in days that are past, and a great blessing they were to all who were skilful enough to take them.

It is sufficient to say for the credit of these waters that trout lay there, for this dainty fish never inhabits any but the purest streams; and nothing can exceed in beauty of natural scenery, the valley which contains the Lackawanna. For eighteen miles up that valley there is a gentle descent, with high grounds upon either side. On the east a range of mighty hills skirt the stream; on the west the foot of the Moosic mountain. Deer, elk, bears, panthers, wolves, and other wild game were once in abundance here and filled the unbroken forest.

It was up in a mountain glen about four miles west, that George M'Mullin took up his abode. He is a man of commanding aspect, more than six feet in height; and, having enjoyed the benefits of a good education, he cleared himself a little farm in the wilderness and occasionally instructed a winter school. He not only taught "the young idea how to shoot," but was himself a good shot, the best in all that region. The young looked up to him with admiration when they saw the bears and panthers which his rifle laid low; and he kept a mighty good school. The young learned a great many things of him. I hope none learned to swear; for occasionally George would swear a little when things did not go right with him, but he has, I hope, repented and broken off this wicked habit a long time ago. But the young ideas did learn to shoot, and any one who could put a bullet near that which George had shot into the ring was privileged to be on very good terms with him. George loved a fearless and brave heart as he loved his child.

But he was not fond of having neighbors. He preferred a solitary home far up in the mountain and away from all human habitations. So up the mountain we went. The beaten road extended only to within a mile of his home, and we had to push our way through a kind of wood road till we came to an open space, and there we beheld one of the most beautiful and commanding sites which the taste of an old hunter could have selected. The barn was by the road, and forty or fifty rods off in an open field, stood the house. We saw a man chopping wood in front and hailed him to know if Mr. Geo. M'Mullin lived there. "Yes," was the reply, "what's your will?" "My will," I said, "is to put Kate into the stable and then go into your house." So in we went and found a very hospitable welcome.

Among the numerous incidents of his life the old hunter related the following:—He had just recovered from illness, when he took his gun and started down in the woods, thinking that he might perhaps see a deer and thus secure a saddle of venison. He did not put on his belt, containing his tomahawk and knife, for he was not bent upon a hunt; though it was the usual custom of the hunters to go thus armed and equipped. He depended on his gun and a small pocket knife with which he might bleed his game if he should prove successful.

After proceeding a little way he heard a noise like the crashing of a tree which had fallen into the crotch of another and was shaken by the wind. Presently he distinguished it to be the screech of some animal, and advancing nearer, he discovered a bear and a panther fighting; and with curious eyes watched the duel. A panther is sometimes rather an ugly customer—and so is a bear. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." It was so in this instance. The panther made his attack by springing about twenty feet upon the bear and putting his claws and teeth into his neck and back. Bruin had no means to repel this attack but to lie down, bring the panther over her, and with her hind feet to rake the panther down with powerful claws; whereupon the panther screeched and sprung off, beating a sudden retreat to a little distance. Then old Bruin would right herself up again, and the panther would make another spring upon her back, and repeat the process as before. A panther has been known to spring twenty-four feet at a single bound, and at the same time leap to strike a tree twenty feet from the ground; and, like the cat, it always takes its prey with a spring. The old bear was quite in commotion while dealing with such an adversary, and stood her ground the best way she could. How the combat would have terminated is more than we can tell. Whether, like some who discharge several rounds of blank cartridge at each other and then shake hands and retire from the field with honor bright, these duellists would have thus separated, is a mere matter of conjecture. Another force interposed to change the natural order of events, and that was a bullet from the rifle of George McMullen, which struck the panther in the body just behind the vital part, and therefore only gave him a severe wound.

No sooner did the panther receive the shot than he left the bear, and thought he would try George. He rushed upon him with eyes glistening with rage and was met with a clubbed rifle, the steady gaze, and the terrible voice of George—who yelled, and the neighbors say, swore at the wild beast to keep him at bay. The panther to escape the eye of his adversary, kept coursing around him about ten feet off, to gain his back for the purpose of making a spring. But the hunter stood his ground and wheeled at every turn. It seemed a long time and yet was probably but a short period, when the bear came to his relief, and drove full at the panther. Well done bear, thought George, I'll now load my rifle. Unfortunately in his haste, he put in the ball without having first charged with powder, though he thought at the time that all was right. He had no sooner primed his piece, than the bear, having driven away the panther, came at him. His gun flashed; and he then clubbed it and yelled, as in the former case, till hearing a noise, he looked in another direction and saw the bear's cubs descend from a tree near at hand and make off; and then bruin took her leave.

The secret was out. The panther wanted a young bear for his dinner, and the old bear was defending her young; and when the enemy panther fled, she thought it her duty to pitch into her enemy man. The brave old hunter who had gone into battle without his side weapons, was quite astonished; and he thought that either his sickness, or that terrible encounter, had caused some of his hair to assume rather a whitish aspect. In fact, he was never so scared in his life. He began to think that he had lived through the measles only to be eaten by a panther, and his bones picked by a bear. But he escaped; as he did on several other occasions, which it might weary the reader for me now to relate. I rejoice to say that he is still living, a hale old man.

DAD MORTON.—There is an old chap in the State of Vermont, who is known as "Dad" Morton, and is famous as a story-teller. He relates a great many yarns, some of which are of a Munchausenish character, though by frequently narrating them he has brought himself to believe that they are indisputable facts. I had been talking with the old man of the sensible manners and customs of our forefathers, and their success in doing the business of life, when he broke out:

"I'll tell ye, them ancestors of our'n didn't do nothin' haliways. But there's an awful fallin' off sense them times. Why in my time when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all work'd. My work was to take care of the hens and chickings, and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I'se a very thinkin' child, all'as a thinkin' 'cept when I'se asleep. Well, it came on me one night to raise a big lot of chickings from one hen; and I'll tell ye how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around the bung-hole. The old critter kept her settin' and in three weeks I heard a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatching, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked the head out of the barrel and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over, with little chickings. Now, you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true. That's so."

ANECDOTE OF AUDUBON.—The great naturalist was on the look-out for the red-headed wood-pecker, and was very anxious to obtain a specimen. Seeing one fly into a hole in a tree a long way up, he pulled off his coat and climbed up with that energy of his which never failed him. Puffing and sweating he reached it at last, and putting in his hand to seize the bird, to his great dismay a snake stuck his head out of the hole and hissed in his face. This was so unexpected and frightful, that Audubon let go his hold, and tumbled to the ground more dead than alive. His companion came running up to him, and seeing the naturalist was not hurt but was dreadfully frightened, said to him:—"Ah! you are very much frightened, doctor!"

"No, sah," replied the doctor, quite offended; "but if you want to see von badly scared snake, just go up dare!"

FREAKS OF COLD.—While our past winter was one of the mildest within the memory of man, it was very different in Southern Europe and some other countries, where frost and snow are seldom seen. In Italy, the river Po was frozen over at Ferrara, the first time in the present century. At Constantinople snow fell for 14 successive days, and in all the Isles of Greece snow and frost were common. Snow also fell in the Island of Malta for the first time since 1812; and on the shores of the Mediterranean and throughout various parts of Asia Minor, snow was seen for the first time in half a century.

A TALL JUMP.

"Helloa, Charley!" shouted Ned, as he burst into my room, in the attic of a $2.50 boarding house in the Bowery, on the first day of April, about an hour before the bell was expected to ring for dinner.

"Well Ned, whats the row?"

"Nothin'. How much money have you got?'

"Only about fifty. Why?"

"Nothin'. Lend it to me, Charley."

"Thunder! I lent you thirty last night."

"I know it—I've got thirteen of it yet?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Ned, I've only got this fifty, and if you get on one of your benders, and spend it, I shall be hard up here till—

"What in the name of stewed catharpen legs are you talking about? Give me the pictures and you shall have half. Come—fist over, and come along," said Ned.

I gave Ned my wallet, and followed him down into the street. "Which way, Ned? Where are you bound?" But he went off down towards Chatham Square like a locomotive on trial. I followed in his wake about two rods astern. On he went through Chatham street, along Park Row, down Bowery, till he came opposite Trinity Church, when he stopped, and, after gazing up at the tall steeple for about five minutes, he deliberately pulled off his coat, and handed it to me to hold for him. Next off came his hat and vest. I thought he was crazy. He pulled off his boots, and a crowd began to gather about us. Ned took out his watch and handed it to me.

The rush to the spot was such that in three minutes Broadway was blocked up.

"What's all this? What's going on?" inquired a dozen eager voices.

"Gentlemen," said Ned, "you see that open place up there in that steeple—right where the bell hangs?"

"Yes! yes!" screamed fifty of the crowd in answer to the question.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm going to jump up there!"

"You can't do it," instantly came from twenty of the bystanders.

"I'll bet he can," said an old gentleman behind Ned, whom half of the crowd knew as one of the richest merchants in Pearl street.

Ned looked over his shoulder in astonishment. The old merchant smiled and nodded his head.

"Good!" shouted Ned; "I've got one backer. I thought I'd have to go my small pile alone," and he pulled out his wallet.

"I'll bet two to one that you can't jump up there," said a man coming close up to Ned, with his fist full of bills.

"Three to one!" chirped another.

"Four to one!" shouted a third person.

"Five!" "Six!" "Seven!"—and fifty sporting men crowded around Ned.

"I'll tell you what it is gentlemen," said Ned quietly, "I haven't got much money, but I'll go it as long as it lasts; so just choose your stake-holders, and let's be at it."

That matter was soon arranged, and the betting went on, from two to seven to one, till Ned's wallet and mine were drained.

"Thunder!" yelled Ned, "I wish I had a thousand. Here, Charley, give me my watch—I'll put that in. Give me my hat!—coat!—vest!—boots! I'll bet"—

"Hold on!" said the old merchant, "here's two thousand dollars, put it up. If you win, we'll divide."

The two thousand was put up and covered, and the crowd began to be impatient to see the jump.

"Gentlemen," said Ned, very gravely, "I have never been up in that steeple, and you know I might go slap into some confounded iron thing that would hurt me. Now I should like if a half dozen of you would be kind enough to go up with me before I jump, so that I can see where I'm going to light."

"That's fair," shouted the crowd, and off went Ned, with a committee of eight, over, across, and up into the steeple. The crowd was watching the open space by the bell, and in about three minutes after the party entered the church, Ned's cocoanut was seen bobbing up and down in the belfry like a dandy jack. It was evident to all that he jumped up there!

"Sold, by thunder!" said the two-to-one gentleman, and sloped.

"Taken in and done for!" exclaimed sporting gentleman number two.

"Give it up!" yelled four-to-one, and cut stick.

"Fairly won!" sung out everybody, in chorus; and as Ned made his appearance in the street, the crowd gave him three cheers and dispersed.

The stake-holders handed over the money to Ned, and we adjourned with the old merchant to his store, where he made a fair division of the winnings all round, after which the old fox told us that he had an idea in his head once of trying that very game.

AMERICAN INVENTORS IN AUSTRIA.—Of the European nations who have paid particular attention to the progress of the American people in arts, sciences and manufactures, we must certainly place the Austrians amongst the first and foremost. Since 1842, we find the American railway car almost exclusively on Austrian railways. The outside connection on locomotives has been extensively adopted in that country, long before the prejudices in favor of the inside cylinders were removed. In 1853, the first river steamboat for the Old World on American principles was constructed for the Danube. Since that, two immense boats, of fifty feet beam, and eighty-two feet outside the paddle wheels, have been built for that river, on the model of our lamented Steers, and engines furnished from New York. Morse's electric telegraph has from the very start monopolized the Austrian telegraph wires, and there is scarcely a large farm in that extensive empire or a large manufactory that cannot show some evidence of American ingenuity. At this moment a balance dry dock of the largest description, on the American principle, is constructing at Venice. The timber for that dock is furnished entirely from this country, and almost all the mills on the North river which have been standing still for months, are now busily employed in the sawing and shipping of that timber. The main part of the machinery for that dock is also being constructed in New York. There seems to be hardly an American invention of importance that has not found its way into Austria, and it is a matter of surprise and gratification to the American traveler visiting Austria that the home talent is so much appreciated in a country which has been almost a stranger to us, and of which, as a general thing, we have so imperfect a knowledge.—*New York Herald.*

A GLANCE INTO THE U. S. SENATE.

From Life Illustrated.

Did it ever occur those wiseacres at home, who nod approvingly over Congressional speeches, and cast in their votes for patriotic "Smith," or "Jones," at election time, how easy it was to be a Senator? Why, who *couldn't* assume an air of diplomatic dignity if he were comfortably seated in a big arm chair, with a pile of "documents" under his nose, a pen behind his ear, and a big inkstand yawning at his elbow?

Don't I wish a grateful public would send me to the Senate! Wouldn't I astonish the Speaker, and horrify the Sergeant-at-arms? Wouldn't I throw all the musty old papers under the table, establish a vase of roses on the desk, among the ponderous State records, and sketch the bald pates in my immediate vicinity all over the blank margin of the *Globe*, when some prosy old orator was talking everybody else to sleep.

And then, nothing easier than to make a "star" of yourself in the national halls.—Bring in a glaringly impossible bill, say something personal, wear your hair on your shoulders, and turn down your shirt collar *a la* Byron, and you will be sure to succeed! As for the speech making, that's simple enough. Stare through an eye glass at the "Ladies' Gallery" until some girl comes in lovely enough to inspire a hickory log, then jump up and rattle off something spirited, no matter what, so that the "great American nation," "giant of the West," "march of civilization," and "patriotic spirit," come in often enough. Shade of Cicero! we already hear the applause that would be sure to ensue.

Good gracious! what a pity it is we belong to the crinoline department, instead of being privileged to wear whiskers and patent leather? Does the Union know what a loss it has sustained?

However, we came here for the purpose of commenting, not upon what *might* have been, but upon what *is*. And it is a fact that the Senate gallery is crowded to suffocation this morning. We look despairingly at the densely packed masses of humanity, and are about hopelessly to retreat, when the polite usher darts forward with—

"I can get the lady a place, sir, in a minute. This way, please."

How he does it we haven't the least idea, but in a moment we are engineered into the front ranks, and a six-footed Vermonter is ousted from his seat to make room for our multifarious skirts. Poor fellow! how vexed and disappointed he looks! but, then, isn't it his bounden duty to make way for the ladies?

Well, upon our word, this same Senate is a cosy, comfortable place. How handsome that row of variegated marble pillars are, and how benignantly that full length portrait of Washington gazes down on the scene below. What a pretty carpet the nation has—a ground of vivid crimson—dotted with a shower of golden stars—and what a graceful festoon that would be above the chair, if somebody would only *dust* the huge gilt eagle at the terminus of the folds!

That is Vice President Breckinridge occupying the Speaker's chair. He scarcely looks old enough to be the second officer of the Republic; there is hardly a silver thread in his dark, luxuriant hair, and the furrows have not yet begun to plow his massive forehead and fine square face.

At yonder desk, to the right of the chair, sits brave old Sam Houston, the hero of countless battle-fields. You would recognize him almost anywhere by his outlandish style of dress and eccentric appearance. Every gray hair on his head is at war with its next neighbor. A neckerchief of scarlet silk is tied carelessly about his throat, with the bow somewhere under his ear, while a gay blue silk vest, spotted with yellow, entirely hides his linen. His fingers are blazing with huge rings of every hue and pattern, and he is whittling away at a slip of pine-wood with an immense jack-knife, while another Senator talks to him in a low, anxious voice. Sturdy old Sam Houston! would there were many like thee in our national councils!

Leaning against one of the richly veined pillars is the portly figure of John P. Hale, the acknowledged wit of the Senate. He is a favorite with every one; even the fiery Southerner can not but smile at his genial jokes, and yield to the charm of his perfect good-humor. The snowy harvest of years is already gathering on his head, but the fire of his eye and the flexible play of his lips still retain the energy of youth.

There's nothing like laughing at people in a good natured way; and the profoundest debater in Congress doesn't receive half the attention that is accorded to Hale when the floodgates of his raillery are opened, and his *bon mots* fly like sparks all over the Senate Chamber!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The preparations for the new expedition to lay the transatlantic telegraph cable are now completed. In the dock-yark at Plymouth, England, the main bulk of the cable, to the length of 2,200 miles, has been stowed away in gigantic coils during the winter, and a full staff of electricians, under the direction of Mr. Whitehouse, have been engaged in working messages throughout its entire length, and generally proving the electrical fitness of the cable to the fullest extent. The result of these experiments has been in the fullest degree satisfactory. It has been ascertained that eight words per minute can be accurately transmitted through the whole length of the cable. To many unacquainted with the practical working of submarine lines, only eight words per minute may appear to be but a poor result after all, though it is such an improvement in the rate of transmission as not many ventured to anticipate who saw the cable worked for the first time last summer.

DISTINGUISHED DEATH.—Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in the State of Pennsylvania, died on Sunday night, April 4th, at twelve o'clock, of pneumonia, in the city of Philadelphia. This is, we believe, the only case, in the United States, where a Grand Master, whilst in the active duties of his station, has died. The event is one of deep interest to the members of the fraternity.

FEMALE HORSE-THIEF.—A few days since, Mrs. Julia M. Dewey, was tried at Oswego, New York, for horse-stealing. She was convicted and sentenced to three years and two months imprisonment in Sing-Sing Prison. The beauty of the fair criminal had no effect upon the stony hearts of the jury.

CELIBACY.

"Single blessedness" is rapidly on the increase. It threatens to become an established "institution." Marriage, and the family relation, are in danger of being superseded. These and similar utterances have become one of the prominent topics of the newspaper press.

In all our large cities the disinclination to marry on the part of young men is frequently spoken of, and written about. And it is said, truthfully too, that just in the ratio that men incline to batchelorism, rowdyism, debauchery, and crime become rampant in the land.

This is a subject of great importance to all, and of fearful interest to generations to come. It requires no extraordinary reach of thought to comprehend that the natural and inevitable result must be, sooner or later, the general demoralization of both male and female, and the utter disorganization of human society. Without the maintainance of those domestic associations and duties, which are known only where the marriage institution is made sacred, no society ever did or ever can exist above barbarism or savagism.

To arrest this downward tendency of the race, two causes must be corrected. Young men must be trained to live, move, and have their being, without those blood-inflaming and soul-palsying poisons, liquor and tobacco, and young ladies must learn to be useful as well as showy. On this latter clause of our text we purpose to expatiate very briefly, and then leave the matter, for the present, to the reflection of those whom it may concern.

It is notorious, all over the civilized world, that American females are unhealthy, and that the tendency to disease and infirmity is constantly increasing. The daughters, as a general rule, are more infirm than their mothers, as their mothers compare unfavorably with their grandmothers. There is no theme so much written about, talked about, lectured about, as sickly American women *and girls*. Even the medical journals and daily newspapers of Europe are freqnently comparing the health and stamina of American females with those of the females of Great Britain, France, Germany, &c., and always to the disadvantage of the former. And they seem to see, not without reason, one of the leading causes of the ultimate degeneracy of the American people, and the final overthrow of our Republican government, in the fact that the vitality of our females is running down.

Young men cannot be ignorant of these things. They are, and must be fond of the society of young ladies. Nature and instinct, and reason, and custom incline them to marry. But with the thought of a matrimonial alliance comes the thought of everything except beds of roses and domestic joys. So far as courting goes, all is pleasant enough; but with marriage is associated the idea of doctors, nurses and a greater or less number of Bridgets and Katys and Marys and Ellens.—Instead of a helpmate, a wife to cheer him in the arduous pathway of life, and take charge of the houshold affairs, he dreams of delicate nerves, tender stomachs, falling hair, decaying teeth, and spinal irritation. He anticipates, as well he may, a constant monologue about pains, aches, bad feelings, morbid sensations, as the prevailing music of the fireside. He thinks of ever-recurring bills to pay. He knows the chances are against him of marrying a patient to take care of, instead of a wife to enjoy.

Now men are just as selfish as women are. On the whole, we think they are more so. The young lady who supposes that any young man on the face of the earth wishes to marry her for the sake of nursing her through life, makes a great mistake. There have been, indeed, "marriages of sympathy." But Heaven sanctions not, and nature abhors such alliances.

If young ladies advertise themselves as pretty play-things, young gentlemen will take them at their word. If in their actions, and by their manners and accomplishments they declare themselves flirtable and courtable, but unmanageable, young men will so understand the matter and act accordingly. They will be ready enough to dance and frolic with those they do not respect. They will make themselves agreeable to those they cannot love. They will play court where they cannot think of marrying. Whenever they find their attentions are beginning to be taken in earnest, they will seek other society. They will not, of course, give the reason for this, and the young ladies will of course wonder "why don't the man propose?"

Young men, we repeat, will sport and amuse themselves with young ladies whom they neither love nor respect. But if they do respect them and could love them, they are frightened from a proposal to marry by the sad evidence of infirmity, which cosmetics, false hair, artificial teeth, and expansive skirts are unable to conceal. Hence they rather avoid all approaches to intimacy, and often abandon the company of those that could be healthy, and who would be good wives, and seek amusement in less respectable society amid more delasing associations.

The young ladies of America have it entirely in their power to arrest this growing evil. Let them make themselves healthy, and prove their capacity to be useful as well as ornamental, and they will not be long in the matrimonial market. Let them snap their fingers at the fashions of London and the follies of Paris, and act like sensible human beings. Otherwise, they are neither fit for wives nor mothers.

The "State of Matrimony" is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side, and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such powers as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against.

Thomas Allibone and Thomas A. Newhall have been indicted by the Philadelphia Grand Jury, on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania. Mr. Charles McKeone entered bail for the former, and Mr. John Welsh for the latter. The suit is prosecuted by foreign holders of a bill of exchange bought of Newhall by Allibone, and which proved worthless.

Old Mrs. Darnly is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last for fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

LECOMPTON ONCE MORE.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives a graphic description of the scene in the House at Washington, just before the great vote was taken by which Lecompton was killed. He says:

"Active among the throng were the leading Senators on both sides, of whom Mr. Bigler was particularly conspicuous in his efforts to strengthen the wavering and reclaim the erring. I did not notice any Cabinet officers on the floor this morning. Their inteaference on previous occasions has been so much noticed by the press that I suppose they have grown shy of showing themselves. The Speaker's nerves or his temper were evidently out of order. He rapped with uncommon vehemence, in his efforts to subdue the buzz in the House. 'Gentlemen will come to order! Gentlemen will take their seats! Conversation is too loud in the hall! The Chair will call gentlemen by their names if they do not take their seats!' Still the buzz continued. Groups gathered around Stephens, and around Montgomery, Grow, Gilmer and other leading men. Again the Speaker rapped and chided his unruly flock. Nothing could keep down the excitement. Some ordinary business was hurried over until the hour of 1 rrrived, the hour for taking up the Lecompton question. All eyes were turned to the centre of the hall, to the seat of Stephens, who was already on his feet, looking at a distance like one of the pages a little taller than his fellows. He paused a moment as Col. Harris of Illinois, his deathly pale, corpse-like countenance looking still whiter and more ghastly from the blackness of his beard and hair, was brought into the hall and placed reclining in his seat, a striking spectacle of energy and resolution triumphant over disease and suffering."

A noble Democrat truly, is Harris! Well may his friends be proud of him; well may all true friends of Republican Liberty be proud of him. We hope his life may be spared. He deserves the crown of laurel from the world, a crown of glory, should he be called home. Certainly patriotism, when pure and lofty, like that of Harris, must go far in making up a claim to celestial bounties.

The responsibility of keeping open the Kansas excitement now lies with the friends of the President in the Senate. As Mr. Douglas said in his speech, on Friday, when the Crittenden amendment was before the upper house of Congress:—"The House had amended the bill in such wise that it now accomplishes two great points—one, that it settles this Kansas excitement; another that it recognizes the right of the people of Kansas to frame their own institutions. Why, then, not all unite and vote for the amended bill, and thus settle the Kansas question? Vote for it, and the right of the people is recognized; vote for it, and State rights and sovereignty are preserved; vote for it, and there is peace in the country."

We shall see now who are the agitators who desire to keep a sectional issue in the field. The Americans, Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and Republicans, say with one accord, let Kansas settle the matter, legally, equitably, peacefully; one hundred and twenty votes spoke thus, in the House, when they declared in favor of the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment. Nobody says nay but the President and his friends. They must shoulder the responsibility, the people will it thus. When asked hereafter who are the oppressors that tried to fasten upon the people of Kansas, institutions that they repudiated, the answer will be, Buchanan and his supporters! When asked who are the factionists that keep alive sectional issues, arraying the North against the South, endangering the peace and perpetuity of the Union, the reply will be, Buchanan and his supporters.

Little people are very much given to imitation. Some boys have a fancy for hens, and take a delight in clucking and crowing hen-fashion. Others imitate the barking of dogs, the grunting of hogs, &c. Down under our window is an old cage, belonging to Van Amburgh, we believe, bearing upon its sides the words, "Trained Animals." We were somewhat surprised, yesterday, to discover in that cage two young gentlemen, aged, perhaps, seven years each. They were playing "Daniel in the lion's den"—one boy taking the part of Daniel and the other of an "orful lion." Daniel was brave; notwithstanding the roaring of the lion, he walked bravely up to him, and, after a scuffle, succeeded in reducing him to submission. Lion played well until his conqueror commenced the jaw-stretching operation, and then he gave in. "Ho-hold on, Daniel," he made out to exclaim, "I won't play any more—oh—ah—oh!" Scene closed with lion club in "paw," driving Daniel out of the den. It was decidedly rich.—*Exchange.*

Three eminent Western cities—Cincinnati, the largest inland town in the United States; St. Louis, the emporium of the Far West; and Dubuque, the chief city of Iowa and the busiest place on the Upper Mississippi—held their Charter Elections on Monday. Each of these is usually "Democratic" in politics, and usually gives a large majority on that side at each Presidential Election. Yet Cincinnati has now gone anti-Lecompton by some 3,000 majority—a clean sweep; St. Louis (in a Slave State) has chosen the straight-out Free-Soil ticket by about 1,000; while Dubuque, usually two to one "Democratic," has elected a "People's Ticket" over the regular "Democratic" by 500. Dubuque never failed to swallow anything labeled "Democrat," before, and lick her chops for "more of the same sort." We respectfully submit to Mr. Buchanan that Cincinnati has given an authentic exposition of the Cincinnati Platform, and that it sustains Judge Douglas to the letter.—*New York Tribune, April 7.*

THE GREAT REVIVAL.—There is not a city in the United States, excepting perhaps New Orleans and the Pacific cities, where daily prayer meetings are not held and the religious interest extending. The number of converts are counted by thousands. Since the day of Penticost, no such simultaneous and extensive an awakening has occurred. The secular papers are full of accounts of the meetings, while the religious press occupy columns in merely aggregating the result of the good work. The revival originated among laymen—the meetings are conducted by them—and the masses are attracted to them. It is notable that sectarianism has disappeared almost, an intense universality of feeling and sympathy having melted down the partition walls, and fused church organizations into one vital, glowing mass.