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We have Wandered.

BY MARIA ROSSET.

Our Father! we have wandered
Far, far away from Thee,
Where pleasure threw around us
Its poisonous witchery;
We wandered, all unknowing,
Along a crooked way,
Not feeling and not caring
How far our feet might stray.
Our Father! we would seek Thee,
Our only safe retreat,
And, weary of our wandering,
Would kneel before Thy feet—
Sad, sick at heart, and grieving
For all our former sin,
We ask Thy grace to give us
A conscience pure within.
We ask of Thee, our Father!
Through all our former way,
To grant us Thy guidance
Lest yet again we stray;
May we have wisdom given,
And strength to lead us on,
Till life's dark journey end,
We stand before Thy throne!

To the Editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The accompanying article from an Eastern paper, alludes to an important subject, and well worthy the attention of all the Tax-Paying Citizens of the older States. It is the interest of our Editors and of all public men to settle our own Forests, and improve our own Soil, and develop every resource of our own Commonwealth, rather than to expend their efforts in bringing to notice and advancing the interests of other States and People. What would you say, Mr. Editor, if your subscribers should all recommend a foreign paper, not better than your own, in preference to it? and what would our merchants and mechanics say, if you should puff the goods and wares of a neighboring town, over their own? All would condemn such a course as impolitic—as being unjust to each other. But on a broader scale, how much more impolitic and unjust for Pennsylvania papers to be continually copying, gratuitously, advertisements of lands and towns away off in Indiana or Iowa! What is the effect of such notices but to entice away from us the young and enterprising, with their strong hands, and all talking with them more or less gold! Capital and labor are thus lost to us—and those are two things necessary to the prosperity of a State. This migratory spirit runs fast into discontent and unthriftiness; and nine out of ten of those who do well at the West, would have been quite as prosperous at home. Now, Pennsylvania, with her vast and burdensome debt, has need of the aid of all her children, and it is the interest and duty of all her Tax-Payers to keep at home her men and money. Were this done, in ten years Pennsylvania would be the first State in the Union, and out of debt. Her Iron, Coal, Manufacturing, Agricultural, and Lumbering capabilities are immense, but as yet are not fully developed. There are millions of tons of Iron and Coal not yet uncovered—thousands of mill-sites unoccupied—and untold acres of Farming land yet covered with valuable Timber. Why not use these sources of wealth and enjoyment, at home, instead of rambling to the ends of the earth? Let our wilds be all improved—our poor lands better tilled—and our large Farms be sub-divided. Establish and encourage Factories large and small—“sustain Home Industry”—“help one another,” and it will work well for us all—no mistake. Let us think about it. Here in Union county, and in most of the counties in Central and Northern Pennsylvania, are abundant openings in a good climate for almost any kind of business.

The Atlantic States not Full.

Littell, in No. 310 of his “Living Age,” has republished an article on the northern wilderness in the State of New York. This uninhabited district is situated in the northern division of the State, bordering upon Canada and Lake Champlain. It is an elevated plateau of 10,000 square miles, including nearly all the counties of Essex, Hamilton, and Warren, and parts of St. Lawrence, Clinton, Franklin and Herkimer. It is larger than Vermont, and is about a fifth part of the whole State of New York. It is elevated some 1600 feet above tide water, and is about as capable of production as northern New England, and yet it is as little known and cultivated as the Rocky Mountains.

Intensest Meanness.

An old colored woman, who is barely able to eke out a miserable subsistence by her hard labor, was employed, a short time since, to wash for the wife of a very wealthy man living on the outskirts of the village, and for a day's toil she received the sum of sixpence—that being all the change the lady had. The poor woman with tears asked for pay in provisions, but was told that they had nothing to give away; and she was obliged to go out and beg for enough to get supper for her children.—*Williamsburg (Long Island) Times.*

The district is watered principally by the Raquette river, which empties into the river St. Lawrence, opposite the Island of Cornwall, in Canada. A bill has recently passed the Legislature of New York, appropriating \$10,000 to improve the “log navigation” of this river, the present wealth of the wilderness consisting in the lumber of its immense forests. The Ogdensburg Rail-Road will carry the lumber to Lake Champlain, and thence to Boston or to Albany. It was represented to the committee of the New York Assembly, by lumbermen, that parties now stand ready to put 10,000,000 feet of lumber into the river the coming season.

New England is not full of inhabitants. A large portion of Maine is still an undeveloped wilderness, with wealth untold. Massachusetts, the most densely populated of the New England States, is by no means full. It has now 1,000,000 inhabitants, it would support as many more, with the increase of the leading branches of business. New York has a plenty of elbow room. Why, then, should so many go West, because “there is no room at the East?”

Natural Curiosities.

This is truly an age of wonders, and curiosities; and no country can compete with America in producing them. In the size, form, and organization of human beings, who have appeared on the stage in regular succession, she has shown some strange specimens.

Men have been born without arms, who have astonished the nations with the feats they have performed with their feet instead of their hands.

The Siamese twins, who are tied, side by side, with a cord of flesh, and are compelled to move together, whether sitting, walking or standing still, have been the curiosity of the world for years. These, however, are residents, not natives, of our country.

But the Learned Blacksmith—with an almost superhuman intellect, who has already mastered about three-score languages, and is now astonishing the Eastern World—is all American.

Then we have great Giants, who stretch themselves several feet above the common mass, and look down with pity upon the weaker race.

Then comes General Tom Thumb, who has been, and still is, the talk and admiration of millions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to get a peep at him, and Kings and Queens have submissively bowed to the will of a young man only twenty-two inches in height.

Time would fail to tell of Calvin Edson, the “living skeleton” of Vermont, who, though once a man of ordinary size, lived and moved with a person of less than fifty pounds weight—or of Mr. Cornelius, of Milford, Pike Co., Pa., who weighed some 700 pounds.

And lastly comes Mr. James H. Sharp, who recently visited us, and who has an unprecedented vocal power, seeming like an organ in his lungs! He will throw all the rest into the shade for awhile, turn the world altogether on their heads—and what next? D. P.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

SPRING.

How shall I paint the beauties of the Spring,
Which brings fresh sweet Eden to our view,
When Adam walked upon the river's brink
That watered Eden as it murmured through—

“Ere Adam with a bound had leaped her wall,
And like a comet perched on high,
Or rolled in shining folds to meet her Eve,
And “hispered in her ear the first great lie.”

All that was mate and dead, in thee, sweet Spring!
Arise to life, and tune their voice again;
The earth assumes the garb she wore at first,
And melting streams are running to the main.

The reign of winter can no more impose
A silence on the little warblers' tongues,
But everywhere, on foot and on the wing,
They chant their notes of melody and song.

The lily of the valley now is seen,
As at the first, ere thorns and briars grew,
And bright dandelions shining o'er the meads,
With the daisy decked in heaven's own blue.

Whatever airs the winds may blow in Spring,
They bring a grateful tribute still along
From out the forest or the flowery dale
Mixed with the music of the thrush's tongue.

Sweet Spring! the only emblem here below
Of those Elysian fields so famed on high,
Where the broad waters from the Spring of Life
Have the green banks whose verdure ne'er shall die!
BROOKLYN, May 8.

Human Progress.

[From JOHN G. SARA'S POEM OF “THE TIMES.”]

Whilst drones and dreaming optimists protest
“The worst is well, and all is for the best,”
And sturdy croakers chant the counter song
That “men grow worse and everything is wrong,”
Truth as of old still lives a golden mean,
And shows extremes, to walk erect between!
The world improves: with slow, unequal pace,
“The good time's coming” to our hapless race.
The general tide, beneath the reflux surge,
Rolls on, resistless, to its destined verge:
Unfriendly bills no longer interpose
As stubborn walls to geographic foes,
Nor evanescent streams run only to divide
The bays of the leatherns ranged on either side,
Promethean Science, with untiring eye
Searching the mysteries of the earth and sky,
And cunning Art with strong and plastic hand
To work the marvels Science may command,
And broad-winged Commerce, swift to carry o'er
Earth's countless blessings to her farthest shore—
These, and no German or Genevan sage,
These are the great Reformers of the age!

See Art exultant in her stately car,
On Nature's Titans wage triumphant war!
While e'en the lightning by her wondrous skill
Are tamed for heralds of her sovereign will:
Old Ocean's breast a new invader feels,
And heaves in vain to clog her iron wheels,
In vain the forests marshal all their force,
And mountains rise to hold her onward course,
From out her path each bold oppressor hurled,
She throws her circle 'round a captive world!

Merey as Obligatory as Justice.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Gazette.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

“There is one honest man in the world, I am happy to say,” remarked a rich merchant, named Petron, to a friend who happened to call in upon him.

“Is there, indeed? I am glad to find you have made a discovery of the fact. Who is the individual entitled to the honorable distinction?”

“You know Moale, the tailor?”

“Yes, poor fellow! he's been under the weather for a long time.”

“I know he has. But he's an honest man for all that.”

“I never doubted his being as honest a man as ever breathed, Mr. Petron.”

“I have reason to know that he is. But I once had my doubts. When he was broken up in business, some years ago, he owed me a little bill, which I tried to get out of him as hard as ever man did try for his own. But I dunned and dunned him until I got weary, and then giving him up as a bad case, passed the trifle that he owed me to account of profit and loss. He has crossed my path a few times since; but, as I didn't feel towards him as I could wish to feel towards all men, I treated him with great coldness. I am sorry for having done so, for it now appears that I judged him too severely. This morning he called in of his own free will, and paid me down the old account. He didn't say anything about interest, nor did I, though I am entitled to, and ought to have received it. But, as long as he came forward of his own accord and settled his bill, after I had given up all hope of ever receiving it, I thought I might afford to be a little generous and not say anything about the interest; and so I gave him a receipt in full. Didn't I do right?”

“In what respect?” asked the friend.

“In forgiving him the interest, which I might have claimed as well as not, and which he would, no doubt, have paid me down, or brought me at some future time.”

“Oh, yes. You were right to forgive the interest,” returned the friend, but in a tone and with a manner that struck the merchant as rather singular. “No man should ever take interest on money due from an unfortunate debtor.”

“Indeed! Why not? Is not money always worth its interest?” said the surprised Mr. Petron.

“So it is said. But the poor debtor has no money upon which to make an interest. He begins the world again with nothing but his ability to work; and, if saddled with an old debt—principal and interest—his case is hopeless. Suppose he owes ten thousand dollars, and after struggling hard for three or four years, gets into a position that will enable him to pay off a thousand dollars a year. There is some chance for him to get out of debt in ten years. But suppose interest has been accumulating at the rate of some five hundred dollars a year: his debt, instead of being ten thousand dollars, will have increased to twelve, by the time he is in a condition to begin to pay off anything; and then, instead of being able to reduce the amount a thousand dollars a year, he will have to let five hundred go for the annual interest on the original debt. Four years more would have to pass before under this system he would get his debt down to where it was when he was broken up in his business. Thus, at the end of eight years' hard struggling, he would not really have advanced a step out of his difficulties. A debt of ten thousand dollars would still be hanging over him. And if, persevering to the end, he should go on paying the interest regularly and reducing the principal,

some twenty-five years of life would be spent in getting free from debt, when little over half that time would have been required if his creditors, acting from the commonest dictates of humanity, had voluntarily released the interest.”

“I must confess this is a new view of the case to me,” said Mr. Petron.

“It is the humane view of the case. But, looking to interest alone, it is the best view for every creditor to take. Many a man, who with an effort might have cancelled in time the principal of a debt unfortunately standing against him, becomes disheartened at seeing it daily growing larger thro' the accumulation of interest, and gives up in despair. The desire to be free from debt, spurs many a man into effort. But make the difficulties in his way, so large as to appear insurmountable, and he will fold his hands in helpless inactivity. Thousands of dollars are lost every year by creditors, in consequence of their grasping after too much, and breaking down the hope and energy of their debtors.”

“Perhaps you are right,” said Mr. Petron. “I don't suppose, however, that the interest on fifty dollars would have broken down Moale.”

“There is no telling. It is the last pound, you know, that breaks the camel's back. Five years have passed since his day of misfortune. Fifteen dollars' interest is, therefore, due. I have my doubts if he could have paid you sixty-five dollars now. Indeed, I am sure he could not. And the thought of that as a new debt, for which he had received no benefit whatever, would, it is more than probable, have produced a discouraged state of mind, and made him resolve not to pay you anything at all.”

“But that would have been honest,” said the merchant.

“Perhaps not, strictly speaking. To be dishonest, is a set purpose to defraud—to take from another what belongs to him; or to withhold from another, when ability exists to pay what is justly his due. You would hardly have placed Moale in either of these positions, if, from the pressure of the circumstances surrounding him as a poor man and in debt, he had failed to be as active, industrious and prudent as he would otherwise have been. We are all apt to require too much of the poor debtor, and to have too little sympathy with him. Let the hope of improving your condition—which is the mainspring of all your business operations—be taken away, and instead, let there be only the desire to pay off old debts, thro' great labor and self-denial, must continue for years, and imagine how differently you would think and feel, to what you do now. Nay, more—let the debt be to those who are worth their thousands and tens of thousands, and who are in the enjoyment of every luxury and comfort they could desire, while you go on paying them a debt by over-exertion and the denial to yourself and family of all those little luxuries and recreations which all do much need, and then say how deeply dyed would be that dishonesty which would cause you, in a time of darker and deeper discouragement than usual, to throw the crushing weight from your shoulders, and resolve to bear it no longer? You must leave a man some hope in life, if you would keep him active and industrious in his sphere.”

Mr. Petron said nothing in reply, but he looked sober. His friend soon after left.

This merchant, as the reader may infer from his own acknowledgement, was one of those men whose tendency to regard only their own interests has become so confirmed a habit, that they can see nothing beyond the narrow circle of self. Upon debtors, he had never looked with a particle of sympathy; and had, in all cases, exacted his own as rigidly as if his debtor had not been a creature of human wants and feelings. What had just been said, however, awakened a new thought in his mind—and, as he reflected upon the subject, he saw that there was some reason in what had been said, and felt half ashamed of his allusion to the interest of the tailor's fifty dollar debt.

Not long after, a person came into his store, and from some cause mentioned the name of Moale.

“He's an honest man—that I am ready to say of him,” remarked Mr. Petron.

“Honest, but very poor,” was replied.

“He's doing very well, now, I believe,” said the merchant.

“He's managing to keep soul and body together, and hardly that.”

“He's paying off his old debts.”

“I know he is, but I blame him for injuring his health and wronging his family, in order to pay a few hundred dollars to men a thousand times better off in the world than he is. He brought me twenty dollars on an old debt yesterday, but I would not touch it. His misfortunes had long ago cancelled the obligation in my eyes. God forbid! that, with enough and to spare, I should take the bread out of the mouths of a poor man's children.”

“Is he so very poor?” asked Mr. Petron, surprised and rebuked at what he heard.

“He has a family of six children to feed, clothe and educate, and he has it to do by his unassisted labor. Since he was broken up in business some years ago, he has had great difficulties to contend with, and only by pinching himself and family, and depriving both of nearly every comfort, has been able to reduce the old claims which have been standing against him. But he has shortened his own life ten years thereby, and has deprived his children of the benefits of education, except in an extremely limited degree—wrongs that are irreparable. I honor his stern integrity of character, but think that he has carried his ideas of honesty too far. God gave him these children, and they have claims upon him for earthly comforts and blessings to the extent of his ability to provide. His misfortunes he could not prevent, and they were sent as much for the chastisement of those who lost by him, as they were for his own. It, subsequently, his greatest exertion was not sufficient to provide more than ordinary comforts for the family, still dependent upon him, his first duty was to see that they did not want. If he could not pay his old debts without injury to his health or wrong to his family, he was under no obligation to pay them; for it is clear, that no claims upon us are so imperative as to require us to wrong others in order to satisfy them.”

Here was another new doctrine for the ears of the merchant—doctrine strange, as well as new. He did not feel quite so comfortable as before about the recovered debt of fifty dollars. The money still lay upon his desk. He had not yet entered it upon his cash book, and he felt now less inclined to do so than ever. The claims of humanity in the abstract, pressed themselves upon him for consideration, and he saw that they were not to be thrust aside.

In order to pay the fifty dollars which had been long due to the merchant, Mr. Moale had, as alleged, denied himself and family at every point, and over-worked himself to a degree seriously injurious to his health. But his heart felt lighter after the sense of obligation was removed.

There was little at home, however, to make him feel cheerful. His wife, not being able to hire a domestic, was worn down with the care and labor of her large family. The children were, as a necessary consequence, neglected both in minds and bodies. Alas! there was no sunshine in the poor man's dwelling.

“Well, Alice,” said Mr. Moale, as his wife came and stood by the board upon which he was at work, holding her babe in her arms. “I have paid off another debt, thank Heaven!”

“Whose?”

“Petron's! He believed me a rogue and treated me as such. I hope he thinks different now.”

“I wish all men were as honest in their intentions as you are.”

“So do I, Alice. The world would be much better one than it is, I'm thinking.”

“And yet, William,” said his wife, “I sometimes think we do wrong to sacrifice so much to get out of debt. Our children—”

“Alice!” spoke up the tailor, quickly, “I would almost sell my body into slavery to get free from debt. When I think of what I still owe, I feel as if I would suffocate.”

“I know how badly you feel about it, William; but then your heart is honest, and should not that reflection bear you up?”

“What is an honest heart without an honest hand, Alice?” replied the tailor, bending still to his work.

“The honest heart is the main thing, William. God looks at that. Man judges only of the action, but God sees the heart and its purposes.”

“But what is the purpose without the act?”

“It is all that is required, where no ability to act is given. William! God does not demand of any one impossibilities.”

“Though man often does,” said the tailor, bitterly.

There was a pause, broken, at length, by the wife, who said—

“And have you really determined to put John and Henry out to trades? They are so young.”

“I know they are, Alice, too young to leave home. But—”

The tailor's voice became unsteady. He broke off in the middle of the sentence.

“Necessity requires it to be done,” he said, recovering himself. “And it is of no avail to give way to unmanly weakness. But for this old debt we might have been comfortable enough, and able to keep our children around us until they were of a more fitting age to go from under their parents' roof. Oh! what a curse is debt!”

“There is more, yet, to pay!”

“Yes. Several hundreds of dollars, but if I fail as I have for a year past, I will break down before I get through.”

“Let us think of our family, William. They have the first claim upon us. Those

to whom money is owed are better off than we are. They stand in no need of it.”

“But is it not justly due, Alice?” enquired the tailor, in a rebuking voice.

“No more justly due than is food and raiment and a home to our children!” replied the tailor's wife with more than her usual decision of tone. “God has given us these children, and he will require an account of the souls committed to our charge. Is not a human soul of more importance than dollars? A few years and it will be out of our power to do our children good. They will grow up and bear forever the marks of neglect and wrong.”

“Alice! Alice! For Heaven's sake do not talk in this way!” exclaimed the tailor, much disturbed.

“William!” said the wife, “I am a mother, and a mother's heart can feel right; nature tells me that it is wrong for us to thrust out our children before they are old enough to go into the world. Let us keep them home longer.”

“We can not and pay off this debt.”

“Then let the debt go unpaid for the present. Those to whom it is owed can receive no harm from waiting; but our children will—”

Just then a man brought in a letter, and handing it to the tailor, withdrew. On breaking the seal, Mr. Moale found that it contained fifty dollars, and read as follows:

“Sir—Upon reflection I feel that I ought not to receive from you the money that was due to me when you became unfortunate, some years ago. I understand that you have a large family, that your health is not very good, and that you are depriving the one of comforts, and injuring the other, in endeavoring to pay off your old debts. To cancel these obligations would be all right—nay, your duty—if you could do so without neglecting higher and plainer duties. But you can not do this, and I can not receive the money you paid me this morning. Take it back, and expend it in making your family more comfortable. I have more than enough for all my wants, and I will not deprive you of a sum that must be important to you, while to me it will be of little consequence either as gained or lost.

EDWARD PETRON.”

The letter dropped from the tailor's hand—he was overcome with emotion. His wife, when she understood its purport, burst into tears.

The merchant's sleep was sweeter that night than it had been for some time, and so was the sleep of the poor debtor.

Next day, Mr. Moale called to see Mr. Petron, to whom, at the instance of the latter, he gave a full detail of his actual circumstances. The merchant was touched by his story, and prompted by true benevolence to aid him in his struggles. He saw most of the tailor's creditors, and induced those who had not been paid in full, to voluntarily relinquish their claims, and some of those who had received money since the poor man's failure, to restore it as belonging of right to his family. There was not one of these creditors who did not feel happier by their act of generosity, and no one can doubt that both the tailor and his family were also happier. Henry and John were not compelled to leave home until they were older and better prepared to endure the privations that usually attend the boy's first entrance into the world—and help for the mother in her arduous duties could now be afforded.

No one doubts that the creditor, whose money is not paid to him, has rights. But too few think of the rights of the debtor, who sinks into obscurity, and often suffers privations, while his heart is oppressed with a sense of obligations utterly beyond his power to cancel.

EVERY ONE USEFUL, BUT NO ONE ESSENTIAL.—No individual is so insignificant as to be perfectly useless—no combination of individuals so important as to be absolutely necessary to the world's welfare. There are two errors, seemingly of an opposite kind, which the soil of human nature absolutely produces—two shoots from the same root—different buddings forth of the same self-complacency—a tendency to undervalue every movement which we neither originated nor can control, and to cherish the most exaggerated notions of the importance of any great plan which has been conceived by our wisdom. We forget that we are only to ourselves the centre of the universe—that if all creation appears to revolve around us, the semblance results from the point of the vision which we looked at—that the things wear the same aspect to every other man—and that, were we suddenly annihilated, the schemes of Providence would unfold themselves much the same as they did before. We are like nervous people in a stage coach; we seem to fancy that we must keep our eye on the horses, or everything will go wrong—that we must look neither to the right nor to the left, more especially when we apprehend the chance of a collision. We take upon ourselves an imaginary responsibility, and wholly lose sight of the fact that our anxiety serves only to tease ourselves—that the reins are in the hands of the coachman, and that, with all our care, we are not driving but driven.

A New Banking Law.

The new Banking Law of this State, passed April 16, 1850, among other provisions has the following:

“That whenever any demand for specie shall be made by a note-holder of any bank, subject to the provisions of this act, it shall be the duty of the cashier or other officer of the bank upon whom such a demand is made, to pay one-fifth of the amount of such demand in American gold coin, if the same shall be requested by the note-holder making such demand; Provided, That the one-fifth of such demand be not less than five dollars.”

Additional taxes are imposed on individuals: forbids a greater circulation than three to one; no bank allowed to issue notes for less than five dollars; stockholders individually liable for the circulation, but not for deposits; Auditor General may call upon any bank at any time, for a statement of its affairs, and if not attended to, charter of such bank to be forfeited; requires the presidents, directors, cashiers, and other officers to take an oath to faithfully observe the provision of the law under pain of \$1000 fine and three years' imprisonment.

And, after the 21st day of August, 1850, “it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, corporations or body corporate directly or indirectly, to issue, pay out, pass, exchange, put in circulation, transfer, or cause to be issued, paid out, passed, exchanged, circulated or transferred, any bank note, note, bill, certificate, or any acknowledgment of indebtedness whatsoever, purporting to be a bank note, or of the nature, character or appearance of a bank note, issued or purporting to be issued by any bank or incorporated company, or association of persons not located in Pennsylvania, of a less denomination than five dollars; every violation of the provisions of this section by any corporation or body corporate, shall subject such corporation or body corporate to the payment of five hundred dollars; and any violation of the provisions of this section by any public officer holding any office or appointment of honor, or profit under the constitution and laws of this State, shall subject such officer to the payment of one hundred dollars; and any violation of this section by any other person not being a public officer, shall subject such person to the payment of twenty-five dollars, one half of which, in each case above mentioned, shall go to the informer, and the other half to the county in which the suit is brought, and may be sued for and recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable in any action of debt, in the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well for the use of the proper county, as for person suing.”

California in a Nut-Shell.

The Rev. Walter Colton, in a letter to a member of Congress, says:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1850.
DEAR SIR—I am in the receipt of your letter, of this day's date, proposing certain inquiries in reference to California and my residence there.

I have lived in California nearly three years. The lands, capable of cultivation, is mainly between the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and the sea board. The valley of the San Joaquin, and the greater portion of the mining district, is covered by a light, sandy soil, that can never be made productive. The strip of land on the seaboard is broken by a continuous range of hills, which run nearly parallel with the coast, for several hundred miles. The physical features of California, and the entire absence of rain for more than six months of the year, will prevent its becoming an important agricultural country. Unless a system of extensive irrigation should be resorted to, I doubt if its agricultural yield will be greater than that of the State of Massachusetts.

The wealth of California lies in her mines. Very respectfully, dear sir, your obedient servant,
WALTER COLTON.

Hon. S. R. TRESTON.

No Escape!

He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, and some idea of future personal pleasure; and just as surely as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a blood hound, and tracks him to his fate.

The Louisville Courier says a very elaborated chemist has expressed himself in the most decided manner on the impossibility of dissolving the Union. He says that, as yet, no preparation, either foreign or domestic, has been discovered, powerful enough to act upon so large and wonderful a substance.