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There is nothing so effectual in putting down false "mysteries," as stubborn facts. Thus, many times during the history of our race, "the end of the world" at a given time, has been confidently predicted; reason nor revelation could convince the devotees of the error; the lapse of the time named, and that alone, could explode the delusion. Most of our readers can remember when the "ruin of the country" was certain to take place at nearly every election, if both parties did not succeed, yet but one party could prevail, and our country goes on prospering, still. Again, every few years, Slavery makes some new demand upon Liberty, and threatens immediate—direful—nevertheless—rounded Dissolution—if the North does not obey the crack of her imperious, if not her imperial whip. Yet the North has frequently dared to disobey (as in the admission of California) and the Union survives.

But, perhaps, the greatest yet most profane lumbering of the day, is the "Knocking" whereby the spirits of the dead are summoned from the world beyond the grave, to astonish simpletons and fill the pockets of colluding knaves. Men of some scientific attainments and religious professions, have been deluded by such pretensions, and shown most conclusively, that, "with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool." A complete proof of the falsity of the whole system, has recently been afforded. At the time the steamship Atlantic, Capt. West, was concluded to have been lost, some citizens of Milwaukee called upon "Professor" T. J. Loomis, who "communicated" with the ghost of Capt. West, and, after the most approved forms, obtained all the information of the disaster, as follows:

"Were all on board, lost? Yes. Did the Atlantic leave Liverpool on the 28th of December? Yes. How many days from the time she left Liverpool until she was wrecked? Rapped 8. Was she lost on the 5th of January? Yes. Was it in the night? No. Was it between sun-rise and sun-set? Yes. Did she come in collision with an iceberg? Yes. Will you rap out the number of days the storm lasted? Rapped out 4. Was she wrecked on the fourth day of the storm? No. On the third? No. On the second? Yes. Here it appears the "spirit" was found, and the disaster was authenticated. "A new era in science!" exclaimed the gullible wise, "whereby we can know all things relating to man, hitherto known only to his Creator." Now, had the Atlantic never been heard of, this story (made to compare with all then known of the vessel), would have obtained very general credence; but fortunately, just about the time the telegraphic wires were sending East the particulars of the loss of the Atlantic, with all its crew, the same wires were sending West the truth that the vessel was safe in port, and not one of its inmates lost!—Hereafter, let the "Knockers" be numbered among the things that were, and be, by the newspaper world, no longer countenanced among even respectable humbugs.

Since writing the above, we found the annexed item from the Buffalo Advertiser: "The Rochester 'knocking girls,' or spiritual rappers, have arrived in town, and propose to humbug our citizens with their very clever tricks. We understand that they succeeded last evening, in giving a gentleman satisfactory information in relation to a deceased brother—with only this drawback, unfortunately he never had a brother."

Some "errors of the Press" are worth laughing at. Our paper recently spoke of a certain person appointed "Revenue Commissioner," meaning "Revenue Commissioner," no doubt. And our Milton neighbor praised some of the finest engravings of one of the Philadelphia magazines, as a "splendid triumph of the chisel!"—Another contemporary alludes to the grief of the "hundred [blind] friends of the deceased"—and another proof-sheet read, that "a chimney was turned out in town," instead of burned out.

The beautiful hymn in Montgomery's Selection, commencing "Jerusalem! my happy home," we see by a late number of "Littell's Living Age," was used by the Roman Catholics in England, two hundred years ago, and may have been brought along to them from Christians of the first century.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle. THERE ARE SPIRITS.

There are spirits who dwell in the air,
On land, in cave, and in ocean,
And gentle ghosts breathing their stilled hair
In nature's wildest commotion.
And I hear their voice in the babbling springs
Which among the rocks are gleaming,
They seem like the tones of unearthly things,
With heavenly messages bearing.
Six times in the darkness of midnight deep
They softly shine and quiver,
Daring till the sun is waked from his sleep,
In whose eyes they're lost for ever.
O, methinks they write strange dreams on my brain
Of a new and wondrous story,
Of their deeds within the watery main
Which Neptune with wrath makes hoary.
Again I hear them in wild winter nights
Faintly morn through wildernesses,
Or their joyous chimes of dancing sprites
Lit by stars and jeweled tracées.

CARL.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA.

VIA FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND THE YUKON LAKES.

From the Private Journal kept by WM. H. CHAMBERLIN, of Lewisburg, Pa.

CONTINUED.

Friday, Aug. 10.—Howard and myself walked down to the Upper Crossing, about a mile below the junction. The majority of the emigrants have crossed at this point, while some have gone down a few miles, to Gen. Kearney's Crossing. We found some fifteen or twenty men, busily engaged in ferrying over their baggage, and employing Indians to assist over with the mules. They had a wagon body, which they had managed to make water-tight, and answered the purpose tolerably well, although it is a slender boat in this "torrent of waters." The Colorado is here about 350 yards wide, deep enough to float a "man o'war," and a very swift current. In crossing, the boat is carried down half a mile by the stream, in spite of all the force they can put upon her. The banks of the river are pretty high, and covered to the edge by a thick growth of cotton wood and underbrush, so that it is impossible to land on either side, but at the present place of embarkment and embarkment. After crossing with a load, they are obliged to tow the boat up stream by hand, with a great deal of labor, crawling along the bank over roots, wading or swimming, for the distance of a mile, to make sure of the point on this side.

There are about fifty Indians standing about, watching for every opportunity to plunder. They have heretofore carried the packs of emigrants over upon small rafts made by lashing together several bundles of reeds: in this way, they supplied themselves with clothing, blankets, tobacco, money, &c. This interference with their business, has somewhat enraged them, and they have already given the emigrants a great deal of trouble, stealing their animals, and robbing them of their baggage, provision, money, &c.; and in some instances, attacked and killed several. They are the most expert swimmers I have seen, and remarkably strong in the water. They frequently carry a bundle of clothing upon their heads, (to keep it dry,) with the barrels of three muskets in their hands, which they manage with most surprising dexterity in this swift stream. Their usual plan of stealing, is while crossing the baggage on their small rafts, or swimming over with animals; when they reach the middle of the stream, they turn down, and the current in a few minutes carries them far beyond the reach of the loser, when they land, and hide their plunder in the thicket, until the emigrants have left the river. Property to the amount of thousands of dollars has been taken from the emigrants, in this way. I endeavored to get into the bank of the river about a mile below the crossing, in an almost impenetrable thicket, I accidentally discovered one of their pens for hiding animals, &c., but it was empty. The Yumas are a fine looking tribe, with well formed noses, and regular and rather handsome features. They have a great deal of money amongst them, and I saw as high as \$30 in gold coin paid for a single blanket. They wear no clothing but the breech cloth except the few articles of dress they have procured of travelers, in which they attire themselves rather awkwardly. What would one of our eastern ladies think, if waited upon by one of these "birds of creation," with but a shirt and coat to cover his nakedness, yet looking as dignified and vain, as an enlightened gentleman who has nothing but a good suit of broadcloth to recommend him to their notice! A foreign dress has a surprising effect upon the character of the Indian, as once arousing his vanity and self-esteem. This is true of all the tribes I have yet seen.

After seeing how things were to be done at the crossing, and engaging the "boat," we returned to camp. About 10 o'clock we packed up, and started down. The boat was still in use, and we could do nothing but cross our mules. We hired some Indians to swim over with them, one,

two, and three at a time, for which we gave them blankets, tobacco, &c.—we were cautious, however, to first station a man on each side of the river, with our best shooting rifles, some distance below the ferry, to kill the red-skins should they make any attempt to steal the animals. Part of our company crossed over to receive the mules, while the rest of us remained to start them in and watch our baggage. A small mule belonging to Franklin, became entangled in the larrit, and was drowned; the Indian brought it on shore, and in a short time every part of it was carried away. The first butcher cut out the entrails, and logged them off as the most delicate part, and the last took the head of the ill-fated animal upon his shoulder, and trudged away well satisfied with his share. Although we came very near losing three fine mules, this was the only actual bad luck that happened our company. When night set in, we had all the animals safely over, but our baggage being yet behind, we were obliged to divide camp, and keep a guard on each side.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—The moon arose about 2 o'clock, when we commenced crossing our baggage, and by 12 M. we had all our "traps" safely landed on the western bank of the Colorado, after ten hours of the most fatiguing labor. We immediately packed up, and went out a short distance from the river, where we found a pond of water, an abundance of beans, and some grass. Sunday, Aug. 12.—Visited by the Indians. They had nothing to trade except some jerked meat, which we purchased, glad to get it. The few squaws we saw were remarkably tall, and heavy in proportion; they might well be classed with the race of giants. At this point we expect to leave all water, and strike out upon our journey across the Desert; accordingly, we filled all our water vessels—gourds, canteens, haversacks, &c. My air-pillow, which had done good service in the purpose for which it was made, and was used as a life preserver in swimming the Colorado, now served as a canteen, in which we packed 4 or 5 gallons of water, and altogether we must have had about 20 gallons. We also packed a lot of mezquite beans.

Everything being in readiness, we started about 4 o'clock, P. M. We traveled west, across the river flat, until we reached the high ground; then south, crossing a number of high, rough ridges, putting in towards the river. The country began to change in appearance, and we soon found ourselves "up to our eyes" in sand, the surface rolling, and perfectly bare of vegetation, except a small species of brush, which found its way up through the sand, appearing to defy sterility. The drifting sand had closed up the trail in many places; night closed in upon us, and after many fruitless attempts to follow it, we concluded to stop, which we did about 10 o'clock, tying our animals up to the bushes before mentioned. We lay down to rest and sleep, but in vain—the hot atmosphere and heated sand prevented anything of the kind. The animals sank to their knees in the sand.

Monday, Aug. 13.—The early dawn of morning was the sign to be up and doing, for no time was to be lost, after launching out upon the Desert. We were bivouacked upon a ridge of sand, and a continuation of sand hills stretch out to the W. and N. W., bounding the horizon in that direction. On the east is the river flat; the stream is not in sight, but the bottom is covered with mezquite timber, and this can be seen, off to the south as far as the vision reaches. After packing up, we descended to the flat, where we found several small pools of water; we watered our stock, and replenished our canteens. We were no little surprised to find a cornfield here, and shortly afterwards, saw the Indians coming out of their huts, with baskets to gather their day's supply of corn, melons, &c.; they said they belonged to the Marakopa tribe. Judging from the barren appearance of the soil, I could not have believed that it would produce, especially at such a distance from the river. Here we found a trail running along at the foot of the sand-hills, which we followed, not knowing whether we were in the right or wrong road.

About 9 o'clock, we found some beans, and stopped an hour to rest and feed our animals. At 12 o'clock, M. we came to the first well, where we unpacked, watered our animals, and prepared breakfast, or rather breakfast, dinner, and supper in one meal, for we have eaten nothing since we left the Colorado. A little coarse bread, weak coffee, and an allowance of mule beef, is highly relished. There is as much water in the well as we can use, but it is scarcely fit to drink, (or would be considered so were we in a more enviable situation.) Started at 1 o'clock, and again stopped at 2 P. M., to feed upon beans, which we found in great abundance. The

road to day has been good, rather solid, which made traveling comparatively easy. When we again started, we left the wagon road to the right, and followed a trail. At 3 o'clock, we found another well containing a small quantity of brackish water, and a dead mule, which probably had been left behind, and fallen in its attempts to get to the water. We drank as much as we wanted, and again pursued our journey. Our general course is now nearly due west. Night set in upon us, but we did not stop until 10 o'clock, P. M., when the darkness prevented our following the trail. We tied our animals up to the small bushes and lay down to rest. I had become so drowsy, from loss of sleep and fatigue, that I frequently slept on mule back, and waked up when about to fall off. I could not shake off the feeling, (which was truly wretched,) although I made every effort to do so.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.—The moon arose about 2 o'clock, when we packed up and started, driving at the rate of 4 to 5 miles per hour. Our canteens now contain our entire stock of water. The sand is pretty heavy in places, and in other parts the road is very solid, the earth being of a gravelly nature, and destitute of vegetation throughout. About 7 o'clock this morning, we reached the third well. It is situated in a large deep ravine, but the supply of water was so scanty that we could get but a quart apiece for our animals, and none for ourselves. This place is a perfect Golgotha—the bones of thousands of animals lie strewn about in every direction; and a great number of carcasses of horses and mules that have died lately, pollute the atmosphere. Deserted wagons, harness, saddles, &c., add to this destructive and sickening scene. After draining the well to the last drop, we concluded it would be better to go ahead than wait for it to fill up again. It was with great difficulty that we restrained our suffering animals from rushing into the pit heading. By their incessant nickerings, and unwillingness to leave the place, it seemed as though the little we gave them but increased their thirst. We drove along at a fast rate until 9 o'clock, A. M. Our stock of water is almost out, and we have eaten nothing since yesterday. We do not know how far we are from water, but have concluded to "take a piece" at all hazards. This emptied some of our canteens entirely, and there is not now more than three pints of water in the company. The heat has been almost insupportable, but a slight breeze has just sprung up.

Repacked, and traveled at a rapid pace. By 11 o'clock our water was entirely gone, and some of us were suffering from thirst, uncertain when we should reach water. It operated so powerfully upon Maj. Green, that he became almost frantic, and what the consequence would have been, had we not reached water shortly afterwards, God only knows. About 1 o'clock we saw a small trail, leading off to the left of the road, towards what seemed to be some small trees and shrubbery; but we had so often been deceived by "mirage" during the day—frequently imagining we saw trees, water, &c., in the distance—that we scarcely knew what to do, whether to follow the trail in hopes of finding water, and lose the time if we failed; or, continue ahead as fast as possible. After a short deliberation, we determined to pursue the former course. Our joy can scarcely be imagined when, after traveling a short distance, we came upon a pond or stream of water. Had it not been very warm, the consequences might have been fatal to some of us, for we drank a large quantity of it. We now gave the mules as much as they could drink, but some of them had rushed into the pond and "helped themselves." We could not account for this large body of fresh water at this place, having never read or heard of its existence. (We have since learned that it was "New River," a stream that miraculously opened up in this desert waste during this summer.) But for this "god-send," hundreds of emigrants must have perished, many of whom, like ourselves, were poorly supplied with suitable water vessels. As it was, we heard of several that were lost, and died from thirst. That it did not exist before this season, is attested by travelers and Indians, who have been acquainted with the route for many years. It could not have been passed by unnoticed, for in one place it runs across the main traveled road. I think that it is a branch of the Colorado, or rather an arm of that river.

The bed of the stream indicates that it existed before. The point at which it leaves the main stream, might have become closed up by the washing of sand, or the shifting of the current, (which is very common in these western waters,) and again opened by an unusual rise in the river. This is but a supposition—the true source has not yet been discovered. We saw a number of ducks and other wild fowl, when we first reached the water. Up to this point, we have traveled twenty-four hours since leaving the Colorado, and concluded to unpack, have something to eat, and rest until evening. Shortly after we encamped, a company of Sonorians came up, on their way home from the gold mines of California. We could talk but little Mexican, but learned from them that there were a great many Americans in the mines, that mules were worth from 100 to 300 dollars, &c. They showed us a quantity of gold dust, and said it was very abundant out in the diggings. Since leaving home, we had seen or heard nothing from our place of destination, and we had almost forgotten the principal object of our journey. We had thought that we were on the safe side of the jornada, but learned that we had yet a "long drive" before we reached Cariso creek. After a long search, we found some beans about two miles from camp, where we took our stock to feed. The day has been very hot, and the mezquite affords but a poor shade. Distance, (since last noted,) 75 miles—1950.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Left our place of encampment at dark last evening, and drove along at a very rapid pace. Met great numbers of returning Sonorians. Crossed a stream about ten yards wide, (New River, of which we were not aware at the time,) and so deep that it swam some of our smallest mules. Some persons encamped on the bank, said it was a running stream of fresh water, and that we had better stop; having traveled only 4 or 5 miles, and our canteens being full, we concluded to go on. About 10 o'clock we crossed a lagoon of salt water. The darkness prevented our seeing, but we knew that the Salt Lake must be but a short distance on our right. Yesterday we were much deceived by "mirage," that is, a large lake of water surrounded by trees and shrubbery, constantly appearing before us, and receding as fast as we neared it. Our animals being greatly fatigued, we were obliged to stop at 2 o'clock, A. M. and tie up to some bushes. I was very glad of it, for I had suffered all night from drowsiness, and a more disagreeable feeling can not be experienced. We lay down with empty stomachs. Our entire stock of provision is now reduced to about 3 days' rations, and we have already felt the gnawings of hunger. I was too much fatigued and sore to sleep, during the two hours that we lay down.

When the moon rose, about 4 o'clock in the morning, we packed up and started in a N. W. direction. About 9 o'clock, A. M., we entered the mountains. Armstrong abandoned his riding horse this morning, and more of our stock show strong symptoms of "giving out." Our canteens are empty, and we are obliged to push for water. After a hard struggle, we reached Cariso creek, but found no water. The sight of the dry bed of a stream would not allay our thirst, and we made all haste up it, until we reached the head, where a small rivulet is formed by the water oozing out of the ground in several places, flowing a short distance, and then disappearing in the sand. In our eagerness to reach water, it was the best man, or rather the best animal, foremost. We were scattered all along the way, and the last of the company did not get up for two hours after the first. We reached this point at 11 o'clock, A. M. The water, though clear as chrysalis, has a peculiar and unpleasant taste. We ate a piece, but could find nothing for our animals to feed upon. There are a large number of Sonorians encamped here, resting their stock before they undertake crossing the Desert. They have several hundred head of fine horses, which they have no doubt stolen on the way, for it would seem poor policy to purchase animals in California to carry to Sonora, where they are said to be very cheap. They gave us glowing accounts of the gold diggings, and had large quantities of the dust in their possession. This appears to be a general encamping place, but the animals strewn about, is almost sickening.

Packed up and left Cariso creek at 3 o'clock, P. M. Traveled up a narrow valley in a N. W. direction. The mountains on either side have a barren aspect, and the only vegetation in the valley is the mezcal plant, and a few stunted, prickly bushes. Seeing some palmetto trees on our right, we judged we should find water there, and we were not disappointed. There were several springs, but the water was very bad, besides being polluted by the dead horses and mules that lay in and about them. We were obliged to encamp for the night, and left our animals to browse upon the few bunches of bear grass that grew around. Satisfied that we are now safely across the much dreaded Desert, we laid down early, and enjoyed the most comfortable night's rest we have had in a long time. We also experienced a decided change in the atmosphere. Distance, 45 miles—1995.

Thursday, Aug. 16.—We felt the shock of an earthquake during the night, so sensibly that we were all awakened by it. At daybreak, we packed up and started, our mules all the while crying and nickerings after the pangs of hunger. The poor worn out creatures are to be pitied, having had no feed for nearly forty-eight hours. Continuing up the valley three leagues, we reached a fine green spot of grass, containing a few acres. The earth is spouty—an abundance of water, but not very good. Here we unpacked, and our animals set about satisfying their appetites with a great deal of avidity. We did not fare so well; could find no wood, except a few small green willows—but it mattered little, for we had little to cook. After the loss of a great deal of time and breath, we succeeded in boiling a pot of coffee. There are two or three Indian families living here, who say they belong to the San Felipe tribe. We saw the ruins of Maj. Graham's camp, part of whose command were obliged to go into winter quarters here, on their way to California in '47 and '48. They had thrown up adobe and sod huts, some of which are remaining. His troops suffered a great deal from cold, want of provisions, &c. At 2 o'clock, P. M., we started for San Felipe, where these Indians told us we could procure breadstuff, &c., and the distance was 4 leagues. We ascended and descended several long narrow valleys and ravines, and crossed two or three mountains. The sky had been overcast with clouds during the afternoon, and towards evening a slight rain commenced falling, which in the course of an hour, saturated our clothing, and made us feel very uncomfortable. This is the first rain that has fallen upon us since leaving the vicinity of the Rio Grande. Hill Dixon this afternoon abandoned a fine horse, which he had procured from the Apache Indians, the animal being totally unable to proceed. Night came upon us, but finding no water or grass, we determined to go ahead. We have already traveled more than 4 leagues since leaving camp, but we had our information from Indians, who know but little about distance. It was very dark, but the trail being distinct, we succeeded in keeping it. About 8 o'clock, we saw a dim fire ahead, and at 9 we reached it. This proved to be San Felipe. The first thing we knew, our mules were into the unfenced corn patches, helping themselves, and the Indians hawking and dogs barking, endeavoring in vain to drive them out. Although the animals were very weary, we expected a "stampede" every moment. The darkness was so intense, that we could not see a single mule, nor each other. Where to go, we knew not; but, after a great deal of trouble and vexation, groping about after our mules, &c., we made an Indian to understand that we wanted him to guide us to grass and water, which he did. Here we unpacked, and turned our stock loose at the mercy of the Indians and the weather. We again lay down with empty stomachs in wet clothes, the air cold, and still raining. Distance, 21 miles—2019.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me,
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me,
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing—
Weep not for me.
When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me,
Christ is mine—he can not fail me,
Weep not for me,
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever—
Weep not for me.

The Widow and Fatherless.

A TRUE STORY.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Lewell relate a most affecting incident of charity and suffering, which came to my knowledge directly from the lips of one of my most esteemed friends, of one of God's noblest specimens of man, Paul Poe. He is a Spanish gentleman, and formerly a merchant in this city, but is now a resident of Barcelona, where he retired some years since with a handsome fortune. Owing to the constant political disturbance in his own native country, he obtained a Consularship from our Government, which he now holds, and which he obtained only for the purpose of being protected.

The incident occurred with a particular friend of his and mine, he being also a Spanish gentleman, of great wealth, and of course a Catholic. His name being Spanish and somewhat singular, I have forgotten it; I knew him, however, well. In a conversation with Mr. Poe upon the subject of charity, he related this story.

Mr. Parilla was going home from his store in Grand street, a few evenings since, when he was stopped in Broadway, near White street, by a woman, who accosted him in this manner:

"My dear sir, will you be so kind as to give me a sixpence, to buy a loaf of bread? My children are now crying for the want of something to eat. O!" said she again, "don't refuse me, I have come all the way from the Dry Dock, without being able to excite the sympathy of any one, and I have asked many."

He listened to her story, and gave her a quarter of a dollar. The moment she got it she thanked him, and started homeward on a trot. Mr. P. said—
"I will follow her, to satisfy myself as to the truth of her story."

He did follow her, and, being a good deal advanced in life, he found it as much as he could do to keep in sight of her, so fast did she wind her way through the streets towards the objects of her solicitude. When she got near to her humble dwelling, she shot into a bakery quick as thought, and purchased a shilling loaf of bread and six cents worth of cakes; she came out as quick as she entered, with her bread and cakes in her apron, and flew like a bird to feed its little ones. He followed closely on, and soon she entered a long, dark alley, reaching back to the end of a yard. He still pursued her, determined to ascertain all. In a moment more she entered by drawing aside an old blanket, for this constituted the only door of her abode—if you can call it an abode for the living. He immediately approached, and, looking through a hole in the blanket witnessed the following scene:

The light which came from an oil lamp was very dim but sufficiently good to allow him to see what he so anxiously desired. She squatted down upon the floor, and commenced breaking up the bread—her little children (five of them) came around her, and seemed to devour the bread and cakes as fast as she could break it for them. They were all crying and shivering with cold, for they had no fire, and were almost destitute of clothing. And as she broke the bread, and saw her little ones eat with such avidity—almost upon the point of starvation—she too began to cry, and then Mr. P. began to cry. He could no longer restrain his feelings, but burst into a flood of tears, and with his handkerchief suppressed the emotions and the agonies of his heart, for fear he might be overheard. The little ones were so overpowered at the return of their mother, with bread in her arms, and so rejected to get something to eat, that they would, every now and then, manifest their gratitude and love, by clasping their mother around her neck, and implanting upon her lips that pure and holy kiss—that kiss of love and friendship, and which can only come from the unpolluted lips of innocence.

So soon as Mr. P. had become a little more tranquil, he entered this apology of a dwelling, and stood suddenly and unexpectedly before his ailing-begging suppliant. She at once recognized her benefactor and said, "I thank you, I thank you, and I am glad you followed me home, because you find that my story is true, and that I left half of my sufferings untold," and here she made a motion with her hand—"see how wretchedly poor I am, and see my dear little fatherless children almost naked, starving, and without any fire, or bed to lie down upon—there, sir, is all the bed we have," pointing to a pallet of straw; "not one chair have I, no table, and all I have to cook with is that gridle in the ashes."

This simple and short recital of her condition, together with what he had seen, was enough, and more than he could bear. He began to feel for his money, and in his pocket book found a roll of bank bills, which he threw into her lap, and then, taking her by the hand, said, "There, my dear woman, is all the money I have about me, take it in welcome, take it, and take care of it—it will help you through the winter, and may the God of mercy bless you and your children!" and overcome with feeling, which no tongue or pen can describe, he left the scene—shall I not say that scene of horror—for who could behold it, and not be moved, to say the least, to tears?

This good old gentleman was so much affected by this incident of his life, that he was not able to leave his house for several days. The sum thus feelingly given, amounted to very near one hundred dollars.

Going It Strong.

The value of the Dry Goods imported into this port during the month of January past, was \$17,349,108, being more by some two millions of dollars than the corresponding month last year. In addition to this, it is said that the Atlantic has a cargo valued at over \$600,000, which, in the regular course of events, would have passed through our Custom House in the month of January. This would have made the total imports fall up to \$18,000,000. This looks like prosperity among our commercial people; but we record the fact with more pain than pleasure, for we have a presentiment that when the balance is struck we shall be found woefully deficient, notwithstanding Cotton rules stiff at 13.—[N. Y. Tribune.