# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1851.

Volume VIII., Number 37.
Whole Number---401.



LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

*Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.*

TERMS—$1 00 per year, for cash actually in advance; $1 25, if paid within three months; $1 50 if paid within a year; $2 00 if not paid before the expiration of a year for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Recommendations equivalent with the Publisher, except when the cash is paid down.

ADVERTISEMENTS handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week; $1 four weeks; $2 a quarter; $3 a square, $4 for six months; $6 for a year. Memorable advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

JOB WORK and usual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest, not within the range of party or sectarian controversy. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.


For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

## THE POOR.

"He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker."

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

There is a class of weary ones,
Sad dwellers on our pleasant earth,
Bow-trodden, helpless, hearts bow-bowed,
Strangers alike to hope and mirth.

In crowded lanes and narrow courts,
Almost devoid of light and air,
They linger out their term of years,
'Mid scenes of sorrow, want and care.

A very mockery to them,
Earth's buried treasures seem to be;
They labor only to increase
The rich man's pomp and luxury.

They till the soil, and plant and sow,
And guard with care the rising grain,
Yet know another hand shall reap
The fruit that they have sown in pain.

Glad harvests waving o'er the plain,
Ripe fruits which bow the slender stem,
And golden crops of full eared corn,
In plenty bloom, but not for them.

Hungry full oft, and cold, and worn,
With scarce a shelter for their head,
They know not at the close of day
Where they shall get the morrow's bread;

Their meagre pittance, hardly earned,
Withheld, or doled with sparing hand,
As if their waste of strength was nought,
Its price a wrong, unjust demand.

Thus on our common Father's earth—
Alike dependent on his grace—
The proud oppressors of the poor,
Reproach their Maker to his face.

Yet if in bitterness of woe,
With sorrowful, appealing eye,
With faith undimmed by doubting cloud,
They raise to him their earnest cry;

And tell him all their weary tale,
How they have tilled the rich man's soil,
Who, with a strong, oppressive grasp,
Held back the wages of their toil;

Then will he hear, their gracious God,
To whom their cause they then entrust;
Will meet th' oppressor as a Judge,
Whose laws are equal, holy, just.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1851.

## Disturbing Religious Meetings.

At a trial of twenty-four young men of our Borough, on Tuesday last, before the Hon. A. O. Hiester, when all were fined, the Judge in the course of a very appropriate lecture, remarked, that he would depart from the usual course in summary convictions, and not only give the defendants his reasons for the sentence he was about to pronounce, but his reasons for overruling the several motions made by their counsel during the course of the trial, and for his construction of the law of 1847. He wished every one of them to feel, that they had not only been fairly tried under the law, but leniently dealt with, that they might leave the Court-room not with the fell purpose of resenting a wrong, but with the determination of amending their ways. He said that meek and forbearing people, (Congregation of the United Brethren) who had so long been annoyed, and disturbed with their improprieties, had suffered until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and it was proper that they, and the religious community generally should know their rights. Disturbances, such as now complained of, had become a crying evil throughout the country, except in a few congregations, where the general education of the hearers, and consequent appreciation of propriety, taught all better. He reviewed the act of 1822—showed wherein it was defective—explained why the act of 1835, which was more stringent than that of 1822, was passed—detailed the difficulties of convicting under the acts of '22 and '35, and came down to the law of 1847, which he remarked was as stringent as language could make it, and in his judgment and interpretation of it, was designed by the Legislature to cover precisely such cases as he had under consideration. He said, he saw around him men from all parts of the country, and he wished them to remember, and to say to their neighbors when they got home, that he now decided that the running into meeting after the services had commenced, and out before they closed—whispering and laughing during the exercises—standing about the pavements, indulging in loud talking, laughing and swearing—blocking up the passage to the doors—puffing tobacco-smoke into the faces of members of the congregation passing to and from church, were all disturbances within the meaning of the act of '47, and punishable as such. He said, further, that he now offered his services for five years to come, should he so long retain his office, to the orderly and religious portion of the citizens, residing in any part of Dauphin county, however annoying and disagreeable the examination of such cases might be to him, for the purpose of breaking up, effectually, this disgraceful and demoralizing conduct. He admonished the culprits not to permit the sins of their youth to follow them and lead them to greater excesses, and cautioned them against being brought before him for the like offence, as, if guilty, he should feel bound to inflict the severest penalty the law allows. In conclusion, he paid a handsome compliment to A. J. Herr Esq., one of the counsel for the defence, who made a very eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the Judge on behalf of his clients, begging that he would remember that it was the certainty more than the severity of punishment that produced the end designed. He told Mr. Herr his appeal had prevailed, and that if he had been called upon the evening previous to pass judgment, when he felt inexpressibly indignant at the conduct of the young men, he should have imposed a severer sentence.

Thus ended the first trial in our County under the act of '47. Those who are acquainted with Judge Hiester, know, that what he undertakes he will accomplish, and as he has undertaken to abate this nuisance, we feel satisfied he will accomplish it. Twelve years ago he undertook to break up petty gambling and hustling in his Township, and he effected it, after fining sixty individuals. We call upon the orderly portion of the community to sustain him in his efforts at reform.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The preceding article, from a late Harrisburg paper, is worthy of the notice of the citizens of every town in the land, where there are any boys or young men thoughtless or wicked enough to disturb public congregations of any kind, to any extent. There are few places exempt from such characters. The evil is not in all cases caused by a love of deliberate, wanton mischief, and therefore the punishment as well as the general estimate of the crime should vary with individuals. But even when it is simply boyish thoughtlessness—the irregular outbreak of youthful vivacity—even then, its *results* are the same, and the wrong done and the feelings wounded are just as certain as when the injury is perpetrated with malice prepense. In one case, wrong is done with a bad motive; in the other, the same wrong is perpetrated with a *less bad* motive, namely, the gratification of self at the expense of the rights and wishes of others. Every person who is liable to be drawn into such company and conduct, should remember, that although there is no *maliciousness* in his heart, there is a *disgusting selfishness* equally heinous in the sight of God and equally injurious to the person or persons injured.

Were all youth to adopt as their guide through life, the Divine rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," offences of this kind would never occur.

There is nothing more worthy the true nobility of a YOUNG MAN, than respect for the rights and feeling of all. It is a sad mark of a want of manliness, to see the young, lawless and wanton—offending the delicacy and alarming the fears of Woman—and casting contempt upon God as well as Man by mocking at and interrupting Public Worship.

Many who are not chargeable with the more odious and flagrant crimes above enumerated, are however frequently doing wrong in other ways. Thronging around entrances to places of worship, needlessly—standing upon the corners of streets, to gaze into the face of respectable females—and above all polluting the house of God with tobacco spit and nutshells—these are lesser evils, but evils still, and should be avoided by every youth who has any self-respect or regard for the good will of others.

"I have been young, and now I am old," but never have I known one of those characters, best described by the word "*rowdy*," to prosper, so long as they maintained that character. Some of the class have reformed, and have maintained a good standing in the world, not *in consequence* of previous delinquencies, but *in spite* of them. Nor have I known over two or three criminals in the eye of the law who did not acknowledge that street lawlessness was a procuring cause of their degradation and downfall.

—And here it may be well to advert to the source of such habits. And in the first place, the fact is evident, that those who indulge them were not "well-brought up," or, they have renounced their education, for such practices are the worst proofs of ill breeding. Many of these are the sons of outcasts, of ignorant foreigners, of careless fathers, of widows, or of over-fond and indulgent parents, who know little and care less of the places of resort and company kept by their children, or, who think themselves unable to restrain them.—Another fruitful parent of this as well as other evils, is, the *intoxicating stimulant*, and its concomitants, cigar-smoking, ground-nut-munching, dirk-carrying, cane-swaggering, and "rowdyism" in general. A few days since, two youths in a small town in this State met, one heated by liquor, and the other armed with a dirk, and murder ensued. Now, what right, human or divine, had any merchant, druggist, or hotel-keeper, to furnish those minors with brandy and dirk? Who was the murderer—the reckless youth, or the cool seller of the drink and the weapon? The youth had no possible want of either, and the seller who furnished the weapons was guilty of robbery in the first instance, and accessary to murder in the second. Under existing laws—and certainly under the law of right and rectitude—this unlicensed granting to minors of everything desired, whether proper or improper, is obnoxious to punishment. And any one who will follow the career of a young man, will see a close connection between self-abasement by gormandizers and epicures, and disregarding of legal and social rights. Let every parent and citizen exercise a kind but continued and watchful care against the formation and indulgence of these evil habits, and let every young man who would be deemed respectable, avoid them, and they will fall into disuse, like many objectionable customs of former days.

—But in case they are continued in any community, it is the *private*, nay it is the DUTY, of any one aggrieved to call upon Constables, Justices, Grand Juries, and Judges, to enforce the Laws! It may seem harsh—but it is in truth kindness to the offenders. It may subject prosecutors to temporary cost, inconvenience, and abuse; but to neglect it, and to suffer the evil to increase as it naturally will, is certainly a much worse alternative.

It is a just maxim, that "*he who vindicates the Law, does every man a kindness.*" "Law does every man a kindness!" Yes, Law is the friend of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless—if enforced. Where Law is trampled upon by violent and reckless men, Truth and Justice must suffer, for nothing but Error and Wrong are antagonistic to Law. The man who suffers for a crime, deters others from the same crime; and his suffering, is the security of the guiltless. The man who is prevented from committing a fraud on his fellow, is an example to deter others from the wish or attempt to commit fraud. And although those who enforce justice against offenders are frequently denounced, abused, and injured by the lawless and their secret confederates, and are not properly aided by the well disposed but fearful, still, Society owes such men her deepest gratitude. They are the Benefactors of our Race, in proportion to the magnitude of their efforts to do "every man a kindness." I would not advise captious or ill-advised prosecutions, for they detract from the majesty of the law, and when they fail, tend to increase the evil. But a well-defined public evil, clearly within the prohibition of law, and capable of positive proof, should b extirpated by the power of legal procedure, "without fear, favor, or affection." This is the design of Law; this is what we are taxed to procure; and this will benefit every well disposed member of community.

OBSERVER.

☞ There is a large amount of twaddle in verse about *The Union*, but the ninety-nine hundredths of it is manufactured solely for the purpose of bolstering up the accursed and tottering institution of Slavery, and for gagging Free Speech and Free Discussion on that subject. The only *poetry* we have seen on the topic of Union for a long time, is the following, written recently by the Abolition Poet, for the leading Anti-Slavery paper in the Union:

[From the National Era.]

## "KNOW YE THE LAND?"

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall—
Where the harvests of earth the most plenteously vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all—
Where the long rolling rivers go mightily troubling,
With wealth on their billows through many a clime—
Where the lakes and the woodlands like seas are extending,
And the mountains rise lone in the centre sublime?

Know ye the land where a Royal Oppressor
Made the Burghers and Hodmandmen bow to his will—
But they fought the good fight, and—thank God, the Redressor,
And the heart of humanity beats to it still—
Where the lakes, mounts and plains keep, inspiring or solemn,
Their tales of that strife, and its monuments be
The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column—
But—best and most lasting—the Souls of the Free?

Know ye the land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands proudlier than any the earth ever knew,
When Greece flashed like fire through the East, or the pinion
Of Rome's dreaded war-bird with victory flew—
Where, high as the haughtiest, she lifts up her banner,
By crime undishonored, unshamed by defeat,
While the gales of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And waft the full wealth of the world to her feet?

Where she bends, Great Protectress, to greet the pale strangers,
The pilgrims of many a realm, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants, her seas and their dangers,
To their birth place the wails that wafts them to her—
Whence, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores, by their slaves and their kings:
"I will come, I will come like the march of the morning,
And the healing of nations go forth on my wings!"

Oh, that land! Yes, we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all Nature—AMERICA's land!
We would die for that land of our love and our glory!
We live to sustain it—heart, spirit and hand!
And thus brothers, friends, we salute it—Oh, never,
That proud Constellation made less by a star!
All hail it, perpetual! still brightening for ever—
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

Till the hard Rock of Plymouth be worn by the ocean,
And Charlestown's tall Obelisk be dust on the shore,
Ann, dear Old Dominion, thy noblest devotion
And the gift of thy Chieftancy thought of no more—
Shall this bond, long our glory, still bind us together,
One people from Maine to the Mexican lines—
From the Chesapeake's wave to the cape of Fourlweather—
From the Palm of the South to the Cataract's Pines!

☞ From the initials of the following interesting article, from the *Princeton Magazine* for May, it is evidently from the pen of late Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander. There are few men living, who had personal evidence of the oratorical powers of Patrick Henry!—*Ed. Chron.*]

## Reminiscences of Patrick Henry.

From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed to hear of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. On this subject there existed but one opinion in the country. The power of his eloquence was felt equally by the learned and unlearned. No man who ever heard him speak, on any important occasion, could fail to admit his uncommon power over the minds of his hearers. The occasions on which he made his greatest efforts have been recorded by Mr. Wirt, in his life of Henry. What I propose in this brief article is to mention only what I observed myself more than half a century ago. Being then a young man, just entering on a profession in which good speaking was very important, it was natural for me to observe the oratory of celebrated men.

In executing a mission from the Synod of Virginia, in the year 1794, I had to pass through the county of Prince Edward, where Mr. Henry resided. Understanding that he was to appear before the Circuit Court which met in that county, in defence of three men charged with murder, I obtained a seat in front of the bar, where I could have a full view of the speaker, as well as hear him distinctly. But I had to submit to a severe penance in gratifying my curiosity; for the whole day was occupied with the examination of witnesses, in which he was aided by two others. In person, Mr. H. was lean rather than fleshy. He was rather above than below the common height, but had a stoop in the shoulders which prevented him from appearing as tall as he really was. In his moments of animation, he had the habit of straightening his frame, and adding to his apparent stature. He wore a brown wig, which exhibited no indication of any great care in the dressing. Over his shoulders he wore a brown camlet cloak. Under this his clothing was black, something the worse for wear. The expression of his countenance was that of solemnity, and deep earnestness. His mind appeared to be always absorbed in what, for the time, occupied his attention. His forehead was high and spacious, and the skin of his face more than usually wrinkled for a man of fifty. His eyes were small and deeply set in his head, but were of a bright blue color, and twinkled much in their sockets. In short, Mr. Henry's appearance had nothing very remarkable as he sat at rest. You might readily have taken him for a common planter, who cared very little about his personal appearance. In his manners he was uniformly respectful and courteous. Candles were brought into the Court-House when the examination of the witnesses closed; and the Judges put it to the option of the bar, whether they would go on with the argument that night, or adjourn until the next day. Paul Carrington, Jr., the attorney for the State, a man of large size, and uncommon dignity of person and manner, as also an accomplished lawyer, professed his willingness to proceed immediately, whilst the testimony was fresh in the minds of all. Now, for the first time, I heard Mr. Henry make anything of a speech; and though it was short, it satisfied me of one thing, which I had particularly desired to have decided, namely, whether like a player he merely assumed the appearance of feeling. His manner of addressing the Court was profoundly respectful. He would be willing to proceed with the trial, but, said he, "my heart is so oppressed with the weight of responsibility which rests upon me, having the lives of three fellow citizens depending, probably, on the exertion which I may be able to make in their behalf, (here he turned to the prisoners behind him,) that I do not feel able to proceed to-night. I hope the Court will indulge me, and postpone the trial till morning." The impression made by these few words was such as I assure myself no one can ever conceive, by seeing them in print. In the countenance, action, and intonation of the speaker, there was expressed such an intensity of feeling, that all my doubts were dispelled; never again did I question whether Henry felt, or only acted a feeling. Indeed, I experienced an instantaneous sympathy with him in the emotions which he expressed; and I have no doubt the same sympathy was felt by every hearer.

As a matter of course, the proceedings were deferred till the next morning. I was early at my post; the judges were soon on the bench, and the prisoners at the bar. Mr. (afterwards Judge) Carrington, opened with a clear and dignified speech, and presented the evidence to the Jury. Everything seemed perfectly plain. Two brothers and a brother-in-law met two other persons in pursuit of a slave, supposed to be harbored by the brothers. After some altercation and mutual abuse, one of the brothers, whose name was John Ford, raised a loaded gun which he was carrying, and, presenting it to the breast of one of the other pair, shot him dead in open day. There was no doubt about the fact. Indeed it was not denied. There had been no other provocation than opprobrious words. It is presumed that the opinion of every juror was made up from merely hearing the testimony; as Tom Harvey, the principal witness, who was acting as constable on the occasion, appeared to be a respectable man. For the clearer understanding of what follows, it must be observed that the said constable, in order to distinguish him from another of the name, was commonly called "Butterwood Harvey," as he lived on Butterwood Creek. As Henry descanted on the evidence, he would often turn to Tom Harvey—a large, bold-looking man—and with the most sarcastic look would call him by some name of contempt; "this Butterwood Tom Harvey," "this *would-be-constable*," &c. By such expressions, his contempt for the man was communicated to the hearers. I own I felt it gaining on me, in spite of my better judgment; so that, before he was done, the impression was strong on my mind that Butterwood Harvey was undeserving of the smallest credit. This impression, however, I found I could counteract, the moment I had time for reflection. The only part of the speech in which he manifested his power of touching the feelings strongly, was where he dwelt on the irruption of the company into Ford's house, in circumstances so perilous to the solitary wife. This appeal to the sensibility of husbands—and he knew that all the Jury stood in this relation—was overwhelming. If the verdict could have been rendered immediately after this burst of the pathetic, every one, or at least every husband in the house, would have been for rejecting Harvey's testimony, if not for hanging him forthwith. It was fortunate that the illusion of such eloquence is transient, and is soon dissipated by the exercise of sober reason. I confess, however, that nothing which I then heard so convinced me of the advocate's power, as the speech of five minutes, which he made when he requested that the trial might be postponed till the next day.

In addition to this it so happened that I heard the last speech which Mr. Henry ever made. It was delivered at Charlotte, from the portico of the Court-House, to an assembly in the open air. In the American edition of the New Edinburg Encyclopedia, an account of this speech and its effects is given, so charged with exaggeration as to be grossly incorrect. There is more truth in the statements contained in Mr. Wirt's memoir. In point of fact, the performance had little impression beyond the transient pleasure afforded to the friends of the Administration, and the pain inflicted on the Anti-Federalists, his former political friends. Mr. Henry came to the place with difficulty, and was plainly destitute of his wonted vigor and commanding power. The speech was nevertheless a noble effort, such as would have proceeded from none but a patriotic heart. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Henry, (as is correctly stated by Mr. Wirt,) after speaking of Washington at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, exclaimed, "And where is the American who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country, to point a weapon at the breast of the man who had so often led them to battle and to victory?" An intoxicated man cried, "I could." "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty, and in a voice most solemn and penetrating, "No; you durst not do it; in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

Mr. Henry was followed by a speaker, afterwards noted in our national history; I mean John Randolph, of Roanoke; but the aged orator did not remain to witness the debut of his young opponent. Randolph began by saying that he had admired that man more than any on which the sun over shone, but that now he was constrained to differ from him *toto cœlo*. But Randolph was suffering with the hoarseness of a cold, and could scarcely utter an audible sentence. All that is alleged in the Encyclopedia, about Henry's returning to the platform and replying with extraordinary effect, is pure fabrication. The fact is as above stated; Henry retired to his house, as if unwilling to listen, and requested a friend to report to him anything which might require an answer. But he made no reply, nor did he again present himself to the people. I was amidst the crowd, standing near to Creed Taylor, then an eminent lawyer, and afterwards a judge; who made remarks to those around him, during the speech, declaring among other things that the old man was in his dotage. It is much to be regretted that a statement so untrue should be perpetuated in a work of such value and celebrity.

Patrick Henry had several sisters, with one of whom, the wife of Col. Meredith, of New Glasgow, I was acquainted. Mrs. Meredith was not only a woman of unfeigned piety, but was in my judgment as eloquent as her brother; nor have I ever met with a lady who equalled her in powers of conversation.

At an early period of my ministry, it became my duty to preach the funeral sermon of Mr. James Hunt, the father of the late Rev. James Hunt, of Montgomery county, Maryland. The death occurred at the house of a son who lived on Stanton river; Mr. Henry's residence, Red Hill, was a few miles distant on the same river. Having been long a friend of the deceased, Mr. Henry attended the funeral, and remained to dine with the company; on which occasion I was introduced to him by Capt. William Craighead, who had been an Elder in President Davies' church. These gentlemen had been friends in Hanover, but had not met for many years.

On the retrospect of so many years, I may be permitted to express my views of the extraordinary effects of Henry's eloquence. The remark is obvious, in application not only to him but to all great orators, that we can not ascribe these effects merely to their intellectual conceptions, or their cogent reasonings, however great; these conceptions and reasons, when put on paper, often fall dead. It has indeed been often said, both of Whitfield and of Henry, that their discourses, when reduced to writing, show poorly by the side of men who are no orators. Gen. Posey was a revolutionary officer, who was second in command, under Wayne, in the expedition against the Indians; a man of observation and cool judgment. He was in attendance on the debates of that Convention, in which there were so many displays of deliberative eloquence. He assured me, that after the hearing of Patrick Henry's most celebrated speech in that body, he felt himself as fully persuaded that the Constitution as adopted would be our ruin, as of his own existence. Yet, subsequent reflection restored his former judgment, and his well considered opinion resumed its place.

The power of Henry's eloquence was due, first, to the greatness of his emotion and passion, accompanied with a versatility which enabled him to assume at once any emotion or passion which was suited to his ends. Not less indispensable, secondly, was a matchless perfection of the organs of expression, including the entire apparatus of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance. In no instance did he ever indulge in an expression that was not recognized as nature itself, yet some of his penetrating and subduing tones were absolutely peculiar and as inimitable as they were indescribable. These were felt by every hearer, in all their force. His mightiest feelings were sometimes indicated and communicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his finger.

Patrick Henry of course owed much to his singular insight into the feelings of the common mind. In great cases, he scanned his jury, and formed his mental estimate; on this basis he founded his appeals to their predilections and character. It is what other advocates do in a lesser degree. When he knew that there were conscientious or religious men among the jury, he would most solemnly address himself to their sense of right, and would adroitly bring in scriptural citations. If this handle was not offered, he would lay bare the sensibility of patriotism. Thus it was, when he succeeded in rescuing the man who had deliberately shot down a neighbor, who however lay under the odious suspicion of being a Tory, and who was proved to have refused supplies to a brigade of the American army.

A learned and intelligent gentleman stated to me that he once heard Mr. Henry's defence of a man arraigned for a capital crime. So clear and abundant was the evidence, that my informant was unable to conceive any grounds of defence, especially after the law had been ably placed before the jury by the Attorney for the Commonwealth. For a long time after Henry began, he did not once advert to the merits of the case, or the comments of the prosecution, but went off into a most deviating and discursive oration on general topics, expressing opinions in perfect accordance with those of his hearers, until, having fully succeeded in obliterating every impression of his opponent's speech, he obliquely approached the subject, and as occasion was offered, dealt forth strokes which seemed to tell upon the minds of the jury. In this case, it should be added, the cause of truth prevailed over the art of the consummate erator. A. A.

## Another "Gorsuch Letter."

*To the Citizens of the Commonwealth of New Jersey, Greeting:*

DEARLY BELOVED: Know ye, that I was possessed of a beautiful mare, named Kate, and that on the 24th of September last she was stolen by some denizen, I fear, of your State, and was traced to Deckertown, where the trail was lost. I trust you will not therefore regard it as impertinent in me if, in my afflictive circumstances, I invoke your aid.

That you may know something of the depth of this affliction, I will recount some of the excellent qualities of this quadruped, which are many and great. She is very kind in her disposition, and whether in the harness or under the saddle, she is pronounced by those who know her best, to be the most complete of her species. No terrors can alarm, no accident can provoke her to run; and she will jump so gently over a hemlock log that may have fallen across the road, if you are in a sleigh, that you hardly know anything has happened. She is a real missionary in her feelings, and delights in nothing more than bearing her master out into the destitute settlements to preach. She is punctual in attendance upon the Presbytery; but snuffs at those deacons who, when they know that the Presbytery is to meet in their place, have no oats threshed out. Hospitable in her feelings, she loves to see this kindness exemplified in others.

She loves to have a good preacher's horse drop in of a Saturday evening; she cheerfully welcomes him to a stall by her side, and is willing to share with him her last morsel. When her master is wearied with study, she loves to bear him out on little excursions, in which he may obtain, by means of his fly rod, a bountiful supply for his breakfast table.

She knows every good trout stream within ten miles of this place; but will trot past a pickerel pond without deigning to notice it. She thinks ministers of the Gospel do right to preserve their calling, and in accordance with apostolic example. Many excellent doctors of divinity, who have sought recreation and health in the country, she has borne on excursions of this character, and received their warm commendations; while she, on the other hand, has highly esteemed them as sensible men.

She aims to do everything from correct principles, and could not be induced, for the sake of exercise, to neglect a single known duty. She was never known to turn away from the poor and afflicted because they were in humble circumstances, but would stand by them to the last, even though compelled, for want of food, to gnaw a post. She rejoiced in visits of mercy, and cheerfully went any distance to impart comfort to the disconsolate, or to aid them in the burial of their dead. She was excellent at funerals, having a very fast walk, and was ever at the service of the infirm and aged on such occasions. She would lead a procession for miles, faster than any horse ever known in this region, and yet not go out of a walk. And what shall I say more, excepting that, in a single sentence, she is the most perfect of her kind, and her loss to me is great and irreparable. Dear Kate, shall I never see your pleasant face again?

A liberal reward has been offered for information leading to her recovery, and I engage suitably to increase it, if necessary, to any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars. I am willing to buy her of any one who has unwittingly purchased her of the thief, and will secure him from loss if he will give her up; and if the thief himself will bring her back, I will give him the reward, and ask no questions.

That you may know what kind of an animal she is, I will describe her, as she was when stolen. She is of medium size, chestnut color, beautifully formed, flowing mane and tail, deeply cut in the mouth by the bit, is very fleet, having never been struck with the whip, her feet very small, the hind one white, with windgalls and marks of interfering, has no superior as a lady's horse, was the delight of my daughters, is old enough to be a grandmother, but is as sprightly as a colt, and is marked with the collar and saddle very slightly. Could you see her turn out on a Whig procession, you would think her feet hardly touched the ground. I never knew her predilections however, for she is a prudent animal; but I always fancied that when she turned out in a procession of the opposite party, her head and tail rather drooped; but she always went cheerfully when borrowed on such occasions, and was but slightly influenced in her feelings by the company she was in, or was too polite to show it.

Governor Johnston paid a visit to this place after she had been stolen, and, I say it with great reluctance, that he never inquired about Kate, nor came to condole with me, nor offered to issue his proclamation, although the crime was so base, and had been committed within the precincts of his official rule. But "I write this more in sorrow than in anger," and he is justly punished for his official delinquency.

Lest my efforts to recover Kate should fail, I invoke your aid, citizens of New Jersey. I do earnestly solicit all benevolent, kind-hearted editors, for such Kate loves, to issue this my humble address, to the good people of this commonwealth, that all may know the circumstances of the case, and unite their efforts to wipe off from their State the grievous stain of giving harbor to the black-hearted villain who would be so mean as to steal a minister's horse.

HENRY A. ROWLAND.

*Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 12, 1851.*

The Erie Commercial says, "the Lake is more than one thousand feet lower than the Ohio river at any point between its source and its mouth." At Coudersport, Potter county, the tributaries of the Ohio are 1,074 feet above the lake; at Olean 838 feet; at Pittsburg 134 feet: at Cincinnati, the Ohio is 133 feet below the lake, and between Marietta and Parkersburg—near the former—it is on the same level. The figures are the result of actual survey.