LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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JOB WORK and casual 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 contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞These 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.

Railroads and Canals—Poetry, no Fiction.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It is more than eighty years ago that DARWIN wrote—

"Soon shall thy power, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the swift barge, and drive the rapid car."

JOEL BARLOW wrote his epic poem entitled the "*Vision of Columbus*," seventy years ago. In the Paris edition, Book IX. from page 258 to 263, he portrays "The future progress of society with respect to commerce, discoveries, and the opening of canals." From it I make the following extracts. The Erie, Ohio and Illinois canals are foretold:

"Now round the yielding canopy of shade,
Again the Guide his heavenly power display'd.
Far as the angelic Power could lift the eye,
Or earth or ocean lend the yielding sky,
Around the chief in fair expansion rise,
And earth's whole circuit bounds the lov'e'l skies.

"The Hero looked: beneath his wond'ring e es
Bright streams lengthen round the seas and skies;
The countless nations upon all their stores,
The sails, in mingling mazes sweep the air,
And commerce triumphs o'er the rage of war.

"In distant glory, where the watery way
Spreads the blue borders of descending day,
Unfolding flags from every current sweep,
Pride of the world and daughters of the deep.
From arctic heavens, and deep in southern skies,
Where frost recedes as blooms of culture rise—
Where eastern Amur's length'ning current glides,
Where California breaks the billowy tides,
Peruvian streams their golden margins boast
And spreading chili leads the channeled coast,
The painted swell; till all the crowd the train,
From pole to pole, o'ershades the whitening main.

"He saw, as widely spread the unchannelled plain,
Where inland realms for ages bloomed in vain,
Canals, long winding, ope a weary flight,
And distant streams, and seas, and lakes unite!
Where Darien's hills o'erlook the gulphy tide,
By human art the ridge breaks divide;
Ascending sails the opening pass pursue,
And wait the sparkling treasures of Peru;
Joseph's stream from Plata wins its way;
Madeira greets the waves of Paraguay;
From rich Albania, toward the falling sun,
Back thro' the midland, numerous channels run,
Meet the far lakes, their beauteous town that lave,
And Hudson join to broad Ohio's wave;
From slim to Superior, whose unfathomed sea
Drinks the mild sunbeams of the setting day,
New paths unfolding, lead their watery pride,
And towns and empires rise along their side;
To Mississippi's source the passes bend,
And to the broad Pacific main extend."

The prediction of *Darwin* relative to railways, is not more singular than the description by *Barlow* of the Erie, Ohio, the Wabash, and Illinois canals. Barlow's Poem written, he states, page 256, "previous to the late war," (meaning the Revolution,) is a remarkable production. He has certainly the right with Gen. Washington and Gen. Schuyler, to claim the paternity of the Erie canal.

Fulton, you may recollect, adopted Darwin's idea in the "Lady Clinton Barge," attached to his first experiments in steam on the North River. But I am admonished not to trespass on the value of your columns, further than to mention that Col. J. Stevens, of Hoboken, said, in 1811, "I should not be surprised at seeing steam carriages propelled at the rate of forty and fifty miles per hour, and I can see nothing to hinder one from moving on these ways with the velocity of one hundred miles an hour."—*Saturday Evening Post.* S. E. B.

Sunbury & Erie Railroad.

We publish below the 9th and 10th sections of the supplement to the act incorporating the Sunbury & Erie Railroad Company, passed at the last session of our Legislature, conferring upon that company the right to extend their road from Sunbury to connect with the Pennsylvania railroad, in case the Susquehanna railroad company shall fail to put that portion of the line of their road under contract between Bridgeport and Sunbury, within one year from the passage of the supplement aforesaid, and complete the same within two years.—*Keystone.*

SEC. 9. That the Sunbury & Erie Railroad Company shall have power to construct lateral and branch roads from the line of their road, at, southward or eastward from Williamsport, to intersect any other railroads by means of which the said company may be enabled to form connections with the city of Philadelphia, by way of the valley of the Schuylkill; or, as hereinafter provided, by way of the valley of the Susquehanna: Provided, That on any road that may be made between Sunbury and Harrisburg the same tax be and is hereby imposed as is now, or may hereafter be imposed, by law on the Susquehanna Railroad; And provided further, That if the Susquehanna Railroad Company shall fail to put that portion of the line of their road under contract between Bridgeport and Sunbury within one year from the passage of this act, and complete the same within two years thereafter, then, and in that case, the Sunbury & Erie Railroad Company is hereby authorized to extend their road from Sunbury by the valley of the Susquehanna to connect with the Pennsylvania railroad at such point as may be deemed most expedient by the said company, on the same terms and conditions that they are now authorized to construct the main line of their road between Sunbury and Erie.

SEC. 10. That if the said company shall construct a raiload from Bridgeport or Harrisburg to Sunbury, under the provisions of this act, they shall meke the towns of Dauphin, Halifax and Millersburg, in Dauphin county, and Georgetown in Northumberland Co., points on said road.

Susquehanna Railroad Company.

It will be observed by an advertisement in another column, that the Susquehanna Railroad Company, having complied with their law of incorporation relative to stock subscriptions and payment thereon, have taken out letter patent, and give notice of a meeting of stockholders to be held in this place on the 10th June, for the election of officers, and perfect organization of the company. The palpable advantages which are calling this important work into existence, give such certain assurances of profit as to make the question of funds for its completion an easy one to solve. Indeed, the wonder is, now that attention is called to the subject, that a railroad from Harrisburg to Williamsport has not been constructed ere this. We understand that it is the intention of the leading parties interested, to take hold of the work energetically, and prosecute it to a speedy completion. The Sunbury & Erie Company are also moving onward with their great enterprise, under auspices promising entire and early success; and there is every reason to believe that the northern connection contemplated between Williamsport and the New York & Erie Railroad will be made at an early day. A glance at the map will show, that once completed, these roads must become thoroughfares of travel and business second to scarce any in the country.—*Harrisburg Keystone.*

Another Slave Case.

A colored man well known in Harrisburg to most of our business men, named James Phillips, was knocked down on Monday afternoon last, at the railroad bridge, by one of the officers of Commissioner M'Allister, who approached him under a feigned proffer of a shake of the hand; and before he could recover from the blow, he was secured by the others of the gang of official kidnappers present, and hurried off to M'Allister's office, where he underwent the sham or pretense of a trial, which lasted several hours, and which resulted in the Commissioner turning him over to the claimants with a certificate made out before the pretended trial, on what the Commissioner said he considered as *prima facia* evidence that he was a slave. Phillips was then taken to the county prison and there kept until yesterday morning early, when he was taken in the cars to Baltimore.

Phillips has been residing in Harrisburg, it is alleged by those who know him best, about fifteen years, and has always sustained a good character, and is a very industrious and trusty man. He has been employed by the Forwarding men, and railroad company, generally, and is said to be one of the most reliable fellows to be found. He had married a respectable, industrious colored woman, and had children, from all of whom he has been thus most inhumanly torn, and not even allowed the privilege of a parting farewell.

The pretended trial is said by those who witnessed it, to have been of a most extraordinary and farcical character. The owner of the slave alleged to have run away, was not there; but two men from Virginia, armed with pistols, bowie knives, dirks, &c., who presented a power of attorney from the alleged owner, testified that Philips was the man, because he bore a resemblance to a certain slave family. One of them said that he, the witness, was only ten or eleven years old when Philips ran off, and that he, Philips, was then only fifteen or sixteen years old. The whole testimony is said to have been of a character that would not have convicted a person of the most trifling crime; yet in the important issue of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it was deemed sufficient by those having fees dependant upon the result, to sunder all the social ties and relations of life, and send a helpless mortal into perpetual and hopeless bondage. It is said that the power of attorney produced by the Slave catchers, was originally different, and had been altered to meet the description of Philips.

During the trial, the wife of Philips stood by his side without uttering a word; but when the certificate was handed over and the slave grabbers drew out their handcuffs and hobbles to fasten upon their victim, she became frantic, and the scene which followed was one of the most painful and heart rending. She was taken home in a state of insensibility.

This case has produced the most intense excitement through our community; even those who formerly approved the Fugitive Slave Law, now denounce and condemn it.

A subscription is now on foot to raise money to buy Philips' freedom; and another to test the legality of the course of the Slave Commissioner. F.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Monument to Col. Johnston.

Launetz is occupied with the execution of a monument in marble to the memory of Richard M. Johnston, ordered by the State of Kentucky. A short pillar, around the summit of which hangs in folds the flag of the United States, is surmounted by an eagle, and rests on a massive pedestal. On one of the four sides of the pedestal is a bas-relief representing the death of the Indian warrior Tecumseh. On the side opposite to it is a medallion likeness of the head. The two other sides are occupied with inscriptions. The cornice of the pedestal is supported by four pieces of ordnance in place of columns.

Lines.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

I.

When last the April bloom was flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In firestainless thy voice was ringing,
Where thou didst with the red bird sing;
Again the April bloom is flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But now in Heaven thy voice is ringing,
Where thou dost with the angel's sing.

II.

When the last maple-bud was swelling,
When the last crocus bloomed below,
My heart to thine its love was telling,
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow.
Again the maple-bud is swelling,
Again the crocus blooms below;
In Heaven thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

Washington, D. C., 1852.

Thomas Hood on Books and Reading.

[The Secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum Bazaar Committee, addressed to Thomas Hood a request that he would allow his name to be placed on the list of patrons of the approaching Bazaar. To this request the Secretaries received the following characteristic reply:]

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, 18 July, 1843.

(From my bed,) 17 Elm-tree road:

GENTLEMEN—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature, that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from moral shipwreck, so apt to befal those who are in early life deprived of the parental pilotage. At the very least my books keep me aloof from the ring, the dog pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison—the mind accustomed to the noble, tho' silent discourse of Shakspeare and Milton—will hardly seek or put up with low company or slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow; how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth. Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against all fish, flesh or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish *table d'hote*, I could still enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and then feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *a la torture*, or sheep's heart, but I could still relish Head *a la Brunnen*, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician—to a diet in fact lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pianofortes, and waters polyanthus. But "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul" were still mine. Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb, and in lieu of pork, the great Bacon and Hogg.

Then as to beverage, it was hard doubtless for a Christain to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But eschewing wine, I had still my Butler; and in the absence of liquor, all the choice spirits from Thomas Brown to Thomas Moore.

Thus, though confined, physically, to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growth of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Moliere, and the Monte Pulciano of Boccacio, the hock of Schiller, and the Sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart and temper—bowls that will not roll right—well laid schemes that will "gang aglee"—and ill wind that blow with the pertinacity of monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burden has been greatly lightened by *a load of books.* The manner of this will be best undertsood by a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to prey on itself, unless drawn off by a new object; and none is better for the purpose than a book; for example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling history of the Great Plague, would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelist! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet; for all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart. Thanks and honor to glorious masters of the pen, and the great invention of the press!

Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'consolations in *Travel*,' not to the inn or posting house, but to his library and his books. I am, gentlemen,

Yours, very truly,
THOS. HOOD.

Jenny's Farewell Concert.

Castle Garden was last night the scene of as brilliant a display as was ever witnessed in that capacious salon. At least seven thousand persons were gathered to hear the farewell of the greatest modern singer. The programme was the same as that which introduced Jenny Lind to America, with the exception that BAYARD TAYLOR's not over-successful Greeting was exchanged for Mr. C. P. Cranch's pretty Farewell. Of course every part of the performance was well done, and elicited round upon round of applause; and when the Farewell came the excitement was almost frantic. The following were the words, set to music of a simple and pensive character, by Mr. Goldschmidt:

Young land of hope—fair Western Star!
Whose light I hailed from climes afar—
I leave thee now—but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody.
O take this offering of the heart
From one who feels 'tis sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine
Have gilded from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit chords that in thee slept.
The music was not all my own—
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell—when parted from thy shore,
Long absent scenes return once more;
Where'er the wanderer's home may be,
Still, still will memory turn to thee!
Bright Freedom's clime—I feel thy spell,
But I must say farewell—farewell!

Hundreds of persons who had come from neighboring towns to attend this occasion, were disappointed in procuring tickets.

A Singular Dilemma.

The Buffalo Express relates the following good anecdote of an American consul in Morocco, who was favored with some magnificent presents by the Emperor, for our President—but which under the wise provisions of our constitution, neither he nor the ambassador could accept:

"Queer duties are devolved upon our consul at Tangier occasionally. During the Presidency of Gen. Jackson, while Mr. Mullowny of Baltimore held an office, his imperial majesty the Emperor, sent a couple of lions to Tangier in order to have them dispatched to the United States, as a present to our Chief Magistrate. The animals were under the charge of an officer of the Emperor's household, and on arriving at Tangier, he tendered them to the Consul. That functionary declined to receive them, giving as a reason that the President was forbid to accept presents from a foreign Prince of Power. The Mussulman inquired by whom the American Sultan was forbidden? The Consul answered by the Constitution. Who made the Constitution, was the next question. The people, was the reply. Well then, said the officer, delighted at having overcome the difficulty, as he supposed, my master, *the emperor, sends the lions to the people.* But the consul was not to be persuaded, and still resolutely refused to have anything to do with the royal beasts. The Mussulman knew that his life would be sacrificed, if he returned without executing his commission, procured materials and masons, and commenced building a wall across the narrow street on which the Consul's house was situated. The Consul ascertaining it to be the Mussulman's determination to build up two walls across the street about twenty feet apart and high enough to secure the animals, and then turn them into the space enclosed. "Regularly bothered" with the pertinacity of the Arab, Mr. Mullowny gave it up, received the lions, and sent them home by the next ship. General Jackson was almost as much annoyed by them as the Consul had been, and they were finally sold for a paltry sum under a resolution of Congress.

☞There is no book or magazine so cheap as a newspaper; none so interesting, because it consists of a variety measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every issue, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and the community. It causes many an hour to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness, if not in mischief.

We would n't give a fig for a man who can't stand some abuse.

A New Way of Cultivating Literary Taste.

The passage of the Maine Liquor Law has afforded excellent food for the wits to sharpen their masticators on. The following from the *True Flag*, is about as good a joke as we have yet read. No doubt however but that we shall have occasion to laugh over many a similar "rum" incident before we are many weeks older:

About a fortnight since, a tall specimen of "Yankee manufacture" arrived in the good city of Portland, State of Maine, and established himself and luggage at the Elm Hotel. This luggage consisted of a small valise, and a large oblong box, containing (for the inspectors had examined its contents,) a quantity of books, richly bound, which the proprietor had bought for the purpose of retailing about the city.

After seeing his property placed in the room allotted to him, the pedlar made his appearance in the office with a small volume in his hand. He glanced his keen, shrewd eye leisurely around the room, which contained at that moment no one but the clerk and myself.

"Fond of reading?" inquired the pedlar of the clerk, when he had finished his observation.

"Don't get any time to read," replied the clerk.

"I rather guess I've got a book here you'd like to read," continued the pedlar perseveringly.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's a real good book; and just right for the times too, 'cause it 'll give a man spiritual consolation; and they do say that's what a man can't get very easy in Maine—just about now."

"That's very true, but your 'consolation,' unfortunately, my friend, does not seem to be of the right sort."

There was a cunning leer in the pedlar's eye as he inquired—

"Fond of the right sort, hey?"

"When I can get it," said the clerk, becoming interested.

"Guess I shall sell you this book, then," said the pedlar, decidedly.

"What is it—you haven't told me the name of it yet?"

"It's Pilgrim's Progress."

"O bother! I've read it at least a dozen times."

"But this is entirely a new edition."

"Oh! it's all the same."

"Beautifully engraved."

"Oh! nonsense—I don't want it."

And so saying, he commenced writing again, visibly annoyed.

"Say you—better look at the picters," continued the pedlar, thrusting the book under his nose.

This movement had an astonishing effect upon the clerk. He jumped off the chair and began to examine the volume eagerly; but much to my surprise without opening it. Then seemingly satisfied with the scrutiny, he asked the price and purchased it.

"Say, you"—said the pedlar, after the bargain was concluded—moving towards the door—"Say, you, if anybody else should see that book and want to get another *just like it*, send 'em up to No. 73, and I'll accommodate them just about as quick as they please."

And exchanging a very queer and mysterious look with the clerk, the pedlar vanished.

"What on earth made you buy that book?"

"See here, a moment."

I advanced and looked over his shoulder. Turning up one end of the book, he removed a small slide, and discovered a stopple, which he unscrewed, and then handed me the book, which I applied mechanically to my mouth.

"What is it?" asked he laughing.

"*Brandy*—by jingo!" exclaimed I, pausing to take breath, and then making tracks for the door.

"Halloo, where are you going?"

"Up stairs; it has just struck me that the Pilgrim's Progress will be an excellent addition to my library."

That day, the pedlar's stock was exhausted.

In Town Again.

The man who don't take the papers was in town last week, (at the Circus.) He reports all well at home—family affairs progressing satisfactorily. His nine children have been liberally educated, so much so that several of them can read large print, and one of them can write his name, while several others have got as far as the "pot-hooks" in that important branch of education. He inquired whether it was true that Gen. Jackson had been compelled to vacate the Presidency to make room for Gen. Taylor, and manifested patriotic regrets that the man who had beaten Waterloo at the battle of the British, should cease to govern the country. He said that he had voted for Jackson ever since his Tom horse was a colt, and had hoped to be able to do so as long as he lived. He fell in with the young man here who had twice attempted suicide by deliberately discharging a revolver at his daguerreotype, and on being asked to drink, at first respectfully declined, as he understood that Gov. Snyder had recently made a law requiring a man to drink not less than thirty-eight gallons at a time.—He fell in with the young man here who had twice attempted suicide by deliberately discharged a revolver at his daguerreotype, and on being asked to drink, at first respectfully declined, as as he understood that Gov. Snyder had recently made a law requiring a man to drink not less than thirty-eight gallons at a time. He says that he can go a pint of apple-jack if a little crowded, but declares his intention to visit his vengence by refusing to vote for Gov. Snyder at the next election, unless he reduces the quantity to at least a quart. He took the town hall and market house for a brick yard, and expressed himself highly gratified with the great improvements made in that branch of industry. After trying in vain to spend several notes on the "Bank of True Love" and another on John Smith, Grocer, who promises to pay $5 in Groceries for $6 in Cash, all of which he had got from some rascally speculator for his last year's crop, he left town with something of a brick in his hat and a small snake in his boot. We hope that he has reached home safely, and that he is now enjoying the priceless blessings of the happy domestic circle.—*Repository & Whig.*

Editors' Comforts.

We have all heard of Job's comforters, spiritual comforters, and a variety of other comforters "too tedious to mention," tho' but few of those inexperienced know much about Editors' comforters. Besides being a sort of pack-horse for all the aspiring politicians of the day, to be generally cuffed and forgotten when no longer useful, they have to pore over newspapers day in and day out, read bad writing and worse spelling, decypher the effusions of moon-struck poets, and get a cursing for intimating that Byron or Milton had surpassed them, spin out editorials whether sick or well, select copy, keep booked up in the grain, hay and butter market, and unless he puffs everybody, and each one better than the others, he is put down as factious, partial and unfit to wield the influence that a journal should exert.

"Well, you're paid for it, and other people have their troubles too," chimes in a cord or so of blockheads, as a perfect clincher to all our lamentations. Yes, they *are* paid—with a hook! They are greeted about twice or thrice a week with such loves of epistles as follows:

XENIA, Ohio, May 15, 1852.

Messrs. EDITORS: The copy of your paper sent to John Smith, Jr., Esq., is not lifted. Reason—has gone to Texas and says you may go to h—. Please discontinue. Yours, &c.,
GEO. WASH. JEFF. BROWN, P.M.

UPPER RAPIDS, Miss., May 1, 1852.

GENT.—Your paper addressed to James Madison Brown at this place is not taken from the office. Reason—he *busted* two years ago, and says he don't want the paper any longer.
H. CLAY JONES, P.M.

SKUNK HOLLOW, Texas, May 2, 1852.

Mr. Publisher—Please don't send your paper any more to Andrew Jackson Snyder, Esq., formerly of this place. He run off with Peter M'Quiggin's wife some time ago, and has not been heard from.
J. Florence Reed, P. M.

RIZIN CUN, may The won.

MYSTUR PRINTER—jorge tOm Con Gon dei ago bout 2 Years. he not tuk de papre No mor And hes wif say You can go to Thunnderr dont cent it No mor or i suse yu.

Mynhcor hoitgenzeghurben p M

NEW PURCHASE, Iowa, April 20, 1852.

Genta.—You will please stop that paper you have been sending for two years to Jonathan P. Z. Crookstick at this place. He has had the fever and ague for two years until he is perfectly collapsed, and his whole family has had it until they have shook all the glass and shingles out of the house. He is now in the state of starvation and can't pay.
Timothy George Green, P.M.

P. S.—You need not send his bill for collection.

—There's what we call Editor's comforters—at least they are such as Editor's get a goodly share of.

☞The Albany Knickerbocker says that in one of the proverbs of Solomon, we find the most comprehensive and satisfactory expositions of the philosophy of advertising that ever was or can be written, viz,—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

☞Rev. Albert Barnes, of Phila., has resigned the charge of his congregation, from considerations growing out of the impaired state of his sight. He has long occupied a prominent place among his ministerial brethren and his withdrawal from the field of usefulness so long and successfully cultivated by him is a matter of public regret.

Touching Incident.

The Louisville Democrat relates the following touching incident:

An aged mother—a woman of seventy years—left her home in the Emerald Isle some ten weeks ago to seek the abode of her children, who are now residents of Louisville. After a tedious passage, and the trouble incident to a long journey, she reached this city from New Orleans last Monday night, on board the Alexander Scott, and soon she was surrounded by her children. Her son was the first to see her, and he hastened to inform his sister of their mother's arrival. They met (the mother and the daughter) in one long embrace, which only ended as the infirm mother sank with excitement to the floor. She had swooned away in the rapturous enjoyment of beholding once more a daughter so long lost. She pronounced a blessing upon her children and fainted away. Whenever restored to consciousness, the sight of her children, and the pleasing recollection of their presence, would overcome her with emotions, and again and again she would faint in their arms. Physicians were called to her aid, but could afford her no relief. For two days she continued in this condition, until worn out by fatigue and excitement, exhausted nature gave way, and the mother now "sleeps well" in the now green earth of her new-made home. How strange, how sorrowful, and how touching, are the incidents of life!

More Swindling to Come.

California is to be, to this government, what East India has been to England—a source of wealth and wickedness, of profit and plunder. We shall have astonishing developements of this truth ere long. There will Hastings' and Warren Hastings' trials grow out of this region, and many a hard earned dollar of the people's money will go to fatten some creature of plunder which the fertile province, from the fullness of wealth, will spawn on its auriferous sands.

Col. Fremont has discovered a new way to get money out of the General Government. When on his exploring expedition, he came to California, and found war existing between the governments of Mexico and the United States, but, bent upon discovering a world of gold for himself, he pushed on into a hostile country and employed such armed assistance as he deemed necessary to continue his journey. The result of that journey he turned to his own profit, and realized from the expedition a half dozen fortunes. Lately he has gone to England to be arrested there for the expenses of sustaining himself in California, and judgment has been given against him, we presume without much trouble. His bill, the United States government will be called upon by Fremont to pay. If the bill is paid, Fremont will have the land, and his government will pay his expenses to obtain and secure it. If the bill is not paid, Fremont will insist that the government, by repudiating the bill, has made the enterprise his own private affair; and that this gives him the indisputable title to the lands.

But, in reality, Fremont had neither instructions nor right to extend an expedition into the territory of a country with which he found the United States at war, for his expedition was one of peace and not of war. But if he went into Mexico in a time of war, he went as the officer and agent of his country, and the fruits of his enterprise belong to the United States. There can be no recovery of private claims from him for expenses within the scope of his legitimate duties as the government officer, and it is the duty of the United States Embassador to say to the English government that what Col. Fremont did in California can not be made a subject to extort money out of our National Treasury in a roundabout way.

In the history of the East India Company, there is an incident much like this. A gang of profligate vagrants got into India, and into the service of the Company—and began their operations by assisting the Nabob of Arcot in predatory excursions against other Indian Rajahs who were less friendly to the English Company than he of Arcot. The adventurer then pretended to loan the Nabob money for the purpose of carrying on their warfare, and eventually extorted from him some promise to pay them an interest of some 20 per cent on the amount of his indebtedness to them. Next, was an application by the Nabob to the East India Company to reimburse him for expenses incurred in their service and for their benefit; and then followed an application from the Company to the English Government to be reimbursed from the national treasury. Mr. Burke explained the villainy, but whether we shall have a Mr. Burke in progressive America remains to be seen.—[Bloomsburg Star.

Gen. Lane said at Indianapolis, in his speech just after dinner, that he was "too full for utterance!"