LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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From the Home Journal.

MY WIFE.

Long years ago I met a child,
As through the world I past,
She was the first star of my life—
The dearest, and the last.
An angel child, by some strange fate,
To earth a dweller driven,
Who bought her virtues to my heart,
And left her wings in heaven.

I dreamt not that this child of love
Would mine forever be,
That she had come to tread this world,
This weary world, with me.
But as in kindness, side by side,
We wandered day by day,
The more I loved her, and the more
She seemed inclined to stay.

'Twas strange, that from that very hour
I never knew a care,
But seemed, through some unearthly power,
A pleasant thing to bear;
And if perchance her gentle eye
Ever marked a tear in mine,
'Twas turned to smiles by her kind heart,
And treasured on its shrine.

Around my growing destiny
Her hopes all centered were,
For much I tried to make this world
A pleasant home to her;
And still, with all, she seemed content
To bear as comfier part,
Together with the joys she found
Whilst nestling at my heart.

And thus together, hand in hand,
We trod this vale of tears;
Our youth departing, but our love
Increasing with our years.
Forgetting all that not earth world,
Made up of grief and sin,
But loving more the world above,
And a bright world within.

The cheek that closely presses mine,
Is furrowed now by years,
For we have known the cares of life,
And we have wept its tears;
But God was ever kind to us,
Although the world was cold,
And we are growing happier
As we are growing old.

There seems a brighter world in view,
A home from sorrow free,
A dwelling of eternal years,
For me, dear wife and me.
And on the wings of my youth,
Impaired and very fit
I know we shall take flight at eventide,
And my angel there.

Random Records of a Brief Trip to Europe

BY PROF. G. W. ANDERSON. No. IV.

LONDON, Wed. Sept. 8—Yesterday morning I left Liverpool at 14 to 8, for Chester. Crossed the Mersey to Birkenhead, and there took the cars. It was a real pleasure to look out on the beautiful landscape through which we passed; the whole country seemed one rich carpeting of verdure. The sides of the deep cuts are generally handsome grassy slopes, except where the hard rock forbids. The greater portion of the space between the rails and the fence on each side, is giving forth its crop of herbs, of cabbages, or of some other vegetable. At the stations they seemed to have spared no expense to make all neat and tasteful. The station at Chester is a quarter of a mile long, of brick, with roof partly wood and partly glass. The architectural design and arrangement of offices is neat and convenient. Euston Square Station in London, is also a handsome edifice.

.....We reached Wolverhampton in very good time to be left by the Birmingham Train, which had started three minutes before our arrival. We were therefore under the necessity of tarrying till 7½ oclock. I did not go up into the town, as it was raining; its tall chimneys were pouring out dense clouds of smoke, and all looked black as Erebus. At 7½ we started for Birmingham. The road on each side was lined with furnaces and factories whose tall chimneys, and low chimneys, and chimneys of medium height all seemed like so many huge torches, blazing amid the darkness to light our iron horse along his way.

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 14th....Saturday morning I embarked at New Haven, on board the steamer for Dieppe. These boats are miserably inconvenient. How they manage on a stormy day I do not know. Our party was not very large, yet we had not shelter for more than one half. There were on deck, three or four little seats to hold four each, with a canopy as large as the seat, overhead. And below it must be very bad to be packed like potatoes in a cask—especially in a rough sea and a drizzling day. One of our Delaware river steam boats, as far as convenience is concerned, is a century in advance of them. Fortunately, however, the day was fine, and the sea not very rough, and in six hours we were landed at Dieppe. I felt that now indeed I was in a new world as I saw the swords and muskets, with men with big moustaches attached to them, moving up and down. Our baggage was all left on board and we were put on shore with only our overcoats and umbrellas. We passed into a house where a number of our friends of the sword and moustache were seated, before whom we defiled, showing our passports in turn. Thence through a little penthouse where a card given me by one moustache was taken from me by another, and I was shown out at the other door there to stroll about till the baggage room was opened.

....In the car for Rouen I was seated near two English gentlemen, one of whom popped a question at me to ascertain if I was French or English. I very soon satisfied him that I was neither, and we commenced quite an animated conversation. They had all the inquisitiveness of yankees, but it was about the country and the subjects connected therewith, not personal. The position of the slave question was one which occupied us some time. I am surprised to find how little of the true state of things is known here. Even the London Times, in some articles, is very far behind the times in point of knowledge of American affairs. I am happy to have occasionally opportunities to explain things that seem to be very imperfectly comprehended by persons I have met with here. We kept up a steady stream of conversation till we reached Rouen, about midnight. Here we parted with mutual expressions of regret; they were going on to Paris and I had determined to stop over Sunday in Rouen.

... I found on inquiry the next morning that there is no regular Protestant service in Rouen. I entered the Cathedral; there a crowd was collected and presented what was to me a very strange sight. The long aisle half filled with men and women—the stout old moustache, with cocked hat and feather, flaring sash, jingling sword and silver headed staff, passing up and down among the people—the monotonous, nasal sing-song of the priests—the constant coming and going of the crowd—all struck me as very singular. Now, half a dozen women would come in, dip their fingers in the basin of holy water, cross themselves, then take chairs from the keeper of seats, move up to the crowd in front, tilt their chair up on its front feet, kneel on the round behind, and pray, while their eyes seemed to be roving all around to see who was there. After a minute or two they would sit down and open their books, then look round and nod and smile to those whom they recognised, joining meanwhile in the chanting, some of them in a careless manner, as those who are wont to sing at their work. The priests seemed to have separate watches; one and another, and sometimes half a dozen would go off, and anon their places would be filled by others—some coming gravely to their duties, others coming in while the service was going on, and taking their places, and settling their robes and skull caps, with as much apparent levity as ladies in a theatre, and beginning their chant before the mirthful lines had left their countenance.

....It would be very hard to describe the air of antiquity which pervades every thing in Rouen. This city seems the very impersonation of by-gone years.

....The route from Rouen to Paris is a very pleasant one, and I enjoyed it very much. Here a new kind of landscape presented itself, as entirely different from what I had seen in England, as that was different from our own. The absence of all fences or hedges, the multiplicity of Lombardy poplars, the high roofed thatched houses, the absence of houses from the fields and their concentration in clusters, arrested my attention. As it is about seed time, the face of the country, both meadow and hill side, was very much variegated. It looked, in truth, as if the whole country was covered with one enormous patch-work quilt, in which various shades of brown and green were employed, while the patches were of all sizes and of almost all imaginable shapes. I noticed especially one hill to the left where, for at least two or three miles, the long and slender patches converged from the top and bottom to a line drawn along the middle, forming a long succession of elongated V's, all pointing eastward. The effect of the almost regular alternation of green and brown was very singular. I could almost fancy it was laid out thus, and thus colored from the odd whim of some fantastical old proprietor; instead of resulting, as it does in fact, from the division of the lands in France among a great number of small proprietors. Between Vernon and Pont de l'Arche, I saw the Cote des Deux Amans—the hill up which the lover was to carry his fair one, in order to win her from her father—you know he accomplished the feat, and then fell down dead and she followed his example. I only caught a glimpse of Charteau Gaillard—the work of Richard, the lion-hearted—for the road here lay through a thicket which admitted only an occasional glance. At Rosney I noticed the chateau of Sully, the residence of the Duchesse de Berri from 1818 to 1830.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Letter from Wisconsin.

It is some time since I wrote you. Since then, the farmers of Wisconsin have gathered one of the heaviest crops that ever grew in this State. I enclose you a sample of the Wheat that took the premium at the State Fair which was held in this City, this week. It was a very fine specimen of a Fair, and compares very favorably with fairs in the Older States. Our city was crowded with strangers; the weather was delightful, and the products of Wisconsin were very respectably represented.

The farming interest of this State has received new impulse by the unexampled crop that crowned their labor this season. They feel like doubling their diligence in the improvement of the fertile soil. Their proverbial zeal and spirit of enterprise will soon develope the resources of this new State, and make it manifest, that it is one of the best farming countries on Earth. And take them as a community, they are prosperous and happy, and no community on this Green Earth deserves prosperity better. They are noble, generous hearted and intelligent, and evince their "faith" in the eventual greatness of this "western Empire" by their "works."

On the 1st of this month, I attended a Rail Road Celebration at WHITEWALER, to which place the Milwaukie and Mississippi Rail Road, was that day opened. At that meeting, I was for the first time apprised of the fact, that a large portion of the means to build this Road was raised by farmers mortgaging their *homesteads*, as collateral security, and thus jeopardizing the very home and fireside which the law secures to them, their wives and children. The Road is now opened 53 miles, and they are reaping the benefit of this praise-worthy and patriotic risk. The value of their farms has already advanced more than 50 per cent., besides the convenience of the thoroughfare; and as the road penetrates the interior, the advantages will be felt in an increasing ratio. The road is already paying a good per centum on the cost of its construction, thus securing, beyond a doubt, the farms thus mortgaged to their public spirited owners, unincumbered, as the feasibility of the route is no longer questionable. That it will be one of the best paying roads in the country is reduced to a mathematical certainty with western energy until the "smoke wagon" will be able to take his morning draught from the waters of Lake Michigan, and ere night glut his raging thirst from the ever-abounding fountain of the Mississippi. M.

Milwaukie, Oct. 9, 1852.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Mifflinburg.

Mr. Editor: From the representations made before the recent Election, I was led to believe that all the Mifflinburg people were opposed to the measure for constructing the Susquehanna Railroad; but the returns of the election, and conversation with its inhabitants, have satisfied me that very many of them are too wise to remain long prejudiced against the enterprise, even if they never raise their voice in clamorous discussion. With a Railroad, Mifflinburg would be half a day nearer Philadelphia than Lewisburg now is. Her citizens could go to Philadelphia in one day, and return the next. The increase of travel, and an additional value to real estate, would soon be seen in Mifflinburg, Hartleton, New Berlin, and Selinsgrove. While the Towns and Townships nearest will be more largely benefitted, its good influence will yet extend back 20 or 30 miles. There is no reason therefore, why an unmanly and unworthy jealousy should be entertained against those portions of our county, or those persons, *most* benefited by a *common* good.

Improvements in progress in Mifflinburg, especially among the young, indicate the true Railroad spirit. The work of paving the streets is pushed with much energy, notwithstanding the croaking of some "old fogeys," and if completed as well as portions which I saw, her citizens will never regret it, and visitors will pronounce it a "capital investment."

The Mifflinburg Band deserve public notice, for their proficiency in music; and they have as beautiful and convenient a wagon as I have seen for many a day. It was built by Mr. Samuel Blair, and ironed and painted by others of her workmen whose names I now forget. Home industry, and nearness to markets and the world, will build up any town, and enable the people to prosper. X.

If there is one thing that a woman more prides herself on than another, it is her excessive economy in small things. On Tuesday Mrs. Sourby trotted all over town to buy her "sweetmeat sugar" three cents less on the seven pounds. In less than a week this same Mrs. Sourby will be buying a forty dollar shawl, that she no more needs than an old maid needs a double bedstead. For saving cents and spending pounds, we will put the feminine gender against any other portion of the human family.

The Conservative and the Radical.

Some men glory in being conservative; others, in being radical; and both perhaps intend to take possession of valuable ideas, yet either by going to an extreme, may generate a fault. The former are prone to be slow; the latter, to be rapid and vehement. The former are very careful of the things that *are*, and quite considerate as to the consequences of a change: the latter push on to the things that are *to be*, seeing more in the future and less in the present to admire, and withal professing a strong adherence to principle without the intimidations of expediency. The former are cautious, having for their special mission the work of guiding affairs; while the latter intend to make events more rapidly by increasing the impulsive power, not being easily alarmed with the scintillations of mere friction. If the latter propose to pull down the sun, then the former mean to prop it up, at least to let it come down softly, so as not to jar the globe. Consequences, the value of things as they are, prudence in changing them, the doubtfulness of the future, the numerous failures, of rash experiments—these, and the like, are the peculiar watchwords of conservatism. Principle, the intrinsic claims of truth, what ought to be, the defects of the present, the possibilities of the future—these ideas figure largely in the theory of the radicalist. He shouts them by night and by day, and may sometimes think and speak of expediency as a mere humbug to cloak cowardice and selfishness. If the extreme conservative should regard him as a *fool*, then he is ready to reciprocate the compliment by calling the conservative a *knave*.

Now, to the eye of sober searching reason, each of these tendencies, the conservative and the radical, is worth something, though their peculiar qualities are not the same. It would be well if they would consent to keep the peace, or rather if each would consent to a wholesome modification mutually profitable. Combine the two; and what kind of a moral force do you generate? It is like uniting an alkali and an acid: the product is neither alkaline nor acid, and perhaps far better than [illegible] itself, especially when carrying its tendencies to an extreme, would not move the world an inch in a thousand years; while, on the other hand, radicalism when as extreme, would be liable to tear it to pieces by the suddenness and violence of its action. Let all things stand; let "masterly inactivity" preside: away with new ideas and projects: keep the universe still as when old night was the monarch of space: this is the extreme of conservatism. Radicalism, as heated as its antagonistic is cautious, is the opposite extreme. Put the two together; and then we have the action of two important powers, giving us motion in the forward direction without destruction. The one lays the track, while the other drives the wheel; the one impels, while the other guides and restrains, so that the moving mass does not break into atoms by its own speed. This is far better than no motion; and it certainly is better than to tumble down a bank.

The practical difficulty in respect to these two tendencies, is to combine them in due proportions. In reference to each other, they are very likely to be unsocial. The man in whom they are tolerably well combined—and there are some such men—presents the excellences of both, without the defects of either, if taken alone. He is a sort of moral amalgum—a conservative radicalist. He never runs up the flag of prudence so as to run down that of rectitude. Conscience holds him with the force and sternness of an eager grasp. He is never so careful of what *is*, as to be unmindful of what *ought* to be; neither is he by the other. They might be friends, so disgusted with the *real*, as to think of jumping across the Atlantic for the *ideal*. He is never so wise as to be wanting in true Christian courage, in distinctness and definiteness of position, even at the price of much personal sacrifice; neither is he so heroic that he would swallow a volcano to prove that he can stand fire. That a thing can not be done in a moment, and that moral causes demand time to work out their effects, is made neither a plea against their use, nor an apology for the evil which they are intended to correct.—Real virtue of principle to hold fast to the essentially right, and a good, strong solid common sense to consider the ways and means—neither existing at the expense of the other: this is our conception of a radical-conservative Christian. We heartily wish, the world might be blest with more such men. Some of the class it already has; yet there is ample room for more.—Progress is the appointment of Providence, and equally the necessity of human nature: and some of this progress must consist in removing evils, many of which are hoary-headed, and all of which have their strong intrenchments in human wickedness. This [illegible] a work for all the wisdom [illegible] conservative, fired by all the ardor and heroism of the radicalist. We recommend the two to join hands, and work together, and thus do much better than either can alone.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Old Folks at Home.

To those of our readers who have heard this popular melody, the following from the Albany State Register, will be interesting. To those who have not, we have only to say that they have lost a treat, and we advise them to get it as soon as possible. It is the best Ethiopian melody that has made its appearance for a long time, and its success is most astonishing—more than seventy-five thousand copies having already been sold. Here is what the Register says:

"Old Folks at Home," the *last* negro melody, is on every body's tongue, and consequently in every body's mouth. Pianos and guitars groan with it night and day; sentimental young ladies sing it; sentimental young gentlemen warble it in midnight serenades; volatile young "bucks" hum it in the midst of their business and pleasures; boatmen roar it out stentorially at all hours and at all times; all the bands play it; amateur flute blowers agonize over it at every spare moment; the street organs grind it out at every hour; the "singing stars" carol it on the theatrical boards, and at concerts; the chambermaid sweeps and dusts to the measured cadence of *Old Folks at Home*; the butcher's boy treats you to a strain or two of it as he hands up the steaks for dinner: the milkman mixes it up strangely with the ding-dong of his tireless cry; there is not a "live darkey," young or old, but can whistle, sing, dance, and play it, and throw in "Ben Bolt," by way of seasoning; indeed at every hour, and at every turn, we are forcibly impressed with the interesting fact, that

"Way down upon de Swanee ribbir,
Far, far away,
Dere's whe my heart is turnin ebber,
Dere's whe de old folks stay;"

while the pathetic—we may add the soul-stirring—chorus breaks upon the sympathetic ear, in the following strain:

"All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam,
Oh darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home."

[illegible] or two ago, four creditors started from Boston, in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, in the State of Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode acquaintances all, talking upon every thing except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing to "put 'em over the road" but a solitary cab, towards which they all rushed. Three got in, and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after, and got upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to—that he was not worth more than $50, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take $100 for him. Yes, said he. The "fourth man" quickly paid over the money, took the reins and backed the cab up to a bank—slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off "lick-a-ty-switch," while the "insiders" were looking out of the window, feeling like singed cats. He rode to a lawyer's and got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing. The cabman soon bought back his horse for $50. The "sold men" offered to pay that sum, if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it in Boston.

A Supposed Kidnapping Case.

Yesterday morning two individuals called on Mr. John N. Denning, and offered to sell him a likely colored boy, aged about fourteen years, and calling himself John Henry Wilson, stating their willingness to dispose of him for five hundred dollars. Mr. Denning refused to buy him at the time, and he was again called on by one of the party an hour or two afterwards, who offered to take two hundred dollars for the black. The proposition very naturally awakened Mr. Denning's suspicions that all was not right; so he held the party in suspense until Messrs. Potee, Graham and Mckinley were fully informed of all the particulars. They promptly acted upon their information, and soon arrested the party last mentioned, who gave his name as Wm. Kelly. He seems to be deaf and dumb, as he has not spoken a single word, and appears not to understand all that is said upon the subject. The colored boy, who is a very sensible youth, states that he was asked a few days since, at the home [illegible] in Danville, Penna., to go [illegible] to his parents, [illegible] aboard of a canal boat, regularly running to Baltimore, and he agreed to do so, providing his parents were willing. They were also asked about the matter, and at the time were rather suspicious for fear their child would be kidnapped; but finally, through the persuasion of several persons, gave their consent. The boy further states that when the canal boat pushed off he was placed in the cabin, and not suffered to move scarcely, or to show himself to any one until he reached this city. That on Thursday he was taken by Kelly to a dealer in slaves, for the purpose of being sold; but the man stated he would not buy him, declaring his conviction that he, Wilson, was a free child. One of the men who first came to see Mr. Denning is said to be Capt. Thomas Whittington, of the canal boat in which the lad came to the city. The firm also arrested him last evening, and he, with Kelly, were taken before Justice King, who committed them to jail in default of security to appear at a further examination.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Foreign News.

Owing to the press of political matter upon our columns for several weeks we have not been able to give much of the old world. Nor has it been necessary. Apart from the death of the Duke of Wellington, the safe harvesting of the crops, and the steady advance of Louis Napoleon towards the empire, the foreign news has generally been devoid of interest.

Louis Napoleon has been making the tour of France. Every where he was received with outward marks of regard, beneath which it is said burns a fierce fire of internal hatred. At Marseilles an "Infernal Machine" was discovered the day before the President entered the place, which had it remained a day longer, would have annihilated the President, his cortage, and the hopes of the empire at a single discharge.

The following is a description of this machine:—It represents a parallelogram, the top of which has 26 cannons. Beneath and on either side are two apartments, in which are four rows of 12 cannon each, making 48 cannon for each compartment. [illegible] cannon are about from 30 to 36 centimetres long. The compartments are strongly held together with screws. A sulphured match is so placed as to be able to let off all the cannons at the same time.

It was expected that the Empire would be declared on the 15th inst., but of this there is no certainty, as the President keeps his own secrets.

"On laying the foundation of the new Bourse, at Marseilles, Napoleon said that he hoped the prosperity of that port would contribute to advance the Emperor's grand idea, "that the Mediterranean should be a French link." This is thought to have reference to the hint thrown out in the government papers, that when a few more war steamers are launched, England will be called upon to show her title to Gibraltar and the Ionian Islands."

A CORRESPONDENT relates the following anecdote of a prominent lawyer "away down in Alabama," who, by the way, is considered a "character:"

"M. has a habit—rather an inelegant one, I admit—of seizing the seat of his inexpressibles and pulling them energetically up and down, in the heat of debate, especially when addressing a jury, leaning over, with his face nearly in theirs, as if to read in their very eyes the fate of his cause; with the nether end of his person apparently suspended in the air by his hands, he presents an attitude that would make "Patience on a monument" forget her province. Often he relinquishes his hold of his—as above mentioned—and seizes hold of his coat-line, pulling it up and down *a la mode de* breeches.

Upon one occasion, before the jury, he was making this pet jesture, and certainly with "great effect," for not only the jury, the audience, but his honor himself was fairly beside himself with ill disguised attempts to maintain the dignity of the ermine. M. saw the effect of his speech with decided satisfaction—he made a "palpable hit." The Judge was smuggling a laugh—the jury were laughing—the outsiders were roaring with laughter—everybody was enjoying the scene. And no wonder! Bill had that day put on a pair of pants with *a hole in them*, and what he supposed was his coat-tail was the nether end of *that garment* in which the ancient poets describe *Nessus* as being so *restless!*"

The State of Cuba.

For the last few weeks, we have had report upon report of the agitated condition of the people of Cuba, which represented them to be all ripe for revolution—of the fierce tyranny of the Government—of the thousands lingering out a dreadful existence in dungeons—and of various other highly colored statements, all going to show the unanimity of the change of Government by the destruction of the Spanish rule. We have no doubt but the *truth* is bad enough, even under the circumstances—and we are well satisfied that the system so long persisted in on the island, [illegible]

eventually lead to its overthrow. Still, every prudent editor should be careful not to admit into his columns, statement upon statement from that country, which he really knows to be, to a very great extent, without foundation.

The Spanish rulers in Cuba, never seem to possess any common sense. The fact that they recently refused to permit the steamship Crescent City, from Chagres, to land at Havana the passengers and mails destined for that city, and ordered her out of the harbor, merely because the purser of that vessel was charged with writing letters for our newspapers against the authorities and government of the island—is one of those very absurd blunders which they are constantly committing, and which may lead them into a serious controversy with the United States—a circumstance, which, of all others, one would suppose they desired to avoid.—*Germantown Tel.*

The Treaty Rejected.

The Government of Nicaragua has published a decree, dated July 10th, and signed by Castillon, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Augustus Avelin, Supreme Court, rejecting the treaty, signed by Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton, and solemnly protesting against all foreign interference in the affairs of its government, and against the use of force to coerce its will or violate its right.

It is said, that in this treaty Mr. Webster made some singular concessions to Great Britain, while stripping Nicaragua of territory clearly belonging to her. It is no doubt favorable to the interests of the United States, that this treaty is rejected, and we hope that our next Minister of Foreign Affairs will examine into the details, at least of treaties, before he consents to barter away important rights, either of his own country, or those of a friendly State.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Secret Explained.

The Mountain Cove Journal, a spiritual rapping paper, thus discloses the extract process by which the solar system was made and arranged:

[illegible] hicles of the Quickening Spirit unto intellectual formations, the universal concavity and the universal convexity were coenfolded and encompassed in the universal zodiac, and within the concavity was the visible disclosure unto the germ of the "Terrestial."

A fighting spirit thus explains to us through a medium, the cause of pugillistic attributes:

"The developement of the muscular sublimations devoluting rampantly in the couchant tissues, cicatrizing the lymphatic germs of the Atlantean fibres, insinuates the Herculean fluid into the dorsal ramifications, calcinnating the aispissated volume of the coffin-doomed animation."

Can the Mountain Cove beat that?

SECRETARY CORWIN.—Mr. Corwin, the Secretary of the Treasury, has been exonerated from all blame in the Gardiner case, by the Committee appointed by Congress to investigate it—a majority of whom were his political opponents. And we now have the additional satisfaction to state, that he is prepared to refund the entire amount of $30,000, received by him for his interest in the Gardiner claim, prior to its settlement by the Government, and prior to his acceptance of office in the Cabinet, in the event of the claim being proved fraudulent. This is what we should call spotless integrity, and we are sorry that a similar example was not followed by Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of War under President Taylor, in the Galphin case.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The love of gentility in this community has become an epidemic. From the Battery to Yorkville you would not find over two girls in an hundred but what would rather take for a husband a clerk who earns thirty dollars a month, than a "man of toil" who earns a hundred. How absurd! To estimate a man's gentility by the softness of his hands, has only one thing more ridiculous, and that would be, to estimate his worth by the softness of his head.

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.—A postmaster gratefully records his mother's gift twenty years ago, from her own earnings, to our prominent benevolent societies, when they had the opposition of multitudes. She has persevered to this day; and now her son gladly joins her, praising God for the rich inheritance his mother has thus bequeathed.—*American Messenger.*

While Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescos, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and found fault without understanding it. "The apostle Paul has too red a face," said one. "He blushes even in heaven to see into what hands the church has fallen," said the indignant artist.