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Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

HARRISBURG, April, 1853.

MR. EDITOR: The Legislature has adjourned; the Members and Officers and also outsiders are hastening homewards; and Harrisburg is getting decidedly dull. ...But it is a beautiful Spring day; and if you are not too busy, we will take an hours' walk upon the Turnpike leading to Hummelstown, Lebanon, and Reading.

True to the ancient error, our road leads *over* hills which could be passed *around* with much more ease and within as short a distance. Science can certainly make better roads than tradition, as a comparison of this old route with any modern, toll-taking highway, will abundantly prove. Yet you will find hundreds of honest and independent farmers, toiling up and down these hills year after year, who will sturdily maintain that their fathers made much better roads than these "book-learned youngsters can do with their instruments and their paper calculations."

Most beautiful is the face of nature this afternoon—broad these promising and numerous fields of wheat—neat and well white-washed or painted the houses and out-houses of these highly cultivated farms. Surely, if happiness depends upon external circumstances we may look for it here.

On our right, a good distance from the road, appears the residence a rich family, who have a very large farm, abundance of barns and sheds, and house-room enough to entertain scores of way-farers at a time. ....But no, these are the domains of the *poor* instead of the rich of the land; it is a home furnished by the county for the homeless, the friendless, and the destitute. And when you hear a Dauphin county farmer fairly exult in the happiness offered the needy in that retreat, and express his regret at seeing other poor—slave-like—sold to the lowest bidder for keeping, we may *say* nothing, but we can not help *thinking* that it is strange the generous farmers of Northumberland, Union and Lycoming counties so steadily vote against the system of furnishing the helpless of every county with a permanent and comfortable home.

But, passing along the road so well lined on the south with the locust tree—a shade while living, and highly valued for its longevity when *dead*—within about two miles from Harrisburg we see on our left, nearly half a mile back from the Turnpike, the object of our search—the old Paxton Presbyterian Meeting House. In its grove of native oaks on the hill-side, this plain, unpretending lime-stone fabric makes no challenge of regard. Its steep roofs and small, square window panes, alone give evidences of age. It is believed to have been erected (on the site of a log frame) about the year 1740. The building is not large, but is entered by two doors. Formerly, the pulpit stood in the middle of the house, fronting the southerly door.—The old pulpit became a receptacle for squirrels and hornets before it was removed; but all is now renewed, and the room furnished in the neatest style. Here, for over one hundred years—perhaps for one hundred and thirty—has the Gospel been proclaimed. To this wooded temple formerly came multitudes from the region round about, even from beyond the river. Other congregations have since been formed, circumscribing the boundaries of the church worshiping here; yet a Sabbath meeting of substantial professors of their father's faith, is here regularly sustained.

At the south-west corner of the church building, is a log house, about twelve feet square, long time used by John Elder, (the preacher for the Paxton church for fifty-six years,) as his study, but since then often as a school-house. From this house, Parson Elder would march to his pulpit, his crowd of hearers parting for him to pass, without his speaking a word to them—so dignified was his sacred office esteemed.—In this house (as well as in New England) trusty fire-arms were taken for some years, while engaged in worship. On one occasion, it is said the wily Indians had calculated on reaching the Paxton church, and gathering a rich harvest of scalps, on a Sabbath day; but by mistake they came on Monday, and before the next Sabbath they were discovered. (By-the-way, the custom of seating women at the inner end of slips exclusively, is said to have originated in those times when men were required to be ready to spring to the doors, gun in hand, at the first note of alarm. But that necessity has passed away, and its evil should pass with it.)

A few years ago, one of the largest of the oaks, being dead, was taken to a saw-mill. In the middle of one log, the saw came upon a spike or nail, which nearly destroyed the saw. An examination was made, and it was found there were over one hundred growths or rings above the spike—indicating a probable survey of much over 100 years ago.

From the south-east corner of the church building, is the burial ground, surrounded by a firm stone-wall, and a warning upon the entrance gate not to speak or conduct irreverently over the sleeping dust beneath. Here are five or six generations of kindred, laid side by side—children, brothers, father, grandfather, and perhaps great-grandfather of some man of mature age. Our informant states that he had occasion a few years since to dig a grave, in a spot where no one had any knowledge of any being having been lain. He soon, however, disinterred the remains of a child—beneath that, were the remains of a woman, or youth of 15 or 16—and below that, of a large-sized man, whose teeth were sound and entire—yet no one could give him any information concerning them, whatever. So full of the bones of our brother man, has this little spot become, in less than a century and a half. How many tears have here fallen! How many hopes lie buried here! How many of the tenderest sympathies of our nature, have here been crushed! What holy ties have here been broken!

"Perhaps within this spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre?"

What prayers—what supplications, have gone up from that house, and this yard, to Heaven! But the suppliants have mostly passed away, and "the places that knew them once shall know them no more for ever." Here are names, upon tombstones erected by the strongest impulses, of whom no one living perhaps has any further knowledge than the tombstone.—Here are mounds which cover precious dust—but who knows what form was there interred? Stones are pointed out, of families once the "first" in all that region, of whom no representative is now known. Many, however, are still familiar—as Elder, Rutherford, Sturgeon, Simpson, Collier, Ritchey, Espy, M'Clure, Awl, Crouch, Bigger, Jordan, Longue, Gray, Maclay, Patton, Dunlap, Montgomery. Some of the records are on sandstone, almost quite illegible; others on redstone; some on the finest marble; and one (about 75 years old) on wood, still serviceable.

One of the tombstones states that the "Simpson family settled here about the year 1720." I know not whether any church or other records indicate the precise time. The first settlers were all Scotch Irish Presbyterians. Among their descendants were men at the siege of Quebec; and Paxton soldiers were in almost every battle-field of the Revolution. Since then, they have spread abroad to all parts of the Union—Buffaloe Valley and the Northumberland country not excepted; and everywhere, they exhibit the manly physical frames as well as retain the faith of their ancestors. Here, however, the Germans have silently dispossessed by purchase most of the original Scotch-Irish farmers.

The slaves held by these families were buried outside the wall, and their bones have occasionally been found by the farmer's plow or spade.

Here lies buried John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, and son of John Harris, the original settler of and founder of Harris' Ferry. He died in 1791, at the supposed age of 65, and was said to be not only the first white children west of the Conewago hills, but the first person who introduced the plough on the Susquehanna. The dates would fix his birth at 1726—six years after the alleged settlement of the Simpson family.

Here also lies John Elder, not only a preacher for 60 years, but also Colonel of Paxton Rangers. He died on his farm, near this yard, in 1792, aged 86. Thomas Elder, Sr., President of the Harrisburg Bank, is his son.

Here lies also Wm. Maclay, son-in-law of John Harris, once owner of the present site of the Capitol, who with Robert Morris represented Pennsylvania in the first United States Senate under the present constitution. Maclaysburg, originally north west of Harrisburg, is now incorporated with it.

—There are in this neighborhood, traditions and reminiscences in abundance, two or three of which may be worth recording.

A Masonic Lodge was instituted at an early day, and held its sessions in the upper room of a log dwelling. Against one end of this building, was a lean-to erected, the upper portion of which was higher than the second floor. Some of the "chinking and the daubing" had fallen from between two of the logs, and left exposed to profane eyes the mysteries of the lodge room. Actuated by that laudable spirit of inquiry to which she was fairly entitled by virtue of her lineal descent from the first woman mentioned in Scripture, a member of the family helped herself to the observatory thus created one evening, and treated herself to a view, gratis, of the sublime exhibitions of the (at that time) great and glorious "handmaid's" exercises.—Attempting to descend from her sublime height, she fell, and received a serious wound. She confessed, at once, the means of her injury, and lived many years afterwards: but, to her dying day, nothing could induce her to disclose the mysteries she had discovered. She *could* "keep a secret," for she *did*.

Of a man whose life had been anything but "fearing God and regarding man," it is related that when he died, a clock which had long been silent commenced striking with fearful rapidity, and continued for some time—a chicken cock crew at a tremendous rate—and the ghost of a negro boy who had been suddenly missed, rose behind his bed!

A settler here during the Revolution, was suspected of being a Tory, and went off to one of the Carolinas, where he proved his character by an outrage against some one who had frieds in Paxton. After the war, he had the assurance to appear in the Paxton meeting-house of a Sabbath-day. The congregation generally had too much regard for the day to exhibit any disrespect towards him. The Whig blood of Capt. C., however, could not brook the indignity. He retired from the room, provided himself with a tough grape-wine, and as the congregation took to their horses (carriages there were few if any in those days) Capt. C. mounted his nag, gave chase to the Tory, and down the hill they went, but at every jump of their horses the stalwart arms of the Captain dealt his heaviest blows upon the back of the Tory, who ultimately escaped only by the superior speed of his horse, but in a plight only equalled by John Gilpin. The chastisement was the cause of as much merriment as any incident preserved in the unwritten annals of Paxton.

QUI.

Heaven.

Oh, heaven is nearer than mortals think,
Where they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No; heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.

I know, when the silver chord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us then
Which on earth we have valued most.

Blind Robert.

One day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and the fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jumping about, or driving a hoop, or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time, never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world—never to see even the faces of parents and brothers and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do; but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash! I asked him if he did not feel bad because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, and then he smiled—smiled just as I think the angels smile in heaven, and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me—and at the sweet birds that sing for me—and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me! and I am so glad that he did not make deaf and dumb, too. I am so glad that he gave me a good mother, and a Sunday school to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children, that pray to snakes and idols."

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said it, for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, if I am blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts—and if it wasn't for the Savior, I don't know what I would do!"

"And how does the Savior help you?"

"O, sir, I pray to him, and then he comes into my heart, and says 'I forgive you, Robert; I love you, poor blind boy! I will take away your evil heart, and give you a new one.' And then I feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven!"

"Well, Robert, that is right; and do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"O, yes, sir! When I die, my spirit will not be blind. It is only my clay house that has no windows. I can see with my mind now, and that, mother tells me, is the way they see in heaven. And I heard father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. O, sir, when I feel bad because I can not see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me!"

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it's very kind of you to speak so to a poor blind boy—but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I took some money out of my pocket, and gave it to him, telling him to take it to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"O, sir," he said, "you are too good! I was just wishing I could buy somethig for poor sick papa; he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them, and never complains; but if I could only get a chicken for him, it would make him better—I know it would!- But I don't want you to give me the money—can't I work for you, and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him, to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a chicken to make broth of; then a stale loaf of bread, for toast; and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him, without his knowing it. He went to a little old looking house, that seemed to have but one room! I saw that he put the bread and chicken under the clothes, and went (as I thought by the sound) close to his father's bed before he showed them—then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father; see what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him and giving him the money, and added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

I am afraid, children, that there were some tears in Uncle Jesse's eyes, as he turned away from the blind boy's home.

How beautiful to love God and to trust in him as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind, too? Think about it, dear children; and perhaps I'll tell you more about blind Robert some other time.—*Central Christian Herald.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.—Health has a great deal to do with what the world calls talent. Take a lawyer's life through, and high health is at least equal to fifty per cent. more than brain. Endurance, cheerfulness, wit, eloquence, attain a force and splendor with health which they never can approach without it. It often happens that the credit awarded to the intellect belongs to the digestion. Though I do not believe that genius and eupopsy are convertible terms, yet the former can never rise to its loftiest heights unaided by the latter.

Again: a wise man, with a great enterprise before him, first looks round for suitable instruments wherewith to execute it; and he thinks it all-important to command these instruments before he begins his labour. Health is an indispensable instrument for the best qualities and the highest finish of all work. Think of the immense advantage you would have in a suit in court, if, after a week's or a fortnight's investigation of facts, you could come in for the closing argument on the last day, fresh and elastic, with only so much more of momentum and fervor for the velocity and the glow you had acquired.

From the National Era.

Washington's Character and Influence

ROME, Feb. 22, 1853.

Never, in my own country, do I remember to have felt such emotion as I feel today, in a strange, foreign land, on the anniversary of the birth of our beloved and venerated Washington. In this lovely but degenerate clime, the glory of whose past is but a gorgeous pall, enveloping but not hiding the death and decay of its present, surrounded by a people powerless, hopeless, indolent, and oppressed, but with the despairing soul of great possibilities looking from their eyes, like some forgotten prisoners gazing mournfully through strong dungeon bars—here, breathing the close and heavy air of civil and religious despotism, do I feel what he was, and all he did for us, for freedom, and for God; and my heart glows with fervid gratitude to Heaven for the immeasurable riches of that great gift, not to us alone, but to the world, to the ages, of a pure, heroic life, embodying, defending, and enthroning, among men, the eternal principles of justice and freedom.

When I find the character and career of Washington studied here, by the few yet faithful to the forlorn hope of Italian freedom—when I see his name bring the unaccustomed light to eyes heavy with watching and mournful with disappointment—when I hear that name spoken with deep reverence by lips that have sworn devotion, to the death, to *la liberta del popolo*, then I realize, as never before, the universality of his greatness and the quickening immortality of his memory. I believe that, though God has sent and yet may send leaders as pure and true as our Washington—gifted with more of the electric element of genius—shining with more splendid qualities of heroism, that *he* has been and will be the secret soul of every popular uprising against oppression—every noble political revolution; for his grand endeavor was sanctioned and sanctified by a complete and pre-eminent *success*; he attained to the very height and crown of his heroic undertaking, and there he stands, for all time, boldly relieved against heaven, the terror of tyranny, the strength and inspiration and example of the oppressed—the bold rebuker of kingly wrong, the stern vindicator of the people's right—the rebel triumphant—the soldier olive-crowned, the patriot with clean and empty hands. Such is the far-reaching depth, the eternal vitality of one great, heroic life, sending its roots abroad into all lands, and lacing together continents and nations in bonds of unseen but inestructible sympathy—such the far-sounding weight of one mighty purpose gloriously accomplished, which, amid treacherous straits of defeat and despair, off perilous shores of rock-seted power, anchors safe against leagued tempests, the great hope of the world.—GRACE GREENWOOD.

Courting in the Backwoods.

[Travelers encounter strange adventures and find out more about a country in a brief tour than its inhabitants ever knew. Madame Pulsky, for example, gives us a piece of information about love in the backwoods which will probably astonish the backwoodsmen themselves. She writes:]

"Soon after the arrival of Ujhazy on the banks of the Thompson River, when he and his party had hardly pitched their tent, a young backwoodsman came on horseback up to them, and said, 'Which is the daughter of the Hungarian General?'—Miss Ujhazy, who spoke English, asked him what he wanted?—'I reckon it's time for me to marry,' was the reply; 'and I came to propose to you.' The young lady began to laugh, but her novel suiter declared that he was in full earnest; that he did not live far off, and that he would assist her father in every way. But when he saw that his proposal was not accepted, he rode off to his business, without having alighted from his horse during the conversation. The Hungarians afterwards learned that in the backwoods not much time is wasted in courting young ladies, or paying them attention before marriage. The pioneer visits a neighbor who has grown-up daughters, and asks, 'How do you do?' places himself on a chair before the chimney, chews, spits in the fire, and utters not another word; after a while he takes his leave, and when he has paid a couple of such taciturn calls, he says to the young lady, 'I reckon I should marry you.' The answer is commonly, 'I have no objection.' The couple, without further ceremony, proceed to the justice of the peace and make their declaration, and when the Methodist Missionary happens to come in their neighborhood, the civil marriage is solemnized religiously."

SKELETON FOUND.—While some workmen were clearing brush off the route for the railroad, about a mile and a half from Mt. Carmel, they discovered the skeleton of a man, which from its appearance had been lying there for five or ten years.—After digging up the ground on which it lay, there was nothing to be found but pieces of an old coat intertwined with small roots, a few brass buttons and whetstone, which led them to believe he had been foully dealt with. His skull was very small, but had no scars upon it, and the smaller bones of the body had decayed away. The inhabitants about there remember no one having been missed from among them and think he must have been a stranger. A robbery occurred on the turnpike opposite the place about fifteen years ago, and one of the party who were attacked and shot at, said he returned the fire of the robbers, and was certain he hit one, but he was supposed to have died of his wound in Cattawissa.

A New System of Medicine.

[The Carlisle Democrat reports the following case, tried at the last Cumberland Quarter Sessions:]

Commonwealth vs. Dr. Waggoner.—This was a very amusing case, the Doctor being indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, by the following "cute" stratagem in the healing art, played off upon his patient. He told his patient, who was a consumptive, evidently pretty far gone, that he could, by invoking the assistance of the Holy Spirit and three private interviews, cure him, or he (the doctor) would have no share with God, which the patient was credulous enough to believe, and granted the doctor the first interview, whereupon the doctor asked for a black thread, measured the sick man's arm and side, then requested some salt and bread, and a small piece of the gentleman's old shirt tail, which were all produced, when the doctor in a manner very sanctimonious, or to use the expression made use of by the old dutch witness, in the way which "St. Paulus" would have done had he been upon earth, stitched the *penacea* in the waistband of the man's breeches, and told him now to produce every cent of money he had in the world, which modest request was also complied with, the doctor deliberately selecting first a two dollar note, then a five, telling his patient that a five dollar note was better than a two, and then selected two gold dollars and some silver, amounting in all to twelve dollars and twenty-five cents, asking his very dutiful patient to make choice between these two propositions, "to continue in bad health, or wish the selected money to pass out of his sight." Health was of course wished for, and the doctor pocketed the dust to get it out of the man's sight; and to do this more effectually he thought it advisable to leave for parts unknown. This arrant old villian escaped upon legal grounds. The Court telling the jury in their charge that the offence as laid and proved did not come within the Act of Assembly, and that in this land of liberty a man had a perfect right to make choice of any one of the various systems of medicine now practised, and that if he was gullible enough to adopt the salt, bread, and shirt tail system, he ought to pay for it. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and defendant to pay the cost of prosecution.

[Dr. Cox's description of Chalmers' pronunciation, is not bad:]

"When he began to speak, though I had heard of his Fifeshire accent, or rather broad Scotch brogue, the sonorous quaintness and earnestness of his voice surprised me. In prayer, I was sometimes mystified at first by such expressions sounding as the following:—"O Lard, a gude and a blessed thang ut az, to luve and to sarve tha; and a bettir thang ut az to san aganst tha. O Lard, may ol thi Kraschun grasses ba in us and grow, partookoolyrly the grass of fath." By *bettir* there, or rather *betther*, he meant *bitter*; though, as he first uttered it, it struck my ear and my soul as a terrible or confounding sentiment! The disciples of Emmons could scarcely go it! Some of his expressions, however, were simple, filial and beautiful, as well as touching in an eminent degree. One I will quote, as I well remember it, in the main:—"May our luve for tha, our Master and Lard, ba true and pramative; may it ba like that of apowstels and the Kraschuns of the martyr ages; may wa sarve tha bakous wa luve tha, and luve tha bakous wa delight to da tha honour." I give these as the best approximate specimens of his enunciation and his utterance that I can recollect or command—certainly from no thought or allowance of caricature, and with a tender demur lest I should seem to disparage him with any reader."

A PRETTY INCIDENT.—A journal of the south of France mentions a circumstance connected with the saving of the passengers from a Parisian steamer, the boiler of which exploded on the Rhone. An infant was handed from one passenger to another until it reached a small boat which had come to the aid of persons on board; but, just as the child was received by the man in the boat, a larger boat, by some mismanagement, came violently against it, and the smaller one was overturned. The child was, however, saved by the circumstance of having been placed on a cushion, which floated down the current, and carried the child to a point of the shore where some boatmen took it up. When rescued, it still held an apple in its hand.

MAZEPPA.—Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII., says:—"Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Casimer, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked on a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, who came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him: he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine."

Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem, with this title.

RECOGNITION OF LIBERIA.—The New York *Courier* complains of the refusal of the United States to recognize the independence of Liberia, and says, "five monarchies have now recognised the independence of Liberia, and our own Republic still refuses. Great Britian, France, Prussia, Brazil, and as we are informed by the late Monrovian advices, Belgium, have successively admitted the young African commonwealth into the family of nations; while the United States, which ought to have peculiar regard for her honor and interests, persists in denying her claims and treating her with cold neglect. This is not a matter of philanthropic interest alone; it is one of practical commercial importance. The continuance of the present policy of our Government towards Liberia will soon begin to tell most mischievously upon all our business relations with Western Africa."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday last a timber raft staved on Hugh's Rock, above McCalls' Ferry, in the Susquehanna river, and was literally torn to pieces. There were eight or nine persons on the raft at the time of the accident, all of whom were in imminent danger, and two of whom were drowned. They were both young men, named John B. Bitner and —— Zook, and resided with Dr. A. Bitner, in Washington, the former engaged in the study of medicine. The sight, at the time of the accident, is described by those who witnessed it as having been most terrific. The bodies of the unfortunate young men have not yet been found. The parents of the former reside in Lock Haven, Clinton county, Pa., and the mother of the latter in Washington.—*Columbia Spy.*

PERSONAL effort is the secret of all success; and personal thought, the secret of all true independence. Happy he who has learned this—the most essential of all life's great lessons. He will never be content to drag out a worthless existence as the petted child of foolishly doating parents, or the wealth pampered effeminate of listless luxury. But nerved to effort by an inborn fire, he will find his true element in a sphere of restless activity, and will profit himself and the world by mingling with the sons of toil, assuming the true dignities of labor, and engaging in the glorious career of ennobling and untiring action.—*Williamsport Press.*

DISTRESSING SCENE.—In Boston on Wednesday, a young woman named Susan Moran, with a pretty infant at her breast, was brought into court, and convicted of being a common drunkard. A police officer on Tuesday evening entered the cellar on Ann street, in which she lives, and the scene which he witnessed was revolting. The young woman lay upon the floor, dead drunk, and almost covered with blood, which had issued from her wrist, which she had badly cut by thrusting it through a pane of glass in a fit of drunkenness. The infant lay upon her bared breast sucking the mother's blood, with which the child itself was also smeared. The court sentenced the woman to two months in the House of Industry.

VICE PRESIDENT KING, it is said owned an estate of 2000 acres of rich land in Dallas county, Ala., with 150 slaves. It is also stated that he has left the bulk of his property to the poorest of his relations though all are comfortably provided for.

G. W Kendall, Esq., of the N. O Picayune, has been appointed and confirmed as Postmaster of New Orleans.