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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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Union county, Pennsylvania.

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on N. 3d St., first floor, 4th door from corner.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1853.

Our great and good Parent leads millions
of our fellow men, when Sin reigns in
every heart. And in Christianized lands,
the same want is expressed by the desper-
ate hardness of heart—the overweening
vanity and exaltation of Self in the room
of God—the refined sensuality which even
agonizes to suppress conscience—the tire-
less activity and tremendous energy which
seeks out new ways to show a hatred of
true piety, in the case of persons even of
cultivated minds.

Idleness or Laziness is one of the most
heinous of sins. Its "wages" are ennu-
merable, discontent, lassitude, disease, want,
and temptation to every evil.

The "wages" of Intemperance are seen
every day among us. And the punishment
of those who cater to the appetite of the
drunkard and the glutton, is surely visited
upon themselves or their children.

Most miserable in life, and most loath-
some and horrid in death, is the "wages"
of Licentiousness. The slave of sensuality
suffers in every stolen enjoyment, and sac-
rifices the purer pleasures of honorable
love for a life of low intrigue and fears.

The Avaricious life is a canker consuming
his own vitals, and tasks himself to
death to accumulate what generally proves
a source of evil to his heirs.

We might enumerate a long catalogue
of vices which bring their own punishment,
but close with a single illustration.

Oppression is surely a sin, and of all
oppression the making of one being the
complete slave of another is the greatest.
And it is as foolish as wicked. For Slavery
entails indolence and extravagance, gives
the rein to every brutal passion, and pro-
duces poverty, effeminacy, and premature
decay. Our Southern States are naturally
blessed with better resources for great-
ness than the Northern—in fertile soil
and genial climate, in mineral and man-
ufacturing facilities, in early and vigorous
settlement, they had every advantage. But
how wide the contrast as to their prosper-
ity! The Free have far outstripped the
Slave States in every element of prosper-
ity, social and physical.

THE BOOK SPEAKS OF *The Beauty of
Holiness*, and also of *The Exceeding Holiness
of Sin*. The wages of Sin is Death. O!
ye immortal beings who serve your worst
enemy, STRIKE! STRIKE FOR BETTER
WAGES! "The wages of Sin is Death—
but the gift of God is eternal Life through
Christ our Lord." SIGMA.

"I would not live away."

[This finished poetical composition may be
found in most of the Hymn Books of
our country. It was written by a Protes-
tant Episcopal clergyman, MULLENBERG
by name, and first published in the Phila-
delphia *Episcopal Recorder*, about the year
1824. It appeared anonymously, but has
won its way to the popular heart. The
author still preaches to a congregation in
Sixth Avenue, New York, and also edits
The Evangelical Catholic, in a late issue
of which he publishes the following revised
copy of the original.—*Lewisburg Chron.*]

"I would not live away"—Job vii. 16.

I would not live away—live away below!
Oh, no! I'll not linger, when hidden to go.
The day of my pilgrimage granted me here,
As enough for life's work, full enough for cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hounding home,
Like a spirit unbidden, o'er the earth would I roam!

I would not live away—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for peace, we but lower around,
Like the patriarch's tent, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
And joy's floating angel ne'er shows a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live away—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarcely the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
Even the capture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitential tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilation songs,
But my spirit he owns "a sinner's" prolongs.

I would not live away—no, welcome the tempest!
Since Jesus has him there, I need not its gleam;
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too low my head,
Oh, peaceful the slumber on that hallowed bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live away? away from his God,
Away from His Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the multitude of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their voices and brethren transported to greet;
While the songs of salvation transported roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harp ring sweet in the air;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed, in His beauty beheld!
"Give me, give me, what I desire of a dove!"
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above!
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu forever.

Hon. Robert G. Campbell, formerly a
member of the Assembly, from New York
city, and latterly private secretary to ex-
President Fillmore, died at his residence
on Saturday evening. He was but 28
years of age.

To the Editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle:
The following lines on the death of a
child, were sent in by a young lady from
the West, and are supposed to be original.
If deemed worthy, please copy, and oblige
A BUFFALO PATRON.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

The fairest flowers of earth most fade,
Chilled by the winter's breath,
And muffled by the darkness-shade
Of the winged "Angel Death."

The loveliest forms too oft disclose
His chilling, blasting power;
The brightest eyes the soonest close
On this vain world of ours.

Death marked the flower you called your own,
The price he loved full well,
And thought to fit for that home
Where spotless spirits dwell.

Too pure to bloom beneath the skies,
Such immorals was found,
And loath to have his gentle spirit
Which like your spirit bound.

'Mid gloom's height, that loved one now
Where wreathing flowers
Entwined around the favored's brow,
Shines ever sweetly there;

And, happy, tones a golden ray
To her fair, blissful home,
With that bright hand, the angel choir,
Around the dwelling throne.

How glad the thought, and sweet the hope,
That you may meet her there,
Where cars are o'er, and life is past,
And ere his triumph share!

LOUISA.

[Under all N. P. WILLIS' literary affec-
tion and dandyism, there lies a vein of
strong common sense, that crops out oc-
casionally in quite refreshing style. The
following paragraphs from a recent number
of the *Home Journal* is in point.—ED.
CHRON.]

Out-Doors at Idlewild.

In the making of a shelf-board around
one of the precipices of Idlewild—(some-
thing like the way to a hanging-bird's
nest when we began, but at present, the
winding and easy access to the cottage
from the Newburg side—we have had a
larger amount of wall-baying than has en-
tered into my previous out-door experience;
and I have taken a lesson in it, of which
perhaps, I can say an instructive word or
so. My friend the builder will not take
the alarm, I hope. I would not rashly
invade his art and mystery. I refer, not
to mason-work proper—such as is done
with trowel and hammer, plumb-line and
spirit-level—but to such laying up of loose
stones by the hand as is done for common
day-wages, though usually by the smarter
class of laboring men.

My study of the matter was by the way
of understanding the preferences of two
of my "hands" who seemed equally in-
dustrious—one wishing to work by the
day, however, and the other to be paid by
the foot. As they were both old at the
business, I thought it must be rather a
difference of natural character than of skill
or profit—in either case, a difference worth
understanding—and, as the weather was
of the kind that throws us upon ourselves
for amusement, I put on my mittens, and,
as the farmers say, "took hold" with my
men.

Our way, that morning, lay through a
group of large hemlocks; and, by the in-
corable level of carriage-road grading,
the noblest tree was undermined on the
lower side. To soothe the old monarch—
build a wall that would hold up the fresh
earth once more around the exposed roots
—I took for my first experiment at stone-
laying. It may not deepen the shade of
the old tree, perhaps, to have done this
myself; but I shall enjoy it more from
having made sure of my welcome to it.

One is a better judge of most work by
having had some little apprenticeship at
it, and, by what I found difficult or easy
in my own handling of the material, I
soon began to see the difference between
my friends By-the-day and By-the-job.
By-the-day worked much the hardest. He
lifted two or three stones before he got
hold of the right one, held this one between
his knees while he decided where he would
lay it, and twisted it round two or three
times after he had got it in place. By-the-
job was a little longer looking at the fresh
cart-load before making his selection, but
the taking the stone up, and setting it in
its place, was usually but one movement;
or, he gave it a turn in the air with his
upward lift, brought the proper face of it
to the front with one effort of mind and
hand, and, once dropped into the line of
the wall, that stone was done with. If it
was not a fit, (though it generally was) he
had given it its proportion of look and lift,
and the next one must remedy the defect
—prop or overlay it. He built as good
wall, on the whole, as the other man,
seemed to be taking it very easy in com-
parison to the other's hard work, and got
on a trifle faster. The difference, I saw,
consisted in thoroughly deciding on every
movement before it was made, making it
promptly, and wasting no time in re-
considerings. If I had been a casual observer,
I should have thought By-the-day was the
more industrious and better man. By-the-
job would be my preference, after thus
seeing them closer.

And—talking of working men—I was
amused, a few days since, with a contrast
as to treatment of obstacles, between two
who were working for the same wages—
with deceiving, because it illustrates

with some truth the difference between the
common American mind and the common
European. We were preparing to throw
our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quiet
little narrow-shouldered American, with
my horse hitched to a drag, was drawing
stone for the road-way beyond, and a broad-
shouldered fellow from the old country
was digging earth to fill in. As I stood
looking on for a moment I saw a thrifty
little cedar, which had been partly uproot-
ed; and, requesting the digger to set it
upright, and shovel some dirt around it, I
walked on. Returning a few minutes af-
ter, I saw my cedar erect enough, but its
roots exposed. "Why didn't you cover it
with dirt?" I asked. "Sure, Sir," said
sturdy Great Britain, with a look of most
honest regret that he had not been able to
oblige me, "you told me to shovel it, and
I had no shovel." He was working with
a spade!

It was not ten minutes after this that I
saw my little Yankee dollar-a-day unhitch-
ing the horse from the drag. "What are
you going to do?" I asked. "Why, there
is no more stone to be got on this
side," he said, "and that carpenter don't
seem to be coming along to fix this bridge.
I thought I'd step over and get What's-
his-name's oxen and snake them timbers
up, and then haul 'em across with a block
and tackle, and timbers over, and put on
the planks. I could draw stone from the
other side, then." Here was a quiet pro-
position to do what I looked forward to as
quite a problem, even for a professed me-
chanic. I had bespoken a carpenter for
the job, three weeks before. There stood
the two abutments six feet high and twen-
ty-five feet apart, and a stream swollen by
a freshet and hardly fordable on horseback
rushing between; and how those four im-
movable timbers, thirty feet long, were to
be got across, without machinery and
scaffolding to span this chasm of twenty-
five feet, I was not engineer enough to see.
It was among the "chores that a man with
common gumption could do, easy enough,"
however, as my little friend said, and it
was done the next morning, with block
and tackle, rollers and levers—he going
about it as naturally and handily as if he
had been a bridge-builder by profession.

There being no higher price, for day-labor
with his amount of "gumption" and day-
labor such as the other man's, who could
not conceive how a spade might be used
for a shovel, shows how common a thing
ingenuity is, in our country, and how
characteristic of a Yankee it is to know
no obstacle. It was worth recording, I
thought.

THE \$300 LAW ACT.
[The following very important opinion
as the construction of the Act of 1849,
known as the Three Hundred Dollar Law
Act, which completely reverses the prac-
tice upon it, was read a short time since
by his Honor, Chief Justice Black, of the
Supreme Court.]

Hammer vs. Freese.—In the Northern
District. Appeal from the Common Pleas
of Northumberland.

Freese's personal property was levied on
and sold. The proceeds amounted to
\$454.11. The defendant in the execution
was present when the levy was made, but
did not then claim that any of the goods
were exempt by the Act of 1849. About
the commencement of the sale, however,
he demanded the benefit of the statute.
The Sheriff sold the property and paid the
proceeds into Court, on Freese's petition,
ordered \$300 of the money to be paid to
him.

We are of opinion that the debtor can
not, under any circumstances, entitle him-
self to three hundred dollars of the money
for which personal property sells at Sheriff's
sale. The Act speaks of property, not
money. It requires him to select the
goods he wishes to retain, and have them
appraised, and property thus chosen and
appraised, shall be exempt from levy and
sale. This excludes the idea that he is to
have his choice between retaining the
property, and demanding the money out
of the proceeds. There are sound reasons
why he should take the goods or noth-
ing. The law was made for the benefit of
the families of the debtors, rather than
for the debtors themselves; and a family,
stripped of every comfort, might not be
much the better of \$300 in the pocket of a
thriftless father. Property which apprais-
ers would value at \$300, might not sell
for the half of it, and if debtors had this
choice, it would deprive the creditors of
twice as much property as the law intend-
ed to take from them. A convenient
friend could be got to buy it in at a price
far below its value, and a part of the
money awarded by the Court would pay
for it.

The former laws on this subject specified
the particular articles which might be re-
tained. The act of 1849 gives the right
of designating them to the debtor himself,
fixes the quantity of them by their value;
but if he may be silent until after the sale,
he can virtually take property which he
has not selected, to an amount far greater
than the law allows him, and without ap-

plying the legal standard of its value.
Such a construction is against the spirit as
well as the letter of the statute.
The debtor not being entitled to money
under any circumstances, would have no
other remedy than an action against
the officer, even if he had demanded his
right, in a proper way, and been refused,
but he did not make the demand here in a
manner which the Sheriff was bound to
notice. He did not point out the property
he elected to retain, nor ask for an ap-
praisal. He said nothing on the sub-
ject until it was too late. Regularly, a
debtor who wishes to avail himself of this
act, should make his election at the time
of the levy; the Legislature could have
meant nothing else by saying that prop-
erty so elected should be exempt from levy.
But he may be in time if he demands it
after it is seized, provided he does not wait
so long that a compliance with his request
would postpone the sale. His right is
clearly gone, if he waits until the sale has
begun.

The decree of the Court of Common
Pleas is reversed, and it is ordered that
the fund in Court be paid to the executing
creditors in the order of their liens.

Thomas M'Creary and Gov. Lowe.

More than a year ago, a man named
Thomas M'Creary kidnapped a free negro
girl, named Rachel Parker, from her home
in Chester county. She was carried to Bal-
timore, and there deposited in a Slave Jail
preparatory to being shipped South and
sold. A number of her Chester county
friends, who knew her to be free-born went
to Baltimore, interfered to prevent her ship-
ment, and to secure her a trial for her free-
dom. Their efforts were in part successful
though at the sacrifice, under suspicious
circumstances, of the life of the person from
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leged slave to her liberty, was so over-
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fence abandoned their case, and Rachel
Parker and her sister, who had been kid-
napped several years previously, were de-
clared free, and returned in triumph to
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In the meanwhile, the men base enough
to dare to commit the crime of selling a
free woman into Slavery, went unpunished
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for the body of Thomas M'Creary, by the
Governor of Pennsylvania upon the Gov-
ernor of Maryland, who consulted with
his constitutional advisers, and has announ-
ced his determination not to deliver him
up for trial. M'Creary is thus shielded
by the State of Maryland from punishment
or even trial for his crimes! To comment
upon such an outrage could not make it
more hideous than the plain statement of
the facts.—*Lawrence Ind. Whig.*

From returns of the agricultural crops,
it appears that we raise annually \$143,-
000,000 in wheat, \$391,200,000 in Indian
corn, \$190,275,000 in hay, \$70,840,000
in oats, \$73,125,000 in Irish potatoes, and
\$129,000,000 in cotton; the whole crop
being \$1,752,583,042. No crop of ours
makes more noise in the world than cotton,
yet, when it is compared to other crops,
such as wheat and Indian corn, and particu-
larly with the whole annual crop, we see
no reason why it should take on so many
sails; and we suppose the reason is, that it
goes abroad a great deal, and, like traveled
gentlemen, rather looks down upon his
stay-at-homeotics. Why, the animals
slaughtered are worth quite as much as
the cotton, bringing some \$183,000,000
per annum! One of the most useful of
our crops, wine, is yet in its infancy, the
West having made only a little over
1,000,000 of gallons in 1851, worth about
\$500,000; but the cultivation is increas-
ing, and in a few years will be immense,
especially when New Mexico and Califor-
nia, which are admirably adapted to it,
shall go into the business.

No portion of the trade of the Union
has grown more rapidly, within a few
years, than that connected with the steam
marine. The total number of steam ves-
sels now employed on our coast is 625,
with a tonnage of 212,500, and employing
11,770 men as officers and crew. In the
interior the number of steam vessels is
705, with a tonnage of 204,725, and em-
ploying 17,607 men. Our whole steam
marine, therefore, amounts to 1,390 ves-
sels, with a tonnage of 417,225, manned
by 29,377 men, and carrying, besides
freight, about 40,000,000 of passengers
every year. In this vast travel only 750
lives were lost in 1852; far too many, but
not so many as some people, who fancy
every steamboat a powder-house, are pre-
pared to expect.

The amount of money paid into the
treasury of the United States, as duties
on foreign goods, in the year 1852, was
at New York \$28,772,558, at Philadelphia
\$3,715,126, at Boston \$6,250,588, and at
Baltimore \$1,063,530. It will be seen
that New York more than trebles all the
other cities.

There are 12,808 miles of railroad in
operation in the United States, and 12,612
in progress; more than in all the rest of
the world. Of those in operation, three-
fourths are in the free States, and almost
the same proportion holds good in respect
those which are projected.—N. Y. Post.

Some Interesting Statistics.

There are in the appendix to a report
of the Secretary of the Treasury, lately
communicated to the Senate, on the Colo-
nial and Lake Trade of the United States,
several important and useful tables of the
general trade of the country. The sub-
stance of some of these we shall give in a
condensed form:

Our average imports from 1821 to 1826,
specie included, were \$30,878,348; from
1848 to 1852, they were \$181,966,579,
showing that they have more than doubled
in thirty years. Our average imports from
1821 to 1826 were 69,439,785, and from
1848 to 1852, 175,948,360. In 1821 the
tonnage of the United States was only
1,298,958 tons, in 1852 it was 4,138,441
tons, showing that it has more than trebled
in thirty years. Next to Great Britain we
have a larger tonnage than any nation in
the world, and in five years, at the present
rate of increase, we shall surpass Great
Britain.

The value of our animal products ex-
ceeds three thousand millions of dollars,
of which only about \$170,000,000 are sent
abroad, leaving \$2,830,000,000 to be con-
sumed at home and interchanged among
the States. At least \$600,000,000 is thus
interchanged in the glorious free-trade sys-
tem which prevails between the States of
the Union. How small, after all, is our
foreign trade, about which we legislate so
much, and for the defence of which, and
the collection of the duties upon it we
spend so much, compared with the inland
business!

The total debt of the several States in
1851 was \$201,541,024, which was less,
by some millions, than it had been during
the previous ten years. The value of
property assessed in the same States was
\$5,988,140,407, the real value being, how-
ever, \$7,068,157,770—a pretty good secu-
rity, we think, for their debts, whether
owing at home or abroad.

The total population of the villages,
towns, and cities of the United States, is
only 4,000,000, while the rural population,
the "honest peasantry, their country's
pride," is 19,263,000. The four cities of
New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Bal-
timore contain a population of 1,214,000,
the amount of whose real and personal
property is \$702,000,000, or \$578 each.
The property of the rural population is
\$2,311,099,000, or about \$120 each.

Such a construction is against the spirit as
well as the letter of the statute.

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under any circumstances, would have no
other remedy than an action against
the officer, even if he had demanded his
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Slavery in Kentucky.

A friend of mine who resides in one of
the central counties of Kentucky, and
whose property is estimated as worth at
least \$150,000, made up his mind last year
to sell out, remove to Ohio, and invest the
proceeds in real estate. He reasoned
thus: "I have a large property here; I
have great care and responsibility in super-
intending one hundred slaves. The mere
management of such an interest is arduous
and laborious. And yet after feeding and
clothing all, and providing necessary sup-
plies, I find myself no better off at the end
of the year, than at its commencement.
If the same capital were judiciously invest-
ed in a free state, I could live upon the
interest, and my children would reap the
advantage of its increased value." This
is the statement of an intelligent corres-
pondent of the Phila. Register, who names
towns and counties in the best portions of
Kentucky where population is decreasing,
or stationary at best, and where migration
to the Free States is increasing.

The Hon. Cassius M. Clay states to the
Editor of the N.Y. Tribune, that his farm,
which was profitless when cultivated by
slave labor, now yields him good returns.
He employs some white hands and some of
his former slaves; and although many
obstacles are thrown in his way, he sees
clearly the advantages of well-paid labor
to the employer as well as the laborer.

CLERICAL LONGEVITY.—The Hamp-
shire (Mass.) Gazette gives the following
instances of clerical and family longevity:
Rev. Solomon Williams, of Northampton,
preached his half century sermon in North-
ampton; Hon. Eliphalet Williams grand-
father preached his half century sermon
in East Hartford, Conn.; and Rev. Solo-
mon Williams' great-grandfather, preached
his half century sermon in Lebanon Conn.
and Rev. Wm. Williams' great great grand-
father, preached his half century sermon
in Hatfield, Mass.

The former laws on this subject specified
the particular articles which might be re-
tained. The act of 1849 gives the right
of designating them to the debtor himself,
fixes the quantity of them by their value;
but if he may be silent until after the sale,
he can virtually take property which he
has not selected, to an amount far greater
than the law allows him, and without ap-

plying the legal standard of its value.
Such a construction is against the spirit as
well as the letter of the statute.

The Chinese population in California
amounts to about twenty-two thousand,
and their capital owned and invested is at
least one million of dollars.

Sentence of Reese Evans.

G. W. Palmer, Sheriff of Luzerne county,
has received the death warrant of this
unfortunate boy. Evans does not seem to
realize his situation fully, or he must have
great nerve, and commanded of himself.
He says: "You cannot always tell by a
man's looks what his feelings are." It is
very true in his case. Yesterday afternoon
about 14 o'clock Sheriff Palmer read the
warrant to him in the presence of several
respectable witnesses. On entering the
cell Evans sat by a small table containing
his books and nodded pleasantly to his
visitors. He seems very little changed
since his trial. His cell is neat and clean
with pictures from some of the Magazines
fastened around the walls, and his name
is marked on the floor with the hot poker.
The Sheriff announced the purport of his
visit, and as he commenced reading, a per-
ceptible tremor passed over Evans' features
and very soon covering his face with his
hand he sank sobbing upon the little table
by his side, where he continued till his
visitors had departed. The time fixed by
the Executive, for his execution is Friday
Sept 9 between the hours of 10 A. M.
and 3 o'clock P. M.—*Wilkes-Barre Rec-
ord, May 23.*

Effects of Rum.

On Friday morning a young man, rep-
resenting himself as Henry Cox Cheesman
son of an eminent physician in New York
made application to Justice Budd, of Cam-
den, to be committed to the County Jail
alleging as his reasons that he had become
a common drunkard, and had been on a
spree for three months past, until all his
substance was gone, and he was left per-
fectly destitute. He said he wished to re-
form, and believed that incarceration in the
jail for awhile would materially assist
him in carrying out his wish, as it would
place him out of the reach of temptation.
Thinking, perhaps, such an arrangement
might operate beneficially to him, Mr.
Budd granted his request, and he was
taken to the jail. The young man is only
21 years of age, intelligent, and bears
every appearance of having been better
days. It is to be hoped that his self in-
carceration will accomplish the reforma-
tion of this young man, and induce him
to pursue a future course of usefulness
and sobriety. It is a sad thing to see one
so promising and intelligent abandon him-
self to all the immoralities and practices
of a common drunkard.—*Philadelphia Sun, May 28.*

Ole Bull is doing a good work for
the Norwegians in America. The state-
ments of his enterprise in Pennsylvania
are already familiar. At Chicago, last
week, there was a gathering of his coun-
trymen, at which he made a speech, and
was rapturously received. The Norwegi-
an Church was crowded with Norsemen.
Ole Bull spoke of religious toleration, im-
proved the utility of secular and moral
education, and advocated the Free School
system. The despotisms of Europe came
in for some hard knocks and suffered in
the picture drawn by contrast with the
United States.

Efforts are being made in New York
to introduce foreign and rare birds into Green-
wood cemetery. Cages of some of the
finest songsters, and birds of the richest
plumage, have already been taken there,
in the hope that they will pair and domes-
ticate themselves. The result is uncertain
but the seclusion of the place, the grand
old woods, and the impossibility of molesta-
tion by the sportsman, renders the suc-
cess of the experiment quite probable