

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1853.

VOLUME X—NO. 34.

WHOLE NUMBER, 502.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,
ISSUED ON FRIDAY MORNINGS AT LEWISBURG,
UNION COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance, if paid within three months; \$1.25 if paid within six months; \$2.00 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuance optional with the publisher, except when the year is paid up. Advertisements—first insertion at 50 cents per square, one week; 40 cents for two weeks; 35 cents for three weeks; 30 cents for four weeks; 25 cents for five weeks; 20 cents for six weeks; 15 cents for seven weeks; 10 cents for eight weeks; 5 cents for nine weeks; 2 cents for ten weeks; 1 cent for eleven weeks; 50 cents for a year. All advertisements exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$10 a year. JOB WORK, and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

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OFFICE in Beaver's new block on Market Square, north side, 2d story, left hand door.

O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

DECEMBER 9, 1853.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

ROCKFORD, Ill., Nov. 25, 1853.

MAJ. HICKOK: Perhaps a short communication from the "Sucker State" will not be unpalatable to your readers.

The present season of the year is the least attractive for traveling, and traveling in any other place but on the prairies of Illinois, would be dull and uninteresting. To a person born and bred among the hills of the Eastern States, where nothing meets the eye but cliffs, crags, ravines, dunes, rivers, and rivulets, it is worth a journey of a thousand miles to visit the "Great West," and see with his own eyes the endless fields of prairie lands, which, like a broad sea spread themselves to the horizon's verge, and seem bounded only by the sky. The whole country is high, rolling prairie—except that portion along the Rock River, which is perfectly level, the soil black and adhesive to the depth of from six inches to three feet, beneath which is quicksand—and from any one point you can look over thousands of acres of the finest land the sun ever shone upon, and miles and miles in extent the eye can range over this "land sea" without meeting the least object to obstruct its vision. No bluffs, no barren mounds, no mountains—it looks as if some Fortune in some prodigal frolic, forgetful of justice and equality, uncaring for the wants of her sister States, had emptied her blessings on Illinois, and ransacked Nature for beauties and favors to lavish upon her. She is destined to be—she must become—the Banner Agricultural State in the Union.

The lack of timber in the Northern part of the State, is rapidly being supplied by the planting of Lonest trees, of which there are already considerable forests, and although not more than ten or twelve years old, yet more than ample for the purposes of fuel, &c. Hedges of Osage Orange are now numerous, and it will not be long before they will entirely supersede the necessity for rails. In some places where the trees are not yet large enough for use, or where they were neglected to be planted, farmers mark the boundaries of their possessions, or divide into fields, by digging two trenches about six feet apart and three deep, and throwing the earth in a ridge between them. This mode of fencing, however, is fast becoming obsolete, and farmers are enclosing their grounds with good substantial fences.

For the age of Illinois, and for its facilities—for it must be considered that it was settled principally by Eastern men, who had not enough capital to start business at home, and scarcely enough to pay the expenses of emigration—it is the first State in the Union, in regard to Education, Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce. Rockford, on the Rock River, about 90 miles west of Chicago, is a city of from 6 to 8,000 inhabitants, and for beauty, symmetry of plot, magnificence of buildings, and educational facilities, is equal to any Eastern town of five times its age and advantages.

Land, in this portion of the State, is rapidly increasing in value, and farms, slightly improved, bring from \$25 to \$40 per acre. The small log shanties, occupied by the farmers when they first came here, are now being replaced by neat and comfortable houses, much improving the scenery of the country.

"By 'Eastern,' our young friend uses a 'Sucker' term for Pennsylvania. And yet if he were to travel in the Eastern part of our State, New York, and 'AWAY DOWN EAST,' we 'guess' he would find them fully up, if not superior, to favored Illinois, in most particulars.—CHRON.

LIFE.—The woes of human life, are relative. The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy top-mast at midnight without a murmur—while the rich merchant complains of the rattling cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In the times of peace, we announce the breakage of a bone as a "Melancholy Event;" but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and shout "Glorious Victory!"

Death of Rev. John H. Rittenhouse.

From the Presbyterian Messenger.

BY REV. H. M. PARSONS.

In his beauty and vigor he fell,
Ere his sun in its zenith was high,
And the spirit's unwhispered farewell
Died away in the songs of the sky.

On the precincts of Zion he trod,
To devote there, his people's bequest,
But instead, here it upstart to God,
And was hailed, with the gift, by his rest.

Day and night, with his heart and his hand,
He had toiled for the church of his love,
For he longed that God's children should stand
Undeified in the temple above.

For the fatherless ones we have tears,
For his widow and flock we may weep,
But our faith through the gloom of our fears
Should its hold on the promises keep.

Fellow-watchmen may deeply lament
That his place in their councils is void,
But to them may his mantle be lent
While with trials and conflicts employed.

A Question Settled.

It has long been understood that the northernmost route to the Pacific must have a great advantage over the Central, or the Southern one, from the fact that it is very much shorter. By that way we shall not only reach the great Western ocean sooner than by any other, but, when there, we are much nearer to the Oriental World, whose commerce is thought by some to be a very extensive and profitable affair. It is not only a much briefer journey from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound than from St. Louis or Memphis to San Francisco, but from there we can reach Yedo or Canton with two days' less steaming. This fact has caused the Northern route to be regarded with respect even by those who are most anxious that some other line should be fixed on. But still a very serious doubt has rendered its advocates somewhat uncertain and backward. It has been surmised that possibly no good pass could be found to conduct the road through the barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and it has been feared that however excellent and favorable the country on both sides of that great ridge, it might be necessary after all to renounce this line and to settle either on that advocated by Col. Benton, or that of Texas.

This doubt has now been extinguished! Gov. Stevens at the head of the Northern Expedition reports that there were several good passes, one of them combining every desideratum, and there is no hindrance to the construction of the road over the line he has traversed. His letter, which appears in *The Tribune* this morning, is highly explicit on this question. The entire line has been investigated by his own party going west, and by that of Lieutenant Saxton, who started from the Pacific and came eastward; and though it cannot be said that the whole country has been explored on both sides, and every mountain pass examined, so that the best possible line can be exactly laid down for all the distance, not a doubt remains that the Northern Route is perfectly feasible, and indeed singularly favorable for the execution of this highway.

And not only do the mountains interpose no obstacle, but the country from Lake Superior to the Pacific is described as exceedingly fertile and adapted for settlement. The case is not so encouraging for either of the other lines. The Central line runs zigzag, and traverses barren districts where fuel and water do not abound. The Texas route lies along the Gila, whose craggy gorge can not be used for a railroad bed; or else it crosses the border of Mexico and makes a long stretch through a region not our own. None of these inconveniences attach to the Puget's Sound line. That runs with great directness through a highly productive territory, well wooded and well watered, and has at its western terminus one of the noblest harbors of the world. The sole objection that can be raised against it is the accumulating of snow usual in northern latitudes in winter. On this head important facts will no doubt be given in Gov. Stevens' official report, which will be in Washington in season for the opening of Congress. But certain it is that on the greater portion of this route there are no such snows as fall on the railroads in the central part of New York, and that at the worst there is nothing more troublesome than is constantly experienced on the rail roads of Maine. We all know how much these roads are obstructed in winter; when the snows drifts upon them, appliances always at hand soon clear the track; and the circulation is never delayed beyond a day. On the Puget's Sound road it would not be more serious; and at any rate there would be no such terrible depths of snow there as Col. Fremont had to encounter in New Mexico in 1846.

The clearing up all doubts relative to this line is not the only good done by the Expedition. It has settled many other questions with regard to the natural features of that vast and hitherto unknown region, and has opened to our knowledge and our interests a splendid portion of the national domain to which we have been strangers.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Nov. 24.

The New Mexico people have been hoping that the Pacific Railroad will pass through their Territory, down the Gila, &c.

Witness the following from the *Santa Fe Gazette*, written by Maj. JOHN GREINER, the Ohio Whig poet of 1840, '44 and '48, who got down to Santa Fe under Gen. Taylor's administration. Some of the allusions are best understood in that region, but it will pass to the

THE—La Marcha de Santa Ana.
The great Pacific Railroad
For California, had
Laid down the iron rail;
Across the rolling prairie
By steam we're bound to go;
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

Will frighten from the Indian trail
The Indians and their squaws—
They'll see the "hums of iron" rush
Across the Arkansas
Ha! ha! they'll never buy us now,
We'll "over-trace" them so.
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

The prairie dogs in Dogtown
Will wag each little tail,
They'll think the Devil's coming sure,
A "raining" on a rail.
The rattlesnake may show his fangs,
The owl will hoot, to whom—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

We're on the "Indian Island" here,
And do not care a button—
As soon as we get through enough,
We'll feed the wood on notice;
We're west, and east, and chile, and
"Some punkin'" we can show—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

We're a regular people—we
Don't change with every wind;
We don't run after "bounty," we
Don't worship "Jesus Christ,"
We don't "kick up" in the streets, we
Don't "militarize" 'em—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

We have no Mormon prophets with
Their "apocalyptic" views,
We wouldn't "raw for spirits"—no,
We would like to see 'em;
We'll have a "mission" from from Texas,
And how to "dig" we'll know—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

We've got dust in the mountains,
And silver in the ore,
And we're making some good precious stones,
At least a good or more;
We're making of salt, and hot springs
Heated down below—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

We go on a million on the Road,
(We'll cut it rather fat),
We'll pay up our subscriptions right,
(And set your life on that),
Our track's the track you read about,
But over from from Texas,
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

Then prosper "progress," "go it boots,"
In "Young America,"
And rest the care of "Slavery,"
To Caliber aim;
We'll defend our hat, we will—
The railroad cars are coming humming
Through New Mexico.

FAIR WORK FOR LEAVES.
FARM.—Continue to gather leaves from the woods and deposit them in the compost heaps, hog pens, &c., &c.

Place fuel under cover, clean up the remnants of old wood piles and compost them. Cut and draw wood from swamps while frozen. Underdraining may not be done when the weather is not too severe; the surface of the ground being frozen for a few inches, will not prevent ditches being dug, while the sub-soil thrown to the surface by frequent frozings and thawings, will soon become well pulverized.

This is the proper time for re-reading our back numbers and laying out the work for the coming year. Woods cut down at this time will sprout again. A small quantity of roots (turnips, carrots or beets), fed to milch cows at this time, will materially increase their quantity of milk. Provide pure water for your cows without driving them a mile, manuring the road, and subjecting them to the annoyance of dogs, &c. See that the master beasts do not tyrannize over the weaker ones. Cure them by separate confinement for a time. Cut your corn stalks, instead of feeding them whole, and thus use the stalks as well as the leaves. If the stalks are hard and dry, fill a large cask with them after cutting, and pour boiling water on them, covering with a blanket, and they will swell up to their original plumpness, and be tender. When cold sprinkle a little feed upon them, and the cattle will eat them. If refused, put some salt in the hot water before steaming them.

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.—You may still prune Grapes. Grapes may be cut, and each may be preserved until wanted in spring. Tread snow around fruit trees when necessary to protect them from mice. If the weather be mild and the ground unfrozen, apply guano around unfruitful trees, digging it in slightly, the rains will carry it to the roots, and its more virulent effect will be over before the roots get full action in the spring; whereas, if applied after that time, its immediate effects might be too violent on the younger rootlets.

MANURE HEAPS.—If your compost heaps are under sheds and refuse to heat, either turn them in mild weather to encourage fermentation, or make holes in the top of the heap with a crow bar, and pour in large quantities of boiling water or boiling spent ley. The covering up of a few heated bricks in a manure heap will often engender fermentation; or the burying a lump of unslacked lime in a compost heap, will cause fermentation, from the amount of latent heat rendered present during the slaking of the lime. If a compost is dry, add water, and the mass will soon be in fair heat; indeed, the pile

should never be too dry, or the contents will fire-fang, and thus much of its value be dissipated.—*Working Farmer*.

China—The Religion of the Rebels.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)

SHANGHAI, China, Aug. 25, 1853.

I gave you by the last mail a description of what I saw among the patriots, and an account of the way I reached them. In that letter I left myself a new and unexpected arrival in the midst of "long-haired men" who crowded about me in great numbers and with eager curiosity to learn where I came from, who I was and what brought me. To these inquiries I replied that I was from Shanghai, that I was an American, and my name was Taylor.

With reference to my business there, I requested to be conducted to their highest officer in that city—Chin-Kiang-foo—to whom I would make known my object in visiting them. Being very anxious to have me tell them at once, they showed me the way into a well furnished hall and had tea brought for me, having first desired me to be seated in one of the many cushioned chairs ranged along in two rows facing each other, up and down the middle of the large apartment. Alternating with the chairs were what we call here *teapots*—they are small square or oblong stands for holding cups of tea and refreshments.

While I was sitting here sipping my tea, and the object of strange interest to these wild looking men and boys, who had never before seen a foreigner, one who seemed to be a subordinate officer, came and seating himself by my side, again asked for what I had come. Fearing if I should tell him, that having once satisfied their own curiosity, they would not take me to the commandant, I resolutely refused to answer any questions on that subject, till I was conducted to his presence. Seeing my determination they furnished me with a guide and an escort of two or three soldiers, all armed with long spears and swords. The man who in the first instance came down the hill for my carpet-bag, still kept possession of it, and followed on.

Our path lay along on the narrow ridge, and led to my last letter, within the stockades, which were being taken down and replaced by a substantial brick wall, three or four feet thick, furnished with parapets and portholes, through which cannon of various caliber were poking their ugly noses. The soldier-artisans were working like bees on the unfinished portions—some bringing brick, some laying them and some making mortar. My guides were frequently asked as we passed along, who was that stranger, and their invariable answer was, *Yang shooing de*; i. e., "Foreigner before"—a term of civility and affection never before applied to foreigners in China.

We soon came the north-eastern gate of the city. It had been completely filled up with heavy stone masonry, and the only access was by a narrow flight of stone steps to the top of the wall. Through a narrow door in the parapet we entered, and here were again surrounded by multitudes of astonished spectators, who stared at me till their eyes seemed ready to leap at me from their sockets like so many bullets. Their curiosity being a little, and but a little, abated by the answer of my escort— for many of them spoke dialects which I did not understand—we proceeded on thro' the stone-paved streets, now entirely deserted, but which, when I was here a year ago, disguised as a native, were teeming with a busy, thriving population. The inhabitants had all fled at the approach of the patriot forces, leaving their shops and dwellings, and most of their furniture, goods, and effects of various kinds. The buildings were for the most part left standing, but without doors and shutters—these all having been taken, as before stated, to assist in the construction of stockades on the hill, and along the river bank fronting the city. Tables, chairs, trunks, boxes, bedsteads, cooking utensils, etc., lay strewn in the houses or piled up together in confused masses, with straw, ashes, bits of paper and rubbish of every conceivable description. The contrast with the appearance of things here a year ago was truly painful, and I could but breathe a prayer that the former inhabitants of this once populous city might be restored to their homes again, in the possession of Christianity and its blessings to such an extent as to far more than compensate for their present losses and forlornness. As we passed along, I saw several very aged men and women, who were probably too old and infirm to flee, and perhaps considering they had not long to live, at any rate, thought they might as well die then, as to drag out a few more days of miserable, homeless existence. But, probably quite contrary to their expectations, their lives were not only spared, but they were furnished with food and allowed to retain their dwellings and property. Still, the poor creatures looked the pictures of sorrow, and my heart yearned over them as

their sun seemed likely to set in clouds and darkness. O might even their dim eyes be permitted to see the dawning of a brighter day than has ever yet shone on the "flowery land," and might their ears—but stay, have they not already caught some of the notes of praise to the one only living and true God? For morning and evening ascends from that beleaguered city the doxology:

"Praise the True God who is the Imperial Supreme Ruler;
Praise Jesus the Saviour of the world;
Praise the Holy Divine Influence—the Holy Spirit—
Praise these three who compose our True God."

Indeed, these were the first sounds that saluted my ears when I entered the garison, for it was about sunrise, and they were engaged in their morning devotions. What words to hear in the most populous pagan empire on the globe, and that, too, from lips that five years ago were repeating the senseless numeraries of idolatrous superstition!

We soon reached some spacious premises that had lately been the residence of the chief mandarin of the city and surrounding country, but was now the head quarters of *Lo-ta-yun*, the commandant of the patriot forces at this place. My escort led the way through five successive buildings and as many open courts, all in a line from the street, from which the innermost of all, the sixth, is visible. The buildings had large yellow curtains flanking in the breeze, on each side of the passage through them. Having reached the interior building, which was in fact the dwelling, the others being occupied by attendants, soldiers and servants, I was here directed to a seat in the large reception hall, which was quite similar in its general features to the one into which I had been ushered on my first appearance in the garison. It had ornamental lanterns of fantastic shapes and rich embroidered hangings suspended from the roof and about the sides of the apartment. The court-yard in front of this was filled with rare and beautiful flowers and plants in unique pots of every size and shape. I soon inquired for *Lo-ta-yun*, and on being asked why I wished to see him, I replied that I should tell no one but himself in person. There was here as before a crowd of curious spectators who examined my hat and dress and hands, with much the same interest with which you would look at a stange animal in a menagerie of some heretofore unheard of species. It was almost enough to make one doubt of himself whether he were indeed of the genus homo. Before many minutes a man of middle stature, apparently about 45, came out from an adjoining room and took a seat near me. He was stoutly built, had a well-formed head, and a piercing black eye that looked out from under a pair of prominent, over-arching brows. One of the attendants, who afterward acted the part of interpreter for me, as he was a kind of secretary to the commandant, told me this was *Lo-ta-yun*. There was no appearance of an officer in his manner or dress. He had on a short blue silk jacket, and dark brown loose trousers. I had formed such an idea of the princely appearance of *Lo*, whose reputation for military sagacity and skill had spread his name widely abroad that I did not believe this was the man, and frankly expressed my doubts, refusing at the same time to reply to his interrogatories, and requested again to see the highest officer in the city, for I was resolved not to be thwarted in my design to get an interview with *Lo* himself, if it was in the power of perseverance to compass it.

I have since wondered at his forbearance with my pertinacity, when he knew I was so completely in his hands. He could have had my head taken off at a word, and never have been called to account for the act. I could scarcely credit his repeated assurances that he was the man whom I sought to see, and it was not until his attendants attired him in his official uniform and he took his seat in the large chair at the table in the middle of the hall, and began to issue his orders to his attendants, that my doubts were quite removed. I then informed him fully of myself, my occupation and my object in visiting his camp. At the same time I opened my carpet-bag and laid its contents on his table. The books were the four Gospels and Acts, the book of Genesis, and many other tracts and books on the Christian religion. He appeared quite pleased in looking at them, and said the doctrines he believed were the same with ours. Notice of my arrival had been sent to the second officer in command, and he soon came in a large handsome sedan, borne by four coolies and with quite a train of soldiers and attendants going before and following. He came in, and a seat was placed for him at the right of *Lo*. The uniform of the man was nearly alike, being a yellow silk or satin cap covering the whole head and leaving the face only exposed. It had a binding of red satin all around the edge an inch-and-a-half wide, and looked in shape somewhat like the representations of the caps or helmets of Egyptian heroes, or of the human heads on the monsters of

Layard's Nineveh. Next was a long richly figured satin gown, reaching to the ankles, and over this a red figured waist-coat, or jacket-like garment, with sleeves conveniently loose and short. You know they eschew shaving the head, that being one of the abominations introduced by the "fiendish Tartars." To they have their long hair all twisted or braided up, and fastened on the top of the head by a piece of yellow silk, answering the purpose of a turban without being as full; the common soldiers wear red silk on the head. Breakfast was soon announced, and I was conducted into an adjoining room to a square table, with seats for two at each side. I was politely invited to sit down first, and then seven others, the secretaries and officers of *Lo*, also took their seats. I had heard the insurgents were in the habit of saying grace before eating, and I wanted to see how this would be done, but presently one of them took his stockpots and requested me to do the same, for, as a mark of civility, they would not eat until I had begun. I mentioned to them what information we foreigners had received about their practice of asking a blessing, and they immediately replied it was true, and that it had just been done in the room from which we came. I then recollectedly that after I had left that apartment I heard human voices chanting, with the usual Chinese musical instruments accompanying, and learned that this was a form of grace before meat. I there upon informed them that it was our custom to ask a blessing at the table, and if they had no objections I would do so at that time. They very cheerfully assented, and after I had finished they seemed quite gratified, saying that the spirit and design of the thing was the same, though the manner of performing it was different.

At every meal after this, during my stay, all at the table waited for me to ask a blessing. All the members and dependants of *Lo's* household assembled in the large hall morning and evening, when he or one of his secretaries read a portion either from the book of Genesis—that being the only part of the Bible yet discovered among them—or from some of the religious tracts written by *Fai-ping-wong* himself. After reading, during which all present sat and listened attentively, they all join in chanting a hymn, always closing with the doxology above translated. Then each one takes the cushion from his chair and putting it down on the brick or tile floor kneels on it in a very solemn manner, with his eyes closed, while *Lo* himself, or the secretary prays audibly, the rest remaining perfectly silent. It was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed, from the reflections and associations to which it gave rise, and which I must leave for the imagination of your readers to supply.

The only drawback to its solemnity to my mind—but none in theirs—was the accompaniment to the chanting, consisting of all the discordant sounds of gongs, drums, cymbals, horns, and various other instruments, but ill-suited, in our estimation, to produce that devotional feeling so important in Christian worship. In the middle of the room in which we ate was a table, placed on which were twelve bowls—three each of rice, of meat, of vegetables, and of tea. On inquiring the meaning of this I was told it was designed as an offering to the Supreme Ruler—one of each kind respectively for the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. After being allowed to remain thus for some time they were removed, but whether eaten or not by others I did not learn. The fact of their presenting offerings of this kind is proof presumptive that they have as yet no knowledge of the New Testament—a need which I supplied as far as practicable on that visit, with what effect time only can reveal.

My boatmen had so thoroughly imbibed the dread of the "long-haired men"—so industriously cherished by the accounts of their cruelty, which the Imperialist mandarins circulate in their proclamations far and wide—that no assurances of safety I could give them would induce them to go any nearer the city. So, to accomplish my objects, I was under the necessity of making three several visits on foot to my boat, two miles distant, in doing which it was unavoidable to pass the Imperialist lines, not very far from their camp, as their tents lay spread out on the hills to my left, and within gun-shot of the river bank, along which my path lay.

The second time I took as many more copies of the books as I could well carry, and the third time I took the medicines and a small case of surgical instruments, which I had brought with me from Shanghai. The demand for medical aid was greater than I had the means of supplying, but I afforded relief to the many applicants as far as within my power. A successful surgical operation on one poor fellow's eye excited much interest and gratification.

I took my final leave of *Lo-ta-yun* at night, and he, after having hospitably entertained me during my stay, gave me

three five fowls and two hams, forming food on the way back to Shanghai. He also had my carpet-bag filled with the books that had been published by the order of *Fai-ping-wong*, and with the royal proclamations he had issued. *Lo* also wrote a friendly letter to his "foreign brethren" at this place, which was translated and so widely published that you have doubtless seen it long before this. These were all given to a servant who followed me to the outer gate of his head-quarters, where was a horse saddled and bridled waiting for me, with several Lieutenants and several hundred men, each one having a lantern and armed with swords, matchlocks and the long spear whose polished blades gleamed in the light of the torches and lanterns. With this imposing procession I was escorted through many winding streets, and at length through the west gate of the city to the bank of the river, where was a boat waiting to convey me *down a pie*. Three brave fellows, armed *cap a pie*, got in with me. One of them was the chief of the men from Kwei-chow, a district in Kwang-si province, and he boasted of his native tribe, the *Miao-tai*, having been subjected to the Tartar rule, and having never adopted their customs of shaving the head, &c. He was a noble looking young man, tall, straight and muscular, with prominent cheek bones and an eye like an eagle. He reminded me of some specimens of our North American Indians.

His hair was bound up with a piece of yellow silk, the long ends of which hung loosely down on his back. He told me his hair would reach the ground, its great length being evidently to him a source of much pride. This is a peculiarity, indeed, in which they all take great satisfaction, and it has given them one of their distinctive names—*Chong-fuk-i*, i. e. long-haired.

We were proceeding slowly down the river near the shore, and had not yet passed beyond the stockades, when we were hailed by a scullion. My long-haired friend replied that he and two comrades were just going down the river a little way to accompany the "foreign brother" to his boat; but so strict were the orders of this sentry and so faithful was he to them, that he said we must come to land and allow him to see for himself, or he should fire into us. My companions protested that he must know who they were, but all to no avail—to the shore we had to go, and undergo an examination by the trusty sentry, who came up with his lantern as we landed, and when he had the evidence of his eyes corroborated that of his ears, he was satisfied, and we passed on a few hundred yards till we had got beyond all those difficult obstructions in the path enumerated in my last letter. Then I insisted on being put ashore, and walking to my boat; for I would not allow these brave, noble fellows to risk their lives on my account, as I knew there were Imperialist scouts on night and day. We parted with many expressions of good feeling and urgent requests on their part that I would soon visit them again. The carpet-bag, fowls and hams having been so adjusted on a stick as to balance across my shoulders, I started on, after hearing the splash of their oars far enough to satisfy me that my long haired brethren were within hail of their own entrenchments. My load was so heavy and troublesome, that after having carried it half a mile, an opportunity presented itself not only to relieve me, but to bless another. It was now daylight, and I had come near to one of the few mud and straw cottages by the path-side. A poor old man had just come out, and I, throwing my load down on the path, beckoned to him to come. At first he hesitated, but as I told him not to fear, and that I had something to give him, at the same time pointing to the hams and fowl at my feet, he mustered sufficient courage to approach. I told him to take these provisions into his house and make the best use of them he could. The poor old man, who appeared as if he had never possessed so much at one time in his whole life, seemed to misunderstand me, and offered to carry them for me to my boat. On being assured that they were his own, he poured out all his vocabulary of gratitude and blessing on my head. The whole circumstance made me feel richer than could the possession of all the hams and chickens of China. Shouldering my carpet-bag I trudged along not only with a lighter load, but with such a light, glad, happy heart, that I noted not the remaining mile and a half distance, but found myself at my boat as if by a few steps, and in a few moments. My boatmen were no less rejoiced than surprised to see me come back with my head on my shoulder. We then weighed anchor and in a few minutes more were on our return to Shanghai, which we reached safely after three days' sail down the Yang-se-Kiang.

Yours, truly,
CHARLES TAYLOR.

[Rev. Charles Taylor, we understand is a Methodist Missionary, and will correspond for the *Tribune* in place of J. Bayard Taylor, now on his return home.]