

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL.
Issued on Friday Mornings, at Lewisburg,
Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—\$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance;
\$1.75, if paid within three months; \$2.00 if paid within
a year. Two squares, \$1 for six months, \$2 for a year.
Miscellaneous advertisements not exceeding one fourth of
a column, \$10 a year. Subscriptions for six months or less to
be paid in advance. Any person presenting one or
more new patrons, shall have the Chronicle at \$1 each for
himself and the new patrons (for one year only) each in
advance.

Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per
square the week, 25 cents each subsequent insertion, \$5
a year. Two squares, \$1 for six months, \$2 for a year.
Miscellaneous advertisements not exceeding one fourth of
a column, \$10 a year. That square, a half price. Yearly
advertisements under \$100, 50 cents for three lines to
be a square long primer, 10 longer, 12 longer.
Discontinuation optional with the Publisher, when all
charges are not paid, and interest on all accounts due.

Communications on topics of general interest
not within the range of party or sectarian content. All
letters to come post paid, accompanied by the name and
address of the writer, to receive attention. All those
travelling eastward, the Editor, No. 221, 223, and 225, No. 1
to Henry C. Hickok, Esq., Editor, and those on
business matters to O. N. Worden, Proprietor.

The MANAGER'S TELEGRAPH is located in the office
of the Editor, and arrangements are made to obtain
news from the East in advance of the Mail.
Connected with the office are simple apparatus for the most
rapid transmission of news, which will be executed with
accuracy and dispatch on all reasonable terms.

Office on Market square, north side, second story, 24
door above the Post Office.

O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

The Resurrection.

THE DEAD! Cold word is dead. What
dumb is to voice, and deaf is to "the
daughters of music," that, dead is to life.
Shall we know them again? Oh! ques-
tion, a thousand times answered, "indeed
and indeed!" I would not, if I could,
shake so sweet a faith, but beautiful souls,
you and I have known, that dwell in tents
of Kedah; spirits "express and admirable,"
that looked, life-long, through dim and
clouded eyes; lips touched with a living
glow from inspiration's altar, that were
never modelled from Cupid's silver bow.

There was "old Jonah," as every body
called him, who ended his days in a cellar;
an African, and a pauper. Deformed, al-
most repulsive, old Jonah had a beautiful
soul—that crazy, blackened tenement had
a royal occupant. And when, in sunny
day, the old man crept out, and sat by his
cellar door, youth, and age, and I have
seen beauty, too, often paused to catch a
glimpse and a glimpse of the light hidden
in that dark lantern.

Said a friend to him, one day, "Wouldn't
it be pleasant to die, some lovely summer
morning like this, Jonah?"

"No, no, Massa, me die in night—bet-
ter den."

"Why, Jonah?"

"Cos Heaven right in sight—but little
way to go."

"Jonah," playfully remarked some one,
"what a pity you are black!"

"Oh! no," eagerly interrupted the old
man, "me'll be some body yet—me in dis-
guise here. Much's ever you'll know me,
when we bof git ober Jordan. You'll see
a man a comin', so splendid and beautif-
ul, and you'll tink him some body bery great,
and you'll tink him a long time, and
den he'll just whisper "Jonah!" in your
ear, for 't'll be me all de time!"

Old Jonah is dead and gone; and don't
you think, when his tent was struck, and the
curtains were withdrawn from the windows,
and there were no more sighing and dying
for him, that he threw off the disguise, he
had worn so long? that the old man was
right, when he said, "much's ever you'll
know me, when we bof git ober Jordan?"

Surely it is not strange, either, that we
should hope the stars with those who
have gone on before; that we should fancy
their gentle eyes bending upon us at twi-
light, "cos," as the old man expressed it,
"Heaven right in sight."—BENJAMIN F.
TAYLOR.

—The same thought is beautifully given
by Gen. OGLE in the speech we copied not
long since:

"My hair is as white, like the fields of
Judah, ready for the harvest of the great
reaper, and these shuffling slanks are
beginning to shrink from their duty; but,
my soul laughs at the lengthening shadow
of my years. Let this crazy frame decay;
I shall break out of it one of these days,
like a sun-burst upon a mountain top, when
he comes out of his chamber in the east to
run his glorious race around the arch of
heaven. I am not old—and, when you
bury my bones, remember, that I am not
dead. Peter was bewildered, when he pro-
posed to build tabernacles for Moses and
Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration.
When we have done our duty here, we go
up higher! When this frame has lost its
strength and beauty, the kindly mother
earth will sweeten and freshen it into
youth again; and the limits of its life will
widen into glorious liberty. Hallelujah!
The light of these eyes is growing dim in
the light of paradise!"

—But best of all are the inspiring sen-
timents in the following words of the
Apostle PAUL:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nei-
ther have entered into the heart of man,
the things which God hath prepared for
them that love him."

"I am now ready to be offered, and the
time of my departure is at hand. I have
fought a good fight, I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth
there is laid up for me a crown of righte-
ousness, which the LORD, the righteous
Judge, shall give me at that day; and not
to me only, but unto all them also that
love his appearing."

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

ONECO, Stephenson Co., Ill.,
Dec. 10, 1853.

One who has never spent a winter in
Illinois, has not lost one of the most beau-
tiful seasons. To stand on one of the
high prairies of this country, on a cold
day, and where the wind has nothing to
break its force or absorb its intensity, but
comes rushing on like an avalanche, and
of a disposition "that must be felt to be
appreciated," is the best place that "the
subscriber" ever was to enjoy the music of
the "speers" and hear the "wind whisper."

On the morning of the 26th ult., I started
in company with three friends, in a
two horse carriage, from Rockford, in a
north-west direction across the prairie to
Freeport. The morning was intensely
cold, but as the day advanced, the weather
moderated and became quite pleasant.
Traveling at this season of the year is not
very pleasant, at best; but when a person
is caged up in a carriage, worrying through
mud of "sublime depth," stopping at
every blacksmith-shop "institution" to re-
pair damages, is decidedly awful! We ar-
rived at Freeport about 5 o'clock P. M.
This town (Freeport) is a *literal mud-hole*,
and not fit to live in. It is meanly laid
out, and reflects but little credit upon its
founder. With the railroad advantages
which it possesses, it is to be hoped that
it will soon take measures to make the
town worthy of its reputation. The Gale-
na & Chicago Union Railroad passes thro'
it, and will soon be finished to the former
place, when there will be a continuous
railroad from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.
The grading of the Southern Road, from
Madison, Wis., via Freeport, to Dixon, has
been vigorously commenced, and will be
speedily completed. At Freeport, one of
our horses—a noble animal—sickened, and
fell dead in the harness, a very short time
after showing symptoms of sickness. We
had yet five miles to our destination, which
we gained with the remaining horse.

The country between Rockford and
Freeport is eminently adapted to farming—
principally all prairie; but the scarcity of
wood and water is a great objection to
it, and accounts, in a great measure, for its
being so thinly settled. Many farmers,
living on this large prairie, have from 10
to 15 miles to wood. This—to one born
in the woods—is a great objection; and
hence the reason why so many Pennsylvan-
ians have settled in this part of Stephe-
nson county, which is well wooded, and a
great deal of a superior quality, principally
white oak, sugar maple, walnut, hickory,
ash, &c. The prairie land is hilly—rather
too much so for successful farming. That
"Pennsylvania Dutchmen" live here, is
evident from the neatness and air of com-
fort which surrounds the farm houses,
fenced fields, thriving orchards, fat babies,
&c., and very unlike the shabby appearance
of a Yankee's farm. A Yankee farmer
may make money, but he will never make
a good farmer.

The market is not as good in this county
as in Winnebago, but is fast improving.
Wheat 80c. Corn 30c. Oats 15c
20 to 25c. in Freeport. The other market-
ing ranges accordingly.

Land is now selling too high here for
emigrants to purchase, and the "Star of
Empire" has been moved out to Iowa,
whence thousands of emigrants are going.
Farmers here are selling their farms and
going there, where they can enter land at
Government prices—\$1.25 per acre—and
is said to be equal, if not superior, to Illi-
nois land. Farmers, who bought land
here at Government price, and slightly
improved it, can now sell for \$15 to \$40
per acre. With this money they go to
Iowa, buy land, and have enough money
left to put under good improvement. They
will have, in a very short time, as good a
market for their produce as they had here.
A railroad is projected to cross the Missis-
sippi, and it is said, will soon be put
under contract, which will insure them a good
market. I have not learned the name of
the road, nor the important points.

Yours, &c.,
f.

"We shall certainly have to talk to F.,
before long. He never saw a Yankee farm,
in a Yankee land; but the best crops raised
in Pennsylvania have been raised by Yan-
kees. Don't go West for the genuine Yan-
kee—*buy* live "way down east."

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Longevity, the Privilege of Mankind.

Recently, a writer on the subject has
assumed that the "years" spoken of in
determining the ages of the first inhabi-
tants of the earth, were not "years" as at
present reckoned, but only about one third
of their length. This supposition would
reduce the age of the oldest man recorded
in the sacred volume, to 323 years. Yet
we find that those born before the Deluge,
who survived it, lived nearly as long as
the first of earth; their first descendants
were also long lived; but there appears—
see Gen. xi.—a gradual shortening of life,
from Noah (950 years) 608, 483, 464, 289,

230, 148, 205, 227, down to Abram (175
years.) Now, where would our critic
draw the line between his ancient and his
modern modes of reckoning "years?" It
can not be satisfactorily done.

Most of the Oriental nations have tradi-
tions that in the early ages men lived to
the age of a thousand years.

The probability is that a year is not
longer now than it was in the days of
Adam and of Noah. Man's physical as
well as his moral nature was originally
perfect. Sin had not then poisoned his
blood; his food was plain; his habits
were simple; the climate was and still is
extremely favorable to longevity. The
allowance of flesh for food was speedily
followed by a shortening of life; and sin
with all its degradation and excesses, and
civilized refinement with all its luxuries
and weaknesses, have from generation to
generation reduced the vital power, until,
of all those born, not one in ten reach the
three-score years and ten.

And yet, a person blessed with a good
constitution, of which true care is taken
from infancy, may reach to the age of the
patriarch Abraham. Numerous instances
are on record of persons living to be 130,
140, and 150 years old. "Old Parr" the
Englishman was 152. A shepherd named
Demetrius Gabrowsky died recently in
Poland, aged 169. William Edwds' tomb
in Caery Church near Cardiff in county of
Glamorgan (Wales), states that he died
24 Feb. 1668, aged 168. The epitaph of
Henry Jenkins, at Bolton-upon-Swale in
England, is well-authenticated. Died 9th
Dec. 1670. "Though the partial world
despised and disregarded his low and hum-
ble state, the equal eye of Providence be-
held and blessed it with a patriarch's health
and length of days. To teach mistaken
men, these blessings were entailed on tem-
perance, a life of labor, and a mind at
ease; he lived to the amazing age of 169
years!"

But the greatest claim to extreme age
in modern times, of which there is any
proper evidence, is found in the following
literal copy of an entry in the parish regis-
ter of St. Leonard, Chesham.

1588 BURLIALES. Fol: 35
THOMAS CAR was buried 7 22 inst of
January aged 207 years
Holywell Street
Geo. Garshaw
Copy August 25, 1832 Parish Clerk

Parish registers are kept with the great-
est care, and this was doubtless supposed
to be correct. Thomas Car—no doubt a
patriarch in the simplicity of his habits as
well as in age—might have miscounted
15 or 20 years, and yet outlived many of
record in the early ages!

There is one uniformity in the cases of
all very aged people—they inherited a
good constitution from both their parents,
and they were early risers.

There can be no question but human
lives might be made much happier, and of
longer duration, by a diligent study of and
a firm adherence to the laws our Maker
has ordained for our good.

"The following are the ages of all who
I find first recorded in the Bible, and will
sufficiently illustrate the rapid deterioration
of human life, under the non-nomadic and
flesh-eating change of dispensation:

Born Before the Deluge.	Born After the Deluge.
Adam died aged 930	Arphaxad 538
Seth 912	Salah 433
Enos 905	Eber 464
Cainan 910	Peleg 239
Mabael 895	Reu 239
Jared 962	Serug 200
Methuselah 969	Nabor 148
Lamech 777	Terah 205
Noah 950	Sarah 127
Shem 603	Abraham 175
	Ishmael 137
	Isaac 180
	Jacob 147
	Joseph 110
	Levi 137
	Kobath 133
	Amram 137
	Mosses 120
	Joshua 110

Average ages 881

Longevity in the United States.
From the census returns it appears that
in 1850 the number of persons residing in
the United States who had attained the
age of one hundred years and over, was as
follows:

White males,	357
Do females,	430
Free colored males,	114
Do females,	229
Slaves, males,	606
Do females,	819.....2555

This shows pretty conclusively that fe-
males are longer lived than males. It
would also indicate that the colored race
is longer lived than the white. The aggre-
gate of the two races is as 194 to 314.5.
Hence the proportion of the centenarians
is largely in favor of the colored race.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 7.—The Governor
of this State has pardoned a white woman,
who was sentenced to be whipped in this
city for some trifling offence.

Thrilling Incidents at the Fire.

The only person, seriously injured, is
Miss Ellen Totten, who in the confusion
and excitement jumped from a second story
window of one of the buildings on the Pearl
street side. She was first observed by Mr.
G. C. Hebbard, of 315 Pearl street, who
stood in a position to partially catch her in
his arms. He held out his arms, but the
female came with such force that he was
unable to save her from falling on the
ground; yet the fall was somewhat broken
by the commendable conduct of the gentle-
man in question—otherwise the unfortu-
nate lady would probably have been killed.
As the poor girl came to the ground she
struck upon her hip, producing a disloca-
tion, and other injuries of a serious nature
internally. A coach was immediately pro-
cured, and the sufferer was conveyed to
her residence, in Norfolk street. Her in-
juries are of so severe a nature that there
are but little hopes of her recovery.

—Now there is another commotion. A
woman has followed the engine down town,
running as fast as it ran, till it reached
the crowd. Before she could penetrate the
mass she rolled back, and she is left behind.
Why has she followed so fast and so far, that
she is almost breathless, and now stands on
the corner of Pearl street, and the Square,
at the north end, straining her eyes beyond
the crowd, at the flames licking up the roof
of the old Walton House? Reader, she is
a mother—an emigrant just arrived. Her
husband died at sea, her two children and
the little all she has on earth are, or were,
in that old mansion. She left them both
sick in the morning to find a brother, who
lives in one of that collection of shanties at
Fortieth street and First avenue, known as
"Tinkertown." She had found the place,
had found a home, such as it is, for her chil-
dren, and was on her way down for them
when the engine passed her, and she heard
the shout, "To Franklin-square!" Instinctively
she thought of her sick children, and
fancy pictured to her mind that they were
in the burning building. To her, Frank-
lin-square had but one side, one house, one
treasure, one danger. Fear lent her wings;
maternal love gave her strength to reach
the upper end of the square, and there her
fears were all confirmed. She saw the very
house in flames. What was the agony of
that moment! She could not go on; she
could not stay; she could groan and weep;
she could touch the heart of one who could
help her. It was only one more of the good
acts of the Police we witnessed that day.

He listened a moment, caught the idea that
her children were in the burning house—
assured her they were saved—but that did
not, could not satisfy her; she prayed to go
and see, but could not get through the
crowd. "You shall! Take my hand—
the left hand—come!" And he shouted,
"Way, there, Police!" and pushed with
his other hand right and left, drawing the
poor woman after him faster than they
would have gone in open space, down across
the square, and there from the sidewalk
came up two little voices—"Mother! oh,
Mother!"

What a load of woe was lifted from that
woman's heart—what a thanksgiving went
up through the smoke and flame to Heaven
from that woman's tongue!

What thanksgivings went up all day, all
night, all round the fire, all up and down
the narrow streets, even among those who
were turned out doors, that the confagra-
tion was not among the dwellings of the
poor, that few were rendered homeless,
none lifeless, that the calamity had not fal-
len upon already borne down to the earth,
that although it was a sad calamity, al-
though a great loss to the owners of that
vast establishment, yet Heaven has long
blessed them, and the great house of the Har-
pers will rise as it did before, like a phoenix
from the ashes, and spread its wings abroad
over the land till they make a more glorious
picture for the American lovers of good
works to gaze upon, than that which was
pointed in flames, smoke and sunlight in
Franklin square on Saturday afternoon,
December 10, 1853.—N. Y. Tribune.

On Saturday evening last in New York,
Mr. Driesbach, the lion king, while ex-
hibiting his feats in a den which contained
several wild animals, at the Broadway Me-
nagerie, was attacked by one of them, a
large Brazilian tiger, who sprang upon
him, knocked him down and fastened his
teeth in his breast. A lioness sprang to
the assistance of her master, but unfortu-
nately struck him a powerful blow in the
chest, which she intended for the tiger, and
thus made matters worse. One of the
keepers then opened the door of the cage
and dragged Mr. D. out. He was imme-
diately attended by a physician, who found
that only flesh wounds had been inflicted,
and those not of a dangerous character.
The audience were highly excited during
the time the scene was enacting. This is
the first time in two months that the tiger
has been exhibited, and it is probable that
the glare of the gas lights rendered him
confused and excited. He was always
looked upon by Mr. D. as one of his pet
animals, and extremely tame and docile.

Curious Facts and Theories.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Times,
writing from Cincinnati, has gathered some
curious facts from the Census tables as just
published. We have not room for the article
in detail, but the following condensation
of its leading features will repay perusal.
The number of inhabitants prior to the revo-
lution cannot be obtained with accuracy;
but since 1780 we have it with great exact-
ness. Taking the decimal periods, we as-
certain a very uniform law of progression,
thus:

In 1790, 3,929,827
In 1800, 5,305,925—Increase 35 per cent.
In 1810, 7,239,814—Increase 36 per cent.
In 1820, 9,638,331—Increase 33 per cent.
In 1830, 12,859,920—Increase 33 1/2 per cent.
In 1840, 17,042,566—Increase 32 1/2 per cent.
In 1850, 23,191,876—Increase 36 per cent.

The law of growth has, for sixty years,
been but slightly varied from 34 per cent.
This is so fixed and certain that, allowing
for a very little diminution of ratio, we may
assume 33 1/2 per cent (or one-third the exist-
ent population) as the decimal increase of
growth for the next half century. We may
predict, with almost certainty, that in 1910
(sixty years) the American Republic will
have one hundred and twenty millions of
people—an empire which, when its vigor,
resources and institutions are considered,
will in power exceed anything which exists
or has existed among nations.

The numerical law of the sexes is thus
stated:

1. There are more males than females
born, by about 4 per cent.
2. At 20 years of age, this preponder-
ance is entirely lost, and there are more fe-
males than males.
3. At 40 years, the balance is again
the other way, and there are more males
than females.
4. At 70, the sexes are about even, and
the ultimate age of the human being is
reached without any decided advantage to
either sex.

Between 70 and 100 years of age, there
are 15,311 more white women than there
are males; being more than 5 per cent of
the whole number. Beyond the age of 40
years, the probabilities of longevity are
much greater for American women than
for men. This contrasts singularly with
the fact, that *physically* (relatively) of American
women is inferior to that of American
men. That fact, as is shown, however,
tells tremendously on women between the
ages of 20 and 40, when their mortality is
very great.

The general law of increase, (independ-
ent of immigration,) by natural causes
alone, is 28 per cent. decennially. This is
8 per cent. below the average increase
of the whites, and 10 per cent. below that
from 1840 to 1850. While the number
of born foreigners in the United States is
less than 9 per cent., the number in the
comparative increase of a single year is
large; rising in the last two or three years
to about half the whole increase. The
original immigrants, however, rapidly die,
while their children are born on the soil.

History and Destiny of Coal.

According to announcement, Prof. AN-
DERSON (of Lewisburg University) lectured
in the Baptist Church, Friday evening last,
(Dec. 9,) on the History and Destiny of
Coal. He had an intelligent and attentive
audience. The lecturer displayed a thor-
ough acquaintance with the subject, deep
research, and comprehensive views. He
proved satisfactorily that Coal was known
and mined in England at least as early as
the Roman Conquest—but afterwards was
lost sight of for many centuries. The first
order to dig Coal was granted by Henry 3.
to the inhabitants of New Castle, about
the middle of the Thirteenth Century
(Hume, Vol. II. p. 69). The Londoners
persecuted the use of it for more than a
century, until an absolute scarcity of wood
compelled them to be less dainty in their
choice of fuel. Coal like every other good
thing has gained its present importance
through persecution.

In speaking of the Destiny of Coal, the
Professor drew some important conclusions.
Our Commerce is soon to be carried on by
steam—the sail is rapidly giving place to
the engine. Coal, too, makes our Iron.
A nation's progress and prosperity depend
on the extent and efficiency of its Com-
merce and its manufacture of Iron, in its
various departments. But this land owns
three-fourths of all the Coal beds known
in the World—and the Coal belonging to
England, and nine-tenths of all the Coal
in the World belongs to the Anglo-Saxon
race. This race also possesses the Iron.
The two great gold fields of the World have
been providentially thrown into their hands
—California and Australia. The circum-
stances that the only two great Protestant
and progressive powers own the World's
Coal, Iron, and Gold, shadows forth for
them a career and destiny such as shall
eclipse all that has hitherto been esteemed
great.

The lecture was learned, yet clear and
instructive, and well spiced with wit. Some
parts were thrilling in their eloquence.
The audience went away delighted.—
Potterville Mirror Journal.

Rising Prices.

[The New York Tribune descants in
the following manner respecting the uni-
versal rising disposition every where mani-
fest:]

Everything is going up—except morals,
in the city. Houses are going up. Streets
are going up. People are going up—up
town. Rents are up. We do not know
that they can go higher. Everything, eat-
able is constantly going up, up. Flour is
so high at the grocer's that it refuses to rise
in the kitchen. A good many will be put
to raise bread, if flour rises any higher.
Coal is so high that many people can not
get it to go down the coal slide to the cell-
lar. Notwithstanding it is constantly fall-
ing through the grate—it takes a great
deal of money, seven dollars, to raise a ton.
Firewood must have grown on tall trees,
or it never would stand up at present prices.
Butter is so high—two and sixpence
per pound—that it will not go down poor
people's throats; the supply comes from so
far "up country" there is nothing low
about it, except quality. Potatoes have
been getting up ever since they were dug,
and it has been hard digging to make a
raise to reach them ever since. Beef,
though neither high fed, nor high bred, is
high priced enough to make up for both.
Sixteen cents a pound for steak, warranted
as tough as any white oak. Our mutton
all comes from mountain sheep; the price
is above anything in the low lands. The
price of pork is enough to make the buyer
to what the pig did when he was seized to
be killed. Chickens are all of Shanghai
breed; they are high enough. Turkeys
have grown quite out of reach. Even
geese, short as their legs are, are able to
rise on wings above the vulgar herd.—
Ducks have got up, like a flock out of a
frog pond; we can not raise a quack with-
out a dollar. Water, that used to run down
hill to the level of common people, has now
got a way of getting up above their reach.
You have come down ten dollars to make
it come up from the Croton pipes. Dry
goods used to be low; "selling off at
cost"; we never hear of such things now.
Even brandy, that used to run down so
easy, is up now—a skilling a drink. Every
thing we eat, drink and wear is—high
ho, how high!

Extensive Fire at Le Roy.

The large Steam Planing Mill, belong-
ing to C. L. Olmstead & Co., took fire, it
is supposed from friction, on Monday night
at 6 o'clock, and burned to the ground.
A large amount of lumber in the yard
adjoining was also destroyed. The engine
was saved. Loss estimated at from \$12,-
000 to \$18,000. No insurance. Several
persons were considerably injured, but no
lives were lost.

The burning of the Planing Mill is a loss
to the village not to be counted by the mere
destruction of property by fire. Since its
erection, business has taken a new start—
houses have been constantly springing up,
and the general improvement in streets and
premises everywhere visible. We are glad
to learn that it is the intention of the
enterprising proprietors, to re-build their
establishment and drive on without neces-
sary delay. They have the sympathies
of the whole community in their loss, as
was manifested by the almost superhuman
efforts put forth during the fire, to stay
its flames and save the property. Thou-
sands of boards were snatched from the
jaws of the devouring element, and carried
beyond its reach.—Le Roy Gazette.

"The South has gained nothing but a
loss by this law. It was a stupid blunder
on the part of Southern statesmen. The
value of the slave lost is eaten up if cap-
ture follows, while hatred to the institu-
tion abroad, and opposition to it at home,
are increased by its *hard features*, and the
barbarous enforcement of them."

This is the confession of the *Charleston
Mercury*, than which there is not a more
ultra pro-slavery journal in all the South.
It is a sign of progress, in the right
direction, when from such a source the Fugitive
Slave Law is declared to be "a stupid
blunder;" and if this opinion shall become
prevalent at the South, we may reasonably
anticipate a corresponding change at the
North, when that law shall be pronounced
not simply "a stupid blunder," but "a
great sin" against both God and man.
This is a "consummation most devoutly to
be wished for."—Hemelode Democrat.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.—Mrs.
Elizabeth Ellicott, who died at Ellicott's
Mills, Howard Co., Md., on the 29th ult.,
was in the 92d year of her age, and two
weeks previous, in a letter, signed with her
own hand, remitted in advance her fifty-
four year's subscription to the *National
Intelligencer*, a paper to the first number
of which her husband, Gen. Ellicott, Senr.,
was a subscriber, as he was also the first
number of the Baltimore American. Mrs.
Ellicott was the last survivor of the nu-
merous family after whom Ellicott's Mills
was named. Of their descendants, com-
paratively few survive, and these are scat-
tered over various sections of the U. S.

Magnificent Bequests.

We learn from the New York papers that
the late Anson G. Phelps, after providing
amply for his widow, left \$100,000 to each
of his children, \$10,000 to each of his
grand-children, and an additional \$5000 to
each of them, to be paid by the executors,
with the injunction from him to use the
increase of this fund secretly for benevo-
lent purposes and transmit to their heirs
with the same injunction, and after making
several bequests to relations, has left the
following sums to various benevolent ob-
jects, providing for their payment by instal-
ments during a term of years:

To the American Bible Society,	\$100,000
To Am. Board of Com. for For- Missions,	100,000
American Home Miss. Society,	100,000
To literary and theological edu- cation in Liberia, Africa,	50,000
Union Theological Seminary, Institution for the Blind,	5,000
N. Y. State Colonization Soci- ety,	5,000
Auburn Theological Seminary, Half Orphan Society, Fourth avenue,	3,000
Colored Orphan Society,	1,000
Gen. Church, Simsbury, Ct., for use of poor,	