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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Nov. 17, 1854.

NEW PARTY.—Vice President Dallas, in reply to a letter of inquiry, favors the formation of a new political party—as an antagonist of the "Know Nothings"—to be styled "Constitutional Clubs." This proposition to abandon the Democratic party, although coming from one of its leaders, does not, as yet, seem to meet a very hearty response from the rank and file of the Democracy.

A great deal of fun was had at the recent election in New York, respecting the birth-place of ULLMANN, the "Know Nothing" candidate for Governor—there being evidence that he was christened at Wilmington in the State of Delaware, and also the evidence of his own hand-writing that he was from the city of Calcutta, in the East Indies! Since election, however, the question loses its raciness; and the *Tribune* says Ullmann may be born just where he chooses—in Mesopotamia, New Zealand, or "all along shore," as the Indian was.

NEXT SENATOR.—Among the gentlemen proposed for United States Senator from Pennsylvania, the most prominent on the Democratic side are Gen. Cameron, Wilson M'Callister, and Judge Wilmont. On the Whig side are A. G. Curtin, Ex-Gov. Johnston, Gen. Larimer, John C. Kunkel, Thaddeus Stevens, Thomas H. Baird, Henry M. Fuller, James Cooper, A. E. Brown, and others. The officer should properly be chosen from the Central or Western longitude of the State, but as the "Americans" hold the balance of power, "nobody knows" who will be counted "in."

NEW COUNTIES.—Besides the proposed division of Union county by the erection of "Snyder," several other projects will be strongly urged upon the Pennsylvania Legislature at its next session.

"Lackawanna" county will probably be formed from the north-east peninsula of Luzerne county—county site at Scranton, Providence, Blakely, Pittston, Carbondale, or some other of the flourishing towns of that coal region.

"Madison" county—site at Pottstown—to be formed out of parts of Montgomery, Berks, and Chester, is a meritorious project, as will be seen by a glance at the Map, and need not be consummated sooner or later.

ITEMS.—From the last Sanbury Gazette.

On Tuesday of last week, the Philadelphia & Sanbury Railroad was completed to Mt. Carmel.

The amount of Coal brought down from Shamokin up to Wednesday the 8th, for the season, was 52,763 tons, 9 cwt.

It has been demonstrated by experience that the Shamokin coal is among the best if not the very best fuel for smelting iron that can be found in Pennsylvania. The Shamokin furnace is now making iron of superior quality at the rate of 1½ tons of coal to 1 of iron. More than eighty tons of No. 1 gray iron are turned out a week. The anthracite is obtained at the Lancaster colliery. There is other coal in the region of the same character.

Some English economists are converting the coal dirt, or refuse of the screens, to a useful purpose. By the application of heat and pressure, the dirt is solidified, and put in form convenient for burning. The experiment is said to be successful—will "pay," which is the great point—and by this means millions of tons which have been accumulating about the mines of England and Wales, will be brought into use. We are interested in this matter, as coal dirt is beginning to accumulate in our region.

An eight-wheeled locomotive, weighing 55,000 pounds, drew over the Mine Hill road one day last week a train of 203 cars, three of which were merchandise, the rest coal. The weight of the train, cars, and freight, was 2142 tons, 16 cwt.

The *North British Review* pronounces this Poem to be the best, most finished composition of the kind from an American author. It is indeed a worthy companion of GRAY'S *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, and equally worthy an illustrated edition.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The frosty air inhaled the dreary air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
Over the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the stream sang
As in a dream, the distant woodman leaved
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

On slumb'rous wings, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad bearded host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

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Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad bearded host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garulous trouble 'round the unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swinging nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plentiful year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at
To warn the reapers of the rosy east:
All, now, was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom.
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin threads night
By night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of Indian ways.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Fringing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous
Tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow; he had walked with
Aid, and broken with her the crust
Of the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume,
Re-gave the sword, to rest upon the wall;

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breath, through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was
A scene,
Life dropped the distaff through his hands
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful
shroud.

White Death and Winter closed the Autumn
The aged matrons—Mary,
the mother of Hon. Andrew Stewart, died
at his residence in Uniontown, Pa., on the
16th ult., in her 95th year. She was a
native of Northumberland county, and she
retained to the last a vivid recollection
of the stirring scenes of the Revolution in
that region.

Mrs. Sarah Stevens, mother of Hon.
Thaddeus Stevens, of Pa., died recently at
her home in Vermont, aged 89 years.

Mrs. Hamilton, for half a century the
widow of Alexander Hamilton, and daughter
of Gen. Philip Schuyler, (both Revolutionary worthies), died in Washington
City on the 9th inst., aged 96 years. Up
to her last illness, Mrs. H. was one of the
most interesting fire-side companions, and
a truly refined and accomplished lady.

A MAN WHO LIVES NOT IN VAIN.—
Thomas Garrett, in the United States, aged
70 years, was tried for having aided the
escape of fifteen slaves at one time, and
was fined in 8,000 dollars; while his entire
property was estimated at 5,000 dollars.
After the auction, the sheriff unreluctantly
said: "Well, now, Garrett, we have made
you a beggar in your old age, and think you
had better learn to mind your own business,
and let other people's alone." "Yes," said
Garrett, "in my old age you have made a
beggar of me; but, old as I am, I have not
lived in vain, for I have the names of 1,400
slaves that I have aided to escape, and if
three know of any poor fugitive that wants
a friend to-night, send him to old Thomas
Garrett."

GEN. PUTNAM planted in his native town
in Windham, Conn., a mile of apple trees
in the high way, so that the poor might
have apples as well as the rich.

Church Music, again.

To the Editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle:

The very proper rebuke to all "unannounced"
bushy-bodies who make free with singers' independence,
is duly appreciated, and we hope
old gentlemen and ladies who have not the
gift of song, will hereafter attend to their
appropriate duties, and leave us alone. Of
the same tenor are the following private notes
from a Professor of Music in the domains of
Prince Diabolus, which was barely intercepted
by some Fogey, and printed in the *New York
Musical Review*. Please copy in the *Chronicle*,
and oblige some
Moak or 'em.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

In obedience to the commands of your
Infernal Highness, I have the honor to
report the progress and present state of
the important enterprise committed to me,
namely, that of obtaining control of the
church music of America, and subverting
it to the service of your Highness.

In performing this duty, I am able to congratulate
your Highness on the progress which has
already been made, and the bright prospects
for the future. It has been necessary to proceed
with some caution in this work, in order to avoid, as far
as possible, alarming those righteous persons
who, acknowledging no allegiance to your
Highness, might otherwise defeat our purpose.
It affords me satisfaction to report that these
are in a state of an entire torpidity with regard
to the musical portion of church service as could
be desired. In order to quiet their consciences, I
have suggested to them, that as they do not
understand music, they have no duty with regard
to it; that they must leave it to those who have
knowledge. With a little caution I believe that
your Highness has nothing to fear from them. They
seem quite willing that you should shape their
music as you please.

I have the honor of reporting that the
introduction of opera-singers into church
choirs, desired by your Highness, has been so
well accomplished that there is even a
competition among congregations as to
who shall secure them. The secularizing of
church music has steadily progressed, with
marked effect of furthering your Highness'
ends. Opera airs, dances, and negro
airs, have from time to time been cautiously
introduced with impunity. It was necessary
to move with much circumspection at first,
and accordingly I attempted only some
airs whose secular associations were not so
unmistakably on your Highness' side as
might otherwise have been desirable. It is
true that some stubborn foes have opposed
a warning voice, but I have raised against
them the cry of "fanaticism," "illiberality,"
etc. I have asked if "the devil should have
all the good music?" and similar questions,
which have often silenced your foes. Your
Highness will I trust, excuse this liberty with
your august name, in consideration of my
loyal purpose.

The introduction of as much as possible
of your Highness' favorite school of music,
the theatrical and its adjuncts, has not
been lost sight of. I have reported the
successful introduction of opera-singers in
the place of the Asaphs, Hermons, and
Jeduthans, as leaders of the worship of
those who have withdrawn from the assemblies
of your Highness. The consideration of
the disapprobation with which your Enemy
must regard such worship can not fail to be
of infinite satisfaction to your Highness.
As the number of this class of public singers
is small, it is of course impossible that many
churches should be supplied with them. I am,
however, laboring in a similar work whose
results promise to be much more extensive.
This is the general introduction of the opera
as church music. An important step in this
direction has been attained in the insertion
in books psalm-tunes recently published
of various familiar airs, as well as dances,
waltzes, etc. It has, of course, been necessary
to affix to them sacred words, as yet; but
the time may soon come when even these
may be dispensed with, and words more
congenial to your Highness' taste be
introduced. Meanwhile I have the satisfaction
of reporting that even now the words are
not very important, from the fact that the
majority of church-goers give their chief
attention to the music. This absorbs their
attention so completely that when it is of a
sufficiently light and frivolous character,
and especially is surrounded with secular
associations, your Highness has little to fear
from words.

In addition to this I am happy to state
that there are some who openly advocate
music without any words at all, holding up
the idea that art is the principal object of
worship, and that perfection in art is the
great thing to which all efforts in church
music should be directed. That your Majesty
will approve of this sentiment I doubt not,
since whatever tends to debase Deity must
have a favorable influence in your Highness'
cause.

The practical benefits of having the
operatic and dance-music and singers in the
church, will at once occur to your High-

ness. Thus, while the first tune is performed,
a portion, at least, of the audience will be
reminded how gracefully a favorite *dansuse*
turned a pirouette to that particular air
the night before. In the second, they may
recall how deliciously some Signor sang
the same music to its original amorous
song at the opera. It is, however, unnecessary
to expatiate, as all this and much more
has long since occurred to the subtle
cunning of your Infernal Highness.

I have the satisfaction of assuring your
Highness that I have large expectations of
what may yet be accomplished. So indifferent
to the whole subject of singing seem
those usually active and watchful enemies
of your Highness, the clergymen, that I
apprehend you need fear little from them.
They may be easily quieted with a mere
sensual music effect, so that if the music
goes smoothly, and helps to draw a
full house, they are satisfied. Beside, I
have been successful in many cases in stirring
up the bitter opposition of the people to
any interference on the part of the ministers
to this subject; so that, for their own
security, it has become necessary in many
places for them to give up the singing
exercises entirely into the hands of the
occupiers of the organ-loft. Your Highness
has well remarked that if you can gain
entire ascendancy in the music-gallery, you
need not be afraid that you can easily
neutralize any efforts against you which
are made in the pulpit. If I can now
succeed in introducing a foreign language,
as the Latin or Italian, I may then soon
use the opera text; the dresses and dances
will soon follow, rendering your success
complete. It seems almost too much to hope,
but when what has already been done is
considered, the idea does not after all, seem
so preposterous.

There is one movement which is pregnant
with danger to your Highness' interests
in respect to this enterprise, and which I
have not failed to oppose with all the
cunning and falsehood at my command. I
allude to the efforts which have recently
been made for the revival of Congregational
Singing. Should this style church music
again come in vogue; there is reason to fear
for your Highness' interests. If they actually
take part in singing the praises of God,
my efforts to keep out the true spirit of
worship, will, I fear, be useless, for it
is necessary in this manner of singing to
use only a few simple tunes, and the exercise
become one of actual worship, rather than
a mere musical performance. I have,
therefore, labored actively in opposition to
this measure. I endeavored, first, to enlist
choirs and organists against it, by persuading
them that if this style of music should
prevail, their services would be less
appreciated. I have also urged, through
such mediums as I could command, that
the highest form of art should be used in
the praise of God, and that in Congregational
Singing this is impossible. I have succeeded
in persuading some very good men to use
this argument very pertinaciously, and to
enlarge upon it extensively. I have urged
against those who are the most prominent
in this movement, interested motives, and
in all other ways have endeavored to destroy
their influence. In short, I left no labor
unperformed to prevent the success of this
measure, which I deem fraught with so much
danger, and which might prove as injurious
to your Highness' purpose, as was the
universal psalm-singing at the time of the
so-called Reformation, in the time of the
daring and reckless Luther, or at the time
of the renegade, who, fleeing your Highness'
authority, so effectually renounced the world,
the flesh, and your Highness on the inhospitable
shores of New England in 1620.

Assuring your Highness that I shall labor
unremittently in the responsible work
committed to my care, and that I shall be
wholly devoted to your Highness' service,
I have the honor to subscribe myself
Your Highness' most humble, loyal servant,
HEIGHWAY.

The Moonshine Railroad (by Texas
and the river Gila, to California,) finally
exploded some time ago, but an effort has
since been made to pick up the pieces and
patch them up under the engineering of
financiers and speculators no less eminent
than Mr. R. J. Walker and T. Butler
King. The scene of their operations was
eminently favorable for the successful display
of their genius; but times are hard,
cash difficult to get, and the Government
of Texas too shrewd to be cajoled. After
various attempts to get that State to receive
shaky Bank Stocks and other undesirable
insecurities in lieu of the three hundred
thousand dollars in hard cash demanded
by the Act for building the Pacific
Railroad, it appears that they have finally
retired from the field in despair, and
abandoned the undertaking. The magnificent
territory, larger and richer than the
kingdom of many a prince, which Texas
offers to whoever will build that mighty
thoroughfare, is still to be had. Who bids?

Self-Defence Triumphant!
By the Reformed Statutes of New York
State, any man is allowed to commence or
defend a suit in person, at his own risk.

The following amusing trial as reported
affords a striking proof of the utility of
every man being his own lawyer. The case
was that of *The People against James
Allington*, who was indicted for an assault
and battery upon a certain Mr. Dodder.
Allington is a short, red-headed Yankee,
who sat during the examination in chief,
his feet resting on the lower round of the
chair, and his body bent forward at an
angle of 45 degrees, taking notes. When
the District Attorney had concluded, he
remarked, "You can cross-examine now,
Mr. Allington," who then and thereupon
snapped his head back like a blade in a
jack-knife, his eyes twinkled, and with a
shrill, loud voice he proceeded in a most
searching and amusing manner to sift the
evidence and expose its variations and its
errors. (The chief points will be found in
his speech, below.)

The District Attorney, on the part of
the People, here rested.

The Defendant, then, with all the gravity
becoming such an important occasion,
un-twisted his legs from the rounds of the
chair, and with more than usual dignity
walked out in front of the Jury and made
his defence as follows:

ALLINGTON'S PLEA.
"Gentlemen of the Jury: This is the
first time I was ever in such a pickle—never
did I before appear before a jury of my
country. This Mr. Dodder has brought me
here, and I have to appeal to you, not
knowing whether you are Woolly Heads,
Silver Greys, Hard Shells or Soft Shells.
Yet I think this Dodder will find out before
I am through that I am a harder shell
than he imagined.

"I don't know much 'bout law, and since
the trial has been going on I have concluded
that I ought to know a little more. I
ought to apologise, perhaps, for appearing
in my own defence, and will do so by telling
you, that I feed one lawyer, and hired
another, in this case, but they both come
up missing when I need them most. I suppose
I might have secured the services of some
of these other limbs of the law that I see
around me, but having been cheated by two
of 'em, I concluded to go it 'on my own
hook,' and here I am! I want to tell you
gentlemen, before I go farther, that it is
not my fault that this case is here, taking
up the time of this honorable court. I think
you will give me credit for telling the truth,
when I say it ought to have been tried
before a Justice of the Peace, it being
better adapted to the capacities of such a
court than this one. After this difficulty,
Dodder did get a warrant for me from
'Squire Cuddeback, over in Deerpark. He
then charged that I had assaulted him, but
five or six months has freshened his recollection,
and he now says that I assaulted and
battered him. I believe there is some
difference between the charges. Dodder
says he swore to the complaint before
'Squire Cuddeback, and I leave it for you
to say whether he tells the truth now in
saying that I battered him. I was taken
by a constable before the 'Squire, and
either because the Justice was ashamed of
what he had already done, or hadn't time
to attend to it, I don't know which, it went
down. Two or three weeks after that I
was arrested again, and my wife having
been confined, I thought it best, as a
dutiful husband, to be around him, so I
got rid of it by giving security for my
appearance to court.

"You know, gentlemen, that I am in
the employ of the Mangan Valley, For-
restburg & Port Jervis Plankroad Com-
pany, as a gate-keeper. This company it
seems had sufficient confidence in my integrity
and honesty to place me in that important
station, and even if I should receive \$3,900
and steal \$1,500 of it, that's between me
and the Company, and its none of Dodder's
business. Now when the Company sent me
up along this road to collect tolls, this
Dodder was one of the *inhabitants* I found
there in the woods, and I will say for him
that he is a very fair specimen of the rest
of the population. But there isn't any of
them, that seem to appreciate all the
benefits of this Plankroad.

"It let out to civilization a class of people
who never before had the idea there was
such a thing as civilized life, and this
Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that
soon after I moved up there, a young
man, sixteen years old, came down out of
the mountains on the plank road one day,
and she had never been out before. She
fairly seemed surprised to see a white man,
and after asking a few questions went
back into the woods. This Dodder was my
nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer
than I wanted him, and I hadn't been
there long before I heard that he had been
lying about me to one of the directors,
and soon found out that he wanted to get
his son, who was sworn here against me, in

my place. But he hasn't done it yet, and
if you don't convict me I reckon he won't
very soon.

"It won't take long to dispose of Dod-
der No. 2. He testifies that he saw me
throw three stones at his father, and saw
the 'old man dodge.' On cross-examination
he says that he was in his own house
in the woods, and had to look over a hill
twenty feet high, and also over three
fences and two stone walls. Well! if he
tells the truth, all I wish is that I had
young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a
remarkable boy, and can't deny his
'father.'

"I am willing to admit that I done
wrong in throwing stones at Dodder, and
I apologise to all the world, and this
county particularly, for it. The doctors
tell us that there are two causes for all
diseases, predisposition and excitability. I
think it was the latter cause that moved
me to stone Dodder.

"I therefore confess myself guilty of the
assault, but the battery I deny! and if
you find me guilty of the battery I will
appeal from the decision to the Court of
high Heaven itself before I will submit to
it.

"Now Gentlemen, you saw Mr. Dodder
and heard him swear upon me. I asked
him a great many questions, and I was
sorry to hear him answer as he did. I
might have asked him more questions—I
might have asked him if he didn't kill my
cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens,
because they trespassed in his woods, where
actually the rocks are so thick that the
ferret can't find their way up through them;
but then I knew he would deny it, and it
would grieve me to hear him. He admits
that he was driving my three cows up the
road, and that he struck at one of 'em, but
says it was with a small switch. I have
proved that this switch was a pole about
ten feet long, and about two inches across
the butt end, and I have also proved that
when he struck the cow fell. It is true my
witness couldn't swear that the stick hit
her, but he was so far off, but take the
blow and the fall together, and we can
guess the rest. If you, gentlemen, should
see me point a gun at a man, and pull the
trigger, see the flash and hear the report,
and at the same time see the man drop,
I think you would say that I shot him,
although you might not see the ball strike
him.

"Now the fact is, gentlemen, that on
Sunday, I was lying on my lounge in my
house, when my wife said that Dodder
was chasing my cows. I jumped up and
pulled on my boots and went out of doors,
and saw Dodder and the cows coming up
the road. It is true he says he was n't
driving them, but says he and the cows
were both going along the road in one
direction, and this was as near as I
could get him to the cows or to the truth;
but it is proved that the cows were going
along ahead of him, and he was following
after them, striking at them with his little
switch, ten feet long and two inches
across the butt, and I reckon you'll think
he was 'driving' them. I sang out to
him: 'Dodder, stop!' but he didn't mind
my order, and I just threw a stone in
that direction which went about 15 feet
over his head, at the same time going
toward him. He paid no attention, and
I sang out again: 'Dodder, stop!' Still
he didn't mind me, and then I just
threw another stone; but on he came, and
I went, and I threw the third stone,
which he says hit him on the back of
the neck, but which I think is rather
strange, as we were going toward each
other as fast as we could go. But he never
slacked up, and by this time we were
within about eight feet of each other. I
halted, and hallooed at the top of my
voice: 'Dodder, why in h—l don't you stop'
About then he did stop and raised his
ten-foot switch, as if to strike me. I sang
out: 'Mr. Dodder, look out! You may
wollup my cows, but if you wollup me
with that switch, you'll wollup an animal
that'll hook!' [Here the orator made an
appropriate gesture of the head, as in
the act of hooking, which was followed
with tumultuous shouts and laughter, that
continued several minutes.]

"Now, gentlemen, if you convict me, this
Court can fine me \$250 and jug me for six
months, and if you really think I ought to
be convicted of this assault, say so, for I
am in favor of living up to the laws, as
long as they are laws, whether it is the
Fugitive Slave law, the Nebraska bill, or
the Excise laws. I will read you a little
law, however, which I have just seen in
a book I found here—(the speaker picked
up a law book and read as follows:)"
"Every man has a right to defend himself
from personal violence." Now I don't
know whether that is law or not, but I
found it in a law book, [a veteran member
of the bar who was sitting near the speaker,
remarked to him that it was good law.]
Well, gentlemen, here is an old man, who
looks as if he might know something,
and he says 'is good law.' Now if you
will turn to Barbour something, page
829, you'll find that the same doctrine is

applied to cattle—[great laughter.] There-
fore I take it I had a right to defend my
cows against Dodder's ten-foot switch.

Why, gentlemen, nearly all my wealth is
invested in them three cows, and you can't
wonder that I became a little excited when
I saw Dodder switching them with this ten-
foot pole. I am a poor man and have a
large family, consisting of a wife and six
children, which I reckon is doing very well
for so small a man as I am, and I could
not afford to let Dodder kill my cows!

"Now, gentlemen, I don't believe you'll
convict me, after what I have said. But
if you do, and this Court fines me \$250,
I shall 'repudiate,' because I 'can't pay.'
And if I'm juggled for six months, why
these Dodders 'll have it all their own way
up there. But notwithstanding all this, I
am willing to risk myself in your hands,
and if you think I ought to have stood by
and not done anything when I saw Dodder
hammoting my cows, why then I am 'gone
in,' 'talgate and all.

"It is true, I am a poor man, but not a
mean one. The name of Allington can be
traced to the May Flower. When she
landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock,
among the passengers was a widow, Mary
Allington, with four fatherless children, and
I am descended from that Puritan stock;
and from that day to this there has never
lived an Allington who hadn't Yankee
spirit enough to stone a Dodder for poling
his cows. I'm done."

Roars of laughter, during which the de-
fendant took his seat.—The District
Attorney said "it was a plain case," and
declined making any argument.—After
a few words from his Honor the Judge,
the Jury retired, and in a few moments
returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty*!

Old Dodder and Dodder No. 2 were at
that instant seen plunging down the stairs
leading to the courtyard with unbounded
powers of locomotion; when the yard was
gained they fairly ran, and it is supposed
never stopped until the deep woods of
Minisink hid them from the gaze of men.

Allington heard the verdict with the
sang froid of a philosopher. No emotion,
other than the turning his cud of tobacco
in his mouth and an extra squirt of juice,
was observable.—*Newbury (N. K.) Tele-
graph.*

From California.
We publish this morning a full detail of
California news received by the steamer
North Star, which arrived at this port last
evening from Aspinwall. The intelligence
is of an unusually interesting character.

The total loss of the Yankee Blade,
concerning whose safety fears have been
entertained on account of her non-arrival at
Panama, is announced. She was wrecked
only one day out from San Francisco,
which port she left on the 30th of Sept.
Of eight hundred passengers on board,
besides the crew and freemen, about thirty
lost their lives. The description of the terrible
scene in our columns will be read with
intense interest.

A case of stupendous forgery has been
detected in San Francisco, of which the
particulars will be found elsewhere. The
criminal is Henry Meiggs, a native of New
York. His forged paper amounts to about
\$1,000,000, which with his other liabilities,
swells the sum total of the defalcation
to over a million and a half of dollars.

The French Fleet of three frigates and
sloops-of-war arrived at San Francisco on
the 3d of Oct., having, in conjunction with
the English Fleet, made an attack on the
Russian town of Petropavlovski in Kam-
schatka. They were repulsed with loss,
but not before they had captured two
Russian vessels. The news from the various
mining quarters continues to be favorable.
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MORTIFYING, VERY.—Col. Wallace of
the Philadelphia San thinks that the most
uncomfortable position a young man could
possibly be placed in, is to be accosted by
a drunken friend while he is promoting
the street with a young lady, whose affec-
tions he has trying to win for the last three
months. We saw a friend of ours in such
a dilemma the other evening. He was an
object of pity, certainly. His gin and
sugar friend insisted on shaking hands with
him, and all his efforts to shake him off
were fruitless.

DECLINATION IN REAL ESTATE.—We
observe a great decline, rapidly extending,
in real estate in New York. New stores
in Chambers street, and the neighborhood,
(says the Post,) which could only be re-
nted on the 1st of May at \$8,000 per year,
are now offered at a yearly rental of \$1,000,
with no takers.