LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

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Our Flag is There.

Our flag is there—the starry flag
Our stout forefathers gave,
O'er Freedom's home, Free Soil, Free Men,
In triumph long to wave!
Yet all its bright and shining folds
Foul Slavery seeks to stain,
Till Freedom's host is called to fight
Her battle o'er again!
And fight we will, from vale to hill
The battle cry is heard,
Till with Fremont's and Dayton's names
The nation's heart is stirred.

O blessed Freedom! peerless boon!
Worth all the world beside;
For thee, how many here souls
Have gladly bled and died!
And 'tis for thee, dear Liberty,
We gather in this fight,
To save thy flag from stain and shame,
And Slavery's awful might!
Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Soil—
Free men, FREMONT, unrolled,
Are mottoed there for Freedom's host,
On every shining fold!

Our Flag is there! Oh, bright and fair,
It leads the millions on,
Till Slavery's surging waves be stayed,
And Freedom's battle won!
And Valor's arm and Beauty's smile
Shall bid it proudly wave,
Till not a rood of Freedom's soil
Is cursed by chain or slave!
Free Speech, Free Kansas—far and wide
Rethese the battle cry,
Till Freedom's flag, in Freedom's cause
Is crowned with victory!

New York, July 3, 1856. S.

The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1856.

Fremont in Danville.

DANVILLE, PA., Aug. 13, 1856.

The cause of Fremont and Freedom is rapidly gaining ground in this region. Last night we had a meeting to organize a Fremont Club in this place. Eighty-one voters entered their names on the roll. The President, H. P. Baldy, Esq., with some twenty or thirty members are from the Democratic ranks. We are confident that we will soon number hundreds, and be able to neutralize the six hundred majority for the Democrats in this county. The Fillmore men are coming in, and the anti-administration vote will be united on Fremont. Yours, &c., MONITOR.

A WELSH FREMONT CLUB has been formed in Danville, and 50 names are enrolled. The *American* says:

"Our Welsh citizens, ever true to the great principles of human freedom, are fully awake to the deep importance of the present contest. As a people they have, heretofore, mingled but little in the political affairs of the country, but when the question is freedom or slavery for Kansas, and the free territories of the growing West, they are impelled by a sense of duty to the country of their adoption, to join in preserving the future home of their children from the sin and curse of Slavery. With full sincerity of heart, and for the accomplishment of this glorious end, they strike hands with all others who are honestly devoted to the same cause. Americans and Foreigners, Whigs, Democrats and Republicans are united on this one great issue, against the onward march of the slave power, nor can all the schemes of the opposition break that bond of union, or stay the progress of Freedom's host, until their million toned voice shall say to the dark tide of Slavery, "thus far and no farther, and here thy dark waves shall be stayed.'"

Northumberland.

SUNBURY, Aug 18.—The Democratic Convention of Northumberland County met to-day—full attendance. The following nominations were unanimously made:—Congress, John B. Packer; Assembly, Samuel D. Jordan; District Attorney, M. L. Shindel; Commissioner, Michael Kieffer; Auditor, Samuel Gilger; Isaac Cake, John Eck and William Bruner appointed Congressional Conferees; Joseph Nicely and Henry B. Masser elected Delegates to the 4th of March Convention.

[The above, it will be understood, is the *second* Democratic Convention, the first having been controlled by the Dewart or "Codfish" Democracy. Of the nominees of the "Dewart faction," two were Whigs, one of whom declines the honor of "training" in the Buchanan party.]

SIXTY BAPTIST MINISTERS of Boston and vicinity held a meeting on Monday, who, while professing that it "may not become a minister of the Gospel to enter any political arena, nor to bring its party strifes within walls consecrated to peace and personal godliness," passed resolutions declaring slavery to be a "great evil," and calling upon all parties and sections "to subordinate all mere political preferences to the paramount claim of freedom against further encroachments of slavery, and with the unanimity and zeal which have ever marked the opposition, to unite in maintaining it by uniting in such measures and men as will be most likely to ensure success."

MORMON HUSBANDS.—One of the Mormon women who was in the company of the party which passed thro' our town for Salt Lake, we learn had no less than four husbands. She is said to have been an intelligent looking individual. She contended that women have as good a right to have a number of husbands, as a man had to have as many wives as he wished, provided the men were all members of the Mormon Church. There is nothing like making circumstances suit occasions, and these Mormons appear to have a peculiar faculty for such transactions.—*Rock Islander.*

Mr. Buchanan passed here a few days since on his way to Bedford, where the annual gathering of "Kane" letter writers is held. Look out for letters to prove that Buchanan is a better free soil man than Fremont.—*Lewistown Gazette.*

Editorial Correspondence of Lewisburg Chronicle.

MIDDLEBURY, O, Aug 8, 1856.

I started for Columbus in a four horse coach, containing as many passengers as could be packed inside, and just eight on the outside, including yours very truly, who formed the apex to the load. Got to Columbus about 9 o'clock in the evening, and having arranged matters to suit me at the American House, took a stroll through the beautiful city, to see how it appeared by gas light. Came across an old gentleman standing by a lamp post addressing a very respectable crowd in regard to the wrongs of the Free State men in Kansas. He had been a participant in the struggle for freedom in that territory, and was well posted up in the matter. He told harder stories about the doings of the Border Ruffians than anything I ever heard, and I have not the least doubt that they were all true. He was arguing the cause of no political party, and did not mention the name of any of them: however, one or two of the faithful thought that the shoe appeared to fit them, and they boned him for abusing the Democratic party and the administration in general, but he soon shut them up by telling them that he was minding his own business and letting parties alone, and hinted to them that he would be glad if they would do so too; thereupon, I observed that these patriots were receding, and muttering some exceedingly strong and un-writeable language, which appeared as if intended for the old gentleman aforesaid. His business there was to raise funds for reestablishing the Free State paper that was so barbarously demolished by the Border Ruffians, while under the control of Mr. Brown, who removed from Crawford Co. Pa., and had the boldness and manliness to start the paper under all sorts of discouragements, and had issued it a considerable length of time before the ruffians destroyed it. If funds sufficient can be raised, Mr. Brown will try it again.

In the morning found myself pretty high up in the world when I peeped out of my window. After breakfast I strolled down to the Penitentiary, to see the striped representatives of the great Pork State. Bought a ticket for a quarter of an important looking gentleman, who handed me over to another man of the same stripe, and we took up our line of march through an awfully bolted iron door, which I would be slow about passing in some countries. We went through an immense number of cells, which had more the appearance of cages for wild lions and elephants, than domicils for human beings, and at length came to the workshops. Here, on being ushered in, my eyes met a spectacle rather odd to the uninitiated, and reminded me much of a large flock of zebras at work. Here the prisoners were hammering and sawing, and boring, and grinding, and turning, and rasping, and sewing; making hoes, hames, hammers, handles, spades, shovels, shoes, chairs, chains, churns, chisels, planes, ploughs, axes, adzes, wood type, and an endless variety of almost all sorts of tools and furniture used by every citizen of the State of Ohio. The conductor led me through the dining room, where there was no lack of provisions, but a very slim variety, and an entire absence of any dessert—consisting of a huge pile of unpalatable brown bread, and no scarcity of water; took a hunk of the bread, but was soon satisfied with the mastication thereof—concluded to live on something more palatable, if I could get it, even at my own expense. This institution contains 616 inmates; of this number, about 150 are under 21 years of age, and, if I mistake not, 15 or 20 are incarcerated for life. Left this place, and up to High street, to see the new State Capitol; the first thing that met my view in the Capitol yard was another herd of zebras, about fifty in number, working away with remarkable industry, assisting the workmen engaged in erecting the building. This, when finished, will be one of the most magnificent edifices in the States, I presume, but it cannot be ready for use for several years, although there has been a large corps at work on it for probably ten years. It is built of white stone throughout, and of course is entirely fire proof. It is worth a pretty long trip to see this building—concluded that it would be a fine residence for a retired printer, but the price did not suit me exactly. As the train I wished to take was about to leave, I had no more time to see the sights, but had to hasten to the depot.

Left Columbus at 10 A. M. Had a pretty large train, and well crowded. After getting under way we came through Delaware, Cardington, Crestline, Shelby, &c., at a rate which would most assuredly surprise nervous people. Got to the Forest City about 1 P. M. Here a person is under the necessity of having his wits about him to start out in any certain train. The depot has the appearance of a pretty respectable village of cars, running and driving in every direction (except, of course, due north)—whistles howling, bells ringing, people swarming and swearing, and sweating, and fussing, copper colored Indians dodging about, muttering some outlandish lingo to whoever is dunce enough to listen to them, look at their wares, and exchange some "wampum" for beaded moccasins, reticules, money purses, and such like trumpery. By good luck I succeeded in finding the train I wanted, which was to leave for Akron in a few minutes, and would have left a considerable length of time sooner, had it not been for an accident which had taken place somewhere up the road—some said it was a smash *up*, while others maintained that it was a break *down*, and I didn't ascertain what it was, but jumped aboard and was soon out of the confusion, and sliding along at a rapid rate down the margin of the magnificent Lake Erie. This beautiful sheet was quite calm, and only dimpled by gentle breezes which flitted over it at intervals. Ah! how tempting it looked to us sweating, dusty railroaders. No wonder so many are tempted to venture upon it at the risk they incur, but how changed it must have appeared to the passengers of the late ill-fated Northern Indiana; when they weighed anchor, no doubt, the lake appeared to them as beautiful as it did to us; but a "change came o'er the spirit of their dreams" when the awful cry of "fire" reached their ears. The calm waters appeared then but a mockery, instead of a vast expanse of beauty. Passed through Macedonia and several other small places, (the names of which I cannot now recall,) changed cars at Hudson, (which, by the way, makes a nice appearance from the railroad,) thence by Cuyahoga Falls to Akron. At the latter are extensive manufactories of different descriptions. Earthen ware, of a very superior quality, is made here, which is used in the place for gas and water pipes, pumps, and in many other ways. For the purposes mentioned, it is equal to cast iron, and of course very much cheaper. I learn that one manufacturer has a contract to supply Chicago, Ill., with gas pipes, for $17,000, and also a heavy contract for Cincinnati.

Summit Lake, a couple of miles distant, is the highest point in Ohio. From it the waters flow north and South—part into Lake Erie, and part into the Gulf of Mexico.

The village I date from, is situated about a mile from Akron, and is a sort of suburban sattelite to that place. Its location is exceedingly pleasant. The buildings are generally frame, and, almost without exception, painted white, built in the midst of lots, and surrounded by large yards and well cultivated gardens.

Politics run pretty high here, and Fremont is far ahead of all the rest of the candidates, individually and collectively, and I am convinced that it is the same all through the State, as I have a good opportunity of ascertaining.

Au revoir, J***.

New Western Correspondence.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

CLEVELAND, O. July 15, 1856.

What a relief for feeble invalids, to escape from the sultry South to this delightful "Forest City," with its cool, refreshing atmosphere, and breezy, tree-sheltered avenues.

Retraced our way, yesterday, from Indianapolis to Crestline, oppressed with the heat, choked with dust, which springs from the track in clouds, so unlike the clean Pennsylvania Central in this respect—and tired of the monotonous route; except the ten miles of narrowing and expanding prairie, with its island groves, broad fields and leafy promontories—a perfect elysium of rural beauty. From Crestline, a better road through a more inviting country, brought us to the end of the 300 miles, and descending by moonlight through a wide gorge in the high, sandy bluff, to the water's edge—with Cleveland on the east, and Ohio City on the west side—landed us about 9 o'clock in the ample depot, which, with the steamboat wharves, is built on piles, on the edge of the lake. An omnibus wound slowly up the hill, and set us down at quarters in the public square; which, by the way, is divided into four by the crossing streets, increasing its attractiveness and convenience.

The first thing after breakfast this morning was to seek the lake shore, and make the acquaintance of this tempestuous fresh water basin. Followed the directions indicated by mine host for a hundred yards or so, when the smooth outline of a blue mountain ridge across the end of the street, in the dim distance, made me think we were going towards the inland, instead of the water side of the town; but pushed on, under an assurance from a citizen to the contrary, and presently discovered that the fancied "mountain" was simply the blue lake itself—weltering in the sunlight as playfully and placid as if no storms had ever swept its surface, or buried lives and fortunes in its depths. So much for physical geography, and a land lubber's first impressions!

Directly beneath us, some eighty feet down the sloping bluff, lay the depot and wharves, clustered together in one extensive projection into the lake, on piles, ten feet above the surface; and when gales are on hand doubtless subjected to the most searching and tumultuous assaults from the maddened waves. The Lake Shore railroad runs eastwardly for more than a mile, on piles, inside a palisade of logs driven into the lake as a breakwater, when it gradually ascends the decreasing bluff, and keeps at a respectful distance from the shore. The bluff tends slightly northward, in that direction, in an irregular outline, until its last projection is dimly seen in the distance.

The left is the harbor, formed principally of the river, with a fair show of brigs and schooners, and other medium craft. Times are dull in their line just now, as the new harvest has not yet furnished their heaviest supply of bulky freight. The city is accessible by streets only from the river, and not from the lake side. Beyond the lower light house, and the buildings in Ohio City, the bluff puts out into the lake near half a mile, then recedes and projects again, and again, until a far off wooded point terminates the view in that direction. Thence, from the west far around to the east, the distant northern horizon is a blending of sky and water, except when its outline is relieved by a passing sail or summer cloud.

Taking possession of a hewn log, near a neatly whitewashed stone lighthouse, I sat for more than an hour, watching the changing color of the lake under the lights and shadows from the flitting, fleecy clouds and warm, bright sunshine—pea green or dark emerald, then deep blue, snuff brown or inky black, in patches and streaks, under nature's fitful touches. Mingled with this was the hurry and din of business and travel below us. Omnibusses and carriages rattling to and fro; long passenger trains sweeping in and rushing out with headlong speed, as if the last day was at hand, and the world must be set on fire in advance; sail vessels and steam tugs moving leisurely about; and one bulky steamer taking in tons of coal for fuel, then backing slowly out and heading to the west, churning its way steadily and swiftly onward, leaving in its rear a white track of foam below, and dense volumes of the blackest bituminous smoke above.

But the crowning element of enjoyment in all this scene, was the cool, delicious lake breeze, wafted gently shoreward "with healing in its wings"—fanning the wan cheek like a ministering angel, and expanding the lungs as with draughts of immortality. Ah, how unstrung nerves revive, and languid pulses leap to its electric influence; adding new hopes to life, fresh energy to weary footsteps.

Turning away at last, we reentered the busy, bustling city, past long blocks of wholesale stores at the west end, with 'splendid hotels,' and an endless quantity of private banks and broker's offices—which flourish finely at this transition point between the wild cat money of the west, and the sounder currency of the east—pausing a little at the main street, 120 feet wide, paved between the curb stones with plank, smoothly laid and securely fastened, to get clear of the sand and dust, lined for squares with showy retail establishments. Thence wandered at will, by numerous costly churches for which the place is remarkable—lifting their fretted spires so high into mid heaven that the eye falters in reaching the topmost pinnacle—and through the quieter streets, Lake and Euclid especially, that stretch eastwardly for miles along the bluff, unpaved and unshaded, and lined with the sumptuous dwellings of merchant princes and other prospering citizens, from the modest frame to the pretentious palace, but all set back from the street, and with fresh air and elbow room all around them. From appearances and the reputation of the people for high social qualities, this must be, of all spots, one of the most delightful for a permanent residence. One could almost envy the happy dogs, whose lucky star guided them hither, and cast their lines in such pleasant places.

The public Schools are closed for the summer vacation, but found the city Superintendent and a committee burrowing in rolls and manuscripts, to determine the promotions and rewards of merit. The Schools are in a prosperous condition, as was to be expected in such a wide-awake community; the school buildings good—especially the High School, a massive cut stone building, of a light color, costing $20,000. In the State at large, out of the independent cities, the system is less flourishing, some of its essential functions having been ground to powder in the struggles of contending political factions—ending last winter in abolishing the office of State Superintendent, a "Commissioner," as they call him, and let the system develope by its own spontaneous energies. The Teachers maintain their *esprit du corps*, have their State and local associations, and educational journals; and do not seem inclined to surrender to adverse influences. But with a defective and inharmonious organic structure, much valuable time and effort must be thrown away.

But the evening twilight is darkening my sheet, and as we leave for Buffalo in the night boat—the only line running—I must stop scribbling and make ready to decamp. H.

Campaign Song.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

AIR.—*Old Dan Tucker.*

Rouse ye, freemen, from your slumbers;
Seize your arms and count your numbers;
Now's the time for deeds of bravery,
Freedom grapples now with Slavery.
Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce and Shannon,
Down with Slavery and Buchanan!
Freedom's traitors—sing their dirges,
Long and loud as ocean surges.

In the halls of Congress pleading,
On the fields of Kansas bleeding,
Brothers true as steel implore us—
"Join the fight and join the chorus!"
Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

Mark the flag of Slavery's minions—
Bludgeons versus Free Opinions!!
"Rule or ruin!" "Compacts broken!"
"Choke Free Words before they're spoken!"
Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

Are we cowards now to falter?
Have we nought for Freedom's altar?
Shall our forces, by division,
Reap defeat and hold derision?
Never, never, all are ready!
Every column marching steady:
True as were our sires before us,
Marching steady to this chorus!
Chorus—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

European Correspondence.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

NO. II.

ZURICH, July 26, 1856.

It is pleasant once again to breathe in a Republican atmosphere. With all the good that can be said for monarchies, (and under the circumstances they have their good qualities,) they have much that is repugnant to one with a republican training. To pass through and mingle with societies, where there be lords many and gods many, created and inherited royalties, circles and grades of humanities, an Olympus where not even demigods, but only those who have the pure *ichor* coursing through their veins, are permitted to enter, and then their groves assigned to inferior royalties, O it is refreshing to emerge out of such a sultry sectional atmosphere into this little brave heroic Switzerland, where

"Even the peasant boasts his rights to scan
And learns to venerate himself a man."

While the Roman Republic proved a failure, and ours is still in its youth and therefore an experiment, here is an example to prove that a Republican form of Government is practicable, at least under certain circumstances. The Swiss Republic has existed for nearly nine centuries, has passed through cruel and formidable assaults from without, and endured civil wars in its own bosom, but has always emerged from them like gold from the heated furnace, purer and more durable.

Switzerland originally seems to have been inhabited by the Rhetians. After these came the Helvetians, a people from Gaul, who took possession of the fertile valleys and left the mountains to their predecessors. The latter were conquered by the Romans in 58, the former 15 B.C. During the migration of nations A D 400, Switzerland fell into the possession of different tribes, all of which were afterwards conquered by the Franks. Thus it passed through a checkered diversity of fortunes until the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century, when the German Emperors, especially Rudolph of Hapsburg and his son ostensibly endeavored to make the proud, patriotic Swiss, their vassals. It was then that Stauffacher, Furst, Arnold, and William Tell stepped forth in all the fearless majesty of freemen in defence of their rights. Supported by the ramparts of their native Alps, and the praying hearts and strong arms of their native brethren, their numerous foes fell before them as though some unseen angel were battling in their behalf. In 1499, their Independence was recognized by the German Empire. Since then, however, Switzerland has had to pass through her severest trials. In the religious wars of the Reformation, her prowess was employed in the destruction of her own blood, and her loveliest mountains were made the altars of self-immolation. Liberty and Religion dropped the mingled tear of pity and bereavement on their graves. One would suppose that greedy despots would have eagerly seized these unhappy fragments of dissention as their prey. But, on questions of Freedom, Switzerland has always been *one*. The cry of Oppression would always be the watchword for Union. Hence, in spite of her internal and external wars, she has gloriously survived her darkest periods, and remains a free and Independent Republic to this day.

The 22 cantons of Switzerland have a population of nearly 2,400,000. Each canton is a small Republic, with power to legislate and govern its own affairs. All the cantons constitute the Swiss Confederation, corresponding to the government of the United States. They hold their General Assembly, or Congress, in Berne, the Washington of Switzerland. This body was in session while I was at Berne. I can assure you it was a gratifying privilege to hear and witness the discussions of a Republican Congress on this side of the Atlantic representing a confederation whose origin dates back near to the discovery of America. The Assembly was mostly composed of men from middle life and upwards, persons of a mature experience and dignified deportment, whose discussions were models of Congressional speeches.

Berne, capital of Switzerland, is situated on a peninsula formed by the Arne, 100 feet above the channel of the stream. It has a population of 27,550, very few of whom seem to be in needy circumstances. Its streets have a fresh business-like appearance. Its broad pavements run thro' the first stories of the dwellings, over which the upper stories project, forming pleasant arcades where a person can walk with safety, unmolested by sun, rain, or wagons. And above all presenting a smooth and agreeable surface, unlike most European towns, whose walks are

"Pavements fang'd with murderous stones."

The Bear, the "speaking weapon" of Berne, receives a marked prominence in this Republican city, to which they seem to impute a symbolical significance. Two large bears stand guard on the pillars of the city gate. In the Cathedral-terrace, is a large statue erected to the memory of some Swiss patriot and by his side a large bear in the act of putting his head into a bonnet. Two minutes before the town clock stikes the hour, a gang of fierce looking bruins, dressed in regimentals, march around an old figure that holds the sceptre of Time. And to crown the whole, the city must have a garden, containing a number of live bears. This odd feature makes Berne rather a bearish looking city.

Mountains are the nurseries of the Sons of Freedom. Switzerland may thank her Alps for her Liberty and Independence. These, like the Highlands of Scotland, have helped to train national heroes. Mountain air, mountain difficulties, mountain barriers, develope powers to overcome mountains. Patriotism does not always confer comfort, nor can the temporal happiness of the Swiss be compared to that of their republican brethren in America. Mountains are more fertile and convenient for purposes of patriotism, than agriculture. In the North of Switzerland, farmers live in the good old republican fashion, each one on his own lands, and a goodly portion of it, which they generally cultivate in a thrifty and tasteful manner. But in the mountains it is far otherwise. With a glutted population, where no man can have much to farm, and that little perhaps along a mountain unaccessible by wagon or plough they are obliged, in a most literal sense, to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Whenever their is a little patch where their can safely labor, they will seek to make it available by some means or other. Narrow strips along fearful precipices, which one would suppose only the bold eagle could visit in his flight, are yellow with a meagre crop. Thus they

"Force a churlish soil for scanty bread."

In these districts, farming implements must be but few. Many an Alpine village has never had plough, harrow, or wagon in its fields. In pastoral districts, they have large kegs hung on their backs in which they carry their butter and cheese down into the valleys to market. In the more accessible districts, their flocks are composed of larger cattle, but many can only be reached by goats. It is a novel sight to see large flocks of these, black, white and speckled, each with its jingling little bell, clambering along these cloudy heights. Some of the shepherds remind one of the ancient shepherds in the East—old men with hoary locks and long grey beards, sitting musingly on the cliffs of these mountain solitudes, while their flocks carefully graze around them, as if conscious of their dependence upon their protection. This mountain society seems to be almost entirely free from the distinctions of rank. Each has his acres hanging along some inconvenient hill, and a few cows or goats, according to the latitude of the village. Their dwellings have a uniform appearance, unpainted, weather-boarded frame buildings, which look more comfortable for summer than winter. Here there is a social equality rarely met with. No upper and lower classes, no stately palaces to provoke envy, nor cringing servitude contempt.

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

I was surprised to find so many cripples and other species of deformity in these mountain regions. The severity of the climate especially during the winter, the frequency of accidents resulting from the nature of the country, and the heavy crushing labor which they must perform, doubtless contribute much to this. Here children and females perform labor which is only intended for strong men. Still they have been inured to it, and seem contented. Some would not give their barren mountains for the best farms in America. The Swiss are proverbially given to home-sickness; many weep and pine away after Switzerland in countries where they could live much better than here. Here they cling with tenacious fondness to mountain heights upon which an American farmer could scarcely venture, where they breathe the keen air and carol their pastoral melodies as they clamber after their wook, eat their scanty meals with a grateful heart, and seem to be the happiest beings on earth. Their wants must be kept within narrow limits to supply them with their income. Their flocks and flax-patches supply them with clothing. The spinning jenny and factory loom have not yet supplanted the buzzing wheel and the weaver's loom in these Alpine districts. As yet, the rush of modern improvement has not disturbed their quietude. A telegraphic wire flashes news across their highest mountains, and small steamers ply on their larger lakes, but the puff of the locomotive has never defiled their pure air. I have been repeatedly assured, by persons of reliable veracity, that a railroad is about being constructed across the Alps, by the aid of tunnels. To tunnel the Alps, would certainly be the eighth wonder of the world.

In the Northern cantons, the country exhibits signs of unusual prosperity. Many farmers have acquired princely fortunes, and in their larger towns there is a great deal of wealth. Here the social equality ceases. A powerful monied aristocracy is constantly struggling for the ascendency in the Government, which has frequently come into serious collision with the rights of the poorer classes. In 1851, it happened that the Legislature of the canton of Berne had become predominantly aristocratic, and presumed to act contrary to the interests of the laboring classes. The latter called a mass meeting of the canton at a village in the neighborhood of Berne, elected a new Legislature, and drove the aristocrats en mass from their seats. This popular decision was reversed in 1850. Both parties assembled near the same place, separated only by a narrow foot-path, where, after they had been admonished by fiery speeches amid a terrible snow storm, the election again resulted in favor of the Aristocrats.

The Government of some of the cantons is purely democratic. The canton of Uri, the smallest of the confederation, holds a popular assembly every first Sunday (!) in May, in a large meadow, where every male citizen of 20 years and upwards is entitled to vote. A herald announces from a temporary stand the subjects which claim their attention. Individual speakers expound and discuss their merits, after which the assembly votes by raising hands. Thus the laws of Uri are made. And what is most singular is, there are but 12 Protestants in this Democracy, numbering a population of 14,500. For it is thought by many that the polity and ritual of the Papacy are poorly calculated to train its members in democratic habits.

Whatever may be the national faults of the Swiss, no one can charge them with the sin of religious or political duplicity. They have not yet learned to compromise principles. Their impetuous patriotism, like their mountain torrents, once started will go ahead regardless of consequences, and sometimes with a savage ferocity. If I remember correctly, Switzerland has had few traitors. She can point to her Arnold with greater pride than America to hers. Her annals show that their difficulties have been more frequently settled by the sword than diplomacy. Her history would be more pleasant if less cruel and bloody. The Swiss have fought for principles until their religion became bigotry, and their zeal a lack of charity. A little more national forbearance would have made their history less heroic but more humane. They are bold and rugged, like their native Alps. Incapable of perfidy they will not submit to wrong. Their annals, like their scenery, are full of romance. A set of unscrupulous men are appointed their oppressors by a mighty Empire. Three men with 30 followers assemble after night on a little meadow on the banks of one of their lakes where they take a solemn oath that they would deliver their country from these tyrants; and in less than two months not one can be found in Switzerland. Tell resisted their abuse of power for which Gessler, one of their number, sought every possible means to punish him. After he had amused himself by compelling him to shoot an apple from the head of his child, he takes him prisoner. But while on the lake, a storm arose, which frightened Gessler, who was glad to get his prisoner to save his life. Pretending to row to the shore, Tell leaped on a rock and in the effort pushed the boat back into the stormy waves. He hurried over the mountains, and within a short distance from the castle in which he was to be imprisoned, he hurled his deadly arrow into the heart of his oppressor. So there are many instances, where from motives of conviction they perform adventures which border on the miraculous, and storm wildly along in the path of duty in the face of certain death. There is but one Switzerland in the world nationally and geographically. Her mountains have their agricultural disadvantages, but other qualities which all the world must admire and praise. Her children have their psychological cliffs and torrents, but under this stern exterior are the uncorruptible virtues of a moral heroism which always points the soul towards the high and the noble. NATHAN.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On last Saturday, about noon, two brothers, sons of David Davis, Esq., of Limestone towhship, in this township, were out on a gunning excursion, when the older of them, named Albert, handed a gun to the younger across a race. The latter taking the gun by the stock, accidentally touched the trigger and discharging the contents of the gun into the side of the former, causing a severe wound, in consequence of which he died on Sunday morning. We heartily sympathize with the bereaved parents in their loss. The deceased was about 16 years of age, and gave promise of becoming a valuable and useful member of society. Let this be another warning to those who handle fire-arms.—*Mifflin Democrat.*