LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE—1857.

This firmly established paper will continue as heretofore to give the latest Foreign and County News, with a special attention to the Farming interest, and advocacy of Republican men and measures. The commencement of the New Year, will be a favorable time to solicit subscribers, or to renew old subscriptions.

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The public patronage is respectfully solicited.

WORDEN & CORNELIUS,
Editors & Proprietors.

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa., Dec. 1, 1856.

☞Please cut out the above Prospectus, attach it to a half sheet of foolscap, and see what *you* can do.

Court week will afford a good opportunity, and the mail is always open, to send in money or stamps.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

Correspondence from the North.

QUEBEC, L. C., July 24, 1856.

One of the first novelties that attract the eye of a stranger, here, is the general use of the *calèche*, a high two-wheeled one horse vehicle, similar to our old fashioned "gig," but heavier, I think, and with a seat on the edge of the dash board in front for the driver. And it is astonishing how these tough little Norman horses—"Canadian ponies," I believe they are called, down your way—will trot up and down these steep streets from morning till night, with a load of from one to three persons, without any manifest signs of giving out. We met them to-day, in the country, working their way up hill and down, as cool as a philosopher, with as many as three tipsy "tourists" piled in, besides the driver; and perhaps it wouldn't have made much difference if they had taken on a load of hay into the bargain.

Breakfast over, some three score people scattered off; some in parties of four to six in a carriage, or two in a calashe, and most of them, ourselves among them, directing our way to the Falls of Montmorenci, nine miles down the St. Lawrence, near its left bank. Passing out at the northern gate, and crossing the St. Charles in the vicinity of the ship and lumber yards, the straggling cavalcade entered upon a fine macadamized road; that, after crossing a mile of flats, gradually ascends with the rising character of the ground, until, in the neighborhood of the Falls, the uniform slope of the bank up from the St. Lawrence, attains, in about a mile back, an altitude of some three hundred feet; which is the general level of the back country.

The road was lined with farm houses, so much so that from the Heights it presents somewhat the appearance of a continuous village. About half way, they do cluster into a town, with a large stone Cathedral. The farm houses are of one or two low storeys, with very steep roofs to resist the weight of the snow in winter; generally kept quite neat and tidy, though with a half worn, dilapidated appearance, too. The walls are very thick, and all the windows are provided with a double set of sash—one at the outside of the window frame, and the other at the inner edge, after the Russian fashion, as a double protection against the excessive rigor of their extreme northern winters. They had all an aspect of home comfort, that was attractive, and yet with a broad, but scarcely definable difference between them, and anything to be found in your part of the world—more of a European aspect as delineated by travelers.

The farms are long and narrow, after the Canadian fashion, with a front of from a half acre to three or four acres, sometimes more, and running back in regular parallelograms to the St. Lawrence on one side, and into the interior on the other. Sometimes the farms will be only one acre wide, and two miles deep; the houses in all cases set close on the road, and rarely enclosed. You will see by looking at a large map of Lower Canada, that the counties and townships present the same peculiarity, very narrow one way, on the St. Lawrence, and very long, the other.

The people, old and young, had a stout healthy look, half German, and yet not German either, and were an air of contentment, and good nature, that argued a disposition to enjoy life as it passed, and let the world at large wag on to suit itself, without any uneasy concernment on their part. The women at their wash tubs on the shady side of the houses, or other work, were thick woolen stockings, heavy coarse monroe shoes; dark woolen skirts with a spencer of calico or white muslin; and on their heads a coarse straw hat, tied under the chin, but with an immense brim, broad enough for an umbrella, as a protection from the fervid heat of their northern summers.

An occasional country seat was passed, set back a quarter of a mile from the road, not highly ornamented, but solid, and evidently comfortable within.

The direct rays of the sun were very hot, but tempered by the cool, delicious breeze, more grateful to the feeble invalid than spicy gales from Araby the blest. As we rattled leisurely along, little barefooted, sunburnt urchins, of both sexes, would start out alongside at a dog trot, holding up bunches of spring flowers for sale, as fresh and fragrant as if our own spring had suddenly come back a second time in the same year. Securing in exchange a "penny" (2 cts.) or a "copper" (1 cent.) they would fall back for the next customer. Although our party had our hands full of boquets, one little chap followed us an eighth of a mile, holding up his stock in trade, before he could be convinced that the "specie" was exhausted, and the "bank" suspended.

As they raise no wheat or corn, they have not much use for large barns, and they are generally small and inferior; but at one point passed a medium sized plank concern, that was so close an imitation of a Pennsylvania bank barn that I felt as if I could take off my rusty chip hat in grateful recognition of an old acquaintance that I hadn't met for a long time.

Pulling up in a wayside grove of pine trees, we proceeded on foot, a quarter of a mile, through the woods and rocks, to the Falls, getting the first view from the west side. Clambering down the face of the bluff, some sixty feet, by stairs and paths, we came to the edge of the gulf, with the St. Lawrence and the Isle d' Orleans close in front, and holding by the bushes, with rather uncertain footing, leaned over to follow with the eye, the narrow span of foaming waters, falling down the face of the cliff, 260 feet, to the shallow bottom of broad, smooth rock, below. There is nothing of the awful plunge of Niagara, but the silvery sheet is "beautiful exceedingly," as it falls like a cataract of sparkling jewels down into those dizzy depths, that make one's brain reel, and feel doubtful of his standing ground, or the assured tenacity with which the supporting bushes strike their hold into the rocky crevices.

Montmorenci river is of about twice the volume of Buffaloe creek at Wolfe's mill, and comes in from the north, over a very rocky bed, until within about five hundred yards of the St. Lawrence, it descends over a precipice of dark, slate rock, to the level of the latter stream, in a chasm, shaped something like a cow track, with the point at the falls, and some three hundred yards across where it meets the St. Lawrence. The west bank, above and below the falls, is rocky, and covered with pines, scrub-oak, and bushes; but the opposite side presents cultivated fields, up to the edge of the chasm, and that slope with their verdure down to the St. Lawrence.

Much the larger portion of the water is now directed from the falls, by a sluice way, along the west bank, and used to drive the saw mills of a vast lumber yard, down at the junction of the two rivers—and certainly a more copious water power, with a heavier fall, is not readily found.

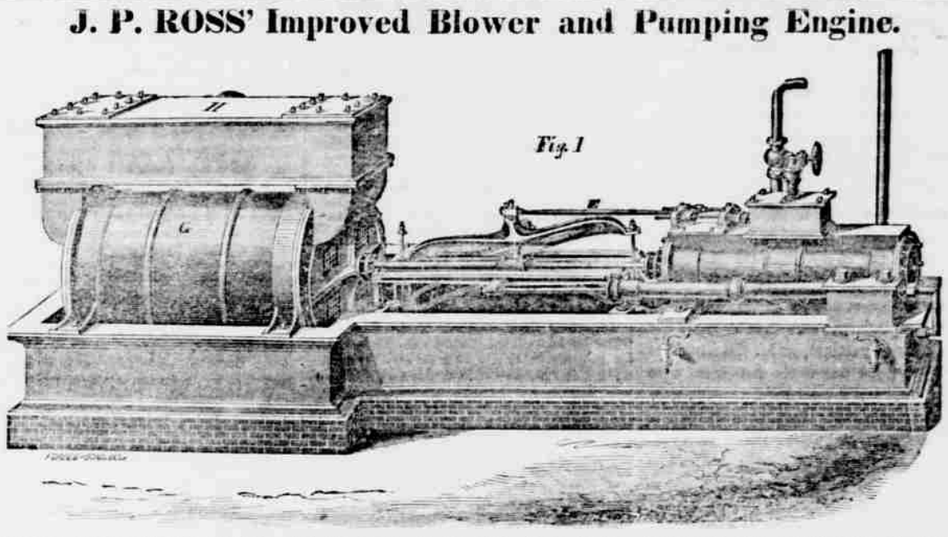
The macadamized road crosses, near a third of a mile above the falls, by a circuitous, inconvenient bend in its course. Within the last year, a wire suspension bridge had been erected about fifty yards above the falls; but a few weeks since, it gave way, with a horse and three or four persons on it, who were killed, and nothing remains but the double towers on either side. When it is to be re-built, is uncertain.

Retracing our steps to the old bridge, to cross to the other side, after paying toll, I asked the stout, good humored young women in charge—with the coquettish white spencer, and the inevitable straw hat, with its amplitude of brim—for a glass of water for the ladies. But she didn't understand. I then resorted to the Pennsylvania Dutch, but that, too, proved to be all Greek to her. Recollecting what had been forgotten for a moment, that we were in a French community, I fell back upon a little, very little and most carefully hoarded knowledge of that language—acquired, per force, in school boy days, when I had much rather been off fishing—I asked if she could speak French, and received a prompt affirmative answer. I then managed to make our wants known, and were waited on with polite alacrity. By this time, I felt inclined to carry the conversation further; and after a dubious effort to pry open memory's long closed, rusty hinges, enquired if that was her baby in the cradle, and was informed that it was. I then ventured to compliment it as a pretty baby. But it was by no means received as graciously as I expected; and turning the thing over again in my mind, I presently discovered that instead of calling it a beauty of a baby, as intended, I had unfortunately called it a "*beast* of a baby!" and no wonder the young mother didn't feel flattered by such a compliment from an "outside barbarian." With my hand on my heart, by way of pantomime apology, I hurried off to finish up the Falls.

From the east side, an unobstructed front view of the Falls is obtained; and although its silvery belt of sparkling light, presents nothing of the terrible, yet its graceful beauty wins greatly upon the spectator, and will linger long in memory. At numerous points along the face of the dark cliff, little streamlets trickle down, like waving threads of silver; and over at the saw mills the water from the head race leaps and plunges in frantic tumult from its imprisoned height.

The general prospect from this point is bold and beautiful. Across the channel is the lofty Isle d' Orleans, with its crest of forest trees, and its extended slope, covered with pleasant farms and picturesque houses. Away to the east stretches the north channel of the St. Lawrence, with its mountain bounded horizon. To the west is Quebec, in full view, at an air line distance of eight miles; with the Citadel and walls, and conglomeration of buildings; the bright tin roofs blazing in the noon-day sun, with blinding, painful radiance; the shipping in the harbor; and the scenery of the St. Lawrence reaching into the dim distance beyond—a perspective of natural and historical interest, that amply repays the journey to reach it, and makes one wish for a longer sojourn or an annual pilgrimage. H.

J. P. ROSS' Improved Blower and Pumping Engine.



The above cut is a side view of this machine, according to its latest improvements, particularly adapting it as a blower in blast furnaces. It is called 100 horse power. In this engine, the fly-wheel, crank, and their appendages, are entirely dispensed with—the motion of the engine being governed exclusively by the arrangement for moving the valve, operated direct from the cross-head or piston-rod, which is very simple and effective, durable, and not liable to get out of order. The advantages are—a great saving in first cost, in power, friction, wear and tear, &c.

This improved machine was on exhibition, last Oct., at the Crystal Palace in New York, and last month at the Franklin Institute in Philad., and on both occasions was much commended by the *Scientific American*.

Messrs. MERRICK & SON, one of the most extensive and celebrated firms in America in the manufacture of engines and machinery in general, have engaged to introduce and furnish the above engine for all the different purposes to which they are adapted, in this and several of the Atlantic States, and are now engaged in their manufacture, at the Southwark Foundry. The engine is warranted to work as recommended, and seems destined to be a great improvement. [Mr. Ross' address is Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.]

A Salt River "Hymo."

[Since the 14th Oct. last past, we have received enough certificates inviting us to take a gratuitous trip along with Pierce, Douglass, Fillimore, Cass, the "Dog Noble," Richardson & Co., up "Salt River"—to last us our natural life-time, at least, (we don't intend to accept any such inducements however; our next move must be down stream.) One of these "invites" is from a neighboring county, and pokes fun at us in such good humor that we are inclined to be liberal with our readers, and let them have equal shares in it. It is in Hiawathian metre, and ornamented with pen-and-ink *cuts*, which we can copy only in part.]

ELECTIONATHA.

To der Brinder ov de Tarrstown Ghronigle:

Tuner-vecter! vot's de matter?
Vot's de matter vid dese Teutsmen?
Vid dese irish ant dese Scotchmen?
Ant dese puff-beats vrom olt England?
Vot has grawled deir senses oer?
Vot has turned dem upsite townvarts?
Vot has mate deir pellies shake so,
Mit ter laughter ant ter giggle?
Vy! you tarn pig tum Teuch vod you,
Vid a brat vom gabbage mate of,
Ant a pig prest-pasket pelly;
Vot ton't know your mout vrom pung hole,
Ant your nose vrom Viskey pottle;
Hain't you heart de choyous news, sir?
Heart der news vrom all greation,
Ant Barks county in bardelier—
Hain't you heart de clorious news, sir?
Heart de news vrom Mississibbi,
Ant de news vrom Alapama,
Mit de news vrom Sut Gar'lina,
Ant posites vrom Lou'siana?
Hain't you heart vrom Nort Gar'lina,
Ver de dar ant bitch does coom vrom,
Ant vrom Bennessee ant Texas,
Illinois ant olt Genducky,
Intiana ant New Charcy,
Argansaw ant ter Missouri?
Hain't you heart vrom de Magnolia
Shtate, vich Vlorida der name is,
Ant vrom tudder site von suntown,
Vich is called Valifornia,
Vrom Firchinia ant vrom Tel'vare?
Hain't you heart de clorious ditings
Vot has coom on all de preesses—
Valted vrom ter hills and falleys—
Vrom de moundains ant de brairies—
Vrom de rechtions of de Nort, sir,
Ant de rechtions of de Sout, sir—
Ant de rechtions of Missouri,
Vere de gompromise divided?
Put, de piggest vich you'll heart vrom
Is de news vrom Bennsylvania!
Clorious, goot olt Bennsylfania,
Vich is always Temogradic,
Ven de beeples fote dat ticket!
Vy, I'll dell you vot dese news is,
Vot dese news vrom all greation,
Ant Barks county in bardelier,
Chames Puchanan, he's kellected!!!

[Here followeth in the original a portrait of an old gentleman in a brown study, who looketh very much like the "man who won the elephant at a raffle," as much as to say, "Well, now I'm President, how in creation can I keep my promises and manage these Kansas, Cuba, and Nicaragua scrapes Pierce has got me into?"]

Shoult you ask me vy dis hakkens,
Vy Puchanan is kellected
Rioler of dis mighdy beeples?
I shoult answer, I shoult dell you,
For peanuts de Teuts ant Irish,
Vich has coom vrom Europe of er,
Ant de sdiff tongued Sculchmen,
Vich has left deir sadif goundry,
Ant hav coom arong dis beeples
Vor to shpread deir indituitions,
Ant to Temogradic Party—
Ant to fot a peet in dookeys,
Ant to go indo sdiff ever vot—
Ant to get sdiff rewarded Fancy,
Or some odder dignidary;
Ant dey luf to be a minister
Along de oder vorsign beeples,
As, vot hapened, dis Mr. Pier Soule,
Vich did go among de Shpanish
Vor to dake de jaw of turke.
Mit de sdrong Chames Puchanan,
(Jemmy Buchan's vorder half shadderman,
Vich at bresent dey call it,
Put isn't anypody's dady,)
Peeples dey luf to luf de money
Chingle in deir mighdy beockets,
Vich dis gountry sdiff so kloody
To its Government dat raises;
Ant dey luf to dake dis money,
Lose it de at gampling shpiels,
Spent it vor de vine ant viskey,
Vor de oysters ant de prantz;
Ant to blay a game or pilliards
Vor de sum ov vifty tollars,
Vich is innocent amusement,
Since de gountry has so de money.
Shoult you ask me something farder
Vy Puchanan is kellected
Bresident ov de great beeples,
I shoult answer, I shoult dell you,
'Dis peguase our Soutron brethren
Luf to naf de nicker tiddles
Vait nicer dem at de shpiels,
Hoo de vedle gorn ant de ladies;
Ant peeples to hoo dey packer,
Vich so blesant to de dastes is,
Ovver makes de most imdh dirty,
Ant dey backer vich der Teutchman
Makes indo dis pipe ant shmokes it,
(Vich is a clorious imbidituion,)

Ant peeples to raise deir gotton
Vor to make deir shirts ant pressbes,
Ant to grop mogasses creasy,
Vich do work in nicker goundries
Like de nickers ov de southrn,
Vorkin mit deir dirty vinkers,
Makin mudins vor de beeples;
Ant dey luf to geep deir nickers
Makin sugar ant molasses
Vrom de gane prakes ov dat goundry;
Ant dey luf de nicker papies,
Luf dese nasty nicker papies,
Ov vich dey demselfs are dattles;
Dey luf dese papies in Firchinia,
Luf dem ven dey're dwo and dwendy,
Ven dey 're lareche ant shtrong ant healty;
Den dey sell dem to de Soutrons,
To de Mississibbi blanders,
Ant to dese ov Lou'siana,
Ant somedimes to Alapama,
Vere dey co to hick de gotton,
Ant to hoe among de gane-prakes,
Ant to make de blesant sugar,
(Vich in schnapps so fery goot is.)
Den dey luf dese nicker papies,
Ov vich dey demselfs are dattles;
Ant dey vish to dake dese nickers
To de vestern derridories,
Dere to shpread de indelidution
Ov vich Noah vas de vounder,
Vardin to deir ghrond-lotelo;
Ant Puchanan dit dem promise
Ven he got de Presidenty
He vould help to shpread de nickers
In de vestern derridories,
Ant vould ait dem to dake Guba,
Ant to make another schlave Shtate
Out ov dat brutiedif Islant;
All de reasons dat I know ov
Vy Puchanan is kellected.
In gonglusion, I vill show you
An extensive banorama
Ov de Union expedition,
Vich has very lately shtarted
Up de shtream known as Salt Rifer.
It vill be von mighdy hardy
Vich vill go dat river upvarts,
In sdeamer known as Fusion,
Owned py Bennsylfania merjants;
You vill seede telecention
Vich has left vrom Union goundy;
May pe you vill see yourzelf dere!

[We confess that without the aid of a microscope we perceive that the artist-writer displays on board said ship (in the original) the flags of the Lewisburg *Chronicle*, Mifflinburg *Star*, Philad'a *Times*, and others of the true Republican stripe, with "banners torn but flying," and a jolly crew huzzaing for "Freedom and Freemont."]

Our Evenings.

"*How can we best use our Evenings?*" This question is of great importance to the reader. If properly answered, and acted upon, it will profit him much. How can we save an hour or two, from the twenty-four, for our mental improvement?

The season of long nights is here; the election is over; political excitement is subsided; the "country" is "safe;" all parties will peaceably betake themselves to the usual paths of life; and with the return of quiet, and with a clearer view of our duties, we should be prepared to attend more closely to things which will advance our *individual* improvement and increase our happiness.

It is not sufficient that the day only be devoted to doing that which we have to do, for there is so much to be done in the brief period of a lifetime, that an evening put in here and there will be found of great service in helping on the work which each one of us is allotted to perform. And of all things we have to do, there is nothing so indispensable as *mental culture*, for it is that alone which makes the man. The improvements of the mind, to him who during the day must be employed in the work necessary for his support, depends entirely upon the use made of those hours during which labor is suspended, and there are hundreds of such moments that might be turned to good account every winter.

The *young mechanic* of the town has to himself at least one evening every week. How should this be used? How should these hours be invested so as to produce the largest dividend? How can they be applied in performing the duty of self improvement?

Do not suppose that we desire to deprive the young mechanic of the amusement and recreation which traditionally belong to Saturday night. We do not wish to disturb, but to point out, what is the true pleasure. Every young man has that natural taste for amusement, which can not be suppressed without a violence to nature. But when such urgent claimants as the demands of nature and the promptings of duty are brought to an issue, a compromise is the only means to settle the difficulty. And that compromise can be easily effected by *making the duty of self improvement a pleasure.*

Companionship is the source of amusement to our young mechanics. For this reason it is that we see them, on those evenings when their work is done for the week, collected in shops, in saloons, and at the corners of the streets. They are then doing nothing more nor less than following a strong principle of their nature. But could not this principle be satisfied by companionship with an interesting book, or newspaper, as well as an association of a less profitable kind? Will any young man pretend to say that the words of a wise author, in the quiet of his room, would afford him a less substantial pleasure than the slang talk of his "butty" on the corners of the streets, or in the village grocery?

The young men of whom we speak, mistake the true source of amusement. They go to the wrong fountain for a supply of that which their nature so urgently demands. As they must have companionship, let it be of an elevating character—a good book, a newspaper, a magazine, even a slate and pencil, will not be found so uninteresting a source of recreation as many who have not made the experiment may suppose; and as to the profit of being in such society, the noble career of many men who started as young mechanics, and who selected the company of books and periodicals, testifies that such companionship is of inestimable value.

We do not suppose that our young mechanics will deny that their evenings are generally very unprofitably employed. We would encourage them to a better use of those golden moments. If they have but one evening in the week, let them make the most of it. If they have more, so much the better. At five hours a week during the five months in which night reading can be comfortably pursued, one hundred precious hours could be devoted to profitable use, and at six pages an hour, six hundred pages could in this time be intelligibly perused, enough to see a young working man through two volumes of Bancroft's History of the United States. Would not that be better than cracking pea-nuts behind a grocery stove, or lounging on the counter of a village store? Then we say to our young mechanics, choose that companionship which will not only afford you a rational pleasure, but also a substantial benefit.

—Our remarks we now address to the YOUNG FARMERS of the country. This class have the advantage of every evening of the winter. Their business does not extend into the night; the day is sufficient for it; when the candles are lit in the farmhouse, it is a signal that the labors of the men and youths of the family are done for the day, and that a season full of the richest of opportunity is at hand. That season can be passed in illeness, dozed away in unprofitable indifference, without a grain of knowledge or a practical idea gained, from the fall of the leaf to the setting forth of the buds in spring, or it can be made rich with a harvest of useful information and rational pleasure, causing the dull nights of winter to teem with their productions not less profitable than the harvests of summer. Of these two modes of using the winter evenings, which will our farmer boys adopt? Do they wish to progress? Do they aspire to become intelligent farmers, and well informed men? Do they want to be true members of that honorable craft whose laboratory is the soil of this great earth, and whose imployment is the feeding of its many people? This, we know, *is* the ambition of every highspirited farmer boy. But remember, ingenuous youth, this high point can not be attained without an improvement of those many hours which every winter places at your hands.

Then read, digest, and practice. First, those books and papers which treat of your business, for your main object is to become good farmers; and then, every useful book and interesting paper that may add to your stock of general information. When the fire burns brightly, and the candles are lit, and the family are drawn around the table, one can read for the whole group. The best reader can perform the largest share of the task; the others taking their turns, for the sake of improvement in the manner of reading. The county papers supply the home news. Local incidents, the proceedings of the courts, the meetings of the county agricultural society, &c., will be of interest to the family circle. Knowledge, like charity, begin at home. Then the Agricultural journal from a distance, may claim attention—full of practical facts and useful suggestions. These will lead to dicussions in which the whole family can engage, bring out their latent views, and exercise their reasoning faculties. Discussion will lead to further investigation, and this to reflection, and from reflection, the highest faculty of the human mind, springs every improvement.

Among the agricultural periodicals of the day, which can be profitably introduced into a farmer's family, we would recommend the Pennsylvania Farm Journal, and the Cultivator, and Country Gentleman, of New York. But it would be well for Pennsylvania farmers to give the journal of their own State the preference. Encourage home literature as well as home industry.

When the agricultural journal has been read and discussed, any other paper which the family have been taking, will next claim attention. If more journals than the local ones are desired, we would suggest the expediency of selecting the best and most substantial—journals which can not enter a farmer's family without bringing with them wholesome and beneficial influences. A paper completely given to fiction, or one solely devoted to politics, should be avoided; the one is trifling, and the other is deceptive.

After the gold dust is sifted from the weekly paper, and every incident, every useful fact, every fruitful suggestion, every instructive sketch, and absorbing narrative has passed from the lips of the reader to the minds of the hearers, the History may be taken up where it was left off the previous evening. The story of our national birth, the struggles of our emigrant fathers, the heroic actions of the Revolutionary War, the progress of the Republic in strength and prosperity, can not but be themes of interest to the family group. History will lead to Geography. The mind will not be satisfied with the fact of occurrence; it will also thirst for facts of locality, and the map must be examined to discover where these things occurred. American History will draw the reader to English history. The story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Quaker Emigrants, will lead to the story of that oppression in England which caused our fathers to fly to the wilds of America; for the mind when once put in motion is progressive, and will only stop at original causes and first principles.

This system of reading, will induce other exercises, promotive of improvement. Books of reference will be brought in. To read understandingly, a Dictionary must be used to ascertain the definition of words, and a grammar consulted to settle syntactic questions. Thus, in the circle of a farmer's family, can the germs of a wholesome mutual improvement be planted, and stimulated to vigorous growth, ultimately bearing fruit of surpassing value, all by a proper use of those hours which, in too many instances, are lounged away in unprofitable and inglorious idleness. "Onward, onward," is the motto of the age. Farmers' boys, will you keep step with the march of progress, which, with giant strides, is pushing ahead, and will not, can not wait on the shuffling steps of the laggard?—*Sunbury Gazette.*

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.—An article in the San Francisco *Golden Era* makes the following estimate, and classification of men who obtain a livelihood by illegal means in California:

Professional gamblers,	10,000
Politicians,	5,000
Political "suckers" and "stuffers,"	2,500
"Lunchers" and "suckers,"	5,000
Surplus lawyers,	2,500
Surplus doctors,	1,000
At least half the Chinese,	20,000
Highwaymen,	1,000
Horse and cattle thieves,	1,500
Burglars and pickpockets,	2,000
Professional loafers,	2,500
Gentlemen miners,	2,500
Public amusers,	500
Total,	00,000

This is nearly one half the matured population of the State, who "toil not, neither do they spin," but live upon the hard earnings of the other half, determined to make money anyhow, or, utterly heart-broken, reckless of character, "without God and without hope in the world." California is a startling illustration of the text, that "the *love* of money is the root of all evil" and in that rich soil the root thrives prodigiously.

AGED VOTERS.—John Bently, of Oswego Co., N. Y., a soldier of the Revolution, aged one hundred and seven years, said he must go to the Election this year. He was taken in a carriage, and gave (as he said) his last vote, for Freedom and Fremont.

John Pevis, a Revolutionary soldier, 104 years old, walked on Tuesday seven miles, without a cane, to the polls in Pleasant township, Ohio, and voted for Buchanan and Breckinridge.

Wm. Belcher, of Oakland, Susq. Co., Pa., now in his one hundred and first year, was on hand at both elections, this Fall, and voted the Republican ticket. He voted for Gen. Washington, and at every Presidential election since. His recollection of Revolutionary times is good, and he is now able to do considerable light work.

George Angstadt, the oldest resident of Rockland township, Berks Co., went to the polls on Tuesday the 4th and cast his vote for Buck and Breck. Mr. A. is in his 102d year, and voted for all the Democratic Presidents, from Washington down to Buchanan. [It happens, however, that Washington was an open Federalist, never a Democrat, and Buchanan was also a Federalist, as long as that party existed, and never denied it.]

THE PROPOSITION TO RE-ESTABLISH THE SLAVE TRADE, made in the South Carolina Legislature, was referred to a select committee. Considerable discussion arose upon the motion, some of the members thinking that it was useless and impracticable to entertain such a project, as the moral sentiment of the world was against it, and it would never be favorably entertained in Congress, who alone had power to make laws upon the subject. One member said that such a question would not only separate South Carolina from the North, but from the South also. This is likely to prove true, for the Richmond (Va.) journals are out in opposition to the proposition, and condemn it morally and politically, and especially would many of them, who get their living by breeding slaves, oppose a plan which would reduce their market value

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The *Journal of Commerce* states, on the authority of the United States Deputy Marshals, that the fitting out of vessels for the slave trade, from New York city, was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present. The occasional interposition of the legal authorities exercises no apparent influence for its suppression.

Gov. Causey has appointed Jos. P. Comegys, Esq. of Dover, a Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Clayton. Mr. Comegys is a leading member of the Delaware bar, a near relative of the illustrious man whose place he has been selected to fill.

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