

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

O. N. WORDEN, J. R. CORNELIUS & E. SMITH.

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## THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1857.

### Power of a Minority.

It is no thoughtless remark attributed to QUEEN MARY, that "she more feared the prayers of JOHN KNOX than an army of a thousand men." Moral influence often conquers numbers. A LUTHER, a BUNYAN, a WESLEY, and other Patriots and Reformers, exerted more influence in their day than thousands of their now forgotten opposers. In war, the smaller number is often victorious, and is sometimes successful even in defeat. In questions of morals, the mass of men bow to the reasonings of the few, and confess (if they do not practice) their precepts.

The small band of Whigs who in the British Parliament manfully denounced its efforts to oppress these then Colonies, exerted vast influence, and are now honored in England as well as in America.

EMERSON states in his recent work that there are not 40,000 Landowners in England; yet that 40,000 dictate the policy of the British Empire, just as 340,000 Slaveholders control the government of the United States. A landed aristocracy on that side of the water, and a slave oligarchy on this—each welded together in interest—by a skillful combination of power, contrive to carry almost every measure which they resolve upon.

In political strife, the influence of a party out of office is frequently superior to that of an administration—harassing the latter at its leisure, and compelling it to do that which it does not desire to do.

The Presidential Election recently closed, already affords a fresh proof of the weakness of mere majorities. A year ago, the Administration in power, having first torn down the wall that the Missouri Compromise opposed to Slavery, and removed GOV. REEDER, was openly sustaining SHANNON, Lecompte, DONALSON, CLARK, and other shameful villains in their black and bloody efforts to "rush out Freedom" in Kansas.

In the National Capital, GREELEY and SUMNER were brutally assaulted to compel them to silence; and those who did not resort to personal violence, threatened "WE WILL SUBDUCE YOU" who dare resist the aggressions of the Slave power.

BUT FREMONT was nominated, backed up by One Million Three Hundred Thirty-Seven Thousand votes! And the scene is changed. The same Shannon, the same Donalson, the same Lecompte the same Clark—not a whit worse men, now, than they were six months ago—are disgraced and ejected by the self-same Administration! The very Border Ruffians, then petted and paid by Government while committing the most atrocious outrages, are now scowled upon by Geary and compelled to retreat before the down-trodden but unconquered Free State settlers as they arise, reinforced, to assert their rights.

Douglass & Co. no longer prate about a "subduing"—but, turning a quick somersault, now promise to carry out the Republican measure of "RESTORING FREEDOM TO KANSAS." Every Free State but two giving a majority against the successful candidate for the Presidency, is a warning to the dominant party that it must change sides on the Kansas as it has on every other political issue—and thus by its humiliation gives another proof of the POWER OF MINORITIES.

The Republican party, if a minority in voters merely, is not second in the intellectual and moral catalogue of citizens; mental strength must triumph in the end; and these facts should nerve every true heart to life-long efforts, not only to annul the infamous sham-laws to fasten Slavery upon Kansas, but to resist that evil wherever it may seek to acquire new strength, or in whatever form it may wage its relentless and insidious war against the best interests of humanity.

**The Every Day Life of '76.**  
Mons Chamberlain's Journal—continued.  
Thur. Oct. 10. This day the Regulars [British] fleet came up and surrounded our fleet by running up the contrary side of an island and engaged them; they engaged for some hours; at length, our men sunk two of their schooners, and ran through them and came to an anchor above them.

Lay all night; in the morning, they perceived their fleet increased, and our men thought best to retreat, which they did for two days, and left their fleet.

Sun. 13. This day, the enemy's fleet overtook our fleet, and attacked them at Split Rock, about 22 miles from Crown Point, where they took a row galley and a guddole from our men. Our fleet being

attacked by a fleet so much superior in number and strength, that our men scuttled and sunk eleven of our fleet, and escaped by land. Only five of our fleet escaped, out of eighteen.

Sun. 27. This day our General received an express from [New] York, which informed that our army had defeated the enemy at East Chester; and our General ordered all the troops to repair to their alarm posts at 1 o'clock, and at the firing of a cannon the whole were to give three cheers as a token of joy for their success.

Mon. 28. This day the enemy came in sight, and we were alarmed. Three regiments were ordered over to Ticonderoga; viz. Col. Reed's, Poor's and Greston's; tarried there all day; the enemy made no nearer approach; just night we returned to our quarters; were ordered to be ready at a minute's warning to go over again.

Wed. 30. This morning our Regiment was ordered to be up and repair to the breastwork at the landing at half past 3 in the morning and tarry till sunrise.

Fri. Nov. 1. This day begins the month of November. We still keep our station, and nothing remarkable happens.

Mon. 4. This day our scout came in, and brought news that the enemy had left Crown Point.

Tues. 12. This day our sick and feeble men received furloughs for to go home.

Sat. 16. This day set out from Mount Independence just night; marched to the Black house, encamped in the woods.

Sun. 17. Went aboard the battaux at 12 o'clock, rowed till night, encamped on the west side of the Lake.

Mon. 18. Went aboard, and set out for Fort George; arrived just night; went into barracks, being stationed here for the present.

Mon. 25. Nothing remarkable happened in these days; this day we set out from Fort George and marched to Fort Edward; left the Regiment, and went about a mile to one Jones's and put up, being 14 m.

Tues. 26. Went back to the Regiment and set out down the river with the baggage to Fort Miller and put up, being 7 m.

Wed. 27. Kept on our journey to Saratoga and put up in the barracks, having come 7 miles.

Thur. 28. Still pursued our march down the river to Stillwater and put up—14 m.

Fri. 19. Marched to the Half Moon, to the New City, and put up, being 17 m.

Sat. 30. Kept on our march to Albany, and went into barracks, having come 13 m.

Sun. 1, Mon. 2 Dec. Kept our station.

Tues. 3. This day we went on a sloop to go down Hudson river; the sailors not being ready, the men lay on board that night.

Wed. 4. Set sail and sailed very slowly all day; dropped anchor at night, having come but 23 miles.

Thur. 5. Set sail about 2 hours before day, having a very breeze, sailed until 12 o'clock, and landed at Esopus harbor; took our packs and marched into town, being 2 miles from the landing, having come 62 miles from Albany, being billeted out here.

Fri. 6. Kept our station.

Sat. 7. At 12 o'clock set out from Esopus and marched about 3 miles, where a gentleman lived who desired us to stop and gave the whole Regiment what cider and apples they would eat and drink. After this agreeable refreshment, marched on to Marlbotown, and put up, having come 16 miles.

Sun. 8. Set out and marched on to Rochester and put up, being 14 miles. Here the people were so kind as to ask us for lodging on the floor.

Mon. 9. Set out and marched to and put up, being 14 miles.

Tues. 10. This day we marched singly, and every one got along as well as we could, it being thro' the woods. Marched to the Minisinks and put up, being 25 m.

Wed. 11. Still marched on in the Minisinks to an inn and put up, being 10 m.

Thur. 12. This day we marched to a place called Head Quarters, and put up, being 13 miles.

Wed. 18. Kept our station.

Thur. 19. Set out and marched to Noek amixon and put up, being 16 m.

Fri. 20. It being a very stormy day, we marched to an inn and put up, being 4 m.

Sat. 21. This day set out and marched to the next inn and put up, being 4 m.

Sun. 22. Set out and marched to Newtown and put up, being 15 m.

Mon. 23. Kept our station at one Mr. Cary's.

Tues. 24. Still kept our station.

Wed. 25. Set out with three days' provision and marched into Newtown, where are three Regiments, namely, Col's Stark's, Poor's and Patterson's. Then we set out, just night, and marched to Slack's Ferry in the night, and crossed with the whole of Gen. Sullivan's army and marched on to Traintown [Trenton], where the Hessians had possession, where we had a small matter of a battle. But it was not long before the enemy gave up, and we made prisoners of the whole that were not killed on the spot. They are not yet numbered, but it is supposed there are about 1500 in the whole, and we brought them back to Newtown, where we arrived on Thursday after dark. On Wednesday night it began to snow and rain, and continued to rain and snow until Thursday night, and being extreme cold two or three perished—one of them was one of our prisoners. Then I returned to my old quarters at Mr. Cary's—it being 32 m.

Sun. 29. Stayed at Mr. Cary's until this morning, when orders came to us to be ready at Head Quarters at 1 o'clock for to go on some expedition; accordingly, went to Newtown, tarried there until just night, then marched on to Brown's Ferry and put up, being 9 m.

Mon. 30. Set out, marched down to Howell's Ferry and crossed and marched on to Trenton and put up, being 9 m.

Tues. 31. Kept our station at Trenton. [1777.] Wed. Jan. 1. This day we being all paraded, Gen. Sullivan came and desired us [New Englanders] to tarry six weeks longer, to which they agreed, the great part of them.

Thur. 2. This day we had orders to march, about 10 o'clock, news came that the enemy were coming, we were drawn out of town, on the east side of the town; one battalion went up and attacked them and retreated back to the main body; the enemy pursued to the edge of the town, where our men were placed with two or three field pieces, and they fired upon them and killed them in great numbers; then they retreated. Our men kept their ground all day; we kept a guard until 1 o'clock. Then we marched off, undisturbed by the enemy, who camped that night within 50 rods of us. We marched all night, and sun an hour high we arrived at Princeton, which was 12 miles. There we were attacked by about 1500 Regulars and a company of Light Horse, and we killed about 200 on the spot, wounded a number more, and made prisoners of upwards of 300, and the rest of them fled into the woods—with very little loss on our side. We took four field pieces, and considerable baggage, and then marched on to Millstone and camped, having come that night and day 24 m.

Sat. 4. Set out and marched on to Pluckemin, and camped on the south side of the town, being 8 m.

Sun. 5. Kept our station until about 10 o'clock in the evening, then orders came for us to march on 3 miles and keep a guard at one Bulyn's.

Mon. 6. Set out and joined Gen. Washington's army and marched to Morristown; marched about 2 miles out of town and put up, having come 12 m.

Tues. 7. Kept our station until Friday; then I moved to one Mr. Fairchild's, and put up, about 5 m from Morristown.

Sat. 11. Kept our station at Mr. Fairchild's until Feb. the 10, which was the last day of our service, and being detained for our money we still kept our station until the 16 day of said month, being courteously treated by the whole family.

Sun. 16. Set out from Mr. Fairchild's on my way home; marched to Pumpkin and put up, being 30 m.

Wed. 17. Set out from Pumpkin and marched to Harveystown Precincts and put up being 31 miles.

[The remainder of the Journal records his reaching Littlefield, 82 miles, Feb. 22; March 14, set out from Littlefield, reached Newbury, 222 miles, March 22.]

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

**From Harrisburg,**  
HARRISBURG, 5 Jan. 1857.

How thoughtful and suggestive is the transition from the Old year to the New, and how awkward it seems to write '57—so great is the force of habit, and the aversion to change, even in this land and age of hurry and impulse!

The Capital has improved somewhat since I was here last winter, considerable progress having been made in building in various parts of the town, and more contemplated next season. And this last is well, for the place is old foggy and shabby enough in some things. It is one of the most magnificent manufacturing centers in the United States, and could just as well have a population of fifty thousand as

fifteen—and would have, in a reasonable time, if the property holders had any sagacity and liberality, themselves, or would let down the bars enough to let men of enterprise get a decent foothold, instead of driving them off by their stupid rapacity, which tends to defeat its own objects.

In consequence of this blind restrictive policy, which will not part with vacant lots, or old tenements, except for fabulous prices, many new-comers are driven away, and the business energies of the place are sadly cramped, in many ways. The mechanics and artisans, who have been the creators of most of the prosperity of the borough of late years, find the cost of living here, exorbitant, and the accommodations for themselves and their families, generally of an inferior character; and there is sometimes positive suffering amongst those who deserve better things, especially when there are fluctuations in business at inclement seasons of the year.

The cold is intense; the price of coal has suddenly gone up 30 per cent; and if the winter continues hard, there will be more distress among people of narrow means than most people suspect. Thousands of dollars are expended here every month, by societies and individuals for the relief of the "poor," and that class will be doubly cared for. But there are those who scorn to beg, or become public beneficiaries, and who would gladly work, if they could but find employment; but when it cannot be had, meet the pinching winter, with gloomy countenances and agonized hearts. How many who are well to do in the world, could become "ministering angels," in the best meaning of that term, by a little thoughtful observance of their neighbors, and gentle inquiry into their affairs, with the timely and delicate relief, that would spare the becoming pride of American citizens, and yet sustain and cheer-struggling worth.

They are building a new railroad depot—one of the finest in the United States, and it certainly has long been needed. It will be alike a public ornament and a much needed public convenience.

The high iron paling has been completed in front of the Capitol grounds, and also along the north side. The old wall and fence between the Capitol and the Arsenal has also been removed, a new and permanent board walk laid down, and trees planted, and paths and carriage ways graded and rolled—thanks to the taste and good judgment of Superintendent MULLIN; who, by the way, I am sorry to find in bad health, but hope to see him recruit under the genial excitement of the coming session.

Members are flocking in; and there also seems to be a fair sprinkling of lobby members and office seekers, as usual. What with the close balance of parties, between the Senate and the House; the apportionment bill; the rush for banks; the election of U. S. Senator (what a stupid blunder it was, not to have elected Gen. Cameron, two years ago), and other minor matters that will be usual, be on foot, the session bids fair to be one of the most exciting and important that has been held for many years.

Should I remain here, I may write you again. I.

**Don't Worry.**  
When Blustroff Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governeth the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me; but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but turning about soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

**Col. Benton and the Yankees.**  
The New England Society of New York held their anniversary meeting on Monday evening. Hon. Thomas H. Benton made a speech on the occasion. He had just completed a tour through New England, and he spoke most flatteringly of her people and her institutions. He claimed a patriotism for New England second to no other part of the Union. He also spoke very highly of her operatives, who are, by some ignorant partisans, frequently represented as being in a very bad condition. Mr. Benton says he found them highly intelligent and refined, and that in their style of living they are "situated as well as members of Congress at Washington City." It is very true, that New England with all her natural bleakness, has been made by the ingenuity, frugality and general virtues of her people, a jewel to our country.

## THE FLYING COBBLER.

Thirty years ago, Felix Toole was as decent and inflexible a manufacturer of leather, as you'd meet from here to Dublin; and it was universally considered, that he could turn out a pair of dancing pumps better than Mistorher Donoley, the great ladies' shoemaker, in George's street, Cork. But that was only natural and congenial to the boy; for the devil a young fellow in the barony knew how to handle them aqual to himself upon the flure.

It's he that was the bouchal antirely at a threbbel hornpipe. Whoo! it would do your heart good, to see him thrushing it to the tune of "Some say the devil's dead," upon Paunden Roe's bagpipes. Sorra take the girl would go to a fair or pattern, if she hadn't a pair of Felix Toole's pumps on her feet, and Felix himself, for her partner in a jig. How's ever, though he was an airy and confiscated fellow in regard of the girls, and dancing, and fighting, and playing, and other vanyal transgressions, to which youth has a na'ral propinquity, I must say, in justice to the boy, that he had mighty fine taste for gintel eddycation and the humane sciences; and, in order to improve himself in those polite and periphrastic accomplishments, he was in the habit of attending regular at my siminary for young ladies and gentlemen, over peyant at the pike. Well, one day, as we were promiscuously looking into the mythology (which, your honor, is the Pandemonium for all the haytten gods and goddesses), what should we stubble upon but that marvellous, ould history of Daedalus, who manufactured wings for himself, and flew about like a wild duck, till he tumbled into the say. An idea struck Felix at that moment, that he could make a pair of wings with almost as little trouble as he could make a pair of pumps. When he mentioned to him the fugacious notion that had entered his head, I tried all that I could to persuade him against it. I argued the point with him synthetically, parenthetically, and by the rule of inlections. I showed him out of Virgil and Pastorini, that his scheme was contrary to the laws of mathematical transgression and cubic sections. "Moreover," I added, by way of a clincher, "suppose you do succeed, what is to become of your trade, if people lave off walking, and take to flying?"

"Naboklish!" says he, "I've thought of that—and if flying should injure the shoe trade, I can take to wing-making, which, you must admit, is a far more elevated line of business."

Well, sir, I saw there was no use trying to convince him, so I said no more; and home he went, pondering and pausing at every step, and turning over his perjurction in his mind. It's little he slept, either, that night—or if he did chance to drop into an accidental slumber, it was only to dream of flying with a flock of wild geese over to Norway or Illyria, or some other such outlandish islands.

From that time out, Felix became an altered man. He neglected his business, and never entered the doors of a dancing-house; but shutting himself up with his awls and bristles in a back garret, he set to work to manufacturing a pair of wings for himself, on the plan of the ancient ould Grecian.

Weeks and months passed away, but still there was no signs of Felix Toole's wings; until at last, the neighbors began to shake their heads whenever his name was mentioned, and a whisper went about that all wasn't right with the poor man's wits.

Sometimes he was seen by the neighbors stealing out in the dark of the evening, and sitting on a big stone in the squire's rookery to watch the rooks coming home; and his only diversion was, in continually flying an ould goose from the garret window, till at last he broke the poor bird's heart, and it died the most disconsolate ould being ever beheld. His money soon began to run mighty short, for he spent it all in glue, and silk, and whalebone, and other combustibles; not to spake of the beautiful calfskin he cut up, and the heups of lovely feathers that he neighbors sent him as presents.

At long last, he surprised me by walking one morning into my seminary, looking so wild and meta-physical, that he seemed for all the world like a ghost who walked out of his grave to sneeze.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Dannelly," says he; "Maybe you'd oblige me by inditing a bit of a notice for me?"

"In respectation to what incident, Felix?"

"In regard to my wings," he answered, "I wish to have a bit of a notice stuck upon the chapel door, intimating that I have completed my job, and that I intend to fly myself from the top of the ould tower, at Ballybricken on the next Michaelmas day."

"Is it taken lave of your seven senses, ye are?" says I.

"Divil a bit of me manes to do the like, Mr. Dannelly. I've succeeded with the wings; they're all complete now, and ready for flying this minnit."

"Bother, Felix!"

"Aisy a bit, till ye see my invention," says he, "I'm certain I could fly to the moon if I liked; and after this

thral, who knows but I may have the luck of flying in the face of the King and Queen, the Pope o' Rome, and other great Plinyipotintaries?"

"Seeing that he was determined to have his way, I sat down and composed, under his direction, a public promulgation, which as I remember, I'll rehearse for you:

**"NOTICE!**  
"To the Literary and Illustrious Residents of the Parishes of Ballybricken and Poulisnucoberry, and likewise the Huriers of Mashcourigan, barring the Dooley fraction, with whom we don't wish to make no acedie."

"There will be an undaunted exhibition of gymnastics (which being a dictionary word means flying) of the ould tower at the foot of the hill, near the celebrated village of Ballybricken, entirely composed, constructed, and put out of hands, in a workmanlike manner, by Felix Toole, in the aforesaid village of hamlet, cordwainer, and perpetrator of boots and shoes on the most elegant and permanent principles.

"And it is further resolved and determined, sem-con, by the said Felix Toole, his heirs and administrators, and executors, that, in order to make his paramount abilities worthy of his numerous and famous beholders, he will, with a pair of wings, lately invented by himself, take a perpendicular flight across the country as far as Kinshela's dance-heap. And this is to give Jim warning to put his coxks and hens out of the way, lest I might do some damage among the poultry."

"N. B.—Felix Toole, who is my uncle's first cousin by my father's side, will be present, and also Peter Brady, the Blind Fiddler, to push up a dance among the boys and girls."

"P. S.—I don't intend charging anything, but whatever may be agreeable to the company."

"Witness our Hands and Seals,  
"This 24th day of Dec., 18—,  
his  
**FELIX X. TOOLE,**  
mark."

"Witness present—  
"Cornelius Dannelly, Philomath,  
"The flying will happen on next Michaelmas day (God willing) at 12 o'clock, precisely, by Mr. Dannelly's real silver watch."

This notice was posted up on the chapel-door, on the following Sunday morning, and threw all the parish into an amazing constipation. Some said it was a populous delusion; and more insisted that the ould boy himself had a hand in it. Any way, Michaelmas-day came on, and such a powerful concatenation of men, women and children, from all parts, I never did see.—There wasn't a ditch nor a tree all around the ould tower that wasn't black with people, like a swarm of young bees on a hive.

Felix had come over to my siminary airily in the morning, with all his flying predicaments ready; and it was agreed between us that we were to walk up together to the tower at the appointed time. How's ever, by some cross accident, my silver watch took a stagnation that morning, & wouldn't go for no manner of shaking or persuasion; so that, by mistaking the time, it was nigh to one o'clock before we reached the flying-ground; and lucky enough it was that we came up at the indenticity of the moment, for the people were beginning to get tired, and the two factions of the Kellys and the Kinshelas were going to get up a taste of a fight to divart themselves till the flying should begin.—

But when Felix showed himself on the top battlement of the tower, opening and shutting a pair of great black wings he had fastened to his shoulder, the ruction was quelled in a minnet, and every face was turned up to gaze at him. I thought myself, that the tower never seemed such a murderin height as when I looked at the poor bouchal standing upon the tip-top stone as unconcerned as an ould corn-moran on a rock, flapping his wings for a flight. At last, by his motions, we saw he was preparing to be off in earnest; the men held their breath hard, and the women, poor, tender-hearted souls, began to thrimble and to cry, and then—all of a sudden—he made a jump off the battlement, and went with his wings spread out, sailing away most illigant. A wild shout of delight riz up from the people; but before it had ceased, the glory of poor Felix was done. After two or three flutters, his wings fell by his sides—he heels went up—and down he came tumbling like a wild goose with a shot-gel, plump to the ground! Everybody thought it was all over with him; but when we ran to pick him up, we found him lying on his back—not kilt all out—moaning and groaning most pitifully. Well, we took him up as tudderly as we could, and laying him on a neighbor's door-carried him home, and laid him on his bed. When the doctor came, he found that both his legs were smashed. Not a word or a groan passed the poor boy's lips. After he came to his senses, he lay with his eyes wide open for near an hour; and then while the doctor was setting one of the broken bones, he tried to raise himself up in the bed, and with the fire dancing in his eyes, says he, "Doctor, jewel, how long will it be before I'm cured again?"

"Really," says the doctor, "I can't possibly take upon me to predicate precisely. It is a bad case, and I don't apprehend that you can be perfectly recovered before three months."

"Three months! Oh, tare and agers! what am I to do? Three months—just when I had found it out."

"Found what out, Felix avourneen?" said his mother, who was sitting by his bedside.

"The cause of my falling to-day, mother. The wings were right, but I forgot one thing."

"And what was that, Felix?"

"The tail, mother—if I hadn't forgot my tail, I could have flown to Ameriky and back again."

Felix, after his recovery, constructed wings and tails on various principles, but was unable to bring any of them to full perfection. His repeated disappointments, did not, however, deter him from his object. His mind became absorbed in the single idea of perfecting his embryo invention. He grew moody and abstracted—neglected his trade, and wandered from house to house without any settled object—in short he became a confirmed monomiac, whom the simple inhabitants of the village regarded with pity; and still, when they want to describe a theoretical enthusiast, they say, "he is as mad as Felix Toole, the Flying Cobbler."

**The Year 1856**  
Has not been as fruitful of wars, sieges, victories, defeats, and revolutions, as many previous years that may glitter more gaily along the pages of history; but it will ever be memorable for its many striking instances of peaceful progress—for its unmistakable indication of heightening and advancing civilization in the Old World. The Peace Conference at Paris not only closed a European war—it formally inaugurated the grand peaceful and enlightened principle of immunity for neutral property on the seas, and the abolition of privateering, as part of the law of nations. This principle leads directly and speedily to the exemption of private property, everywhere by land and sea, from the destructive force of war. And this will be a long reach towards the day when the "nations shall beat their swords into pruning-hooks." In Turkey, the Sultan has not only equalized the rights of Christians with his other subjects, but publicly associated himself with the festivities of Christians. Some of the Barbary powers have made movements toward the abolition of slavery. Railroads have been projected and begun in Spain, Italy, and South America. The Czar Alexander has initiated a system of wholesale encouragement for all the arts of peace in Russia. Mexico, under the wise and liberal Presidency of Comoufort, has begun to be relieved from the exhausting incubus of Church land monopoly. England and Australia have been connected by a regular steamship communication. The English ministry has favored the introduction of life peerage, a sure bodement of the coming annihilation of hereditary nobility and aristocracy in Great Britain. A Parliament has been opened at Cape Town, in South Africa, and a free trade Congress has been held at Brussels. Facts like these occurred all over the world in the year 1856, with unexampled profusion. The future historian, like Hallam or Bancroft, who loves to dwell upon the glories of advancing civilization and Christianity, will linger with delight upon the quiet but general benignities and industries of this year.

One of the most remarkable and memorable distinctions of this year is the strenuous, enthusiastic, and victorious organization of Free Soil Republicanism to a great national party. This event has turning point in our country's history. It is destined to break up old parties, raise American politics and statesmanship to a loftier level, correct the aberrations of a generation now passing away, and reconsecrate the American Union to its original purposes of general justice, welfare, and liberty.—*Philad. Times.*

**Zachary Taylor.**  
Theodore Parker, preached a sermon on Thanksgiving Day in Boston. In the course of it he paid the following high compliment to the memory of General Taylor:

"Since 1828, the South has been the master, and has made all the Presidents, and held the executive power of the Nation. Within that time, there has been but one President—Zachary Taylor—who had not been a faithful tool to the Slave Power. He was a slaveholder, and his nomination was not fit to be made or confirmed, but he disappointed the hopes of all, and his brief administration was the only green spot in the sad history of political aggression."

Taylor was a good and brave man. He had the intention to do what was right, and he had the invincible courage necessary to carry out his intention. He had not, like Caleb Cushing, learning enough to defend evil actions, nor had he worldly wisdom enough to dodge, shuffle and cring—and always keep on the winning side. Had he lived, the people would have had ample reason to thank God that he had not learning sufficient to make him despotic, nor political knowledge enough to make him ambitious, crafty, undermining, intriguing, corrupt and mendacious.

**How THEY VOTED.**—The New York Tribune says:

"Every single vote at and about the Jesuit College at Fordham, from the chief priest to the boot black, was dragged out and polled for Buchanan and Slavery."

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, is compared to one who would amputate a leg to save his toes from corns.

The Mississippi river flows from the mountains on Sunday night!

**The Every Day Life of '76.**

Mons Chamberlain's Journal—continued.  
Thur. Oct. 10. This day the Regulars [British] fleet came up and surrounded our fleet by running up the contrary side of an island and engaged them; they engaged for some hours; at length, our men sunk two of their schooners, and ran through them and came to an anchor above them.

Lay all night; in the morning, they perceived their fleet increased, and our men thought best to retreat, which they did for two days, and left their fleet.

Sun.