

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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The Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love and rest and comfort call!
When weary with the toils of day,
And strive for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where living lips will hush our name
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light at home! he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care—
Around the light at home!

The light at home! when'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast,
That beats upon his manly form;
Long years upon the sea have led
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which she then shed
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough tasks of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its heaven impart—
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home!

THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1857.

From Philadelphia.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

PHILAD., APR. 10, 1857.

DEAR CHRONICLE: A general grief pervaded the city to-day, owing to the sudden demise of Hon. Chas. B. Penrose, who was buried this morning; a man universally known, and now that he has gone, universally mourned. Mr. Penrose was not what might be termed a popular man; he was too fearless and energetic to be so—but I mean politically—but all who knew his manly, outspoken course, and his sterling principles, could not but admire the man. I knew him well—was formerly a fellow member of the same church, where he was an upright, working and consistent member, and where his absence will be felt most, outside of his family circle. How we pass away—the great and the humble! The brown pilot coat and glazed cap of the gallant little Kane have passed over for ever from our streets, and the noble man who wore them, it seems to us but yesterday, lives but in memory, and the hearts of those who knew him; and now the stately form, and venerable presence of the deceased Senator, is hid for ever from the sight of man. We can hardly realize that those we have known so long, should so soon pass from our midst.

But these visitations bear no permanent lessons to the majority of men.

Two or three days ago, not sixty feet from my door, two men fell through the roof of an ice-vault belonging to the Butler property, just now being taken down, and in an hour one was taken from the ruins, a shapeless corpse; I stopped across to ask some of their fellow laborers, who were pursuing their work unconcernedly, about the accident. One "believed that some one had fallen through the roof," and another one, on the same lot, "knew that some fool would get hurt there," but not one seemed to care; so familiar do men become with violence and death, they seem to know when to look for them, and they are passed over with an indifference painful to think of. The great scramble for wealth, and the uncontrollable fever for pushing things which distinguishes this country—par excellence—fairly absorb all the milk of human kindness we inherit, and become the household deity worshipped with more than Mohammedan devotion and constancy.

We have but one other trait that will compare with this—our extravagance! In our dress, and in our houses, and still worse—in our business—this is a distinguishing feature, and one that ruins thousands daily. An instance will suffice: On the Butler estate, mentioned above, a building is under contract, with only a forty feet front, which is already leased to L. I. Levy & Co., for a yearly rent of Twelve Thousand Dollars and the taxes; and yet a single sale to a private customer will at times pay the expenses of the establishment for the day.

If this madness could only be confined to those who have money to invest in it, the objection would be less; but unfortunately the disease is contagious, and many a man is drawn into the fatal vortex, where he loses character and credit, and suffers irretrievable ruin, who, under a better system would have reached, with half the efforts it required to blast his peace and his hopes, the very highest point in prosperity.

But I must close my letter, as my strength is wasted—reduced by protracted illness—and I have wandered from what I started to write.

Yours, S. H. F.

"Now is the Time for Action!" "Let the South strike a Final and Decisive Blow!" Such are the terms in which, through the Slave holding States, the Kansas war is urged. They hope and expect—under Buchanan and Walker—to make Kansas a Slave State, as sure as the stars rise.

Village Improvements—Millburg Post Office—why not give Women more opportunities for suitable Employment?

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

NEAR MILLBURG, APR. 11.

The first of April, with all its changes and its follies, has come and gone again. Many removals have taken place, both in town and country, notwithstanding "Poor Richard's" proverb that "three removes are as bad as a fire." Considerable cash changed hands, settling up many accounts; and considerable promised—failed.

In the town, another Church is expected to be put up, which will be comfortable as well as modern in structure. May it tend also to a revival of pure and undefiled religion in our vicinity, among both the young and the old—a blessing which is surely much needed among us generally.

This outlay will probably prevent for the present season the renovation of the old "Franklin" school house—where (if we are to receive as gospel their own confession weekly made thro' their own organ) so many of our great men graduated! But although we have many Rip VanWinkles among us, yet notwithstanding we have also enterprising young men, who will in due time make Millburg the Auburn of Buffalo Valley.

"Sweet Auburn! levelled village of the plain"

My brief allusion to the Post Office, in my first letter, appears to have wounded some one, who flutters in the expiring issue of the "Air" by "Millburg." I have not the paper by me, but the article—omitting its useless, pointless, abusive personalities—summed up, reads substantially thus:

No doubt, if Fremont had been elected President, he would have given the Post Office at Millburg to some lady; but as Buchanan is elected, we must have a hard working, active, Democratic voter in that office.

Not a word can be said against the competency of the lady proposed, the widow of a through-going Democrat. Nor can it be denied that it would be pleasant to all concerned, and especially to women and children, to deal with a kind and intelligent and sympathizing lady. Nor yet can it be denied that there are too few means of profitable employment open to females, especially in our older towns where they comprise a majority of the population.

I know not who "we" have agreed upon to have the Post Office, and so have not a word or wish against him; but as it is a small office, unworthy the attention of a man of even average business ability, I should hardly think any gentleman would snatch from a lady what would to her be a means of honorable subsistence.

No doubt the young, ebullient Fremont would confer such an office on a lady—it is like his noble nature: I thank you for a just compliment! And you say a certain frozen hearted, soul withered Bachelor is incapable of such a deed, and will have a rigid partizan only, like himself! This is another compliment to Mr. Buchanan—and if people generally recognize it as a faithful picture of those gentlemen and of their respective parties, so be it!

For one, I should be content to have a majority of those who deal at our Post Office, select its conductor, on the principle of public accommodation. We have had a "through-going Democrat" for the last four years, and Heaven knows we of all parties are sick of that qualification. It's no wonder, if Millburg Post Office is a sample of "through-going Democracy," no wonder I say that the Department falls in debt millions of dollars every year. It is time the good of the people was taken into account, and not simply the petty interests of a party.

QUILL PENN.

Under the Aurora Borealis!

The celebrated American traveler, BAYARD TAYLOR, spent the last winter in the extreme Northern part of Europe, whence he wrote letters to the N. E. Tribune, on the 2d of Jan. last, at a town in Swedish Tornea, at the head of the Bathinian Gulf, (within a day's journey of the Arctic Circle,) Taylor's party was treated to a most singular and beautiful exhibition of the Aurora Borealis, or "Northern Lights," which he thus describes:

"It was dark when we reached Erinsnes, whence we had twelve miles to Old Lulea, with tired horses, heavy roads, and a lazy driver. I lay down again, dozed as usual, and tried to forget my torments. So passed three hours, the night had long set in, with a clear sky, 13° below zero, and a sharp wind blowing. All at once an exclamation from Braisted aroused me. I opened my eyes, as I lay in my lap, looked upward, and saw a narrow belt or scarf of silver fire stretching directly across the zenith, with its loose, frayed ends slowly swaying to and fro down the slopes of the sky. Presently it began to waver, bending back and forth, sometimes slowly, sometimes with a quick, springing motion, as if testing its elasticity. Now it took the shape of a bow, now undulated into Hogarth's line of beauty, brightening and fading in its sinuous motion, and finally forming a shepherd's crook, the end of which suddenly began to separate and fall off, as if driven by a strong wind, until the whole belt shot away in long, drifting lines of fiery snow. It then gathered again into a dozen dancing fragments, which alternately advanced and retreated, shot hither and

thither, against and across each other, blazed out in yellow and rosy gleams, or praled again, playing a thousand fantastic pranks, as if guided by some wild whim.

"We lay silent, with upturned faces, watching this wonderful spectacle. Suddenly, the scattered lights ran together, as by a common impulse, joined their bright ends, twisted them through each other, and fell in a broad, luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. This phenomenon was so unexpected and startling, that for a moment I thought our faces would be touched by the skirts of the glorious auroral drapery. It did not follow the spheric curve of the firmament, but hung plumb from the zenith, falling, apparently, millions of leagues through the air, its folds gathered together among the stars and its embroidery of flame sweeping the earth and shedding a pale, unearthly radiance over the wastes of snow. A moment afterward it was again drawn up, parted, waved its flambœux and shot its lances blither and thither, advancing and retreating as before. Anything so strange, so capricious, so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful, I scarcely hope to see again.

"By this time we came upon the broad Lulea River, and were half an hour traversing its frozen surface, still watching the show above us, which gradually became fainter and less active."

Taylor's Travels

The Colosse Gazette states that Bayard Taylor returned to Stockholm from his winter tour in Lapland about the middle of February. The most northern point reached by him and his companion was Kautokino, in Finmark, 69 degrees north latitude. They traveled in Lapland costume, on sleds drawn by reindeer, and were objects of great interest with natives, as Taylor was the first American in those parts.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas—whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the crust—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence its whiteness is gone, it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamp-lighters never pass him without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. One, and only one I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation he once purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile and returned, in appearance, at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horse pond; true, he received a shower-bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat was to "gold refined gold—to paint the lily."

"Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaving against some newly painted window-blinds.

His man Caesar declares that he "can't see do use ob black boot when he nuber stays braked"; and his washerwoman, with a proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill will, but, as she declared, with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I wash Mr. Smith's clothes, what could I tell them?" But there were few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement one morning, I strolled over to Tom's room. I ascended the stairs, and heard his voice, in a very decided tone, say—

"But it must be done, and so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything within the limits of possibility; but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise anything in the world; but I really fear I shall be unable to perform."

"If double price would be any object—"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it—certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it—it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measure passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," exclaimed Tom. "I require your advice upon a very important affair—which of these cravate do you think most becoming?"

And he spread before me some half a dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful, does this mean, Tom? A fancy

ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your most intimate friends will never know you. But you can not support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney-sweep, now—but that would have been too natural. Tell me, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent of mace-scar, "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You doubtless remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

"Now it so happened that all the good advice I had given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?"

"Pray, where are you going this evening," I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? Nowhere in particular. I indeed had some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray. No harm in that, I hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me.

"Your old friend, Mr. Murray. And his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in the visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night?"

"Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know anything about it."

"And so you were there last night, too! Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything. I called last evening to see Murray on some business about the real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a box of ointment. My beard was three days old, collar ditto, and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and somehow or other I forgot all about the real estate."

"And so you were going again to-night—and that is the secret of your new coat?"

"By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are so long, you know. Do you stick to the 'uncle' me? Blue is her favorite—that is, I mean blue."

"Oh, go on, don't stammer—blue is her favorite color, isn't it?"

"The fact is, Frank—take another glass of this wine—the fact is—good wine, is it? Been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a little in love. Try a little of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank? a queer feeling about the heart, something that drives the blood through me like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia—short and chubby, is n't she—with red hair, and a little squint eye?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have often been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you do not stop that nonsense, I will."

"Quite rampant in the defence of your lady love. Well, Tom, I confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will call to learn your success. So good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it? She did not recognize me."

"Not recognize you?"

"No. You know what a quiz Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hand with me, and without giving me a chance to say a word, introduced me to Miss Julia as Mr. Frederick somebody. And would you believe, the little witch did not know me! I think I shall not forget her quite so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clean enough, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said she dressed like a barbarian—just think of that, Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that, yet. Such eyes, and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference in a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes."

The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his oldest boy for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots on.

DYING RICH.

An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in exercise the talents confided to him, making them a blessing to himself, and a source of good to those by whom he is daily surrounded. He furnishes employment to the industrious, which is far better than bestowing alms upon the unemployed. Herein are the legitimate and rational results of active business pursuits and wealth getting—the employment of the gratification of the active powers, and the reward of industry. But the slavish toil of accumulation merely for the sake of possession—the lust of cupidity—the remorseless desire of growing rich solely or principally to die rich, is one of the most foolish and deluding intentions which find lodgment in the heart of man.

What can praise, if praise it be, have to do with the dull, cold ear of death? What can it profit one, when he is lower and more insensible than the sod, to have it sounded above him, "How rich he died?" Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to heirs is, in eight times out of ten, not a blessing, but rather a curse. Its expectations beguiles and spoils the manly powers; its possession leads to misjudgement, to excess, and finally to exhaustion and ruin. Wealth is dangerous to all men, but especially to those who acquire it by ichthyolite, and consequently without having sustained the toil or secured the maturity of character that was necessary for its acquisition. The time will yet come when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual distribution of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby having an eye to the use that is made of it, and a participation in the greatest enjoyment its possession is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration—foolish, especially in this country, where there are neither laws of primogeniture or entail, by which a succession of family millionaires may be kept up—of dying rich, with the certain reflection that the heirs will sooner or later die poor. To see a man who energetic language on this subject: "After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the vexations and disappointments of business, and live meanly and miserably only to die magnificently rich."

For, like the hypochrite, the only disinterested motive these men can possess themselves of in that of serving the devil without receiving his wages; for the assumed morality of the one is not a more effective bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He who stands every day at the ledger till he drops into the grave, may negotiate many profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, indeed, that more than counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has laid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since, as a very old author observes, "mortar sticks between buying and selling." Enterprise and activity in business, and a passion for honest money-getting are good things in the world, and he who uses his talents and capital in this way is a benefactor to his race—but he who does all this for the sake of dying rich, is a—not a wise man in any way.

Eleven Years a Slave.

We mentioned in the last Record, that James Henry, a colored man born in West Chester, had been kidnapped, sold as a slave, and retained in bondage, in Virginia, until he made his escape—a period of 11 years. Since our publication, Henry has called at our office, and detailed a considerable portion of his experience. He is a light complected negro, and his father being a preacher he was taught to read and write. He has a good address, and is fluent of tongue. In 1833, at ten years of age, he entered the U. S. Navy, where he remained eight or ten years, and was discharged as a first class seaman, with a medal for good conduct. After being on shore for some time, he engaged as a seaman on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. The captain of this vessel, having sailed, anchored on the coast of Virginia, took him ashore in a boat, and telling him he would shortly be back, pushed off to the ship, and left him on shore. The Captain did not return, and Henry soon found that he was claimed and treated as a slave; he was knocked down and ironed, and in company with various other negroes was marched to the South and sold. They traveled, during night, from station to station, being in the day time confined in strong slave pens. He everywhere protested his freedom, but it received no attention: no man was found willing to befriend him, and he was doomed to bondage for years and years, until he could find the means of escape! How can this Henry obtain redress upon those who have enslaved him—beat and mangled him—and insulted the majesty of Pennsylvania, which was bound to protect him or avenge his wrongs? How? Can any one answer? Had a slave from the South been claimed as a freeman, the country would have been shaken from the centre to the circumference—as in the Dred Scott case!—But Chesler Record.

AN ANTIQUE JEWEL.—A faire and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all free-physike out of countenance. She knows a faire look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is her self) is faire better than out sides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silke-worms, she is deckt in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and condition; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule; she rises therefore with chauntieare, her dame's cock; at night makes the lamb her courser. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk presse makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromaticke ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden cares of corn fall and kisse her feet when shee respaes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the yeare long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to doo ill, being her mind is to doo well. She bestows her year's wages at next faire; and in choosing her garment, counts no bravery fith' world, like decencies. The garden and bee-hive are all in a physick and chyrurgery, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe fith' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to stay truth, she is never alone; for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pained with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Fridea's dream is all her superstition; that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have stores of flowers steeke upon her winding sheet.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

A Witness from the other Side.

We had a friendly call yesterday from Dr. Leib of Chicago, formerly of this city, who is on his return from Washington, where he had been to see the powers that be. The Doctor was a strong Buchanan man, and stamped Illinois for him during the last campaign. He also published a German paper, which had a wide circulation and great influence, and was probably the cause of giving that State to Mr. Buchanan. He says that in his paper, and on the stump, he pledged himself and the Democracy, that Mr. Buchanan would make Kansas a Free State, and give the North her full rights. Such was his own belief. But he finds that he was deceived. He says that the appointment of Walker, his Secretary, and those ultra pro-slavery border ruffians in that territory, to offices, has settled the matter, and that Kansas is doomed to be a Slave State; for these men will go all lengths to accomplish that purpose, and the Administration have clothed them with full power to carry out the object. The Doctor was in Kansas when the troubles in that territory commenced, and is well acquainted with the condition of things there. He knew Mr. Buchanan and was strong in the belief that he entertained the same opinion of hostility to the extension of slavery, that he had avowed some years ago; but he finds himself most grievously mistaken; and he prophesies that the course of the new Administration on this subject will utterly annihilate the Democratic party, (so called), in the North, which was so terribly shattered at the elections last year.—Lancaster Times.

A Wife's Power.

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. None must be the seat of happiness, or it must be unknown for ever. A good wife is, to a man, wisdom and courage, strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless, where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He needs his moral in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be a place of repose, cheerfulness, peace, comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the troubles and labor of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullessness or gloom, or is assailed with discontent or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

Fremont at Home.

Some persons have expressed much surprise at the small vote for Fremont in California. But it should be borne in mind that not one in a thousand of its present voters know him; that a large portion of the population emigrated from the South; that only two years ago an attempt was made, and partially accomplished, to divide the State, and establish Slavery in the Southern portion; that Col. Fremont lost his re-election to the U. S. Senate because he had openly exerted his influence in behalf of a Free State Constitution; and that at the time of the nomination of Col. Fremont, in June last, there was no Republican Party, and not even a Newspaper of any kind to advocate the principle, in the State. From the time of his nomination, until the first of November, no less than sixteen Republican Newspapers were either established, or voluntarily espoused the cause of Republicanism. All that was done for Fremont, in California, was done in the short space of about three months; and we think the Republicans there have done nobly, and deserve praise for the vast amount of labor performed. But *State* *Class*, Fremont's whole Rep. County Ticket, but gave Fremont a larger majority than was received by any of the County candidates. We have before us the *San Jose Telegraph* of November 11, and from it make the following extract:

"We refer the reader to the election returns of *Santa Clara* county. Here, at least, the Republicans did their whole duty, and achieved a complete triumph. They elected, not only the Senator, and both Members of the Assembly, but gave to the illustrious Pathfinder a much larger vote than that received by any of the county candidates. Here, Fremont lived—here he is known, and here his character and services are appreciated. Here are more Schools and Colleges than in any other part of the State. She has a more intelligent, a more industrious and virtuous population than can be found in any other county on the Pacific shore. Here, Republicanism found a rich field prepared for the sower—we harrowed in the seed, and have seen the harvest ripen."

According to Judge Tanev's decision in the Dred Scott case, naturalized foreigners, and the descendants of foreigners naturalized since the formation of the Constitution, are not citizens, and have not the rights of citizens, of the United States. That aged judicial functionary says: "Every person, and every class and description of persons at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, regarded as citizens of the several States, became citizens of this new political body, and none other. It was framed for them, and their posterity, and for nobody else." As the naturalization laws were not passed until after the adoption of the Constitution, this doctrine would, if followed out, disfranchise not only all naturalized foreigners, but their native born posterity. This is infinitely harder than Know Nothingism. Yet it has the sanction of the Democratic party.

THAT EXPLAINS IT—Erastus Brooks, the late American candidate for Governor of New York, is something of a wag and philosopher, as well as politician. He took his defeat with philosophic resignation. In conversation with a gentleman, since his defeat, he said that he never expected to be elected.

"Governor," said the gentleman, with considerable surprise, "if you didn't expect to be elected, why did you fight so hard?"

"I was like the man attacked by robbers," said Dr. Noble; "he resisted the attacks of the dogs with desperation, but was finally overcome, and the robbers proceeded to rife his pockets, when, to their surprise and mortification, two cents and a piece of sausage was all that was found upon his person. The robbers were incensed at their ill luck, and one of them said to their victim, 'If that is all you possess, what in thunder did you fight for?'"

"Because," said the man, "I didn't want to let you know how poor I was!"

This is an excellent explanation of the desperate fight the Fillmore men made.

COURT AND CONSTITUTION.—Judge Tanev requested the American people to believe that the framers of the Constitution did not know their own minds. For the same statement who draw up the Constitution, (which he says forbids Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories) adopted the Ordinance of '87, which prohibited it in all the Territories we then had! The Ordinance was passed in July, 1787—the Constitution was framed in September, the same year. The same States, and same men, ratified both. And one of the first acts of Congress, under the Constitution, was to reaffirm the Ordinance, and to again prohibit Slavery! Which are the best interpreters of the Constitution, the opinions of Chief Justice Tanev, or the acts of Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Monroe, Adams and Washington? They created the Constitution, and the Constitution created Chief Justice Tanev—the clay which now affects to despise the skill of the potter!—*Liberty Era Journal*.

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