

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843...WHOLE NO. 693.

AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Cemetery.

Deep 'mid these dim and silent shades
The slumbering dead shall lie,
Traquill, as Summer evening fades
Along the western sky.
The whispering winds shall linger here
To lull their deep repose;
Like music on the dewy air,
Like nightfall on the rose.
Light through the twining boughs shall shed
Its calm and cheerful ray;
And Hope springs from the dying bed
And points to perfect day.
Around each funeral urn shall cling
The fairest, freshest flowers;
Emblem of earth's eternal spring,
And brighter lands than ours.
Gathered from thousand homes, the dust
In soft repose shall lie,
Like garnered seed in holy trust
For immortality.
Room for the household!—till the morn
Its glories shall restore;
And on the silent sleepers dawn
The hours that fade no more.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JULY 20, 1857.

Misnomers—Newspapers.

Confusion is often caused by the want of definiteness or appropriateness in the headings of public journals, and there is great nonsense in the grand and spreading names which some assume. One of the smallest English sheets we recollect, was printed in a hamlet-like town, not upon any great thoroughfare, and had the sounding sobriquet of *American Intelligencer*! It advocated some forty or fifty important "causes," and did very "premaritely" if its existence was beneficial to any of them. The *Battle-Axe of Freedom*, and the *National Monitor*, are similar specimens of excessive names, and have by insignificant sheets in out-of-the-way places.

The Standard, *The Whig*, *The Gazette*, *The Democrat*, are titles we often see used by the nearest country journals—ridiculous, for no one can tell by their title what Town or State they had from, or what party they advocate. The *National Intelligencer*, at our great Capital on the contrary, has a right to assume the name it honors; long established, and circulating among the best informed men in this and in other nations, it gives also a fair current epitome of the world's history. The *Times of London* can also justly say,

"No person can misunderstand our powers,
But the whole business revolves to ours."
For wherever the English language is spoken, *The Times* is read. *The New York Tribune*, *The Philadelphia Times*, *The Baltimore American*, &c., with powerful claims to more comprehensive designations, are content to be known by their initials, and not by names. *The Weekly Tribune*, *The Record of the Times*, *The National Advertiser*, and other papers we might mention, although excellent journals, are after all local in news matter, in circulation, and in influence, and with such examples as we have mentioned might be less exclusive on first acquaintance. In truth, 999 out of every 1000 news journals issued would advance both their utility and their credit, by using such headings as would express their location, or character, or both—that, and nothing more.—Papers at a National or State Capital, are indeed excusable in claiming a National or State name—as *The Globe*, or *The Union*, at Washington; *The Keystone*, at Harrisburg; so also those at County sites may properly take a county name; but farther assumptions are generally laughable, and sometimes deceptive. On the other hand, long established papers, like *The Evening Gazette*, *The Millionaire*, (the "weekly" is a sham), *The Danville Intelligencer*, &c. &c., have titles which fairly announce their objects and homes at a glance, and get along quite as well as though they reported about being a *World's Illuminator*, a *People's Benefactor*, or the *Organ of all Creation*.

We are led to refer to this want of taste, or judgment, or honesty, or reflection—one, or all—by the receipt of No. 1, of *The Independent Press*, issued at Lewistown, Pa., in place of *The Aurora*. We have in our office the heading of *The Independent Press*, printed at Lewisburg a few years ago—and there is *The Independent Press* now issued at Williamsport, Pa. Here, then, are two papers but a few miles apart, bearing the name of a defunct paper in their neighborhood—a name not very appropriate, either, for one is a decided party sheet, and the other much more neutral than Independent. Of course, confusion must result from this duplication. We must prefix "Lewistown" or "Williamsport" to every allusion to either "Press," whereas, *Williamsport Press*, or *Lewistown Independent*—or the name of their town prefixed to their present sufficiently long non-descriptive—would sound equally well and be much more explicit.—It would be rare if ever that towns of the same name would hit upon the same title for a journal. *The Lewisburg (Union Co. Pa.) Chronicle* was issued first and it was not until the *Lewisburg (Greenebrier Co. Va.) Chronicle* came to us, that the latter found they had unwittingly "stitched from us our good name," and that is the only instance within our knowledge when an appropriate newspaper heading has resulted in having two alike.

"Political Preaching."

One of the greatest afflictions of the pious souls who administer Democracy through the quill, is, that preachers of the Gospel will sometimes dare—in the pulpit!—on the Sabbath! with the Bible before them—to denounce Slavery and Polygamy, after the "Democracy" have shielded those "institutions" under the ample cloak of "popular sovereignty!" If they would only talk about Oppression in *Ireland*, or Concubinage in *Turkey*, they could bear it and we would those sins, *clavibus*; but to denounce the same things in Democratic America—right here at home—is an outrage!
True Christians should lament whenever an accredited teacher of the Gospel, of any sect, dishonors his calling, and proves faithless to his trust, for his downfall is a disgrace to the Cause which should be held sacred above all denominational or partisan views. But the above alluded to Democrats really

seem to gloat with exultation over the defection of any of the thousands of clergymen who stood up to denounce Slavery; they magnify the number, and "keep fresh before the people," all such men as a proof of the "consequences" of "political preaching." But they never mention the crimes and heresies, who are unanimously on the side of Slavery and Polygamy; nor do they condemn any of the many hundreds of Southern preachers who preach for Slavery and disunion, nor the few Northern Ministers who do the same and get Offices to pay for their "political preaching!"

It is frequently boasted, by the Democracy, that the Episcopalian ministers never meddle with politics, and are "conservative" in their "holy calling." Now it is true the Episcopalian are generally neutral in this contest, or rather take sides with Power in favor of Slavery; yet there are, in 1857, in favor of the King; yet there are in 1857 sound Republicans (like Dudley A. Tyng) among them, as there were Whigs in 1777. But their being "dumb dogs," seems not to preserve them. "Frozen together in union" as they are, does not keep them from putrefaction. In one paper before us, are the names of SIX P. E. ministers deposed by their respective Bishops!—a much larger number, in proportion, than of the "un-consecrated" "freedom shriekers" who, proving unworthy, are deposed.—And we venture to say, that those clergymen who denounce Slavery are—without regard to denomination—as pious, as worthy, as efficient, and as successful pastors as any preachers as any of the "Am-I-my-brother's-keeper!" sort.

State of our Country.

It is a common saying, that no man is so independent as our farmer; and, in conversation the other day with a distinguished broker of this city upon the pecuniary embarrasments of which such general complaint has been so long a familiar sound to our ears, the saying was confirmed to us by a remark of his, that for more than two years it has been only the farmer or planter who has made money.

It seems on all hands to be admitted that we are on the eve of a great commercial revolution. On this subject, says the *New York Tribune*, so much has been wisely and well said, that it is useless to enter upon any original investigation concerning it. Under the influence of the reduced Tariff of 1846, our manufacturing interest has declined during the last few years; and though population and consumption have increased, few new factories have been established, water power have not been improved, and a good part of our woolen machinery has stood idle. Importation has been inevitably increased, and hence a large indebtedness has been incurred. Our railroads have been built with British iron on bonds, until that mine is nearly worked out, and their stock has been devoted to ruinous rates here and abroad, and have become worthless. The official valuation of foreign imports at the port of New York, for the last three years amounts to \$570,000,000, of which \$220,000,000 were for the fiscal year just closed. During the last year about \$330,000,000 of imports of merchandise have been received by this country, being an average of more than thirteen dollars per head, for our entire population. We pay a balance to foreign countries of over forty millions, and twenty millions of interest on our bonds and stocks held abroad. This fact alone is sufficient to account for our crippled and embarrasment condition.

On this dark picture there are but two lights to be thrown, one of which is a very feeble one. Though we have imported excessively, we have not consumed the excess, nor have the consumers purchased it. In New York, \$35,000,000 of merchandise lie in bond, more than there was last year, and are yet in first hands, and may belong in good part to foreign owners who have shipped them on speculation. In the meantime, our harvest in wheat, rye, hay, corn, and all our staples, gives every evidence of being good.

But, as a nation, we are outrageously extravagant, and deeply in debt. We buy too much abroad, are producing too little at home, and are becoming like F. F. V's, too lazy almost to work. We are building railroads which are profitable only until a rival is established. We are laying out cities in the West to make fortunes for land speculators. We must retrench, and learn to practice industry. We must make labor more free and respectable, and resolve to pay as we go, even if we have to wear calico and pepper-and-salt instead of silk and broadcloth, and drink milk and water instead of wine and coffee, and live on beans and bread and saw-dust pudding instead of lobster salad, French potatoes and turtle soup.

Industry and frugality are a sure cure for "panic and pressure." A young, elastic, energetic people like ourselves, possessed of a rich, unbounded and fertile domain should be ashamed to live at the mercy of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.—*Philad. Times*.

The reports of Senator Sumner by the *Persis*, says the *Boston Transcript* of the 26th, are not so favorable as his friends could wish. His chief difficulty appears to be in his spine, as he is easily fatigued by walking, and after having been seated any considerable length of time, he moves about, when rising, like a veteran of eighty years. He is now visiting the rural districts of France. His mind is very active, and his spirits quite cheerful.

"THE RINGLETS!"

I promised to tell you about *The Ringlets*, did I? It's not much of a story, but such as it is, you shall have it; and there is no time better than now; just draw up, and listen. Turn down the gas; then there'll be light enough to be cosy, and not enough to see my blushes.

Time—A great many years ago, and my Sophomore year in college.

Dramatis Personae—Philip Hamilton, [that's myself,] and Margaret Winfree, [that's the girl I fell in love with.]

As I said, I was a Sophomore. Well, I was young then, and had a heart that throbbed like a pocket volcano at the sight of a handsome girl, especially if she had curls. 'Twas a fancy of mine, then, that angels wore curls. I've lost that fancy now.

It was our Spring Vacation. During that time, I visited the city of Albany, where I had an uncle living. Taking a stroll one delightful morning through the suburbs of the city, I picked up a miniature of a beautiful boy, exquisitely painted on ivory. On the golden clasp was engraved the name, "Isabella Delano." I applied to my uncle for information. From him I learned that Isabella Delano was the name of an elderly lady who had but recently come to the city. He had accidentally become acquainted with her through his profession—that of law—for to him she applied for aid in some moneyed transaction.

"She attracted my attention somewhat," said she, "as she seems to be a lady of wealth, finely educated, accomplished, and evidently accustomed to polished society, but lives here in the most secluded manner, knowing no one, and apparently seeking no acquaintances. She has taken a cottage a mile out, where she and her grand-daughter, who is an orphan, and a beautiful girl of some seventeen years, live entirely by themselves. I will give you a note of introduction," he added, "to the old lady, and you can have the satisfaction of returning the miniature and seeing her grand-daughter."

I was not only willing, but anxious. I found the cottage in a snug, quiet spot, nearly hidden in shrubbery, and the flower-beds, and trailing honeysuckle, and every thing about, showed the hand of taste and culture. A servant took my note of introduction, and I was ushered into one of the most enchanting little parlors that ever graced my vision. Two or three rich paintings hung upon the walls, a guitar was leaning upon a divan, around which sheets of music were lying carelessly. A portfolio lay open upon the table, upon which notes, letters, and drawings, in all stages of execution, were scattered in profusion.

I had but a moment to make my observations. I was conscious of a foot-fall, and stood face to face with the "beautiful grand-daughter."

Mrs. Lot couldn't have been more firmly rooted to the place where she stood, when she found herself a pillar of salt, than was I before this divinity. I had thought that I knew what beauty was, before, but now I confessed my ignorance. I shall not try to describe her. The attempt to put her beauty into language, would be a certain failure. Her great point of attraction for me was her hair. It was neither the "raven black" of the novelist, nor the poet's "auburn" (which don't mean anything but red), but a peculiar, rich, golden brown—a color that has no name, stolen from the eyes of a summer sunset. It wasn't "put up," nor crimped, nor jiggered, but hung in a cataract of dancing curls. She always wore her hair in this manner; hence her sobriquet of "The Ringlets." Her eyes were as indescribable as her hair. Of a color peculiarly her own, they would pass under the general name of blue, but of an intensity at meaning that may be felt, not described. Did you ever see speaking eyes? Her eyes would say more in a lifetime, if you'll believe me.

While I stood entranced, she spoke. "Grandmother is ill this morning; she wishes to be excused, and desires me to receive Mr. Hamilton."

I made known my errand, and handed her the miniature. She gave a scream of delight, and with an "Excuse me," disappeared.

She was gone—I was, too. She soon came back—I didn't. I heard her voice—knew she was pouring out her thanks for restoring the miniature—had a vague impression of her saying something about her little brother in heaven—but the tones of her voice enthralled me, and rendered me oblivious to what she said. I was in a blissful stupor. I stammered out something, I don't know what, and started to go. She spoke of my uncle's kindness to them since they had been in the city, and urged me to stay. No; I was in a pressing hurry. In that voice, she asked me to call again, when she hoped her grandmother would be better. Thunder clouds and grindstones! what did I care for her grandmother?

I had lost my appetite for that day. The idea of coming down to beef and potatoes, was revolting. I did nothing all day but think of "The Ringlets," and resolved that the rest of my vacation should be spent in the city of Albany. How the time passed, you can imagine, better than I can tell. Day after day found me at that cottage. The grandmother continued out of health, for which generosity I trust I was truly grateful. "The Ringlets" and I were constant companions. She talked, and I was happy. She sang—I was in raptures. She took me by the hand—I was delicious. Talk, and rides, and strolls by sunlight and moonlight and starlight—dreamlight all to me—filled up the hours, and made the days fly swifter than the clouds over our heads.

Vacation was ended and I back to the college. But her memory haunted me. The monotony of college life, was intolerable. I alleviated my misery by giving vent to my feelings in scores of epistles to "The Ringlets," and the reception of a letter written by her fair hand—and such a hand!—made me happy for twenty-four hours of waking at least. Now and then, too, I stole away from college duties, (my "health" wouldn't bear close confinement) and basked in the gleam of my charmer's eyes.

Just before the Summer Vacation, I received a note from "The Ringlets," saying that she was about starting for Glen Cove, to spend the summer, and desiring me to join her there. Glen Cove was a delightful spot, distant but a few miles from my father's residence.

I pretended to spend that vacation "at home," but any one desirous of seeing me about those days, would do well to have called for me at Glen Cove.

That passage of my life was an ecstatic dream. I was fairly beside myself. We were always together, Mag and I, strolling on the sea shore, watching the restless tide, or sitting under the cliff listening to the roar of the waves. Sundays found us ever at the little stone church in the village, where she went to worship God—and I to worship her.

During my acquaintance with Margaret Winfree, alias "Ringlets," my curiosity, not to say my jealousy, had been aroused by ascertaining the fact that she was constantly receiving letters, superscribed in a bold, manly handwriting. To my inquiries respecting the matter, she told me very honestly, that those letters were from a gentleman, Mr. Shipley by name, then in California, who had formerly been in business with her father, and upon his decease had taken charge of portions of the estate; that he often had occasion to write upon business relating thereto, and wrote to her, as her grandmother was too much of an invalid to be annoyed thereby. He was a very fine man, wanted me to see him—thought I would like him exceedingly. I thought perhaps I should not. But, at any rate, I didn't think it best to trouble myself unnecessarily about the unknown Mr. Shipley. His chance for favor with "The Ringlets," was evidently small, while I was about. So I gave myself up to my dream of bliss, and forgot all cares and griefs, in her presence, while she was apparently in a state of satisfaction, to say the least when I was at her side.

So matters rested, when a call of business summoned me from her. I was in an agony of impatience during the time of my absence, and used all diligence, you may depend, to accomplish my duties and return to her, in whom my very life was bound up. It was just at evening when I met her again. I found her with a gentleman, a well built, manly looking fellow, and large enough to whip a church full like me without puffing. A peculiar nervous sensation thrilled me, and nearly rendered me powerless. She arose and taking me cordially by the hand, said, "Mr. Hamilton, this is Mr. Shipley, our friend of whom you have heard me so frequently speak."

Her frank, honest-hearted manner, restored me.

We sat and chatted, and under some restraint it is true, and perhaps my pulse was a little feverish. After a while, Mr. Shipley went in search of the old lady, with whom he had business, and Margaret proposed a stroll in the garden. Her evident pleasure at seeing me again, had quieted my alarm; still I thought it would not be amiss to prosecute a few inquiries concerning Mr. Shipley.

"So your friend has returned in my absence," I said. "Why did you not tell me he was coming?"

"Yes," she replied; "he arrived very unexpectedly. Business had called him suddenly home."

"You seem to like him very much?"

"O, he is so kind to us," said she, with the most winning honesty.

"Do you know," said I, (and my heart began to flutter,) "do you know that I sometimes fancy you like Mr. Shipley much better than I wish you did?"

She looked at me with surprise, and then with a face as if the most odd idea in the world had just struck her, she broke into a rippling laugh and said: "Well, if you are not jealous! How perfectly absurd! What strange ideas you men have! Why, he is old enough to be my father!"

"I know that perfectly well," said I, "but are you sure you only regard Mr. Shipley as an old friend?"

With a look of reproach that scalded my very soul, she asked, "And is that all the confidence you repose in me? Have I ever given you reason thus to doubt my faithfulness?"

I felt as wicked as if I had stolen something, and wanted to fall on my knees, pray for my pardon, and vow myself her slave for ever. But 'twas in the garden, and I had on white pants; so that I did not assume the praying attitude, but, as if possessed of a devil, wickedly persisted in my question, "But, tell me, are you perfectly sure you only regard Mr. Shipley as a friend?"

She picked a rose of the purest white, and placing it in my hand, said, with a look and voice in which sorrow and reproach were mingled, "When that rose blushes, you may doubt me, but not before."

I was satisfied, I was a wretch—a fiend in human shape—to think for a minute there could be guile in that pure soul. We found our way to a rustic seat under an old chestnut tree, and the evening sped over our heads to eternity. The moon was hurrying to its setting, and the bell in the village church was tolling a very small hour, as I found my way to my room, but not to sleep.

The next morn, I overlept myself far into the forenoon, and as I came down to breakfast, I received a billet from "The Ringlets." It read:

"Dear Part: Mr. Shipley and I are to be married to-morrow morning, at the little stone chapel, where we have so often attended. This is (honestly) very unexpected to me; I thought it to be deferred another year, but as we have been engaged for three years, Mr. Shipley is anxious the ceremony be performed now. We leave immediately for New York, en route for Europe. The services will be performed at 11 o'clock, and I shall of course see you at the chapel."

Lovingly yours,
MAGGIE.

"P. S.—Be sure and come, as I wish to see you particularly before I go."

I wasn't at the chapel at 11 o'clock the next morning. That hour of the day found me, as near as I can guess, some sixty miles from that particular locality, flying as fast as steam could carry me, and with a decided impression that I had been struck by lightning.

This is my story of "The Ringlets," and this is my

Keep your eyes wide open when you deal with a pretty girl, especially if she wears curls!

THE PERFECT NAIVETTE OR THE QUAKERS AS PREACHERS, has certainly no parallel in the eloquence of other sects. For example, Joseph John Gurney, when here, was to hold forth, one Sunday. It was oven-wise hot. All the saintly and sweating world was assembled to hear him. For two mortal hours, the congregation sat mute. Breathing there was, but the loveliest eyes flashed not. The utmost seething repose marked the assembly. They waited, calm as a frozen lake, though the atmosphere simmered with heat, for the moment the Spirit should move Joseph. They waited, and waited, and waited. Joseph sat, mild as a Sphinx—that grand eternity loafer of the Nile. Joseph sat over again, and did not move. Could that be the Joseph—the eloquent, the famed, the brother of that lovely turnkey, Mrs. Fry? Couldn't Joseph pump up an idea, with all the saintly anticipations of the place? Wouldn't the spirit of Penn move him? Couldn't he derive from the large-hearted man (who will live longer than Macaulay yet) some souvenir of apostolic vitality, titillating the roots of the tongue and making it work in oracular beauty with the brain? No, Joseph could not. He sat, and he sat, and he sat. To the assembly, it was all as natural as blood-drops to the heart. At last—Joseph arose. He arose, and the characteristic eloquence of his soul and speech, did they come? No. He arose, and passing a pocket handkerchief over his streaming brow, he said, "Since I have been sitting here, I have experienced a great poverty of ideas." Whether it was the weather, or whether it was weather or no, those words of the heated term were all that came from the renowned orator of the Quaker persuasion. The elders gave the sign of the friendly grasp, and all the younger followed; and then the meeting broke up, just as if the most natural thing in the world had happened. And it was the most natural thing—therein lay its beauty.—W. H. F.—*Tribune*, (Letter from Philad.)

Pro-Slavery Americanism in Pennsylvania is best represented under the similitude of a serpent. The Philadelphia *Near* is its head, and three or four puny sheets in the interior constitute its caudal extremity. It has poisonous fangs in its head, but no sting in its tail. Being at present gaunt and weak from hunger, it will soon die of starvation, unless taken into the "Democratic" menagerie and fed.

It is stated that a certain Shamocratic snake-charmer has contrived a device for getting his head "in a string;" and that being secured, the ignoble tail will follow, of course. The "animal" is to be exhibited through the State by its Shamocratic captors, in the hope of beguiling some Eweline voters into the sin of voting against the cause of freedom.

Overland California Mail.

The President and Postmaster General, with a wonderful show and pretension of fairness, have virtually nullified the great enterprise of an overland mail to California. After long investigation and repeated references, it has been decided to give the contract to the lowest bidder and the most responsible man, but to locate the route in a wholly impracticable region and an uninhabited country. They have carefully thrown both the shells to the anti-sectional interest, while the fat oyster within it has been as carefully passed over to the extreme South. The contract, as awarded, names Memphis and St. Louis as the eastern termini of the main line, but, in fact, makes Memphis the only terminus.

St. Louis is no more a termination, under this arrangement, of the great route sought to be established, than Buffalo or Portland is. But let us see what may be expected from the new Memphis route, which the emigrant trains for the last nine years have never found, though the region has always been the pet of the Government. In order to get the utmost possible southing at the beginning, the mail will go from Little Rock about 100 miles nearly south to Fulton, thence due west 100 miles to Preston on Red River in Texas, thence west two degrees south to Fort Fillmore, near El Paso. From Preston to El Paso the country is mainly a desert. The line touches in places the feeble springs constituting the headwaters of the Texas rivers. It crosses sundry *Elymus setaceus* and *Jornjolia del sudoctos*, in which, as the words imply, water, wood and grass are strangers to the traveler, and silence and death become his familiar companions. From Fort Fillmore to Fort Yuma the line lies in the Gadsden purchase, in which there is one town (Tucson) of two or three hundred inhabitants; the other population consists of sand flies, rattlesnakes, a very beautiful and fleet antelope, and a singular species of lizard, which has attracted the attention of naturalists. This region is thought to be well adapted to experiments in making artesian wells, upon the principle that a generally worthless cur must be a good omen dog, being fit for nothing else. Fort Yuma, is, of course, the most southerly point of the route. At San Francisco, the distance to San Francisco is five degrees of latitude and seven of longitude, say 450 miles.

The motives and purposes of the Administration in selecting a route like this are obvious enough, and I can not perceive why there should be any concealment about them, since the same sort of thing has been going on for two generations. The design is to grade the way for a Southern Pacific Railroad, under the project heretofore supported by Jefferson Davis and P. M. G. Brown, as a member of the Nashville Convention, of making the Government of the present United States pay for the building of a railroad, which shall connect their intended "Nigger Confederacy" with the Pacific.

The North has been grossly outraged by this allotment to the extreme South of the Pacific Overland Mail route, while the whole nation will be pillaged of its treasure by mail contractors, who can never be mail carriers.—*N.Y. Tribune*.

Romanes of Real Life.

THE NEW YORK TIMES publishes a highly interesting account of a slave, whose original name was Tallen, and who was taken from Africa by a Spanish Slaver, when only 12 years old. The slaver was captured by a British brig-of-war, when Tallen was sent on board the British brig Peacock, to serve as a cabin boy during the war of 1812. When the Peacock was sunk by the American schooner Hornet, in 1813, Tallen was sent, a prisoner of war, to Savannah, Ga., where a party got control of him, forwarded a report to Washington that he was dead, and sold him into Slavery. After upwards of 40 years' servitude, during which time he purchased his freedom three, he at last escaped from bondage, and, now, claiming to be a British subject, seeks indemnity at the hands of those who have so long and so unjustly held him in servitude.

FATHER FOUND!—A day or two since, Mayor Weaver received a letter dated Paris, written in the French language, and directed to the "Low High Mayor of Pittsburgh," asking for information of the father of the writer, a married lady, residing in France. Mention was made of the fact in the newspapers, and on Saturday a very respectable old gentleman called at the Mayor's office and stated that he was the desired person. He is a miner by trade, and has been in Pittsburgh nineteen years. When he left his native country, his daughter refused to accompany him, and has since been married; but not knowing to which part of the United States her father had emigrated, she had never written to him, nor he to her. The letter was delivered into the possession of the old gentleman, who expressed the determination that as soon as he got the letter translated, he would answer it. His name is John Loxney.—*Pittsburg Courier*.

Who are our Countrymen?
There is something in the contemplation of the mode in which America was settled, that, in a noble breast, should for ever extinguish the prejudices of national dislikes. Settled by the people of all nations, all nations may claim her for their own. You can not spill a drop of AMERICAN blood without spilling the blood of the whole world. Be he Englishman, Frenchman, German, Dane, or Scot, the European who scoffs at an American, calls his own brother Roman, and stands in danger of the Judgment.

We are not a narrow tribe of men, with a bigoted Hebrew nationality, whose blood has been debased in the attempt to enoble it, by maintaining an exclusive succession among ourselves. No; our blood is as the blood of the Amazon, made up of a thousand noble currents all pouring into one. We are not a nation so much as a world; for unless we may claim all the world for our sire, like Melchisedek, we are without father or mother.

For who were our father and our mother? or can we point to any Romulus and Remus, for our founders? Our ancestry is lost in the universal paternity; and Caesar and Alfred, St. Paul and Luther, and Homer and Shakespeare, are as much ours as Washington, who is as much the world's as our own. We are the heirs of all time, and with all nations we divide our inheritance. On this western hemisphere, all tribes and people are forming into one federated whole; and there is a future which shall see the estranged children of Adam restored as to the old earth-stone in Eden.

The other world beyond this, which was longed for by the devout before Columbus' time, was found in the *now*; and the deep-sea-line, that first struck these soundings, brought up the soil of Earth's Paradise. Not a Paradise *then*, or *now*; but to be made so, at God's good pleasure, and in the fullness and mellowness of time. The seed is sown, and the harvest must come; and our children's children, on the world's jubilee-morning, shall all go with their sickles to the reaping.

Then shall the curse of Babel be revoked, a new Pentecost come, and the language they shall speak, shall be the language of Britain, Frenchmen, and Danes, and Scots; and the dwellers on the shores about it; Italians, and Indians, and Moors; there shall appear unto them all "cloven tongues," as of fire.—MELVILLE.

COLUMBUS, July 17.—Two indictments have been found against Gibson, late State Treasurer; one for the embezzlement of the funds of the Seneca County Bank. An indictment has also been found against Breslin, the previous Treasurer, with several counts for embezzlement. It is stated as a fact illustrative of the loose manner in which the financial affairs of Ohio were conducted under the Medill (Dem.) Administration, that Breslin, the Democratic Treasurer, was allowed to hold his office for ten months without having filed any bonds! It is believed that he expects to place the principal amount of his defalcation within this period, and so shield these who afterwards became his bondsmen.

The Richmond *Whig*, in abandoning Know-nothingism for pro-slavery Democracy, indicates its belief that the question of slavery is the only one that can practically divide parties at present; that the Democratic party is fully pledged to the support of slavery; and that the attempt to keep up an American party at the South, only divides and weakens the political power of the South. Northern Americans are slower in perceiving that the same thing is true of the North.

Among the distinguished visitors to Boston last week, was B. Gratz Brown, Editor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, the organ of the Emancipation party in Missouri. He is a grandson of John Brown, the first United States Senator from Kentucky, President of the Senate in 1803, and one of the greatest men of that State. His grandmother was a sister of the late Rev. Dr. John M. Mason of New York.

BOIL YOUR MOLASSES.—When molasses is used in cooking, it is a very great improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. When much molasses is used for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

The Catholic population of the Kanawha Valley, Illinois, appear to be very much increased against Bishop O'Regan, of that State, and lately burned him in effigy. He has been at Bourbonnais to take part in some religious exercises, when he was met at the depot with banners inscribed: "Depart, you Judas!"

No publication issued from the Methodist press had ever so rapid a sale as the "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright," of which thirty thousand copies have already been sold.

In Delaware, the peach crop bids fair to be more abundant than it has been for many years.

Who are our Countrymen?

We are not a narrow tribe of men, with a bigoted Hebrew nationality, whose blood has been debased in the attempt to enoble it, by maintaining an exclusive succession among ourselves. No; our blood is as the blood of the Amazon, made up of a thousand noble currents all pouring into one. We are not a nation so much as a world; for unless we may claim all the world for our sire, like Melchisedek, we are without father or mother.

For who were our father and our mother? or can we point to any Romulus and Remus, for our founders? Our ancestry is lost in the universal paternity; and Caesar and Alfred, St. Paul and Luther, and Homer and Shakespeare, are as much ours as Washington, who is as much the world's as our own. We are the heirs of all time, and with all nations we divide our inheritance.

On this western hemisphere, all tribes and people are forming into one federated whole; and there is a future which shall see the estranged children of Adam restored as to the old earth-stone in Eden.

The other world beyond this, which was longed for by the devout before Columbus' time, was found in the *now*; and the deep-sea-line, that first struck these soundings, brought up the soil of Earth's Paradise. Not a Paradise *then*, or *now*; but to be made so, at God's good pleasure, and in the fullness and mellowness of time. The seed is sown, and the harvest must come; and our children's children, on the world's jubilee-morning, shall all go with their sickles to the reaping.

Then shall the curse of Babel be revoked, a new Pentecost come, and the language they shall speak, shall be the language of Britain, Frenchmen, and Danes, and Scots; and the dwellers on the shores about it; Italians, and Indians, and Moors; there shall appear unto them all "cloven tongues," as of fire.—MELVILLE.

COLUMBUS, July 17.—Two indictments have been found against Gibson, late State Treasurer; one for the embezzlement of the funds of the Seneca County Bank. An indictment has also been found against Breslin, the previous Treasurer, with several counts for embezzlement. It is stated as a fact illustrative of the loose manner in which the financial affairs of Ohio were conducted under the Medill (Dem.) Administration, that Breslin, the Democratic Treasurer, was allowed to hold his office for ten months without having filed any bonds! It is believed that he expects to place the principal amount of his defalcation within this period, and so shield these who afterwards became his bondsmen.

The Richmond *Whig*, in abandoning Know-nothingism for pro-slavery Democracy, indicates its belief that the question of slavery is the only one that can practically divide parties at present; that the Democratic party is fully pledged to the support of slavery; and that the attempt to keep up an American party at the South, only divides and weakens the political power of the South. Northern Americans are slower in perceiving that the same thing is true of the North.

Among the distinguished visitors to Boston last week, was B. Gratz Brown, Editor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, the organ of the Emancipation party in Missouri. He is a grandson of John Brown, the first United States Senator from Kentucky, President of the Senate in 1803, and one of the greatest men of that State. His grandmother was a sister of the late Rev. Dr. John M. Mason of New York.

BOIL YOUR MOLASSES.—When molasses is used in cooking, it is a very great improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. When much molasses is used for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

The Catholic population of the Kanawha Valley, Illinois, appear to be very much increased against Bishop O'Regan, of that State, and lately burned him in effigy. He has been at Bourbonnais to take part in some religious exercises, when he was met at the depot with banners inscribed: "Depart, you Judas!"

No publication issued from the Methodist press had ever so rapid a sale as the "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright," of which thirty thousand copies have already been sold.

In Delaware, the peach crop bids fair to be more abundant than it has been for many years.

FATHER FOUND!—A day or two since, Mayor Weaver received a letter dated Paris, written in the French language, and directed to the "Low High Mayor of Pittsburgh," asking for information of the father of the writer, a married lady, residing in France. Mention was made of the fact in the newspapers, and on Saturday a very respectable old gentleman called at the Mayor's office and stated that he was the desired