

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1857.

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The First Message for the Atlantic Telegraph.

Dear World! that in wondrous least
Cathedral by the powers of air,
And glowing and twinkling light
In letters and hapless still—
All here is a chance
For helping the right,
And forcing advance
In the enemy's sight,
By daily confusion and brotherly love,
By swarming on whom thou wilt;
All-people treating the ruler above;
By killing the very best thing
On the earth of this telegraph wire
By nothing of mines, or print and law;
But, rushing electrical deeper and higher,
World, let the first heart stirring message across—
(O Message!) register at our feet,
All-people and all angels who fill
Infinity furthest and highest—
Be "Willie to God in the highest!"
Peace upon earth and good will!"

(ANTHOLOGICAL.)
Ay, Man! who with energy tried
To conquer by strength by skill,
But thought he very best thing
In spirit to wrestle up,
Let him be calm
To be won by a word,
The first that is heard
In brotherly kindness and heavenly praise;
It is while thou in courage art
To the weak and the waves and all perils above,
Enduring those gales, until
They neckly obey thy desire,
Then, the first whisper that proves their loss,
Then, in sister and father by letters of fire,
Be the sublimest and happiest word—
(O Message!) register at our feet,
All-people and all angels who fill
Infinity furthest and highest—
Be "Willie to God in the highest!"
Peace upon earth and good will!"
AUGUST 27, 1857.

THE CHRONICLE. MONDAY, AUG. 24, 1857.

Common School Books.

In pursuance of a resolution passed at the Union County Convention of School Directors, met at Lewisburg on the first Monday of May last, a called meeting of Directors was held at the Court House in Lewisburg, Saturday the 22d of August, when N. H. TAGGART was chosen Chairman, and JEREMIAH WINGERT, Secretary.

After consultation, it was decided that the following text-books be used in the common schools of this county for the coming five years, viz:

- Webb's Elementary Cards.
- Sander's New Speller, and Northern's Detention Exercises.
- Monteith's and M. Nally's Geographies, and Warren's Physical Geography.
- Davis' Series of Arithmetics, with Stoddard's Intellectual Arithmetic, 2d Part.
- Green's Introduction to Grammar, and Elements of English Grammar.
- Towers' Intellectual and Davies' Elementary Algebra.
- Wilson's Historical Series.
- Sheppard's Constitutional Text-Book.
- Wells' Science of Common Things.
- Worcester's Quarto and Primary Dictionaries.
- Row's Pennsylvania Common School Register.
- Messrs. F. Wilson, C. S. James, H. D. Walker, M. W. Cramer, and J. Kleckner, were appointed a committee to select text-books on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, Book-Keeping and Penmanship: and report on the 29th inst.

JEREMIAH WINGERT of East Buffalo, (Lewisburg, P. O.) was chosen by the Directors to procure and distribute the books selected as above, throughout the various districts of the county. The Convention then adjourned.

A friend from the lower end of Luzerne county hands us a "legal notice" which had been stuck up, as near the following as we can make type talk. Who would bid for property thus advertised, in a country where there are printing offices and school masters? We doubt whether a sale under such a scrawl could be confirmed by any Court!

PUBLICK SAIL
The Subscriber Will Expose to Publick sail at the residence of L. H. TATE in his new D-d and d—rate and Just Arrived has the taken of the goods Charities rights an Creditor W. G. Will Be sold on the All persons are invited to give their attention the following Property to wit:
Sale to Commence At 10 o'clock one frame house and Stable one horse too milk Cows one round stender Cook-King store one Clock one round stone one Corner Cobbed three Large Beds and Bedding one Iron Bed one horse spring Wagon one and Shares one grain Cradle on rigger one Two one Large Brass Kettle other Articles too numerous to mention.
M. KIM, HUNG.—David Stringer M. Kim, for the alleged murder of Samuel T. Norcross, was executed within the prison walls of Blair county, at Hollidaysburg, last Friday, at 20 minutes before 1 o'clock. He protested his innocence to the last, and declared his life had been sworn away. If not guilty of murdering others, he was again guilty of trying to murder himself, having attempted, the last night of his life, to cut the veins on one of his wrists with a piece of glass, but was discovered before bleeding to death. He spoke over an hour on the gallows, alternately professing faith in God's forgiveness, and then breathing the spirit of a devil. He had prepared a long written statement, which he tore up in the morning in a fit of rage. None of his friends came for the body, which was buried in the poor house burying ground. An immense concourse of people crowded Hollidaysburg even from the night previous, but good order generally prevailed. Thus ended a life of licentiousness and intemperance.

Downfall of Speculators.

The Bishop of the Rhine, who monopolized the corn, refused to sell, and was eaten up by the rats, may or may not have been real: it is at least a good fable. In a time when the aggregate crops of the United States as well as of the Old World seems to be of an unprecedented large amount, it does not hurt the feelings of any decent man to learn that the heartless speculators in the "staff of life" are reaping, even in this life, some of the fruits of their misdeeds and oppressions of the poor. What has been contracted for in Buffalo city at \$1, and in Louisville at 95 cents, in large quantities; and yet there are those in the seaboard cities, and in the best grain growing vicinities, who contrive to keep up the price of Wheat at \$2, at a time when wages and salaries generally are not increased. This is necessarily a hardship to the poor and middling classes in community, who, although they do and must avoid superfluities and extravagances, must feed their households. As the poor are generally most blessed with children, the hardship of course most affects them. It is no sin, then, to rejoice over the failures and disgrace of those who monopolize the capital and hoard the grain of the country to keep up exorbitant prices for the daily bread of a whole people!

In a single paper before us, we notice the failure in New York city of N. H. Wolfe & Co., grain dealers, for One Million of Dollars, and also of the Ellys of Rochester, extensive millers, for a large sum. These men had made immense investments, and tried to command the markets, so that they could make fortunes by wringing extortionate prices from the hand of care and economy—hard toil and barely living means. There is only one drawback to the joy of the people at the destruction of such pests of business—and that is, that their failure may involve some innocent persons.

No apt is capital to be used by heartless speculators in this manner, that mechanics, laborers, and salaried persons in many localities are compelled to combine for self defence and send abroad for wheat, which they procure hundred of miles and under-sell their neighboring farmers and millers. This is not an agreeable procedure, but necessity seems in many cases to require it, and if there be not a breaking up of these corrupt combinations, and a return to honest prices, unions of this sort will become general, and persons in moderate circumstances thereby be greatly benefited.

North and West Branch Editors.

(K. H. BAKER, of the *North Branch Gazette*, was "the great editor" of the late Daville Editorial Convention, and "disturbed the mortar" occasionally by some drill bit which only made business more brisk and merrier. We doubt whether he was previously acquainted with any of the North and West Branches, personally, but on going home he made amends by telling all the good he could of them in some free-and-easy "Pen Portraits" inserted in his paper. We copy these personal sketches of the tribe of editors on the Susquehanna—and that, the one unnamed with which we close, will be readily recognized by *Editor Times* and most of Eastern Pennsylvania, as—HAYWARD'S *Chronic*.)

HON. VALENTINE BEST, (*Danville Intelligencer*), is about 56 years of age, very slender, dark hair and eyes, and presents a very respectable appearance. He is the oldest printer [engaged in the business] in Northern Pennsylvania. Some years back he represented his district in the State Senate, and was chosen Speaker.

COL. LEVI L. TATE, (*Bloomsbury Democrat*), looks well, talks well, writes well, and if we are not greatly mistaken feels well. He has an open, cheerful and familiar countenance. We believe his soul is a big one. The young ones stuck to him, and looked up to him as daddy of the crowd, and he seemed much pleased with his happy and harmonious family. He is about 50 years of age, dark complexion, five feet ten, and weighs probably 160.

L. P. IRWIN, (*Berwick Gazette*), is a young man, tall, slender, and about 24 years of age. He appeared to let others "lead off," indicating a remarkable stock of editorial industry.

W. P. MINER, (*Wilkesbarre Record of the Times*, with one exception was the best looking man there. In debate, as well as with the pen, he is clear, strong, and courteous. He was one of the first to advocate the holding of the Convention, and he will be one of the last to disregard its resolutions. He is about 35 years old, 5 feet 2 high, dark hair, a well balanced head, and weighs about 165. He loves fun, and hates mean men.
F. A. BAKER, (*Jersey Shore Republican*), loves to follow the crowd. As to his appearance—whether he is good looking, opinions seem to be divided. It is a question of taste. He is 33, weighs 140, measures 5 feet 7, and is able to demolish a piece of beef steak about as quick as the next man. In the social circle he never moves to adjourn, but always fights such propositions to the last. In convention he was active, and proved as able to use the tongue as he is to wield the pen.
DR. PALEMON JOHN, (*Bloomsbury Republican*) is a plain man, with an abundant stock of sound common sense. His appearance indicates a high state of cultivation—about 32, 5 feet 10, and weighs 165 pounds.
O. N. WORDEN, (*Lewisburg Chronicle*), is a gentleman of more than ordinary abilities. He is about 40, 5 feet 10, cross-

Why a Minister Left his Church.

BRUTAL, MURDEROUS, AND COWARDLY OUTRAGES ON SLAVES.
The Rev. Samuel Sawyer, a graduate of the N. Y. Union Theological Seminary, and for the past nine years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Rogersville, East Tennessee, was recently driven from his Church in consequence of his course in regard to the beating of a slave named Anthony by his master, one Colonel Netherland, an elder in his church. Mr. Sawyer has published nothing in regard to the affair until driven to it by slanderous reports, prejudicial to his character as a minister, have been circulated and forced him to his own defence. He therefore publishes a long statement in a supplement to the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Presbyterian Witness*, the truth of which is vouched for by Messrs. Jos. Hoffmaster and J. M. Johnson, elders of the Rogersville church. The Colonel Netherland, whose brutality is so disgustingly shown, has been elected a delegate to the secession convention called by the pro-slavery ministers of the New School Presbyterian Church, to meet at Richmond on the 27th inst.

It appears that a slave, formerly belonging to the children of Dr. Ross, was owned by Col. Netherland, and was sold in 1856, to be sent to Mississippi. Rather than go "down South," the negro ran off to the woods, and remained concealed for more than a year, until found and brought back by some hunters. He was then handed over by Col. N., with his chains on, to the trader who bought him, who took him back of the church, in a field, and there, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, beat him with over three hundred and thirty blows, laid on with a leather strap, nailed to a board, while the slave was tied down on his back, naked and blind-folded. The trader whipped him to make him confess who had harbored him, and probably would have "beaten him till Saturday night," if such an excitement had not been caused by the first instalment of scourging.

But this was not the worst. Col. Netherland owned an old gray haired slave who had nursed him in infancy, and suspecting that he knew more about the runaway and who had harbored him than he chose to tell, he handed him over to the same negro trader, to be taken to a neighboring county and there beaten at discretion, to make him confess.

The trader took the old man to a place called Bean's Station, in the next county, (Grainger,) and there, on Sunday morning, in a stable on the public highway, stripped and tied him naked on a plank, strapped his feet to a post and tied his head forward to a brace, and then whipped him by striking with a carpenter's hand-saw—Mississippi way, which raises large blisters and bursts them, cutting the hide in pieces. He whipped him that Sunday till all the neighbors closed their doors—whipped him till the neighbors put down their windows and closed the curtains—whipped him till the women, driven wild by hearing the blows and the negro's agonizing cries for mercy, cried out against it—till one man declared if he did not stop he would return him to court—till the landlord of the tavern, after bearing in silence the infliction of at least three hundred blows with the saw, went to him and told him that he must put an end to it—that he himself was liable to indictment for suffering such things on his premises, and that he was unwilling to bear it any longer. The trader became very angry at this interference, and told the landlord that he had sent a boy to get him a bundle of whips to scourge the negro's back when the flesh should be too much cut up by the saw—and, finally, finding he could not go on, he tumbled the negro into his wagon, in disgust at the Bean Station people, and went to Rutledge. The slave had two fits in consequence of the beating, but notwithstanding the trader tied him up again in Rutledge jail, while the jailer (who would hardly have allowed it) was away, and beat him with three sticks from a loun over the raw flesh until he was tired, and then told him he would try it again the next day. The Inspectors, however, refused to let the jail be used for such purposes, and the negro was sent home in a week—no information having been obtained from him.

Thereupon a great excitement arose at Rogersville, and the Church Session mildly requested Col. Netherland to come forward and show he was not responsible for the outrage. He refused to do this; declared he had a right to beat his negroes as much as he chose, or have it done; that churches had nothing to do with politics, and finally wound up by declaring Mr. Sawyer an abolitionist, and that he must leave. Mr. Sawyer, thinking that the church would be divided if he stayed, and his friends being too much afraid of being called "abolitionists" if they stood up for him, resigned the charge of his church with its most righteous elder, and came away.

Nothing has been done with Netherland or the trader, and they are supported by the pro-slavery strength of the neighborhood, who stand together on all questions of this kind, and who declare that if a slave owner whips his chattel till he dies "he is his MONEY," and there the matter ends.

How to Attain Old Age.
At the meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, Rev. DANIEL WALDO, now ninety-five years of age, delivered the first speech. He gave some interesting reminiscences, and said that when he was a Freshman he had to run on menial services for every Sophomore who chose to call upon him. Gambling and playing cards was a common occupation of the students at that time, particularly in his class. Said Mr. WALDO, "I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Always eat well—masticate well. Go to food, rest, and occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature, and a soft temper, everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate good memory, and to go this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talents the best, and at the same time be honest. The best profession is the Ministry of the Gospel. If you have not talents enough to be a minister, be a lawyer, but be an honest lawyer. Pope's line should be altered to read,

"An honest lawyer is the noblest work of God."

More Democracy.
The proclamation that Slavery is not to be confined to the colored race, is not inculcated exclusively by the Democratic papers of the South. Hear what the *New York Day Book*, a staunch Democratic sheet, says. Here are the exact words of that paper in speaking of the poor white people. "Sell the parents of these children into Slavery. Let our Legislature pass a law that whoever will take these parents and take care of them and their offspring, in sickness and health—clothe them, feed them and house them, shall be legally entitled to their services; and let the same Legislature decree that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live."

This is what the Democratic party propose to do with the poor Americans, Irish and Germans and their children.
The Richmond *Examiner*, another model Democratic paper, now merged with the *Enquirer*, which is the leading Democratic paper of the country, said: "Until lately, the defence of Slavery has labored under great difficulties, because its apologists took half-way ground. They confined the defence of Slavery to mere negro Slavery; thereby giving up the Slavery principle, admitting other forms of Slavery to be wrong. The line of defence, however, is now changed. The South now maintains that Slavery is right, natural and necessary, and does not depend upon difference of complexion. The laws of the Slave States justify the holding of WHITE MEN in bondage."

Lewis and Veech.
In complimenting our candidates for the Supreme Bench, the *Berks County Press* justly uses the following language: "Mr. Lewis is a sound lawyer, an honest, sober, and sincere man; a man who has no deceptions about him, and who enjoys truly the respect and esteem of all his neighbors and townsmen. The people of Chester county will roll up an overwhelming majority for their cherished son, for all party lines disappear at the mention of his name, and all good citizens unite in his support."
"The same may be said of Mr. VEECH. He is the ablest lawyer in Western Pennsylvania. He too, is a man who will dignify and honor the post to which the people seek to elevate him. The Convention which nominated him sought a man learned in the law—not a mere politician, and they have found the objects of their desire in the candidates presented. They will be elected, regardless of party clamor. In a matter of such vital importance to the people, as the choice of Judges, it is the duty of every voter to examine into the character and qualifications of the candidates; and where real merit and genuine capacity, honor, high minded integrity and manly virtue are found, for such it is our duty to vote. Our candidates can pass unharmed through the ordeal of such an investigation."

Capt. Joshua A. Patten, whose misfortunes and sufferings, in connection with the ship *Neptune's Car*, have been the theme of much public comment, died at the M'Lean Asylum, New York, on Sunday, aged 30 years. Deaf, and blind and sick, as he had been for months past, his heroic wife refused, nevertheless, to surrender him to the care of strangers; and it was not until Friday, when it was apparent that his reason was gone and he was utterly unmanageable, that she consented to his removal to the Asylum. Mrs. Patten herself is slowly recovering from the effects of fever.

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"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionable dressed lady. "I'll raps so, a load of hay went through this morning," was the lazzard reply.

Judge Wilmot's Appointments.

By appointment of the State Committee, Hon. DAVID WILMOT will address his fellow citizens, at the following places:
SHERMANS—Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 25.
GREENSBORO—Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 26.
WASHINGTON—Thursday afternoon, Aug. 27.
PITTSBURG—Friday evening, Aug. 28.
LEWISBURG—Saturday afternoon, Aug. 29.
REIDERS—Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 1.
N. CONROBERT—Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 2.
GREENSBORO—Thursday afternoon, Sept. 3.
HENTON—Friday afternoon, Sept. 4.
HOLLIDAYSBURG—Saturday afternoon, Sept. 5.
ALBANY—Saturday evening, Sept. 5.
ALLIANCE CITY—Monday evening, Sept. 7.
REIDERS—Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 8.
CLARKSBURG—Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 9.
FRANKLIN—Thursday afternoon, Sept. 10.
MIDDLETOWN—Friday afternoon, Sept. 11.
WATFORD—Saturday afternoon, Sept. 12.
REIDERS—Saturday evening, Sept. 12.
REIDERS—Monday afternoon, Sept. 14.
NEW CASTLE—Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 15.
MERCER—Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 16.
REIDERS—Thursday afternoon, Sept. 17.
REIDERS—Friday afternoon, Sept. 18.
REIDERS—Saturday afternoon, Sept. 19.
REIDERS—Sunday afternoon, Sept. 20.
REIDERS—Monday afternoon, Sept. 21.
REIDERS—Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 22.
REIDERS—Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 23.
REIDERS—Thursday afternoon, Sept. 24.
REIDERS—Friday afternoon, Sept. 25.
REIDERS—Saturday afternoon, Sept. 26.
REIDERS—Sunday afternoon, Sept. 27.
REIDERS—Monday afternoon, Sept. 28.
REIDERS—Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 29.
REIDERS—Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 30.
REIDERS—Thursday afternoon, Oct. 1.
REIDERS—Friday afternoon, Oct. 2.
REIDERS—Saturday afternoon, Oct. 3.
REIDERS—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 4.
REIDERS—Monday afternoon, Oct. 5.
REIDERS—Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6.
REIDERS—Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 7.
REIDERS—Thursday afternoon, Oct. 8.
REIDERS—Friday afternoon, Oct. 9.
REIDERS—Saturday afternoon, Oct. 10.
REIDERS—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 11.

Our friends in the various counties are requested to note these appointments, and take immediate steps to circulate the information, and to secure a full attendance of voters. LEMUEL TODD, Clk. EDWARD M'PHERSON, Sec'y.

Letter from Kansas.

[The following letter from a former well known citizen of Lancaster county to the editors of the *Express*, confirms the reports that are daily reaching us from other sources:]
LAWRENCE, K. T., Aug. 12.
Three months ago, Kansas was at perfect peace—now, she is on the very verge of civil war. Three months measures the reign of Robert J. Walker. The old changes of last summer are resurrected. The slumbering fires of that fearful contest are about to be lighted up. Villains of the deepest dye, like vultures scenting from afar, are returning to Kansas. The notorious "Border Ruffian," Col. Titus, is now here stirring up excitement preparatory to another invasion.

Judge Cato has given an opinion that the payment of the Territorial Taxes is a necessary pre-requisite of voting at the October election; if this is to be, nearly one-half of the Free State men will be disfranchised, as the legal voters will only be those that have been here six months previous to the election.

It seems that the peaceful policy that Gov. Geary inaugurated, is to be abandoned—and we are to be carried back to the dreary horrors that characterized the infamous reign of Shannon.

BIGHAM YOUNG'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—In person he is above the medium height, and a little inclined to corpulence. He is dressed in black cloth, and although the air is very warm, he is well wrapped up in an overcoat. His habits of life make him very sensitive to the slightest change in the atmosphere. He had suffered a good deal in his younger days, and with this the cares of his family—for his children are very refractory—begin to weigh heavy upon him. His constant troubles and difficulties with the United States Officers, not only try his patience, but also wear his body. His consuming anxiety about his object of ambition—the establishment of an independent kingdom—and his efforts to maintain the people in constant and implicit subordination, are sufficient to leave their mark on any man's physique. He is not fifty-six years old; and although young looking in features, still evinces his age in person. His face is indicative of penetration and firmness. Some ladies think him handsome; but his lower lip, if nothing else, eminently portrays the sensual voluptuary.

Two of the greatest men living—Josiah Quincy, Sr. of Boston, and John S. Copley (Lord Lyndhurst), of England, are each about eighty-five years of age, and their mental faculties bright as ever. They were born in Boston, a few months only intervening between their births, and both having the same nurse. The Revolutionary War breaking out, and Copley's father a Tory, while Quincy's was a Whig, Copley fled to England, where he lived by painting portraits, while his son has attained the highest civil honors.

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE NUMBER NINE.—If any row of two or more figures be reversed and subtracted from itself, the figures composing the remainder, will, when added horizontally, be a multiple of nine.
42 836 3261
24 638 1623
— — —
18-9x2 198-9x2 1638-9x2

Since Eden was planted there could be no Paradise to compare with what might be made by following this advice: "Keep your stores of smiles and your kindest thoughts at home; give to the world only those which are to spare."

A Good Joke.

William Wells Brown, the colored orator, who is not so black as some white men, told a very good story at the Abington celebration. On a steamboat on Cayuga Lake, he went to the breakfast table with the other passengers. Just as he took his seat, a dark colored white man called a waiter, and asked if colored persons were admitted to the table with white folks. The waiter did not know exactly what to say, so he called the captain, who on entering the cabin inquired who had called for him. "I, sir," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the dark stranger; "I desire to know if it is your custom to allow colored people at the regular table?" The captain replied that no objection had ever been made before, and seeing the dark white man evidently annoyed in spirit, appealed to the generosity of the colored orator, to allow him to remain. Mr. Brown finally consented, and at this turn of affairs the white man, who was so black as to be passed for a negro, left the table in utter disgust, and unable to speak his thoughts.

Agricultural Products.

The Patent Office reports give an estimate of the vegetable products of the United States for 1855, the leading items of which are as follows:

Indian corn,	\$560,000,000
Wheat,	247,500,000
Hay and fodder,	160,000,000
Pasturage,	143,000,000
Cotton,	136,000,000
Oats,	68,000,000
Garden products,	50,500,000
Potatoes,	41,250,000
Sugar,	35,000,000
Orchard products,	25,500,000

From the above table it will be seen that if "cotton is king" it has not honestly come by this pre-eminence. The crop of Indian corn in 1855 was more than twice and a half the value of that of cotton, which only ranks as fifth among agricultural products. Last year and this, too, the products have been immensely increased, and the difference is much greater.

Richmond, Virginia, was all agog with wonder and excitement, one dark evening last week, at beholding two mysterious globes of light, of a faint yellow color, in the eastern heavens. The people turned out en masse; everybody was gazing with gaping wonder; mysterious conjectures and theories as to the probable character of the strange visitors were indulged in, but with little satisfaction. A man with a night glass quickly discovered that they were lanterns swung at the end of kite tails in mid-air. The crowds went to bed.

COL. FREMONT.—Col. Fremont sailed for California in the Illinois last Wednesday. He goes out to look after his business in that State. The recent decision in relation to the right of the Merced Mining Company to continue their operations on the Mariposa Tract, renders it very doubtful whether Col. Fremont is ever to realize much from his California possessions. It is said that a brother of Mayor Wood has purchased a share in the Mariposa Claim.

Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the streets of Boston, who said to him: "Ah, Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you."
"And did it kiss you in return?"
"Why, no."
"Then," said he, "it was not like me!"

Many of the bar rooms in New York are closing on Sundays. No cock-tails, bitters, or eye-openers! Even the German lager-beer dealers have to succumb. One fellow put over his shop—"No admission on Holy Sabbath, except on Private Matters," and in German "Hinter Thuer Offen for Meine Boarders." So much for the new Police!

A darkey having been to California thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco: "As soon as dey landed in de ribber, dar moons began to water to be on land, and soon dey waded to de shore; dey didn't see any gold, but dey found such a supply ob nuffin to eat dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in de brick-yard."

A late arrival from Rio brings news of an advance in coffee, and a great reduction of stock on hand. The flour market was also looking up. The late news from Europe represents the corn market as on the decline. Between the two, our market will be but little affected, unless it might be in the item of coffee.

The Methodist Church South claims 309,382 white members, 20,019 Indian members, and 306,277 of African blood—645,708 in all. The membership of the M. E. Church proper (or North) is stated at 806,204—or North and South together 1,352,912.

In various counties of England protective societies have been formed of persons who pledge themselves not to purchase a thimble full of sugar until it was declined four cents a pound.

THOMAS DICK, the useful and celebrated philosopher, recently died at his own home in Scotland, aged eighty-three years.