# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

An Independent Family News Journal.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1859.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843....WHOLE NO., 782.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.



## The Lewisburg Chronicle,

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

*Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.*

TERMS—$1.50 per year, to be paid in advance—and at the same rate for a longer or shorter period. Thus, 50 cts will pay for four months, 75 cts for six months, 1 dol. for eight months, 2 dol. for sixteen months, 3 dol. for two years, $5 for four copies one year, $10 for ten copies one year, &c. Single No's, 5 cts. Payments by mail (notes) received in gold, postage stamps, or bank notes at their value here. Most kinds Produce received at the office.

☞ When the time expires, for which a paper is paid, (unless we have a running account) it is STOPPED.

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Communications desired on topics of general interest and accompanied by the writer's real name and address.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the Chronicle, by which we often insert important News in advance of the Philad. Mails.

Connected with the office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞ Casual Advertisements to be paid for when handed in, and Job Work when delivered.

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☞ OFFICE on Market Square, north side, second story.

Worden & Cornelius.


## THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1859.

### THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

BY A NORSEMAN.

Oh, Columbia! Columbia! my much beloved home!
I have left thy fair borders far distant to roam,
O'er the muttering surges of ocean have sailed,
To behold the sweet beauties of Rhineland unveiled;
Or her grand, vine-wreathed Hermitage, I have roved,
Near the rustic abode of the fair "Undine" have moved,
Seen "the broad stone of honor," proud Rotenstein,
Yea, beheld all the beauties of old Father Rhine;
Yet, though charming each sight
Of magnificence gay,
From the spectacle bright
I have turned me away,
And have sighed that I left thy dominions to roam,
Sweet Columbia! Columbia! my former loved home!

Dear Columbia! Columbia! my childhood's kind home!
How I pant to repose 'neath thy Liberty's dome!
True, Italia has charms, in her fair, sunny sky,
To delight and enchant the lone wanderer's eye;
In imperial Greece—land for chivalry famed,
Long the home of the brave and the free it was named—
I have seen the proud ruins of ages long fled,
And have knelt on the tombs of bold warriors now dead;
But nor Rhineland nor Rome,
With its every sweet scene,
Can surpass my loved home
With its hill-tops of green:
Nay, there's none can compare, east the sea crested foam,
With Columbia! Columbia! my own beloved home!

UNION SEMINARY, New Berlin, Union Co., Pa.

### "DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

It is very amusing, occasionally, to observe the impressions received by individuals of places of which they are ignorant, or against persons respecting whom they are prejudiced. A few of these ludicrous mistakes, respecting our own humble sublunary abode, may be worth chronicling, for the gratification of our readers.

"Lloyd's American Railroad Guide," published in Philad., Dec., 1858, gives the following tabular statement:

| Town and Station. | Miles from place to place. | Miles from Sunbury. | Population. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sunbury | 0 | 0 | 2000 |
| Northumberland | 2 | 2 | 1700 |
| Chillisquaque | 5 | 7 | 1500 |
| Lewisburg | 2 | 9 | 2500 |
| Milton | 4 | 13 | 2800 |
| Watsontown | 4 | 17 | 270 |
| Uniontown | 3 | 20 | 2500 |
| Eyster's | 3 | 23 | 200 |
| Montgomery | 1 | 24 | 1000 |
| Berger's | 1 | 25 | |
| Muncy | 3 | 28 | 500 |
| Montoursville | 7 | 35 | |
| Williamsport | 5 | 40 | 3250 |

As to *distances*, we hereabouts "cal'late" that Sunbury is *ten* miles from Lewisburg, and Chillisquaque depot about *half a mile* instead of *two* miles from Lewisburg: otherwise the table is reasonably correct.

But those statistics of *population* are so outrageously false as to convince any one that the errors are intentional, and for a design. If we take the *vote* of the last Presidential election, and adopt the usual estimate, 5¼ souls to each voter, the result in the several Boroughs named would be as follows:

| | Votes. | Population. |
|---|---|---|
| Sunbury | 321 | 1765 |
| Northumberland | 224 | 1232 |
| Lewisburg | 519 | 2855 |
| Milton | 359 | 1975 |
| Muncy (est.) | 210 | 1155 |
| Williamsport | 948 | 5214 |

There is no "town" of Chillisquaque, and the whole township has not 1900 population. Uniontown has perhaps 300, but that and the township of Brady in which it lies have hardly 1500. Montgomery's and Berger's are neither of them "towns," but stations, in Clinton township; while Montoursville, left a —— in the "Guide," is larger than Watsontown, Uniontown, Eyster's, Montgomery's, or Berger's. In short, this whole "Comedy of Errors" is all guesswork or deception... What a "*Guide*" to the weary, truth-seeking "traveler!"

—The election of Col. SLIFER for State Treasurer has been everywhere in the State received with gratification by men of all parties. His disappointed opponents magnanimously concede to him eminent fitness, fairness, and deserving of the honor, for life-long and wise devotion to the cause of opposition to the party claiming to be exclusively "Democratic." Only one paper—a professed *Watchman* up the river—raised a discordant note, and that was in the following words:

"Col. Slifer originally belonged to the old, and now defunct stock of Whig politicians, but, since the decay and death of that party, he has been *vibrating between Whigism, Free Soilism, Locofocoism, Packerism, Know Nothingism, and Republicanism*, being attracted towards each in succession just in proportion as his chances for political advancement appeared to be the most favorable. Of late years his Packerism was so predominant that no longer ago than last fall he raised an opposition to the regular nominee of the Republican party in this Senatorial district."

If the writer of the above had lived for the last twenty years in Lewisburg, he would have picked out Col. Slifer as the *last man* who had ever been "vibrating between Whigism and Locofocoism." It will all be received as *astonishing news* to all "our folks" who have known him best and longest!

—Another *disinterested* chap, writing in a Philad. paper, very patronizingly states of

"UNION COUNTY. * * * Only *two* newspapers are published in the county. An *energetic* editor, who has *some respect* for the *opinions of others*, would find here an EXCELLENT OPENING."

To be sure, we have *three* papers, and the wrecks of a dozen or fifteen others; one press was sold and taken away recently, and another is "lying 'round loose somewhere" in Frick's barn; there are *forty* papers published within about forty miles of Lewisburg...nevertheless, a right smart, energetic chap, who wouldn't stick at trifles, or mind getting in debt, but who would have more regard to other's views than to his own, might find here a good "opening" for a few hundred dollars, *provided* he is not so much mistaken as the chap was who only wanted one year to break up the CHRONICLE! Until the "coming man" arrives—the man who will be laborious, economical, get up a steam press, print for nothing, obey and please everybody, and get rich...until that time, we offer our humble services, in our own weak, undecided, disrespectful way, to answer all calls for jobbing and advertising, and to get out a paper occasionally. In the mean time, our unfortunate, awfully oppressed, and benighted fellow citizens must "learn to suffer and to wait."

—Because the people of Chillisquaque and "upper end" prefer Lewisburg to Sunbury for their seat of justice, the editors of Sunbury depreciate them as "absurd," pursuing a "phantom," &c.; and we of Union county, for offering to welcome them in on their own motion, are also denounced as "FILLIBUSTERS," with other terms and imputations of a like savory character.....Because the people of Brady township desire to come here for county purposes, the Williamsport *Gazette* plainly argues that they do not know their own business, while the Jersey Shore *Vedette* likens "Lewisburg" to a "RATTLESNAKE at the foot of a tree with his mouth open for the squirrel to walk in.".....Very well, gentlemen, "fillibusters" and "rattlesnakes" though we be in your nomenclature, nevertheless, the people of Brady, Chillisquaque, &c., who know both us and you, do vastly prefer us to you, as the future will determine, notwithstanding your epithets. We, however, can not coax ourselves to believe that we are either Cuba stealers or "sarpints," nor do our neighbors in Chillisquaque and Brady "aforesaid."

—"*Always go abroad to get the news from home*," it will be seen by the above extracts, is not the sure way to get at the truth. Local or personal jealousies, ignorance, or animosities, too often color the description. As a fair offset, we present a

P. S. Down on the Delaware there is a flourishing village—named Philadelphia, on account of the peaceable disposition of its firemen and adopted and native citizens, who are mostly Quakers—which is well lighted with gas, but where the people are suffering fearfully for want of an editor with an ordinary amount of sense and honesty, and where any verdant youth might make a *permanent investment* of a few thousand in the quickest possible time. Ben. Franklin once "issued" there, but the place has now only a few ignorant and reckless printers. The population of Philad. is 2317. Tinicum and Marcus Hook, adjoining towns, contain about 50,000 souls each. For further particulars, enquire of *Lloyd's Railway Guide*, edition of Dec. 1858.

AN IMPORTANT DEBATE.—There was a debate in the U. S. Senate one day last session, among the so-called Democratic Senators, which showed that that party is demoralized and disorganized. The debate arose on an amendment to an appropriation bill, offered by Mr. Hale, providing for striking out the English restriction against the admission of Kansas. Messrs. Toombs, Davis, Mason, Gwin and other leading Southern Democratic Senators spoke, denouncing popular sovreignty, and insisting that the Democratic policy hereafter must be to legislate in accordance with the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, and pass an act in Congress establishing and protecting Slavery in the territories, whether the residents of the territories desire slavery or not. This astounding position brought Douglas, Pugh and Bigler to the floor, who asserted that such a policy would totally destroy the party in the North. To which the Southern Senators responded, let the consequences be what they may, the Democratic party, and the nominee of the Charleston Convention, must make up their minds to stand upon that platform. Our Democratic friends are, by this time, we think, becoming satisfied that the remark made by one of their oldest and ablest men—who left them on account of the Slavery despotism—we mean Francis P. Blair, was correct, when he said, that every concession to the Slave power invited and was followed by further aggression. If it has not yet been settled that salt-petre will explode, it is no longer a question about the explosion of this Democracy.

### The Septennial Periods of Life.

Slowly a hedge of sprouting teeth appears,
And marks the period of the seven first years;
Succeeding these, when seven more years have flown,
The incipient down of fervent youth is shown;
When seven more years have passed, the lusty chin
And brawny limbs proclaim the Man within;
Another seven—the period so begun
Speeds to its close—the goal of strength is won;
In the fifth seven, the Man mature is found
Fast in the chains of fruitful wedlock bound;
The sixth septennium comes—the soul is seen
In noon day splendor, active and serene;
The seventh arrives, in thought and speech mature,
And through the eighth the harvest may endure;
But ere the ninth its faltering race hath run,
How fades the brightness of Life's setting sun!
And Nature's self, when comes the seventieth year,
Exhausted, longs to finish her career.

Editorial Correspondence of Lewisburg Chronicle.

Improvements near Lewisburg—Wheat—Sunbury—Court House—Court—and other Matters.

This day, for the first time these many months, we quit our "den editorial," (being thereto moved by the bracing breeze, the fair morning sky, and "hope of reward,") to drop in a few hours upon the placid mother of all the towns on the North and West Branches—ancient "Shaumoking," now Sunbury.

Since we last crossed the "Otzinachson," we find Messrs. Dieffenderfer, Dreisbach & Co. have erected a house between the bank of the Cross cut and their Planing Mill, to shelter lumber passing to and from boats.....The Store at the Canal is closed; like many other country establishments, it does not "pay" in these unprosperous times.

We have not yet announced the construction, by Mr. Palmer, of a Depot for passengers, baggage and freight at the Lewisburg station of the S. & E. Railway Company. It would seem to be unnecessarily distant from the town road, but well adapted to its use. We learn from Mr. M'Ginley, ticket and freight agent, that his receipts last month were nearly $900, and nearly $500 in February—a rate which would soon realize $10,000 a year income, to the Company, from this, the best paying station on the road between Harrisburg and Williamsport. A Telegraph Office is needed here to make the station complete.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" never looked fairer to the longing, wayworn Israelites, than do the broad acres sown with wheat to the worried and debt-harassed farmers of Pennsylvania. All we saw on the cars, going and coming, and all we met, (with whom we conversed) agreed that wheat had never so completely escaped from Winter, and never looked more promising, than at present.

Arrived at Sunbury, the first sensation of novelty was on visiting her square old Court House, which seemed at first glance to have shrunk in size since our last visit. A little reflection, however, convinced us that it was the same building as of yore. Numbers remarked to us the same feeling—caused, doubtless, by the contrast between the commodious, well aired Court Room they had attended during two years, and the "cribbed, cabined, cramped and confined" room here, which it seems almost a martyrdom to endure. A superior building in its day and generation, it has become unsuitable to the circumstances and wants of the county. We can not commend the decorum maintained in the room, nor yet can we conscienciously aver that the number in such close quarters, intent on the miscellaneous business that always clusters around court rooms, could have behaved much better.

Judge Jordan "bosses it over the crowd" with much grace and effectiveness. Cool, prompt, and moderate, he has only to announce, and it is done—to decide, and it stands. We heard a trial; which, with the preliminary reports of Constables, sending out the Grand Jury, &c., was submitted to the Jury at 3.30, to-day, but would have occupied at least two days in some Courts. It was a case of alleged assault and battery. No notes were taken; no impertinences or useless talk was permitted in lawyers or witnesses; the latter were discharged as soon as the Judge considered them sufficiently "pumped;" and the case was summed up in brief speeches from one on each side. Mr. J. B. Packer was argumentative, sententious, mild, pointed, and pressed home the strong points for the Deft; J. K. Clement was discursive, poetical, ardent, and inclined to be sarcastic if not abusive, for the prosecution. Both wisely stopped when they had finished their real arguments; and the Judge gave a clear and fair charge, a model of perspecuity and extemporaneous exactness.

The Bar of Northumberland is certainly strong in numbers, and very respectable in point of legal ability. Judge Jordan was compelled to request the Commissioners to bring in half a dozen extra chairs, to accommodate the members of the bar, who were standing within their wooden walls with a very tired look. Notwithstanding the present abundance, another large "crop" is said to be about ready for "admission" into the "arena." Mr. P. Melanethon Shindel, however, has quit the Law, for a higher and more congenial calling—that of the Christian Ministry.

On motion of Ex-Gov. Pollock, the Court adjourned at four o'clock to give opportunity to all who desired to attend the funeral of William Wilson, a practical Surveyor, formerly Member of Congress, from Williamsport, who remarried and removed to Sunbury about three years ago. A man of great purity of character and beloved by all who knew him, he deceased on Saturday last, at the ripe age of 84 years.

There is as much grumbling about "hard times" in Sunbury as elsewhere. The printers there had not began to be plethoric over receipts when we left—(hope they may have better luck the remainder of the week)—and Masser of the American we saw was resorting to his old trade of Attorneyship to keep things moving. The Sheriff could get no bid on a Sunbury property he was "commanded" to turn into money, and adjourned his "sell" to Wednesday.

There are now five hotels in Sunbury, which indicate a very thirsty place. The last is the "Central," at the railroads junction on Market Square—the property formerly of John B. Packer, enlarged by Sheriff Vandyke, and leased by Jos. Moist. It is commodious, and looked like a civil, well kept house, whose location must command a good custom. The Ticket and Telegraph office is kept in the corner next the Railway. Jacob Shipman is the operator, and the telegraphing public and Company will be glad to learn that messages can be sent to and from Sunbury as well and as regularly as to and from any other station on the line.

The site of old Fort Augusta is between Sunbury and the R. R. Bridge on the North Branch. There was not long since discovered a quantity of implements of warfare—iron, so cast as to leave upwards a sharp point, lay them down as you will—in short, stubborn little porcupines, with steel-like quills. These were sowed outside the Fort, and were well designed to persuade the "salvages" not to be skulking around o'nights! A few rusty specimens were presented me, by J. P. Shindel Gobin, Esq., as curiosities for the Cabinet of the University at Lewisburg.

The up-river train this afternoon was crowded with passengers, returning from below, where they had been to sell or to run lumber. Some of these are doubtless worthless men at home (if they have any) or abroad; but there are many others, who claim respectability in their own neighborhoods, yet manifest little or none of it when "down the river." Rowdy in dress, foul in person and in speech, really or affectedly intoxicated from the results of the bottle they pass shamelessly about, singing snatches from vulgar songs, and bawling out vapid jokes, they are better fitted to ride in the ox cars, or be piled up as baggage, than to be put in passenger cars. No sensible person objects to any one's riding because he is a lumberman, or poor, or coarsely clad; but watermen as well as others can be clean and civil, and can keep their tongues, their breath, and their eyes to themselves. Railway companies have not the right to fill a passenger car with men whose dirtiness, whiskey, tobacco, and rude and violent conduct disgust and annoy other men and render women and children fearful for their personal safety. Ye men of the North and West! you would be ashamed and afraid to have your own neighbors, your mothers, sisters, wives, or daughters see you as you sometimes exhibit yourselves. Be warned and no longer disgrace your homes and yourselves. The Almighty's eye is upon you everywhere, and the world sees and despises your silly sport. If such conduct is continued, you will have to be carried—like swine—in a pen fitted up for just your condition, for such nuisances must be abated from public cars.

From some typo. travelers we never fail to be informed of the "gentlemanly conductor This," and the "polite Col. That"—just as if any conductor were entitled to especial commendation for being a gentleman—or as if any Company would dare to continue a conductor who was *not* a gentleman at least outwardly! While all men should be kind and accommodating, those especially in a public capacity must be so, or be expelled; and for doing only every day duty, well paid for at that, no one deserves extra pay or especial thanks, cards, canes, or gold watches.....But we must say that our afternoon's conductor was the least disposed to wound the feelings (through the pockets) of any of the "gentlemanly" fraternity we ever saw. He twice passed five of us without insinuating any desire to see our tickets, but when four expressed their resentment—by volunteering the tickets—at being thus compelled to appear as "dead heads," he "kindly" accepted them at their hands. It was the first time we were ever "overlooked" by the money takers—an act so "gentlemanly" as to extort this favorable notice contrary to our usual custom. One, however, pocketed the ticket with the insult, to use peradventure, some day when change is scarce.....And thus ends our eight hours' trip to Sunbury, Monday, April 4, A.D. '59.

"An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair."

A man named Charles Reed, who was on board the Central America at the time she was wrecked, and was picked up after floating on a piece of timber twelve hours, was recently burned to death in his cabin in California.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

### From Philadelphia.

PHILAD., March 24, 1859.

MON CHER CHRONICLE: When one sits down to enlighten the public, he should have accessories of all sorts around him, so as to be enabled to "speak by the card." This suggests a very cozy library, a nice writing table, velvet slippers, a capacious and comfortable gown, and an easy chair. With such surroundings, and with no one to molest or make afraid, any individual who could not enlighten the public, has no business with any such advantages, as these things suppose. But it requires more than this to make either an editor, or a correspondent.

You remember the "inspiring mantle" which a certain "Genius" threw over *another* genius, whom the first genius found between the stilts of a plough, somewhere in Scotland. Now, no sane reader of your very respectable journal can for a single instant suppose that these "geniuses" would ever have met in a carpeted hall, or well furnished library; that, if they had so met, the first would have performed the superfluous act of throwing a "mantle" over a man already enveloped in cashmere! As readily might one imagine David taking lessons on the harp, from some Bochsa or Ap Tommas of his day, instead of yielding up his whole soul to the inspiring influences of nature, and pouring forth that inspiration in heaven taught song

"Like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets;
*Stealing* and *giving* odour."

The man who wants to state historical facts, or give statistics, or treat of the sciences, requires what we first supposed—the *data*, and the leisure, and the retirement—to a man like Burns, or to a soul like that of the sweet singer of Israel, such things would have been a positive incumbrance. And I propose to show that one may become a very respectable instructor or *amuser* (I don't know whether that word is in Webster) of his fellow men, without either the comfortable quarters of the first, the "inspiring mantle" of the second, or the bright stars, the serene heavens, or the inspiring climate of Judea's nights, where David studied nature's harmony, and the music of the spheres.

Now, if I were at all influenced by my surroundings at this moment, I should chant you a most doleful ditty, for I am in the very midst of rain.

Some twenty-five years ago, I was playing with a dozen of other boys, one bright moonlight evening in summer time. All of a sudden, one of the boys struck up a negro song, then just introduced by the celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," to this effect:

"I plays upon de fife,
And I plays upon de fiddle;
I'm 'posed to be Bank
And I don't like Biddle."

"Hush!" said some one else of the crowd. The song and the rebuke together drew my attention to a gentlemen at that moment passing. I never to my knowledge saw him before, and, I am sure, never since; but if I were to meet him to-day, with twenty-five years added to his life, I am quite sure I should recognize him. A smooth, round face, exceedingly handsome; very luxuriant hair; a person neither tall nor short, slightly inclined to obesity, but graceful in the extreme; the whole appearance that of a "bon vivant:" in short, one who could not be mistaken for aught but a gentleman, without deigning to notice the impudence of the boys, which he must have distinctly heard—he passed on, and in a few years more he had passed away. That man was Nicholas Biddle, a great financier, a bad politician; a gentleman of learning and refinement, but whose God was his belly, and the Juggernaut which destroyed him at last. The vortex into which he led the United States Bank, and the ruin which that institution, in its fall, spread throughout the country, is but a second edition of the last act in the life of Samson, and is written in the book of the chronicles called "Thirty years in the U. S. Senate."

Not many years ago, there stood in Chestnut street, above Fourth, an imposing range of brick front with a ten foot colonade, of two columns, surmounted by a wooden cornice and a flag staff. That was the old United States Hotel. I mean the building—not the colonade and flagstaff. I remember with what solemn and profound awe I used to look at that great house, when I was a boy, and think how very rich people must be who could afford to board there. In after years, Charles Dickens stopped there, and wrote about it, and I have listened to Kossuth haranguing the mob from the balcony. But "the march of empire" has blotted it out, and on its site stands a great "rock temple"—into which the "rocks" will find their way bye and bye—whose grey front of hewn granite, and portals which look like Petra, hewn from the solid rock, would have given to Dante *such* a set of gates for his "Inferno!" That building is the one begun for the use of the Bank of Pennsylvania, put up at a cost of Three Hundred Thousand dollars, and sold, for half that sum, to the Philadelphia Bank, some weeks ago. The odd $150,000 is at the expense of stock and note holders, as certain small documents in our safe at this moment will show.

Now, I'm coming to the subject I should have begun with.

I am, at this present moment, standing in the doorway of that unfinished institution, with its immense walls on either side, and griffin's heads, and mighty bossess grinning from its massive doors. Directly opposite, stands what was once the finest building in the city, and probably is yet—the old United States Bank, the present Custom House. Adjoining that, on the east, is the Philadelphia Bank building, containing three banks—"Philadelphia," "Western," and "Commonwealth." Adjoining the granite building of the Bank of Penn'a, on the west, is the Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, a most costly and beautiful building and a most safe institution. Within a stone's throw, is the old "Independence Hall," and not farther off stood until within a few years the little old building where Jefferson lodged, and where he penned the "declaration." To the last, it was kept as a tavern, and known as the "Jefferson Wigwam." At the same distance in another direction, Franklin's mansion stood; and there he lived, and experimented, and wrote. These localities are all within three hundred feet of these granite steps where I am playing correspondent for the Chronicle.

Now, I suppose the question arises, "What does thou here, Elijah?" "By that, hangs a tale."

Our maid had been up for an hour or so this morning—at least, I thought so from the fragrant breath of our "Old Dominion" which had insinuated itself thro' every corner of the house, and up to my chamber—when she knocked at my door as usual, to give me a hint that it was getting up time. I saw, by the first ray of light which reached me, that there was no sun out; and when I at last ventured from beneath the covers, and took a peep at the weather, I made up my mind that we should have rain. The clouds had been gathering up moisture the whole night, and were swagging down like an awning in winter after twenty four hours' snow. Still it held on, and I got breakfast, got to the store, settled my cash, and started down town on some financial affairs, when all at once, as I rounded Fourth and Chestnut, the great bag bursted and came down in a torrent. The nearest spot of shelter which stood open, was the doorway of the new bank, and while standing in its gloomy portal, and looking around, I conceived the idea of dedicating my thoughts to you, and here they are; the first of a series of "out of door sketches," or whatever else you please to call them.

In conclusion, Yours, S.H.F.

DEIFYING THE FEMALE SEX.—[Dr. Alexander, in his recent volume of sermons, utters the following solemn warning:]

"What a horrid fraud Satan is practicing on the church, in regard to the daughters of the covenant! In fashionable circles—dare I name them Christian?—the girls merging into maturity are frequently sold to the adversary. The young woman is taught to deem herself a goddess. If there be wealth, if there be accomplishments, if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. Behold her pass from the pedestal to the altar! The charming victim is decked for sacrifice. Every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night, the gay but wretched maiden is taught to think of self and selfish pleasures. Till some lenten fashion of solemnity interrupt the whirl, the season is too short for the engagements. Grave parents shake their heads at magnificent apparel, costly gems, night turned into day, dances at which Romans would have blushed, pale cheeks, bending frames, threatened decay; and yet they allow and submit. And thus that sex, which ought to show the sweet, unselfish innocency of a holy youth, is carried to the overheated temples of pleasure. Thus the so-called Christian verifies the Apostle's maxim, 'She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.'"

A LOVER OF PEACE MARRYING A DUMB WOMAN.—A man named Thomas Galt was married, yesterday, by Justice Hanselman, to Sarah Jane Anderson, a mute. Some curiosity was excited by the fact of his marrying a woman who could not speak, and a constable asked him the cause of his doing so. Galt answered that he had had two wives already, and they gave him no rest by reason of their talking ceaselessly, and complaining and scolding from morning till night. Both had died, and now, as he was forty years old, and desirous of having a little peace for the remainder of his life, he had determined to select a dumb woman.—*Cincinnatti Enquirer.*

The steamer Fulton, of the Paraguay expedition, has a tremendous 11-inch Dahlgreen gun, with which she was going to roll big balls all over the pampas, but unfortunately the store ships forgot to bring the carriage, which lies in the Norfolk Yard!

FRIGHTFUL, BUT NOT FATAL.—On Saturday last, as the passenger train of the Catawissa road was tearing along down the mountain, some of the fastenings of the front truck of the centre car broke, and for a short distance the passengers, about thirty in number, had a jolting ride. The train had partly moderated its speed, as it was just approaching the longest and highest bridge at Mainville. A hurricane was blowing furiously up the Valley, and just as the engine, baggage car and half of the centre car had passed on the bridge, a blast of wind lifted the front of the car off the damaged truck, letting it down within a few inches of the edge of the lofty structure. The motion tightened the alarm rope, causing the bell on the engine to ring, when the engineer promptly stopped the train. The rear car had not entered upon the bridge. The passengers did not realize their happy escape until they had got out of the train and took a look at the car, hanging as it were, by the eyelids, 140 feet above high-water mark! Had the train moved on forty feet further, the disabled car must have been inevitably precipitated into the valley. There is a cluster of houses beneath the bridge, and the inhabitants came rushing out, expecting, no doubt, to have a flying visit from the distinguished æronauts. The accident caused little delay, and although all were badly scared, as well they might be, nobody was hurt.—*Pottsville Emporium.*

THE SUPERINTENDENCY.—On the 24th ult. the question of abolishing the Common School Superintendency in the different counties of this State, was before the Senate. It was proposed to submit the question to a vote of the people; but it has been decided by the Supreme Court that an act of Assembly can not be referred to and decided by a vote of the people. The power to abolish laws belongs alone to the Legislature. The movement to abolish the Superintendency has originated in some of the counties, where people have become dissatisfied with this office, probably through the incompetency of their Superintendents. As the evil appears to be local, a local remedy should be applied. But it would be monstrous to abolish by a general law, in counties where it has worked well and produced good results, because in some other districts it has not given satisfaction. The office, in our opinion, is calculated to do much good for the cause of education, if filled by the right kind of men, and if, in those counties where the people are demanding its abolishment, they would select proper men for the situation, and give them their hearty co-operation and assistance in carrying out the design of the Superintendency, they would have little to complain of this branch of our common school system.—*Sunbury Gazette.*

DEATH OF AN OLD RESIDENT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Wallis, relict of the late Maj. J. J. Wallis, died, 17th March, at the house of her son, William Calvert, in Williamsport, in the 88th year of her age. She married John Calvert, in Nottinghamshire, England, about 1791, and in 1793 moved to this country, landing at Boston. She resided at Harrisburg for a time, then at Northumberland, and in 1797 moved to Williamsport, where she has resided ever since. John Calvert, her husband, died in New York, in 1800. Mrs. Wallis has been a devoted member of the Episcopal church, for many years. She had a remarkable constitution, enjoying tolerably good health during the most of her life.

The Philadelphia Judges are rather severe upon Jurors, who neglect to attend the Courts. Last week, James G. Barclay, J. K. De Haven, and Geo. Farnum, were each fined $200, for two days' non-attendance as Jurors. B. F. Hart and J. F. Jewell were fined each $100 for one day's non-attendance. Refusing to act as a Juror in Philadelphia is rather an expensive obstinacy, and it requires the salary of a Congressman or navy agent to be able to meet the charges.

BARBARITY.—The late Arkansas Legislature passed a law, which is to take effect from the 1st of January, 1860, prohibiting the employment of free colored persons on water crafts navigating the rivers of that State. A violation of this law is to be considered a high misdemanor, and upon conviction, subjects the party having charge of such a craft to a fine of from $500 to $1000, and imprisonment not exceeding twelve months.

We learn from Holton, Kansas, that three of the Pro-Slavery men who attacked the Republican meeting had died, and the others left the county. Judge Anderson was still in a critical condition. A company of Regulators was organized.

A DISTANT HINT.—The Baltimore Grand Jury, in a formal presentation, have expressed the opinion that the murders and other acts of violence so frequently perpetrated in that vicinity, may be attributed to the quantity of liquor drank by the offenders.

NEW ORLEANS, March 29.—Col. Lockbridge has returned here from Texas, where he is organizing his southern and western emigrant expedition to Arizona, which is to start about the middle of April.