

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

## AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1849.

VOL. VI., NO. 23---283.

### The Lewisburg Chronicle:

Published Wednesday Afternoon at Lewisburg,  
Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS.—\$2.00 for a year, to be paid in the first half year; \$2.50, if payment be not made within the year; single numbers, 5 cts. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when arrangements are paid.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cts. per square one week, \$1.00 for a month, \$5.00 a year. A reduction of these rates for larger or longer adverbs.

Casual advertisements and Job work to be paid for when performed.

All communications by mail must come post paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to receive attention.

Office, Market street between Second and Third. O. N. WORDEN, Publisher.

### THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

"We depended upon a gentleman present to furnish us some account of the closing exercises of the University pupils on Wednesday last, which we expect yet to receive. The attendance was large, and a pleasing interest manifested."

The exercises in Declaration were participated in by the following named members of the first three classes—Messrs. Foster, P. Lane, Tustin, Linn, Castle, Watson, J. T. Lane, White, and J. K. Taggart. As far as comparisons with former efforts could be made, they spoke of decided improvements.

We have obtained the two supposed articles as fair specimens of the original productions of the day.

### THE SWISS.

Much has been written and sung of the Swiss, and much may yet be written and sung, without ever exhausting the subject. From the days of Julius Cæsar down to the present time, the changes have been eternally rung upon the liberty of the Swiss, and their own glorious land. She has been the theme of the orator; the lay of the poet; the historian has caught enthusiasm from her scenes; and amid her wild, wonderful scenery, the painter has found fit subjects for his canvases.

The Swiss possess, indeed, a peculiar country; one, that it preserves them from the power of others, at the same time precludes its own people from conquest. To the beholder, Switzerland presents a scenery unequalled by any on the globe. It combines awfulness and sublimity, grandeur and beauty. Antarctic snows with the gay splendor of sunny Italy. The snowy pinnacles, that pierce the blue canopy—those horrid birth places of the glacier and the avalanche—green fields, greener still by the contrast with their frozen boundaries—the lakes, with their stilly solemnity—the hamlet, perched like an eagle's eyrie on some beetling crag—are the elements of Alpine scenery. Stand on lofty Blanc, and look, when morning breaks from her portals in the east, or when the setting sun tinges the glaucous with a rosy hue—and the Alps are beautiful. There they stand, silent monitors, pointing up to heaven, with their tops girt with nature's garlands—the fleecy clouds—where living thing dwells not, and nought disturbs the monotony, but the distant roar of the avalanche; with their sides dotted by flock and cottage, echoing to the lowing of the cattle and the sweet music of the Alpine horn; there, in the gorges below, are the romantic towns and vineyard—the lake, sparkling in its purity—the old castles, those bulwarks of tyranny, that have frowned from their rocky sites for centuries—and there, industry and Economy dwell, and Happiness makes her home. It was among such scenes as these, that many of the world's honored poets have sought inspiration. Switzerland is indeed their Mecca. Byron wrote his Manfred there. Coleridge "lived up his hymn in the vale of Chamonix." And

"Where Alpine solitudes ascend Goldenly sat him down a peasant hour to spend." Gazing upon such a country as this, well may the Swiss exclaim,

"Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of mountains reared all to mock  
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—  
My own Swiss land for ever!"

But the Swiss are no less remarkable than their country. "Sit at the feet of History," while she unrolls the misty records of other days; and what name stands in bolder relief upon her scroll? When the Roman Eagle penetrated beyond the Alps, it found there a brave and hardy people, possessed of liberty, and powerful enough by their rocky battlements to main-

tain it. Such was their character, and, with slight variation, such it has been ever since. Their cradle of Liberty was rocked in Alpine storms, their strength and hardness gotten by buffeting the elements. Their character is that of stern resolve. Change in them was the result of reflection, like the rocks around them, which are as eternal and unchangeable as the mighty ocean.

The history of this people, is essentially their own. Their ramparts of rocks are the mighty barriers against which the waves of political commotion have dashed in vain. The story of the republics of Greece, is but repeated among them. United, their banners flapped triumphantly over the field of the slain; divided, still they were powerful. That their courage and firmness should have become a matter of barrier, is much to be lamented; but, few nations there are whose names are not clouded by worse deeds than this, for not long ago, and the flag of our own loved land dropped, red with the blood of the slain, from the dome of the Mexican Capitol. When, then, any people have purged their reputation of political sins, they may impudently that of Swiss blood.

The characteristics of the Swiss are very prominent. They love the song and the dance—rude festivity is their delight, as long as it does not become licentious. They are, besides, eminently a religious people. From every hill and plain in that fair land, rises the incense of devotion from a thousand altars. A lowly spire peeps from every clump of trees, and when the "church-gong" echoes through those dales, they swear as by magic, with life. The Swiss were accordingly of the first to hail the rising star of the Reformation. Zuingli and Calvin stand forth their representatives in this grand drama. Zuingli offered up his life upon the altar of religion and his country. Calvin ruled Church and State, and, though stern and inflexible in his character, his services for the good of the country are still visible after the lapse of centuries.

Freedom of thought also characterizes this people. The pure mountain breezes they inhale, and above all the awful sublimity of the sights they gaze upon, are conducive to this. Upon the rocks of Uri first dawned the spirit of Liberty, and she was no bird of passage. There was the immortal " oath of Rorich" sworn. Then comes the story of Tell. Then while Europe around them was asleep in the night of the dark ages, did the Swiss battle for freedom. They have shown also their freedom of thought in religion. Priests, monks, and bishops were sent begging at the will of the people. It was to no purpose that the Pope fulminated his decrees; the thunders of the Vatican were drowned in the howl of the tempest and the crash of the avalanche. They bowed the knee to God, and to Him only.

Finally, the Swiss love their country. Though the poetry and the real life of their land are very different, still their heartstrings are entwined about her. The soldier, while he listens to the melodies of his far-distant home, is melted in tears; the wanderer, when life's journey is nigh spent, hastens back to breathe his latest sigh amid the wild scenes of his father-land; even the exile, torn from her by the ruthless grasp of power, exclaims,

"O Switzerland! my country! 'tis to thee I strike my hap in agony!"

But, though the fate of empires no longer waits the arbitrament of Alpine shepherds, the Swiss are a free and happy people. True, the French Revolution, which convulsed the continent of Europe, in its length and breadth, like a mighty earthquake, brought the people down upon the aristocracy, and Swiss fell side by side; but the mutterings of that awful tempest have long since died away in the distance, and while the storm moans its lullaby among their lovely dwelling, the Swiss may cry in rapture to the winds,

"Blow on! blow on! this is the land of Liberty!"

### DECISION.

Decision is an essential ingredient in true greatness. On it depends success in every sphere of action. Without it, man is a mere slave to instability; he fancies that all perplexities beset his path alone; that he is placed in circumstances peculiarly unfavorable, and in which no one else could succeed. To-day he plans a journey for the morrow, but, as he is about starting, he perceives that clouds veil the heavens; he then hesitates, unable to decide whether to go or remain, until a late hour relieves his mind by deciding it for him—it is now too late. The opposite

character, distinguishing himself by originating and prosecuting great enterprises, and by stability and success in emergencies, generally commands the esteem of his fellow men. He forms resolutions seasonably, and carries them into effect. He yields to no ordinary circumstances. Friends and relatives may disapprove his project, and endeavor to dissuade him from incessant toils and privations; they may even become incensed at him; but he consoles himself with the reflection, that he is aspiring after that which is ennobling and which will finally elicit their highest esteem. With a realizing sense of the justice of his cause, misfortune does not abate his zeal, knowing that this is the common lot of man. In adversity or prosperity, in honor or unenvied dishonor, in reputation or undesired reproach, he adopts the sentiment of another, "If in the lottery of the world it be my fortune to draw a prize, I am not proud of my success; if I draw nothing but blanks, I am not troubled with my misfortune."

Persons of decision may not be able, in every trying circumstance, to form conclusions immediately; but those of an opposite character, influenced by selfish motives, can almost instantly determine upon a course, and, at least as far as the way is strewn with flowers, pursue it—but no farther. The former having made a resolution, although his way is thick set with thorns, moves onward and upward; and each step advanced, qualifies him to take the next, until he arrives at the desired goal.

It is no evidence of a want of decision for an individual, having taken a wrong course, on the discovery of his mistake to retrace his steps; but it is a striking proof of his ability, in such instances, to relinquish his purpose, and to undo if possible what he has done wrong. Hence it is, that sound reasoning aids in forming decision. An individual may resolve wrongly, and if, apprized of his mistake, he still persists in the same course, he exhibits a spirit of obstinacy, and not of decision.

Knowledge also assists in forming a resolution. A man who would carry on successfully an enterprise, must understand its nature—at least, he must have such a knowledge of it, that all that is essential to its completion may be acquired in the prosecution of it. Decision is essential in the vicissitudes of life; to the general on the battlefield, when the banner of death waves triumphantly, and the seal of nations is pending; to the statesman, in originating and adopting measures well adapted to meet great emergencies; and to the herald of the cross, standing on the battlements of Zion either at home or in foreign lands, upon whose fidelity to his divine commission depends the present and eternal well being of thousands.

### A Peep into Futurity.

BY HOGG.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and with a whistle and a jerk we were again on our way, and soon the trees and meadows, brooks and hills, seemed whirling by, and the dust and cinders flew thick and fast. But amid the roaring and jolting of the cars, sleep like a monster, angel, came to my relief. Gradually the noise was hushed, and the speed at which I rode inspired dreams of a lofty character.

I was in a wide rotunda, from which led two halls on either side. Many tall Corinthian columns rose about me, hewn from the whitest marble, and their gilded capitals were lighted from a stained glass dome. The ceilings were adorned with carved works, images, and paintings, and in short the master pieces of the Grecian sculptors, and of modern artists, seemed to adorn and decorate the walls and niches. But scarcely had I begun to gaze upon the beauties of the pile of splendor, when a roar like that of many oceans burst upon my ear, and I concluded I was in the temple of the gods at Mount Olympus, until a mass of polished steel, and brass and silver, rushed into one of the long halls, and passed out at the extremity of the other, followed by a train of what I called some thirty pagan temples, all glittering with carved wood and iron, gilded eagles, pinnacles, and spires. No sooner than the train had stopped, out stepped a Yankee (I knew him by his voice), and shouted "Hartford!" at the windows of each of the cars. A throng of grins, ladies and children poured from the opening doors and stood within the rotunda. Being very anxious to view the interior of the cars or temples, and to the motive power, I entered one, and had hardly recovered from the shock which the dazzling magnificence re-

flected, when the train, which had been set in motion again, stopped in a rotunda of the same size and splendor with the first, and the Yankee again cried "Springfield!" I staggered to a seat in utter unconsciousness, and as I endeavored to locate myself what appeared to be a picture of New York city, I sank to my waist in a delicious air sofa, which again restored my senses. The towns and cities, lakes and mountains, once more shot in confusion by, as the conductor hurriedly tapped me on the shoulder and whispered "ticket."

"Where are you bound?" said I  
"Boston. Be there in twenty minutes." Fare from Springfield, one dime—from New York three dimes.

I handed him a shilling.  
"Behind the times," said he; "no such coin in circulation."

I had the good luck to carry a gold dollar as a pocket piece, which I drew out, and paid my fare. "Where am I, captain?" said I involuntarily.

He smiled, and rushed from the car, which had entered the third rotunda, and shouted "Worcester!"

"Mister, where am I?" said I to the nearest man.

He eyed me with evident surprise a moment, though his eyes sparkled as he asked, "Been asleep?"

"Yes, sir. Got to New Haven yet?" he asked.

"Tell me the year!" said he.

"It's 1849 of course—are you crazy?" I replied.

He tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You've slept a hundred years—it's 1949! Several have slept over. This is the air-line railroad from New York to Boston—air-line that is, there are no curves, and but three corners, which we turn in an instant, by machinery. All sorts of new improvement, now a-days. Why, man! I'll take you all the rest of your life-time to look at all the patented, labor-saving machinery in New England. We do everything but sleep and eat by some new fangled invention of mine!"

"Good! I must be so. Yankee nation! what can't you Yankees and steam accomplish!" said I.

"Steam! Nonsense, man—it's out of date on railroads. This is Fuzgum's electro-magnetic patent, eight days, twelve feet driver, 800 horse power battery, silver plated, self-propeller—cost \$25,000—this thing which draws us now! This road cost some twenty millions, and has paid for itself twice, and has not been completed three years; they use the patent suspension bridge, Vulcan rail, which is laid on a solid wall of stone, four feet deep. The rails are some seven feet apart. We go at the rate of five miles and three quarters per minute, and—why, sir! you are behind the times, indeed. What'll you give me to show you the Leviathan, [not elephant]?" three weeks!"

"Anything in my possession. I'm a great hand for new things. I'll see the Leviathan, and ride! Hurrah! hurrah!"

"Stop! here's Boston. Keep close to me, and we'll get a seat in the first elevated omnibus, for the Ocean Hotel—best house in the city. Come, we do things so quick we seldom carry baggage."

I made fast to his coat tail, and my Yankee guide rushed through the crowds, and temples, and galleries, till we found ourselves at last in the flying, elevated, electric something omnibus, which was an open car some twenty feet long, on a railroad, elevated about thirty feet above the street. A double track was laid all the way, and we met several cars or omnibuses, rushing down, propelled by little electric engines. Below the street was thronged with trucks, goods, merchants, and carriers. On either side, broad side walks were filled with people, and above, the houses rose from eight to ten stories, all constructed from iron, gilded and painted in the most costly and beautiful manner.

At last, when we had come about ten miles in five minutes, as fast up hill as down, we arrived at what I should have supposed to be Solomon's temple, restored; but no, it was the Ocean Hotel. Of our entry into this place, the furniture, the carving, the gilding, the painting, we will not speak. After visiting a fashionable tailor's shop, I sat down with my guide, in my room, to take a rest preparatory to seeing the elephant!—no! the Leviathan, and to make the tour of the State.

"What has happened?" Mr. Jonathan, since 1849?" said I to the Yankee, who was gazing at the sea of roofs. He nearly fainted at the question, and said he merely could mention a few of the principal changes and improvements.

"General Taylor," said he, "was President in 1849, wasn't he? Yes, he was, and we've had any quantity since. We're a republic now, and the United States extend from the Arctic Ocean to Terra del Fuego, and comprises, in short, all America. England's a republic, and a Yankee is their President. There was but one kingdom in the world six days ago, but the transatlantic telegraph was then out of order. We have n't heard for most a week from either side, and—here! see that flying car up there, see it! It's going to San Francisco, the largest city in America, or United States, all the same. There, it's out of sight; but the Great Aerial Electric Navigation Company are building a car that will beat that—it's manufacturing in that machine shop yonder," said he as he pointed to a building fourteen stories and a half high.

"There's generally," continued he, universal peace on earth, and the last dispatches from the moon said that the revolution had been brought to a close, and that bloodshed had ceased to stain that paradise, and while we speak of it, there's a fellow from the moon, who came down on a flying car yesterday, but their air is so different from ours he can't stay long;" and he pointed to a most perfect little man, about three feet high. "But we'll go up to the moon by the next car and stroll about a day or two, and look—(here I had recourse to the campbor bottle)—and look about town. Yes, we will—hem, there's some angles there—some gals, and they think everything of us Yankees. Hurrah! there's the California, the last steamer from Liverpool. She started day before yesterday. She made of iron, cutta percha, and dorus. Dorus is a metal recently discovered in Greenland, and small quantities are found in Patagonia—a metal which won't bend, break, or receive any impression, except when the greatest degree of heat possible to be obtained, is applied to it. She ran through an iceberg on her last trip, but did not stop, and you can't break her to pieces or sink her, no, you can't. She's six hundred feet long, and twenty-five broad; is covered with gutta percha, made transparent all over, and runs under water half the time, in a storm. There's the evening train of flying cars for New Orleans—pretty good load; the electric train carries more though this weather. More competition on this route than any other in America, except the New York and Rio Janeiro evening lines; they run for four dimes. See that building over there! At one end they drive in a flock of sheep, and this door is a mutton market, and the other is a ready made clothing store. There's a printing office in this building, and there's a machine in it which will make a spelling book out of a shirt in seven minutes; but they'll have to give it up, as there's one in the very next house which will make a spelling book from cotton batting in six minutes! Fact, sir!"

I applied campbor to my temples and nose.

"I tell you the truth; but the crack invention of the day is gumbuggum gas. Goes ahead of chloroform, altogether. Why, last night my brother in New Orleans was smashed to a pulp by the falling of a stone weighing twelve tons, but we immediately applied the extract of cold water, and gumbuggum, and when I left at two o'clock, he was comfortably well. We don't die at all now, if we can manage to get hold of the extract of water and gumbuggum gas before heat leaves the body. If all warmth has left the body, life has left it; but if not, life is perfectly safe. Now tea is ready; come let us get tea, and then we'll have a ride."

At thoughts of supper I awoke, and we had just got to New Haven. What slow, good for nothing cars and steamboats we have—can't go but a mile a minute! We are behind the times.

### Early Marriages.

[A writer in the National Intelligencer notices a communication from the Richmond Republican, signed "W. W. Y.," in which early marriages were advocated, and presents "the other side of the picture," as follows:]

"Says W. W. Y., 'All know, or should know, the opinion of the good and wise Franklin upon this subject, who was a warm advocate in its favor.' Perhaps Franklin was philosophically right in his opinion, but facts go to prove that he was practically wrong. For instance, gentlemen—all know, or should know, that the children of very young parents are generally deficient in strength of body and mind, and commonly die young. 'All

know or should know," that Franklin was the fifteenth child of his father, and the eighth of his mother; and more still, he was the youngest child for five successive generations on his mother's side, from whom, more than his father, he inherited his eminent talents. Pitt, Fox, and Burke, were each the youngest child of their respective families. Daniel Webster is the youngest by a second marriage; so also was Lord Bacon, whose father was fifty, and his mother was thirty-two years of age at his birth. Judge Story's mother was forty-four at his birth; Benjamin West was the tenth child of his parents; and Dr. Doddridge was the twentieth child by one father and mother. It is a proverb that 'the youngest children are the smartest.' And why? Evidently because the parents are mature in mind and body and consequently transmit a higher order of mentality to their offspring. Does the intelligent farmer expect a healthy and luxuriant crop when he seeds with dwarfish green corn or unripe potatoes? And why not bring in requisition as much science and common sense to propagate 'the human form divine' as potatoes and cabbage? Grant that early marriages would obviate much of the vice and wickedness which is now almost unavoidable, is it not the remedy worse than the disease if it be the means of bringing into existence a race of puny, ill-formed children, a majority of whom die before they arrive at maturity? But the evil does not end here. Those who do live transmit their mushroom constitution to their offspring, and thus most effectually are the 'iniquities of the fathers visited upon the children.'

[On the other hand it might be shown by numerous examples that the first born of healthy parents are the most vigorous in body and mind, and that as a general advance in life their offspring become feeble in intellect and in person. Maturity, temperance, and health are requisite for proper reproduction, whether the progeny be younger or older.]

### Silent Influence of Christians.

The Bible calls the good man's life a light, (says Dr. Whipple,) and it is the nature of light to flow out upon a body in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, not because he will, but because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its property, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in the power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature! It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outskirts of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic, at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, yet colder is the night. The vital blood, left at length, of all creatures, stops congealed. Down goes the frost to the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or fear. It would not wake an infant in the cradle. And yet it perpetually renews the world, rescuing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stir and commotion of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary and active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults.

### The Triumphs of the English Language.

BY REV. JAMES WILSON, D.D., LL. D.

Now gather all our Saxon bands,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumphs of  
Our own good Saxon tongue!  
For stronger far than hosts of march  
With battle-flags unfurled,  
It goes, with Freedom, Thought, and Truth,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Scout Arian learns its household lays  
On every ear and eye,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far  
As Orkney's breakers roar—  
From Jura's crags, and Mona's hills,  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms with eloquence and song  
The homes of Inisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck  
It scatters its peaceful breeze,  
Seeking its peaceful heritage—  
The fresh and fruitful West;  
It climbs New England's rocky steps,  
As victor mounts a throne;  
Negro knows and greets the voice  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,  
And where, on Esquimaux's banks,  
Eternal summer reigns;  
It glides Arctic's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And slides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texas prairie smiles.

It lives by clear Texas's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedar rises on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam—  
It trooks the loud, swift Oregon,  
Through dense and valleys rolled,  
And some pleasant Gulf forays brooks  
Week down rich as ends of gold.

It rounds in Borneo's camphor groves,  
On seas of Serce Malay,  
In India's lush and old Gangetic flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay;  
It wakes up Aden's fishing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and seaward tugs;  
The dark Arabian mother her child  
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life  
By Sydney's shrouded beach;  
In Arctic where Africa's southern capes  
Meet ocean's bright and blue,  
And New Zealand's rugged mountains gird  
The wide and waste Karoo.

It kindles realms so far apart,  
That, while it prunes you sing,  
Tasmania may be clad with autumn's fruits,  
And witness with flowers of spring;  
It quickens lands whose meteor flights  
Flame in an Arctic sky,  
And bids for once the Southern Cross  
Baffle the arctic fire on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desired,  
With all that great apostles taught,  
And glorious Bibles adorned;  
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse,  
And Milton's loftier mind,  
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flies away,  
As vanishes the mist of night  
Before the star of day;  
But, grand as are its victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but as the dawn which speaks  
Of noonday yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace,  
With drearily pen or spitting sword:  
Our noble tongue and race;  
Go forth prepared, in every clime,  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they who counsel strife  
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly spend the time,  
By good men prayed for long,  
When Christian States, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong—  
When each's oppressed and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize their English words,  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME!

"Sandwich Island News."—A few days ago we received a file of the above newspaper, and upon looking over its pages we were agreeably surprised at finding that its editor and publisher, was E. A. Rockwell, Esq., a young man who finished learning the "art and mystery" of printing, in our office, about the year 1844. With the true American spirit of adventure, it seems that Mr. Rockwell has wandered far from his native land in search of "game," and that he has found in the vast Pacific ocean, an island which promises him a prosperous home. We are happy that he is doing well, and trust that the *News* may be the means of introducing into these far off islands the genuine spirit of progress and reform, which is now revolutionizing the world.—*Looming Gazette.*

"Such Fraternal Love," said Lord Beaumont, in the British House of Lords, "such brotherly protection as France was now extending to Rome, had never been seen by the world since the days of Cain and Abel!"

Mr. Greeley, being asked by a correspondent at what season of the year a gold hunter should start hence for California, replied gravely, "We consider the 1st of April as good a season as any."

The salary of the President of Mexico has been fixed at \$25,000 annually, the same as our President.