THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Port's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.

To Miss Jane L——.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

With pleasure I perform the task
Thou hast imposed; yet could I ask
To be excused; then would I leave
This page, that talent here might weave
A lovely wreath for thy fair brow.
But no, I cannot leave it now—
'Tis spotted, blotted, marred, defaced—
These lines are now upon it traced.
Shall I, like others, wish for thee
A life of happiness and glee;
Crave blessings on thy head, and praise
Thy beauty and thy winning ways?
Wish for thee countless stores of wealth,
And best of all unfailing health?
Invoke the muse to aid my pen
In praising o'er and o'er again
Thy many virtues, till we see
Naught but grace and truth in thee?
Nay, I wish thee all the bliss
That's here expressed, aye, more than this,
And hope that thy young trusting heart
May never feel the poignant dart
Of friendship false, of love betrayed—
That bitter draught, that darkest shade
Of wretchedness; that deepest woe.
Which trusting mortals here can know!
Yet, I would write myself a fool,
Or at best a flattering tool,
Were I to wish that here below
You might not taste the cup of woe.
Full well I know it ne'er can be,
That you might live from sorrow free.
Would'st thou enjoy as much of bliss
As is in store? remember this:
Never sigh for that which hast not,
But be contented with thy lot.
'Tis well—'tis best that as ye stray
Along life's path, the cloudy day
As well as sunny, should be given
To draw thy soul to earth to heaven.

Binghamton, April, 1851. NED.

To Kate.

I'm thinking of the time, Kate,
When, sitting by thy side,
And picking beans, I gazed on thee,
And felt a peacock's pride—
In silence leaned we o'er the pan,
And neither spoke a word,
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard,

The auburn curls hung down, Kate,
And kissed thy lilly cheek;
Thy azure eyes, half filled with tears,
Bespoke a spirit meek:
To be so charmed as I was then,
Had ne'er before occurred,
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

I thought it was no wrong, Kate,
So leaning o'er the dish,
As you snatched up a lot o' beans,
I snatched a nectared kiss—
A sudden made blind my eyes,
I neither saw nor stirred;
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

Selected Miscellany.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF ANTONIA.

Concluded.

Almost bewildered by the pressing and perilous emergency of the moment, harrassed by such a tumult of conflicting emotions within him as he had never known before, he risked the worst, with all the blindfold desperation of love.—The angry flush was rising on Mr. Langley's cheek: it was evidently costing him a severe struggle to retain his assumed self-possession; but he did not speak.—After an interval, Mr. Streatfield proceeded thus:

"However unfortunately I may express myself, I am sure that you will do me the justice to believe that I am now speaking from my heart on a subject (to me) of the most vital importance. Place yourself in my situation, consider all that has happened, consider that this may be, for aught I know to the contrary, the last opportunity I may have of pleading my cause, and then say if it is possible for me to conceal from you that I can only look to your forbearance and sympathy for permission to retrieve my error, to——Mr. Langley! I cannot choose expressions at such a time as this. I can only tell you that the feeling with which I regarded your daughter Clara when I first saw her, still remains what it was. I cannot analyze it; I cannot reconcile its apparent inconsistencies and contradictions; I cannot explain how, while I may seem to you, and to every one, to have varied and vacillated with insolent caprice, I have really remained, in my own heart and in my own conscience, true to my first sensations and my first convictions. I can only implore you not to condemn me to a life of disappointment and misery, by judging me with too much irritation. Favor me, so far at least, as to relate the conversation which has passed between us to your two daughters. Let me know what they are willing to think and ready to do under such unparalleled circumstances as have now occurred. I will wait *your* time and *their* times. I will abide *your* decision and *their* decision, pronounced after the first pregnant distress and irritation of this day's events have passed over."

Still Mr. Langley remained silent: the very word was on his tongue; the contemptuous rejection of what he regarded at the moment as a proposition ill-timed and insolent, seemed bursting to his lips; but once more he restrained himself. He rose from his seat, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, deep in thought. Mr. Streatfield was too much overcome by his own agitation to plead his cause further by another word. There was silence in the room now which lasted for some time.

We have said that Mr. Langley was a man of the world. He was strongly attached to his children; but he had a little of the selfishness and much of the reverence for wealth of a man of the world. As he now endeavored to determine mentally on the proper course of action—to disentangle the whole case from all its mysterious intricacies—to view it, extraordinary as it was, in its proper bearings, his thoughts began gradually to assume what is called a "practical turn." He reflected that he had another daughter besides the twin-sisters, to provide for; and that he had two sons to settle in life. He was not rich enough to portion three daughters, and he had not interest enough to start his sons favorably in a career of eminence. Mr. Streatfield on the contrary, was a man of great wealth, and of great "connections" among people in power. Was such a son-in-law to be rejected, after all that had happened, without at least consulting his wife and daughters first? He thought not. Had not Mr. Streatfield, in truth, been the victim of a remarkable fatality, of an incredible accident, and were no allowances, under such circumstances, to be made for him? He began to think there were. Reflecting thus, he determined at length to proceed with moderation and caution at all hazards, and regained composure enough to continue the conversation in a cold, but in a polite tone.

"I will commit myself, sir, to no agreement or promise whatever," he began, "nor will I consider this interview in any respect as a conclusive one, either on your side or mine; but if I think, on consideration, that it is desirable that our conversation should be repeated to my wife and daughters, I will make them acquainted with it, and let you know the result. In the meantime, I think you will agree with me, that it is most fit that the next communication between us should take place by letter alone."

Mr. Streatfield was not slow in taking the hint conveyed by Mr. Langley's last words. After what had occurred, and until something definite was settled, he felt that the suffering and suspense he was already enduring would be increased tenfold if he remained longer in the same house with the twin-sisters—the betrothed of one, the lover of the other! Murmuring a few inaudible words of acquiescence in the arrangement which had just been proposed to him, he left the room. The same evening he quitted Langley Hall.

The next morning the remainder of the guests departed, their curiosity to know all the particulars of what had happened remaining ungratified. They were simply informed that an extraordinary and unexpected obstacle had arisen to delay the wedding; that no blame attached to any one in the matter; and that as soon as everything had been finally determined, everything would be explained. Until then, it was not considered necessary to enter into any particulars.

By the middle of the day every visitor had left the house; and a strange and melancholy spectacle it presented when they were gone. Rooms were now empty and silent, which, the day before, had been filled with animated groups, and had echoed with merry laughter. In one apartment, the fittings for the series of "tableaux" which had been proposed, half completed; the dresses that were to have been worn lay scattered on the floor; the carpenter who had come to proceed with his work, gathered up his tools in ominous silence, and departed as quickly as he could. Here lay books still opened at the last page read; there lay an album, with the drawing of the day before unfinished, and the color-box unclosed by its side. On the deserted billiard table, the position of the deserted "cues" and balls showed the traces of an unfinished game. Flowers were scattered on the rustic tables in the gardens, half-made into nosegays, and beginning to wither already. The very dogs wandered in a moody, unsettled way about the house, missing the friendly hands that had fondled and fed them for so many days past, and whining impatiently in the deserted drawing-rooms. The social desolation of the scene was miserably complete in all its aspects.

Immediately after the departure of all his guests, Mr. Langley had an interview with his wife. He repeated to her the conversation which had taken place between Mr. Streatfield and himself, and received from her in return such an account of the conduct of his daughter, under the trial which had befallen her, as filled him with equal astonishment and admiration. It was a new revelation to him of the character of his own child.

"As soon as the violent symptoms had subsided," said Mrs. Langley, in answer to her husband's first inquiries, "as soon as the hysterical fit was subdued, Jane seemed suddenly to assume a new character, to become another person. She begged that the doctor might be released from his attendance, and that she might be left alone with me and her sister Clara. When every one else had quitted the room, she continued to sit in the easy chair, where we had at first placed her, covering her face with her hands. She entreated us not to speak to her for a short time, and, except that she shuddered occasionally, sat quite still and silent. When she at last looked up, we were shocked to see the deadly paleness of her face, and the strange alteration that had come over her expression; but she spoke to us so coherently, so solemnly even, that we were amazed; we knew not what to think or what to do; it hardly seemed to be *our* Jane who was now speaking to us."

"What did she say?" asked Mr. Langley, eagerly.

"She said that the first feeling of her heart, at that moment, was gratitude on her own account. She thanked God that the terrible discovery had not been too late, when her married life might have been a life of estrangement and misery. Up to the moment when Mr. Streatfield had uttered that one fatal exclamation, she had loved him, she told us, fondly and fervently; *now*, no explanation, no repentance, (if either were tendered,) no earthly persuasion or command (in case Mr. Streatfield should consider himself bound, as a matter of atonement, to hold to his rash engagement,) could ever induce her to become his wife."

"Mr. Streatfield will not test her resolution," said Mr. Langley, bitterly; "he deliberately repeated his repudiation of his engagement in this room; nay, more, he——"

"I have something important to say to you from Jane on this point," interrupted Mrs. Langley. "After she had spoken the first few words which I have already repeated to you, she told us that she had been thinking—thinking more calmly, perhaps, than we could imagine, on all that had happened; on what Mr. Streatfield had said at the dinner table; on the momentary glance of recognition which she had seen pass between him and her sister Clara, whose accidental absence, during the whole period of Mr. Streatfield's intercourse with us in London, she now remembered and spoke of. The cause of this fatal error and the manner in which it had occurred, seemed to be already known to her, as if by intuition. We entreated her to refrain from speaking on the subject for the present; but she answered that it was her duty to speak on it—her duty to propose something which would alleviate the suspense and distress we were all enduring on her account. No words can describe to you her fortitude, her noble endurance——" Mrs. Langley's voice faltered as she pronounced the last words. It was some minutes ere she became sufficiently composed to proceed thus:

"I am charged with a message to you from Jane—I should say, charged with her entreaties, that you will not suspend our intercourse with Mr. Streatfield, or view his conduct in any other than a merciful light—as conduct for which accident and circumstances are alone to blame. After she had given me this message to you, she turned to Clara, who sat weeping by her side, completely overcome; and, kissing her, said that *they* were to blame, if any one was to be blamed in the matter, for being so much alike as to make all who saw them apart doubt which was Clara, and which was Jane. She said this with a faint smile, and an effort to speak playfully, which touched us to the heart. Then, in a tone and manner which I never can forget, she asked her sister—charging her on her mutual affection and mutual confidence, to answer sincerely—if *she* had noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levee, and had afterwards remembered him at the dinner table, as *he* had noticed and remembered *her*? It was only after Jane had repeated this appeal, still more earnestly and affectionately, that Clara summoned courage and composure enough to confess that *she had* noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levee, had thought of him afterwards during her absence from London, and had recognized him at our table, as he had recognized her."

"Is it possible! I own I had not anticipated—not thought for one moment of that," said Mr. Langley.

"Perhaps," continued his wife, "it is best that you should see Jane now, and judge for yourself. For *my* part, her noble resignation under this great trial, has so astonished and impressed me, that I only feel competent to advise as she advises, to act as she thinks fit. I begin to think it is not *we* who are to guide *her*, but *she* who is to guide *us*."

Mr. Langley lingered irresolute for a few minutes; then quitted the room and proceeded alone to Jane Langley's apartment.

When he knocked at the door it was opened by Clara. There was an expression partly of sorrow on her face; and when her father stopped as if to speak to her, she merely pointed into the room, and hurried away without speaking a word.

Mr. Langley had been prepared by his wife for the change that had taken place in his daughter since the day before; but he felt startled almost overwhelmed, as he now looked on her. One of the poor girls most prominent personal attractions from her earliest years, had been the beauty of her complexion; and now the freshness and the bloom had entirely departed from her face; it seemed absolutely colorless. Her expression too appeared to Mr. Langley's eyes to have undergone a melancholy alteration; to have lost its youthfulness suddenly; to have assumed a strange character of firmness and thoughtfulness which he had never observed before. She was sitting by an open window, commanding a lovely view of wide, sunny landscape; a Bible which her mother had given her lay open on her knees; she was reading it as her father entered. The first time in his life he paused, speechless as he approached to speak to one of his own children.

"I am afraid I look very ill," she said, holding out her hand to him; but I am better than I look; I shall be quite well in a day or two. Have you heard my message, father? have you been told?"

"My love, we will not speak of it yet; we will wait a few days said Mr. Langley."

"You have always been so kind to me," she continued, in less steady tones, "that I am sure you will let me go on. I have very little to say, but that little must be said now, and then we need never recur to it again. Will you consider all that has happened as something forgotten? You have heard already what it is that I entreat you to do; will you let *him*—Mr. Streatfield—" (she stopped, her voice failed her for a moment, but she recovered herself again almost immediately,) "will you let Mr. Streatfield remain here or recall him if he is gone, and give him an opportunity of explaining himself to my sister? If poor Clara should refuse to see him for my sake, pray do not listen to her. I am sure that is what ought to be done; I have been thinking of it very calmly and I feel that it is right. And there is something more I have to beg of you father; it is, that while Mr. Streatfield is here, you will allow me to go and stay with my aunt. You know how fond she is of me. Her house is not a day's journey from home. It is the best for everybody (much the best for *me*) that I should not remain here at present; and—and—and dear father! I have always been your spoiled child; and I know you will indulge me still. If you will do what I ask of you, I shall soon get over this heavy trial. I shall be well again if I am away at my aunt's—if——"

She paused; and putting one trembling arm around her father's neck hid her face on his breast. For some minutes, Mr. Langley could not trust himself to answer her. There was something not deeply touching only, but impressive and sublime, about the moral heroism of this young girl—whose heart and mind—hitherto wholly inexperienced in the harder and darker emergencies of life—now rose in the strength of their native purity superior to the bitterest cruelest trial that either could, undergo; whose patience and resignation, called forth for the first time by a calamity which suddenly thwarted the purposes and paralyzed the affections that had been destined to endure for a life, could thus appear at once in the fullest maturity of virtue and beauty. As the father thought of these things; as he vaguely and imperfectly estimated the extent of the daughter's sacrifice; as he reflected on the nature of the affliction that had befallen her—which combined in itself a fatality that none could have forseen, a fault that could neither be repaired nor resented, a judgement against which there was no appeal—and then remembered how this affliction had been borne, with what word, and what actions it had been met, he felt that it would be almost a profanation to judge the touching petition addressed to him, by the criterion of his wordly doubts and his worldly wisdom. His eye fell on the Bible, still beneath it; he remembered the little child who was set in the midst of the disciples, as teacher and example to all; and when at length he spoke in answer to his daughter, it was not to direct or advise, but to comfort and comply.

They delayed her removal for a few days, to see if she faltered in her resolution; if her bodily weakness increased; but she never wavered; nothing in her appearance changed, either for better or for worse. A week after the startling scene at the dinner table, she was living in the strictest retirement in the house of her aunt.

About the period of her departure, a letter was received from Mr. Streatfield. It was little more than a recapitulation of what he had already said to Mr. Langley, expressed however on this occasion in stronger and at the same time, in more respectful terms. The letter was answered briefly; he was informed that nothing had, as yet, been determined on, but that the next communication would bring him a final reply.

Two months passed. During that time, Jane Langley was frequently visited at her aunt's by her father and mother. She still remained calm and resolved, still looking pale and thoughtful as at first. Doctors were consulted; they talked of a shock to the nervous system; of great hope from time to time, and their patients strength of mind; and of the necessity of acceding to her wishes in all things.—Then the advice of the aunt was sought. She was a woman of an eccentric, masculine character, who had herself experienced a love disappointment in early life, and had never married. She gave her opinion unreservedly and abruptly as she always gave it. "Do as Jane tells you," said the old lady, severely, "that poor child has more moral courage and determination than all the rest of you! I know better than anybody what a sacrifice she has had to make; but she has made it, and made it nobly—like a heroine, as some people would say; like a high-minded, courageous girl, as I say! Do as she tells you! Let that poor, selfish fool of a man have his way and marry her sister—he has made one mistake already about a face—see if he doesn't find some day that he has made another about a wife! Let him—Jane is too good for him, or for any man! Leave her here to me; let her stop here; she shan't lose by what has happened! You know I've got some money—I shall leave it to her. I've made my will—it's all done and settled!—Go back home; send for the man and tell Clara to marry him without and more fuss! You wanted my opinion—there it is for you!"

At last the Mr. Langley decided. The important letter was written, which recalled Mr. Streatfield to Langley Hall.—As Jane had foreseen Clara at first refused to hold any communication with him; but a letter from her sister, and the remonstrances of her father soon changed her resolution. There was nothing in common between the twin-sisters but their personal resemblance. Clara had been guided all her life by the opinions of others and she was guided by them now.

Once permitted the opportunity of pleading his cause, Mr. Streatfield did not neglect his own interests. It would be little to our purpose to describe the doubts and difficulties which at first delayed the progress of his second courtship—pursued as it was under circumstances, not only extraordinary but unprecedented. It is no longer with him or with Clara Langley that the interest of our story is connected. Suffice it to say, that he ultimately overcame all the young ladys scruples; and that a few months afterwards, some of Langley's intimate friends found themselves again assembled round his table as wedding guests, and congratulating Mr. Streatfield on his approaching union with Clara; as they had already congratulated him scarcely a year back, on his approaching union with Jane.

The social ceremonies of the wedding day were performed soberly—almost sadly. Some of the guests (especially the unmarried ladies) thought that Miss Clara had allowed herself to be won too easily—others were picturing to themselves the situation of the poor girl who was absent; and contributed little towards the gaiety of the party. On this occasion, however, nothing occurred to interrupt the proceedings; the marriage took place; and immediately after it, Mr. Streatfield and his bride started for a tour on the continent.

On their departure Jane Langley returned home. She made no reference whatever to her sisters marriage; and no one mentioned it in her presence.—Still the color did not return to her cheek, or the old gaiety to her manner. The shock that she had suffered had left its traces on her for life. But there was no evidence that she was sinking under the remembrances which neither time nor resolution could banish. The strong pure heart had undergone a change, but not a deterioration. All that had been brilliant in her character was gone; but all that was noble in it remained. Never had her inter course with her family and friends been so affectionate and so kindly as it was now.

When, after a long absence, Mr. Streatfield and his wife returned to England, it was observed, at her first meeting with them, that the momentary confusion and embarrassment were on their side, not on hers. During their stay at Langley Hall, she showed not the slightest disposition to avoid them. No member of the family welcomed them more cordially; entered into all their plans and projects more readily or bade them farewell with a better or kinder grace, when they departed for their own home.

Our tale is nearly ended; what remains of it must comprise the history of many years in the compass of a few words.

Time passed on, and death and change told of its lapse among the family at Langley Hall. Five years after the events above related, Mr. Langley died; and was followed to the grave, shortly afterwards by his wife. Of their two sons the eldest was rising into good practice at the bar; the youngest had become attached to a foreign embassy.—Their third daughter was married, and living at the family seat of her husband in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Streatfield had children of their own, now to occupy their time and absorb their care. The career of life was over for some—the purposes of life had changed for others—Jane Langley alone remained unchanged.

She now lived entirely with her aunt. At intervals as their worldly duties and worldly avocations permitted them—the other members of her family, or one or two intimate friends, came to the house. Offers of marriage were made to her but were all declined. The first, last love of her girlish days—abandoned as a hope, and crushed as a passion; living only as a quiet grief, as a pure remembrance—still kept its watch as guardian and defender over her heart. Years passed on and worked no change in the sad uniformity of her life, until the death of her aunt left her mistress of the house in which she had hitherto been a guest.—Then it was observed that she made fewer and fewer efforts to vary the tenor of her existence, to forget old remembrances for a while in the Society of others. Such invitations as reached her from relations and friends were more frequently declined than accepted. She was growing old herself, now; and, with each advancing year, the busy pageant of the outer world presented less and less that could attract the eye.

So she began to surround herself, in her solitude, with the favorite books that she had studied, with the favorite music that she had played, in the days of her hopes and her happiness. Everything that was associated, however slightly, with that past period, now acquired a character of inestimable value in her eyes, as aiding her mind to seclude itself more and more strictly in the sanctuary of its early recollections. Was it weakness in her to live thus; to abandon the world and the world's interests, as one who had no hope or part in either? Had she earned the right by the magnitude and resolution of her sacrifice thus to indulge in the sad luxury of fruitless remembrance. Who shall say?—who shall presume to decide, that cannot think with her thoughts and look back with her recollections.

Thus she lived, alone and yet not lonely; without hope, but with no despair; separate and apart from the world around her, except when she approached it by her charities to the poor and her succor to the afflicted; by her occasional interviews with the surviving members of her family and a few old friends, when they sought her in her calm retreat; and by the little presents which she constantly sent to brother's and sister's children who worshipped, as their invisible good genius, "the kind lady," whom most of them had never seen. Such was her existence throughout the closing years of her life; such did it continue—calm and blameless—to the last.

Reader, when you are told, that what is impressive and pathetic in the Drama of Human Life has passed with the past age of Chivalry and Romance, remember Jane Langley, and point in contradiction the story of the TWIN SISTERS!

A GERMAN SENTINEL.—No one who has not been in the army, has any idea of a German recruit. What troubles they are, all soldiers can appreciate. At Carlisle barracks there were half a dozen wild lieutenants, an old gray headed captain, and one of the best surgeons that ever handled a saw or bled a man. There were also several hundred recruits, the mass of whom were Irish or Dutch. The former got drunk from time to time, but were good soldiers—the latter were stupid and doltish. There was a sentinel at the magazine, which stood near the gate, with orders to "salute all officers according to rank, and see that no fire is bro't near the magazine." One night "Old Ned" got very military, and determined to go the "grand rounds," which he did with all the motions, and when he came to post No. 3, said, turn over your orders. The sentinel came to an awful present, looking as if he would as leave swallow his sabre as not, and gave the officer the following orders:

"*Shoot all de officiers, and set fire to de magazine,*" which being interpreted, means "salute all officers, and see that no fire be brought near the magazine."

"Corporal of the guard, corporal of the guard!" shouted the Captain.

The corporal appeared, and though it was night came to a "port."

"Corporal, lock this d——d Dutchman till he can speak English," said the commander.

If that order was obeyed, Dutchy is in the guard house now.

This reminds us of a merciless joke played upon a raw recruit at Governor's Island a few years since. *He* was not a Dutchman, but a green yankee from away deown east. It was his first guard-mount and of course in a large sea-port garrison he was liable to be "done to a crisp."—In the evening, before the countersign was given to the sentinels, a graceless private, having rigged himself in an officer's toggery from the tailor's shop, visited the new sentinel on his post, and gave him explicit orders if any one approached his post, to charge bayonets upon him, and make him stand until the sergeant came round. Jonathan had seen enough of military rule to know that it is safe to obey. Directly a man came up, and it being quite dark, he came plump against the bayonet of Johnny Raw, who was standing at a charge to receive him. It so happened that the intruder was the officer of the day, Lieut. (now Col.) Hunt, and there were some oaths used by him which it is not proper to print, but the sentinel was obstinate, and kept his prisoner until the sergeant of the guard arrived. The green one quickly found himself the centre of a circle of bayonets, doing a quick step for the guard-house.—Next morning poor Jonathan was seen going around the Island as flanker of the slush-cart.—*Universe.*

ANECDOTE OF OLD DARTMOUTH.—In the class of which Daniel Webster was a member, there was an individual noted for his waggery. One day the professor of logic, who, by the way was not the most nice and discriminating in his discriminating in his distinctions, was endeavoring to substantiate "that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts."

Our wag, who had been exercising the yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack knife, inquiring: "Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and get another one made and inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?"

"To be sure!" replied the professor.

"Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same knife still?"

"Of course!" the professor again replied.

"But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?"

We never learned the professor's reply.

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet says "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes; it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting something into it worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is of to school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmasters who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as curious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight when they read nothing else."

Political Selections.

From the Harrisburg Daily American.

Highly Interesting Correspondence.

Attempt of Unprincipled Men to make Political Capital out of the Murder in Lancaster County.

We publish below a correspondence between Gov. Johnston and certain citizens of Philadelphia, relative to the murder in Lancaster county. The object of these citizens evidently was, to inflame the public mind, encourage agitation, and to make votes out of the unfortunate occurrence. That we do not impute erroneous motives to these men, may be judged from the fact, that several of those who sign this letter to Gov. Johnston, were active in the late Cuba meeting in Philadelphia, and were endeavoring to make political capital out of the massacre of some forty American citizens on that island. They showed their respect for law, order and the Constitution by urging American citizens to violate both law and the sacred obligations of a treaty, and they now show their respect for law and order by seeking to excite popular tumult, and make votes out of the murder of a citizen of a sister State. Such cold-blooded, heartless and calculating villiany, will fill the heart of every citizen with disgust and abhorrence.—The alleged murderers are in prison awaiting their trial. If guilty, they will undergo the most dreadful penalty of the law. God intends we should, in case with the Judicial Tribunals, to be by them settled as is consistent with the requirements of Justice:

To the Governor of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned, citizens of Pennsylvania, respectfully represent:—

That citizens of a neighboring State have been cruelly assassinated by a band of armed outlaws, at a place not more than three hours journey distant from the commercial metropolis of the State.

That this insurrectionary movement in one of the most populous parts of the State has been so far successful, as to overawe the local ministers of justice and paralyze the powers of the law.

That your memorialists are not aware that "any military force" has been sent to the seat of insurrection, or that the civil authority has been strengthened by the adoption of any measure worthy of the momentous crisis.

They therefore respectfully request the chief executive magistrate of Pennsylvania to take into consideration the necessity of vindicating the outraged laws, and sustaining the dignity of the Commonwealth on this important and melancholy occasion:

John Cadwalader,	A. L. Roumfort,
R. Simpson,	Wm Dallas
John Swift,	Isaac Leech, jr.,
Thomas McGrath,	C. Ingersoll,
S. R. Carnahan,	James Page,
Samuel Hays,	Geo. H. Martin,
	Frederick McAdoo.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1851.

Gentlemen—Your letter, without date, was this day put into my hands by one of the servants of the House. The anxiety which you manifest to maintain the laws of the land and the public peace, is fully appreciated, and I have great pleasure in informing you that, more than twenty-four hours before the receipt of your letter, the parties implicated had been, through the vigilance and decision of the local authorities, arrested, and are now in prison, awaiting in inquiry into their imputed guilt. The District Attorney and Sheriff of Lancaster county, acting in concert with the Attorney General of the State, deserve special thanks for their prompt and energetic conduct.—This was all done early on Saturday morning, and by importunities of the local officers.

The testimony taken by the U. S. Commissioner, who arrived at a later period on the ground, a printed copy of which has accidentally reached me this afternoon, confirms me in the belief that the State authorities had vindicated the law, and to a large extent arrested the perpetrators of the crimes.

The cruel murder of a citizen of a neighboring State, accompanied by a gross outrage on the laws of the United States in the resistance of its process, had been committed; and you may be assured that as soon as the guilty agents are ascertained they will be punished in its severest penalty by the law of Pennsylvania. I am very proud that the first steps to detect and arrest these offenders have been taken by Pennsylvania officers.

Permit me gentlemen, having thus removed all just causes of anxiety from your minds, respectfully to suggest that the idea of rebellion, or insurrectionary movement in the county of Lancaster, or any where else in this Commonwealth, has no real foundation, and is an offensive imputation on a large body of our fellow citizens.

There is no insurrectionary movement in Lancaster county, and there would be no occasion to march a military force there, as you seem to desire, and inflame the public mind by any such strange exaggeration. I do not wish our brethren of the Union to think that in any part of this State, resistance to the law goes undetected or unpunished, or that there exists such a sentiment as treason to the Union and the Constitution. The alleged murderers of Mr. Gorsuch, whose crime is deep enough without exaggerating it, have been arrested and will be tried, and they and their abettors be made to answer for what they have done in contravention of the law. But in the meantime, let me invite your co-operation as citizens of Pennsylvania, not only to see that the law is enforced, but to add to the confidence which we all feel in the judicial tribunals of the land, by abstaining from any undue violence of language and letting the law take its course. Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is in Lancaster county a sense of duty to the laws of the land, manifested in the easy and prompt arrest of these offenders, which will on all occasions show itself in practical obedience.

The people of that county are men of peace and good order, and not easily led aside from the path of duty which the Constitution prescribes. They and every Pennsylvanian love the Constitution and the Union. They will detect as they have done, in this case, and arrest and punish all who violate the laws of the land. There is no warrant, depend on it, for representing the men of Lancaster county as traitors and partizans in the "insurrectionary movement." You do them, unintentionally I have no doubt, great injustice.

I am deeply indebted to you for affording me this opportunity of expressing my views. But for your communication I might, we have been able to do so. You, and my fellow citizens at large, may be assured of my firm determination, at all hazards, and under all circumstances, to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and enforce obedience to the laws alike of the United States and this Commonwealth.

In order that I may be sure that my answer may reach its destination, your letter having but accidentally come to