

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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The Modern Beau.

[Most readers will remember a poem entitled "The
Modern Beau," published in this paper some time since,
and which was much admired for its truthful home thrusts. The
following parody is equally as good:]
The son, he sits in the bar-room,
In a place most convenient to stare,
He reads a novel and smokes a cigar,
And his face is covered with hair—
He smokes and smokes and smokes,
And drinks and drinks and drinks,
The salver he gets from his mouth
Is much more plenty than wit.
His mother goes out in her cotton,
And dials out her face at the door,
She's minus of hair and bonnet,
But her son wears an elegant hat,
She's talking and caring "the shillings,"
So she'll buy him a new pair,
While he sits at the table and satters
Is throwing them all away.
He never gets up in the morning—
If his mother calls him at noon,
He comes a-draw and smokes and smokes,
Because she's not his son,
His eyes are smacked and red,
His cheeks are pale and thin,
Caused by last night's debauchery,
And indulging to forty in gin.
He sits down to his breakfast,
And then finds fault with his hair;
His mother says, "the grease it needs
You must have from your mother's hair."
At this he lies in a passion,
And he'll have her hair for a year,
And with wine drenches his glass.
From his seat there dangles a seal
That is set with a brilliant red stone,
But the sparkling is not his own,
T'was his father's he never will own;
On his feet are patent gaiters,
On his neck a watch and a chain,
For all her honest earnings,
Beck the back of her son.
At length he marries a lady,
Whose name is not to be thought of,
But his wife is in truth as poor as himself,
And then gives up to his mother,
Two choice mules he won't bargain—
Both are well washed for him,
She thought she had got a husband,
He thought he had got a rich wife.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Business Relations.
There is no more common liability in the pursuits of trade, than to be guided by erroneous views of our own relations. It is a great thing to be generous, but a greater to be just. The intricacies of business and the facilities for expeditious trade, have so materially changed during the past few years, that a proper understanding of our position is peculiarly necessary in order to avoid invasion on ground not rightfully our own.

We rejoice in the increased number of outlets for the absorption of mechanical products, and the cheering commercial activity consequent. Never before have the interests of the public been so generally subserved, as in the business enterprise of the present day. But there is danger, in this furor of business transit, of being regard for those relations which ought to be sacred moment in the intercourse of trade. Whatever spirit of accommodation may be engendered by warehouse rivalry, and however much disposed a portion of the public may be to avail themselves of the benefits thereof, there are, nevertheless, limits to be prescribed, and restraints to be observed. As long as business energy in a given department confines itself to development in its own legitimate line, the interests of all classes receive the greatest advantage. But when there is a departure from acknowledged ground, and an infringement on the equally acknowledged territory of others, then business energy, so developed, is a badly mixed compound, and has need that some of its ingredients should be destroyed.

In a community constituted with so many wants, and requiring so many professions to meet those wants, it is a desirable thing that confidence should be entertained in those whose business it is to supply these necessary demands. In those articles of consumption which make up the main stock of a country store, and which the seller is not required to have lent any mechanical aid in producing, it is sufficient to know that good taste and reasonable knowledge have been employed in their original selection. But when articles are offered for sale, involving mechanical skill which our own neighbors possess, and which articles belong to the legitimate and only occupation of artisans at our own doors, there is an evident clashing between the trader and the workman, which militates against our confidence in either. The public interests require that the several trades and callings should be kept distinct; and the speculator who adds to his own proper domain a strip from the land of his neighbor mechanic, not only inflicts a grievous wrong on the latter, but injures the community on which he depends.

There might be cited, as one example, the Millinery business. To obtain even an ordinary knowledge of this essential art, there is required time, discipline, money, and mechanical ingenuity. Like any other

trade, it is gained at a sacrifice, for which compensation is expected from subsequent sales of the article produced. But when the mere trader, who has neither spent a moment in the business itself, nor has the smallest sprinkle of mechanical genius for it, invades the workshops of the toiling many, and, with no motive but gain, snatches the means of living from the industrious workers, the enterprise becomes a commercial outrage. The wrong, in this case, is aggravated by the fact that milliners are mostly widows and young girls, who derive their whole subsistence from their skill in the trade. A male speculator in bonnets, therefore, is taking the bread out of the mouths of helpless females, and has the unenviable satisfaction of knowing that he is living at their expense.

There is no justification for this infringement of "Woman's proper sphere." Neither the sense nor the wants of a community require it. As well might a dealer give legal advice or wield a surgeon's knife, as take from the poor milliner her hard earned trade. Whatever necessary medley a town or country store must present, there can be no extenuation for invading a local mechanical employment—least of all, one confined entirely to women. The sterner sex have monopolized too many of the lighter departments of business, already. There may be some reasons why young men are better qualified to flourish a yardstick or sell pink and ribbons, than young ladies: but there is no reason why hard-working females should be driven from their own employment, that dealers who produce nothing may gather in the spoils. Is it *manly*, thus to become the rivals of women? There are ladies in every town, who will not countenance this commercial transgression, but from with determination on every attempt to take this business out of its proper hands. There are ladies with whom no gentleman can deal in any article of Millinery: and the only antidote to this business distortion, is such a manifestation of sentiment hereafter, on the part of the ladies, as will demonstrate that the milliner shall be protected in her rights, and that the sale of bonnets, etc., belongs to her alone.

—The same justice might be demanded for Tailors, Hatters, Shoemakers and other trades, on which aggressions have steadily been made: but the principle is the same in all, and worthy of public concern. Every essential trade is numerously enough represented to secure a *healthful* competition. Therefore, while the workers are acting for the public by wholesome restraints among themselves, it is the duty and interest of the public to sustain the workers.

A Week's Work.

MONDAY—Church doors enter in; Send from tall, repeat of sin; Receive a heavenly rest to win.
TUESDAY—Your calling go; Follow the Lord, love God and foe; To the temple answer, No.
WEDNESDAY—Do what you can; Live in peace with God and man; Remember life is but a span.
THURSDAY—Give away and care; Teach some truth, some good thing there; Joyfully, good for all return.
FRIDAY—Build your house upon Christ; The mighty corner stone; Whom God build, his work is done.
SATURDAY—The truth be strong; Own your faults, if in the wrong; Put a blade on your tongue.
SUNDAY—Thank God and sing; Follow to his treasury bring; Be prepared for Terror's king!
THURSDAY—Your hopes on Jesus cast—Thus let all your works be past, And you shall be saved at last.

MRS. MURRAY.

A volume narrating the many high spirited acts performed by the American women of the Revolution, of all ranks of life, would make one of the most interesting books in our country's annals. Time, in its ever sweeping course, has buried in oblivion facts worthy of everlasting remembrance, because there was no chronicler to mark down the events of the period. But there exist extraordinary stories in many families which can be gathered, and they should be gathered, and they should be chronicled—and among such sketches the women of the Revolution—noble hearted—should not be forgotten.

Seventy-five years ago, there stood upon the summit of "Murray Hill" a handsome country seat, the residence of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant of much eminence, in New York. It was a beautiful country mansion, surrounded with gardens and fruit trees, and just far enough from the city, as it existed at that day, to be delightful, rural, and undisturbed from the encroachments of unasked city visitors. It was toward the hour of two, on a mild afternoon in September, seventy-five years gone by, that a lady in the garb of a Quakeress stood upon the portico of this dwelling, looking anxiously into the road which passed about a hundred yards in front. Her countenance was mild, but then expressed great anxiety—and not without reason, for ever and anon was heard the loud peal of the cannon, and the rattling fire of musketry, as if men were engaged

in deadly strife, and then a faint cheer arose amid the clangor of arms.

Up the road in rapid retreat, passed large bodies of soldiery. Artillery men rode along at the head of their pieces, and baggage carts and ammunition wagons mingled in the melee. It was evident the Americans were leaving the city in rapid flight, to save themselves from being cut off from the entrenchments on the upper part of the Island.

Three or four negro servants of both sexes stood near to her, to whom she from time addressed herself. Presently a black fellow came rushing towards the house from a branch on the road, his eyes protruding from fright, and his mouth extending from ear to ear:

"O, missus! down in de meadow near de bay, is a hundred dead soldiers, and de English are driving de 'Mericans with guns and swords before dem! Oh, missus, sight is horrible!"

"These says truly, Cato—the sight is horrible. Why, oh God! will men butcher each other, defacing the image of their Creator, and for what?"

"Oh, see, Missus!" exclaimed several of the servants.
Four soldiers, of the buff and blue uniform of the continentals, turned from the road up the broad avenue, filled with trees, which led to the house, bearing upon a litter of reversed muskets a young man, from whose body the blood was oozing so fast, that it marked the track along the whole path. Onward they came towards the mansion.

"Cato! Maggy! bring instantly a mattress and pillows, and place them here in this shady spot. Fly, all of you! Poor youth, poor youth! he is dying!"

The faithful negroes were absent but a moment before they returned with a mattress, pillows, sheets, and placed them in a cool corner of the wide portico, which extended the whole length of the mansion. The soldiers came up, and the leader of the party addressed the lady:

"Madam, our ensign is badly wounded. Our captain directed us, claiming your liberality, to leave him here. The surgeon will soon follow."

"Thee has done right. The shelter God has bestowed upon me shall be open to the unfortunate. Poor youth! poor youth!" she exclaimed as they laid him upon the mattress.

The young officer opened his eyes and gazed around him. His age was not more than twenty—fair haired and fair skinned, but pale, very pale, for the signs of death were too strongly marked on his white and even brow to be mistaken. His eyes were of deep blue, and as they fixed their glance upon the fine, expressive features of the Quaker lady, he murmured almost audibly—

"Mother!"

"Poor boy! thou hast a mother living, then—one who perhaps is now lifting her voice to God to save thee from the dangers of the bloody calling into which thou hast fallen. Raise his head, soldier, a little more. He will soon be at rest." But the last sentence was murmured to herself.

The surgeon now came rapidly up the avenue, and was soon at the side of the youth. He felt his pulse, opened his vest, and two gun shot wounds were seen, around which the blood was fast coagulating.

"Poor Dick, he has seen his last fight," said the surgeon. "Either of these wounds, madam, is mortal—he can not live at the longest above half an hour. Follow your companions, men, the foe is close behind. My good lady, farewell, I can be of no use here. Let me ask you the favor to get this poor boy buried by the enemy when they enter their own dead." He bent hastily over the dying ensign, wiped away a tear, and rushed out after the soldiers.

The good Quaker lady took one hand of the youth in her own, and pressed the other over his clammy brow, where the cold drops of approaching death was fast gathering. He opened his eyes for the last time, smiled upon the woman whose gaze was now fixed upon him, murmured faintly, "dear mother," clasped her hand convulsively, and the next instant ceased to exist.

The lady said not a word. She rose from her recumbent position, drew a snow linen sheet over the body, and with a stifled sob looked down the avenue. In different portions of the open orchard appeared soldiers bearing the dead or dying forms of their comrades, which they laid carefully down, and then rushed rapidly towards their regiments, passing down the main avenue. In the space of a moment, more than a dozen soldiers were placed in this way directly around the mansion.

Summoning her servants, one and all, the good lady went into the orchard to bid the poor, dying soldiers as far as lay in her power. Her attention had not been given long thus, before an officer, in the buff and blue uniform of Washington's staff, came riding at full speed up the road, and turned, without slackening his speed, towards the

mansion. He reined in his steed, as he reached the lady, observing her kind actions towards the soldiers.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Murray?"

"If these means the wife of Robert Murray, I am what thou callest me," replied the lady, looking up.

"My dear madam, pardon my address. The kindness I see displayed tells me I am not mistaken. The commander in chief has sent me to ask the favor, if possible, of your detaining the advance of the British troops by receiving Sir William Howe and his associates with your civilities, as they will probably stop to take a glass of wine if requested! My dear madam"—and he bowed his head nearer to the lady, as if in private conference.

"A portion of our troops are yet in the city, and they can only escape by the Bloomingdale road. You may prevent the march of the enemy across the island."

"Tell your General, young man, that I shall offer General Howe all the civilities in my power."

"Thanks, Mrs. Murray—thanks!" and the aide rode away.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed from the time the officer departed, when the sound of martial music with notes of victory filled the air, and proclaimed movements of advancing troops. Mrs. Murray went down to the road, and with two or three attendants awaited their coming.

Indeed it was a brilliant spectacle. An advanced corps of cavalry in scarlet uniforms, came gallantly up the hill, their trumpets and kettle drums discoursing most eloquent music. Next followed a company of grenadiers, then a large number of officers in rich uniforms. The foremost officer on horseback was Sir William Howe, commander in chief of British forces. In frame of body, and stature, Sir William equalled Washington, both being above the ordinary height. Here the comparison stopped. The countenance of the British General, so say historians, was harsh, dark and forbidding, now and then lit up by a smile which seemed more disagreeable than prepossessing. Onward came the cavalcade, until they reached the gate at which Mrs. Murray was standing, upon whom all eyes were instantly turned.

"Will thee not stop and refresh thyself for a season at my mansion? They must be fatigued," she said, addressing herself to Sir William Howe, and the officers immediately about him.

"Really, Clinton, I think we may as well accept this good lady's offer for a few moments. The troops have had hot work so far, and a general rest will not be amiss. Madam, we accept your offer with pleasure, the more so as it shows you to be a loyal friend of his Majesty, whom I now humbly represent as commander in chief of his forces in North America."

"I am alike the friend of King George and of Congress—of William Howe and George Washington. It becomes me not, as a poor weak thing of God's making, to dislike any of his creatures."

Sir William bowed; he was too polite to argue political matters with the good Quakeress. He rode into the park, after commanding a general halt of ten minutes for the refreshment of the troops, followed by Sir Henry Clinton, Gen. Knyphausen, commander of the Hessians, Lord Percy, Generals Leshe and Grant, and his staff, and there dismounting, followed Mrs. Murray into the mansion.

Refreshments of good wine and cold meats were placed before them in rich profusion, of which the officers partook freely—and tradition says that Sir Henry Clinton, who was a great *bon vivant*, remarked to his superior officer in an undertone, "that if the cellars of the mansion contained any large quantity of such Madeira, he should like to be billeted there for the campaign."

In the mean time, Mrs. Murray had directed Cato, the black servant, privately to go to the top of the mansion, and the instant he saw a large body of men pass a certain point on the Bloomingdale road, to give her the first information by signal. I may as well remark that from the hill the road could not be perceived, but from the cupola of the dwelling it was very easily seen.

Nearer an hour than the ten minutes Sir Wm. Howe gave orders for the halt of his troops had passed away, yet still before the mansion he lingered with his officers. Mrs. Murray had entertained them not only with refreshments, but conversation. The younger portion of the officers had entered the orchards and amused themselves with gathering the fruit with which the trees were bending, ripened under the sun of an early autumn, and thus the time had slipped away unawares.

"Will thou and thy officers step with me to the portico of my mansion? I have a sight for thee all."

This was uttered in so quiet, so grave a tone that the merriment at their triumph

over the "rebels" instantly ceased, the glasses were put down, and Sir Wm. Howe and his Generals followed the Quakeress as requested. Leading them to the end of the portico, she stooped down and lifting the sheet uncovering the body of the poor continental ensign.

Handsome even in death were the features of the youth. His fair curling hair blew lightly over his marble cheek, in the soft breeze. The buff lining of his uniform was deeply streaked with his blood, which had gathered in a clotted pool upon his mattress! The sight was indeed one to awaken emotion in the sternest breast.

"Who among ye will answer to God time, or the bright altars that have been wrapt with the name of *MURRAY*, and drenched with the hero blood of modern valor—the little band of calm, bold men, within the stillness of their sanctuary, heard but the agonized beating of the great national heart. Four days went by—three weary days of anxiety and troubled anticipation. The morning of the Fourth, the sun shone out goldenly as though the smile of God were awaiting, with its sweet radiance, the one deed of that immortal day. From the portal of Independence Hall a group of men advanced to meet the crowd, who, with uncovered heads, are pressing closer to hear read, for the first time, that glorious instrument which has since, in each succeeding year, been re-read in every hamlet and village home throughout our free United States. Calmly they listen—their hearts sons of toil, with a new joy in their hearts—while that venerable man, with the light of heaven burning in his eye, in a clear, sonorous voice, reads to them the declaration of human rights, the recital of deep wrongs inflicted by an unnatural foreign country, and the bold avowal of an unflinching determination to resist the aggressions of royalty. The names of those who had pledged to each other their lives, fortunes and sacred honors,"

"I will make, in climate torrid, A hale old man.
Avid, in youth, luxurious diet, Retrain the passions' lawless riot; Devoted to domestic quiet,< In love he's true;
So shall ye, gentle age's fist, Resist decay.
Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure, But find your richest, dearest treasure, In God, His word, His work, not interest! The mind, not sense, Is the sole way by which to measure Your opinion.
This is the solemn, this the solemn, Life's parent, sweetest, best assistance, That disparties no man's reliance, In later his state,
But challenges, with calm defiance, Time, Fortune, Fate.

At any rate, all honor to Mrs. Murray, the Patriotic Quaker Lady of olden times.

Moral Cosmetics.

Ye who would have your features forth,
Little hairs, bright eyes, new-riveted forehead,
From age's dæmonisation forbid,
Adopt in a plan,
To wit, make, in climate torrid,
A hale old man.
Avid, in youth, luxurious diet,
Retrain the passions' lawless riot;
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From Stuart's "Quaker Magazine," (Copyright, N. Y.)

An Hour with the Long-Gone.

Three fourths of a century have winged their way through the sky of the past since our imperial bird, in the pride of its new-born, native strength, bore aloft our banner—the banner emblazoned in rainbow hues and the prisoned lustre of its many stars of light. Since then, many a darkling cloud has swept its many volume along the horizon of coming years, while from the night-like heavens, swept the lurid glare of ominous lightnings. But those hours of dread and danger are no more, and ours is a day of calm and summer brightness. The pure and holy beams of true liberty are pouring far and wide, and illumining moss-gilded mountain-tops and low and mossy valleys with serene loveliness than ever rested upon the ages of antiquity in the zenith glory of their palmy years. In happy homes, in cities, and in the depths of western forests—on undulating prairies that sleep in the repose of silent grandeur—in cottages where reigns the spirit of peace, and in marble halls where sons of wealth and pleasure have made their abode—by cheerful hearth and in gay saloon, are myriads who hail, with festival and song, each returning morn sacred to the commemoration of our nation's birth. Through more than a Septuagint of summers has each recurring Fourth of July found us in the enjoyment of the rich legacy of broad meadows and golden harvest fields widely baptized in the blood of our Revolutionary fathers. The civil predilections of those who hated the political good of mankind have been falsified, and the patriot's heart no longer trembles with fear of coming blight and desolation.

It is true that the Demon of Discord is in our midst, and the baleful shadows which linger along the pathway of this infernal spirit have settled in boding stillness along our southern coast and northern border. Ultraism seeks (but vainly) to sap the sure, rock-firm foundations of that proud temple whose walls are laved by antipodean oceans; whose pinnacles glitter among the blazing stars. The devils of fanaticism which possess the breasts of the turbulent and the malcontent, in this their hour of madness, will be exorcised by the spell-words of the gentle Savior—the Prince of Peace. Like the fiery breath of Ereboctydon, the wings of the tempest may beat the whitening surf of the billowy plain, but like the equatorial storm that has ceased to rage, the black-browed messengers of wrath will

pass away on their lightning-braided pinions and leave unruffled the sun-bathed sky of smiling and serene blue.

Seventy-five years ago, on the First of July, within a guarded chamber, buried in the shadows of their own thoughts, a wise and brave few—the honored Congress of the oppressed colonists of America—with untrembling hands, signed the "Magna Charta" of our national emancipation. What dim visions of the spectral gallows and bloody scaffold floated in upon the sea of troubled thought, we know not. The men within those walls—since become the holiest, dearest shrine of Freedom, whether among the ruined fanes of olden time, or the bright altars that have been wrapt with the name of *MURRAY*, and drenched with the hero blood of modern valor—the little band of calm, bold men, within the stillness of their sanctuary, heard but the agonized beating of the great national heart. Four days went by—three weary days of anxiety and troubled anticipation. The morning of the Fourth, the sun shone out goldenly as though the smile of God were awaiting, with its sweet radiance, the one deed of that immortal day. From the portal of Independence Hall a group of men advanced to meet the crowd, who, with uncovered heads, are pressing closer to hear read, for the first time, that glorious instrument which has since, in each succeeding year, been re-read in every hamlet and village home throughout our free United States. Calmly they listen—their hearts sons of toil, with a new joy in their hearts—while that venerable man, with the light of heaven burning in his eye, in a clear, sonorous voice, reads to them the declaration of human rights, the recital of deep wrongs inflicted by an unnatural foreign country, and the bold avowal of an unflinching determination to resist the aggressions of royalty. The names of those who had pledged to each other their lives, fortunes and sacred honors,"

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"I will make, in climate torrid, A hale old man.
Avid, in youth, luxurious diet, Retrain the passions' lawless riot; Devoted to domestic quiet, In love he's true;
So shall ye, gentle age's fist, Resist decay.
Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure, But find your richest, dearest treasure, In God, His word, His work, not interest! The mind, not sense, Is the sole way by which to measure Your opinion.
This is the solemn, this the solemn, Life's parent, sweetest, best assistance, That disparties no man's reliance, In later his state,
But challenges, with calm defiance, Time, Fortune, Fate.

At any rate, all honor to Mrs. Murray, the Patriotic Quaker Lady of olden times.

A new way to Preserve the Union.

The *Pennsylvanian* of yesterday is severe on the new work of Mrs. Stowe, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is said to be a very pernicious book, full of treacherous ideas, a great favorite with the abolition fanatics, and one that should be put down. Its object is to illustrate the evils of the domestic slave trade, and the distress and suffering which attend it; and it appeals to the Christian feelings and sympathies of the reader, in support of the abolition of slavery. The work is entirely free from that fanaticism which has marked the career of Northern abolitionists of modern times, and if no other objection can be urged against the book, it is not likely that the bonds of the Union would ever have been weakened by it. For these reasons alone the *Pennsylvanian* says:

"It, therefore, behooves the friends of the Union—and we class among the friends of the Union all who love our country and its glorious institutions, and hate the despotism of the Old World—to be up and doing in making every effort to counteract the evil, and one way to do this we will presently show."

"In order to meet the fallacies of this abolition tale, it would be well for the friends of the Union to array fiction against fiction. Meet the dis-Unionists with their own chosen weapons, and they are foiled."

"The friends of the Union HAVE NO WORK OF FICTION enforcing and defending the guarantees of the Constitution, or advocating the rights of our Southern brethren; but the sooner we have the better, the people love light, attractive reading, and it is in disseminating works of this kind that the fancy is pleased and the mind improved."

Truly, this is a wonderful discovery! Our glorious Union can only be preserved by WORKS OF FICTION! It is threatened with immediate dissolution by "Uncle Tom's Cabin!" Wicked Mrs. Stowe, how could you write such a book? You have frightened our neighbor of the *Pennsylvanian* clean out of his wits! You have destroyed all confidence in the Constitution and laws of the United States! You have turned the heads of all the people by your cruel little pen; and nothing will restore their love of the Union until Mr. Blank, or some other patriot, shall publish a WORK OF FICTION "enforcing and defending the guarantees of the Constitution!" Oh, Mrs. Stowe! Mrs. Stowe! Please, ma'am, don't let them read "Uncle Tom" any more.—*Daily News*.

The Mysterious Rapping.

A young man called, not long since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester Spirits. His bearing was sad, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Sorrow was on his countenance, and a weep was on his hat. He sighed as he took a seat, and the bystanders pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotless handkerchief and wipe away a tear that had gathered in his eye. After a few moments he took one of the ladies aside, and requested, if convenient, to be put in communication with the spiritual essence of his mother; and here he wiped his eyes rapidly and sobbed.

A period of quiet elapsed, and a knock was heard signifying that the desired correspondence could be had, and with a hesitating voice the young man commenced questioning the invisible one.

"How long had I been gone before you died?"

"A length of time was stated.
"Where are you now, mother—are you happy?"

The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest.

"Are those of your friends who have gone before, with you?"

"They are," said the knocking.
"Then you can recognize them perfectly?"

The noise certified the affirmative.
"Can you see me at all times when you wish?"

The raps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of the speaker's vision in that respect.

The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder.

Taking his hat, the mourner arose, thanked the ladies, and as he stood in the door, quietly remarked—

"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home, not half an hour since, basting a turkey for dinner."—*Buffalo Courier*.

A Washington paper says: "An injustice friend, lately returned from a two-year's residence in California, has made twenty thousand dollars—in experience; and brought home with him sixty two cents." It has been a profitable trip for him, and he is willing to share the same with you. —*Buffalo Courier*.