LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

Nov. 24, 1854.

ISAAC KLECKNER, formerly of Hartley, Union Co., Pa., we notice is Sheriff elect of Stephenson county, Illinois.

Lewisburg yet polls a heavier vote than Freeport, (Ill.) The following are the returns for the two highest State Officers at the late election:

	Pollock	Bigler.	Miller	Moore.	Totals.—Mjs.	
Lewisburg	306	132			438	174
Freeport		283	123	406	160	

(Miller is the Anti-Nebraska State Treasurer elect.) Stephenson gives 500 Anti-Nebraska majority.

John A. Jameson Esq. of Freeport has received, by the award of a committee, a premium of $100 for the best Tract relative to "the Responsibility of the Christian Merchants of the United States for the speedy conversion of the World to Christ."

☞ We know not the origin of the following poetical parody, but it is a picture that will find many originals among the vallies of Pennsylvania.—*Lewisb. Chron.*

The Old Farmer's Elegy.

On a green, grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often had watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, pleasing lullaby keep:
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

The blue bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plow;
And the robin above him hops light on the mould,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold.

Yon tree, that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say
It would live when its planter had mouldered away.

There's the well that he dug, with its waters so cold,
With its wet, dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depth by the patriarch drawn,
For the pitcher is broken, the old man is gone.

And the seat where he sat by the old cottage door,
In the still summer's eve, when his labors were o'er,
With his eyes on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died,
The stout hearted mourned, the affectionate cried,
And the blessings of all on his name did descend,
For they all lost a brother, a man, and a friend.

For upright and honest the old farmer was,
His God he revered, he respected the laws;
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of the earth.
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

African Singing.

The many love songs, light airs, and mournful ditties which are caught from the semi-civilized African race in our country, is full proof that they are a musical people, in spite of their degradation and oppression. And well is it, that when there is so little of true comfort with him or in prospect on earth, the African has still a buoyant heart, and his mellow tongue and nimble heel and impromptu fiddle afford him pleasure when nought else does. Many of our most popular airs and words have been borrowed from the negro quarters and appropriated by the whites with as little ceremony as any of the other products of slave labor.

But my object in this article, is to notice the religious use made of their talent for singing, by those blacks who have been converted to Christianity. We trust they realize, with simple faith tho' somewhat obscurely, their condition as immortal beings, and have been brought to see themselves sinners, and to find reconciliation and pardon through the blood of the Divine Redeemer. As a devotional exercise, singing is peculiarly adapted to the emotional character of the race; and as it can be caught from tongue to tongue without formal instruction, and may be practised alike in field or hut or kitchen, it is no wonder that "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" occupy a large share of their religious observances, public, social, and private, and sway their minds to an extraordinary degree. As an example of this influence, and its happy effects, read the following account of a single church, (in Richmond, the Capital of Virginia,) which I collate from a recent correspondence in a Boston paper.

"One afternoon, (he writes,) I attended service with the African Baptist church in Broad street. There were not less than two thousand worshipers present, and I can truly say that I never witnessed a more attentive congregation. There are over two thousand members belonging to the church, which is the largest in the city, and composed mostly of slaves, although somewhat less than one-third of them are free, and they usually have from twenty to thirty whites as worshipers, also. Their preacher, Rev. Robert Ryland, (white,) is one of the most serious, simple and effective preachers to whom it has been my good fortune to listen. The house was full when I entered, but I was courteously shown to a seat near the preacher, and though many came afterward, the greatest order prevailed, notwithstanding the presence of many small children. The service was commenced by the preacher's calling upon John Kinney, (colored,) the leader of the choir, to make a prayer. He arose from his seat, and, with singular felicity, breathed a short and pertinent address to the throne of grace. There was a sort of antiphonal chanting, next—the singing being alternate between males and females. Again the preacher called upon one Lewis Allen, a free black, for another prayer; and assuredly, if prayer is what we understand it to be—a form of supplication, a petition to Heaven, a submissive importunity for grace and salvation—then was the prayer of the devout Lewis all that could be comprehended in an earnest outpouring of the heart to the Almighty. Next followed the sermon, the text of which was taken from the 1st Epistle of Peter, 2d ch. 11, 'Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul.' The preacher went back a few verses in the chapter to allude with emphasis to the beauty and appropriateness of the terms which the apostle used in exhorting his followers to a Christ-like obedience. The words 'strangers and pilgrims,' he explained with peculiar force and directness, the latter especially as indicative of progressive traveling towards a land of promise—a holy land—towards heaven and happiness. Next, the 'fleshly lusts' had their rightful denunciation; and finally, the welfare of the soul was dwelt upon with an almost Miltonic eloquence, as the preacher entreated for

'conversion and repentance
As to souls imprisoned under judgment
Imminent.'

The preacher then requested the choir to sing, 'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' and a well-taught band of thirty-six choristers gave that exquisite hymn with touching melody. When this was concluded, a slave owned by Mr. Taliaferro, of Gloucester county, named Joshua Thompson, arose near the pulpit, and gave the first line of a 'spiritual song,' as they term it, in which the entire congregation joined. There was so much of pious reverence and hearty zeal in this offering, that it drew tears from the eyes of the whites, while many of the aged colored people groaned aloud in the fulness of their hearts. The tune was one of their own richest melodies, and the hallelujah chorus gave it a most stirring effect. I spoke to one of the members after service, and he introduced me to the man who had commenced the song I have alluded to. At my request, he repeated the words of the song, not printed, and I wrote them down. At the line, 'Come, friends and relations, let us join hand in hand,' they all grasped hands fervently, whilst continuing to sing. It was a scene of earnest devotion and heart-felt joy, such as is rarely witnessed; and for that reason, I have taken pains to transcribe it with accuracy, as follows:

'Once more I have come to visit you here—
The cause of my coming, your souls are so dear;
I'm afraid some be lost without balm be supplied,
There's balm in Jesus, that flows from his side!
Chorus—Hallelujah! hallelujah! look up to the Lord!

'I'm pained in my bowels, my heart it has grieved
To see fellow mortals so sadly deceived:
On barren land they fall, here nothing can feed,
They are carelessly living, though Jesus did bleed!

'I'm bound to invite you to Jesus' kind arms,
I'll point you to heaven, to the land of sweet rest,
Where saints in perfection are eternally blest.

'Come friends and relations, let us join hand in hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land:
Let us all march together and follow the sound,
We'll march to the place where Redemption is found.

'Satan is busy; he is watching you hard,
To catch all poor Christians thrown off of their guard:
I am often discouraged, and think 'tis in vain,
Though the Gospel be scattered like showers of rain.

'Sometimes I'm indinced to look over the land,
With a solemn impression to see how it stands,
To see how it is borne up by the Lord every day
While sinners stand trifling their time all away!
Redemption in Jesus is hidden and sealed,
To none but believers is Redemption revealed!
Chorus—Hallelujah! hallelujah! then look up to the Lord.

The house of which I have been writing, known among the blacks as '*The* Church,' was occupied by their white brethren until about 1840, when the blacks purchased it for about $3,000, and enlarged it by the addition of three wings, so that the building is now in the form of a T. Beside these additions, the church have bought a house near by which they use as a vestry. They give their pastor $600 salary, but Dr. Ryland, (who is also President of a Collegiate Seminary,) devotes a third of it to favorite benevolent objects. His ability as a preacher is generally admitted, and he is constantly invited to exchange with his brethren who preach to white congregations; but he has devoted himself zealously to his flock, and is usually to be found in his own pulpit."

—There are also other African churches of various persuasions, in Richmond, which illustrate the influence of chaste and solemn music, allied to sacred verse, over the wearied, sorrowing, yet plastic minds of the colored race. They are not different, however, from their fellows of other races—with us all, plaintive melody and songs inspire tender feelings—martial, inflame—sensuous, sully and degrade—comical, amuse—and serious, elevate and ennoble, each who hears.

Many of the members of these churches exhort and preach—and from them God is calling out missionaries to Liberia, and others to extend the knowledge of himself elsewhere.

The moral and social influence of religious instruction upon the colored population, is much appreciated in the South, and is of incalculable advantage to both races. While it prevents sullenness, fanaticism, and a despairing and remorseless spirit of revenge on the part of the slave, it also inspires respect, esteem, love, and pity in the bosom of the master. The pecuniary value of the slave is increased, and he receives—and is able to demand—additional enjoyments. Indeed, the growing intelligence of the black population—(for many do learn to read, in spite of the laws)—is fast qualifying them for those increasing privileges which doubtless will, in God's own time, result in their entire emancipation, and equality of rights.

Know-Nothing-ism.

As to the 'Know Nothing' game, which so many clever and some honest people have been playing, we shall not go into hysterics about it. We protest against any such Quixotism as Vice President Dallas is said to countenance—that of getting up a great National Conslitutional party to oppose this new development of Nativeism. Such a folly might protract the existence of the new bubble for three or four years, which is too long to keep up a political joke. It would grow musty and unsavory. "No Popery" is a pretty good political cry; we do not doubt that, employed with discretion, a good deal may be made out of it; but there is a limit to efficiency of even the most taking humbug. Ignorant bigots will of course take many things as earnest, which are only intended for Buncombe; and it is quite likely that Catholics may for a season be exposed to unjust obloquy and denial of rights by reason of the new jumble of theology with politics. Ultimately, however, the good sense and tolerant spirit of our people will redress all the temporary evils that may thus be inflicted, and no Catholics will meantime be eaten. We have no doubt that at least half of the present "Know Nothings"—and this by no means the less influential half—would vote for even † John Hughes for Governor, if the proper inducements were presented. We do not, therefore, mean to speak harshly of those who, seeing that Know Nothingism was popular, and capable of being made to subserve important uses, have preferred to *ride* the new hobby rather than be *run over* by it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The New York Election.

In regard to the Nebraska matter, the testimony of the election is conclusive and irresistible. Under all the disadvantages of a multiplication of parties, the next Congressional delegation is almost unanimous in opposition to that measure. On the morning after the election we were at a hotel table in Worcester, Mass., where we met a friend who is a member of the present Congress. "Is my friend John Wheeler, reelected?" said he. "It was understood that there was no hope for it," we replied. "It is too bad," he continued; "he sacrificed everything to his conscience and his duty, and he ought to be sustained." Cast off by Hards and Softs, who had each a candidate, and with a Whig candidate besides against him, John Wheeler was, nevertheless, rechosen by a decisive vote—an anti-Nebraska demonstration which may be set down as an indication of the real feeling of the State on that subject. Judge Oliver's was a similar case.

The Know-Nothing element, proved itself a power in the State of unanticipated strength and discipline. It is believed to be destined to play a conspicuous part in coming politics, and is already buckling on its armor for the next Presidential election. Politicians are fearing and courting it by turns. It is the natural reaction from the abuse of the process of naturalization, and from the venal character of the organized and distinctive Catholic vote. Its dangers are, the usual corruptions of parties, and the carrying of defence against the Catholic invasion, to the opposite extreme of persecution. If it takes for its motto, Equalities for All and Specialities for None, it will perform a useful mission, notwithstanding the equivocal propriety of secret orders in republican politics. The concentration and the insolence of foreigners in our politics is an abuse demanding a check, for the safety of our institutions.

There is little to be said for the election in this city, except that when the friends of virtue, peace, and public safety are foolish enough to divide their votes between three candidates for Mayor, they deserve to reap the consequences, whatever they may be. This is the moral lesson of the city election.—*N. Y. Recorder* (a religious paper.)

The Knell Sounds.

On every breeze, north, south, east and west, come the death tones. The old political parties are dead—dead beyond hope—beyond resurrection.

A new party is springing into life. A party still in its cradle, and yet as strong as an infant Hercules. A party born on American soil, glowing with American blood, and strenuous with an American spirit. A party that as it grows in stature, and knits its energies, is destined to become the deliverer of our country from evil times, and to serve thereafter as its noblest defender. A party which in its very youth, at the altar of the fathers of the Republic, swears allegiance to American principles. A party schooled in all the political maxims of the great Washington's Farewell Address, and which have taken into their inmost heart the most earnest of his lessons that "Foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government." A party that believe in a country; that put a value upon nationality; that love their "own, their native land"; that cherish her early renown; that think it not a vain thing to inherit the blood of noble sires. A party that have ancestral graves to look upon; that, in institutions of government and institutions of religion, have an ancestral inheritance to glory in as well as a present blessing to be enjoyed; that have an ancestral spirit to be inspired with, ancestral precepts to respect, ancestral examples to imitate. A party that believe in popular enlightenment and in national justice—in order and law, in religion and morality—that abjure filibusterism and all forms of unlawful aggression—that neither seek to interfere with the concerns of other nations, nor will permit other nations to interfere with our concerns—that look upon the Federal Constitution as the bond of the Union, and will unwaveringly hold fast to its integrity; that recognize a sanctity in plighted faith and abide by public compromises; that upon the great subject of slavery pretend not to be wiser than their fathers, but keep equally clear from the ultraism on the one side that sees in the institution the corner-stone of every political and social blessing, and from the fanaticism on the other, that would upheave it in spite of every constitutional barrier, and in disregard of all consequences. A party that hate violence, and put moral influence far above material means; that repose their hope for the duration of our system of government, in the diffusion of general knowledge and good and virtuous sentiments; that recognize undoubted right and the bounden duty of government to provide for the instruction of all youth, and hold that Christian instruction is a necessary element in all republican education; that the Bible is not a sectarian book and should not be proscribed in our public schools; that believe in the liberty of conscience, but none the less believe in the *right* of conscience; that while they would admit every man to the freest enjoyment of whatever *spiritual* allegiance he may see fit to adopt, would permit the exercise of no *temporal* dominion of a hierarchy, direct or indirect, by whatever name called, whether seated on this side of the Atlantic or the other; that gladly welcome to our shores the poor and the oppressed of every land, would faithfully secure for them the exercise of all their natural rights, and would receive them with the hospitality becoming a great and generous people, yet do not feel called upon to confer on them franchises which they are not qualified to exercise, and clothe them with a power they know not how to use; a party in fine who believe that human liberty is yet obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and the vigor of the Saxon race, whose spirit is the spirit of American Independence, whose genius is the genius of the ever-living Washington.

The old political parties have for years been carrying within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution. The opposing principles of conservatism and radicalism have been struggling in each for the mastery, and have waged an internecine strife. Conservative Democracy could never effectually unite with Conservative Whiggery as such, nor Conservative Whiggery with Conservative Democracy; and yet both might enter into a third organization and work together most harmoniously and successfully. Thus we have just seen in our own State, Hard Democrats and Silver Grey Whigs vieing in the support of a candidate which distinctively belongs to neither.

The Know Nothing organization, itself, we do not look upon as permanent. Its secret character has doubtless contributed greatly to its amazingly rapid developement, but, having served this purpose, it will hereafter prove an injury rather than a benefit. Publicity is the law of American affairs, and every political agency which means to operate powerfully upon those affairs, must observe it. The organization must rid itself of its secresy of operation. And if, as is said, it puts any sort of disability upon men for the mere possession of a particular religious belief, it will have to give up all such arbitrary proscription. No such intolerance is admitted, as we understand, in the order as it exists in several of the Southern States, and it can not long sustain the force of intelligent discussion anywhere. We look upon these features, of what has been styled the Know Nothing party, as merely non-essential and injurious, and therefore temporary. The design of amending the naturalization laws, and the spirit of resistance to foreign influence, both internal and external, and the disposition to hold the living ideas and the solid rules of the early days of the Republic in distinction from the empty chimeras of modern radicalism, are calculated to predispose all truly conservative men in their favor, and will in the end consolidate a party made up, as we may trust, of the best elements of all those now existing, which shall exert a redeeming, and, we may hope, an abiding influence upon the destinies of the country. There are agencies in operation, not yet distinctly manifest to the public eye, which are fast producing this result. It is sufficient that it will advance rapidly enough to have a most important bearing upon the next Presidential election.—*N. Y. Family Courier*, (Jas. Watson Webb.)

Fire at Montrose.

We learn by a letter from Montrose, that our sister village has been visited by a most destructive fire, sweeping away nearly half of the business portion of the town. The fire occurred on Friday, 10th inst., breaking out early in the morning, and originated from a stove-pipe.

The following is a list of the buildings burned, as nearly as can be ascertained from what information we have.

On Turnpike Street—M. S. Wilson's store; the large building known as the Eldridge house; Alfred Baldwin's Harness shop; the stores of Bentley & Read, Abel Turrell, D. R. Lathrop & Co.; the brick dwelling of I. L. Post, and the dwellings of Isaac Post, D. Hinds and Alfred Baldwin.

On Main Street, East Side—Boot and shoe store; Dwelling and Harness shop of Henry Turrell; and dwelling of E. M. Hawley.

On Main Street, West Side—Singleton's Watch and Jewelry shop; the large building belonging to D. Post, containing two stores, the second story occupied as dwellings; Tin and Stove store; besides valuable barns, stables, &c.

The loss is estimated at $60,000, which is we presume partly covered by insurance. Searle's Hotel and the buildings on the opposite corner were in great danger. The pole in front of Searle's was burned off some distance from the ground and fell upon the tavern. During the fire, a young man was precipitated from the roof of Searle's, falling upon the sidewalk, and severely injured.—*Bradford Reporter.*

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—It is verily so, as somebody cutely remarks, that it makes but little difference where a man lives now-a-days, as, through the convenience of railroads and telegraphs, he is next door neighbor to everywhere.

The submarine cable of the "New York, Newfoundland & London Telegraph Co., one hundred and thirty miles long, is nearly completed, and will be laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, connecting St. Johns, Newfoundland, with New York, as soon as ice will permit. No doubt is expressed of the completion of the undertaking early in June next. About 390 miles of the land telegraph between St. Johns and Cape Ray, which is three quarters of the entire length contemplated, is already finished, and a month's labor is all that is required for the remainder. The work on the island has begun at St. Johns, and progresses towards the west. The interest of this announcement is heightened with the fact that this telegraphic junction of St. Johns and New York alone will make a difference of four or five days in the transmission of European intelligence!

A PRETTY IDEA.—A sheaf of wheat was recently suspended from the altar of the church in the little village of Empingham, England, on the occasion of the recent Thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest.

Application to business is worth more in this country, than to be born heir to a fortune, for he who struggles to achieve a competence, learns at the same time how to retain it.

Advice for the Times.

In these times of financial embarassment, a great many people are learning that it is not what they earn that prevents adversity. The man who earns five dollars a day, and spends every cent of it, discovers, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he is not so well off as the poor laborer, who earns but one dollar a day, but who lays by five cents a day, or thirty cents a week, for future need.

Almost every mechanic in our city has been heard to say, that if he had saved the money he has expended without any valuable return, he would have enough with which to purchase a house and lot, the furniture for a small tenement, an acre or two of land in the country, a share or half a dozen shares of railroad or bank stock, or at least a suit of broadcloth. Instead of this, he has not a cent with which to face the hard times of the coming winter. He has neglected to *save* his small sums. He has spent them in the purchase of things of no real value. He has bought brandy, when he ought to have drunk water: hired horses when he could as well have travelled on foot; and spent innumerable small sums in frivolous and unprofitable amusements. "If I had a hundred dollars," he will sometimes say, "I would deposit it somewhere, but with only ten dollars, or as many pennies, what can one do?"

A MAGNIFICENT FARM, AND FARMER.—A Vermont paper says:—"Among the conspicuous men in the Vermont Legislature is Mr. M. G. Brigham, of Fairfield. He owns and cultivates 1300 acres of land. Among his barnyard items are two hundred and twenty cows, twenty horses, and five yoke of oxen. In his dairy he makes butter only. The average yield of butter from the milk of each cow is one hundred and fifty pounds. Two huge "dasher" churns are set in motion by two "horse powers," and the butter is worked with the old fashioned "paddle." His stock of cattle consume about five hundred tons of hay annually. 20,000 lbs. of pork, 500 bushels of wheat, from 400 to 500 bushels of corn, 1000 bushels of oats, and from 1000 to 2000 bushels of potatoes, are among his yearly products. "The Man of Uz," in his best estate, could not do better than this. Mr. Brigham himself, is got up with a breadth of beam, and in a style of magnificence proportionate to the extent of his possessions and agricultural products—he standing 6 feet 4 in his boots, and weighing, by one of the Fairbank's patent balances, 300 lbs. precisely.

DR. GRAHAM.—The conviction of Dr. Graham, found guilty of manslaughter, for the killing of Col. Loring, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, is still fresh in the public mind. His sentence, for some time delayed, has at length been pronounced. The Judge adverted to the evidence, which he narrated in such a way as to give a clearer and better account of the transaction than we have before seen, and affirmed that if the law had fixed a higher grade of manslaughter, the evidence would have sustained it. He awarded the severest penalty named by the law as it is,—imprisonment for seven years. The sentence is in accordance with public opinion, which, with no disposition to pursue this unfortunate victim of bad temper and drunkenness, cannot distinguish between crime committed in Broadway and crime committed at the five points.

The American author, Abbott, has written one hundred volumes; Wesley wrote thirty octavo volumes; Baxter wrote several hundred volumes, and Lopez de Vega, the Spanish poet, published twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines, which are equal to more than two thousand six hundred and sixty volumes as large as Milton's Paradise Lost! Lopez de Vega was the most voluminous of writers. But it is not the quantity so much as the quality of literary matter that insures immortality; for long after the millions of Lopez de Vega's lines are buried in oblivion, the few simple verses of Gray's Elegy will live to delight mankind.

"CONSISTING OF."—In a North Carolina paper—which can be seen at this office—we find a notice of an administrator's sale, in which the property is described *eccbatim et literatim* as follows:

13 Negroes.

CONSISTING of Men, Boys, Women and Children, Horses, Cattle, and Hogs, Wheat, Corn, Oats and Hay, Cotton, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

—Rather an extensive combination for 13 poor negroes to "consist" of!

RAMSHACKLES.—No matter how elegant, appropriate and euphonious a name a political party assumes, some malicious opponent regardless of taste and beauty, is sure to caricature it with a nickname. Even the victorious Know Nothings do not escape; in North Carolina, according to the Concord Gazette, they are styled *Ramshackles!*

Phœbus, what a name
To fill the sounding trump of Fame!

Wonderful Preservation.

Elias Boudinot, founder of the American Bible Society, in returning home in a chaise on a dark night, had inadvertently crossed a wide stream upon the sleepers of a bridge after all its planks had been swept off by a freshet. "The horse, by instinct, took the central sleeper, and the parallel sleepers happening to be at the right distance, the wheels could not run off them while the horse kept straight on. We have heard of at least three cases of horses crossing bridges in the dark from which the flooring had been torn off by flood or wind. In one case a doctor was asleep on his horse; in another case the horse was urged to the dangerous passage by a tipsy rider; and the other case the rider was a very old woman, but her horse was a pacing mare, as sure-footed as a mule."

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17.—At New London, Butler Co., yesterday, the tower of the new Congregational Church in course of construction, fell on the workmen and others and killed Robert Jones, N. Jones, John C. Jones, and wounded ten others, one or two of them fatally. John C. Jones was a wealthy Welshman and was generally known among his countrymen throughout the country.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Late papers received from St. Johns, N. B., state that great damage has been occasioned by a storm on the 13th and 14th insts., in various parts of the province. The rivers and streams have overflowed and deluged the low lands, and for many miles all the bridges have been swept away, and great quantities of timber, hay, &c., have been carried off.

Irish and Scotch laces, to the value of £250,000 sterling, or over a million of dollars, are said to be sent every year to the United States, where most of them are sold as "French," "Valenciennes," "Marseilles," "Brussells," &c., which it is the fashion to believe are better than those made in Great Britain.

Gen. Cass, in a recent speech at Chicago, said "the right to forbid slavery, concedes the right to establish it." Then we suppose the right to forbid murder, robbery, arson and other crimes, concedes the right to establish them, by authority of law. Poor logic that for the veteran of Michigan!

The Boston *Gazette* learns that F. Gleason, Esq., has disposed of his interest in "Gleason's Pictorial" and "Flag of our Union" newspapers, to Maturin M. Ballou, Esq., for the round sum of $200,000. This is the largest newspaper sale ever effected in this country.

The Catholic Arch-bishop of Genoa, when the cholera made its frightful appearance in that city, published a pastoral letter, denouncing the freedom of the press and religious toleration as the true causes for which God punished those unfortunate inhabitants.

The Pennsylvania company, numbering 150 persons, left Conneautville, Crawford county, Pa., on the 1st inst, for Kansas. They were joined at Rochester, by another branch of the company from Cambria co.

The Trustees of the Association known as "The Ebenezers," having visited Kansas with the view of making a settlement in that teritory, have returned, and report a location made there of 100,000 acres.

Samuel D. Lecompte, Esq., of Baltimore, the newly appointed Governor of the territory of Nebraska, left on Monday last to assume the duties of his responsible office. He was accompaied by his family.

The Know Nothings made a clean sweep in a recent municipal election in Shelbyville Tenn., electing the Mayor, (James H. Neil,) Recorder, and every one of the Aldermen.

LICENSE IN NEW ORLEANS.—The election held on Tuesday resulted in a majority of five thousand in favor of a law to license the sale of spirituous liquors.

Henry Walters, Esq., formerly Cashier of the Harrisburg Bank, and a very estimable gentleman, died at Liverpool, Perry county, on Wednesday last.

The man that was "transported with bliss" has returned to his native land, having served out his time. Bliss has two years longer to serve.

"Shanghai Chicken" is the title of a new weekly published at Dayton, Ohio, by the Shanghai company. Great sheet.

The man who attempted to "run up a bill," "fell into debt" so deeply that he found it impossible to extricate himself.

Perfumery—An article that indolent young ladies make use of to supply the place of clean water and soap.

A tunnel is being constructed in Switzerland, which will be, when completed, 8200 feet long.

The man who "held out an inducement," has had a sore arm ever since.