VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

VOLUME 13. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1859. NUMBER 22.

THE AMERICANS AT PEKIN.

Entering the City—What they saw and How they were Received.

Correspondence of the Herald of Freedom.

PEKIN, CHINA, *Aug.* 10, 1859

My last communication left us at government house, a sort of *caravansarai*, as I was told, for travelers and pilgrims, quite neat though not large in size or commanding in appearance, and the more agreeable from its being set back some distance from the road, and having a spacious court in front, all carpeted in living green. It is about two miles outside the walls, which as yet had not risen before our eyes, so thick were the trees and groves between them and us on this great plain, extending from the Gulf to the city, which nowhere has either elevation or dimension. Here these dismounted who had been favored with horses, and others crawled out of their *dens* who had been caged in them; and all, having rested one hour and taken a cup of tea, which, is uniformly offered instead of wine and other liquors, returned to their carriages, forgetting aches and bruises in the thought of the shortness of the distance which remained, and the wonders which were so soon to startle our vision. Onward we moved, every one solemn, silent, his heart beating quicker, till at last it fairly throbbed with the big question, when, *there! there!* rose the walls and there the immense bastion towered over the gate, armed with tier above tier of cannon, and we had fairly reached Pekin!

Long before reaching the walls, however we were surrounded by crowds whom no man could number. They did not come there; they seemed to have grown there; they did not move, they only stood—aces and pews, and field, after field of human flesh and bones, compacted into one solid body, out of which grew innumerable heads, arms and shoulders! It added to the imposing scene of the scene, that not one wore a hat or cap; not one covered his back and shoulders with shirt and coat; not one wore a vest to protect his bosom. A single article constituted the whole of their dress and wardrobe—a piece of blue cotton made into an Oriental petticoat, and tied about the loins and reaching below the knee. All that met the eye, therefore, was naked flesh, glistening with the sweat which oiled it as the sun shot down his burning rays; while those thousands and thousands of piercing, penetrating, steady eyes, and upturned faces, all without a smile, and solemn in their wonder, indicated that all was not a mass of flesh there; mind was there; humanity was there; our brothers were there; almost the population of a common city was upon outside of the walls; nor can any estimate of the amount of the population within assume and stagger me, when I say that there was second one gate in one suburb only, without.—Not one shout was raised; not one voice was heard; not one foot or hand was moved. The last European embassy was that of Lord Amherst in 1816—forty-three years ago, more than the period of a generation—and most of the living population of Pekin had never seen a white man.—We passed under two imposing portals, something like triumphal archways, about half a mile from the city, which, however, with the walls, the gates, the bastions, the towers, and other objects of interest within, is not without the city, must be the subject of another letter.

Passing through the Ruhlemann by the 'Eastern Gate,' *Chien-men*, we entered the *Tartar District* of the city, and merely along a street, compared with which Pennsylvania avenue in Washington is a narrow lane, which we had gone a mile and a half, we turned to right angles to the right, when, proceeding a quarter or half a mile further, we reached the quarter which the government had assigned for our residence. As we rode along in front of the houses, there was every thing to interest and amuse us. The houses were all one story high, and the streets were wide, and the houses were set back from the street, leaving a space in front, which was occupied by booths, tables, and stands, for the sale of every thing that could be sold in the open air, and the streets were thronged with people, buying and selling, and eating and drinking, and smoking and talking, and playing games, and gaping at the strangers who were passing by. Every one was in his shirt sleeves, and every one was busy, and every one was happy, so far as we could see, and we could see far down the long streets, and we could see every thing that was passing, and we could see every thing that was done, and we could see every thing that was worn, and we could see every face, and we could see every eye, and we could see every mouth, and we could see every nose, and we could see every head, and we could see every hand, and we could see every foot, and we could see every leg, and we could see every body, and we could see every soul, and we could see every thing that was in the world, and we could see every thing that was out of the world, and we could see every thing that was in the universe, and we could see every thing that was out of the universe, and we could see every thing that was in the universe and out of the universe, and we could see every thing that was in the universe and out of the universe, and we could see every thing that was in the universe and

THANKSGIVING.

[illegible]
For the ruddy of ripening grain—
For the vintage's bright tide,
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark grass and—
For the rose among the fingers
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the sound of labors, gushing
In bubbling beds of light,
For the flood of sun-enchanted [illegible]
From unpleasant [illegible]
For the seeds among the [illegible]
The crystal on the sod,
For the flowing of the rivers
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the birds that throng in gladness
The cellar's glittering cage
For the humming of fresh pinions
With every sper-bore dirge
For the have twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod,
For the blossoming of flowers
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In hoghsbrown and in dwood,
For the peaks where cloud and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges
Whence ghost echoes nod,
For the majesty of mountains
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtains
Of heaven's blue wisdom be;
For the burning hues of twilight
Where thought hence glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunset
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the earth and all its beauty—
The sky, with all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That reach the daniel night;
For unfolding fields and prairies
Where some in vain has trod;
For the world's enhancing beauty
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For those common aspirations
Which our high humanity prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the sunsteeth saved from Eden
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For hidden swell o'er written
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human—
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, around;
For this one great gift of being
I thank thee, oh, my God!

From the New York Mercury.

FAMILY PRIDE.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

Patter, patter; drip, drip, drip.—Rain coming down steadily in the great avenue of oaks; rain dashing against the windows of the gloomy house; rain leaking in through the roof, that needed repairs; rain overflowing the cellar, that needed draining, soaking the walls till they burst out in the damp sweats, and great brown spots; rain making little puddles in the halls, rendering the getting up stairs quite a problematical matter, and my gracious maiden aunts, Seraphina and Clementina, sitting stiffly upright on either side of the huge, old fashioned fire-place, doing their best to look as if they knew nothing about it.

Jocelyn Place had been a grand old mansion in its day and my aunts considered it their duty as descendants of the great Jocelyn family, to uphold its dignity, by affecting a profound unconsciousness of the fact that it was now one of the most ruinous, leaky, weather-stained old country houses that ever disgraced the fair country of ——. So Aunt Seraphina picked her way through the puddles, and accounted for her swelled face by referring to her visit to the widow Brown's damp cottage. And Aunt Clementina wore her old brocade—in which she had figured forty years before, at her brother's wedding—declaring that she would not disgrace the family name by putting on the thin, washy things they called silk now-a-days.

A few old, blear-eyed, gray headed family servants crep around in the shadows, and brought up our daily potatoes and occasional joint, in the battered old family silver; and made up the huge old family beds, and dusted the dingy hangings, and swept carefully the hallowed carpets, and tended the old family horse—who was generally supposed to be the oldest inhabitant of the village. And, besides all this ruin, and desolation, and decay, we [illegible] my dear [illegible] and boldly, among them [illegible] who had only the [illegible] I, [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

From "Legends and Lyrics," by Mrs. Bloch of Vienna, by Adelaide Anne Procter. Published by Ticknor & Fields. Boston. Publishers of "Ticknor's Library of Foreign Literature."

I was dreaming to the sighing
And the gray wind shrieking,
Autumn heavy with dying leaves,
And the red sun sinking,
And I saw in my dreams
Sad and joyous faces
Which I had left and had given up
For my prison places.

Then I never yield to control
That I not until Monday.

Then, when I was crowned by the fire,
Who was seated by the fire,
Regarding long words aspiring,
And then, looking up the spiral
Stalked on him who stood half-hidden
Of the bitter truth was told,
To my book of reading Gladness
I had seen the book of old.

Then, and then and stirred thereby me
Cold and chaste I waited thinks,
With a shield of fear and horror,
And a plate box of despair.
He had been in regard towards
And a single word of sin,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the Thing—I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to him,
And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her calm face, looking
That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
That my life refused to say—
Thinks that we shall meet hereafter
Here in our troubled hearts that day.

Sister, sister leave me weep,
We shall meet hereafter together,
Where the body and spirit
Will be all her husband and
That my boy, (I hit forgotten
She poor child) that he was dead.

Then at last I rose, and turning,
Wrung his hand, but made no sign;
And I stamped and blinded her husband
Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I uttered,
Save in broken words to pray
That God in his great love would bless her—
Then in silence passed away.

Over the great sunken ocean
For six and twenty years I roam
All my comrades, old and young,
Are gone back to their home.
Mother! yes, I shall reach a heaven,
In one shall reach home and rest,
I shall find her waiting for me,
With our baby on her breast.

THE VISIT TO A LOFT.

AN INCIDENT FOR GREAT CITY TOURISTS.

It is the custom of the London city missionaries, when visiting in their districts, to commence with the first house in the street or alley; and to them they begin with the room on the ground floor, which is generally down in some dark and hideous cellar, and so on from story to story, till they reach the garret above. It so happened, within one of the missionaries was thus proceeding in his usual course, he reached the last room, as he thought, at the top of the house, (for he was then the roof of the house and the garret there is usually in left, in which pigeons are kept,) and was about to go down again, when his attention was drawn to a ladder, fixed against the wall, over which there was a trap-door, through which he perceived daylight above. At first he thought it was only one of those pigeon lofts, but he might in the end, and leave some poor sinner unvisited, he thrusted the ladder, and lifted up the trap-door.

Truly it was a loft, and nothing more than a loft; but instead of being tenanted by pigeons, there upon the floor lay a little girl, whose bedding was a dreary layer of straw, and whose clothing was a piece of old sacking. She looked very pale and ill, and took but very little notice of the unexpected visitor. He drew near her, and asked her whether she was ill. In a faint voice she told him she was. He said, "My child, where is your mother?" She replied, "I have no mother, she has been dead long since—and have you no father?" "Yes," she answered, "I have a father, but he goes out early in the morning to Covent Garden Market, with his cabbies, and does not come back till evening."

He asked her whether she was not very unhappy and lonely all the day long without her father. She replied, "Yes I would rather my father were with me, for he usually takes me with him when he goes out." "And do you never?" said the missionary, "think of God and your sins?" "Yes," said the child, "I think of God and my sins." "Do you know that God is a holy God?" said the child, "I think so." "Do you know that God is a holy God?" said the child, "I think so." "Do you know that God is a holy God?" said the child, "I think so." "Do you know that God is a holy God?" said the child, "I think so."

Well, the missionary asked her if she had ever heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if she had ever prayed to God through Him. She said, "I have heard of Christ, but I never prayed to God through Him." "Do you know that God is a holy God?" said the missionary, "that God is a holy God?" "Yes,"

VALLEY SPIRIT.
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.
Wednesday Morning, Nov. 14, 1860.
D. M. CROUSE, Editor.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JEREMIAH S. BLACK,
Of Pennsylvania.

Judge Black and Judgeship.

"The very minute that Mr. Black leaves off Pennsylvania who pitch and cast the Philadelphia *Press*, will perhaps remember an article in the issue of the 19th inst., headed "Judge Black on Constitutional Law." The article puts the Judge in the attitude of "a person who is anxiously waiting for the death of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, with a view to fill the vacancy," and it then makes the false position into which it forced him the excuse for "an inquiry into the fitness of the aspirant." This inquiry, in the opinion of the writer for the *Press*, not only knocks Judge BLACK out of the ring of sound constitutional lawyers, but it reveals facts which "furnish a and commentary upon the value of an elective judiciary."

The article in the *Press* is understood to have been written by Judge LEWIS, who is as envious as an old maid and as malicious as a strong consciousness of inferiority can make him. When he sat on the Common Pleas Bench, old GIBSON treated this "raw law" as that the whole country laughed at him; and when the people furnished the first and about the only sad commentary they have as yet given us upon the value of an elective judiciary, by elevating him to the Supreme Bench, it mortified his pride to find himself lost sight of by the bar and the public, who looked to Judge BLACK when they went to hear "LAW," and forgot to look at Judge LEWIS when they wanted to see "honesty."

The *Press* writer says "the public care little about the *political* antecedents of a Judge, but they ask a sound knowledge of the LAW and a good repute for honesty." They must have had greater faith in Judge BLACK's honesty and knowledge of the law than in Judge LEWIS', for they gave BLACK the highest vote. And this difference in their estimate of the man must have grown upon them, for when Judge BLACK's first term expired, he was unanimously renominated by the Democratic Convention, whereas Judge LEWIS, at the expiration of his first term, had a hard struggle for a renomination, and was so nearly beaten in the Convention that he feared to trust a trial at the ballot box, and therefore very prudently declined to run. We have no doubt that Judge LEWIS considered the action of the Democratic Convention in his case a *very* "sad commentary" upon something. It is highly gratifying to know that it did not lead him to question whether the public really do "ask a sound knowledge of the law and a good repute for honesty" in their Judges.

Judge LEWIS thought not let his envy and jealousy break out in this way. If he does not reach the Supreme Bench of the United States, to which he warmly aspires, his failure will not be attributable to the fact that Judge BLACK wants to get there, but to the more serious obstacle that no President in his senses will ever think of appointing Judge LEWIS.

The New York Election.

The *Transcript* proved a little too soon over the New York election. "The whole Loocofoco party, from the members of Buchanan's Cabinet down, down, down to the *Valley Spirit*," are not dead yet, although the *Transcript* has tried to bill them off with the following:

NEW YORK.—The election in New York has resulted in a larger majority over the democrats and American fusionists than was even anticipated by the Republicans. Lieutenantcy, the Secretaryship of State, is carried, *sure*, by Noah, the democratic anti-democratic candidate.

To the intimidation of the whole Republican party, from "old Conservatism" down, down, down to the editor of the *Transcript*, who played the part of usher to FREE-DOM, Dobbin-fashion that distinguished donkey ever took bitt to attend with the Harper's Ferry demonstration this morning, we could state that the latest returns from New York indicate the election of the Republican candidates for State officers, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State by about 7,000, and Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer, gain in the 2,000. The city Democrats are believed to be elected by handsome majorities.

Three cheers for New York! Give the devil his due, and let the people of the Union know that the Republicans of Pennsylvania are not to be intimidated by the outrage of old Wm. F. Packer, Buchanan, the Southern conspiracy, and the Harper's Ferry demonstration. Let the Republicans of Pennsylvania be encouraged by the result in New York, and let them be encouraged by the result in Pennsylvania.

Free Blacks Threatened in Virginia.

On Saturday night, when the negroes were making merry to mark the Republican victory, Lynch Law, a free gang of order, and the pull-down party, broke in the vicinity of the Bedford Black, taken out of the office of the Mayor and shipped his services and those of the colored friends, for the east of Charlestown. He said he and his comrades were ready to put themselves under the Governor and Mayor for any service they might require of them. If any fighting was to be done, in behalf of Old Virginia, and the white folks, they would do their best; if not, they were willing to accompany the troops in the capacity of body servants, and shave them, and brush their clothes, and black their boots, or do anything else that might be wanting of them. Now, Smith is a man of respectability, intelligence, and property, and is more of a gentleman than any abolitionist in the United States—for his principles and his deportment are both above of the gentleman; which cannot be said of the cowing advocates of the unconstitutionalists." Here, then, is a striking illustration of their fidelity and attachment to their own homes and real friends, of the Southern people of color, bond and free. We can cure them in not one slave in a thousand, who would raise his hand against his master and his master's family, under any circumstances. And yet the Abolition villains at the North affect to weep over the sad condition of the Southern Slave—a condition infinitely superior, in all respects, to their own!

We wish the Governor had commanded the Guard at Charlestown of slaves entirely; with the exception of about one white man to two negroes. We think such a guard would have been amply sufficient. At least we should have been willing to repose the utmost confidence in it, under the conviction that, under the direction of their masters, they would have proved faithful, true, and efficient in the hour of trial, and dispatched, in double quick time, all the Abolitionists that might dare attempt the rescue of old Brown. It is not to late for us, even now, to command this suggestion to the consideration of Gov. WISE, and we accordingly hope he will give it his attention.—*Richmond Whig.*

Natural Curiosities of California—Geysers in Plumas County.

According to the Plumas (California) *Argus*, there is a cluster of boiling springs situated in the northeast portion of its county, which covers an area of ten acres. It says.

This area is almost flat, and surrounded on its edge by large boulders, which seem to be fragments of lava. It would be safe to say that on this little spot of ground, one thousand boiling, steaming springs exist, and so loud is the sound produced by the escape of the steam, that it is impossible to distinguish the voice of a man ten feet from you. In some of these springs there is a kind of sediment, about the consistency of common mush, which simmers and gurgles, and, at times, entirely closes the aperture, which is invariably succeeded by a deafening explosion in the escape of the confined steam. Everything smells strongly of sulphur, which may be gathered, in some instances, in large pieces, but is mostly found adhering to the rocks in the shape of a palpable powder—the effect of crystalization.

There is also another mineral, produced in the same manner, resembling quinine in its color and formation, but to the taste like alum, and there is no doubt that it is alumine. On one side of said flat there is a kind of chalk, white as snow, and resembling plaster of Paris, after having been prepared for casting. There is a little plain of this, about twenty yards long, and half that in width, as level as a floor. But what is the most remarkable feature, is a stream of cold, pure water running through the centre of the flat.

You can safely move among the springs, by submitting frequently to an envelopment of sulphurous vapor. About one mile from this flat, at an elevation of three hundred feet above it, there is a round lake, in diameter about fifty yards, which is in a continual stir of agitation, resembling the boiling of a cauldron; the earth around it is almost a blood red. The springs are situated on the head waters of the North Fork of Feather River, near Lemon's Peak, and not far from the (supposed) burning mountain.

Republican Rejoicings in New York.

It will be remembered the American party of New York assembled in Convention at Utica, and without making strictly party nominations for State officers, agreed upon a ticket for State officers composed one-half from the Democratic and one-half from the Republican tickets, which had been previously nominated. The result is, that with hardly an exception, the Republicans not nominated by the Americans were defeated. The *Journal of Commerce* states that there appears to be but little doubt that David R. Floyd Jones, Democrat, is elected Secretary of State, Van Rensselaer Richmond, Democrat, State Engineer, and Noah, Democrat, Lieutenant Governor. Of the Republicans, Morgan is elected Comptroller, Wright Attorney General, and Wadsworth Canal Commissioner, by about 2,000 majority. Of the Republicans, Morgan is elected Comptroller, Wright Attorney General, and Wadsworth Canal Commissioner, by about 2,000 majority.

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Harper's Ferry, Nov. 12, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—I write you this hurriedly, to inform you of the present state of affairs here. The Harper's Ferry Rifles, 100 strong, left this place at 8 o'clock, P. M., for Charlestown, Jefferson county, Virginia, to assist the Governor of Virginia in the execution of John Brown, who is to be hung on the day of execution, or the day before. The Rifles are armed with Sharpe's rifles, and are in good order. The Governor of Virginia has called upon the Militia of Jefferson county, and they are now in Charlestown, preparing for the execution. I have been informed by a gentleman who has just arrived from Charlestown, that the

VALLEY SPIRIT.

Chambersburg, Nov. 30, 1859.

LOCAL NEWS.

Notice to Subscribers.—Some of our subscribers whose papers commenced on the 1st of July last, will be waited on for a renewal of Twenty-five cents, on the expiration of their year's subscription, if paid within the first ten days next. Subscribers will notice that it will be to their own interest, as well as ours, for them to pay their subscription before the expiration of the present year. We hope all to whom this notice will apply will not open the timely suggestion it contains and pay up at once without requiring any further dunning. We have heavy liabilities to meet at the end of the year, and the money with which we expect to meet them is yet in the hands of our subscribers—*we are depend on receiving it!*

The Poor House.—At the stated meeting, for the present month, of the Directors of the Poor, Mr. David Spencer, the newly elected Director, took his seat as a member of the Board. Mr. Spencer is a very active business man and will no doubt, make a safe and prudent Director. The present officers of this establishment are as follows:—Directors—Messrs. Gillan, Strickler and Spencer; Clerk—Saloody Strickler, Esq; Treasurer—Chas. Gubrich; Physician—Dr. S. S. Lint; Steward—John Bowman.

Mr Wm. Shindeldt the former Steward has become a citizen of this place. Few men have retired from the arduous and responsible position of Steward of our Poor House with more credit for the faithful performance of duty than Mr. Shindeldt. His excellent management of the House and Farm, received during his entire Stewardship, the unqualified approbation of Directors and visitors. We are highly gratified that Mr. Shindeldt has become a resident of this place. He will make a useful citizen and will commend the respect and esteem of all who may enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Public Library.—After all the excitement to supply this great "want" in our community, and after all the puffing—sufficient to build a Railroad or establish a Cotton Mill—the result is summed up in propounding the question *"what has become of the Public Library?"* There seems to be a "screw loose" somewhere in the working of the machinery of this institution which prevents it from accomplishing the good promised by its friends. What's wrong we are not prepared to say—whether the fault lies in the location of the room, the selection of books, the popular management, or, in the taste of our community?—rather suspect the latter and that of Oysters and Ale were served up with the books the Library would be well patronized.—Well "every one to their taste" as the woman said &c.

Franklin Railroad.—The work of relaying the track of this road has been pushed forward with all possible dispatch, and hopes are entertained of having the road completed to Hagerstown by the 1st of January. The grading and iron to finish the road are in readiness, a considerable number of workmen are engaged in putting it down, and the work will be prosecuted vigorously to completion. Efforts are being made to effect an arrangement with the C V. Railroad to stock, and extension at once running, the finished portion of the road, which we hope may be successful. Such an arrangement would operate greatly to the advantage of our Forwarding men and the public generally.

Rowdies.—On Thanksgiving night a band of drunken rowdies took possession of our streets and made night hideous by their obscene and blasphemous howlings. We suspect and they stopped in front of the residence of some of the city magistrates and indulged their beastly orgies purposely with a view of disturbing them. If our officers will not do their duty by arresting such disorderly characters let each good citizen resolve himself into a "Vigilance Committee" constituted the bystanders on his "own hook." A club or a brick-bat will prove more efficacious in that way than one of the hobbled Peace-Officers.

Housebreaking.—On Monday night last, the house of Mr. Jacob Gingrich, in Green Street adjoining the Diamond, was broken open and robbed of a quantity of clothing, and other articles. The thieves effected an entrance by forcing the door of the kitchen, and from the appearance of the premises, they must have spent some time in the house. We have not learned that any clue to the thieves has been obtained.

Educational Meeting.—The Green Township Educational Association convened in the new school House at Scotland, and organized by appointing Rev. Mr. Bullock President and J. H. Trout Secretary.

The subject of School Government was chosen for the open discussion, and Rev. Bullock appointed to address the association, at the next meeting, on Saturday, Dec. 3d at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Teachers Directors and Friends of Education are respectfully invited to attend.

J. H. TROUT, Secy.

The prospectus of *The New-York Ledger*, the great family paper, will be found in another column. It is entirely unnecessary to say that *The Ledger* is by far the most popular family paper in the country, having a circulation of over four hundred thousand copies. It is always characterized by a high moral tone, and, as will be seen by reference to its advertisement, employs more eminent contributors than any other paper in the world.

New Sheriff.—Mr. William McGrath, the Sheriff elect of Franklin County, moved his family to this place on Tuesday last and took up his residence in the prison. We understand Mr. F. Sarmon has received the appointment of Deputy. The ex-Sheriff, Mr Brown, has removed from the prison to the residence lately occupied by Mrs. Judge Thompson, on Main Street.

German School.—A gentleman, thoroughly competent to teach, has opened a German Day School, for boys, in the Hall at the Market House. This will afford a good opportunity for parents to have their children well instructed in this important language—more important in this country than Latin or Greek.

Prompt.—The Waynesboro' Rifle Corps had a paper in circulation for signatures, on Saturday last, tendering the services of the members of that company to Gov. Packer to prevent any body of armed men crossing the line of this State for the purpose of rescuing Old Brown, or any of the Harpers Ferry insurgents.

Holiday's.—We would remind our readers that the Holiday's are fast approaching, and that necessary presents for the occasion will have to be purchased, and before purchasing we would advise you to give Spangler a call, he has a large and extensive variety of Fancy articles, Pomades, Perfumery, &c., any of which would answer the purpose.

Lock Out.—Next Friday is the day set apart for the execution of old "Ossawatomie" Brown; and Rees will have for sale at his counter, all the Pictorial Newspapers containing illustrations of Brown's execution, besides many other interesting documents.

Ladies' Oyster Saloon.—Mrs. Susan Seibert has opened an Oyster Saloon for the Ladies, on the Northeast corner of the Diamond, directly opposite the Court House, where she serves up most delicious Bivalves. Go and try them.

Horse Stolen.—On Monday night a Horse was stolen from the stable of Peter Brough in Hamilton township. We have heard of several other horses being stolen in this neighborhood recently.

Accident.—P. S. Reed, Esq., of Mercersburg, fractured his right arm in a fall, from the steps at the door of his residence, late evening last week.

A Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held at their rooms in the Mansion House, Friday evening, Dec. 2d at 6 o'clock, a full attendance is requested.

By order of the President.

Sermon.—Read the Thanksgiving Sermon of Rev. John Chambers, of the 1st Independent Church of Philadelphia, which we publish on our first page.

The Rev. James Clark preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

From the Pittsburg Gazette of 28th instant.

Severe Weather and Much Snow.—Snow storm threatening the Valleys.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.—The Omaha Republican newspaper, for yesterday, says that a snow storm commenced in Western Iowa, on Monday last, and continued without intermission for thirty-six hours, covering the ground to the depth of eight inches. Mr. Schoonover, Agent for the Pacific Express Company, left Council Bluffs on Monday, for Denver City, with a team of mules and a light sleigh, and he thinks he will be able to make the trip in two days. The snow is now melting rapidly, and the prairie is in a fine condition for travel. The weather is very cold, however, and the snow will probably remain on the ground for some time.

Sale of Steamboats.—The list of prisoners appointed at the recent Term of the Federal and Monongahela Federal Association left Franklin County, for a term of six months, but little to fear for security in the Spirit of our respected term, which daily expands our mark.

[illegible]

[illegible] that that an [illegible] numbering [illegible] thousand, notwithstanding opposition on the Missouri, the St. Louis paper says signified that the county voters will be a very [illegible] that in 1856 and '58, [illegible] decide whether such appointments, instead of merits whether. And we add—*if you would honest, comfortable at*

[illegible]

Street adjoining Grove south of the Diamond, who have just received a splendid assortment of [illegible] and Dolls—[illegible]

[illegible] Township Educational Association convened in the new school House at Scotland, and organized by appointing Rev. Mr. Bullock President and J. H. Trout Secretary.

The subject of School Government was chosen for the open discussion, and Rev. Bullock appointed to address the association, at the next meeting, on Saturday, Dec. 3d at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Teachers Directors and Friends of Education are respectfully invited to attend.

J. H. TROUT, Secy.

The prospectus of *The New-York Ledger*, the great family paper, will be found in another column. It is entirely unnecessary to say that *The Ledger* is by far the most popular family paper in the country, having a circulation of over four hundred thousand copies. It is always characterized by a high moral tone, and, as will be seen by reference to its advertisement, employs more eminent contributors than any other paper in the world.

New Sheriff.—Mr. William McGrath, the Sheriff elect of Franklin County, moved his family to this place on Tuesday last and took up his residence in the prison. We understand Mr. F. Sarmon has received the appointment of Deputy. The ex-Sheriff, Mr Brown, has removed from the prison to the residence lately occupied by Mrs. Judge Thompson, on Main Street.

German School.—A gentleman, thoroughly competent to teach, has opened a German Day School, for boys, in the Hall at the Market House. This will afford a good opportunity for parents to have their children well instructed in this important language—more important in this country than Latin or Greek.

Prompt.—The Waynesboro' Rifle Corps had a paper in circulation for signatures, on Saturday last, tendering the services of the members of that company to Gov. Packer to prevent any body of armed men crossing the line of this State for the purpose of rescuing Old Brown, or any of the Harpers Ferry insurgents.

Holiday's.—We would remind our readers that the Holiday's are fast approaching, and that necessary presents for the occasion will have to be purchased, and before purchasing we would advise you to give Spangler a call, he has a large and extensive variety of Fancy articles, Pomades, Perfumery, &c., any of which would answer the purpose.

Lock Out.—Next Friday is the day set apart for the execution of old "Ossawatomie" Brown; and Rees will have for sale at his counter, all the Pictorial Newspapers containing illustrations of Brown's execution, besides many other interesting documents.

Ladies' Oyster Saloon.—Mrs. Susan Seibert has opened an Oyster Saloon for the Ladies, on the Northeast corner of the Diamond, directly opposite the Court House, where she serves up most delicious Bivalves. Go and try them.

Horse Stolen.—On Monday night a Horse was stolen from the stable of Peter Brough in Hamilton township. We have heard of several other horses being stolen in this neighborhood recently.

Accident.—P. S. Reed, Esq., of Mercersburg, fractured his right arm in a fall, from the steps at the door of his residence, late evening last week.

A Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held at their rooms in the Mansion House, Friday evening, Dec. 2d at 6 o'clock, a full attendance is requested.

By order of the President.

Sermon.—Read the Thanksgiving Sermon of Rev. John Chambers, of the 1st Independent Church of Philadelphia, which we publish on our first page.

The Rev. James Clark preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

From the Pittsburg Gazette of 28th instant.

Severe Weather and Much Snow.—Snow storm threatening the Valleys.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.—The Omaha Republican newspaper, for yesterday, says that a snow storm commenced in Western Iowa, on Monday last, and continued without intermission for thirty-six hours, covering the ground to the depth of eight inches. Mr. Schoonover, Agent for the Pacific Express Company, left Council Bluffs on Monday, for Denver City, with a team of mules and a light sleigh, and he thinks he will be able to make the trip in two days. The snow is now melting rapidly, and the prairie is in a fine condition for travel. The weather is very cold, however, and the snow will probably remain on the ground for some time.

Sale of Steamboats.—The list of prisoners appointed at the recent Term of the Federal and Monongahela Federal Association left Franklin County, for a term of six months, but little to fear for security in the Spirit of our respected term, which daily expands our mark.

[illegible]

SOMERSETTING.

[illegible]

[illegible] Pennsylvania—Washington says: "Mr. White to stay in it a cold night.

The canals which operate most extensive in the month of January were Ice 1 & 2.

[illegible] Democratic party in Congress, in the organization is a mixed dealing a month.

Truth up a chimney in the day he shouldn't go, and when he gets old he'll do as he pleases.

The "Sunny side" of Vermont last year was good. The State pays a premium for bear scalps.

The Houston papers say that the Indian Chief, Wild Cat, has 1000 recovery tongues at his town, lately Indian Eagle Town.

In the northern part of the State of New York the people are enjoying very good sleighing. In some of the counties the snow is a foot deep.

The New Orleans papers estimate the losses by fire in that city for this year to have been one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Gotten pumbs has of late been applied to the wheels of carriages at Berlin, and the consequence is that no noise is occasioned by such vehicles.

A Connecticut schoolmistress having a troublesome big boy to manage, sat down upon him. She was a large woman, and quite "crushed out" his insubordination.

A physician in St. Paul asserts that 5,000 babies were born last winter and the crop the coming winter will be still heavier.

A married lady in Loudon County, Va., is said to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. Her husband is a *great lodge's man.*

Fool is Fair.—An unmarried miserable on the Wenebach is suspected of having written the following pithy poem on the ladies:

Lazy, if tall; If handsome, vain,
Cross-grained, if small; Shocking, if plain.

A man in Kalamazoo is training an elk to trot on the race course. The elk has already trotted against a horse for a purse of seven hundred dollars, winning the prize by a long distance.

A Golden Eagle was killed last week on the lower St. Lawrence, while endeavoring to carry off a child about three years old. This is said to be the only bird in America that will attack the human species.

At a christening while the minister was making the certificate, he happened to say—Let me see, this is the 30th. "The 30th!" exclaimed the indignant mother, indeed it is only the eleventh!

One of our exchanges advertises for two compositors "who don't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment."

A young and beautiful girl, daughter of a wealthy merchant in Albany, has become strongly and strangely addicted to drink, and one day last week was found dead drunk in the street.

A Mrs. Miller died suddenly at St. Louis last Thursday. Her husband had eloped with another man's wife, and she died of excessive grief at the circumstances of her desertion.—Poor heart!

Brown the Harper's Ferry insurgent and murderer, will be executed on Friday next. Gov. Wise has not extended the day of his execution to that appointed for the other convicts, as it was supposed he would.

Getting Spunky.—We learn from Harrisburg that one of the crazy Abolitionists, who are trying to make a martyr of John Brown, has sent a fighting challenge to the Governor of Pennsylvania for delivering over to the authorities of Virginia Brown's fellow murderer and conspirator Cook.

Gen. Tom Thumb will be 22 years old in January next. His reader in Bridgeport, Conn., where he owns a fine house on the main street, valued at over $40,000. He drives a pony which he says will travel a mile in three minutes.

A man down East has invented a machine to remove old bachelors. Out of a good sized jar, grassy, old bachelor, he can make quite a decent man, and have enough left for two small puppies, a pair of leather breeches and a bottle of soft soap.

Another Death by burning fluid occurred lately in Monmouth county, New-Jersey. The victim was a young lady, who was lighting a field lamp, when it caught fire, and she let it fall. It exploded and set fire to her dress.—She was so badly burnt that she died in a few hours.

Who Knows.

They tell me that I am handsome yet,
And all the ladies say,
"Do look at that the dear old man
Gents are quite gay."

And when such friend says, "At your age
How does you face look so fair?"
I always answer, "Its my youth
I gilds my Princess Bible!"

The Corn Crop of 1859.—The Indianapolis (Ind) Journal says—Competent judges estimate the corn crop of the United States for present year at nine hundred millions of bushels which at an average price of forty cents per bushel, would be worth $360,000,000.

Don't always look for mere beauty in a woman. Those who think a girl is perfection just because she has clear skin, blond eyes, and a shower of curls, have to wage about decent [illegible] when they find [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

TWENTY YEARS HARDER.

Yes, twenty years have wrought their work
Since first my cheek was fair and dark,
When on a hundred hearts I laid
I had command the heavy yoke
I long had felt the bitterness
And cheerfully submitted the vow;
Perhaps I'd be twenty years
Perhaps—though I am fifty now.

Ah, well do I recall the day
When she, now positive by my side,
Stood, in her blushing maiden prime,
A trembling maiden, trembling
And I, no proud of that day
Could contain myself, myself the bliss
I'd bought a token of faith
And sealed my partnership in a kiss.

For happiness we delighted our souls,
By finding truth both and I;
Hope's brightest gleams, pleasure, gain,
And gently smiled the summer day.
The world sunlight made the heart and
All bright wherever we might turn,
Our life's in amongst
Sweet harmony! we'd much to learn.

Yet soon did sorrow dispelling hopes
Its baleful influence impart,
And bitter sorrow, hand of death,
Overcast the sunshine of our heart;
But still, in trouble found in pain,
Hope cheered, faded, clung to each,
Blessed with the strength of love's repose,
Bathering all that grief could reach.

We'd much of joy, though much our sphere,
And caused no more extended fame,
For children made my dwelling dear—
Twas wonderful how fast they came!
"Two were the master," we said,
And in them every wish we blest;
A part in our cabinets have shed,
A second at Woodlawn tells the rest.

Three twenty years have left their trace
Upon her brow, thus smooth and fair,
And stolen, some sad, the wishing grace
Thus her fairest form to bear
But still I see the same kind eyes
Beam on me with a light as true
As when, in love's young paradise,
I first their magnetism knew.

And I—well, well—we'll let that pass—
None more than I time's changes see,
Such day I shave myself—alas!
My mirror does not flatter me
But if I'm changed for worse or best
I cannot answer, on my job,
And have the solving of this test
So much as shows to ask my wife.

This lesson we have fully learned;
Pure happiness that now have dreamed,
Is but a hope more overturned,
A vision but to fancy dreamed—
That all of happiness below,
Pursuing which the life is spent,
In mingling scenes of blessedness
Is measured by the word content.

Though fortune may withhold its smile,
As it has done in time before,
Content shall still our way beguile,
And rest the future landscape o'er.
The future—who its note may tell?—
Nor for it we to destiny bear
And like our life that's past so well,
We'll try another twenty years.

THE OLD GRAY HORSE.

BY MRS. W. CHAPELL.

Along the dusty road,
Along the granite pave,
A lean old horse is dragging his load,
A patient and humble slave.
In hunger and pain he tramps
From dawn to close of day,
And still by the light of the dim street lamps,
He drags his rattling dray.

His heart is dreary and cold,
His limbs are spavined and sore—
His sinews are strong, and with stripes untold
He lash is unbroken of war.
And still he urged crawls,
The weak and tired old gray,
But representably turns his eighteen hills
To sparrowgrass the dray.

"Oh, weary lingering mule!
Oh, clinging, tiresome dray!
Want thou enclosed by relentless hide
To waste my strength away;
With cheek and breathing, and pad,
With strap and buckle and chain,
To hang on my gloss with a weight like lead,
I strive to stagge in vain?

"For many weary years
You've pressed upon my back,
Till my eight hob nailed away in tears,
And judge my manger rack.
No word of kindness I have
From the plodder from I serve;
His school curse a thousand times,
Bestowed with a vigorous nerve.

"In old your close embrace,
I've walked and walked away,
But you always double your rattling pace
Do you feel to hear your prey?
Like the felon's clank and fall,
You come with your rumbling wheels,
And grudge me the Gutter-way shelter shall
I'm eating my scanty meals.

"Sometimes in dreary sway,
As fatigue I drag my load,
I see a hologram foal at play
On the green and upland sward,
The sun is shining bright,
And a glorious gladdle shows,
And the colt is prancing around in glee,
Cropping the knopping grass.

"I stop in the bustling stream
Or pass on the lovely plain,
But a [illegible] to mock my pain
Oh! has still joy young form
Which spurns down to my
Pass blows, from blows, from blows, from blows and spurs,
Behind the wrath Lord

"But I [illegible]
My thoughts [illegible] by bonds;
And your spur [illegible] and chains,
Will be not by [illegible]
And [illegible]
Along the [illegible]
The [illegible] that glow daughter to bed,
Your joy will sometime cease.

BOOKS, &c.

FIRE AND [illegible]

Have with your [illegible]

If you wish the best Kerosene in the [illegible]

The cheapest Kerosene Lamps in [illegible]

NEW BEDFORD.—

Daguerreotypes, a large lot, very fine, [illegible]

Fresh black Pepper, warranted [illegible]

ALMANACS,—German and English [illegible]

A large lot of Sponges, of all qualities [illegible]

The best Chewing Tobacco to be [illegible]

Gum Drops, Jujube Paste, Marsh [illegible]

If you want good drugs and medicines [illegible]

Soaps of all kinds at [illegible] SPANGLER'S.

Castile and Horse Powder at [illegible] SPANGLER'S

Thrush Mixture—will cure—at [illegible] SPANGLER'S

Pomades, Fancy articles, Perfumery [illegible]

Hair Restorative—Get a bottle, at [illegible] SPANGLER'S.

Grey Hair colored beautifully [illegible] SPANGLER'S Hair Restorative.

Coughs and Colds cured at [illegible] SPANGLER'S

SYRINGES,—Gum, Glass and Metallic Syringes, for sale at [illegible] SPANGLER'S.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at [illegible] SPANGLER'S

Fresh Ground Pepper at [illegible]

Thermometers of all sizes, at [illegible]

BEAUTIFUL PEARL STARCH at [illegible] NIXON'S.

Box Mustard of superior quality, [illegible] NIXON'S

Fresh ground spices, at [illegible] NIXON'S.

Superior Indigo for coloring, at [illegible] NIXON'S.

Best Soda for Baking, at [illegible] NIXON'S.

Genuine Castile soap, at [illegible] NIXON'S.

All kinds of Roots and Herbs [illegible] NIXON'S.

Spices for Catsup at [illegible] NIXON'S.

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING

LARGE ADDITIONS

TO OUR EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

STONE WARE AND GLASS,

FOR HOTELS AND FAMILIES,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

New Styles and Shapes

OF PLAIN AND RICHLY DECORATED

DINNER, DESSERT, TEA AND BREAKFAST SETTS,

CHEAP AND BEAUTIFUL.

Parian Marble Figures, Mantle ORNAMENTS, TOILET AND COLOGNE BOTTLES,

AT REASONABLE PRICES,

TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL VARIETY OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

suitable for presents during the approaching holidays.

TYNDALE & MITCHELL,

Importers,

707 Chestnut St., above 7th,

PHILADELPHIA.

Sept 14,'59.

LESTER'S LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

PRICE $60 AND UPWARDS.

The great fever which attended the introduction of LESTER'S SEWING MACHINES, is sufficient evidence of their superiority over all others FOR BOTH

THICK AND THIN WORK,

Being more simple than other Machines and less liable to get out of order.

Sgr. They will Stitch, Hem, Tape and Gather. They make good durable lock stitch alike.

Sgr. WARRANTED one Year. Call Salesroom, 548 Delaware Street, Oct 5,'59.—1y [illegible] Agent, Md.

J. W. SCOTT,

Late of the firm of Winchester & Scott,

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE, AND SHIRT MANUFACTORY,

No. 418 Chestnut Street,

[NEARLY OPPOSITE SHAKE HOUSE,]

PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. SCOTT would respectfully call the attention of merchant tailors and friends to his fine Store, and a large and well selected stock of SHIRTS of every DESCRIPTION, GOODS TRIMMED and MADE UP, and COLLARS. Oct 26,'59.

S. T. RIDDELL'S

CONFECTIONERY AND BAKERY,

[illegible]

[illegible] Oct 26,'59.

[illegible] GOODS FOR ASSORTED [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

Office Salesroom—Price this Machine, Sixty Dollars. Office Salesroom for the Sale of the Machines.

No. 495 BROADWAY, New York; 730 CHESTNUT, PHILADELPHIA; 181 BALTIMORE ST., (Marshall Building) BALTIMORE.

These Machines are from two spools, or purchased ready for use, are reliable, of a durable character; they stitch, fell, quilt, gather, and fasten in a manner equally beautiful on both sides; they are operated by either machine. They will do better and cheaper work than a seamstress can, even in the hands of her own family, and are so simple and durable, that they are recommended for family sewing, on account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management and adaptation to all varieties of family use. Machines are sold on time and on easy terms with equal facility, and different special adjustments.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their machines, the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS.

"Having had one of Grover and Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in recommending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed—Family Sewing."—Mrs. Jessup, Seventh, cor. of Mac. St. Louis, Mother of Nine Children.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine which had been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spool and thread."—Rev. A. Oncken, Brooklyn, cor. of Rev. Dr. Brantland, Baptist New York Christian Advocate.

"After trying several different good machines, I prefered your, on account of the simplicity, and the patterns which it will be managed, as well as the strength and durability of the same. After long experience, I do not hesitate to speak in this manner, and be confident that it will prove a great blessing to my family."—Rev. S. H. Spencer, cor. of Ps. Bishop of Brooklyn, Ala.

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for a year, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Moreover it does work not stitched the giving way of a stitch. I. Machine is usually kept in order, and easily cleaned."—Rev. J. K. Whipple, cor. of Rev. Dr. Whipple, of New York.

"Our Sewing Machine has been in use in my family for the past two years, and the labor required to be given to their maintenance is far greater than anticipated, as well as labor-saving qualities in the performance of family work."—Rev. Dr. Bethune, cor. of Ps. Dr. Bethune, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires to be independent, and spare labor, would be most fortunate in possessing one of the reliable and indefatigable 'Iron-handed women,' the combined strength and skill of which, in our family, are invaluable."—Rev. J. W. Morrow, daughter of Rev. Dr. J. Morrow, Sabbath School Teacher and Author.

Extract of a letter from Thomas R. Lowrie, Esq., American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12, 1859:

"I had a best made in Melbourne, in 1855, in which there were over three hundred yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single one of that has continued all the double work sewed by hand with a needle and its tool."

"If money could be called up from his nearly buried, he would determine midnight shirt-making as the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have done, in comparing of work commenced."—Prof. Smith

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectations. After trying and returning others, I have retained them in preference to any different, and, after two years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Simmons, Member from South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor saving machines that has been invented. I take pleasure in recommending it to the public."—G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into excitement wherever I go. Here in Columbia, I distinguished upon Grover and Baker having an excursion holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for 18 months."—Gov. Adams.

"I think it by far the best patent in use. The Machine can be adjusted from the finest muslins to the heavy cassimeres. It works well and more beautiful, I think than one can imagine. If other needs that be replaced money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. S. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is not easily disarranged; is very simple. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—Mrs. E. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find it to be a source of great satisfaction, and which pleasure increases and is to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker is to the best Sewing Machine in use."—Mrs. Esther A. Allison, Tenn.

"If need exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last our three more years and less, and never get out of fix."—John Ardillon, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that work is done to the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—Maggie Alexander, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, down making, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hemstitching or any other machine I have ever seen."—Mrs. E. J. Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use in my family, and find it invaluable. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons in wanting a machine."—J. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I take pleasure in testifying to the utility of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines. I have used it on almost every description of work for months, and find it more strong and better in every respect than work done by hand."—Mrs. D. W. Wheeler, Nashville, Tenn.

"I would be willing to dispense of my Grover & Baker Machine for large sum, could I not procure a pleasure again."—Mrs. H. G. Sneed, Nashville, Tenn.

"My two Machines, purchased from you, do the work of twenty young ladies. We will, on request, show the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine to be the best in use."—N. Hillman & Co. Nashville, Tenn.

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I have seen. In the future, I think the Machine would be found to be the best."—W. J. Davis, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the Machine easy managed, very durable, and take pleasure in recommending it as all purposes who value convenience, economy, and pleasure."—R. F. Tomy, Memphis, Tenn.

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who desire a good Sewing Machine. Its simplicity, accurate work and rapid motion are great, and more family than any other machine I have used."—Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, Nashville, Tenn.

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect, when used properly. It is a most valuable, and I regret it to all others I have seen."—Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. H. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.

"It affords me much pleasure to say that the Machine work well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it to purchasers of good Sewing Machines. Its light, quiet, and very little liable to get out of order, and the ease in adjusting to its stitch."—R. S. Robinson, Memphis, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine in my family for a year, and find it perfectly reliable. I can recommend it to all who desire a good Sewing Machine."—Mrs. E. Bailey

LAYING DOWN THE KINDOM.

BY J. M. OPPOS.

As Thomas is going to get married,
He brings [illegible]
He takes a [illegible]
Resolved or [illegible] he has.

When William got married it gave me
Such [illegible]
For the boy seemed just made for a husband
To live in the light of his eyes.

And when Clara was married to the [illegible]
Though [illegible]
And resolved to die for Hymenaeus,
It cost but a sigh and a tear.

But Sir-ree, my child just my [illegible]
Seemed never to care for the [illegible]
So proud, like the owl, to encounter
At least to soft eyes and soft words!

Since [illegible] left my [illegible]
Tom Thumpe—he's chosen the manor—
With more than the strength of his father
He stepped up the house and the manor.

I never once thought he would marry,
So haughty, stiffness and kind—
Ah me! tears will come; they are needed;
For my old eyes, indeed, must be blind.

He tells me I'm getting to aged,
I need more repose, that fresh air;
So a daughter he'll bring me to lighten
My burthen of care and care.

Ah me! He may think as he brings me
A substitute, it must be pleased.
The empire must pass to another,
And I be my grave, or my bed.

But hold! It is well. O my Father!
Help me to endure my proud heart.
I have reigned like a queen; but 'tis over!
And a mother of right takes the part.

I yield her my empire forever;
And, Thomas, I'll love all that's dear.
Lightness shall have all her honors,
As I've always had all of mine.

Come hither, my little man, Tommy,
Come hither, my rosebud, my June!
You are Grandmamma's darling; and treasure
Her pearls long about her again.

Not Papa, Uncle Will, nor Aunt Clara—
So grand and so proud when she comes—
Ever gave the sunshine of the pleasure
Of these little sparklings of Zion's.

They have kisses and cheer in the morning;
They have kisses and cheer all day long;
And their voices, like chimes of a morning,
Which always are cured with a song.

They know where to find a container;
As little birds fly to their home,
They think Grandma's knee for a corner,
And always find peace on her mount.

THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's whitey hard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift had Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands crushing clean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine—

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow;
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time comes with flower and bud
And grassy green, and young
And merry bobolinks in the wood,
Like soul musicians song.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May;
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crow of day.

All through the long hot days of June,
Its leaves grew thick and fair,
And waves in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, when Autumn's mellow eve,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fable gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in ease
Around their dainty meals—
Give us the bowl of hasty pudding,
By humanest beauty prepared,

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not think the lightly earth,
And bless our ears for girls.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the winds the orchard fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crops adorn
The hills our fathers trod
Still let us for the golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

CONGRESS.

Congress met at Atlanta, Ga., on the 17th. A fire broke out in this city at 11½ o'clock on Wednesday night, and raged till 2 o'clock the next morning. The damage originated in a drug store near Shadeford's auction room, and extended to the Pulaski House, where they were stayed. The Intelligencer office was in ruins. The Telegraph office is in ruins. The Telegraph office is in ruins. The Telegraph office is

OLD JOHN BROWN, REPRIEVED TRUTH.

Statement of an Virginia Reputed

Jno. D. Pennington, the member elect of the Virginia Legislature from the Rockingham District, editor of the Harrisonburg *Register* with an account of his experience with Ossawatomie Brown in Kansas, which proves the abolition martyr to be a robber, in the lowest acceptation of the word. Mr. Pennington was U. S. Survey Examiner in the Territory, and ran with Captain Pate's party when it was surprised by action at Black Jack. Six days Brown would not have spared his prisoners' lives then, but that his gun jam gave were in prison at Lecompton. The statement continues:

While in his hands, I heard Brown's own boast of the losses they had stolen from Missouri and elsewhere. I also saw a party start out for the purpose of robbing an Indian trading post, (Joseph Bonnard's) and saw them return with the goods, (some $8,000 worth) Old Brown exclaiming as they came in, "*Well done, my boys!*"—Brown told me himself that his hand was against every man, *free State, or pro-slavery*, who was not willing to join his band, and that he would kill one as soon as the other. His son Frederick was killed at Ossawatomie by Martin White, a *free-State* man, who had refused to join Brown's company, and was thereupon robbed and ordered to leave the Territory.

John Brown was afterwards whipped at Ossawatomie, and I believe he then left the Territory. Of his subsequent operations there I know nothing. That he, without provocation, inhumanly murdered men in their beds I know. That he committed robbery and thefts of goods and horses, I heard from his son and his own men, and saw with my own eyes; but that he ever gave as an excuse that he was attempting to run off slaves while doing this "Kansas work," I never heard from him or any one else. There was not a slave within forty miles of Pottawattomie Creek, where he committed the murders, and not one of the murdered men had ever raised an arm against him.

Thus much for the *religious* fanaticism and humanity of Brown "the martyr."—His boldness, daring and unscrupulousness, pointed him out as a fit instrument for carrying out the hellish designs of men too cowardly to execute their own base schemes.

IMPORTANT IMPERIAL DESPATCH.

The reception of the American Minister.

The following most important Chinese decree appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*, of the 9th of August. It gives a very moderate account of the British repulse on the Peiho, and professes, on behalf of his Celestial Majesty, the most friendly feelings towards the United States and the American Envoy. Of the Americans, it speaks as follows:

"The American Envoy, John Ward, keps his engagement with Kweilang and his colleague; called to the part of Peh-tang, and begged for permission to go up to the capital to present a letter from his government. We accordingly authorized his admission into Pekin to present it, and having this day perused the letters addressed by the American Envoy, John Ward, to Kweilang and Hwashana, and laid before us by those Ministers, we find the language so respectful, the true-heartedness that has prompted them such, that we have authorized the Envoy in question to present the letter he is charged with from his government to Kweilang and his colleague, whom we have sent to receive it.

"As regards the exchange of his treaty, he ought properly to return to Shanghai and exchange it there, but in consideration of the long voyage he has made, we (are pleased) specially to authorize that the seal be appended to the treaty, and that it be delivered to Hangfuh to hand in exchange (for another copy) to the aforesaid Envoy, that from the date of the exchange there may be peace and commerce forever more. Thus do we manifest our great desire to show a nursing tenderness to the men from afar, and our appreciation of good faith and right principle.

"Let Kweilang and Hwashana signify this our pleasure to the Envoy John Ward for his information. Respect this!"

GLASS COFFINS.—Mr. John R. Cosnes, of Albany, Ind, has just obtained a patent for glass coffins. Bodies placed in these coffins may be preserved in their natural state for all time to come, and when placed in vaults, can always be seen by the eyes of those who are left behind. The expense of these coffins will be no more than that of ordinary wooden coffins, and if the expectations of the inventor are realized, if he succeeds in the application of Ulster, as contemplated, they will immediately come into general use.

☞ A young lady recently married in a newspaper office in Cincinnati, being attached a journeyman printer of that city for pay, in the shape of the latter's compositor's wage. Meeting him on the street after marriage, she demanded the money, when he informed her that he had married her instead of paying her