

Liberty Weekly Tribune.

BY ROBT. H. MILLER.

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI, AUGUST 31, 1855.

VOLUME X--NUMBER 20

LIBERTY TRIBUNE.

Publication Office West Side of the Public Square, Up-Stairs.

TERMS.
For one copy one year, or 52 numbers, \$2 if paid in advance; \$2.50 if payment is delayed until the expiration of six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, 12 lines, or less, one insertion \$1.00
Each additional insertion, per square, .50
One square six months 5.00
One square twelve months 10.00
One quarter of a column twelve months 15.00
One half column " " 30.00
One column " " 50.00
Administrators' notices 2.00
Final settlement notices 2.50
Funeral notices \$2.50, if distributed by us
Announcing candidates (in advance) 3.00
Communications of a personal nature will be charged \$1 per square, and the money required in advance.
All advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be published till forbid, and charged for accordingly.
Advertisements out of the direct line of business, such as notices of legal action, runaway slaves, houses, &c., to rent or sell, dissolution notices, strays, &c., will be charged for separately at the usual rates.
No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, and no notice of change of address will be considered unless accompanied by the name of the subscriber, and the name of the person to whom it is to be sent.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

JOHN H. RUCKEL.
RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Liberty, Clay and the adjoining counties, that he continues to manufacture all kinds of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, HACKS, &c., in the most fashionable and durable manner. He has a large stock of every kind of Carriage, and is prepared to repair and put up with the best materials, and employ none but the most skillful workmen, and is familiar with all the Eastern improvements.
The public are assured that all his work will be of the best character, and that it will be sold on as reasonable terms as any Carriage Manufactory in the State. He is also prepared to repair and put up with the best materials, and employ none but the most skillful workmen, and is familiar with all the Eastern improvements.
Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call on the undersigned.
J. H. RUCKEL.
June 26, 1854.—1247

FINE FARMS FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale Two Hundred Acres of valuable Land which is situated one mile and a half North of Liberty—fifty acres in cultivation, good house, stables, well, and all the necessary outbuildings, and is well watered, and one hundred and fifty acres well timbered.
Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call on the undersigned.
E. V. S. B. TURNER.
June 26, 1854.—1247

CARPENTERING.

J. L. BENNETT will continue the carpenter's business in Liberty. He is prepared to build on reasonable terms every description of house, and do all kinds of repairing. He keeps none but good workmen, and persons patronizing him may rely on getting good work. Grateful for past patronage, he hopes by prompt attention to orders to retain the same.
Shop on the North side of the public square.
[April 27, 1855.]

1855 GRAND EMPORIUM 1855

FASHIONABLE GOODS.

WHITE & ADKINS are receiving direct from the Eastern States a very large and superior stock of Goods which they are now opening and exhibiting on the South West corner of the public square. All we ask from the community is a call and we will satisfy them that we have the Prettiest and Cheapest Stock of Goods in town. Our stocks large and complete, comprising every thing usually kept in houses of the kind in the western country.
We would especially invite the attention of the Ladies to our
MAMMOTH STOCK OF DRESS GOODS, which we have on hand, consisting of Plaid and plain black and fancy plaid dress silks—also, Barges, Tissues, Shawls, white Goods, fine French wrought Collars and Underclothes, Edgings, Interlinings, and all kinds of goods for their use.
We also have a large variety of Silk, Gimp and Straw Bonnets which we invite particular attention to. Give us a call and we will satisfy you.
We are under the same obligations to the citizens of Liberty and Clay county for their liberal patronage since we commenced business and hope by close application to business and respectful treatment to merit a continuance of the same.
WHITE & ADKINS,
Southwest corner of Public Square, in D. Roberts' building.
April 6, 1855.

KINGSLAND & CUDDY, PROPRIETORS

BROADWAY FOUNDRY,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CARL STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Manufacture Steam Engines and Mill Machinery, Boilers, Sheet Iron Work, &c., &c., Iron, Brass and Copper Work of every description.
March 2, 1855.—4717

NOTICE.

HAVING accepted an agency from the above firm, I am now prepared to furnish all persons in want of the same, sized Steam Engines and Machinery of every description for Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Rope and Hemp Machines, &c., &c., at my office.
I have had a number of years experience in building and putting up machinery, and persons wishing machinery would do well to buy of me, as they would thereby secure the advantage of the same being done in the best manner, and also furnish drafts and plans for mills on reasonable terms.
J. B. BURRIS,
Richfield, Clay Co., Mo., Mar. 2, 1854.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

ABELL & TRINGFELLOW,
(LATE J. B. TRINGFELLOW, MO.)
WESTON, LEATE COUNTY, MO.
WILL attend to any business confined to them, in the following counties, viz: Platte, Clay, Buchanan, Andrew and Clinton.
N. B. Particular attention given to securing and collecting claims. [Nov 16-3217]

THOMPSON HOUSE.

THOMAS MURPHY, Proprietor.
I have extended to the House which I am under a large, he solicits a continuance of the same being himself that no patron or expense shall be spared to make the Thompson House the best Hotel west of St. Louis.
The Stage Office for the East, West and South, is kept at this House.
May 4th, 1855.

DR. G. G. HILDRETH, RESIDENT DENTIST

LIBERTY, MO.
Office—West side of the Public Square July 14th, 1854.—1417

SUGAR—brown, crushed, powdered and loaf Coffee, Tea and other groceries at MILLER, BIRD & CO'S.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

The Sidon Sarcophagus and Phœnician Inscription.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, July 2 1855.

When, some months since, I gave you and your readers an account of the singular discovery of a sarcophagus in the ancient city of Sidon, the lid of which was covered with a Phœnician inscription, the largest and most perfect specimen of the language that has come down to us, I promised to inform you of the final disposition of the precious treasure, and the interpretation of the writing in a venerated and almost sacred character, which, in regard to alphabets, may almost be said to be "the mother of them all."

A controversy of ownership having arisen between the English and French Consuls in this place, both of them having a great measure of national spirit, and both acting for their respective and not for themselves, the matter was brought into the Turkish court; but the Pasha, a shrewd and intelligent observer of human nature, was well aware that he could not escape giving offence to one party or the other, and he decided; which, by the present relations of his country to England and France, he was desirous of avoiding. He therefore proposed to submit the question to arbitration, to which the parties acceded—each selecting certain Consuls, and also a certain number of natives, who should bear testimony, and decide according to it. It appeared upon the hearing, that an Englishman had bought the piece of the plot of ground in which the sarcophagus was found; but that the owner had also made a contract with a Frenchman, which secured to him the right to dig in the ground for treasures, and the possession of whatever he might discover. It was, therefore, decided, that the sarcophagus belonged of right to the latter.

The Pasha had ordered the sarcophagus to be covered up again, and stationed a guard to defend it from injury, or attempts to carry it off. It was not possible, therefore, to see it, though exact copies had been taken of the inscription; and being submitted to photography, copies are now to be had both here and in London and Paris. A French artist, resident here, informs me that he sent some copies to Paris—and those very poorly executed, as I well know—which in the eagerness of the Savans to possess one, brought readily about \$20 each.
Recently, a French frigate arriving here, arrangements were made for the removal of the costly and beautiful marble bed of the Sidonian King, from these early seats of the human race, to a city which had never thought awake nor dreamt asleep, and from which its adventurous ships had never brought contributions to its wealth or glory. The old sleeper! He had slept his sleep; and a deep and long one! The matcock did not disturb him more in removing his bed, than when it excavated the hole in which to place it. Nor hair, nor flesh, nor bone, nor royal insignias, were to be found; and as to him a resurrection might seem impossible, when all that was material had vanished in the receptacle almost hermetically sealed to keep it. The tramp of Alexander's horse was over his head; but he refused to turn up his eyes to see the victor, as he passed on to the world's conquest.—The pots of gold pieces, each bearing the "madman's" exact image, were buried near him; but he scorned to reach out his hand and only touch them. The armies of the crusaders marched by him, and fought around him, and alternately his opulent city was sacked by Frank and Saracen. But it mattered not to him. His rich argisies had disappeared from those blue waters; they had so long plowed to bring him the earth's treasures; and still he cared not. He wanted nothing, because he was nothing; and only asked to sleep, thinking "if he did but sleep," in such a world of unrest as this, "he should feel well," and content was he to it, to sleep deep below the ground, if there they would only let him alone. But this small favor they would not grant; and when he heard them, approach, by crack or ranny, or through the solid mure, he was gone. But he left his name, and a record, true or false, of his virtues; and that shall live forever.

The commander of the French frigate took his vessel down to Sidon, where his men, unwearying and raising the sarcophagus, bore it triumphantly on board the ship; not however in hot haste, for the occasion was made one of great festivity on the land, where most of the mercantile Frenchman, taking at least one glass too much, began to play off all manner of antics, to the great scandal of the sober Turks—some of them, among other things, taking it into their heads to ascend the lofty minaret of the mosque, to imitate the Muezzin or crier. In calling out the hour of prayer; to both of which services, the crying and the praying very soon showed that they were equally unaccustomed, for one, losing his balance with his wit, headlong from the top of the minaret, and was taken up for dead, to the no small delight of the insulted Moslems. Allah, and the confirmation of his Prophet. The jubilant Frenchman, however, surprisingly escaped with life, tho' not without considerable damage to ribs and limbs. The sarcophagus is on the way to Paris, where it will be added to the vast collection of antiquities, which, by the liberality of the government, and the enterprise and public spirit of individuals, has been accumulating so long, to make the pride of the nation and an important attraction to the city.

In removing the sarcophagus from its dark bed and bringing it into day-light, a large addition to the Phœnician inscription was discovered, giving to this monument of antiquity an almost priceless value. It will be remembered that this marble coffin is about eight feet in length, and between two and three in width. On the head of the lid a large face is sculptured, every line of which remains in the most perfect preservation. The description, beginning some distance below the face, covers a large part of the slab. It is strange that another description escaped detection, in the eager curiosity with which the sarcophagus was examined. This was found written in very long lines,

not on the lid, but running round the perpendicular sides and head of the coffin, and containing about an equal amount of reading with the inscription on the lid, and all perfectly legible. There has not been time to attempt for translating the newly discovered inscription; but as soon as the sarcophagus reaches Paris, there will be crowds of savans able and eager to give a version of the whole. Of all the objects of curiosity at the Paris Exhibition, now in progress, nothing will attract the eyes of scholars like this marble coffin of the old King of Sidon.

The true pecuniary value of the sarcophagus cannot be fixed, or indeed hardly approached, but they talk of \$50,000, and even more. A copy of the first inscription having been sent to the Chevalier Bunsen, of Berlin, one of the most learned men of the age, he wrote back, expressing his great delight, and even amazement, at the discovery, at the period when it seemed impossible to obtain any further light upon the Phœnician language; and, at the same time, pronouncing this the largest, and most perfect, and the most important fragment of the Phœnician literature, which has come down to us. What will he think when he is informed of the additional inscription?

Your readers may be ready to inquire if nothing remains of the Phœnician language on stones, pillars, monuments, the walls of ruined cities, or in the language spoken at the present day, in the very country where that language was vernacular and universal, and where letters had even their origin? It may be stated, in reply, that not a trace of the Phœnician is discernible in any of the spoken languages; nor book nor parchment remains, however considerable, nor in all of ancient Phœnicia does a line, or word, or letter remain upon slab or marble, or any work of art. All that remains of the language is to be found in the inscriptions on monuments and memorials along each coast of the Mediterranean sea, and even as far as Cadiz beyond the sea, where, over the Phœnician planted colonies or extended their commerce. The discovery at Sidon has prompted the spirit of further research, in the tombs and old burying grounds there, and it would be far from surprising if other discoveries were made; more surprising would it be if they were not. But beyond this narrow precinct, nothing new can be expected.

But though no Phœnician writing or sculptured inscription remains in Phœnicia, the language and letters she invented ungratefully refusing to perpetuate her history, there is a rock near this city covered with inscriptions of a very early date. About ten miles to the North, a considerable river comes dashing down from the precipitous sides of Lebanon, called Lycus, or Wolf River, by the ancients, and *Nahr Kelb*, or Dog river, in recent times. Near to where this river falls into the Mediterranean, a ragged road was cut into the rock high above the sea, by the Emperor Antonine. Above the road are human figures scooped out of the rock in low relief, with inscriptions in cuneiform or arrow-headed characters. They are cut conspicuously on the perpendicular side of the rock, at different elevations. One is in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and belongs to the period of the conqueror Sesostris, who lived 1300 years before the Christian era. Others are Assyrian, and belong to the times when Assyrian monarchs marched their forces along this coast. The characters resemble those found in the monuments of disintegrated Nineveh, and might be thought to have been executed by the same artist.

JUTE.—The exports from Calcutta to Great Britain of jute, in the year ending the 30th April last, reached the unprecedentedly high figure of 204,000 bales, or 27,500 tons, more than three-fourths of which is used in Dundee. Calcutta sends also annually to America about 300,000 pieces of gunny cloth, of 30 yards each, and about 5,000,000 bags, all of jute textures. There are, besides, large exportations of Bags to Ceylon, Bombay, and the Eastern Straits, exclusively of a very considerable internal trade in India for the general packing of export goods. Previous to 1840, Dundee supplied the bagging required by the Eastern States of America, but this branch of our trade has been gradually supplanted by gunny cloth from Calcutta, which is furnished of a much heavier texture at the same cost. The United States receive from Calcutta jute cloth requiring for its production 15,000 tons of raw material, exclusive of a considerable quantity of raw material itself exported to be manufactured in America. A jute spinning factory has been established on the banks of the Hooghly, about twelve miles north of Calcutta. At present only hand looms are used, but it is intended to introduce power-looms. The number of natives employed in spinning and weaving must be very great.

EASTON, Pa., August 21.

The anti-Republicans held their county meeting this p. m. It was largely attended, and was quite enthusiastic. The resolutions passed re-affirm the leading doctrines of the Philadelphia platform, but strongly denounce the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as a gross violation of a national compact. Nothing was said in regard to Governor Reeder or the National Administration.
The Salt Lake mail, due the last of July, came in on the 19th in charge of Mr. Jesse Jones. They were detained thirteen days waiting for an escort, and at last came in with a company of returned Californians.—They report the Indians troublesome on the route, stealing stock and the like. No news from Salt Lake City, except that the grasshoppers continue their ravages. The United States troops getting along very slowly.—Independence Dis.

TELEGRAPH.—The Brunswick and Boonville Telegraph Line is again in operation.

FIRST AMBITION.

BY THE MARVEL.

I believe that, sooner or later, there come to every man dreams of ambition. They may be covered with the sloth of habit, or with a pretense of humility; they may come only in dim, shadowy visions, that feed the eye, like the glories of an ocean sunrise; but you may be sure that they will come; even before one is aware, the bold, adventurous goddess, whose name is Ambition, and whose power is fame, will be toying with a bold hand; she makes timidity strong and weakness valiant.

The way of a man's heart will be foreshadowed by what goodness is in him—coming from above and around; but a way foreshadowed is not a made way. And the making of a man's way comes only from that quickening resolve which we call ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny; it is Heaven's own incentive to make purpose great, and achievement greater.

It would be strange if you, in that cloister life of a college, did not sometimes feel a dawning of resolves. They grapple you, indeed, often than you dare think of.—Here, you dream first of that very sweet, but very shadowy success, called Reputation.

You think of the delight and astonishment it would give your father and mother, and most of all little Nelly, if you were winning such honors as now escape you. You measure your capacity by those about you, and watch their habit of study, you gaze for a half hour together upon some successful man who has won his prizes; and wonder by what secret action he has done it. And when, in time, you come to be a competitor yourself, your anxiety is immense.

You spend hours upon hours at your desk; you write and re-write; and when it is at length complete and out of your hands, you are harassed by a thousand thoughts. At times, as you recall your hours of toil, you question if so much has been spent upon any other, you feel almost certain of success. You repeat to yourself some passages of special eloquence at night. You fancy the admiration of the professors at meeting with such wonderful performance. You have a slight fear that its superior goodness may awaken the suspicion that some one out of the college—some superior man may have written it. But this fear dies away.

The eventful day is a great one in your calendar—you hardly sleep the night previous. You tremble as the chapel bell is rung, you profess to be very indifferent as the reading and the prayer close; you even stoop to take up your hat, as if you had entirely overlooked the fact that the old president was in the desk for the express purpose of declaring the successful names.—You listen dreamily to his tremulous, yet distinct enunciation. Your head swims strangely.

They all pass out with a harsh murmur along the aisles, and through the door ways. It would be well if there were no disappointments in life more terrible than this. It is consoling to express very depreciating opinions of the faculty in general; and very contemptuous ones of that particular officer who decided upon the merit of the prize themes. An evening or two at Dalton's room go still further toward healing the disappointment; and if it must be said, toward moderating the heat of your ambition.

You grow up, however, unfortunately, as the college years fly by, into a very exaggerated sense of your own capacities.—Even the good old white haired squire, for whom you had once entertained so much respect, seems to your crazy classic fancy, a very humdrum sort of personage. Frank, although as noble a fellow as ever rode a horse, is yet—you cannot help thinking—very ignorant of Euripides, even the English master at Dr. Billow's school, you feel sure, would talk at a dozen problems you could give him.

You get an exalted idea of that uncertain quality which turns the heads of a vast many of your fellows, called genius. An odd notion seems too adherent in the atmosphere of those college chambers, that there is a certain faculty of mind—first developed as would seem in college—which accomplishes whatever it chooses without any special pains taking. For a time, you fall yourself into this very unfortunate hallucination; you cultivate it after the usual college fashion, by drinking a vast deal of strong coffee and whisky toddy—by writing a little poor verse in the Byronic temper, and by studying very late at night, with closed blinds.

It costs you, however, more anxiety and hypocrisy than you could possibly have believed.
You will learn, Clarence, when the autumn has rounded your hopeful summer, if not before, that there is no genius in life, like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grow out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.
Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods, and although of some great names will flash like a spark into the mind of your purposes; you dream till midnight over books; you set up shadows and chase them down; other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the scent take well in the hunt after distinction but labor.
And it is a glorious thing when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker and read—deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And you go on in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step towards final development. In such need it is that one feels grateful to the dusty tomes, which at other hours stand like curiously making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new found friends, and gain a hold upon the heart and light a fire in the brain that years and mould cannot cover nor quench.

How they Live in Liberia.

The little seed of republican liberty which years ago was transplanted from the shores of the United States to those of the African continent, has, under the benign influences with which it has been surrounded, grown into a vigorous young republic, and bids fair to become, at some future day, a powerful and influential nation. The results of the enterprise of planting have proved all that was anticipated. Liberia is now the cherished home and refuge of the fugitive and outcast colored race—the only free and civilized land in all the world where colored men can and do fill every office in the gift of the people, and where they are able to develop every high and noble faculty of their existence.
Liberia is not yet much of an agricultural country. Most of the settlers have farmed only upon a small scale, for the reason that very few modern labor-saving machines or improvements have been introduced there. The earth, however, is cultivated much more cheaply and easily than in America.
A tract of land is given, under certain restrictions, to each emigrant, and after being cleared of timber, by cutting and burning, rice and cassava are hoed into the ground. The soil is seldom plowed, and there are no working oxen, and but few horses in the State. When the rice is ripe it is cut with a knife. Beside rice and cassava, the emigrants also raise and sell corn, potatoes, and other vegetables. Sugar cane and coffee, too, flourish remarkably well.
There are but few drones in Liberia.—All who really wish for employment can find a field for their labors either as mechanics, farmers, merchants, or day workers. Upon the farm both American and native Africans are employed. The difference in their respective powers of usefulness may be conjectured from the fact that in April last the wages of Americans were seventy-five cents a day, and of the natives twelve and a half cents. There are, of course, no slaves in Liberia. Slavery is prohibited by the constitution and laws of the republic. The natives, nevertheless, frequently bind their children for a certain period to the emigrants, in compensation for money loaned, or assistance rendered; but this is contrary to the laws. The number of native Africans in the republic at the present time, is about two hundred thousand. They live in the old patriarchal style, moving about from place to place, and until subdued by the Liberians the different tribes were constantly at war. Many of them are now partly civilized, and all are rapidly coming under the gentle influences of civilization.

The climate of Liberia is very healthy after the process of acclimating is over.—But many of the new comers die under the acclimating fever. It is said by residents of the place, that the fever is more fatal to individuals from the Southern part of the United States than it is to Northerners.—*Boston Journal.*

FOOLING A CLEVERMAN.—A certain Universalist clergyman had been preaching in a country school-house for several successive Sabbaths, to convince the people there was no hell. At length it was announced that at his next meeting a collection would be taken for his benefit. The day arrived, and the collection was taken up in a hat.—When the "deacon" had passed through the congregation, and given all an opportunity to contribute, he returned to the desk before the preacher. And such a "collection!"—A few coppers, with old buttons, pieces of tin, broken jewelry, horse nails, and almost every other worthless thing that a man could carry to church in his pocket! The preacher was thunderstruck, but recovering his self-possession in a moment, and gazing upon the "collection" before him, exclaimed, "Well, I am not certain whether there is a hell or not, but I am certain there ought to be one for such fellows as you are," and taking his hat left the house.

A package of old love-letters recently brought a man \$20,000 in Bristol, England. His first flame married another man, and he himself also married, but retained the letters of his first love, against an occasional remembrance of his wife. After some years, the writer of the letters died a widow, leaving her old lover \$20,000, and her letters to him were essential to prove his identity. The wife is now glad she was not allowed to burn the evidence of her husband's early affection for another.

There is an interesting sketch in DeBow's Review for July, on "Texas and her Resources." Among other important facts stated in the article, there is an item on the great Live Oak Forest. Taking the mouth of the Brazos as the center of this extensive forest, it embraces an area of two hundred and fifty thousand acres. It can now be purchased at six dollars per acre. The finest material located within convenient reach of the Gulf end, the supply of timber can scarcely be computed. Mr. or Mrs. Somebody must have a most bewitching monetary future in that forest.

NEW ORLEANS, August 21.

Pease, Democrat, is elected Governor of Texas, by some thousand majority. The whole democratic ticket is chosen. Ward, Democrat, elected to Congress from the Eastern District.

THE LIFE OF HENRY S. FOOT, late United States Senator, died at Alameda, California, on the 10th ult.

Election in the 25th Senatorial District.

Boston, August 7, 1855.

Our election was a boisterous one, and yesterday more fighting took place in this town than for ten years past, put it altogether. Below I send you the vote for Senator, as far as heard from, Polk county being official:
Polk county—Larimore 196, Raines 290, Massey 168.
Cedar county—(two precincts) Larimore 4, Raines 80, Massey 102.
Dade county—(four precincts) Larimore 41, Raines 201, Massey 63.
You see from this, that Raines, Know-Nothing Democrat, is elected by a considerable majority.
The above election was to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col. Coffee, who accepted a Captaincy in one of the New Regiments created by the last Congress.

SOMETHING TO REFLECT UPON.—A Massachusetts writer says: "It will be seen by one of our tables, that New England does not produce half a bushel of wheat, where the South and West raise a dozen. Massachusetts does not raise enough to make the paste to envelope one hundredth part of the abolition trash which she annually publishes.

"Hence the question becomes a serious one for our New England manufacturers to consider. Is it worth while for you to quarrel with your bread and butter? If, by your fanaticism, you continue to lose Southern trade for a few years to come, as you have for a few years past—(and in the present degraded political condition of Massachusetts, there appears to be a fair prospect of it)—what is going to become of us, especially if Providence should again punish us according to our deserts by sending upon us a few years renewal of the potato rot."

"Our manufacturing establishments are just now at a very low ebb; cotton cloth makes poor bread, and machinery is indigestible. Our poor widows and orphan children, plundered of their means by speculating railroad managers, are threatened with want and starvation. God, in His infinite mercy, is promising us a year of plenty in spite of our sins—of such plenty as He almost continually sends upon our Southern brethren, in spite of theirs, when we are in need. Shall we, by continuing our present wicked crusade upon our Southern brethren for being compelled to sustain an institution which the cupidity of the fathers of our New England abolitionists originally brought upon them, again tempt His wrath?"

New York, August 21.

Investigations which have been going on before the Fire Marshal, seem to indicate that Jacobs was really the incendiary and fired his own premises in Chatham street, in which six persons, including his own wife and two children, lost their lives.—The evidence also goes to show that Jacobs' foreman, Sessman, was an accomplice.
The Mexican correspondent of the Tribune gives some interesting particulars of the Texan Convention, with the revolution on the frontier. The rich planters in the neighborhood of San Antonio, he says, send an agent to Vidaurri, with the proposition that if he will make a treaty guaranteeing the surrender of all fugitive slaves, on the Mexican side, they in turn will reciprocate the act by returning all the persons who escaped to Texas, and also to place 1,000 men at the disposal of Vidaurri, equipped and officered in the same manner as the regular troops of the United States, and bear all their expenses until such time as the troops may arrive at any place Vidaurri shall name.
The Texans have already raised \$200,000 for that purpose, and their agent has already had an interview with Vidaurri at Saltillo.
The same writer states that Carvajal had a disagreement with Vidaurri, and retired in disgust. The latter was about to march on the interior as far as San Louis Potosi.
The Know-Nothings made their city nomination last evening, in separate conventions, and afterwards met in Palace Hall, to ratify the proceedings. The attendance was quite full, and the meeting harmonious. The nominations are about equally divided between the Whigs and Democrats. Edward P. Cowles is the candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, Murray Hoffman and S. W. Woodward of the Superior Court, a Spaulding of the Court of Common Pleas, and Maynard of the Marine Court.

Fairs.—The Annual State Fair will be held at Boonville on the first day of October, and continue four days.
The Jackson County Fair will be held at Independence on the 9th day of October, and continue four days.
The Cass County Fair will be held at Pleasant Hill on the 15th day of October, and continue four days.
The Lafayette County Fair will be held at Lexington on the 25th day of October, and continue four days.

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The little seed of republican liberty which years ago was transplanted from the shores of the United States to those of the African continent, has, under the benign influences with which it has been surrounded, grown into a vigorous young republic, and bids fair to become, at some future day, a powerful and influential nation. The results of the enterprise of planting have proved all that was anticipated. Liberia is now the cherished home and refuge of the fugitive and outcast colored race—the only free and civilized land in all the world where colored men can and do fill every office in the gift of the people, and where they are able to develop every high and noble faculty of their existence.
Liberia is not yet much of an agricultural country. Most of the settlers have farmed only upon a small scale, for the reason that very few modern labor-saving machines or improvements have been introduced there. The earth, however, is cultivated much more cheaply and easily than in America.
A tract of land is given, under certain restrictions, to each emigrant, and after being cleared of timber, by cutting and burning, rice and cassava are hoed into the ground. The soil is seldom plowed, and there are no working oxen, and but few horses in the State. When the rice is ripe it is cut with a knife. Beside rice and cassava, the emigrants also raise and sell corn, potatoes, and other vegetables. Sugar cane and coffee, too, flourish remarkably well.
There are but few drones in Liberia.—All who really wish for employment can find a field for their labors either as mechanics, farmers, merchants, or day workers. Upon the farm both American and native Africans are employed. The difference in their respective powers of usefulness may be conjectured from the fact that in April last the wages of Americans were seventy-five cents a day, and of the natives twelve and a half cents. There are, of course, no slaves in Liberia. Slavery is prohibited by the constitution and laws of the republic. The natives, nevertheless, frequently bind their children for a certain period to the emigrants, in compensation for money loaned, or assistance rendered; but this is contrary to the laws. The number of native Africans in the republic at the present time, is about two hundred thousand. They live in the old patriarchal style, moving about from place to place, and until subdued by the Liberians the different tribes were constantly at war. Many of them are now partly civilized, and all are rapidly coming under the gentle influences of civilization.

The climate of Liberia is very healthy after the process of acclimating is over.—But many of the new comers die under the acclimating fever. It is said by residents of the place, that the fever is more fatal to individuals from the Southern part of the United States than it is to Northerners.—*Boston Journal.*

FOOLING A CLEVERMAN.—A certain Universalist clergyman had been preaching in a country school-house for several successive Sabbaths, to convince the people there was no hell. At length it was announced that at his next meeting a collection would be taken for his benefit. The day arrived, and the collection was taken up in a hat.—When the "deacon" had passed through the congregation, and given all an opportunity to contribute, he returned to the desk before the preacher. And such a "collection!"—A few coppers, with old buttons, pieces of tin, broken jewelry, horse nails, and almost every other worthless thing that a man could carry to church in his pocket! The preacher was thunderstruck, but recovering his self-possession in a moment, and gazing upon the "collection" before him, exclaimed, "Well, I am not certain whether there is a hell or not, but I am certain there ought to be one for such fellows as you are," and taking his hat left the house.

A package of old love-letters recently brought a man \$20,000 in Bristol, England. His first flame married another man, and he himself also married, but retained the letters of his first love, against an occasional remembrance of his wife. After some years, the writer of the letters died a widow, leaving her old lover \$20,000, and her letters to him were essential to prove his identity. The wife is now glad she was not allowed to burn the evidence of her husband's early affection for another.

There is an interesting sketch in DeBow's Review for July, on "Texas and her Resources." Among other important facts stated in the article, there is an item on the great Live Oak Forest. Taking the mouth of the Brazos as the center of this extensive forest, it embraces an area of two hundred and fifty thousand acres. It can now be purchased at six dollars per acre. The finest material located within convenient reach of the Gulf end, the supply of timber can scarcely be computed. Mr. or Mrs. Somebody must have a most bewitching monetary future in that forest.

NEW ORLEANS, August 21.

Pease, Democrat, is elected Governor of Texas, by some thousand majority. The whole democratic ticket is chosen. Ward, Democrat, elected to Congress from the Eastern District.

THE LIFE OF HENRY S. FOOT, late United States Senator, died at Alameda, California, on the 10th ult.