Col. Fremont on the Pacific Railroad.

Col. Fremont has written a letter to Col. Benton, on the proposed Pacific Railroad, endorsing the proceedings of a meeting held at Taos, and vouching for the characters of the men engaged in it. He concludes as follows:

In compliance with your request to give my own views of the best route for the road, I have to say that all subsequent information has strengthened me in the conviction that it is the one I undertook to explore in the winter of 1848—9, and in which I was balked by a deplorable mistake of my guide. St. Louis and San Francisco I consider the national points on the Pacific and the Mississippi, and that the road ought to be on the nearest and best line between the two. With the view of finding a practicable route through the Rocky Mountains on or near the line of these two cities, I searched along the west base of the Rocky Mountains south of the (so called) South Pass, out to the head of the Arkansas, and I found several passes which were described in my reports, and over which I am informed emigrant trains, with all their incumbrances of wagons, carriages and stock now pass; but my information led me to expect a better pass, and nearer to the line, at the head of the valley of Del Norte; and although I missed it through the mistake of my guide, yet it is now proved by the concurrent testimony of many good and credible witnesses to be there.

My own explorations left but two sections in the line to be examined to satisfy my own mind completely—one was from the head of the valley of the Del Norte across the valley of the Upper Colorado to Las Vegas de Santa Clara, or some point in their neighborhood; the other from Santa Clara west to the Sierra Nevada. All except these two sections I had sufficiently examined to satisfy myself that there was the line for a road on the shortest line between St. Louis and San Francisco; and to examine these two sections was the object of my winter or pedition of 1848. Circumstances have prevented me from completing what was then undertaken; but information received in New Mexico, after my disasters, from many inhabitants of that country, and from Leroux himself, and the statements now furnished to you by the respectable public meeting at Taos, prove that the way is good, and nearly direct section from the head of the Del Norte to the Little Salt Lake or Las Vegas de Santa Clara. (*Note.*—This little Salt Lak is a lake of seven miles long by one broad, and is exactly at the poiift where the Great Spanish Trail quits its northeast course and turns southeast to go to New Mexico.) The second section, from Santa Clara to the Sierra Nevada, crosses what is called the desert, but which has *vegas* (that is to say, meadows and water,) many parts of it, affords level routes and I judged from a range of mountains which I saw running east and west that a route might be found due west to the neighborhood of Walker's river, at the east base of the Sierra, cutting off the elbow that is made by following the Spanish trail southwest to Los Angelos, and reaching the valley of California by a pass which we believed to exist between Walker's and Owens' rivers, in latitude about 38deg. I now see in a letter from Carson, that this pass is found, and we have been always confident that it would be found. But the precise point at which the Sierra would be passed or pierced yet remains to be determined and presents no extraordinary difficultty. Walker's Pass and the Lake Pass immediately north of it are good, but further out of the line than could be described. Other practicable passes may be found more exactly suiting the direction of the line, or at all events a good place for tunnelling. Mountains there, in some places, rise high upon a very narrow base; and in this sing part of the Sierra between latitudes 37deg and 38deg, I was on the crest of one several thousand fuet high, at the base of which on the west lay a small lake, so near that it seemed to be under us.

A winter exploration of these two sections is what I now deem tobe desirable, and believe it would prove that the snows are not greater obstructions there than in New England and Western New York.

The computed distance between the State lines of Missouri and California on this route is about twelve hundred miles.

Respectfully, &c.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

Hon. Mr. Benton, C Street.

Signers of the Declaration.

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, it is stated that nine were born in Massachusetts; eight in Virginia; five in Maryland; four in Connecticut; four in New Jersey; four in Pennsylvania; four in South Carolina; three in New York; three in Delaware; two in Rhode Island; one in Maine; three in Ireland; two in England; two in Scotland; and one in Wales. Twenty one were lawyers; ten merchants; four physicians; three farmers; one clergyman; one printer; and sixteen were men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard college; four of Yale; three of New Jersey; two of Philadelphia; two of William and Mary; three of Cambridge, England; two of Edinburg, and one of St. Omors.

At the time of their deaths five were over ninty years of age; seven between eighty and ninety; eleven between seventy and eighty; twelve beetween fifty and sixty; seven between forty and fifty; one died at the age of twenty-seven, and the age of two is uncertain. At the time of signing the declaration, the average age of the members was forty-four years They lived to the average age of more than sixty-five years and ten months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his twenty-seventh year. He lived to the age of fifty-one. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch, of the same State, who was also in his twenty-seventh year. He was lost at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in the seventy-first year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790, and survived sixteen of his yonger brethren. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died in 1778. Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his ninety-sixth year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his ninety-third year, and John Adams in his ninety-first.

Is Mr. Buchanan going to England?—The Philadelphia *Ledger* of yesterday gives the following paragraph, confirming the report that Mr. B. is going to St. James:—

'Mr. Buchanan goes to England, notwithstanding the rumors of his declination of the mission. President Pierce, it is said, after an interview with him, in Philadelphia, obtained Mr. B.'s acceptance of the important trust.—An amusing incident occurred at the starting of the train from Camden, on Wednesday, with General Pierce and his cabinet officers. Mr. Buchanan was present, taking leave of the President, when the admonitory whistle of the locomotive announced that all was ready for starting. Still Mr. B. lingered, having a few more last words to communicate to the President, and cordially shaking his hand, bidding him, repeatedly, 'good by.' The reluctance to leave, combined with the reported doubt of his acceptance of the mission, chimed so well that one of the cabinet officers, in his hurry, jocosely cried out, 'Well, Mr. Buchanan, if you intend to go, why *don't* you go.' The effect was irresistable, the accepting minister made up his mind and left immediately, amid a burst of merriment, in which he heartily joined.

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Largest Circulation in Northern Pennsylvania—1633 Copies Weekly.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, Editors.

MONTROSE, JULY 21, 1853.

Democratic Nominations.

CANAL COMMISSIONER:

Thomas H. Forsyth,

Of Philadelphia County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,

Ephraim Banks,

Of Mifflin County.

SURVEYOR GENERAL,

J. Porter Brawley,

Of Crawford County.

☞ *Persons in the Eastern section of the County, wishing to pay for the "DEMOCRAT," procure Blanks, or get Job Work done, can do so by calling at our Law Office, directly opposite the "Lusk House,"* GREAT BEND, Pa. (tf.)

☞ Our office for the transaction of business is removed from Tyler's Store to a room over the printing office, down town. Our friends will always find a gentleman, during business hours, at the printing office, to wait on them.

To Correspondents.

R. K. G. Mississippi.—Yours received—all right.

Susquehanna Depot proceedings were ready for the press when your letter arrived. Publication won't interfere with the other calculation.

☞ The Democratic State Convention which met last March, is to reassemble at Harrisburg, on Thursday, the 28th day of July inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Supreme Bench, (in place of Judge Gibson, deceased,) to be supported by the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, at the ensuing election, and for the transaction of any other business that may become necessary.—The Delegates appointed from this county were Wm. K. Hatch and M. C. Tyler.

Sharp Shooting.—Richard D. Harris, of Jessup township, shot three Crows at one shot, with a rifle, on Thursday the 12th inst. Who can beat that?

Heavy Rains.—Unusually heavy storms of rain fell in this vicinity on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. The streets of our village were literally flooded with water.

☞ A new Post Office has been established in Lemon township, Wyoming co. called "*Winchester*"—"a very nice name," says our neighbor of the *Democrat*, and we think so too.

☞ The long talked of stamped letter envelopes are at last received and for sale at the Post-office, at 80 cents per package of twenty-five. They are got up on good paper and very well executed.

☞ Our paper of last week adjourned the New York Legislature on the 12th inst—but it seems they would'nt stay adjourned. The resolution to adjourn was reconsidered and negatived.

Editorial Change.—L. Harper, Esq., has disposed of his interest in the Pittsburg Morning Post, to Geo. F. Gilmore, Esq.

H. H. Frazier, the person who at present caters for the 200 or 300 readers of the *Susquehanna Register*, appears to have very hard feelings towards us and the workmen in our employ. We know not what he is mad about and care not what he may say of us. Self respect and respect for the readers of our paper (who do not *all* live in Montrose,) forbids us to notice his weekly exhibitions of childish personal spite. We are content that the doggerel editor should enjoy the full benefit of the appellation which the principal owner of the *Register* establishment applied to him a few days since, viz: "a d——d fool!"

☞ A Daughter of Rufus W. Griswold who was one of the sufferers by the recent railroad or drawbridge accident at Norwalk, was restored to life and health by a Mr. Linus W. Benedict, (a stage prop jetor,) after several physicians had declared that her decease could not be averted. Mr. Griswold, in testimony of his gratitude, has presented Mr. Benedict with a costly and elegant gold watch suitably inscribed, together with a massive chain and appurtenances. We would rather have said watch, if we were as deserving of it as Mr. Benedict, than the contents of the richest placer in California. It is glorious to save a human life—horrible to destroy one, and yet one showers soldiers, who kill their fellow beings by scores, with exalted honors, while true philanthropists, like Mr. Benedict, are generally allowed to remain unrewarded and in unmerited obscurity.

The Susquehanna Collegiate Institute.

In another column we publish an extract from the address of Judge Wilmot, at the laying of the corner stone of the above Institute at Towanda, on the 4th inst. The address contains many plain and practical suggestions, aptly spoken; indeed, we have seen no Fourth of July Oration the present year that has impressed us more favorably. While he pays a just compliment to the bold, earnest, manly virtues of the early pioneers of the Susquehanna Valley, he has frankness and heart enough to admit that there are snobs even here, who possess nothing but affectation and wealth. It is true that the uniform candor and honesty, the earnestness and energy which so eminently characterized the early settlers of this portion of the State, has to a great extent been lost upon their successors.

We learn that the Institute above named is established by voluntary subscription, as a Normal School, to qualify teachers (male and female,) for the District Schools. It is under the supervision of the Susquehanna Presbytery. A site of ten acres has been purchased near Towanda, and the Trustees have contracted for the erection of the centre building at a cost of $12,000. The citizens of Towanda have shown a commendable liberality in this enterprise.

Spirit of the Press.

From the pile of exchanges before us we can glean little news of startling importance, or other matter of much interest to our readers.

The N. Y. papers are principally occupied with the details of the Great Exhibition just opened there, the recent visit of Pres. Pierce to their metropolis, his reception and entertainment by the City authorities, &c. The ordeal through which the President has had to pass within the last ten days, has been one that would wear hard upon the physical constitutions of most men, but he seems to have passed through it without any difficulty.—From the hour he left Washington until his return, he was scarcely permitted a moment's rest, day or night. Such a din of salutes, speeches, parades and music—such dinners and jostling of eager crowds—must have been anything but comfortable to our excellent Chief Magistrate, who has ever shown a preference for the unobtrusive quiet of a private citizen. But the admirable manner in which he has acquitted himself—the eloquent and timely words of wisdom which he uttered to the applauding crowds—gives us another assurance that the people were not mistaken when they selected him, with such unprecedented unanimity, to fill the proud place he now so worthily occupies. The President and Cabinet reached Washington late on Saturday evening.

The *Herald* contains the particulars of a collision and explosion on the North river on Saturday last, by which some eight persons lost their lives, and a large number were badly (some fatally) injured. It is reported as an *accident*, of course, but the evidence before the Coronor's jury shows that there was culpable carelessness, and that with proper care and caution the accident would never have occurred.

An additional item of news by the Arabia, not mentioned by our N. Y. correspondent, is that an army of 12,000 Russians entered the Turkish dominions on the 25th of June.

The Safest Seat.

The frequency of collisions on railroads has raised the question, which is the place of greatest security in a railroad train? The *Railroad Journal* gives the following as an answer:—

It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and that the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one, in a train of more than two cars; that is, there are fewer chances of accidents to this than one other. If it is a way train at moderate speed, or any standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear; in which case the last car receives the first shock. Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often go over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without derangement, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into the line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car, but one, and in a very long train, in the centres of the last two or three cars next to the last.

The Crops.—The papers in the lower part of Pennsylvania report the Grain crop, which has just been harvested, as generally very good. Very little grain has been cut on the Susquehanna hills as yet, but we learn that the yield will be abundant. The grass crop here is middling only. Those pests of the meadow, the white daisies, appear to have taken entire possession in some places. Even when turned under by the plow, and the soil cultivated, they quickly re-appear when the field is seeded down to grass. Corn, Oats and Potatoes promise favorable. Corn especially looks very fine, and we anticipate a smart competition for the premium at the approaching Fair.

—It is cheering to the husbandman to see his crops yielding abundantly in return for his labor and care. The fluctuations of the markets, and all the uncertainties of trade, are of secondary importance to him, so long as the generous soil yields abundantly to his hands.

American Marble.—The marble quarries of Vermont are gaining a reputation abroad as well at home. Two blocks of Vermont marble, weighing one ton each, have been ordered from Rome for the purpose of making a bust. This order is from an Italian artist, who prefers the West Rutland marble to that of his own country.

Book Notices.

The *New York Journal* is the title of a new illustrated weekly literary paper just issued by P. D. Orvis, 75 Nassau street, New York. It is handsomely printed and illustrated, and the letter-pres is well digested. All this may be said of other illustrated papers, but there is one other item connected with the Journal that is novel for papers of that class, viz: It is afforded at $1,00 per year.

Peterson's Magazine, is the first of the monthlies on our table for August. Its pages though not so numerous as those of some other magazines, are filled with useful and entertaining reading, and the illustrations are superb. Published by C. J. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street, Phil'a, at $2,00 per annum.

The August No. of that excellent fireside periodical, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, is received. The picture of Paul and Virginia is a beautiful engraving. The contents of this magazine are of a miscellaneous character, and the correct taste of Mr. Arthur is apparent on every page. Each number contains about 80 pages. T. S. Arthur & Co. Phil'a—$2,00 per annum.

Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet is better than sweetmeats for parents to present to their children. Published monthly by D. A. Woodworth, 118 Nassau street, N. Y. The club price is very low.

The July No. commences the second volume of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*.—We have repeatedly called the attention of the public to this journal, as being every way worthy the confidence and patronage of the friends of education. Edited by T. H. Burrowes, and published at Lancaster, Pa. at $1 per annum.

New York Correspondence.

New York, Saturday, July 16, 1853.

Messrs. Editors:—The Crystal Palace has been Inaugurated, according to the announcement. Early in the day the streets through which the procession was to pass, presented a very animated appearance, all being eager to get a sight at the President. Extensive preparations had been made by the city authorities to receive him in a manner worthy of the dignity of his office. At 10 o'clock the steamboat on which he was aboard landed at Castle Garden, where he was received by the Mayor in a short address, which was very aptly replied to by the President. After these preliminaries were gone through with, he proceeded to review the troops on the Battery—mounted on a charger which had been in a number of battles in Mexico. The President was heartily cheered during the whole route to the Crystal Palace, a distance of upwards of four miles, and nothing occurred to interrupt the progress of the procession, except a shower which occurred in the lower part of the city, in which however, the Military as well as the President got drenched to the skin. On arriving at the Palace every preparation had been made for the accommodation of the distinguished guests who were to grace the opening ceremonies by their presence. The ceremonies were opened with a prayer by Bishop Wainwright, after which an address by Theodore Sedgwick Esq., on part of the directors, which was responded to by the President. After several other addresses by members of the Cabinet the proceedings were closed by an anthem sung by the New York Harmonic Society accompanied by the Organ, which is placed in the east nave. The assemblage was one of the most brilliant which has met together in a long time. The ladies looked charming and aided materially by their presence to the interest of the affair. The greatest order was preserved throughout the whole proceedings, and the Crystal Palace Police having donned their uniform for the first time gave considerable effect to the proceedings. The exhibition will not be fairly completed under three or four weeks, consequently I cannot give an adequate description of the various articles now within the building at present, but even in its present state it far exceeds anything of the kind ever projected in this country. The interior of the building surprises every one from its vastness and beauty.—There can be no conception formed of the immense size of the structure until they have view of its interior. There is a lightness about the whole which is indescribable. The ceilings are beautifully painted in arabesque panels in brilliant colors, so also, the dome which raises to the height of 140 feet above the floor, and is one of the greatest wonders of the place. The Banquet given to the President and other distinguished persons who are attending the exhibition, by the Directors of the Crystal Palace, came off last night at the Metropolitan Hotel—about 600 guests sat down to the tables and enjoyed the good things so bounteously prepared by the hosts, the Messrs. Lelands, which did infinite justice to their good name so proverbial throughout the country. After a great deal of toasting and speechifying in which a number of good things were said, interspersed with some tame and stupid ones, of course to bring out in high relief the brilliant figures of the former, during this feast of reason and flow of soul, the clock had marked the hour of midnight, at which the company broke up in high good humor and well pleased with each other, but more particularly with the supper and the generous wines, of which they had freely partaken.

The political news has been entirely swallowed up for the last few days by the Crystal Palace proceedings, but all appears to be in a quiet state. A sight at the President and Cabinet seems to have silenced all bickerings among the heated factionists, whom we suspect will remain in a state of amiability until the next batch of appointments. We have had no arrival from California since the Illinois which brought nearly $2,000,000 in gold. The news was not important. Business dull and the news from the mines contradictory—the agricultural reports however, were good, the yield will far exceed the harvests of 1852.

From Europe we have nothing later than the news by the Arabia, which arrived last Wednesday, with three days later dates. The affairs of Europe remained in the same unsettled state as by the previous arrivals. The Emperor of Russia seems determined on fighting, and the Sultan is actively engaged in making preparations to receive him. In England there has been considerable debate in regard to the demands and the proceedings of Nicholas, during which it came out that there had been a secret understanding between the Ministry and the Czar in regard to his occupying the Danubian provinces, but Nicholas outwitted them, they have therefore become quite furious and are determined to sustain Turkey. In France, Louis Napoleon remains quiet and says nothing, but it is confidently stated, that he will consider the occupation of the provinces as a just cause of war.

The unsettled state of politics on the continent has a tendency to keep the markets in a feverish condition, and purchases are very cautiously made—in Cotton there is no animation, but prices are pretty well sustained. On account of the unfavorable accounts of the crops in France, Breadstuffs have become very active—in Wheat there has been an advance of 9d to 1s per 70 lbs., in Flour 1s 6d to 2s per bbl.

Teacher's Convention.

The first meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teacher's Association will be held in the City of Pittsburg, Aug. 5th. At this meeting Reports will be presented on Normal Schools, Teachers Institutes, the uses and abuses of Text Books, and other subjects of deep interest. Lectures will be provided for each evening of the Session. The attention of Teachers and all others interested (who is not?) in the cause of education, is invited to this Convention. Its object we understand to be to elevate the standard of education in our Common Schools by better qualifying Teachers for their important work, and regulating the course of instruction.

☞ Anti-renters, tar and feather them!

For the Democrat.

Fourth of July at Susquehanna.

Susquehanna Depot, N. Y. & E. R. R., July 12, 1853.

The Seventy-seventh anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated at Susquehanna in a becoming manner.

The day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns, by Mr. John Shull, assisted by Messrs. Bowles, Barnes, Bradley, and others. Mr. Shull was one of Capt. Bragg's Artillerymen at the battle of Buena Vista, and had charge of a gun on that memorable occasion. The rapidity with which the gun was fired and the total absence of excitement, (so essential to safety) gave demonstration that the teachings of his noble and patriotic Commander, had not been forgotten.

Our village was enlivened by delegations from Jackson, Gibson, Herrick, Deposit, Ararat, New Milford, Starrucca, Lanesboro, Binghamton, and Great Bend, making the largest number of persons ever before assembled in our new and prosperous Village.

At 10 o'clock the procession was formed under the direction of Col. Lucius N. Smith, assisted by J. C. Meginnis, Capt. G. M. Read and Lieut. Alvin McKune, and marched in the order of the programme to the grove.

After music by the Band, and prayer by Rev. M. Blakeslee, of Lanesboro, the Declaration of Independence was read by D. C. Conklin, of Susquehanna. An ode by the Glee Club, of Jackson, composed and sung by them in a masterly style, entitled the "Patriotic Home." The composition and music were beautiful and reflects credit on the Club. The Sabbath School Scholars were then addressed in a very feeling and appropriate manner, by Rev. Mr. Allen, of Harford. Ode by the choir of Susquehanna Sunday School. Address by L. P. Hinds, of Susquehanna. An ode by Miss Frances Comfort, of Lanesboro, was splendidly rendered and enthusiastically received. We hope to listen to her sweet voice on many similar occasions. Oration by Chas. Van Wyck, of Bloomingburg, Sullivan county. Benediction by Rev. Mr. Allen.

The procession was then formed, the Sunday School Scholars marching to the church where a collation had been provided. The citizens sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared by John B. Scoville, in his usual bountiful style. After the cloth was removed, the President of the day, R. H. McKune, announced the following regular toasts:—

1. *The President of the United States, and all others in authority.*—God direct them.

2. *Our Country*, Right, but wrong never.

3. *The Day we Celebrate.*—Freedom's Holiday.

4. *The Flag of our Country*—May its stars increase.

5. *Pennsylvania*—The Key-stone of our mighty Nation.

6. *The Press.*—The lever that moves the world.

7. *Geo. Washington.*

8. *The Orators of the Day.*—Two brilliant meteors illuminating our glorious day.

9. *Our Free Schools and the Bible.*—May they never be given up to a blind religious bigotry.

10. *American Enterprise.*—Its fruits are around us.

The N. Y. & E. R. R.—The connecting link between the far West and the great Metropolis.

12. *Liberty.*

13. *The Heroes, Patriots, and Statesmen of the Revolution.*—Immortal Men.

After which, the following Volunteer Toasts were offered:

By John C. Maginnis. *The Republicans of Europe.*—May those who groan beneath the heel of the tyrant, behold soon the dawning of the Sun of Liberty.

L. N. Smith. *The Heroes of '76, 1812, and '47.*—Great thoughts be the tribute to their memory.

I. B. Gregg. *The Ladies of Susquehanna.*—Our pride in prosperity—our comfort in distress—our only hope and happiness—God bless them.

N. Lenheim. *Benj. Franklin*—May he never be forgotten.

D. H. Conklin. *The President of the Day.*—May he experience many annual recurrences of this day's ceremonies, and assist in their observance, with as much honor and ability as he has on this.

C. H. Van Wyck. *To the Man*, who, from the rising of sun to the going down thereof, stood almost within reach of the enemy's bayonets, by one of Capt. Bragg's guns—Long may his happy home by the Susquehanna be free from the scourge of War; but may he ever be ready should his country call.

I. B. Gregg. *Our long-loved and venerated Mothers.*—May we with fond delight, ever remember them with deep and heartfelt gratitude on such occasions as this.

John Laraway. *The Marshals of the Day.*—Men worthy the honorable distinction conferred upon them.

L. P. Hinds. *Our Host.*—His heart as large and capacious as his bountiful table.

Geo. Fordyce. *He that would betray his country.*—May his feet be shod with lightning and compelled, by the voice of a free people, to travel over an acre of gunpowder.

C. H. Van Wyck. *The people of Susquehanna.*—Long may they live to enjoy the beauties and pleasures of their mountain home, and may they participate in many festivities to exhibit those kind hospitalities for which they are so famed.

J. F. Pyne. *Lafayette.*—To his memory.

D. H. Conklin. *The Glee Club of Jackson.*—They have our warmest thanks for the beautiful and appropriate music discoursed today.

D. Smith. *Industry and Economy.*—The best remedies for hard times.

R. H. McKune. May we ever be found when duty calls.

Geo. Fordyce. *John Hancock.*

A Curious Pig.—Yesterday morning we saw a pig which was littered on the farm of Judge Jessup, near this village, Tuesday last. It had eight perfectly formed legs, two tails, four ears, and two mouths. It had the appearance of two bodies blended into one, at the fore-shoulders. It was full-sized and lived several hours. We believe it was carefully preserved in alcohol, with the intention of taking it to Barnum. Susquehanna county is the place for farmers—100 bushels shelled corn to the acre, and two pigs in one!

Extract

From the Address of the Hon. D. Wilmot, *delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute, Towanda, July 4, 1853.*

* * * * *

"Upon this foundation shall arise a temple, which if liberally sustained and endowed, and controlled by wise and devoted men, shall exert an influence upon the character of this people, and their intellectual and moral well being, of lasting and incalculable good.

We boast of our achievements in the signal triumphs of the age, over physical nature.—They are indeed wonderful and attended with the happiest results to mankind. Our hearts can feel no expanse of gratitude too large, for the courageous and indomitable men who spent lives of toil and privation, in creating the beautiful scene presented to view, in whatever direction we turn our eyes. The fields that adorn the valleys and hill-sides of our picturesque country, crowned with luxuriant harvests of grain and meadow—the village of our homes, embowered in summer foliage, with its substantial stores, and tasteful residences; its churches and public edifices—these objects of value and affectionate interest, are mostly the work of a generation of men who rest from their labors. They were too busy in their struggle with the forest to devote their thots and energies to intellectual culture. The work they took in hand they well performed; leaving to those who should come after them and enjoy the fruits of their labor, the duty of opening and adorning the paths of knowledge, the task of subduing into moral beauty the wilderness of ignorance, and its rank growth of debasing appetites and passions. Such are the stages of social life. The pioneer manfully performs his work. His strong arm yields to no obstacles—his brave heart shrinks from no dangers. From early dawn, until the deep shades of twilight, he is a constant worker.—His life is a perpetual struggle, taxing to the utmost his moral strength of purpose, and powers of physical endurance. His effort is to supply the first great want of our nature, food and raiment—and his work accomplished, he lays down to his rest of death, honored for his earnest life and manly virtues.

The succeeding generation start in the long race of social progress and moral elevation, where the pioneer ended the first day's journey. Upon the men of this our day, are imposed higher obligations, and a wider field of labor. Ours is the task of commencing wisely and in earnest, the great work of intellectual and moral culture: of laying deep and broad the foundations of a social edifice, which, receiving strength and beauty from generation to generation, shall finally stand in its full perfections, adorned by every intellectual endowment, social grace, and moral virtue. Truly a noble work. Would that we brought to its accomplishment somewhat of that heroic courage, of those earnest, manly efforts, that signalized and honored the life of the pioneer.—We have been sluggards in the field of our highest duty, and most profitable labor. Pursuits less ennobling, objects secondary in value have engrossed our time and energies. Business vocations, the commerce and trafic of the world, the accumulation of wealth, have absorbed nearly our whole being. Industry in our daily pursuits is necessary and most honorable—a prudent thrift in saving the fruits of our labor, wise and meritorious. We should not, however, estimate riches above their true value. We should not allow the desire of their acquisition to take entire possession of the soul, as that no room is left for the growth of the social affections. An inspired philosopher and moralist has told us that "the love of money is the root of all evil." What the wise man here condemns so strongly, is not a sagacious foresight, a prudent provision for the wants of the future; but that intense and inordinate love of wealth which makes the heart barren of every generous and noble impulse—sterile of all love and sympathy for our fellow-man. Against the growth of this debasing vice, we should guard ourselves, as we would against the approaches of a demon who had power to transform us into his own hateful and loathsome nature. Let us estimate aright the value and uses of wealth. It is chiefly of worth, as it affords the means of a higher and more refined social life. Properly employed it unlocks the treasures of knowledge, and enables us to drink deep at its refreshing fountains. The heart expands under the influence of a genuine charity, unostentatious, and so bestowed, as to inflict no wound upon the sensibilities of the receiver—as to leave behind no cruel and mortifying sense of obligation. The dispensation of a liberal and generous hospitality, affords the richest enjoyment in the society of friends, expands the affections and refines the manners.

The boorish and uncultivated man of money is always an object of peculiar aversion and disgust. Possessing the means of enlarging and liberalizing his faculties, he is content to grovel in ignorance. Esteeming riches the chief good, he has no aim or purpose in life, beyond their acquisition. Narrow and selfish, his soul never rises to the pure atmosphere of a noble and generous feeling. The only lesson he strives to impress upon his children, is sordid avarice, who unless early demoralized by his teachings, become so disgusted with the daily theme, and the mean and miserly example constantly set before them, that they plunge into the opposite vice of dissipation, and squander with spendthrift prodigality, the riches so overvalued by the parent. Such a man, thus ignorant and unrefined in soul, whatever be the extent of his possessions, lives no real life; he never tastes its enjoyments and highest pleasures. In all that gives value to life, he is but little elevated above the well fed brute of his stall.

Again, we too often see the inflated, purse-proud *parvenue*—him of little brains and sudden fortune. He has been successful in the gutta-purcha, patent-leather business, and he struts upon the stage so bedizzened with the gaudy trappings of riches, with such apeings and mimicings of high-life, as make the groundlings roar with merriment, and men of sense ashamed to see humanity so deform itself. How he swells in the pride and pomp of sudden fortune. He sets up an establishment. His consequence in the world of folly and fashion, is to be measured by the extent of his mansion, and the showy brilliancy of its appointments. He proceeds in his enterprise without taste or judgement—mistaking finery for elegance, until with the aid of gilt and tinsel, he succeeds in making his house destitute of all refinement, and the real elegancies of life—as tawdry and vulgar as its owner. He travels—it is the fashion—and he must take the tour of Europe. He visits the scenes and monuments of a former age.—He stands upon the soil of Italy, the centre of ancient civilization; the theatre on which was enacted the great events of history. His pulse quickens not—he feels no emotions in the presence of the mighty past. The eternal city, magnificent in its ruins, grand in its desolation—to him is a mere waste of crumbling walls and fallen columns. Beneath his feet there lies a buried world. His tread is upon the graves of heroes, statesmen, philosophers and poets. Every stone is eloquent. From out the cold marble speaks the voice of history. He hears it not. The mighty pulsation of the old world throbbing beneath his feet, cannot quicken his soul into life and feeling. He stands within the world renowned galleries of ancient art. The canvass and the marble are glowing with a life of ideal, almost celestial beauty; the embodiment of the poet's highest and most beautiful conceptions. He is an indifferent spectator in the presence of the noblest works of genius—works that have been the admiration of every age, and that have power to move the cultivated and refined to an ecstacy of tears—to acts of involuntary adoration. He, however, is delighted with Italy, with my lord—in a country where lords are as plenty as beggars, and almost as poor; played with my lord, and been cheated—loaned my lord money—in short, my lord is his very intimate and dear friend. Henceforth, whoever is condemned to his society, shall hear nothing but silly anecdotes of the sayings and doings of my lord. Of what value has money been to this man? Nature, whose work is always well done, made him not great, but respectable—money transformed him into an artificial thing—a cockney—a snob.

The cockneyism of wealth, unfortunately, is not confined to the millionaire of the city. It flourishes in the country, where your snob of a few thousands, apes at a distance, his longer-pursed, but not longer-eared city prototype. His more limited means compels him to play his antics upon a narrower field; but the part is acted as perfectly, although wanting in the stage effect, produced by amplitude and scenic decorations.

This artificial life is worse than ridiculous—it is mischievous upon the manners and morals of a people. Wealth exerts a powerful influence, and no where more powerful than in social life. We are too often dazzled by its showy pretensions; and mistaking for refinement its fopperies and follies, seek to imitate them, thus distroying the truthfulness and simplicity of nature.

Riches are not to be despised; nor their acquisition discouraged. Without their aid we can accomplish but little, in whatever field of enterprise we expend our efforts. To a certain extent, they are necessary to the full growth and developement of the powers of a man. Without such a competency as gives ample security against poverty and want, no man can exhibit the resources of his mind and the energy of his will. The grandest enterprises are but as day-dreams, if the means of their execution are wanting. The most sublime aspirations of genius are chilled by the rude blasts of poverty; its fires extinguished, under the depressing weight of worldly anxiety and care. Let us strive then, industriously and by every honorable means, for the acquisition of a reasonable share of wealth;—not for the love we bear the glittering dust itself, but as a means to break the shackles that impede our progress to the attainment of a nobler and better life; that we may give freedom to the mind, and enable it to soar into the highest realms of light and knowledge.

Education, in the largest and broadest signification of the word, is the true remedy for social ills; the panacea that shall cure society of all affectation, hypocracy and cant.—Education, in this enlarged sense, is not to be acquired wholly within the walls of a college. Indeed if were better for some, if they had never been spoiled for the useful and honorable pursuits of labor, by a collegiate diploma. They may be accomplished in the reading of the Greek and Latin; but they never drank of the inspiration of classic literature. They may be able to calculate with accuracy, the revolutions of the planets, to name the stars, and fix their places in the firmament of heaven; but they have never fathomed the sublime lessons of astronomy. Infinity and Power, so manifest in the works of Omnipotence, have failed to fill the soul with reverence and humility. The collegiate is too often a pedant—a vain conceited egotist. With all that books and professors could do for him, he falls far short in real knowledge, of the man who through life has followed the plough; but with his eyes open, and of such depth of soul as led him to earnest thought and reflection on the wonderous works of God. He, however, who should reject the learning of the schools, because they sometimes furnish us pedants, would fall into fatal error. No man ever did, or ever can, become thoroughly educated without long and laborious study, and a familiar acquaintence with the literature and sciences taught in our colleges and higher institutions of learning. The tendency of learning is to liberalize and enlarge the mind; and although it often fails to exert its proper and legitimate influence, the fault in almost every case, will be found to lay at the door of parents; who have failed through ignorance or neglect, in the wise performance of their part in this great work of education—the developement of the full grown and perfect man. We cannot expect that learning will exert its proper influence upon the character, if the mind be early dwarfed by false views of the duties and true aims of life—the affections blunted and turned away, by the teachings and example of selfishness. The child looks to the parent as his model—it is the best with which he is acquainted; and from him he derives his earliest and strongest impressions. If the parent, by his example—by his daily teachings and conversation, evinces that he esteems money the chief good, and its acquisition the main purpose of life—how can we expect otherwise, than that the principles and character of the child should become deformed? How is he to learn the graces of modesty, in the midst of a life of arrogant pretensions? The charm of an unaffected and truthful simplicity, when all is artificial and false? The dignity of a noble and disinterested generosity, when all is narrow, selfish and illiberal?"

Explosion on the North River.

One of those painful and heartrending accidents which it is our lot to chronicle occurred on Saturday morning on board of the steamboat Empire, of Troy, (one of the People's line,) while on her passage from that city to New York, nearly opposite New Hamburgh, being about midway between here and Albany. About half past one o'clock, when opposite Van Rensselaer dock, the pilot, Mr. Hudson, discovered the sloop General Livingston at the distance of about a mile, bearing towards them, the wind blowing very fresh from the southwest. The steamer held on her course until the sloop was within about three hundred yards of her, and tacking towards her. The pilot then changed his course and steered to the right. The sloop continued on her course until she came into collision with the boat, striking her boiler with the bowsprit which immediately exploded, carrying away with it the smoke pipes and promenade, and hurricane decks, and entirely demolishing all the upper works between the wheel-house and the bows of the boat. The scene that followed is beyond description. Men, women and children rushed on deck, regardless of the scalding steam, screaming and crying for help. The lights were all put out by the explosion, which rendered the scene truly awful. The officers and crew immediately went to work in order to rescue those whom they heard crying for assistance. The captain then saw the sloop First Effort, Captain Leroy, coming down, and hailed her. She then came alongside, into which some sixty or seventy passengers and their baggage were put, and the boat started for Poughkeepsie. A few moments after she had left the propeller Wyoming hove in sight, and bore down for the wreck. All the passengers, with their baggage that had remained behind, were then sent on board of this boat, the captain of the Empire giving orders to overhaul the First Effort, and to take all the passengers on board of her to Poughkeepsie, where they would receive medical attendance. The dead and dying were then attended on board the Empire. A messenger, having been sent for Dr. Proal, of Wappinger Falls, who is the Coroner of Dutchess county, he arrived at the scene of destruction without delay, and instantly attended to the dying, who lay about the deck stretched on blankets, and to the wounded, who were half frantic with pain, seeing that everything should be done to alleviate the distress. The following is a correct list of the dead and wounded, up to a late