

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

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## Where do the Mosquitoes come from?

Mr. Editor: On a warm summer evening, when you have heard the peculiar and musical notes of the mosquito about your ears, or felt the gentle insinuation of his proboscis, has it ever occurred to you to inquire where they come from? Volumes have been written on the history of other insects, but the mosquito is my favorite.

Any one may answer the question for himself, by the use of the following method of discovering the origin of these troublesome little creatures. Take a tumbler half full of rain water, two or three days after it has fallen. Cover it with a book, and set it aside over night. On examination next day, you will probably discover a number of minute moving in the water, of nearly a white color, with a line of brown through the middle. Soon, these become larger, growing to the length of the tenth or eighth part of an inch, becoming of a brown color, with the head and two black eyes distinctly visible. Their motion, in the water, will remind you of that of an old politician, being rapid, swimming up and down, and wiggling and wriggling with a zigzag or serpentine movement. When closely examined, you will see the insect has a body nearly the size of the head, and a long, tapering, forked, alligatorish tail, distinctly marked with rings or belts with diminutive spinal projections. In a few days the habits of the little wiggler, as we may call him, undergo a change. In his youth he is all life and activity, and at your approach, or the least agitation of his native element, he will timidly wiggle down to the bottom of the vessel which contains him. But as his life advances, he loses his habits of activity, and becomes bolder as well as more sluggish, giving signs of an approaching metamorphosis. While in this state of his existence, however, you will need no barometer to indicate the state of the atmosphere. If the weather is moist and pleasant, the whole colony is in constant motion, this being probably the business season in the wiggler nation. If however it is dry and hot weather, you will see the whole fraternity with their heads close to the surface of the water, their tails hanging downwards, perfectly motionless, as though praying for a change of weather.

If you have not paid the closest attention to your proteges, you will probably some morning on examining your tumbler find in the open space between your book and the surface of the water, several full grown mosquitoes, vainly endeavoring to make their escape; and if you feel any wish to know where they come from, you can then soon satisfy yourself by selecting one of the largest, biggest headed, and apparently laziest of the wigglers, and closely watching his movements. After sundry impatient shakes of the head, as if dissatisfied with his present condition, and determined that it is high time that something should be done, he will come to the surface of the water to bid a final adieu to the element from which he originated. He prepares to assume a wider and more ethereal state of existence, and spreads himself upon the surface, raising, as it were, one shoulder from above the water. After a strong effort he effects an opening in the skin, or coat of mail, which had hitherto confined him, and begins to develop his real nature. Generally the breach is effected in the body, or that division of the insect next the head, and is soon enlarged, so as to manifest to the attentive observer something of the familiar looks of an old acquaintance. First you see a small projection from the opening aforesaid, which soon appears like a knee or elbow slowly emerging, and then the limb is stretched out at full length. This member fully liberated, its powers are tested by an exercise of the joints, something after the manner of a sleepy man stretching his arms after waking from a long nap. Another leg is then got out with less difficulty, and very soon the new animal obtains the victory over the old. The crocodile tail is shoved off backwards, by the united efforts of the hind legs, and kicked away like an old pair of unmentionables to which the owner gladly bids a final farewell. Then the fore legs are applied to the hood which still covers the

head, and after some tugging it is drawn off as a well-fitting flannel shirt is discarded at the beginning of warm weather by a larger species of insects. By this last operation, that interesting and important part of the animal, the proboscis, is liberated, and with no small pride and apparent gratulation our youthful friend extends it for the first time. Alas! what annoyance that little member of this humblest of insects may yet occasion to some of the monarchs of creation! His wings are soon dried and extended, the rejected husk or covering answering the purpose of a boat mean while; the body, no more confined by the worse than corset ligatures from which it was just freed, enlarges; the legs assume their fair proportions; and the full grown but as yet somewhat delicate looking mosquito appears in all his majesty; or, if an opportunity offers, tries the powers of his wings, and sails off in search of prey. Perhaps for a while he may tarry, comely smoothing down one leg by rubbing it with another, or with murderous design sharpening his proboscis with his fore legs, and dressing his wings, or quietly musing on what direction he shall take to seek his fortune in the wide world on which he has now entered.

The after history of the mosquito is quite unnecessary for me to give, as every reader has without doubt learned something of his nature and powers. Leaving, therefore, the winged life of this amiable cousin of mine, to the imagination or memory of the reader, I close my entomological dissertation by availing myself of this occasion to tender you assurances of my distinguished consideration; and subscribe myself, most tenderly, your faithful and devotedly attached friend,  
Aug. 19, 1850. GALLI-NIPPER.

## Thoughts on Visiting the Place of my Nativity.

The silver threads that mingle with  
The auburn o'er my brow,  
Warn me, that Time's relentless hand  
Is busy with me now;  
But here, among my native hills,  
The thoughts of age depart,  
And all the glow of sunny youth  
Comes bounding through my heart.

Can I be old! There stands the tree  
From which, but yesterday,  
This very hand, in clusters bright  
Bore the ripe fruit away;  
And is not that my father's house  
Which stands upon the hill?  
And there, upon the brawling stream,  
Clatters the busy mill.

"You are not old," Thus Fancy said,  
As in a dream-like mood,  
Gazing on all these youthful scenes,  
Within the vale I stood.

I turned—delusive Fancy fled;  
A moment to Heaven  
Stern and sincere, Heaven's earth-born child,  
Stood grave REALITY;  
Clothed in the sacred garb of Truth,  
With mourning on her brow,  
She whispered sadly on mine ear—  
"Where is that father now?"

"And where are many, once beloved,  
Who roved, 'mid summer's bloom,  
Those dells with thee, all life and joy!  
Alas! within the tomb.  
And ah, that 'yesterday' of thine—  
Years, years have passed away,  
And what a train of vast events  
Divides it from to-day!"

"Those hands that bore the ripened fruit  
Were young and tiny then,  
While now, with thorns and sinews strong,  
They cope their way with men.  
The wheel that clattered by the stream  
By man has been renewed—  
Nought save the tree, the rock, the hill,  
Stand now as then they stood!"

A troop of children passed me by  
In all their noisy glee,  
And voices shouted, fond and clear,  
Familiar names to me—  
The names of those whom once I knew,  
The absent and the dead—  
Another generation trod  
The paths I used to tread!

Though strangers dwell within the halls  
Where once my fathers dwelt,  
Though strangers at the altar kneel  
Where once my fathers knelt,  
The place remains, where boyhood's years  
So smoothly o'er me rolled,  
And, standing here, I almost deem  
Years can not make me old!  
CHRYSTIE, N. H. B. B. FRENCH.

Remarkable.—A letter from J. W. Wilson, Sec. of the Keystone Mutual Life Insurance Company, to S. H. TAYLOR, Agent for Wyoming County, dated Harrisburg, August 2, relates the following remarkable circumstance: "We have just met with a \$5000 loss in Pittsburg. A perfectly healthy man, that has not called a physician in twenty years, got his policy on Saturday, and died on Monday night following! He went to bed perfectly well, and died of apoplexy before morning. The money will be promptly paid."  
The above is one of many instances of the benefits of the Life Insurance policy, reported almost daily. The Editor of the Chronicle is Agent for a Life Ins. Comp'y.

## Whittling Shingles.

Stent.—Mr. Plowman's dooryard.—John and Editor seated on logs, on the sunny side of this great wood-pile.—John, whittling a chip; the Editor, a barrow-splinter.

The Editor. Whittle from you, John; why don't you whittle from you?

John. What's the difference? Whittling is whittling any way, whether you whittle towards or from you.

Editor. A mistake, John; a palpable mistake. There is philosophy in whittling. There is a right way and a wrong way to do everything; and for the right way there is always a good reason.

John. Pray, what reason for whittling from you? It's a small matter, at best—really too small to consider.

Editor. Wrong again! It's the observation of these little things—the consideration of trifles—that constitute what men call good or bad luck. There now, you have cut your finger—not bad, I hope.

John. Not very. Blast the knife. [Throws it down.]

Editor. Well, this is an apt illustration—proof positive—before I had commenced my argument.

John. I'd like to know what my finger has to do with luck, good, bad, or indifferent?

Editor. Everything. If you had considered a moment, you would have seen that whittling towards you was dangerous; common prudence would have shown you that you might cut your fingers; while, if you whittled from you there was no danger. Hence, then, is the key to that phantom which men call luck.

John. Don't you believe in luck?

Editor. Don't I believe the moon is made of green cheese? No, Sir. There is no such thing. It's all moonshine. Just now you cut your finger, and you say "I am unlucky." That's a good thing—you were stupid, careless. There's old Gripe, who began with no other capital than his axe, worth now his thousands, and you, and every body else says "lucky as old Gripe," and yet we all know that he has made his money by the operations of a clear intellect—a shrewd, close observation of little things—turning the stream at the fountain, and not waiting till it gets to be a river.

John. Training the sapling, and not the tree.

Editor. Exactly—a good idea. You always find him about his business. His work is never behind. His hay don't get caught out in the rain. His wheat is never wet in the bundle or swath. He looks at little things. If his grain is to stand out over night, it is all nicely put up in shocks and capped; if his hay can't be carted the same day, it's raked and cocked. He says, "I am not master of the elements, but I am of my time." So he makes sure against contingencies which he can not control. He always whittles from him; and he is called "lucky."

John. And he is lucky.

Editor. No such thing, if you mean by that, chance favoring him more than others. Now, there's Dick Careless, he is always railing at his bad luck. Dick works hard. I think he does more real hard work than Gripe. But everybody pities poor Dick, he has such "hard body luck." It were not for his wife, he would have been in the poor house before now. Everybody says, "what a clever fellow is Dick?" and so he is, he minds everybody's business but his own. Dick stacks his hay but neglects to put on binders, and the top blows off and his stack is ruined. He has a nice crop of wheat cut, and intends to cart to-morrow, so he leaves the wheat carried into bunches. But to-morrow it comes on to rain, and his wheat get wet and sprouts, and then you say, "well, that's just Dick's luck." Dick has bad luck with his sheep, and cattle, and horses, always losing more or less every year. Now, you believe in luck; well, just tell me why he loses more than you do.

John. He is careless—don't take pains enough with them.

Editor. Oh! that's it. Which way do you think he whittles? Two to one, John, he whittles towards him. He can see any difference; and, like you, is a firm believer in luck. There's Tapewell; everybody says, "what a lucky fellow he has been, got as rich as a nabob, and had only a few goods to start upon." While Gingham, who had a fine store, full of goods, went all to smash in three years.

John. Yes, and old Tape bought his fine store and house at about one quarter its cost. Wasn't that luck?

Editor. No, sir. Tape lived within his means, and accumulated his profits. He did not care for a fine store while he could sell his goods in the old one; and being at less expense, he could always sell a little cheaper, and thus got the best custom. Gingham lived up to his income, and a little over, so when hard times came he could not collect, could not pay, and down he went, while Tape was snug in his old store. Poor Gingham was called unlucky. But you see the only difficulty

was, he whittled towards himself, till he cut his fingers—while Tape always whittled the other way. No such thing as luck there, John.

John. Don't give up yet. You're as plausible as a lawyer in a bad case; but still I am not convinced. I lost a young colt, the other day—dropped down dead in the field—worth a cool hundred—now, wasn't that bad luck? I don't know what you may call it, but I call it confounded bad luck.

Editor. How had you kept your colt?

John. In the stable all winter, on carrots and hay, in fine order. Turned him out to grass the other day, and before night of the second day he was stone dead.

Editor. Did he run much when you let him go? Large fields?

John. Ah! didn't he run? Only a ten acre lot. I thought the fellow never would get enough. What an elegant racer he would have made!

Editor. Day was warm, and night cold.

John. Yes, but what of that?

Editor. Oa, nothing! only you whittled towards you.

John. How so?

Editor. Simple John! This you call "luck," while it's rank stupidity. Your colt was in high condition—had not been exercised. A prudent man would have put him into a small yard, until he had become somewhat quieted. Old Gripe would not have let him out over a cold night, after he had been exercising so severely in the hot sun. The colt was a victim to your own thoughtlessness. He killed himself running. Lucky John!

John. How could I tell he would hurt himself by being turned out? Never had one before, and have done just the same thing times enough before.

Editor. That's it. We come back to where we started. It's the observation of these trifles, nothing more, that makes men lucky. Whittle from you, my good fellow, always whittle from you, and a fig for luck.

John. Well, there's one kind of luck I know you delight in, and that's ready.

Editor. And pray, what's that?

John. Pot-luck, to be sure.

Editor. Good, I am with you.—[Ohio Cultivator. WOOL GROWER.]

## Bissell's Retreat at Buena Vista.

We have been told by one who was there the minutiae of the proceeding. When the aid on duty, (who was Col. Churchill,) gave Col. Bissell the order to retreat, the Indiana regiment was in rapid flight, in rear of Bissell's scattered over a half a mile of ground, each man evidently thinking the battle lost, and trying to save himself; and as soon as Bissell's men should be faced about, to fall back, those flying men would be in full view, and the panic they were under must naturally influence somewhat those who stood. Six thousand Mexican infantry were pouring down upon this devoted regiment, in steady advance by column, in front and flank, assailing them within point blank distance, with a steady hail storm of iron and lead; four thousand cavalry were coming up behind these infantry, waiting for a favorable moment, at the least sign of wavering on our part, to charge and complete the work of destruction; three pieces of artillery were thundering on them their death messengers of grape and canister, tearing through their ranks like a hail storm of vengeance, and they seemed to stand alone, exposed to all this concentrated attack, determined on their annihilation.

To the aid, Col. Bissell replied: "I am not ready to retreat yet," whilst his regiment continued returning the fire of the Mexicans. In a few moments the Colonel ordered, "cease firing!" "shoulder arms!" "dress!" The Mexican fire was abated, and then, for at least two minutes, did that noble body of men stand under a steady, galling and raking fire of artillery, and musketry, with an overwhelming force of infantry and cavalry advancing upon them, unblenching and unwavering, without firing a gun.

Not a man moved, while their Colonel's eye ran along the line to see if any one quailed. "About face!" "dress!" "forward march!" They moved off in common time. "Quick time—march!"—and the regiment retired, under circumstances which have never failed before in the history of war, in causing a panic. The Mexicans considered themselves certain of victory, and with "vivas" and "hurrahs," on came their splendid cavalry, surging down in their green and scarlet, their plumes waving, and their lances gleaming in the sun, with their thousand gay streamers catching the glittering beams as every breath of air fluttered them like glittering leaves of a fairy forest, upon that apparently devoted body of men.

Two hundred yards quickly passed, Bissell's men reached the spot designed for them to hold. The lancers were preparing for the last charge, which was to hurl our brave fellows into the ravine before them. "Halt!" "dress!" Coolly and calmly as if on parade, did these Suckers obey the command, whilst the thunder of squadron after squadron, on the slope they had just left, told that the enemy was upon them. They could not see them, but they could hear the horses' hoofs, the jingle of sabres, and the clatter of lances, the inspiring charge of bugle, and the "vivas" of the men, as they rushed on to the seemingly easy victory; and no doubt many a heart fluttered, and many an eye glanced involuntarily around—for it was a fearful thing to know that an enemy is upon your back; but not a muscle swayed.

"About face!" "commence firing!" and a volley of musketry rolled upon those buzzing cavaliers, which silenced their cheering; and as column and rank went down before that deadly and steady fire—as their number lessened, and their chargers swerved from this serried line of men who knew no defeat, their column wavered, trembled as it were, slackened in speed, and broke in confusion. Rallying back in tumultuous retreat upon the enemy, the whole division was involved in inextricable confusion, and in disorder left the field. Thus was the tide of battle turned on that eventful day, and less than half a full regiment in numbers defeated ten thousand of the flower of Santa Anna's army; and that too, when the army was rushing in, flushed with victory, and encouraged by the flight of one regiment—saving the credit of our arms, and the lives of the thousands who stood there—with them.—Illinois Argus.

## A Tale of Horror.

While traveling a couple of weeks since, we heard from the lips of a friend one of the most heart-rending recitals we have listened to for a long time. He was put off from a steambot on or near Wolf Island, about 25 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, for the purpose of collecting a debt from a man living about five miles in the country, on the Missouri side, we think. With a carpet bag in his hand, he had followed a narrow path about three miles, when he came across a small cabin. Yet "cabin" would not describe the place of habitation, for such it proved to be. It was a little dilapidated shed, with no boards on one side and great crevices on the other sides and in the roof. He would have passed it by, but moans from the inside told that it was occupied. Wishing to inquire his road, he stopped, and stood before the open side of the shed, and gazed upon a spectacle, which, as he said, was present before his eyes days afterward, and haunted his sleep. We describe what he saw, as he told us, only saying that strange as the story may seem, full reliance can be placed upon his words.

There was not a bed or chair in the shed, but stretched upon the bare ground lay the body of a youthful looking woman, who had evidently just died. Her form was almost a perfect skeleton; yet the face was that of a refined and beautiful woman. On her breast lay an infant about 6 months old, with its mouth to the breast of its mother, and dead. And sitting up in the corner of the shed, and staring the traveler in the face with glazed eyes, was what he thought another corpse, but life was yet in it. The figure was that of a girl, apparently about fifteen years old. She could not rise to her feet, and yet she was not sick. She was literally dying of starvation! By the side of the woman, and clasping her hand, lay a man covered with blood and apparently in a dying state. And to this the filth of the room and the half naked condition of the sufferers, and we wonder not that the scene long haunted the observer. He went in. The girl could not speak, but the man cried "water" in a feeble voice, and pointed to the girl, as if to attract the stranger's attention to her. The traveler, Mr. J., of Cincinnati, hastened away, taking with him a tin pan, and says he never ran harder in his life than he did about half a mile to a small stream he had passed—and returning, found the man alive, who eagerly drank the water, and pointing to the girl said in a whisper, "she's starving!" Mr. J. gave the girl water, which revived her, and she tried to walk, but could not.

He learned with difficulty that there was a house about a mile distant, where he has tented, but found only a negro. While getting some provisions and returning, the negro said the Cholera had broken out in that neighborhood, and the family owning him had left for the time being—that the little girl of the shed had daily appeared there for provisions until about three days past—that the man and woman had been sick for a long time, &c. On their return, the man was dying—he lived but an hour. The little girl was revived by food; she said she had been sick herself, and could not walk to the house for food, that her mother died the day previous, and the baby about the same time, and that her father had tried to kill himself when they died. It was horrid. The child was taken to the house, and the rest of the unfortunate family buried. The child afterwards stated her name was Mary Williams, and Mr. J.

thought from what he could gather, that the family was from a New Albany.

The negro said the family had been there some weeks, and came directly after his owner had left. As there was not a family in the neighborhood, the person also having gone whom Mr. J. wished to see, the girl was left with the negro, who promised faithfully to attend her, yet there were but little hopes of her recovery. It has never been our misfortune to hear a more horrible tale of reality than this.—[Evansville (Ind.) Journal.]

## Life on the Ocean.

[Mr. Kinney, late editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, but who recently left to fill the appointment of Consul at Sardinia, gives the following description of the voyage across the ocean.]

An Atlantic steamer, peopled for the sea, is itself a world, comprising specimens of almost every nation on the habitable globe. When the "America" left her wharf on the 19th of June, in her hundred and twenty passengers were included English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, North Americans, South Americans, Mexicans, West Indians, Spanish, French, Germans, Danes, &c., the United States Representatives being Yankees, New Yorkers, Southerners, and Western men. You will easily imagine that these formed a motley company when they walked, and a babel when they talked! To us, these human patterns of all worlds would have furnished study and amusement for the whole voyage had there been nothing to wonder at, ponder, and admire in the surrounding waste—"in the blue above, and the blue below." As it was, the studies of nature, and human nature alternately filled up the time, so that it passed almost too rapidly away. Talk now to those who never crossed the ocean before, of its terrors, and they would not understand you; for, to us the sea was a liberal friend, doubling the smile of Heaven that bent over our heads in cerulean beauty; or, a capricious mirror, golden in the sunlight, and silvered by the moon that blessed all our nights with her companionable beams.

But, lest we should pass over the great deed, filled only with the sense of beauty, the august presence of icebergs—those citadels of arctic seas—awakened in us a deep sense of the sublimity and reverence ever due to Ocean, that mighty "hierarch of nature," whose "voice of many waters" leads the worship of Creation. On the morning of our first Sabbath out, the increased chilliness of the atmosphere gave intimations of proximity to these ice-mountains, which ere noon stood round us, at safe distance, rearing their majestic summits, crowned with innumerable gems. They were of every shape, from pyramid to the Grecian temple—of the whitest white, and seemed alabaster palaces, temples and monuments, not in motion, but to stand firm, based in the depth of the deep, and pointing to the sun that gilded the towers.

But, to pass from the lofty scenery of Nature to a scene of moral sublimity—more pleasing than his mightiest works to the God of Nature, who listens to the Sabbath bell no less complacently when it swings at the mast-head of a humble ship, than when rung out to far hills from the temple spire—let me take you into the saloon of the "America," where the Captain sits in the centre with the Bible and Prayer Book before him, surrounded by his officers and his hardy sailors, washed and neatly attired, on the one hand, and the congregation on the other—like a father in the midst of a household. In a clear, rich voice, he reads the service of the English Church, following it with a well-selected and impressive sermon. The hearty responses of the seamen—the blessed proof that, at least, once in the week they are reminded of and directed to the sailor's truest Friend, could not but touch the Christian heart, and more than one of that company of worshippers felt deeply, as they were leaving the land of religious liberty, "how blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

## Terrible Affliction.

The following notice of a sad visitation in the household of Gov. Clarke, formerly a printer in Harrisburg, a native of Westmoreland county Pa.,—of Iowa, is from a Burlington exchange—the Telegraph:

Died.—In this city, on Saturday night, at the residence of Gov. Clarke, of cholera, Mrs. Frances Wise, of Wapello—and a few hours afterwards, Mrs. Christiana H. Clarke, wife of Gov. Clarke—and on the next day, and a few hours subsequently to the death of Mrs. C., Miss Jane Stull, daughter of Gen. Stull, formerly Secretary of Iowa Territory. The names of these estimable ladies are chronicled in the order in which they were called from our midst, partly to show the beautiful devotion of the female heart, as it is illustrated at the bed side of a dying friend. Mrs. Wise being the guest of Gov. Clarke, yielded to the

promptings of her kindly and womanly nature, and became a ministering attendant, to some extent, of a dying child. When attacked herself, Mrs. Clarke, as hostess, friend, and warmest hearted of women, became the devoted friend of her afflicted guest; nor did she relax in her noble exertions until the relentless hand of disease had fastened upon herself. Intelligence of this attack soon brought to her bedside the now lamented and generous hearted Miss Stull—than whom a nobler spirit or a truer friend never breathed—and she, alas! no sooner saw the cherished object of her attentions inevitably perishing beneath the violence of disease, than herself became a victim, and in a few brief hours, followed to the tomb, the dear friend whom she had sought to save.

And, to complete the dreadful visitation, we find the following in our Western exchanges:

DEATH OF EX GOV. CLARKE, OF IOWA.—We are sorry to hear of the death of James Clarke, Ex-Governor of Iowa. He died on Sunday night, the 28th of July. At the time of his death, Gov. C. was editor of the Iowa Gazette, Burlington. All who knew him will hear of his decease with sorrow.—Galena Gazette.

He was a son-in-law of Senator Dodge, of this State. His daughter and her child had but a few days before been swept away by the same scourge.—Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Aug. 3.

## The Rectitude Judiciary.

The amendment to our State Constitution, authorizing the election of Judges by the people, which is to be submitted to the electors of the State next fall, it has been thought would meet with no serious opposition, since even the party presses generally have pretended to favor it. In this, however, it seems we have been mistaken, for the Lancaster "Republican and Press," contains a letter from Garrison Mallory and C. Ingersoll, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Samuel Parke, Esq., setting forth that "an opposition is now being organized in various parts of the State to the proposed amendment; and that it is intended to hold in the course of this month, at some designated place, a small private meeting, to consist of two individuals only, one Whig and one Democrat, from each judicial district, quietly to consult upon, and arrange a plan of action for the different counties."

An opposition so unexpected, and coming from a source so respectable, ought to put the people on the alert, that a measure which has appeared to receive the sanction of nineteen twentieths of the entire population of Pennsylvania, should not be defeated by a very small minority, in consequence of their apathy. Let the people awake to this matter, and there can be no danger of defeat.—[Pottsville Emporium.]

## A Leap Almost Incredible.

One of the most extraordinary feats on record was performed on Friday evening, August 24, by a small Sorrel Mare, belonging to Mr. Zimmerman, Livery Stable-keeper, in Mercersville. Lebeus Hughes, son of E. Hughes, Esq., aged about 12 years, was riding the Mare, when she became frightened and ran away with him; she ran up the Railroad to where it crosses Wolf creek just above the shop of Mr. Wm. De Haven, at which point the plank had been removed from the Bridge for a space of about 25 feet. Here, as if fearful of attempting the leap, she stopped suddenly for a moment, and then gathered all her energies, cleared the space at a single bound. We could hardly believe such a feat possible, had it not been witnessed by several persons who immediately measured the distance jumped, and found it to be twenty-seven feet! Neither horse nor rider were injured by the wonderful exploit.—[Pottsville Emporium.]

Privilege and Obligation are but correlative terms. The greater the privilege, the greater the duty, and the greaver the sin of leaving it unperformed. We ask more for the pulpit, than that it be provided with a pious and well educated ministry; and we ask more for the ministry, than that it should receive an adequate pecuniary support, and be respected and encouraged. We claim for it a practical regard for the truths it inculcates, and the duties it enforces. We ask for it that character, those hopes, and those efforts which it was instituted to attain and advance.—[Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D.]

PRINCIPAL MONUMENT.—Gerrit Smith of Peterboro has recently distributed \$30,000 in cash, and 500 farms to 1000 poor landless and temperate white persons in York State. \$150 and eight farms of the above have been given to individuals in the county of Ontario.  
Excellent. Mr. Smith, like a sensible man, wishes to see his money do good while he is living. It looks better than dying bed donations, for charitable objects, for then it is only given because it is no more of use to the possessor.