

THE CHRONICLE.

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

Lewisburg, Pa. Wednesday Morning, October 23

ADVERTISEMENTS—Executors, Administrators, Public Officers, City and Country Merchants, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Dealers, etc.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The present is the most favorable season not only for reading, but for procuring subscriptions for Newspapers—and to all who think the "Chronicle" deserving of support, we offer this inducement until the 1st of January.

And with the memory of the beauteous spirits of loved ones, who were ministering angels on earth, come thronging back countless reminiscences of the far past, on which the heart loves to linger in pensive contemplation—the communing of kindred minds—bright hours of social intercourse—unbroken circles around fireside sanctuaries—affection's hand scattered, with flight of time, to the lakes of the sea, and to strange lands far over the blue waves of the ocean, or its cherished ties severed by Azrael's fell touch, the icy hand of death.

And mingled with these, come gently stealing in yearnings after the undimmed sunlight of childhood's home, with its hallowed scenery and associations, when the hours flew by on wings of down, and the visioned future loomed up before young eyes' fancy, like the Paradise above:

Music, Pianos, &c. Coming up Market street the other day, as sober as the gloomy, drizzly weather, absorbed in pondering a knotty law point, we suddenly encountered Mr. Kalisch, at the door of his Music Rooms.

With that complacency her teachings are received when health, wealth, troops of friends, and all life's comforts abound. And with those who feel no care and have known no real sorrow, how evanescent are the impressions so lightly given.

Thoughtful, and of far-reaching import, are the solemn meditations of those who cling with trusting faith, through all life's storms, to Him who trod the "wine press of wrath" for our race, and can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

Mr. Kalisch is well known in this section of country, and we are happy to say, well patronized. The piano he now has on hand, is of very superior finish, has seven octaves (one octave more than usual) and presents many new and valuable improvements, among which we may mention a board iron frame, extending through the interior just above the sounding board, which gives the instrument great firmness and durability, and prevents it from warping.

In tone it is better suited for a private parlor than Meyer's, and is besides more moderate in price. Mr. K. is agent for the manufacturer, and any person wishing to procure a good instrument at a low rate, can be accommodated by calling on him before the navigation closes.

WE LEARN by a gentleman from Millerstown that as the down passenger train on the Central Rail Road passed opposite that place on last Thursday evening, it was turned on the side track (the switch being misplaced) and ran into a burden car, loaded with stoves, which was completely demolished.

And when the sky is shrouded in gloom, come where the "pines make moan," and hearken to the thought-inspiring music of the old tree-tops, as swaying to and fro in the premonitory blasts of winter, they seem, with solemn cadence, to be swelling a dirge for expiring nature.

And again, look out at midnight when the mountains are in flames, and all round the horizon the autumnal night-fires spread on the wings of the wind, in lines of lurid light, sublime and terrible—like fiery serpents seeking, with baleful convolutions, to grasp earth's richest treasures in their deadly folds and bear them away to Pluto's domains as a burnt-offering for the damned; dimly emblematic, perhaps, of the serene and yellow leaf in the life-time of our planet which shall come in future ages—that prophetic period when the penal fires of fallen angels shall envelope the globe, and as it is hurled flaming through the depths of space, the wondering universe be called to witness the final conflagration of the world!

ATHEAD.—The Union Times, and the Sabary Gazette, have hoisted the name of Col. Wm. BIGLER, of Clearfield Co., as next Democratic candidate for Governor.

THAT BRIDGE.—It will be seen by a notice among our new Advertisements that the Full Bridge is to be rebuilt.

FULL RETURNS of the State Election, probably, in our next paper.

The Indian Summer.

The reign of the Dog-Star has ended, and now "Autumn is in the forest, byrning forth and its pervading melody, and gentle, solemn influences so stir the heart's veiled depths, and penetrate the chambers of its imagery with such subdued but thrilling power, that even angelic lyres might yield to its inspiration.

With encircling hills and mountain gorges all around us, mantled with forests whose many-hued foliage clothes the earth as with garments dyed in blood, and nature glowing in the mellow sunlight of October, even a brain of lead could not but acknowledge the ethereal influences that brood with hazy gleam, around, above and within:

"There is a dreamy presence everywhere, As if of spirits passing to and fro; We almost hear their voices in the air, And feel their balmy pinions touch the brow."

And with the memory of the beauteous spirits of loved ones, who were ministering angels on earth, come thronging back countless reminiscences of the far past, on which the heart loves to linger in pensive contemplation—the communing of kindred minds—bright hours of social intercourse—unbroken circles around fireside sanctuaries—affection's hand scattered, with flight of time, to the lakes of the sea, and to strange lands far over the blue waves of the ocean, or its cherished ties severed by Azrael's fell touch, the icy hand of death.

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Lewisburg Reading Room.

Our citizens will in a few days have an opportunity of enjoying the privileges and benefits of a comfortable and well-appointed Reading Room, liberally supplied with the principal daily papers from the Atlantic cities, and the weekly papers of central Pennsylvania, to which will be added from time to time such Newspapers and Magazines, as the patronage received may be found to warrant.

The fine, airy room in the second story of Col. McFaddin's brick building, on Market street, opposite Mr. Penny's Saddlery, has been fitted up for the purpose in good style, and will be open on Friday and Saturday of this week for the inspection of all persons who may feel disposed to favor the establishment with a visit.

The Room will be opened for the use of its patrons on Monday next, upon the following terms: To the 1st of April next, \$1.50; for one week, 25 cents. Single visits, (to be allowed only) when it will not accommodate patrons,) 5 cents. All payments to be in advance. Subscribers removing from town, to have the right to dispose of their interest; and patrons to have the privilege of introducing strangers as visitors, for a term not exceeding one week.

This is an untried experiment in Lewisburg, but that is no reason why it should not meet with a success equal to its intrinsic merits, and capacity for usefulness. Our population and business certainly would seem to justify the attempt to establish such a place of resort for all whom business or recreation might draw thither. Other towns of less size than this can boast of well-patronized reading rooms, which prove highly entertaining and serviceable to the communities in which they are located, and why may not this borough be equally well off? Here our merchants and other business men, for less than half the annual subscription price of a daily paper, can have constant access to at least twenty dailies from Philadelphia, New York, &c., and thus obtain much fuller business intelligence, and more general news, than by a four-fold expenditure for papers for their own private use. Master-workmen can thus, at a cheap rate, provide instruction of that kind, and a cheerful unexceptionable place of resort for their apprentices; and mechanics, laboring men, journeymen and students profitably employ their evenings, or an occasional leisure hour or half hour, in keeping themselves advised of the progress of things in the world, acquiring general information, and cultivating a thirst for knowledge and a taste for reading—and to this extent much valuable time is improved that might otherwise be wasted in lounging about stores, bar-rooms, oyster cellars, &c., of no use to themselves or any one else. Strangers, too, when they come to town en masse, much to their own gratification, in a short time, through the facilities afforded by such a Room, keep up with the current news of the day, and, as a natural consequence of a privilege so essential in modern times to the comfort of traveling, feel better satisfied with themselves and their accommodations, and form a more favorable opinion of the character and resources of our town.

What has become of the Perry County Democrat? It has not made its appearance among our exchanges, of late.

P. S. It has just come to hand! We are happy to perceive that its venerable Editor has not yet kicked the bucket, and appears to be as deeply attached to us as ever.

Our compliments and congratulations, by the way, to Maj. Bailey. He's a clever fellow, and certainly a very lucky dog. He seems now to be directly on the political Central Rail-road to "higher honors."

Alexandre's Patent Artificial Leech is the name of a new instrument intended to supplant the use of natural leeches, and is said by competent judges to accomplish all the useful purposes of local blood-letting, combining perfect safety, cleanliness and cheapness, without the difficulties, trouble, loss of time, inconvenience and danger attending the use of natural leeches. We understand it has met the decided approval of the Physicians in this place; and is worthy the attention of the profession generally. For sale at Dr. T. A. H. Thornton's Drug Store.

The following is the official vote in the Thirteenth Congressional District:

Table with 4 columns: District, Union, Northumberland, Lycoming, Clinton, Sullivan, Total.

REPRESENTATIVE—OFFICIAL.

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Distressing Occurrence. One day last week, a dispute occurred between David Masters and Henry Johnson, near Millville, about some buckwheat, growing on a piece of land in dispute between said Masters and Johnson, but for which, judgment had, at the last term of Court, gone in favor of Masters. Johnson interposed when Masters went to harvest the buckwheat, and while the two men were scuffling, the wife of Johnson threw a stone at his antagonist, which accidentally hitting her husband on the head, killed him. He was buried on Saturday last. We have learned nothing further. It is a most melancholy casualty. The parties are highly respectable, we are intimately acquainted with them, and none can feel more sorrow for the untoward circumstances than ourselves.—(Columbia Democrat.)

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Mr. Editor: I am passionately fond of circum-ambient eloquence, and abstract science diluted to the consistency of effluent fog; and must therefore beg you will do me the favor to publish the following extract, for my own satisfaction purely—nothing else. It is part of a lecture on mental philosophy, which I copy from an old book, entitled "Miscellaneous Thoughts on Men, Manners, and Things, by Anthony Grambler, of Grumbleton Hall, Esquire." Here is the extract. I greatly admire its lucid perspicacity, and the subtended force of its orbital logic, reaching as it does from the perihelion to the zenith.

"The luminous reflection of the light of reason, like the swift-darting flash from the Ægion shield, strikes a dazzling conviction on all those who, by the concatenation of human events, are absorbed into the sphere of its micrography. Its powers are irrefragable—its unity, like that of a sister republic, (France,) indivisible: like that, its fulciment is true virtue—its appogium is faith; and therefore, though its base may be shaken, the foundation can not be approved by the mutation of all the ambidextrous liturgians of this globular jumble of elemental matter. Indeliberately have I always avowed, that its latenter cavity would engulf all the petty verbiage of weak-mindedness, the languid languor of laziness, the blind, grovelling earth-wormness of those children of noisance who still adhere to the apocryphal details of the New and Old Testament! These beauties may be latent, but can not be forever concealed, for even the lodoromick mazes of interpolatory periphrastick, can not conceal them from the searcher. Even to those who avow a taste for the attic salt of ancient notoriety, its salsoceidality must be evidently pungent, while its salubrity on the mental affections is unprecedented, and only gentle medicaments of an apophlegmatic nature are requisite to a perfect cure of the somnolent stupor that pervades its faculties when in *data quo*. The arts of stenography, logography, brachygraphy, and of paleography, are unequal to the expression of its praises—incommensurate with the palacious greatness of its lustrous powers. Then, how can I, in my weak, unadorned, humble language, display the impetus glare, that inplex irradiation, that divine light of reason, which must, and will, at some future day, not far distant, prove, after some luctation, the incomputable latitudinarian manducation to the anatomical illustration of the Mind of Man?"

Dr. Baker has for sale, cheap, at his Drug Store, a new article called "Thompson's Patent Starch Polish," designed to give a beautiful gloss and smooth surface to linens, muslins, cambrics, calicoes, shirt bosoms, &c., and prevents the dust from sticking. One cake will do 60 doz. clothes. Chemists certify that it has no injurious qualities. It was tried at "our house" the other day, and if any body about town this week can produce a shirt collar or bosom to take the "shine" off of the one we wear at this present writing, we will surrender instantaneously, if not sooner.

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Are Corn Cobs, good Manure?

This question was lately put to me by a gentleman at Jackson, North Carolina. I answered yes, of course; that I considered them very valuable, &c. To this, another man put in an objection. He cautioned the first person not to use them too freely. If he did, he would make any corn; "because," said he, "I tried them last season, and where I put them on thickest, I lost all my corn."

"Ah! how do you account for that?" said I.

"Oh! easy enough. There is so much lime in cobs, it burnt up the land so that the growing corn all died."

"So much lime in cobs!" I exclaimed; "Well, that is new to me. Are you sure that was the cause?"

"Oh, yes; certainly. What else could it be? I don't believe much in lime, no how."

"Perhaps you did not plow your cobs in deep enough. What kind of land was it?"

"Well, it was good strong clay land, and they were plowed as deep as we ever plow in this country. How deep would you have plowed?"

"Ten or twelve inches!" Well, I don't want you to plow my land. You'd turn the soil all under so deep it never would do you any good again."

"My dear sir, I would not only plow that deep, but I would use the subsoil plow, also, and then I don't think that the lime in corn cobs would hurt your land."

"You may talk as much as you like, but I know it was the lime in the cobs that killed my corn; and lime will kill any land in this climate; and as for a subsoil plow, I wouldn't let you bring one on my farm; and I don't believe they were ever of any benefit to land in the world."

"What sort of plows do you use, my friend, and how much team to a plow?"

"Why, the common sort of plows in this country; and I never want any plows on my land that one horse can't pull. I've seen enough of your new fangled Yankee plows—I believe they are just poison to the land, I do; and as for plaster and guano, that you talk so much about, I've tried both and they ain't worth a cent; no, nor lime either."

Now, I pray you to take notice that this wise man is not only a farmer, but he is an over-seer—one who hires for high wages—lets himself and his knowledge and skill to another; sets himself up as a competent teacher of the right mode of farming, manuring, and managing land; and, as you see, understands "agricultural chemistry," about upon a par with nine tenths of his class; and yet this man has charge of an estate that is probably worth seventy or eighty thousand dollars. How can a country improve when nearly all the agricultural operations are conducted by just such bigoted ignoramuses as this man—men that ridicule the idea of learning about farming in a book. And not only that, but when such men as the Messrs. Bargwyn's are conducting their enlightened operations right before their eyes, and by means of lime, turning old broom-sedge fields into the most luxuriant clover pastures, they not only ridicule them because the first "crops don't pay cost," but contend that lime and deep plowing will ruin any land. How can you teach a man agricultural science, that contends that "lime in corn cobs" killed his corn, and who never reads an agricultural book or paper?

On the Use of Mules.

1. Mules, on a general average, live more than twice as long as horses. They are fit for service from three years old to thirty. At twelve a horse has seen his colthood, and is going down hill, but a mule at that age has scarcely risen out of his colthood, and goes on improving till he is twenty. Instances are recorded of mules living sixty or seventy years, but these are exceptions. The general rule is that they average thirty.

2. Horses are never exposed to diseases as mules are. Immense sums of money are annually lost in the premature death of high-spirited horses by accidents and disease. The omnibus lines in the city of New York have been able to sustain their losses, and are beginning to use mules as less liable by far even to accident as well as disease. This results from the next consideration, which is that—

3. Mules have organs of vision and hearing far superior to those of a horse. Hence they seldom shear, and frighten, and run off. A horse frightens, because he imagines he sees something frightful, but a mule, having superior discernment, both by the eye and ear, understands everything he meets, and therefore is safe. For the same reason he is surer footed, and hence more valuable in mountainous regions, and on dangerous roads.

4. The mule is much more hardy than the horse. A pair of these animals, owned by a neighbor of mine, although small in size, will plough more land in a week than four horses. Their faculty of endurance is almost incredible.

5. Another very important fact is, that in matter of food, a mule will live and thrive on less than one half it takes to keep a horse. The horses of England at this present time, are consuming grain, which would save the lives of thousands of British subjects. But yet individual farmers, who

are in debt, and whose land is not improved would find it profitable, in the course of ten years, to have the labor of a full team, and save one half and more of the food necessary to keep it up, as might be the case in substituting mules for horses.—[New York Farmer & Mechanic.

A Good Illustration.

"How do you sell peaches?" asked a young gentleman of one of the boys who deal in the article on the large bridge.

"Two for a cent, Sir," was the boy's polite answer. "Two for a cent!" exclaimed the gentleman, with apparent astonishment.

"Two for a cent!" he repeated, very deliberately. "It was evident now that his fingers did not find what they were searching for."

"Two for a cent," he said once more, in a somewhat lower tone, and turning round to leave the basket. "Two for a cent! Well, by thunder! that is cheap enough."

"I ONLY HAD A CENT!"—[Prov. Post.]

The Post has inadvertently furnished, by this anecdote, a very good Tariff argument. The Free Traders are constantly insisting that every man shall be allowed to buy where he can buy cheapest. The peaches, by the confession of the querist, were very cheap. But what did all that avail, so long as he hadn't the cent? It may be a comfortable reflection to the man that wants a coat that he can get it for half the old price, if he has the money to pay for it. But if he had no money, its cheapness would be rather an aggravation than a comfort.

Most men in this country only get hold of money in exchange for their labor. It is, therefore, more important to the laborer that labor should be in demand at fair rates, than that boots, hats, coats, and beef should be very cheap. For, with plenty of work at good prices, the laborer can afford to pay liberally for his bread and beef. Nothing is cheap to a man, however much he may require it, if for the want of work he has been unable to earn what the article costs; while anything is cheap, which he needs, if from having plenty of work and good pay, his pockets are well filled with bank bills. Free-Trade may make things nominally cheap; but when the laborer goes to buy them, from having been deprived of work by the free-trade policy, he will find himself too poor to make the purchase.—[Allany Jour.

Another Scientific Wonder!—Parasitic (the true Digestive Fluid or Gastric Juice)—A great Dyspepsia curer, prepared from Jenat or the fourth stomach of the Ox, after direction of Baron Liebig, the great Physiologist and chemist, by J. S. Houghton, M. D., No. 11 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. This is a truly wonderful remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, jaundice, constipation, liver complaint and debility, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own agent, the Gastric Juice. See Advertisement in another column.

IMPORTANT to those having impurities of the Blood.—BRANT'S PURIFYING EXTRACT, the most wonderful Purifier in the world, is now put in QUART BOTTLES. [See advertisement headed "64 DOSES."] It is so strong and purifying, that one bottle lasts from ten to fifteen days longer than Brant's Pills. Dr. Thornton, agent, Lewisburg. [See 323

GREAT COUGH REMEDY! VAYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL: For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, ASTHMA, WHOOPING-COUGH AND CONSUMPTION.

IN offering to the community this justly celebrated Remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men, and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Medical men are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

Prof. Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, Maine, writes: "I have witnessed the effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own family and in many others, and it gives me satisfaction to state that no asthma I have ever known to exist, has not been cured, and that the most violent symptoms of consumption, consumptive cough, and the most obstinate whooping-cough, have been cured by the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL, and has completely recovered."

Dr. A. C. King, of New York, writes: "I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL with success in many cases of asthma, and for the cure of the CHERRY PECTORAL, might have continued to be so many years, but that I have cured me, and I am likely to keep me, from its use."—[See 323]

From such testimony we ask the public to judge for themselves.

Hear the Patient. Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physician I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continue to use it till completely cured, and now I feel as well as ever. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN RYAN, JR. This day appeared the above named John Ryan, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect. LEXINGTON, NORTON, JUNE 1852.

The Remedy that Cures. Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL with success in many cases of asthma, and for the cure of the CHERRY PECTORAL, might have continued to be so many years, but that I have cured me, and I am likely to keep me, from its use."—[See 323]

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For sale by W. SCHAFFLE, Lewisburg; J. H. Cadore, Milton; Isaac Gehart, Selingsgrove; and by Druggists generally.

MARRIED. In Lancaster City, 1st inst., JAMES M. BLACKWELL, of Mobile, Ala., and Miss MARTHA M. BRYAN, late of Lewisburg.

In Danville, 15th inst. by Rev. J. J. Eschgood, Dr. CLARENCE H. FRICK and Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Maj. Wm. Col. In Northumberland, 18th ult., by Rev. S. L. M. Conser, STEWART HAUFF and Miss SUSANNA WITMER, both of Hartleton.

By Rev. A. B. Casper, 15th inst., JACOB HEIMBACH of Buffalo and Miss LYDIA WATSON of Limestone, Union Co.

DIED. In Kelly Tp. 21st inst., ADAM STARR, aged abt. 64 years.

At Berlin Iron Works, Union Co., 26th ult., JAMES M. in his 6th year, and on the 9th inst., ELIZA JANE, in her 20th year—both children of Joseph Painter.

In Lock Haven, 4th inst., JULIA ELLIOTT, daughter of Cephas J. and Elizabeth House, aged 6 years and 5 months.

At Peru Mills, Juniata Co., 5th inst., in his 47th year, JAMES MATHIAS, former State Senator from this District.

In Bellefonte, 10th inst., in her 53rd year, MARY, relict of the late Hon. Saml. Wilson, and daughter of Gen. Ph. Bennett.

At his father's residence, in M'Veigh's Rev. A. Tidings Esquire, aged 24 years.

In Bloom Tp., Col. Co., 4th inst., JAMES MCLEER, in his 77th year. Col. M. was the first white child born between Westoning and Northumberland, and lived and died on the spot of his nativity. He was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a devoted and exemplary Christian, and one of our most valuable citizens. Universally respected in life, his death is deeply lamented by all who enjoyed his valued acquaintance.—[Bloomburg Democrat.

Rev. Mr. BUTTS, of Northumberland, will preach in the Christian Church, Lewisburg, on Sunday evening next.

NOTICE.—A portion of the unsold and unrented ships in the Lewisburg Baptist Meeting House, will be offered for rent, on Saturday next, at 8, P. M., at the house—the proceeds to be applied towards the remaining debt. Single sittings will be rented, or whole lots rented or sold. A Plan of the Ships, &c., may be seen by calling on S. BARTON.

Lewisburg Market. Corrected this Day.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Wheat 90.95, Rye 50, Corn 40, Oats 39, Flaxseed 100, Dried Apples 100, Butter 124, Eggs 5, Lard 10, Ham 7, Bacon 3.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER!—Parasitic (the true Digestive Fluid or Gastric Juice)—A great Dyspepsia curer, prepared from Jenat or the fourth stomach of the Ox, after direction of Baron Liebig, the great Physiologist and chemist, by J. S. Houghton, M. D., No. 11 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. This is a truly wonderful remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, jaundice, constipation, liver complaint and debility, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own agent, the Gastric Juice. See Advertisement in another column.

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IN offering to the community this justly celebrated Remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men, and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Medical men are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

Prof. Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, Maine, writes: "I have witnessed the effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own family and in many others, and it gives me satisfaction to state that no asthma I have ever known to exist, has not been cured, and that the most violent symptoms of consumption, consumptive cough, and the most obstinate whooping-cough, have been cured by the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL, and has completely recovered."

Dr. A. C. King, of New York, writes: "I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL with success in many cases of asthma, and for the cure of the CHERRY PECTORAL, might have continued to be so many years, but that I have cured me, and I am likely to keep me, from its use."—[See 323]

From such testimony we ask the public to judge for themselves.

Hear the Patient. Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physician I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continue to use it till completely cured, and now I feel as well as ever. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN RYAN, JR. This day appeared the above named John Ryan, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect. LEXINGTON, NORTON, JUNE 1852.

The Remedy that Cures. Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL with success in many cases of asthma, and for the cure of the CHERRY PECTORAL, might have continued to be so many years, but that I have cured me, and I am likely to keep me, from its use."—[See 323]