LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

Losses by Sea and by Fire.

The full extent of losses on vessels which have met with disasters reported in American papers, in some way connected with American trade, embracing inland trade, exceeds 4,000 in the last twelve months. The whole reported from every part of the world is over 10,000.

Up to 1850 the average losses reported from every section reach 3,000 per annum. The loss of the last twelve months exceeds those of any three previous years.

Over fifty vessels in that time have not been heard from. Among the missing vessels the last year not heard from are:

Packet-ships Constitution and Waterloo, full cargoes	$200,000
Steamer City of Glasgow, total loss	1,000,000
WRECKS.	
Loss by fire—Steamer Humboldt (Halifax Hark.)	1,200,000
Steamer Franklin (Long Island)	1,500,000
Ship Montezuma.	
Ship C. Jerome.	
A Bremen ship—300 passengers.	
Steamer Arctic	2,000,000
	7,900,000

The steamer San Francisco, with troops, and many others.

The losses paid by Marine Insurance Companies for the last year, in New York alone, exceed $12,000,000.

Two hundred and one vessels were reported in a single week in *The Journal of Commerce*.

A gentleman who has prepared for me these statistics, assures me that the losses on land, *by fire and storms*, for the last twelve months, are not less than Eighteen Millions of Dollars, making not less in all than Thirty Millions of Dollars!—*Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon on the loss of the Arctic.*

Elections for Governor, Pennsylvania.

1799—Thomas M'Kean	37,244	
James Ross	32,642	
M'Kean's majority		4,602
1802—Thomas M'Kean	47,878	
James Ross	17 034	
M'Kean's maj.		30,845
1805—Thomas M'Kean	43 614	
Simon Snyder	38,378	
M'Kean's maj.		5,266
1808—Simon Snyder	67,975	
James Ross	39 575	
John Spayd	4,006	
Snyder's maj.		28,400
1811—Simon Snyder	52 219	
Wm. Tilghman	3 609	
Snyder's maj.		48,710
1814—Simon Snyder	51,099	
Isaac Wayne	29 566	
Snyder's maj		21,533
1817—William Findley	69 333	
Joseph Heister	52,272	
Findley's maj.		7,061
1820—Joseph Heister	67.905	
William Findley	66,300	
Hiester's maj.		1,605
1823—John A. Shultze	89.993	
Andrew Gregg	64,211	
Shultze's maj.		25,787
1826—John A. Shultze	72,710	
John Sergeant	1,175	
Scattering	1,174	
Shultze's maj.		71,525
1829—George Wolfe	78,219	
Joseph Ritner	51,776	
Wolfe's maj.		26,443
1832—George Wolfe	91,355	
Joseph Ritner	88,165	
Wolfe's maj.		3,190
1835—Joseph Ritner	94,028	
George Wolfe	65,804	
H. A. Muhlenberg	40,586	
Ritner's maj.		29,224
1838—David R. Porter	127,521	
Joseph Ritner	122,325	
Porter's maj.		5,296
1841—David R. Porter	136,504	
John Banks	113,578	
Porter's maj.		23,026
1844—Francis R. Shunk	160,322	
Joseph Markle	156,040	
Shunk's maj.		4,282
1847—Francis R. Shunk	146,081	
James Irvin	128,148	
E. C. Reigart	11,247	
F. J. Lemoyne	1,861	
Shunk's maj.		17,338
1848—Wm. F. Johnston	168,522	
Morris Longstreth	168,225	
Johnston's maj.		297
1851—William Bigler	186,496	
Wm. F. Johnston	178,034	
Bigler's maj.		8,462
1854—James Pollock	204,008	
William Bigler	167,001	
Benj. R. Bradford	1,503	
Pollock's maj.		37,007

[By Request of one of 'em.]

Are Choir-Singers, Quarrelsome?

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage; two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances; a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy: mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity: but all the pigs, rams, mules and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church.—History of Sagtown Choir.

The *gusto* with which hard things are said about choir-singers, would in a better cause be refreshing. One would think that the donation of their time, services, and oftentimes money, for the good of the congregation, should exempt their private foibles from the animadversion to which the publicity of their position exposes them; but in too many instances this is far from being the case. The clergyman, if he thinks of them at all, regards them only as a hornet's nest into which it is neither safe nor agreeable to put his head. If, when buffeted on the one cheek by the deacon, and members of the congregation generally, for delinquencies imaginary as well as real, they do not meekly turn the other also, and exhibit a superhuman stoicism to all criticism, whether made in a manner uncalled-for or unkind—they are at once set down as the most unmanageable, irascible class of persons in the world. Now, we do not deny that singers have faults as well as other people. They sometimes entertain no higher ideas of the solemnity and importance of public praise than do congregations that expect them to sing sacred words while subscriptions are being taken, the contribution-box passed, and other tedious and perhaps disagreeable things done; sometimes we are sorry to confess, their behavior is light, trifling, and unbecoming the house of God; though if we may trust our own observation, instances of this are much more rare then is generally supposed. But even admitting all this, we are by no means prepared, without examination, to accept the commonly-received opinion that singers are more irascible than others, or that choirs are more unmanageable than other organizations. Why should they be? Is there anything in the physical, mental, or moral conformation of a singer that makes him a monster? We have never discovered it. To be a musician, it is true, one must have a delicate and well-developed sensibility—must feel keenly, else he can not give expression to musical sentiment and passion. But refinement of sensibility does not necessarily make a man quarrelsome. If you could bring together from all the choirs of the land the persons who make trouble in them, they would turn out to be, not the ones who have the most music in their souls, not the genuine lovers of the beautiful, not the most intelligent and refined, not those who have an elevated conception of divine praise; but they will be found to belong to one of the following classes: 1st. A stupid, thick-headed class of persons who have no musical appreciation, and are constantly treading on people's toes because they don't know any better. 2nd. Persons who have some little appreciation and love of music, but who love their own petty plans of self-aggrandizement more. These are the ones who, though unfit to occupy the head seats, care more for them than those do who really are fit. 3d. A brainless and consequently narrow-minded class of fops and would-be belles, who pretend to be the very quintessence of refinement, but who seek to conceal their ignorance and inability to read the music selected by the chorister by turning up their delicate noses at it, and resorting to smelling-bottles and fidgets as a means of indicating the terrible martyrdom their musical susceptibilities are undergoing.

These are the different classes of one-sided, ill-balanced persons who make trouble in choirs. A moment's reflection will show that these three classes put together bear a very small proportion to the genuine choir-singers, who sing because they love music, love the praises of God's house and esteem it a privilege no less than a duty to join their hearts and voices so richly fraught with holy joy. It is unjust and absurd, therefore, to fasten upon the great body of sensible, loving choir-singers, the opprobrium that belongs only to a few cross-grained beings who are totally unfit to take part in so solemn and dignified a service. It is unfortunately the case, however, that the slightest difficulty in a choir, is from the very relation of that body to the general assembly, blazoned all over the congregation, while the seasons of pleasant practice, the kind and affectionate regards, and the many, many hours of unalloyed pleasure that gild the choir's unwritten history, are unknown and unappreciated by the great mass of the people. This accounts for the gross injustice done them as a class—an injustice, that, if done to any other class of community, would meet with prompt and well-merited indignation. Until heart-burnings and jealousies cease to occur among lawyers, doctors, and merchants, in political organizations, temperance societies, aye, even in the churches of the Most High, let us hear no more about cheir-singers being more irascible than other people.—*N. Y. Musical Review.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

STEWART HOLLAND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Amidst all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the Arctic, which we have been receiving these two days past, there is one that impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows all the world that the age of heroes is not altogether gone by. We refer to the young man, Stewart Holland, whose post of duty throughout all that trying scene, was the firing of a signal gun, at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of disaster. While all around him were death and despair, in bold relief there he stood (like Hope herself) with the calm determination of a true hero, discharging gun after gun, until the gallant ship went down beneath the waves. Here was a courage and manliness—a defiance of death and an adhesion to duty—we might walk over the most famous battle-fields in history to look for and not find. *He was in the very act of firing as the vessel disappeared below the waters.*"

Flag of the Brave! take newer light
On every stripe and flowing fold,
That symbol freedoms' radiant might
In their deep heaven of stars unrolled.
Oh, not in vain our martyrs sighed—
And not in vain our heroes cried,
"'Tis sweet for one's own land to die!"
The soul of yore, the soul that gave
Their glory to our soil and wave,
From Vernon's mount and Ashland's grave
Still lightens through the sky!
Death on the waters! hark! the cry
Of hundreds in their agony
Who, helpless, crowd the deck;
There manhood sternly marks his tomb,
And woman wails amid the gloom,
As slowly sinks the wreck.
But who is he that calmly stands,
The lighted brand within his hands
Beside the minute gun?
What quiet grandeur in his air—
His right arm raised, his forehead bare
Amid the cannon's quivering glare
And mist—wreaths rolling dun!
"Save, save thyself!" the Captain cried—
"The craven crew have left our side—
I go where goes my glorious bride,
My own majestic bark.
But thou art free—thy mother waits
Her son beside the cottage gates!"
How answered Holland?—hark!
His minute gun again—and by
The flash that lights the sea and sky
Behold the hero's form,
Grand as a young Greek god who smiles
When shake the proud Olympian piles,
And quiver all the misty isles
Beneath the bolted storm!

In vain, in vain the loud gun roars—
No more for him the calm green shores—
For him no more the home:
But still undaunted there he stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
Above the wild white foam.
See! see! the vessel reels—a cry
Of shivering horror rends the sky—
O, God! can no one save?—
The proud ship sinks—and sinks—again
The cannon thunders to the main—
Then naught but mist and wave
Where but a few brief hours ago
The rider of the billows bore
In pride four hundred joyous souls
To an expectant shore!

Soul of the Brave! when sounds the trump
'Mid red browed battle's glorious pomp,
And rolling drum and thrilling fife
Lead on the dark and desperate strife,
While gorgeous banners rise and fall
Majestic o'er the soldier's pall,
And eager nations turn their eyes
Upon the Hero's sacrifice—
O, 'tis not then, it is not there,
With gory blade and vengeful air,
The grandest wreath is thine:
'Tis when with calm, untrembling breath,
The hero, smiling, faces Death
Upon the land of brine,
And knowing not if e'er his name
Shall murmur from the harp of Fame,
But looking from a troubled zone
To God, and to his God alone!
Brave Holland! such a wreath is thine,
And millions shall rejoice that they
May build to thee a glorious shrine,
And round it deathless laurel twine,
Nor let thy memory fade away—
For still despite of reeling deck,
The yawning wave, the sinking wreck,
The record of thy deed remains,
Stamped on the pyramid that time
For heroes of every clime,
Has reared on Glory's plains.

O, dweller of the crag and cloud,
Ware wider, wider yet thy wing!
Roll back, roll back the tempest's shroud,
And breed above the thunder's spring;
A newer splendor lights thy plume,
And fresher vigor nerves thy flight
Amid the South's soft, sunny bloom,
Or through the Norland's wintry night:
'Twas not in vain our martyrs sighed—
And not in vain our heroes cried,
"'Tis sweet for one's own land to die!"
The soul of yore, the soul that gave
Their glory to our soil and wave,
From Vernon's mount and Ashland's grave
Still lightens through the sky!

New York, October, 1854.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Pennsylvania Farming.

In the interior of a State like Pennsylvania, very little can occur that will possess an interest for any one beyond the immediate vicinity; but I make the Union County Agricultural Fair, held here last week, the occasion of fulfilling a rash promise.

The show of Stock was not to be compared with what has been exhibited on similar occasions of late years, in New York and New England, but it was enough to indicate the importance which farmers are beginning to feel, of obtaining improved varieties. There were no fast horses, and none that I should think would be called fancy horses, but there were some admirable specimens of what is needed in such a country as this—a snug-built, heavy horse, possessing great strength and power of endurance—and if we may judge from the number of horses purchased in this vicinity and driven to eastern markets, we may conclude that such qualities are not disregarded.

Wheat and Corn were almost the only farm products, but this is not to be wondered at. This was only the second fair held in the county. There has been nothing hitherto to awaken attention of farmers to the most productive crops. The farming population have but little acquaintance beyond their own neighborhood, and no market except for produce which would bear transportation by wagons or canals one or two hundred miles at least. Many of the wealthy men are Germans, some of whom yet speak the German language, and a few are unable to speak English, but even those who are Germans only by a remote ancestry, have yet some of the German characteristics, especially an aversion to change; and though they are close even to penuriousness, they cannot be prevailed upon to make money more rapidly than by their old method, if it comes by sixpences. It is regarded as scarcely creditable to sell any article in smaller quantity than a wagon load. They have accordingly confined themselves to raising some of the great staples. There is no better land than exists in some of the tributary vallies of the Susquehanna in this part of the State, and our farmers have become rich, built great house-looking barns and barn-looking houses, and thus until within a few years they have lived satisfied, and supposed that every change must be in a retrograde direction.

But changes are going on in spite of all their purposes to the contrary. The more enterprising are aware that they have not yet attained perfection. They have seen what is doing elsewhere, and they are not wholly averse to trying some new things. Two of these changes I am persuaded will soon be made. Our vallies and first slopes coutain most productive grain lands, but there is a large amount of higher land already stripped of its valuable timber which is less suitable for grain but which has a good soil, and must ere long be employed for pasturage. This will necessarily introduce the dairy and wool-growing—two kinds of business which have hitherto been entirely neglected.

I must not forget to mention that the show of Fruit, though not large, was very fine. The improved demand which home consumption and accessibleness to market, which our railroads are now furnishing, make the raising of fruit, to which this climate is so well adapted, one of the best paying departments of farm business.

This mention of our Railroads would induce to give a few paragraphs to a notice of them, but I will dismiss them for the present, admitting that they and their conductors are not always what railroads and the men who govern them should be, but avowing my Pennsylvanism by endorsing the justice, and commending the perseverance, though condemning the riotous manner of the Ericans in their famous last winter troubles. Yours, &c.,

ROLPH.

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

Visit to Judge Pollock.

The Muncy *Luminary* states that a fine band accompanied by a delegation of citizens of that borough, Hughesville, and Muncy Creek, on the evening after the election, paid a visit to Milton, for the purpose of congratulating Judge Pollock upon the result of the late election. Quite a large and enthusiastic concourse of the people of Milton greeted the arrival of the visitors. At 8 o'clock the company repaired to the residence of Judge Pollock, where they were received by the Governor elect in a chaste and appropriate address. The appearance of Judge Pollock was greeted by three spontaneous, hearty cheers by the crowd assembled in the street, and all appeared eager to crasp the hand of one who had so nobly borne the people's standard through the late political contest. Although the address was altogether impromptu, and unexpectedly called forth, yet the *Luminary* says it had never listened to one of a similar nature breathing more lofty and patriotic sentiments, or more generous and noble reference to the victory achieved and the opposition vanquished. He said he congratulated those who now appeared before him, and the people of Pennsylvania, upon the result achieved by them the People. We had just come out of a civil contest, peculiar, in its prosecution and its results, to our own land and her glorious institutions. The People of Pennsylvania, exercising the right to decide upon great and momentous principles involved in the late election, had given an expression of their sentiments through the "ballot box," and a majority had declared himself to be their choice. It was not the *man* whom they people chose or rejected, but the *principles* which he advocated and sustained. He wished it to be remembered, that, although he was now, and had been identified with the Whig party, yet he did not claim his election as a Whig victory nor did his Whig friends deem it such, but that it was emphatically a victory of the *people* over the advocates of principles which they could not sanction or support. To all, alike, Whigs and Democrats, the victory was to be ascribed as the result of their own hands. In speaking of Gov. Bigler he said, in substance: "In reference to my opponent in the canvass, I am proud to call Gov. Bigler my personal friend. We have been since the commencement of the contest, and are now on terms of intimate and pleasant personal friendship, no matter how widely we differ in our political views and opinions. No act of mine shall wantonly disturb that relationship."

He said he had been charged with being proscriptive in his religious opinions. So far from being so, he acknowledged no right in one man to dictate to another what should be his belief or mode of worship. Holding religion as a sacred thing, and claiming the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of his own conscience, he granted the same right to every living being. Believing the Constitution of our country sufficient to guard and protect the rights and privileges of all, he desired that all might receive the benefits of its wise provisions as a common blessing. He paid an eloquent tribute to the intelligence and patriotism of the people in their repudiation of the Nebraska bill and the attempt to perpetuate the cause of slavery in our land by Congressional legislation, and said that freemen every where revolted at the idea of extending and perpetuating oppression, and that in trial hour, the people, true to their fathers, would be found on the side of liberty. In conclusion he thanked the people of Lycoming county for the renewed expression of their regard, attested by a majority in his favor in the stronghold of the opposition, and the presence of the delegation before him. After the company partook of refreshments, prepared in strict accordance with the principles of Prohibition, at 9 o'clock they left for home highly pleased with the ceremonies of the occassion.

The Price of Wheat.

The following table which we find in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, is from the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Manor, at Albany, where large amounts of rents are payable in wheat, or a cash equivalent, on the first of January each year; and as two parties are deeply in the price, it is probably the most reliably correct of any record that can be obtained. There is quite a lesson in these figures—look at them:

Price of wheat per bushel, January 1st, at Albany sixty-one years, viz:

1793	$ 75	1824	$1 25
1794	1 00	1825	1 00
1795	1 37½	1826	87½
1796	2 00	1827	1 00
1797	1 50	1828	1 00
1798	1 25	1829	1 75
1799	1 18¾	1830	1 00
1800	1 56¼	1831	1 25
1801	1 81¼	1832	1 25
1802	1 00	1833	1 25
1803	1 12½	1834	1 00
1804	1 25	1835	1 00
1805	2 00	1836	1 50
1806	1 43¾	1837	2 25
1807	1 37½	1838	1 62½
1808	1 12½	1839	1 75
1809	1 00	1840	1 12½
1810	1 56¼	1841	1 00
1811	1 75	1842	1 25
1812	1 87½	1843	1 87½
1813	2 25	1844	2 00
1814	1 87½	1845	93¾
1815	1 62½	1846	1 18¾
1816	1 75	1847	1 12½
1817	2 25	1848	1 31¼
1818	1 87½	1849	1 18¾
1819	1 75	1850	1 18¾
1820	1 00	1851	1 12½
1821	77	1852	1 00
1822	1 12½	1853	1 18¾
1823	1 25	1854	1 75

It will be noticed that only five times in all those years wheat has been $2 or upward per bushel, while it was seventeen times at $1 or under—twice at seventy-five cents. Only once in thirty-seven years, that is since 1818, to wit in 1837, has it reached $2. The average price for the whole period is $1 38. For the last thirty years it is $1 25. So the probabilities, it would seem, are that will be the price next January. Those who are interested may, however, be better able to form a judgment on that point than any one else. But so far as present prices are concerned, it may be taken as certain, that the crop of wheat is too good, too wide extended, and the demand for export to Europe or California too limited, and flour speculators too hard up, to allow them to be maintained.

Rich Men Unawares.

There are thousands of rich men in the world, who think themselves poor. They lament their hard fate while fortune has filled their laps. Such are all the dwellers by the side of new railroads, through countries that do not enjoy easy access to market. It is amusing to go along a line of country where a railroad has just opened, and listen to the doleful tales that are unfailingly told; how the road run through Mr. A.'s farm, and put him to the inconvenience of "looking out for the locomotive," every time his team went to and from the hay-field; how Mr. B.'s "interval"—the finest pasture ground in the country—was cut into narrow strips from one end to the other to his incalculable detriment; how Mr. C.'s garden, that had been manured to the highest pitch of fertility, was traversed by the track; and Mr. D.'s finest grafted pear tree that had borne choice fruit for half a century, was cut down by the vandal engineers, as if it had been a worthless poplar or a Balm of Gilead; how Mr. E. has lost two promising spring calves already, and Mr. F. had lost a colt, that in three years would have sold for every cent of two hundred dollars!

This is the universal experience, and everywhere that a railroad goes, it is an unmitigated curse in the eyes of the people for the first year of its operation. But a locomotive along a track soon burns out such old time prejudices. It is not many years before the farmer sees that he gets for the produce that used to rot in his granary, or never was deemed profitable enough to raise, a price that astonishes him. The surplus of every crop he turns straight into cash. The garden bed that yielded a peck of vegetables beyond the demands of his kitchen, he converts directly into money. The stock that he cannot winter, he exchanges without the trouble of riding to the nearest town, into hard silver. The tree which shaded his corn field, and which had not been cut down simply because there was no earthly use to make of it, he measures into cord wood and transmutes into luxuries or comforts as he chooses. He discovers at last that a railroad does do something for a place more than by building a wooden depot house, and furnishing to a crippled peanut-vender employment for his time. Before he stops his growling at the "cursed railroad" it has quadrupled the value of the farm, larded all his lean acres, given a price to what had no sort of value before, and marked upon every product that can be turned out on his premises a definite value. We have conversed with scores of such unwittingly wealthy men during a ramble of a week or two past. There were men whose farms were hardly worth receiving before as gifts, that now tell their worth by thousands every day of the year. There were those who owned large tracts of timber, still growling because locomotives sometimes set woods on fire, who have treasures in their forests that they do not dream of. It is a "day of roads," and it would not do any harm for some of our secular preachers to thunder it in their ears, lest they die thinking themselves poor, while their heirs will take fat legacies from their death clenched hands.—*N. Y. Times.*

Biography of Sir John Franklin.

The reported discovery of the remains of this illustrious navigator—whatever doubts may be thrown upon the credibility of the narrative—furnishes a suitable occasion for collecting the scanty details of his biography, which have thus far been communicated to the public. Sir John Franklin was born in 1786, and would accordingly have been 68 years of age, had he survived to the present time. His native place was Spilsby, a small town in Lincolnshire, in the vicinity of the North Sea. From his earliest years he betrayed a certain boldness of disposition and love of adventure.

His father endeavored to cure him of his sea-faring propensities, by permitting him to try the experiment of a voyage to Lisbon in a trading vessel. But this only produced the opposite effect. He was confirmed in his taste for the ocean, and would not be satisfied until he had procured the consent of his father to his entering the navy. He obtained a midshipman's warrant in his fourteenth year. His first service was in the frigate Polypheme, where he was distinguished for his youthful courage and energy. He was in the battle of Copenhagen in 1801, and two years after accompanied his relative, Captain Flinders, was on a voyage of discovery to the South Sea, during which he was shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland.

At a subsequent period, he was in the Bellerophon at the battle of Trafalgar. In 1814 he was a lieutenant in the Bedford, which brought the allied monarchs to England. He was concerned in the attack on New Orleans, where he gained great credit by his bravery and skill. In 1818, he commanded the brig Trent in the Polar expedition under Captain Buchan. After the failure of the search for the northwest passage of Captain Ross, he received the commission in 1819, to undertake an expedition by land from Hudson's bay to the Copper Mine river, in conjunction with Richardson and Bach, to cooperate with Captain Parry, who was to visit the region by water.

On this expedition he followed the coast as far as Cape Turnagain, sixty-eight degrees thirty minutes north latitude, and after incredible hard-ships, having been once rescued from death by the Indians, he returned to England in 1822. He was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and three years after undertook a second expedition to the Polar sea, visiting the coast between Mackenzie river and the Copper Mine river. By the middle of August, 1827, he had reached the seventeenth degree of latitude, and the one hundred and fiftieth degree of longtitude, but was compelled to return by the early setting in of extreme cold weather. In recognition of his merits on his expedition, he received the order of knighthood from George the Fourth.

In 1830 he commanded a ship-of-the-line in the Mediteranean, and afterwards was appointed Governor of Van Dieman's Land, from which post he was recalled in March, 1843. Returning to England in the spring of 1845 he was intrusted with the command of the fatal expedition in which his life has fallen a sacrifice. The two vessels, Erebus and Terror, in which the younger Ross had accomplished his expedition to the South Pole, were selected for the voyage, and two distinguished officers, Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, were appointed as his companions. The expedition sailed on the 19th of May, 1845, arrived at the Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and was seen for the last time in Melville Bay, on the 26th of that month.

It was not until the return of Capt'n Ross in 1849, who had been in search of the missing navigators, that general anxiety was felt for their safety. In 1850 an expedition was fitted out by Lady Franklin, and another by the British Government, to seek the lost vessels. About the same time, our townsman, Mr. Henry Grinnell despatched the two ships Advance and Rescue for the same purpose. The unsuccessful result of these expeditions is well known. During the past year a large fleet was sent out by the British Government to make renewed search for John Franklin.

Mr. Grinnel also dispatched the Advance, under the command of Dr. Kane, on a similar erand. But all in vain. Before the announcement of the recent intelligence, no further hope was cherished that the live of the brave explorers had been preserved. Their names were some time since stricken from the Admiralty list, and orders issued for the recall of the expeditions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Scene in Court.

[Litigation about title to pigs, the pigs having run wild all summer. Witness, a boy, a little deaf, and a little "daft."]

Lawyer. Do you know plaintiff's pigs?

Witness. Ha? (very loud.)

Lawyer. (raising his voice,) Do you know plaintiff's pigs?

Witness. Yes.

Lawyer. How long do you know them?

Witness. Ha?

Lawyer. (louder still,) How long have you known them?

Witness. Fed 'em all last spring.

Lawyer. Were they all about of a size?

Witness. Ha?

Lawyer. (rises on his feet, petulantly, and shakes his fore-fingers at the conclusion of each word, at witness,) Were—they—all—about—of—a—size?

Witness. Some ov 'em was, and some ov 'em warn't!

[Great explosion in the Court House; lawyer magnetized, and witness staring vacantly around.]—*Knickerbocker.*

Another Awful Shipwreck.

The high-pressure steamship Nebraska, Capt. Pierce, S. A. Douglas, engineer, came in collision with the ship 'Public Opinion' on the second Tuesday in October last, and, with most of the crew and several thousand "settlers" from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, sunk to the bottom. A few clung to some broken planks of the Baltimore platform, until they were taken off and saved by the humane navigators of the 'Public Opinion.' The 'Nebraska' was enveloped in so dense a fog at the time that the crew and passengers *knew nothing* of their danger. Owing to the high rates lately charged at all the marine offices on such risks, the vessel was not insured.

N. B. The 'Public Opinion' was not injured by the collision.

☞The Ohio M. E. Conference at their recent session in Cincinnati, adopted resolutions recommending the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise, and, "that persons holding slaves for gain or for their own convenience in any way, with the intention of perpetuating the bondage of the slave, should not be received into the Methodist church, nor suffered to remain therein."

—The New York Baptist State Convention, which met at Syracuse, recommended the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, and denounced the Nebraska Slavery Extension project.

This is about the transition time from the brilliancy in which the forests are now decked, to the dingy brown they wear in dull and dark November. Another soaking rain, succeeded by a high wind, will at once destroy the most gorgeous picture.

An exchange paper tells us that paper collars are coming into fashion. The Know-Nothings have sworn off wearing any more Irish linen.