

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

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THE MANUSCRIPT TELEGRAPH is located in the office
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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

DEC. 1, 1854.

Editorial Correspondence of Lewisburg Chronicle.
PITTSBURG, Nov. 14, 1854.

In that dark night ride, I encountered Dr. Wm. Elder in the train, and he became at once the centre of a charmed circle, that made the trip one of memorable interest. From dark, till our arrival at 2 o'clock in the morning, his rare conversational powers, and genial vivacity, furnished a feast of reason and flow of soul, a high carnival of fact and philosophy, fun and sentiment, that put sleep to flight, and provoked bursts of laughter that drowned out the shriek and thunder of the train—and sometimes too a transient tear would start, "whether or no." If nobody will take umbrage, I may whisper in your ear confidentially, that that 200 miles of a night-ride was less tedious by half than the nine miles from Derrstown to Longtown on court week.

I purposed jotting down a column or two of the racy "table talk" thus thrown in my way, with delineations of character such as he only can give—especially a peculiarly original analysis of Henry Clay—but find now that I might as well attempt to catch and crystallize the fitting shadows of a grain-field. Will it not surprise you to learn that his "Elizabeth Barton" was rejected by nearly all the leading magazines of the day, as lacking in interest! and he was about publishing it in the newspapers, when "Sartain" got his eye on it, and secured it at once. "Gen. Ogle" met with a similar fate, till "Putnam" reluctantly took it, under a stipulation that they might renege it up to suit themselves. So much for publishers' opinions. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" also was rejected by every house to which offered, including Jewett & Co., of Boston. But Mrs. Jewett read it, and impromptu her husband so strongly to publish it, that he at last yielded, and—cleared fifty thousand dollars by the operation!

As intimated in the preface to his "Peregrinations" (a book lately published), the Dr. has subjects on hand for other similar delineations—among them the character of a child—but greatly dislikes the idea of being considered in this way a writer of fiction. He says the Ogle and Barton sketches are true, as true as he could make them, and he prefers that they should be received as such. Gen. Ogle's widow is still living, and sent him word that he could not have told more or less, justly, and that she and the Dr. were probably the only persons who fully understood and appreciated him.

SPENCER HOUSE, Cincinnati, }
November 20, 1854. }

Arrived here for breakfast on the 15th via Canton, Crestline and Columbus—having made the 370 miles from Pittsburgh in the dark—except 50 at the other, and 20 miles at this end of the route—and getting over part of the road at the rate of 18 miles in 22 minutes, and we would have liked it better if they had put on the steam "leech" faster yet. I have reason to believe that this is the place it passes for, yet in coming through between two days, it is difficult to realize that I have actually got out of the old Keystone. I can't tell you much about Ohio, for I didn't see it, and what I did see just above here, on the line of the road, is no great shakes to the eyes of a West Brancher. I am told however there is some rich land in the South Western part of the State, but that owing to the drought there are whole counties in which the corn crop will not average ten bushels to the acre.

This beautiful and well built city, with its costly public buildings, and hotels, stores and private dwellings, mostly of handsome cut stone, is built on an elliptical plot of ground, about three miles by two, with a bend of the Ohio on the south, and a semi-circular range of high hills on the north, crowned by Lane Seminary and other edifices. The flourishing towns of Newport and Covington are opposite on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio,

with Licking creek between them, and a semicircle of wooded hills a mile or two in the rear, to frame in and complete the picture. The ground rises from the river in regular steps or platforms till near the heart of the city—the levee, or paved river-bank, rising sixty feet from low water mark, then a couple of squares level, then a rise of twenty or thirty feet, &c. &c. The commercial and manufacturing business of the place is heavy; but just now they are enjoying a financial "crisis," in the universal suspension of their banks and insurance companies, owing to a wild spirit of speculation, and a criminal disregard of all the rules and safeguards of legitimate banking—private bankers paying 6 to 8 per cent. per annum on all the deposits they could get, and then investing the funds in uncertain corporations and fancy stocks, at the nominal rate of 24 per cent. And now that the whole system has, of course, blown itself up, it is seriously proposed to establish a U. S. Bank, to "regulate" such a "currency." The specie basis and individual liability principle, as we have it in Pennsylvania, is the only true and reliable system after all.

I have had no time for explorations yet, but must try and get to the pork-packing establishments before I leave. I hear that one firm, yesterday, Sunday, killed and packed 2,000 of these "Cincinnati sheep," as they are called here. It is quick work, no doubt; but I am able to assure your readers that it is not literally true that they put in a drove of hogs at one end of the machine, and in a few minutes turn out a cargo of sausages, hams and slob-brushes at the other end. H. C. H.

The Blind Preacher.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, in Virginia, that my eye was caught by a cluster of houses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his supernatural appearance: he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaming under the influence of his supernatural appearance. He was struck with his supernatural appearance: he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaming under the influence of his supernatural appearance.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent to Calvary; his crucifixion, and death. I knew the whole history, but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that time acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and shrieks of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from

Rosseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher,"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless holes" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style, and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of Sir Robert Boyle; he spoke of him as "his noble mind had, even before his death, divested himself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels."

James Waddell.

"The Blind Preacher" restored to sight! [The foregoing sketch of James Waddell, an eminent Presbyterian clergyman (who was the father-in-law of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander), first appeared in the younger days of the distinguished WILLIAM WYLLIE, from his genial pen. It is a just tribute to the powers of native genius, enriched by culture, and consecrated to the service of Christianity. We copy it entire, that the reader may the better appreciate the annexed account of another scene in the life of the same pious preacher—delineated by one of his own descendants, but not furnished to Mr. WYLLIE in season for insertion in the *Spy*—which we had never seen in print, but which will be found deeply interesting. We find it in the *Cherity of America*, a recent work published in Philadelphia, compiled by Rev. Dr. Joseph Belcher.—*Lewisburg Chronicle*.]

To the Editor of the *British Spy*: The distinguished notice you have taken of the Rev. James Waddell, of Virginia, in the character of the "Blind Preacher," has induced me to give you some account of an event unnoticed by you, and which forms an era in his life. I refer to the restoration of his sight. I do this with less reserve, since it is generally understood that the "British Spy" had been long a warm friend of the subject of this notice; and that his removal from the vicinity of the "Blind Preacher," in whose hospitable mansion he had received many and warm greetings, had left him uninformed of the event to which I have alluded, and of the circumstances which I propose to detail. You have described him as blind, and, while occupying the rude enclosure of a forest pulpit, addressing an unseen multitude in strains of eloquence which might captivate cities and win the admiration of grave senators. The incidents to which I refer were more private; in his own house, and in the midst of his family.

For eight years, he had been blind—a stranger equally to the cheerful light of day and the cheering faces of kindred and friends. It will readily be supposed, that in this lapse of time great changes had taken place. The infant had left the knee to rove amid the fields; the youth had started into manhood, and bidding adieu to the haunts of his childhood, had gone forth to act for himself upon the theatre of life; with the hope, indeed, of again and again looking upon his venerable father, but without hope of that father's ever looking upon him. A calm and patient resignation had settled over the mind of this man of God, as a summer's cloud settles over the horizon of evening. Peaceful, hopeful, and reclining upon the bosom of heaven, every painful solicitude about himself had fled away. This serene peace and Christian submission were

calculated, however, to concentrate his reflections and solicitations upon the destinies of his family, here and hereafter. His eye could not now see for them; but he had a heart to invoke the watchfulness of an eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps; that neither grows dim with age nor induricity. His palsied hand could guide them no longer, but patriarchal counsel was freely given, and enforced by the tremendous realities of a future existence. The thread to be followed through the labyrinth of life, it was taught, had its fastenings in eternity; time and all sublimity things should be viewed in the light of eternity. But, although the mental vision was acute and wisely circumspect, the dark curtain still hung over the organs of sight, and seemed to rise no more.

And what if it should be otherwise? that hope of sight should take the place of resignation to blindness? and, more than this, that hope should be turned into fruition? that, after the darkness of eight years, he should be presented with a broad daylight view of every thing around him? And this, I assure you, was almost a fact; for, after an operation for cataract, which, in the progress of years, had rendered light sensible, and then objects faintly visible, a strong and well constructed convex lens, procured by the kindness of a distant friend, enabled him to see with considerable distinctness. At this juncture, I happened to be at his residence—called by himself, long before, "Hopewell," and now fulfilling, in happy reality, the import of a soft and cheerful name. The scene, without dispute, was the most moving that I ever witnessed. The father could again see his children, who riveted his attention and absorbed his soul. Among these, emotions of intense interest and varied suggestions were visible in the eye, the countenance, and the hurried movements. The bursts of laughter—the running to and fro—the clapping of hands—the sending for absent friends—and then the silent tear bedewing the cheek in touching interlude—the eager gaze of old servants, and the unmeaning wonder of young ones—in short, the happy confusion from the agitation of joy—all taken together, was a scene better adapted to the pencil than the pen, and which a master's hand might have been proud to sketch. How I regretted that the mantle of some Raphael or Michael Angelo had not fallen upon me! then had my fame and my feelings each been identified with the scene, and others should have been permitted to view upon canvas what I must fail to describe upon paper.

The paroxysm produced by the arrival of the glasses having passed away, and a partial experiment having satisfied all of their adaptation to the diseased eye, behold the patriarch seated in his large arm-chair, with his children around him, scanning with affectionate curiosity the bashful group. There was a visible shyness among the lesser members of the family community, while undergoing this fatherly scrutiny, not unlike that produced by a long absence. The fondness of a father in contemplating those most dear to him, was never more rationally exemplified, or exquisitely enjoyed, than on this occasion.

And now, the venerable man, arising from his seat and grasping a long staff which lay convenient to him, had proceeded but a short distance, when the staff itself seemed powerfully, but momentarily, to engage his attention; it had been the companion of his days, the pioneer of his domestic travels, and the supporter of a weak and tottering frame.

He next proceeded to the front door, to take a view of the mountains; the beautiful south-west range stretching out in lovely prospect, at the distance of about three miles! All followed, myself among the rest; and the mountain scene, though viewed a thousand times before, was now gazed upon with deeper interest, and presented a greater variety of beauties than ever. Indeed, this mountain scenery ever after continued to delight my unquenchable vision: whether my attention had not been to this been carefully drawn to its beauties, or that the suggestive faculty, linking the prospect with the sympathetic pleasures previously enjoyed, had thrown around me a pleasing delusion, I am unable to decide. Delusion apart, however, this sunny base of the south-west mountains is a delightful region, distinguished not only by the natural advantages of a fertile soil, salubrious climate, and beautiful scenery, but by a race noted for the social virtues and for a higher order of intellect.

But to return to the individual whom I had left exercising a new-born vision upon the external world. The book-case interviews I had looked for with solicitude, and presently had the pleasure of witnessing. Watts, and Doddridge, and Locke, and Reid; with a host of worthies, had been the companions of his best days: there had been a long night of separation. The meeting and communion was that of kindred souls, and complimentary alike to his piety, scholarship, and taste. The sight

of his own handwriting, upon the blank leaves of his books, was in itself a small circumstance, but seemed to affect him not a little, associated no doubt with varied circumstances of past days.

I left the house, full of reflections. I had been always awed by the solemn sanctity and personal dignity of the "Blind Preacher." The yearning solicitude which I had just witnessed, of such a father over his children, seen now for the first time after the dreary blindness of years, had melted my feelings. My imagination took flight, and, passing rapidly through time, was conducted by the incidents of this day to the resurrection morning; when the saint of God, throwing off the trammels of the tomb, with quickened vision and more than mortal solicitude, looks around for the children of his pilgrimage.

PROSPECTUS—1854, '5.

THE GLOBE:

The Official Paper of Congress, and Newspaper for the People.

Lord Bacon, in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George the Third," gives some remarkable examples, showing the great loss sustained by England in the history of its statesmen, and of its national progress, thro' the imperfect state of Parliamentary reporting in former times. He opens his life of Lord CHATHAM thus:

"There is hardly any man in modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Somers, who fills so large a space in our history, and of whom we know so little, as Lord Chatham; and yet he is the person to whom every one would at once point, if desired to name the most successful statesman and the most brilliant orator that this country ever produced. Of Lord Somers, indeed, we can scarcely be able to know anything at all. That he was a person of unimpeachable integrity, a judge of great capacity and learning, a first friend of liberty, but a cautious and safe counsellor in the most difficult emergencies, all are ready to acknowledge. But the authority which he possessed among his contemporaries, the influence which his sound and practical wisdom exercised over their proceedings, the services he was thus enabled to render in steering the Constitution safe through the most trying times, and saving it from arbitrary power, without paying the price of our liberties in anarchy and bloodshed—may, considering the whole proceeding of a revolution with all the deliberation, and almost in the form of an ordinary legal proceeding, have surrounded his name with a mild, yet imperishable glory, which, in the contrast of our dark ignorance respecting all the particulars and details of his life, figure the figure something like the sun in a cloudy sky. It is now unfortunately too late, by applying this information to fill up the outline which the meagre records of his life have left us. But it is singular how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded, and have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about, little has been preserved of detail. So fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, that bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious mass which his eloquence has left behind it, that for more than a century, but has reached us; while of his written compositions but a few letters have hitherto been given to the world.

"The imperfect state of parliamentary reporting is the great cause of this blank."

What Somers and Chatham have lost in fame by the oblivion of all the masterly efforts of their minds which, wielding the power of Parliament, conducting the march of the Government during their connection with it, the history of the nation has also lost for want of the vigor and energy, the clearness, the freshness and beauty with which its events and their causes might have been preserved in the luminous eloquence of its orators.

The great men who conducted our Revolutionary struggles in the Continental Congress have left no history behind them of the views at events which had their birth in their debates, except in the meagre formula of a journal. The fervid feeling of the hour, the compelling circumstances, the argument, the eager controversy which set the subject in every variety of light, passed away with the breath that gave them utterance; and men who were not surpassed, in the opinion of Lord Chatham, by "the master statesmen of the world," have bequeathed to posterity nothing of the eloquence which guided our National Councils but "the shadow of a name." Recent publications show how graphic history becomes when the actors in it speak for themselves on its page. Congress has now taken care that this sort of genuine history shall fall from the press, full and perfect, day by day; and thus every public man will make his own history, and blend it imperishably with that of his country.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix is so voluminous that it can only be read by our busy countrymen partially during its progress. Some are interested in one measure, some in another. Different sections look for the most part to the action of their several representatives—the concerns of one frequently possessing no interest for the rest—and amidst the mass it is difficult for each section, or individual, to get at the special matter most interesting to them. To obviate this, and enable all to get at a glance a general view of the entire proceedings of Congress, and to fix their attention on what suits their particular views, I will publish in future, an addition to the Daily Globe and the Congressional Globe and Appendix, a Tuesday's Congressional Globe, containing a brief of each day's debate on every important subject discussed during the preceding week, arranging the names of the speakers pro and con, and presenting the points discussed and leading arguments on each side, somewhat in the mode in which forensic briefs are prepared. This paper I will send gratuitously to every subscriber to the Congressional Globe and Appendix; and to those who may consider this summary sufficient without them, the subscription price for this weekly will be two dollars per annum.

The brief synopsis of debates will fill but a small part of the contents of this large weekly sheet. It will contain every important item of foreign and domestic news which can be gleaned from the daily prints during the week, together with that which may be brought by telegraph at the moment of going to press. It will contain, besides, the interesting miscel-

lany which is given in the Daily Globe, and the Washington gossip of the letter writers, extracted from the different newspapers which employ them, whenever they shall be esteemed of such import as to interest the readers of the Globe, and bear such probability on their face as to warrant their insertion.

As this weekly paper will be sent to all the subscribers of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, it will certainly have a more general circulation than any other newspaper in the United States, and will, therefore, invite advertisements from every section of the Union, especially the wholesale merchants in the great cities, which will give it additional interest with business men everywhere.

The Daily Globe will be printed on a double royal sheet, twice a day during the sessions of Congress—at eleven o'clock a. m., and five o'clock p. m.; and once a day, at five o'clock p. m., during the recess, at five dollars a year for either the morning or evening edition. The evening edition is the one most suitable for subscribers who live out of this city, as it will contain, besides the full proceedings of Congress of the day before published in the morning edition, a full synopsis of those of the day, together with the news by telegraph, and from other sources, up to the hour that it is put to press. It will contain, also, all laws and joint resolutions passed by Congress.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix will also be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The Congressional Globe will be made up of the proceedings of Congress, and the running debates as then down by the reporters. The Appendix will contain the Messages of the President of the United States, the Reports of the Heads of the Executive Departments, such speeches as have been withheld by Members of Congress for revision, and all the laws and joint resolutions passed during the session. A complete index will be made soon after Congress adjourns, and sent to all subscribers for the work. Should any numbers fail to reach subscribers, they will be sent to them, without charge, whenever they advise me what numbers they have not received. Subscribers should be careful to file all the numbers received, as the complete work will be found to be very valuable to them, and the expense of furnishing missing numbers very expensive to me.

The debates of Congress are now as fully and as faithfully reported in the Congressional Globe as those of any other legislative body are in this or any other country, and yet they are sold to subscribers for one-sixth of what any other debates are sold for in this country, and one-tenth of what the debates of the British Parliament are sold for in England, where paper, reporting, type and type-setting are, each and all, much cheaper than in this country. The liberal subscription by Congress enables me to sell the debates so low. And Congress, for the purpose of enabling the people to obtain them at as low a rate as they can be afforded, passed the following joint resolution, authorizing them to go free by mail: Joint Resolution providing for the distribution of the Laws of Congress and the Debates thereon.

With a view of the cheap circulation of the laws of Congress and the debates contributing to the true interpretation thereof, and to make free the communication between the representatives and constitutional bodies of the States, it is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the present session of Congress the Congressional Globe and Appendix, which contain the laws and the debates thereon, shall pass free through the mail so long as the same shall be published by order of Congress: Provided, That nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the circulation of the Daily Globe free of postage.

Approved, August 6, 1852.

Tuesday's Congressional Globe will be published every Tuesday, and contain all that is promised above. It will be commenced on a double royal sheet, but if that shall be found not to be large enough to contain all the matter, then the sheet will be enlarged.

For one copy of the Daily Globe one year \$5.00
When taken for a less time, the price will be fifty cents a month.
For the Congressional Globe and Appendix during the coming session, \$3.00
Where bank notes under \$5 are prohibited by law, or cannot be readily obtained, I will send two copies for \$5, four for \$10; and so on at that rate.
For Tuesday's Congressional Globe, one year \$2.00
For six months, 1.00
Subscriptions for less than six months will not be received.

Orders for the Congressional Globe and Appendix, or for Tuesday's Congressional Globe, should be here by the 7th of December to secure all the numbers. The Daily Globe is now in the course of publication, and will be sent from the day a subscription reaches here.

An order or any of the papers must be accompanied by the money for it, else the paper will not be sent. Bank notes current where a subscriber resides, will be received at par.

I desire to employ Agents, who can produce good recommendations, to obtain subscribers.

JOHN C. RIVES,
Washington City, Nov. 9, 1854.

CONVICTION OF A SLAVER.—Capt. James Smith, of the brig Julia Monton, has been convicted in the U. S. Circuit Court, at New York, of piracy in fitting out, commanding, and managing that vessel in a voyage from New York to the slave coast, where she took on board six hundred slaves and sailed with them to Cuba, were they were safely landed. The offence was clearly proven. The punishment by law is death. A motion for a new trial has been made.

TRUE.—Give a man brains and riches and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains, and he is a fool.

The Sky.

BY STEPHEN MILLER.—*Pennsylvania Telegraph*.
The sky! the sky! the lofty sky!
Its varied scenes—its bursting brech—
Far stretched above aerial worlds on high—
The spheres in which the planets march—
Elicit praise, calls forth applause,
And bids e'en admiration pass.

They bid her pass, nor dare attempt
A task so difficult or vain;
As in defiance o'er to paint
The wide-stended starry plain;
She nods assent, and cringing cries:
"Thy smallest orb my power defies."

"Thy morn; the lowering god of day
Alone assumes majestic reign,
And smiling journeys on his way
O'er mount and vale, o'er land and main,
Diffusing gladness on the earth—
Defying man to tell his worth."

"Thy noon; the dark and threatening clouds
In majesty do never o'er;
Forked lightning streams along their shores;
And battling thunders crash and roar;
The dark collection heaves and rends,
And heavenly tears to earth descend."

"Thy eve; the bright and silvery moon,
Surrounded by the taper light
Of thousand stars, dispels the gloom
And rolls aside the murky night;
These march in glory through the sphere
And admiration cringes here."

"Thy day or night—his dark or light—
Thy morn or eve, or when you will,
Gay Phoebus shines in plume bright;
Or thunder, shakes each cloud-capped hill—
Mid all the Christian says, "I see
Beyond that sky a home for me!"

THE EXPERIMENT OF RUNNING LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES WITH ANTHRACITE COAL, has been very successful at Boston. It was undertaken by the President of the Taunton Branch and the President of the Philadelphia & Baltimore Road. They had an engine built at Taunton in the most thorough manner, and it has been run for about two months on the Taunton & New Bedford Railroad, without losing a minute in time. It was then taken to the Worcester and Western roads for further experiment. On the first trial on the Worcester road, towards the conclusion of the trip, owing to the want of skill in the fireman, the engine was behind time at Worcester, but then rallied, and went over the Western road to Springfield, losing only nine minutes. The engine then ran for several days between Springfield and Worcester, taking the usual heavy freight train. On the 13th of October it ran from Springfield to Worcester, taking the accommodation train, and arrived in good time—making an average of 28 1/2 miles per hour. On the same day, returning, it took the Albany express train to Springfield in 1 hour and 18 1/2 minutes—averaging 42 miles per hour. As a further specimen of its performances, the Mercury states that it ran over a heavy continuous grade of eleven miles on the Western Railroad, taking it in seventeen minutes, and having one hundred pounds of steam upon the summit. Of the peculiarity in the construction of this engine, and the economy in its use, the Mercury says:

"The peculiarity of this locomotive consists in the construction of the boiler. To state this plainly we may say that the water comes to the fire, instead of the fire going to the water. This passes through the tubes, instead of the fire, as in locomotives of the old construction, and is continually circulating about the fire-box. In this way, a moderate combustion generates the necessary amount of steam, and the fire-box not being subjected to that violent heat, which has been the real difficulty with other engines for burning anthracite, is preserved, while it has been burned out in all other engines in a few weeks.

NEWSPAPERS.—For eighteen months past, enquiring was all the rage with newspapers. She was the test of merit. But we believe without exception, every publisher has burst his fingers thereby. The New York Tribune, which was spread out so extravagantly, was the first to come down. Many papers are following its example. The New York Sun, we observe has cut off a column on each page. The Indianapolis Journal has taken off a column. The Cincinnati Dailies have increased their subscriptions 20 per cent. The reasons assigned for these changes, is the augmented prices of most items entering into the cost of newspaper business.—*Bloomington Democrat*.

And the papers and periodicals which have "stopped" in the same time, can be accounted by scores. There have been two or three discontinued in Schuylkill county alone since the last election, and a dozen in the state. The truth is there are too many papers in our "free and enlightened Kentucky," for the good of either printers or readers. Small, well-conducted, and well supported papers, are altogether better, for all concerned, than the numerous mammoth skeletons which are but half alive, and starve their owners and cheat the public.

Zachariah Potter, a hotel-keeper of Cambridge, Mass., has been convicted of selling liquor, on eighteen indictments, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$350, and to be imprisoned four years.

KENTUCKY.—A special election in the death of Presley Ewing, has resulted in the choice of Bristow, Whig.

A lady was much affronted the other day, because a gentleman accosted her as an old acquaintance.