

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

H. C. HICKOK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Fridays--at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1855.

In an article referred to by the *Sanbury American*, a few weeks since, we stated, that—

"Citizens of Milton have themselves complained of the old Court House in Sanbury—and the Jail is notoriously unsafe. With the development of the Coal region, a massive Prison similar to that at Pottsville must be erected—and the increasing business will ask new and modern County Buildings throughout—There are required in those Coal Townships, such improvements as Roads and Bridges, costing more money year after year."

—Heretofore, the "Forks" have done well in securing county offices, but the "lower end" is gaining power so fast, that that source of agitation, and cause of attachment, is broken; and a connection over the river would enable them best to protect their local interests."

These are special and urgent motives for the re-annexation of the Forks to Lewisburg, for if Lewisburg is successful, the people of the five remote Districts would have new County Buildings, nearer home, without cost to them, and just in time to escape probable higher taxation from the remainder of North'd.

—It is true that the "lower end" is increasing in wealth and population, and would not miss their annual rivals if they should join their cousins on this side the water. But the farmers have yet to ascertain that there is any sensible diminution of taxes. The nature of the increase in the Coal and Iron regions, is not calculated to take off farmers' burdens, as population and voters, pauperism and crime, can faster in proportion than taxable property.

Coal counties are much more expensive than Agricultural counties, and the upper end to cut loose from the prospective Coal county of North'd, and join in with the purely Farming county of Union, would be most likely to reduce rather than increase the annual per centage of taxation; and at the same time their Market Dairies, Shambles, in Pottsville, Trevorton, &c., would be quite as good as if they were all in one county."

The *American* returns in this wise:—
"Now as to our Court House we have only to say, that it has always been deemed comfortable though plain in its appearance. As regards the Jail, it has been sufficient for the quiet and peaceable citizens of Northumberland. If the character of the population of Union is such, as to require heavier prison walls, our friends of the "upper end" had better be rid of their company."

It will be seen by reading our article quoted above, that the comment is an unjust perversion of our argument. We ask the *American* to copy what we said on that point, and will then submit it.

The *American* gives truly most of our comparison of the "fair proportions" of Northumberland county, and carries on the joke as follows:—

"Our friend of the Chronicle, may think an object shaped like a barrel of pork more beautiful than one like an hour glass, or a fashionable lady with a taper waist, to which, a reduced and more cultivated taste, would naturally have compared it, but as he resides west of the Susquehanna, we are willing to make allowances."

Well, hour-glass or wasp-waisted lady be it, then,—the *lead* up this way, the *scat* at Sanbury, and the *fat* at Shamokin and Mahanoy! If that head don't choose, ultimately, to effect a Union with a very good looking woe-wear of the Oriz-enachson, we much mistake its desires and good judgment, to say nothing about the matter of *taste*. There may be some interested Editors and Lawyers who would like to forbid the bans, but as the lady is of sufficient age to choose for herself, the Legislature will perform the ceremony, and the Governor—whoever he may be—give it his blessing! We do not wonder that our Sanbury neighbors would dislike to part with Chillisquaque, Turbut, Milton, Lewis, and Delaware, but this is a world of change, and their loss would be our gain!

We propose, some day, to get a map of the two counties, showing the present "fair proportions" of Northumberland, and what that county and Union would be when adjusted as proposed.

The *Sanbury "Gazette"*
Is usually among the most pleasant and untrifling of our co-peers. Even the victory of its then Editor over a widow lady in bagging the Post Office, did not disturb his equanimity, even when said victory was followed by furious indignation meetings. It has been wont, also, to argue public questions—after a fashion—and tried at least to give a reason for any position it might assume. But perfection of temper, or of judgment, is not the lot even of Editors, as will be perceived on reading the annexed volley of billingsgate to be found in a recent number of the *Gazette*:

DIVISION OF NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.
From the *Miltonian*, we learn that petitions are being circulated in that neighborhood for a division of Northumberland County. These petitions we understand, originate in Lewisburg, a town which has been largely instrumental in the nefarious division of Union county, with the view of making that place a seat of Justice. Having damaged one county by an unnecessary separation, making two insignificant parts of what was once a respectable entity, it now designs to secure its chance of being a county seat by perpetrating a second outrage. Lewisburg is situated at one side of that dissolved portion of the old county of which it is ambitious of being the seat of justice. Unfortunatly for its aspiring expectations there is another town in Union which, on account of its geographical position, has a better claim to being the seat of justice, and stands a better chance. Therefore Lewisburg is going to make it self the centre by picking territory from its neighbors. Now, was there ever anything more selfish and piratical? Can there be anything conceived that equals it for impudence? For the gratification and benefit of Lewisburg and her capitalists,

one county is divided, in opposition, we may say, to a majority of its inhabitants, for there can be no question but that there was fraud exercised in obtaining a majority of the votes last spring, and after one county is injured temporarily, its neighbor must sustain an equal injury in furtherance of the design for which the first outrage was committed. If there is anything which will defeat the object of Lewisburg it is the selfishness, presumption, and impudence which this project bears upon its face."

—All this diatribe, the reader will observe, is utterly destitute of even a show of argument on the issue. It is abuse against a town, without rhyme or reason. No one ever supposed that the Editors or Politicians of Northumberland county would ever consent to the forth-coming 're-annexation.' The Editors would thereby lose much good subscriptions and other patronage, and Politicians would find many projects disarranged. But, as neither Editors nor Politicians can argue the question fairly without getting the worst of it, they set up a simultaneous howl from the four points—Sanbury, Milton, Millburg, and New Berlin—against Lewisburg! Poor, unfortunate, dividing little Lewisburg!

With regard to all this slander of our town, we would just hint to Sanbury and all others, that it is nothing new. For five or six years past, *New Berlin* has practiced a game—in many a long column of libelous prose, and vindictive, impotent rhyme—until the public were disgusted, and vomited back the filthy mess into the bosoms of its concoctors. The New Berlin traders of Lewisburg were much more talented, vigorous, and devoted to their holy work, than you are, or can be. But whether New Berlin or Lewisburg suffered most by this kind of warfare, is for the Editors and Politicians of Northumberland to consider; and when they have ascertained just how much New Berlin made by their vulgar and false assaults upon Lewisburg, "please make a note on't."

In the language of Daniel Webster respecting well-abused Massachusetts, we say of Lewisburg, THERE SHE STANDS—LOOK AT HER!

The above "first rate notice" of the *Gazette*, is so barren of reason, yet so full of falsehood, that we can not attempt to answer it in detail.

We would remark, however, that from everything we can learn, the charge that the "petitions for dividing Northumberland county originated in Lewisburg," is wholly false. No such petitions have been printed, or circulated from here, or by our aid or advice, to the best of our knowledge and belief. It would be folly for us to ask such a thing before the County Site is located and the Buildings erected. Then will be the time for the friends of the proposed re-union, or both sides of the river, to move in the matter. If, then, such a move has been made—as the enemies of Lewisburg assert—THEY MUST HAVE MADE IT, in order to precipitate the matter at the wrong time, and thereby injure it. They have done the deed which the *Miltonian* and *Gazette* condemn so vehemently, and then lay the blame on LEWISBURG! There's honesty for you with a vengeance!

Having got up those petitions, (or false-ly asserted that they were in circulation—we know not which) they next raise a hue and cry against Lewisburg, which is joined in by the Editors, Politicians, and Candidates for Office on the other side of the river. Every Editor is threatened with loss of patronage—every politician fears his plans may be disturbed—and every Candidate hastens to keep right with "the lower end" of the county—by denouncing Division, and vying with each other in heaping calumny upon calumny on devoted Lewisburg!

Next follow the Remonstrances got up by Millburg and a few of the Milton men who have a neighborhood jealousy of their rival. They tell the people that Lewisburg will be the county seat—that Lewisburg, if it got it, would cheat the people, and would not put up the County Buildings—and, by persistent and persevering efforts to get names at every hazard of truth and honor, are getting up a long list to appear presently, with a tremendous flourish of trumpets in the Millburg luminary, to be copied by the disinterested papers aforesaid as evidences of Public Opinion!

Well, they have laid their plans, cunningly. But, unfortunately for them, the FARMERS of the "upper end" are not fools. They know Sanbury well—know just where, and how far off it lies—they know Lewisburg, too, and just where, and how far off it STANDS. When the time comes—mark it, ye Editors, Politicians, and Candidates—when the proper time arrives, they will ask to be detached from Mahanoy, if they deem it advisable; and they will ask it so unmistakably, as to admit of no denial. Until then, (we, and) THEY HIDE THEIR TIME, and allow Editors, Politicians, and Candidates to abuse Lewisburg to their hearts' content.

Last spring, however, we should state, the people of Chillisquaque (one man only, who was called upon, declining,) did say that in case Union was divided, and the County Buildings erected at Lewisburg without taxation, then they would ask to

join the new county. There are hundreds such, we know, in the upper townships. Until then, they of course, will not and should not make any move in the matter, and allow Sanbury & Co. to have it their own way. If the Union county site is at Millburg, that ends the matter, and our county will remain its present size; but if the site is fixed at Lewisburg, nothing is more probable than the union of both sides of the river in the same organization—and a better, prettier county could not be found in the State."

The slang of the *Gazette* about ruining Union county by its Division, will of course raise many hearty laughs! Just as if the people of this county themselves, voting on the question after thorough discussion and mature deliberation, did not know their own interests best, but wanted an Editor, off in his ink shop in Sanbury, to tell them!! The people of Union county, and of the upper end of Northumberland, Mr. Editor, thank for themselves in such matters, and neither Sanbury, Lewisburg, nor Milton can prevent them from judging for themselves what their own interests will be in locating the seat of justice for Union, or their after relations respecting it.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS—No. II.
THE SKY.

How wonderful is the Sky! No eye can fathom its mysterious caverns, no instrument of vision can reach beyond its eternity of existence. Its magnificent depths wander far back into the infinity of space, beggaring the eye as it gazes upward, and puzzling the soul with a bewildered satisfaction.

There is not a cloud now to dim its radiant azure, and there the Day lives in all its glory. The Sun from his inexhaustible fountain pours forth his sparkling beams, playing in the broad fields, going forth like bright-eyed, joyous children as the great Hand of Nature guides them. Like a monarch coming down from his throne clothed with all his pomp of regalia, so glides the king of day step by step down the great stairway of his setting. With kindness on his brow, smiles on his lips, and a lingering farewell in the glow of his ardent eye, he bows himself through the gates of the west. Gently now glides in upon the world the fairy sister of the evening, timid, coy, and shy. In melancholy silence they walk the aerial floor, as kind sisters leaving a blessed home where many a hallowed tie yet lingers. Then there comes to meet them their generous brother Night. See how they rush into the arms of that beloved brother, who hides them in his bosom, as if to shield them from some lurking fate.

'Tis then a music floats from out the open portals above as if the angels had come to look upon the scene. 'Tis then the minstrel zephyrs sing the weary world to rest, and to the smiling hosts above breathe the twinkling serenades that make them blush with kindling rapture.

But this is the romance of nature. Yet it is sweet to know how well she loves us, and 'tis sweet to feel the poetry of stars and flowers, of singing zephyrs, kindling in our souls a love for the beauties of nature. It is these combined which make earth a paradise. Did we cease to feel and love the outward forms of nature, as with their varied arts, they appeal to us, we should shut out from our spirits the good angel of earth, and fail to appreciate the Author of all things.

Night is around and above us—what a study is presented! Yonder in the measureless depths of the Sky shines the star whose light must speed its twice three years ere earth receive its hallowed benison. The Sky is packed with stars and planets that in their ceaseless going forth do fill the flashing space and light creation up. Most fertile is the study of the Sky—of those orbs that have so long rolled in order and harmony obedient to the Invisible—Not only may we investigate them with the eye of science, but we may also sublimely speculate upon the character of the beings who probably inhabit them; how they exist, and above all if to our God they give adoring praise. In this field thought can wander until bewildered and beggared, until all sagacity or inspiration are swallowed up in mystery, and she returns to her earthly habitation, weeping at her sad, sad impotency. Though she had soared until sublimity had whitened her speechless lips, and the great voice of eternity thundered in her deafened ear, she turned away, breathing, with a sanctified feeling, the acknowledgment that the "ways of God are past finding out." When the soul is freed, and lives in its eternal glory, it will only then know HIM as He is known in heaven.

S. G. D.

WHY HE WAS DEFEATED.—A paper having nominated Theodore Frelinghuysen for next President, the *Wheeling Times* and *Gazette* says that a prominent Catholic of that city "told us in 1844 that Mr. Frelinghuysen's nomination as Vice President defeated Mr. Clay. He was a Protestant Christian, and President of the American Bible Society, and the Catholics would not vote for him."

The City of the Skies.

BY JAMES R. CURRIE.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—Revelations xii. 2.

In Father's love, a vision came
To John, beloved on high,
A city fair, far in the air,
Above the azure sky.
A home, he says, that city gives
To him who pines for bliss;
Sweet place of rest to mortal flesh,
That City of the Skies!

No scene of Time were sought to paint,
That airy place did know;
To world of words, nor tongue, nor pen,
Within its gates to show.
What lonely flowers not showing there,
Nor straths whose sweets we prize;
Be sure, 'tis true, all strangely true,
The City of the Skies!

No night for dear, departed friends,
Their names and surnames listed,
For in the new Jerusalem
There's no such name as death!
It breaks in white-robed saint,
With sweetly radiant eyes,
Sweet place of rest to mortal flesh,
The City of the Skies!

Its lofty jeweled battlements,
Watched by angelic host,
With golden gates and towers,
Ereared upon each post;
The fountain by which rivers marked out,
With life-giving waters,
And it is long and broad as well,
The City of the Skies!

The walls of pearl and jasper are,
While streets of gold in mass
Shine forth intensely beautiful,
Not made of man, but beams of moon,
A home, he says, that city gives,
To him that happy bliss,
Sweet place of rest to mortal flesh,
The City of the Skies!

Foundation strong of jasper walls,
With precious gems bedecked,
Said to be gates of precious pearl,
The gates they're called;
Not beams of sun, but beams of moon,
To give each gate a name,
Gold and silver, and precious stones,
The City of the Skies!

The night—when all we deem so fit,
For such romantic spell,
To moon and stars in calm blue sky,
The moon and stars in calm blue sky,
I never knew within the walls
That happy rest, so sweet a bliss,
That City of the Skies!

The crystal walls of jasper stream,
With precious gems bedecked,
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The Abolitionist Leaders.

SEWARD, SUMNER, AND HALE.

We do not speak of the subordinate Generals, whose sphere is the newspaper office—the Greeleys, Weeds, Danas, or Biglows—nor of the guerrillas who have done your work in the contest, such as the Tappans, Garrisons, and Smiths—but of the recognized commanders, who have taken their seats among the rulers of the land, and actually planted their banner-staff on the floor of Congress itself.

In the first rank stands Wm. H. Seward, of New York. We dare say the time is gone by, when his talents or his perseverance can be denied either in the North or in the South. He is the most skillful and unrelenting enemy of the slave interest, and, whether sincere or insincere, must be regarded as a formidable antagonist.

For ourselves, we regard him as a fanatic, whose sincerity is as deep as the roots of life, and who believes that in advancing his political ambition, he is asserting the cause of humanity also. He is a man of fine and extensive attainments—a graceful and captivating writer, a subtle and Machiavelian organizer, and an orator whose full, Ciceroian, and somewhat florid style, must always attract popular attention in a nation which loves eloquence as dearly as the United States. To those qualifications he adds a deep political prescience which is rarely deceived; a patience which nothing can disturb; and an adaptability, which in these times of change and inconsistency is the most valuable gift of the thorough politician. The rise and progress of Seward, from his first beginning as an obscure lawyer, to his present remarkable exaltation, is one of the most curious phenomena of modern political history. It does not require much insight to perceive that he is no casual way, born to an elevated place by the tide of party, but the artificer of his own fortune, in the most plain and subtle, the most reckless daring, and an amount of genuine ability, which can not be mistaken for a moment.

We are not writing a puff for Mr. Seward, but simply describing the foremost enemy of the South, as he really is, and not as the vulgar, which too many people mistake him for. Is this man to be despised or disregarded? Is it wise to be abed, and dream of utter security, while such an engineer is mining under our outpost, with the determination of springing the mine at his convenience?

Then next in rank, stands Sumner of Massachusetts. No person, even the most prejudiced, will mistake him for a common man. He was distinguished as a jurist, and a high order before he became noted as an incendiary. His standing amongst the scholars of his State, so prolific in fanatical men of letters, has been confessedly high for many years, and to considerable scholastic attainments he writes many popular accomplishments, which are equivalent to credentials of success in an era of agitation and revolutionary designs. Without the caution and long foresight of Seward, he possesses an equally hardy position, as his bearing in Congress proves, and acknowledges no laws so binding as those of his own stern will. It is true that Mr. Sumner is a poor and fallacious logician; but few will deny the charms of his brilliant rhetoric.

As Seward is the Robert Peel of Abolition, Sumner is the Macaulay. His want of direct logic is compensated for, by an excellent imitation of true diction, and the minds of the people are swayed oftener by the glittering appearances of argument itself. The poorest fallacies become facts among excited masses, as we learn from the records of '48, when the splendid paradoxes of Lamartine were mistaken for the profound utterances of an oracle of statesmanship. There are days when the populace willingly accept phrases for politics.

Passing by Wilson, "the false Achille" of the movement, we come to Hale of New Hampshire. In him we find a remarkable combination of popular qualities—a inexhaustible fund of fanaticism. The granite hills of his State are more stern and unyielding than his nature, and yet he possesses as playful and trenchant wit as Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He can always relieve a solemn subject by a good humored joke, and compel even his opponents to join in the responsive laugh. He thinks in syllogisms, and speaks in epigrams. Very few men in the Senate of the United States can match him in debate, for he is always ready, caustic, and well informed. If his facts are sometimes metaphors, his metaphors are often facts. It is true that he has been in a minority of one before now, but intellectually at least, it was "one with two oughts after it." If Seward is the Robert Peel, as we have said, and Sumner the Macaulay, of Abolitionism, Hale may be fairly ranked as the D'Israeli. Recent events show that his influence is anything but decreasing in New Hampshire.

And such are the leaders whom the South has henceforward to meet, foot to foot, and from whom she can expect no quarter, and to whom she should give man was secured.

THE RAINY MONTH.—Mr. E. Meriam,

of Brooklyn, has published a very interesting report of the weather for the month of July, commencing with the year 1789, and closing with the month just passed, a period of 76 consecutive years. We learn from this report that July of this year, for rain, heat, and lightning fairly leaves its former self in the shade. The following statement shows the years in which the "rainy term" has continued for more than four consecutive days in the month of July during the long period above named:

In July, 1803, rain fell from 23 to 28—5 days
" 1807, " " 19 to 21—3 "
" 1829, " " 2 to 6—5 "
" 1836, " " 9 to 13—5 "
" 1851, " " 6 to 10—5 "
" 1855, " " 19 to 23—5 "

Mr. Meriam's Report is made up from memoranda of observations taken within a radius of five miles in and about New York city.

DEATH OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE.—The telegraph announces the death of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence. His precarious state of health has been for several weeks tending to this consummation. While the city of Boston and the State of Massachusetts, naturally occupy the position of chief mourners in the social funeral procession which will follow his remains and cherish his memory, the entire country must to some extent sympathize with the cloud-like sorrow which has lowered over the commercial community, from amid whose plans and schemes of enterprise Mr. Lawrence has been removed. As the model merchant prince, the courteous and ever affable gentleman, the popular and accomplished diplomat, and the financier and manufacturer, Mr. Lawrence has earned and left behind a name which will ever be mentioned with honor, and a memory which will always command respect.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—A buck of the largest size, with a splendid head of amber, was seen in the city on the morning about sun-rise. He seemed to have been upon business entirely his own, and was discovered in Judge Wright's garden among the vegetables. Not liking the looks of things, and perhaps fearing some kind of foul play, he took sudden leave, leaping over a high gate into an alley, thence to Market street, and made for the bridge, leaping the toll-gate full ten feet high, and would certainly have violated the law by crossing the bridge without paying toll had the bridge been standing. As it was he sprang from the abutment some 15 feet to the water, swam the river, and escaped to the hills.—*Clearfield Republican, August 9.*

POLYGAMY AND SLAVERY.—Mrs. Swain, in an article in the *Pittsburg Visitor*, treating of polygamy among the Mormons, says:—

"In Pennsylvania here, where men have come with dogs, and hunted a young and beautiful woman, to compel her to live as the paramour of a purchaser, instead of the wife of the man she had chosen for her husband—where they did hunt her, at mid winter, for hundreds of miles, for such a purpose, and in obedience to law, it would not be much out of the way to keep a Commissioner for catching runaway wives from Utah."

It appears that a bullet, instead of going straight through a man in defiance of all obstacles, is diverted from its course by a very slight circumstance. A writer gives an instance in which a bullet entered on the side of the head, passed around beneath the scalp, and fell out upon the opposite side, as though it had passed directly through the brain. In another instance a bullet struck the "Adam's apple," passed entirely round the neck, and lodged in the cricoid by which it entered.

NEW POST OFFICE ORDER.—Our readers are perhaps not aware that writing, printing or embossing anything except the address on an envelope containing a circular, subjects the package to letter postage, and such circulars will not be forwarded unless the full letter rate is prepaid. All envelopes, therefore, with the name of a corporation or business firm printed thereon, are not allowed to pass with circulars unless at letter postage. A plain envelope is allowed.

A new idea with respect to cholera was started a short time since by an American physician. He maintains that sores of any kind will act as a preventative of the cholera. He accordingly recommends that on the appearance of the cholera, all persons shall be inoculated by caustic issue. The idea has been lately tested in St. Petersburg with very satisfactory results.

WHEAT CROP IN WISCONSIN.—Speaking of the wheat, the *Appleton (Wis.) Crescent* says:—"Call on Wisconsin for 20,000,000 bushels, and she will honor the draft if you pay enough; if not, she will export to Minnesota, Nebraska, and the rest of mankind."

Mr. Buchanan, U. S. Minister at the Court of St. James, has written to Washington that he will leave England for the United States in the steamer of the 6th of October. "Old Buck," is evidently about to look after his Presidential interests.

LIQUOR LAW IN CHESTER COUNTY.

We take the following extract from a report of the Grand Jury of Chester County. It will be recollected that no liquor licenses were granted in that county last spring:

"The Grand Inquest cannot refrain from expressing their satisfaction with the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, which our county in a great measure so happily enjoys—and desire to commend particularly the determination certain individuals evince in bringing the offenders of the law to justice, and especially, we might say, the officers of the Borough of Phoenixville, for breaking up the place where intoxicating drinks have been so long sold illegally without punishment, and would add the hope that they will preserve until the traffic shall be entirely rooted out—and then we firmly believe that the criminal calendar of this Court will show a much shorter list than heretofore, as indeed it would have been at this Court, since full two thirds of the cases were connected with liquor."

PITTSBURG, August 14.—The Whig Convention of Allegheny county, met in this city to-day, and resolved to make no nomination, as such action would be controlled by the Know Nothings. It was also resolved that as the offers of fusion had been rejected by the Democratic party, the Whigs would now co-operate with the Republican movement. Delegates were appointed to the Whig State Convention to meet at Harrisburg on the 11th of September.

FUSION IN LEBANON.—The old line Whig County Committee, and the American Executive Committee of Lebanon county, held separate meetings last Saturday, and appointed five men from each body to unite in a call for a Joint county Convention of all persons opposed to Loce Focusism, to settle a county ticket.

HORRIBLE DEATH.—The New Haven, Conn. It appears that Dr. David Carington, of Bethany, being troubled with a disagreeable scent about his premises, made search for the cause, and found behind some brush, in a sitting posture, the dead body of a man in a state of decomposition. It was ascertained to be the body of Henry Collier, of Woodbury, who left his home on the 4th. He went to the town of Seymour on the morning of the day, where he procured a tin pail, which he filled with liquor, stolen at the distillery of Mr. Chatfield. He was seen grossly intoxicated in the evening, and when found his head was completely immersed in the pail of liquor.

A WORTHY "FACTORY GIRL."—A young lady—Miss Rosalinda H. Palmer—has just graduated from the Oread Institute, Mass., with the highest honors; and who is one of the three young ladies who are placed against any three college graduates in New England, for examination in rhetoric, logic, ethics, metaphysics, the higher mathematics, natural and physical sciences, languages, English literature and history. She is a factory girl, and lives in Worcester. There, ye animated bundles of ribbons and flounces who are butterflying around the dry goods stores, and nursing your fingers upon some father's purse or the hopes of some future husband.

A medical writer says that a failure of appetite in the summer is apt to be considered as *per se*, an evil, to be doctored and removed; while it is only a sign of mischief, not the mischief itself. Instead, therefore, of resorting to stimulating condiments or medicines to force an appetite, one should live abstemiously for a few days, and as the system works off the causes of the disease, a natural appetite will come back. In those rare cases which a failure of appetite depends on absolute deficiency of food, a return to more generous diet presents the only hope of relief.

Mr. BAIRD, who was certified to the Know Nothing Councils last fall as a member of the Order, and made their nominee for Supreme Judge, has recently written a letter to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, in which he declares that he never has been a member of the Order.

The *Amherst* has a Know Nothing. MOTT and BAIRD—on their State ticket last fall, who were opposed to the Order, and yet both these gentlemen were declared to be members by the Executive Committee when the State nominations were made!

Cholera has broken out at Leavenworth City, Kansas, and Major Armstrong, his wife, and forty-eight others have had it. It is also at Fort Riley, where it has caused the death of Captain Ogden, the wife of Major Woods, and four of her children. The garrison had deserted, and the Chaplain is the only officer left in the Fort. The workmen were endeavoring to get at the public funds.

SINGULAR.—The London correspondent of the Boston Post states that most of the