LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813....WHOLE NO., 696.

AT $1,50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, AUG. 10, 1857.

Settling Up Accounts.

A goodly number of the Newspaper Publishers in Central Pennsylvania have determined to secure themselves against fraud, and to realize better pay for their toil of body and mind, by doing a surer and safer business hereafter. But before our plan commences fully, it may be well to look a little at the past, that we may know who, hereafter, to trust.

We have almost invariably found *Publishers* of Books, Maps, &c., to be prompt, honorable men. When they have proposed to pay for an advertisement by some book or other publication, and we thought it worth to us the room it occupied, we have *accepted* it; but when we did not like it, or did not want it, or the price was not fair, we have *declined* to publish. In almost every case, we had no trouble in the execution of these contracts, by which we secured many desirable works. Yet there are several delinquencies, and our object now is to name them, not only for the information of brother printers, but for the good of honest Book Publishers. We do not believe any of those apparently in default have intended to wrong us, but the loss is real; and if other Printers are in our predicament, the facts will require investigation, to determine who are and who are not trustworthy.

The following works were advertised according to proposals published, and marked papers, containing the advertisement, forwarded, pre-paid, to the proper persons:

Republican Documents—a reprint of the most permanently valuable pamphlets issued by the Central Republican Association during the late Presidential campaign. By L. CLEPHANE, Washington City. [It is due Mr. C. to add, that he states that he forwarded us the work, pre-paid, some months ago. Not rec'd, and its present resting place we can not guess.]

A Collection of Thirty Thousand Names of German, Swiss, Dutch, Portuguese, and other Immigrants into Pennsylvania, chronologically arranged, from 1727 to 1776. By I. Daniel Rupp. Published by THEO. F. SHAFFER, 18, Market St. Harrisburg. [We received up to page 288, only.]

JOHN S. DYE'S fac simile of the pieces of silver with which Judas was rewarded for his treachery, is not received. We see it stated that Dye would probably have a specimen of that coin if obtainable! Pls forward.

MITCHELL'S New National Map, advertised by P. TAGGART, of Wayne county, canvasser for Union and Snyder counties, is missing. We do not know as the Publisher (S. Augustus Mitchell, of Philad.) is responsible for the acts of this canvasser, but we would take it as a kindness to be "put in communication" with the latter, as he may have unintentionally failed to "remember the printer."

DR. GIBON'S account of GOV. GEARY'S Administration in Kansas, was announced to be published by Mr. WHITING of Philad., but another publisher we since see named for it. The Book is in market, but our promised copy is missing.

PASCHALL and KEILLY have not "called and settled" for advertising their Map of Union County.

We sent but a single copy (pre-paid) of papers containing the following *in full*, to the Publishers, who may have waited for "more." As the books stand well in market, we insert their names &c. again, and trust that we shall forthwith receive copies:

Extraordinary Volume!!—Quintessence of Knowledge.

The title of this wonderful book is

INQUIRE WITHIN,

UPON Anything you Want to Know; or, over 9,700 Facts for the People. Cloth, Gilt. Price One Dollar. 456 Pages. Inquire Within is one of the most valuable and extraordinary volumes ever presented to the American public, and embodies nearly Four Thousand Facts, in the mind of which any person living will find instruction and entertainment.

GARRETT, DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 Ann street, New York

Also, for sale by all Booksellers in this place.

☞Copies of the above book sent by mail on receipt of $1, to any address free of postage.

☞Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "Inquire Within." Send Cash orders to the Publishers.

Book Buyers and Agents, Read This!

Recollections of a Life Time,

OR, Men and Things I have Seen in Europe and America. By S. G. GOODRICH, the real "Peter Parley," author of the History of all Nations (the best Agents' Book ever published) and of **170** other volumes! of which Seven Millions have been sold.

In two large 12mo. volumes, 1105 pages, 25 original Engravings, including an accurate Steel Portrait of the Author; black or scarlet Cloth. Price, $3.

This magnificent work is the result of the Author's *LIFE LONG LABOR*, and contains more valuable, instructive, original, curious and important personal incident, anecdote and description, than was probably ever before embodied in a single work. MILLIONS OF READERS have eagerly sought the author's former works, and OTHER MILLIONS will buy this which is emphatically THE WORK OF THE AGE!

☞Subscription Books, and full particulars and Instructions to Agents, sent upon application to

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN,
Publishers, 123 Park Row, New York,
or 107 Genesee St. Auburn

MECCA and Mohammed.—PUTNAM & CO. have published and now ready for sale, *Burton's Pilgrimage to Mecca and the tomb of the Prophet, with Introduction by* BAYARD TAYLOR. 1 vol. 12 mo., with Illustrations. $1,50.

To the religious community, this work furnishes information never made public, respecting the ceremonial laws of a large portion of the eastern world; while, for general interest, Burton's narrative will compare favorably with either Eothem or Crescent and the Cross. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.,
No. 231, Broadway, New York.

☞We shall send marked and pre-paid No's of this paper to the above named Publishers, and hope they will receive this as it is written, not as a reflection upon their integrity, but to inform them of apparent errors of omission on their part. Any information or explanation—as well as the books, maps, and coin—will be "thankfully received."

☞A few *Medical Advertisers*, will receive attention hereafter. Many of them we have found honorable and reliable, but some seem doubtful in intention or in performance, or perhaps both. We shall "compare notes" with brother editors, and thus arrive at the truth, so that we may know who to deal with hereafter, and also to warn our patrons against imposters.

University at Lewisburg---1857.

Report of the Committee of Publication.

With a single exception, during the past year, the lives of all those connected with the University—whether as members of its Boards, its instructors, or its pupils—have been preserved. Rev. W. E. Cornwell, of New Jersey, one of the Curators, has been called away, in the midst of much-prized pastoral labor, leaving behind him many proofs of a well-spent life, and with us a son engaged in preparation (we trust) for a career of future usefulness.

Since our report for 1856, the Trustees have taken decisive action for the enlargement of the Collegiate Department in its building accommodations. The EAST WING, and the CENTRAL HALL—entirely completing the original Plan of Thos. U. Walter for the Main College Building—have been let for construction to Mr. L. Palmer, of Lewisburg. He is an experienced and competent person, and has prosecuted the work as fast as was practicable; but the extraordinary amount of rain during the spring and the month of June, hindered the laying of the foundation walls until the present month. We feel confident that the work will be done in the best and most substantial manner. There is no doubt but it will be completed within a year, thereby affording double the present number of study rooms and of dormitories, with better Recitation, Library and Society rooms, and an entire storey, eighty feet square, for holding Commencement Exercises. The whole edifice will then present an elegant front of 332 feet, and in beauty of situation and adaptation to its purpose we think is not surpassed by any collegiate edifice in our Union.

The FEMALE SEMINARY was contracted for by L. B. Rout & Co., of Muncy, who are so far prospered that the rooms will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the Winter Session in September next. Located within a grove of native forest trees, in the centre of a square of land, and built after the most approved plans, it is indeed an attractive edifice, and peculiarly well fitted for its purpose. The building presents a front of 133 feet, the central portion 66 feet, and each wing 43 feet deep. It will accommodate EIGHTY boarders, together with their teachers and housekeepers, and is arranged with ventilators, apparatus for bathing, and other appliances for making it a happy, healthy, and attractive home. Gas and water pipes are also inserted in the walls, ready for use when those conveniences are provided for. Sufficiently removed from both Town and College to ensure entire privacy, it is yet near enough to the settled portion of town to enjoy all its advantages, and a board walk is provided for passing. Mrs. Kean having last fall resigned her charge as Assistant, Miss M'Leod assumed the vacant place. The Teachers have proved worthy, and the receipts sustain all current expenditures. The Institute is thus becoming an important branch of the University enterprise, and will hereafter receive the official visits of a Committee of Curators; while those of its pupils who accomplish the prescribed course of studies, are enrolled upon our records, and will be publicly presented with a neatly engraved Diploma, on the Tuesdays preceding Commencement.

With these increased facilities—with the sufficient number of competent instructors, in the Academy, the College, and the Institute—there needs to be a united, determined and indefatigable effort largely to increase the number of students, in order to make the University accomplish its design, and render a proper return for the time and money expended in its establishment. The Institution looks for support to two large fields—1st, its local or home field; 2d, its denominational or foreign field.

It seems upon the examination of several Catalogues, that about *two-fifths* of the students connected with the University, have been from Lewisburg and its immediate vicinity—or, taking into the account those in attendance from neighboring counties, attracted by reason of nearness of location, *one half* of the students have been furnished by the home or local field, and the other half by the denominational or foreign field.

But the Charter of the University refers to the wants and the ability of "the Baptists of Pennsylvania as a denomination," as a reason for granting it the privileges conferred—evidently contemplating, that the denomination, throughout the State, would enlarge and concentrate, in this central point, all their labors in behalf of a liberal, Christian education. The Baptists of New Jersey have also shown special favors towards this enterprise.

We rejoice that within ten years so much money has been donated, and so much interest awakened, in all sections of this State, in favor of our University, and that from so many of the churches have come pupils to avail themselves, for a longer or shorter period, of its advantages. But the question unavoidably arises—and we would again press it home upon the most candid and prayerful consideration of the pastors and members of the congregations interested—whether there is not too little thought of the advantages and necessities of education, among them? whether mere money-getting does not too much absorb their time and their affections? and whether there are not in their bounds those, desirous of opportunities here, and who would be lastingly benefitted thereby, sufficient to fill our buildings to overflowing? Here are tried and competent Teachers—expenses are reasonable—health and morality are as secure here as in any other town—and means of egress and ingress are increasing year by year. Why may we not look for a large accession of students, the coming year?

In our last Report, we alluded to a deficiency in the department of English literature and elocution, and to the want of an additional theological professor. The buildings under construction, however, demand all the resources of the University. The active General Agent, and the devoted Trustees, and patrons generally, will we trust find means ere long for supplying these wants.

Dr. Malcom, after six years of faithful service as President of the University, has resigned his office. A committee of seven Trustees has in charge the recommending of a successor—and also of a Professor of English Literature. Rev. Geo. R. Bliss, the Senior Professor, will perform the duties of the Presidency for the present, and we doubt not satisfactorily. Prof. Loomis has obtained a temporary leave of absence, on business connected with his private affairs, but has so advanced the students in his department that it is believed no serious inconvenience will be occasioned.

The Academy also has changed Priacipals—H. D. Walker, A. M., having last year resigned, and George Yeager, A. M., of the Leverington Grammar School, Philad., having accepted the vacancy, commencing his services in Sept. next. He has experience, and the fullest recommendations, both as a man and an instructor, from Pres. Hart, of the Philad. High School, from Mr. Cregan, Principal of the Philad. Normal School, and others.

The operations of the various Departments of the University, the year past, have been uninterrupted by any casualty or disgraceful conduct. The students have been orderly and emulous of progress.

The financial condition of the University appears to be good. There is an endowment fund of over $60,000, drawing interest. There is now on hand a balance of $500 of the School Fund; $13,131 of the Building fund; and $2,416 of the Land fund—total, $16,048. (This was the balance on the 20th inst., since which day several large bills have been met.) The whole assets of the Corporation are estimated at $157,519, and the liabilities at $12,443, leaving a nett value of $145,076. This contemplates the buildings as finished. $12,443 is the sum unprovided for to complete the buildings now under contract, and is embraced among the "liabilities" in the above estimate. The East and Central portions of the College will require $35,000, of which $25,000 are stated to be provided for. The Seminary will require, to build and furnish, $18,500—of which $16,500 are reported as secured.

The Board of Trustees remains unchanged. Vacancies in the Board of Curators have been filled by the election of Messrs. A. B. Putnam, of Danville; Jas. S. Dickerson, of Philadelphia; Rev. J. Green Miles, of Williamsport; Rev. J. A. M'Kean, of Philadelphia; and Rev. Charles A. Fox, of Waverly.

O. N. WORDEN, JOHN GUNDY, I. N. LOOMIS, } Committee, Board of Curators.

JULY 29, 1857.

"John B. Gough has recovered the Bible given him by his mother, which he lost in a Bristol (R. I.) groggery, fifteen years ago. A few weeks since, it was accidentally found in the corner of an old attic, where it was probably thrown at the time. Having Mr. Gough's name, in his mother's hand writing, it was recognized and restored to him through the agency of the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. John O. Choules."

A circumstance a little more remarkable was related to us a few days ago by Mr. Henry Hess. When he left his village home in romantic Switzerland, forty years ago, his father made him a present of a watch. He immediately settled, near Lewisburg, where he has since resided—but parted with the watch shortly after arriving, and heard and perhaps thought no more of it. A few months ago, a stranger in town, out of money, offered his watch to Mr. Hess, at a small price; Mr. Hess took and paid for it, and the late owner went on his way rejoicing. On examining his watch a few days afterwards, Mr. Hess found to his great joy that it was the *identical article given him when a youth as a parting present by his father!* and he intends now to keep it until his own frame is worn out, and the springs of mortal life run down, never to be repaired.

That Liberty Bell.

NO END TO IT.—For the information of our Lewisburg friends, we will state that the old [Liberty] Bell *is not broken up*, nor is it likely to be. It will be remembered that, a number of years since, the bell was cracked while ringing it. This split of course damaged the tone of the bell very materially, and by way of remedying the defect the ragged edges of the crack were chipped off. These fragments were preserved as relics, and the stock of chips was afterwards increased by chiseling off portions of the lower edge of the bell. The metal thus obtained has been scattered around among numerous parties, and it is worn in finger rings, made up into charms, and set in cane heads. We imagine, however, that if all these cherished fragments were gathered together, the true and false would make a lump of metal sufficiently large to cast therefrom a fellow for the Great Bell of Moscow, which is said to weigh sixteen hundred tons. There are a few pounds of the true bell extant, in fanciful shapes; but there is bogus metal as well as bogus babies, and it is sometimes hard to discriminate between the sham and the Simon Pure. There are also cords of walking sticks, which their owners claim were made of the timber of Independence Hall. So long as bell metal can be purchased for a few cents per pound, and retailed at many dollars an ounce, it may reasonably be expected that the supply of fragments of the bell will be found equal to the demand.—*Philad. Evening Bulletin.*

VERMONT.—Vermont is a model State, one among thirty-one, and very lovely. One of its papers says: "There is but one city in this State, and not a soldier. We have no police; and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no museums nor crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes, and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors, and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots".....*and Republicans also, three to one.*

From the Wilkes-Barre Record of the Times.

THE RICHMOND AUCTION:

A new Ballad, sung in the Capital of Virginia on on the 4th of July, 1857.

"With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

AIR: "Hail Columbia."

Sold! Sold! Sold!
"A Christian Man; who buys?"
Around him presses a crowd of traders,
Taking his strength and size;
And the auctioneer lifts up his hammer,
"Who bids for Jack?" he cries,
"A warranted negro, healthy and honest,
Who never steals nor lies."

His master stood by a friendly bidder,
And said, "I am on the rack
With my wife's long bills for flounces and feathers,
And yet I dread to go back,
For she'll give me the devil to pay at home
When she finds I've parted with Jack."
Fool! the bidder next behind him
Was the Devil—in black.

He wore a cloak with a high black collar,
And a black hat down to his ear:
On his feet black boots, on his hands black mittens,
And only his black eyes bare.
He nodded Jack's master a recognition
With a smile that was half a sneer;
But they gazed on each other like brother and brother,
He and the Auctioneer!

I noticed, whenever a bid was offered,
He nodded in sympathy,
And muttered, "No matter who strikes the bargain,
The profits mine shall be;
For, poor as I am, I have raised enough
To purchase the company;
And this man must leave his children beggars,
And leap in the dark with me."

"Fifteen hundred! Feel his muscles,"
The Auctioneer went on;
"Fifteen! Gentlemen, speak quickly,
Or you'll regret it soon.
Fifteen fifty! Sixteen! thank you;
Sixteen, are you done?
Sixteen hundred dollars only,
Going! going! gone!"

Easy and glad seemed the bidder in black
As if ready to dance at a revel,
But downcast and sad, both master and Jack,
Like buds when nipped by the weevil.
Sure both had a right to be sleepless that night,
But whose was the greater evil?
The servant was sold to the Georgia trader,
The master was sold to the Devil!

So the crowd dispersed when the sale was done,
And the Devil went last away;
And, when he came home to count up his gains,
He thus to himself did say;
"Here's a pleasant fall in the human market,
I've made a fine bargain to-day—
For Judas's soul cost me thirty pieces,
But for this one I've nothing to pay."

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The work of laying down the submarine telegraph to connect the continents of Europe and America, is now in progress, having been commenced on the first instant. Should no accidents occur, the line will be completed in the course of a month. Accounts received by the last steamer state that an important alteration in the arrangements for laying the cable, has been determined upon. The plan now is, instead of commencing in mid-ocean, to submerge the whole cable in a continuous line from Valentia to Newfoundland. The Niagara will lay the first half from Ireland to the middle of the Atlantic. The end will then be joined to the other half on board the Agamemnon, which takes it on to the coast of Newfoundland. During the whole process, the four vessels engaged in the service, will remain together, and give whatever assistance is requisite. Constant communication is to be kept up with the coast of Ireland during the progress of the work, and the wires are at once to be laid from Killarney to Valentia Bay, so as to connect with the British and Irish Telegraph Line. President Buchanan has written a letter, stating that he would feel much honored if the first message across the Atlantic, should be one from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States, and that he should endeavor to answer it in a spirit and manner becoming so great an occasion.

☞The Lancaster *Intelligencer* complains that Bishop Simpson and Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, "two of the most learned and eloquent divines, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States," have been "fulminating their anathemas *directly* against slavery and slaveholders, and *indirectly* against Democracy:" this is a candid admission that slavery and Democracy mean the same thing with the leaders of the so-called Democratic party. But Messrs. Simpson and M'Clintock, as consistent followers of the great Wesley, could not do otherwise than hate slavery, for that good man pronounced it the "sum of all villainies." If honest preaching hits the so-called Democratic party, why—let it.

Bayard Taylor says that a Yankee in walking in St. Petersburg, one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was just wide enough for two persons to pass, and the street was very deep in filth—whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand, and cried out: "Crown or tail?" "Crown!" guessed the Grand Duke. "Your highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble and stepping into the mud. The next day the American was invited by the Grand Duke to dinner.

THE CROPS IN INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.—The Commissioner of Patents has received a letter dated Evansville, Indiana, in which the writer states that the crops of southern Indiana and Illinois are beyond all precedent. The "oldest inhabitant" says that nothing has been known like it. They are now harvesting, and the rust has done no damage. Corn is late. The crops of wheat, rye, grass and potatoes will exceed, from present appearances, all former products.

Power of a Single Word.

I was told to-day a story so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, held by the right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with a love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate on a sunny morning, she said: "Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seamen's life, is, *drink*. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will *never drink*." And, said he (for he told me the story,) I gave her the promise; and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole, and the South—I saw all of them in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill side of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. (Applause.) Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was but half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting room, a young man of forty, and asked me, "Do you know me?" "No." "Well, I was once brought drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside, you took me to your berth, and kept me till I had slept off the intoxication; then you asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate; and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I come to ask you to call and see me." How far that little candle throws its beams! Oh, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!—*Wendell Phillips.*

"ASK MY COMMITTEE."—In the old Ritner and Markle times, the Locofocos made a vast deal of capital by charging that those gentlemen were in the hands of a "Committee," and could do nothing without consulting the body guard. The letters of Gen. Packer and Mr. Buckalew are a virtual acknowledgement that what they falsely charged upon the Whig candidates of those days, is true in their own case at present. Gen. Packer, instead of accepting the challenge of his competitor, as any high-minded gentleman would have done, says, "Ask the Committee." And that Committee, knowing his calibre, places an emphatic veto upon the project of free discussion. Free discussion, indeed!—why the very principles of the party are opposed to it. The mission of Locofocoism is to enslave the mind as well as the body. Their majorities are made up by people who will listen only to *one side*, who are held in allegiance by ignorance and prejudice. Their leaders dare not meet their opponents in fair fight, but are compelled to skulk behind and beat about the bush. Well may the candidate of such a party, when challenged by an opponent, show the "white feather," and exclaim, "ask my Committee." It is his only alternative to avert disgrace in every encounter.—*Reading Journal.*

A POETICAL PUFF.—The Michigan Southern Railroad Company has a train that threads the towns and cities strowing the borders of four States, as rapidly as ready fingers string a handful of gold beads. The progress of that swift train is worth thinking of. Taking a stitch in Michigan, whipping through the hem of Indiana, taking a tack in Illinois, it seems to us like a great needle, glittering through the thick selvedge of the summer wood; embroidering the cloth of gold, all woven for the harvest; flashing through the silk plush of green meadows; knotting in, a town here and a hamlet there, and knitting up a New World's raveled sleeve. A great needle it is, indeed, darting to and fro with its mingled thread of life and wealth and hope, through the night and through the day, through the storm and through the calm, where the rocks rattle back the echoes, where the woods ring as with a hundred anvils, where it hushes the noisy river, where it roars across the narrow stream and grinds horizons into dust—*Chicago Journal.*

DUBUQUE, July 29.—St Paul dates to the 26th inst. are to hand. An express from the Sioux agency had arrived there and reported that 10,000 Indians were defying the United States troops, and that a renewal of hostilities was unavoidable. The settlers were flying to the forts for protection. Gov. Medary was endeavoring to preserve the peace. He sustains the action of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in suspending the payment of the annuities until the Sioux nation deliver up the infamous band of murderers. This the Sioux refuse to do, and are trying to bring about a collision with the government troops. A telegraphic despatch from Secretary Floyd, refusing the request of Governor Medary for arms and volunteers for defence, occasions some excitement. Two hundred men had prepared themselves, and were determined to march, if need be, for the protection of the frontier.

POMP says he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Men who are truly great, we dismiss not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, can not die.

To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house?

The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it, are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these can not expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says that on Wednesday night last a canal boatman, named Thomas, a resident of Loyalsock, Pa., while lying asleep on the deck, of the boat came into collision with a bridge near Highspire, which struck him on the back part of the head, and knocked therefrom the *perital* bone, which was found shortly afterwards as free from extraneous substances as if it had been extracted by the hands of a demonstrator of anatomy. The wounded man, of course, was instantly aroused by the concussion, and what is most remarkable, rose to his feet perfectly unconscious of the extent of the injuries he had received by the collision. The slight pain in the back of his head gave him no trouble whatever, and it was only after he had dressed himself, and one of his comrades found the bone on deck, that he was made aware of the unfortunate mutilation of his *caput*. After this discovery, the wounded man was taken to Highspire, when Dr. Rutherford of our city, was summoned, who, after *washing the man's brain, and replacing it*, and arranging the splinters of the adjacent parts of the scull in a proper manner, informed him that was all he could do for him. With this, the wounded man departed, in a perfectly rational state, to his home at Loyalsock. We doubt if the experience of any member of the medical profession can show a similar case to the above.

A LONG TRIP OF 2520 MILES.—*Fifty-one Days out on the Missouri River.*—In our "River Column" will be found the manifest of the steamer Twilight, which, having left this port on the 31st of May, laden with government stores and Indian goods for the mouth of the river Aue Tramble, a distance of two thousand five hundred and twenty miles, reached her destination on the 7th inst., and returned to St. Louis yesterday afternoon, making a round trip of fifty-one days. Capt. John Shaw, commander of the Twilight, reports the Indians all quiet and friendly, and that the boats' crew killed many buffaloes during the trip. Also that the Missouri river was rising fast all the way down, the water coming, it is supposed, from the mountains.—*St. Louis Republican, 22d ult.*

JUDGE WILMOT'S LETTER.—We invite special attention to the letter of Judge Wilmot, published on the first page of to-day's paper. It strikes the nail right on the head, and assumes positions acceptable to every Whig, American or Republican in the State. There are no concealments about it. It is as frank as language can make it. We believe it will make *one party* out of the whole opposition to Locofocoism, and cement that party by the adhesive power of great public principles. The effect of the letter is already perceptible. The change it has made for the better, in Philadelphia, the *Sun* states to be remarkable. We are confident now that Wilmot *can be elected.*—*Lebanon Courier.*

PRES. BUCHANAN'S OPINION OF POPULAR SOVREIGNTY.—The Hon. Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, is a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate, and is canvassing his State as such. From a synopsis in the Yazoo *Sun* of his speech at Yazoo Court House, on the 4th ult., we extract the following:

He had heard it from the President's own lips, that this thing of Squatter Sovereignty was one of the most damnable heresies, that was ever broached in this or any other country, and that he (the President) would leave nothing undone to throttle it. Mr. B. told the speaker this and in all sincerity, and he believed him.

YOUNG AMERICA.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To smoke cigars and look so sage;
And if I should a mustache wear,
(Although the wool is rather spare,)
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my little whiskers by.
Big aches from little toe-corns grow;
Big drunks from little drinkings go.
And though my beard is short and young,
Of tender growth, and lately sprung,
Yet all the whiskers in the town
Once existed but in down.
But why may not young Charley's face
Be clad like others of his race,
Exceed what Tom and Dick have done,
Or any man beneath the sun?
Where are the dickeys, far or near,
That do not find a rival here!
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who has a bigger cane than I!

WILFUL MISCONSTRUCTION.—Our Democratic contemporaries are trying to make it appear that "Deacon Stebbins, of Alpine, Michigan, has been excommunicated by the Free-Will Baptist Church in that town, because he voted for Buchanan at the Presidential election." It was not for his voting for Buchanan that the Deacon was expelled, but because he had promised to vote otherwise and failed to redeem his promise. In other words, he repeated the sin of Ananias, and thus brought himself into disgrace. A Deacon who will lie for the sake of voting a Democratic ticket, must be a queer Deacon, a queer Christian, and a queer man. No wonder the Alpine brethren desired to be well rid of him.—*Syracuse Journal.*

THE BIGGEST FOOL.—Some years since a letter was received in New Orleans, directed 'To the biggest fool in New Orleans;' the Postmaster was absent, and on his return, one of the youngest clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter.

'And what became of it?' inquired the Postmaster.

'Why,' replied the clerk, 'I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so *I opened the letter myself.*'

'And what did you find in it?' inquired the Postmaster.

'Why,' responded the clerk, 'nothing but the words, *'thou art the man.'*

A splendid pair of Morgan horses, has recently been purchased for the Emperor Napoleon, in Rutland county, Vermont. They were shipped for Havre, on the steamship Vanderbilt, which sailed from New York, on Saturday the first of August. They are intended for the Emperor's carriage on state occasions, and are very beautiful.

The Providence *Journal* declares itself satisfied of the humbuggery of spiritualism, by a "test" it observed during the late campaign. It says: "When the son of Henry Clay took the stump for James Buchanan, and the spirit of his great father *did not rise from the grave*, we made up our mind that there was no passing back from the next world to this."

CLARK B. COCHRANE, Esq., of Schenectady, in his Fourth of July oration at Troy, said that "he who in 1776 had ventured to denounce the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence as MERE SOUNDING AND GLITTERING GENERALITIES, *would have found but one place of safety—a retreat within the British lines!*"

A BIG SALARY.—Mr. Moran, the new President of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, is to receive a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year—exactly what is paid to the President of the United States, and more, probably, than is paid to any other functionary in this country.

The London Literary Journal says: "There are men now going about the streets with the crape on their hats saying 'poor Jerrold! how we miss him!' who were never in his company twice in their lives, and who never got anything from him but a merited sarcasm for their folly."

The Lowell News says: "Rev. Mr. Avery, whose connection with the murder of Maria Cornell, made such a stir years ago, is residing in Berkshire county, where he has quietly cultivated the farm for twenty years past. He seldom goes beyond the adjacent post office."

NO WONDER THEY CAN'T KEEP COOL.—At Quindaro, Kansas Territory, the thermometer has marked 106 degrees in the shade in the Summer, and at Topeka, during the session of the Convention, it has been as high as 108 degrees in the shade.

The "Great Eastern" steamship, now being built in England, it is estimated will cost about £620,000, or $3,000,000. It is to be the largest vessel ever launched, except perhaps Noah's Ark, which may have been a little larger.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER, who is now in London, continues to improve in health. He recently dined by invitation with the Benches of the Inner Temple—the first time such courtesy was ever extended to a stranger.

HEAVY CHAIN.—The chain used to raise the ships sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol is ten yards long, and each link weighs 300 pounds. It has not its equal anywhere.

The arrangements for a telegraph between Cuba and Florida only wait the consent of Spain.