LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JULY 12, 1858.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN!

This week, the State Convention will open, we trust, a spirited canvass for the General Election. A wide diffusion of intelligence by local journals, is often the most efficient and cheapest agency in any cause. The CHRONICLE is now the only Opposition paper in Union county, (and is not one "pretty good paper" enough for this small county?) and could be yet more widely diffused to advantage. With the Pescia fine prospect for crops, we can safely appeal to the friends of the cause to go to work and raise a few more subscribers in their respective neighborhoods—payable (in this case) at or before September Court—on the following

TERMS—in Advance.

☞ Single copy one year $1,50, or 3 cents ☞ per week for a shorter time. Four copies ☞ one year or one copy four years, for $5. ☞ Ten copies one year, five copies two years, ☞ or one copy ten years for $10. For $15, ☞ sixteen copies, or fifteen copies and "Otzinachson." For $20, twenty-one copies ☞ and "Otzinachson."

☞ Will *you* try? and YOU? and YOU? and *YOU?*

From the Middleburg (Snyder county) Times.

LINES suggested on seeing, from my window in New Berlin, the break made on the top of Shade Mountain by the workmen of Beaver Furnace.

All honor unto you, ye sons of toil!
Ye axe-men! who have climbed yon mountain's top,
And taken off his crown, possessed so long
As made him think, perhaps, (as human heads,
Long used to wearing crowns, are apt to think,)
Their right to wear them indefeasible.
Ye sooty colliers! who prepare the coal
Which feeds the blazing furnace—though ye be
As dusky as ten thousand in this land,
Doomed, for their skin, to servitude—ye are
Left free as air upon your mountain heights.
Ye miners! who bring forth the treasures hid
For ages in the bowels of these hills,
Men thought once Nature in her freaks piled up
For people of romantic tastes to gaze
At and admire, but greatly hindering
The progress and improvement of the State,
Yet by your skill and labor now become
The mighty feeders of a nation's wealth—
Sure ye deserve her care! While others trade,
Exchanging merely one commodity
For something else, or by their labor turn
To other use what is already furnished to their hands—
What ye produce is new, was all unknown
Before, and had not been but for your toil.
Pity that ye should so often fall into hands
Of harpies, growing rich upon your work,
In splendor shining with "the hire kept back
From you by fraud," while ye yourselves, your wives,
And little ones, are famishing for bread!
But, MINGO SWARTZ! sure am I stain so foul
Rests not on thee. Too long hast thou thyself
Experienced what it is to toil for bread.
Well I remember with what interest
I listened to the graphic narrative—
Thy pains to learn the miners' occult art,
Thy lonely, persevering search, amid
The mountain wilds, for the long hidden ore,
And thy success complete, so well deserved,
Which has transformed into a scene that teems
With busy men, a region desolate,
Where in my youthful days nought was to tempt
The wandering townsman, save the mountain tea
So fragrant, or the whortleberry sweet,
Or speckled trout which sported in the cool
And limpid brooklet. Wonderful old man!
Already hast thou passed thy three-score years
And ten, yet still thine eyes appear undimmed,
And unabated thy herculean brow.
Long hast thou served thy country, both in war
And in her legislative halls; and seems
It now most fit for thee to recommend,
By thy example, how o'er all may serve
Her, just as truly, in those peaceful arts
By which the surface of her soil is trained
To yield increasingly the sustenance
Her teeming millions need, and o'er its deep
Interior to pour those mineral streams
That ever augment her greatness and her power.

THE CROPS IN EUROPE.—The reports of the weather in Europe, concur to a greater extent than usual as to the prospect of abundant crops. The summer in England, thus far, has been of the highest temperature ever known, the month of June up to the 25th, having shown a temperature 8 degrees above the average, the thermometer in London on some days having run up to 94 and 95. In that moist climate and so early in the season this must produce a great luxuriance of vegetation. On the continent the experience has been somewhat similar, and the condition of the vines in the South of France is pronounced to be unprecedently splendid. There is likewise a great promise as respects grain. Hay, in France, is short in quantity, owing to the hot weather, but excellent in quality. For the silk crop, a very important one in all the South and West of Europe, a fine early summer is essential, but the heat this year has been beyond that which is most suitable for the worms. On the whole, however, the European yield is estimated as certain to amount to at least five-eighths of a full crop, and looking at the results of the last two or three years is a most favorable change.

THE RECENT HOT TERM.—We have just had a remarkably hot period, following heavy rains. In the Middle and New England States, where neither the grain nor the grass were far advanced, the heat of the past fortnight has done wonders. Indeed, without it the superabundant moisture must have proved quite injurious. But a temperature of 90°, acting upon a saturated soil, quickened vegetation like the workings of magic. It is a noticeable fact that in Europe, also, the same kind of weather has prevailed. Both in England and on the Continent the heat was as great as here. Consequently an early and excellent harvest is expected—a blessing which the populous countries of the Old World know better than we how to prize.

Daniel Webster's Letter on Sunday Schools.

MARSHFIELD, June 15, 1852.

PROF. PEASE—Dear Sir: I have received your very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the New York Sabbath School Association, and read it with great pleasure and instruction. It is gratifying, very gratifying to learn, that, in "a city where vice and immorality run riot with impunity," a few humble Christians have devoted their time and energies to the cause of religion, and I fervently pray that your labors may be crowned with success.

The Sabbath school is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction, it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution, it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesman and armed soldiers. Let it, then, be fostered and preserved until the end of time.

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, yes I firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath school, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago, I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked: "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: "Yes, my dear Webster, yes; it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was formed for religious worship, and that notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm as unmoveable as truth itself; that man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying, that

"The soul, secure in her existence,
Smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that Sunday schools—(he did not use our more correct term, Sabbath)—presented the only legitimate means, under the constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that 'a religious education was the cheap defence of nations.'" "Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our nation than the present generation will acknowledge; perhaps, when I am cold, he will obtain his reward; I hope so, earnestly hope so. I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes, he was '*clarem et venerabile nomen.*'" I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome; that "the harp upon the billows by Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah, (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me,) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee... But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals.

Thanking you for your report, and heartily concurring with you in the truth of your quotation, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," I remain, with a high regard your friend, D. WEBSTER.

☞ "You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another.

"Yes, poor little thing; it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet, after a week's illness, died."

Nothing but a constitution like that of the United States, could have kept that child from dying—"poor thing!"

Hoe, the Printing-Press Improver.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

In 1805, the yellow fever prevailed in New York to a fearful extent. I never left the city on these occasions. I sat in my shop door, in the cool of the day. I beheld a man progressing from the south; he walked in the middle of the street, and was reading the names on the signboards. He stepped to my door.

"Mr. Thorburn," said he, "I am just come on shore from the ship Draper, from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; I can't find work. Can't you tell me where I may find board, till the fever is over? My name is Robert Hoe."

He looked young, simple, and honest, I knew the heart of a stranger. I called my wife.

"My dear," says I, "this stranger can neither find work nor board; will you board him?"

"Yes," said she.

"If he takes the fever, will you help me to nurse him?"

"I will," she replied.

"Thank you," said I, "for this, God will bless you."

Before one week elapsed, he took the fever. I procured an eminent physician; my wife and I nursed him. On the fourth day of the fever, he was under the operation of powerful medicine. The fever was coursing through his veins, and burning up his English blood. I sat by his bed. He fastened his eyes on mine.

"O, Mr. T., Mr. T.," he exclaimed, "I shall die! I never can stand this."

"Die? To be sure, Robert, we must all die. But you are not going to die this week. I think I shall see you a master-builder in New York, and married to a bonnie Yankee lass, and I live to carry your grandchild in my arms yet."

There was a lull in the fever, when the medicine commenced operating. He dropped asleep; from that hour the fever left him.

When I held the cooling drops to his lips, and pressed his burning head between my hands, I little thought there lay the germ of a machine that was destined to revolutionize the world of literature. At that time, a common school Bible cost a dollar; now they are sold for twenty cents. His sons added several improvements to their father's invention; they are much esteemed, wherever known.

I was traveling in New Jersey some ten years ago. Stepping from the cars, I noticed a decent looking citizen among the spectators. Says I:

"Sir, my business will detain me a week in this town. I don't like to stop at a tavern; can you inform me where I may find a quiet, private family, where I may board?"

"I can," he replied. "Come with me."

We turned a corner. On a piazza, in front of a respectable dwelling, sat a comely matron. On her lap sat a child that might have seen six summers.

"Good wife," says my conductor, "this is Mr. Thorburn, from New York. He wants private lodgings. Can you board him a week?"

"That will I," said she, "for a twelve month, if he says so. I often heard my father tell how Mr. Thorburn took him in his house and nursed him, when he took the yellow fever."

"What was your father's name?" I inquired.

"Robert Hoe," she replied.

"Is that your child?"

"It is," said she.

I took the babe in my arms. Said I:

"Madam, 'tis over forty years, when, cheering your father, I told him I hoped to carry his grandchild in my arms. This day my prediction is fulfilled in your eyes."

He died in 1835.

MOTHS IN CARPETS.—An "Experienced Housekeeper" writes as follows: "Camphor will not stop the ravages of moth, after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar, or tobacco—in fact, I rather think they enjoy the latter, if anything else than humanity can. Nor will the dreadful and inconvenient taken up, and beating, always ensure success, for I tried it faithfully, and while nailing it down, found several of the worms "alive and kicking" that had remained under the pile unharmed. I conquered them wholly in this way; I took a coarse crash towel, and wrung it out of clean water, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then ironed it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. The camphor will doubtless prevent future depredations by the miller.

The St. Louis "Democrat" announced that the death of slavery in Missouri is decreed. The free State men in adjoining States evidently think so, and are moving to occupy that favored land, whose only blight is slave labor.

Mrs. Blifkin's Baby.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious existence, he had me on an average of six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because the baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, just as was going to sleep again, "that lamp as you have placed it, shines directly in the baby's eyes—strange you have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma to day for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "you will do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her, I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake the baby." "Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Single. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up, and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for his mother, I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?" "I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired." "Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife, "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. Mr. Blifkins," said she, in a louder key. I said nothing. "Oh dear!" said that estimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?" I remained silent, and after a while, deeming Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in bed, adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pin-cushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to that young immortal, required the surrender of my forehead for a pin-cushon. This was one of many nights passed in this way. The truth was, that the baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolutely and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Public Corruption.

[We take from the *Congressional Globe* the following episode, which occurred in a speech of Senator TOOMBS:

"We speak of the corruption of Mexico, of Spain, of France, and of other governments, with a great deal of truth, according to all accounts; but from my experience and observations, which have been somewhat extensive, I do not believe today there is as corrupt a government under the heavens as that of the United States."

Mr. HALE. Nor I, either.

Several other Senators. I agree to that.

Mr. TOOMBS. And most of all its corruption is in the legislative department.

When a declaration of this kind is freely made in our public halls by a public man who has the best means of judging, and meets the assent of other public men of all parties, it is indeed time to consider. There is no doubt that corruption has been from year to year growing at Washington, and that the virus has extended more or less to all of the public bodies of the country.

Rev. Tabes Gross, a freed man, who is endeavoring to raise money for Lewis Smith, to purchase his four children, says the Louisvile Journal, was 34 years a slave—got leave to go to California—walked the entire distance—was there two years and a half, and returned to Kentucky and purchased his own freedom and that of his wife and children.

From Rarey, the Horse Tamer.

LIVERPOOL, April 23, 1858.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I wrote you two sheets this morning, but was called away before I had quite finished, and now I have just got through with the day, and had my tea, I will hurry to finish your letter before any one calls. There is no rest for the wicked, and no accomplishment without great labor. I have just had a very hard day, and between the hurras, the rush of people, the lecture, the breaking of these very bad horses (one so as to be shod,) the excitement, and the perfect volley of all manner of questions, I feel very much like leaning back in my chair and taking a quiet snooze.

They tried to bring some horses to-day to defeat me, but they couldn't come it, and I, as usual, came off victorious, amid the loud cheers of a class of about one hundred scholars.

I wish you could be here just one day to see how enthusiastic the people are. This morning, when I stepped into the school and took off my hat, they set up such a cheering and clapping of hands that made everything ring, so animating me that I was full of eloquence, and addressed them with as much enthusiasm as though I was a second Kossuth. The streets outside of the building were crowded; and when I rode out on the back of a vicious stallion that no man had been able to mount for three years, they too set up a loud hurrah for the great American that they think I am. They don't know that I am nobody but your Uncle Jack, that used to break horses in the little town of Groveport.

Well, the name American sounds well, and I think I would be justifiable in being proud of the name, if I am not of myself. I wouldn't like to be called the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. Nothing carries with it so much music as the name of American, etc. As ever your friend and Uncle, J. S. RAREY.

KANSAS MATTERS.

[The following items we clip from a Kansas correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette*:

"I have visited Leavenworth, Lawrence, Wyandot, &c., and find more enterprise than I expected. Lecompton is a miserable place, well situated on the Kaw river, but of no enterprise whatever. They have managed to expend $75,000, or $100,000 of government appropriations on the State House, but it has never progressed more than two feet, and has been abandoned some time. While there I dined with our friend Gen. Brindle, receiver of public moneys. He is one of the best informed men on Kansas affairs in the territory.

"The people of Kansas do not receive the English bribe very submissively; they do not like government pap well enough to accept the lump of sugar as a reward for swallowing the pill. Free State men control everything.

"Lawrence is an enterprising place, and will be a town. They have built a fine brick building on the site of the old Free State House that was burned last year.

"Indians are as plenty as prairie chickens. By the way, I must tell you a joke. Riding along the old California road, we stopped to see an Indian, "Two Eyes," one of Fremont's guides when he took that journey across the plains. We asked him how he liked the idea of Fremont being beaten for the Presidency? He said "Fremont great man. Fremont eat heap mule. Indian eat dog. Fremont eat much mule. He make one good President." What an efficient aid "Two Eyes" would have been in the campaign!

A YOUNG SUICIDE.—A little girl, twelve years old, attempted to commit suicide at Boston, the other day. She had been severely punished several times by her teacher, and fearing further chastisement, she drank a teacup full of burning fluid, but an emetic saved her life. She gave her reasons for the act that the girls "picked upon" her; that she was called "stupid," and her teacher had punished her, and she was tired of life.

The world will never know how people have been made stupid by the simple cry of "dunce," which has been hurled at them. The late Gov. Marcy was a "stupid" boy until he got a teacher who had sense enough to treat him intelligently and frankly, instead of "larruping" the future statesman for every fault.

Last week we were witness to a scene which saddened our heart. It was a woman, beastly drunk. Such a scene is disgusting enough when a man is the participant, but when woman, who is regarded as far superior to man in relation to the finer feelings of our nature, prostitutes herself to the character of a beast, we may well blush with shame for our race. It is but a few weeks ago that we published an account of a woman at Medina, Ohio, who lay in a state of intoxication beside the road, while the hogs ate up her little child by her side. It is such scenes as these that awakens the public mind to a sense of its duty, in regard to the damning traffic in liquor. We trust we shall never look upon or hear of the like again.—*Honesdale Democrat.*

CURIOUS RHYMES.

What is earth, sexton? A place to dig graves.

What is earth, rich man? A place to work slaves.

What is earth, greybeard? A place to grow old.

What is earth, miser? A place to dig gold.

What is earth, schoolboy? A place for my play.

What is earth, maiden? A place to be gay.

What is earth, seamstress? A place where I weep.

What is earth, sluggard? A good place to sleep.

What is earth, soldier? A place for a battle.

What is earth, herdsman? A place to raise cattle.

What is earth, widow? A place of true sorrow.

What is earth, tradesman? I'll tell you to-morrow.

What is earth, sick man? 'Tis nothing to me.

What is earth, sailor? My home is the sea.

What is earth, statesman? A place to win fame.

What is earth, author? I'll write there my name.

What is earth, monarch? For my realm 'tis given.

What is earth, Christian? The gateway of heaven.

A Dreadful Prospect.

A New York paper, in mentioning the fact that forty thousand Mormons, including destitute families, children and aged people, are upon the Plains, started for a long journey—says it would not be surprised if five, or even ten thousand, of this moving column were to perish before reaching even the junction of the Gila and the Colorado. The distance from the Salt Lake Valley, even to the Gila river, the first available resting place for a season of so large a body of people as this moving Mormon community, is over 500 miles. They can not stop short of this point, in leaving their Utah settlements. Over the whole immediate space they have nothing but deserts and desert mountains before them and around them. Already, too, we hear that the hungry desert Indians are hanging upon their flanks. In this view of the matter, therefore, we think that the attention of the Administration should be directed in a spirit of humanity towards these miserable people. If they perish in the deserts, it will be the result of their own folly, we know; but it will scarcely be regarded as a creditable calamity to our well intended policy be left recorded in the bones of five or ten thousand Mormon women and children bleaching upon the desert sands of Utah and New Mexico.

THE "MUD SILLS."—The Speech of Senator Hammond in which he characterized the mechanics and working men of the North as the "mud sills" of society, is raising a storm of indignation about his ears, even in the South.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says, in relation to this speech, that a large number of Democrats in the Second District of this city are taking steps to organize a political club, under the name of "The Mud Sill Club." This club will doubtless be organized during the coming week.

Some of the Douglass Broderick men say they will have "Mud Sill" clubs in every town in the State. We presume the Buchanan men will be organized under the title of "Ruffled Shirt Clubs."

FRAUDS ON THE POST-OFFICE.—Since the 21st of June, over forty suspicious packages purporting each to be "one newspaper," have been overhauled by the clerks at our post office here, and found to contain contraband matter. Collars, patterns, indian moccasins, baby dresses, gloves, daguerreotypes, letters, and every conceivable thing which could be wrapped up in a paper so as to avoid letter postage. The postage assessed on these parcels amounted to about fifty dollars.—*St. Paul Minnesotian.*

WHEN CORN GROWS.—Dr. R. R. Harrison of Prince George county, Va., has taken pains to make some careful examinations to ascertain whether corn grows, as is generally supposed, more at night than by day. August 1, corn grew in twenty-fours, five inches; at night one and a half inches. August 2, it grew four and seven-eighths inches; at night one and seven-eights, and in the day three inches.

UNFORTUNATE.—The whole estate of the Breckinridge Coal Company, near Cloverport, Kentucky, is to be sold at auction on the 8th to pay a mortgage of $350,000. This, (the Memphis Bulletin remarks,) is an unfortunate close of this company, whose stock and property were valued, a few years ago, at four or five million dollars.

TRY.—A dedoction from the leaves of the walnut tree, rubbed over horses and other animals as a wash, is recommended as a protection against the sting of insects.

The Military Law.

[The editor of the West Chester *Jeffersonian*, "illuminates" the military law passed at the recent session of the Legislature, as follows—presenting, to us, certainly a new construction of the provisions of that act:

We observe an article going the rounds of the papers, calculated to mislead the public mind in reference to the operation of the late military law. The Constitution provides for a militia enrolment and a militia tax. The previous law fixed the tax against every militia man at 50 cents. The present act does not change it. The fund created by this tax is appropriated to meet the expenses of the military department and must be kept within that limit. One Brigade can not draw upon the funds of another, or upon the Treasury of the State, for any deficiency. For instance, suppose Chester county contained a taxable population of one thousand, and the whole number were members of volunteer companies, then there would be no tax collectable and no fund to draw upon; *they would have to do without any pay.* But if this thousand paid their tax, in preference to joining a military organization, then there would be a fund of $500 for such volunteers as might exist, to draw upon. The law fixes the rate of pay at $1.50 per day, but it does not provide means beyond the Brigade, and does not pledge the funds of the Commonwealth. The law fixes the rate of pay for not exceeding four days and encampment. It is not probable that the amount raised in Chester county would more than bear the expenses of the present military organization, for an encampment of three or four days. But this act is a manifestation of encouragement creditable to the Commonwealth.

A great many deaths from sun stroke are recorded. (See 24 Kings, 4: 18 to 20. And 8 to 3.) Persons of enfeebled constitutions are generally the victims. Be very careful not to overdo or to get overheated. Cotton bandaged and kept wet on the head, is a good preventative for man and beast. Bathe the head if a feeling of rushing of blood thither is felt. Rubbing the person briskly in water in case of an attack, is by some advised as a means of restoration.

Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, the oldest person in the State of Maine, died in Durham, Cumberland county, on the 22nd. The Maine papers say her age was nearly 115 years. She was born in 1743, thirty-three years before the Declaration of Independence. Till she was about 110, she possessed bodily vigor sufficient to enable her to work in the garden, an employment she took great delight in.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor was gathering about him, every day, men belonging to the progressive party; that the cabinet was impressed with the necessity of approaching western civilization, and that the next generation will not find any trace of slavery in Russia. The policy is opposed by the old Russian party, headed by Prince Menchicoff.

A man named Gorman went into the water to bathe on Sunday last, at Boston, and, not being a good swimmer, was drowned; whereupon a Coroner's Jury sat upon his body, and returned for their verdict: "That he came to his death by having, in violation of the city ordinances, gone into the water about 2½ o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 27th, &c."

One day last week, while an Irishman was bathing in the river at New Orleans, he was shot; he struggled towards the shore, which he had no sooner reached, than he was again shot and killed. The perpetrators proved to be two mates on a ship, who said they had been shooting at rats under the wharf. They had mistaken the poor Irishman for a rat and killed him by accident.

ONLY HALF MILLION DEFICIENCY.—The New York *Sun* says that, "at a recent meeting of stockholders in the New York and Erie Railroad, a report was made by which it appears that the Company has lost ground to the tune of $400,061 during the last six months. Other items swell the deficiency, failing to meet its obligations, to half a million.

GOVERNOR FLOORED.—The Missouri Telegraph says that Gov. Stewart, of that State, while pretty drunk, got into a quarrel, with a Mr. Vandiver about the pardon of the St. Louis murderer, O'Blennis, which ended in a fight, the governor getting a very satisfactory thrashing. Stewart's friends say it was not fair, as he was too drunk to fight.

It is stated that one of the most active and attentive waiters at the Tremont Hotel, Boston, was not long ago, a millionaire and president of a popular railroad company. Fortune is a most inconstant creature, and often makes heroes of unassuming men.

ROLL THE DRUM.—"Old Bob," a negro drummer in the Revolutionary War, died recently, in Elbert county, Ga., at the advanced age of 107 years. He was present at the battles at Eutaw Springs, Guilford Court House and Brandywine.

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