LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1858.

☞Of "making many" Reapers, as well as of Books, "there is no end." The test in Limestoneville *seems to have* aroused the poetical bumps of somebody, who pours forth his not martial but agricultural "lays" in the *Danville Democrat*, as follows:

THE BATTLE OF THE REAPERS.

At Limestoneville, June 23, 1858.

The Battle of the Reapers!
The victory of Peace!
The way to cut the harvest
With quickness and with ease.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania!
Who now will say she's "dumb?"
At making useful implements,
You must admit she's "some."

Brave MANNY gave the challenge,
And HOSKY never flinched;
When Darkness then negotiate,
A truce soon is clinched.

They met in from some township,
And had numerical field,
Not only mowing clover,
But glory, too, did yield.

First a new Mower tried it,
But "crawfish" very soon;
And Manny with "improvements"
Came on just after noon.

The MANNYERS triumph,
A mighty foe has met;
But they were found different,
When in the harness wetted.

Then WOOD came on mounted
A LAWSON machine;
And Folks more than amazed
Was hardly ever seen.

He cut the grass nicely!
The field that he went
Looked polished, as on Sunday,
You've seen a preacher's tent.

We won't pound the fallen,
Nor say one word unkind,
But we will hie home the golden sheaves
All ready for to bind.

Great old Dutch Pennsylvania!
Who now will call her "dumb?"
At marking good grass cutters,
You must admit she's "some."

A correspondent of the Danville *Intelligencer* gives the following account of the same contest, "slightually" different in opinion:

The Great Reaper Trial.

At Limestoneville, one day last week,
There stood, in bright array,
The noble farmers all in time
And eager for the fray.

The hour of nine approached and fled,
No reaper yet in view!
And disappointment could be read
In many a face also.

But soon the cry, "They come! they come!"
Was heard amid the throng;
And then the flying up was done
Which to such things belong.

Three Reapers, painted up in style
Most pleasant to behold,
The friends of which, it would seem, did smile
Their success to be manifold.

Then through the field each cut a swath;
Brave KIRBY's led them all;
That iron monster, in his wrath,
Cut down both great and small.

Next came bold HOSKY, great and broad,
With sickles sharp and keen,
Who through the clover field did sweep—
The like was never seen.

At last, not least, came MANNY, too,
As gallant as you please;
Who was determined to do through,
And do it, too, with ease.

The conflict lasted long, and yet,
All blood-less was the strife;
Enormous drops of human sweat
Were shed to win the prize.

We've gained the victory, Farmers cried;
But Science said "not true;"
And MANNY and McCORMICK tried
To get a full share too.

Thus ended this great Reaper show,
By friends of each contended;
For each one is the best, you know—
No better in the world. AN OBSERVER.

Last week's *Intelligencer* says, "Last Saturday, KIRBY's celebrated Mower and Reaper was tried on Mr. Deen's farm, a short distance above Danville. A disinterested gentleman who witnessed this trial, informs us that that the machine worked admirably and satisfactorily."

A committee at Berwick, after a trial, reported in favor of Manny with Wood's improvement as best, and Kirby's next.

The most Magnificent Scenery of a Summer's Day.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

CATTSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
July 3, 1858.

Bless me! what an everlasting climb that was! And what a fiery furnace we have escaped, in ascending to these Alpine heights, from the scorched, sweltering valley below! The thermometer 98° down there, and 84° up here, 3,000 feet above the Hudson; with pine clad summits on either hand, a thousand feet higher yet! Do you know how high "this 'ere tavern" is? Well, I'll tell you. The Allegheny Mt. at Cresson is only 1,200 feet above its base at Altoona, and 2,800 feet above tide water at Philadelphia. So that I am 200 feet higher than your highest mountain, with the *entire* descent directly under my eye; and yet am only three-fourths of the way up to the topmost summit. I salute you with benignant coolness and condescension!

Just to think, too, that a body can step out of Hess' omnibus, at the cross-cut, in the morning, (you know Hess, *the* Hess—I shall recommend him to the people here,) and be away off up here the next day at late dinner time. The Cattskill mountains are really getting out into the world, at last!

The cars dump you down at a little wooden "station" near the water's edge, on the eastern bank of the Hudson. Directly west, across the river, and some ten miles distant, but apparently close at hand, the broad, forest-covered promontory of the Catskill, lifts its huge bulk to the heavens, as if the Ararat of the new world—the Mountain House perched on the edge of a gorge like an eagle in its eyrie; its long, white, colonaded front gleaming from the midst of the deep-green foliage, like a radiant star, beckoning the traveler to purer, peaceful realms.

You are soon ferried over to Cattskill village; attractive, beautiful, picturesque, or dirty, shabby, and rusty, just as you happen to get it in slices. It is celebrated as the former home of the late Thomas Cole, the great American painter; and the present residence of—Dan Rice the showman! who lives here in style. The two taverns, at full charge, are the meanest, and the dinners the dirtiest that can be found this side the Digger Indians. But there is policy in this, for it hurries visitors off to the mountain with a "swiftness of speed almost imaginable."

A caravan of four horse coaches, in prime order, with sober, skilful drivers, takes off the suffering crowd. But, oh, what beds of dust, and what a torrid atmosphere; enough to roast herrings, and scarce a breath of air stirring. But there is one comfort; people *can* play salamander for awhile if they must.

The road runs due west from the river to the foot of the mountain, nine tedious miles at a slow walk, with an occasional hill or hollow, and an uninviting tavern half way; the latter part of the route level, with pretty good soil, but poor buildings, and very shabby farming. I didn't suppose such thriftless agriculture was to be met with anywhere on the "lordly Hudson," with its choice, convenient markets, and vaunted civilization.

The mountain lifts itself abruptly from the plain, without any preliminary ascent; and turning square to the left you mount up the steep grades, southwardly along the face of the mountain, three long, deliberate miles to the summit. Only once, about *three fourths* the way up, is the road comparatively level, and the thick, umbrageous trees thin out enough to give a glimpse of the regions below, and the Mountain House above; the latter apparently almost within reach, yet a full mile distant, by the road.

About one-third of the way up, the road winds into a cool, shady ravine, where, at the crossing, is a little spring, and a cabin with refreshments for hungry way-farers, kept by a solitary old codger, as good humored and independent as if he was the only landlord in existence. Leaning up by the door is a faded old tavern sign, brought from somewhere below, representing a "gentleman of the old school," in a reclining position, which he vainly strives to improve, and looking up with an air of hopeless distress to a jolly old woman in the door, he exclaims, "Oh! Dame Winkle! that flagon, that wicked flagon!"

At length, diverging to the right by a wide circuit, and up an extra steepness that tires both driver and team, you sweep around again to the left, and are deposited at the rear of the hotel. It is built on a flat rock, a few acres in extent; part of it having earth enough for a grass plat, and a few vegetables. In front the rocks are perpendicular for one or two hundred feet, and the hotel within a foot of the edge! without railing or other protection. Just here, to the right of the building, is the favorite spot for loungers and arm-chairs; especially at the sublime moment when the rising sun

"Flingeth a glory that dasheth the world,"

or, sweeter still, when the serene and solemn sunset hour projects its gigantic shadows over valley and river, forest and field—intensifying the almost ominous solitude of this mountain home.

—The scenery is beyond my powers of description. I can not daguerreotype the magnificent panorama that stretches out in limitless vastness before me. Imagine six States within reach of your eye at once, with visible points on the horizon, one hundred and fifty miles distant! The Hudson close in the foreground; its broad bosom covered with white winged messengers of pleasure and commerce, from the tiny sail boat to the portly three master. Huge steamers churning the waves, and impetuously dashing the foam from their pathway; and long trains of cars passing and repassing at the rate of forty miles per hour, as if hurrying from danger, or rushing headlong to destruction. But neither vapory whistle, dashing wheel, or gliding train, send up any sound to these upper realms, or furnish any audible token of the rush and roar and scream that mark their progress; all glide past in spectral silence.

Do you see that city far to the right? Well, that ain't Philadelphia! And another to the north? Well, that ain't Montreal. But you may take in almost any thing you please, between those points, and add it to the perspective catalogue; so vast is the landscape, and so multitudinous its features. There are the Highlands of the Hudson; the Housatonic and the Berkshire hills, Greylock and all; the Adirondack; the Green Mountains of Vermont, and far to the east, a wilderness of nameless hills and peaks, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine—the coasts of Ireland and Labrador not included! Whether the sheen on the far off dim horizon's verge, to the south-east, is the glimmer of the Atlantic, or a faint wreath of mist, I really don't know, for it isn't labeled. Now, apply a map to this immense semi-circle, and put down all the cities, towns, houses, valleys, plains, mountains; golden harvest fields, emerald groves, and silvery streams; and then say whether the pen or pencil of the happiest artist could possibly reproduce the *tout ensemble*—"the whole concern"—to the mental vision of your admiring readers. They must come and look for themselves, and go into ecstacies on their own account.

This is not all of the exhibition, however. The curtain drops sometimes, and gives a glimpse of performances behind the scenes; showing *how* things are done, as well as the fact that they are done. It is rather startling, some sultry noon, to suddenly hear heavy peals of thunder, that make the walks tremble like an earthquake, *coming up from below*, instead of down from above, according to established custom. Rushing to the verandah, you find the landscape shrouded from view, and the entire mountain girdled, half way down, by dense masses of revolving, whirling, tumultuous clouds, white as the driven snow, and blazing all the while in the vertical sun with blinding, indescribable effulgence; the vollied lightning ever and anon lifting their lurid flashes, suggested rather than seen, followed by peal after peal of crashing, sepulchral, reverberating thunder, as if earth's final hour had come, and we had been charitably forgotten. (Tell "Jack," that his way of getting up electricity for telegraphic purposes, by a bit of platinum stuck into a cup of *aqua fortis*, is small potatoes. Let him take the Cattskill mountain in his thumb and finger, and thrust it up through a cumulous storm-cloud, with the thermometer at 98°, and he will have a "battery," that will charge the wires for him with a vengeance.).....By and by, the exhausted clouds dissolve their leagued battallions, sending them off eastwardly in vanishing squadrons, and nature smiles again, refreshed and jubilant.

—The gorge behind us is about half a mile wide, reaching westwardly some three or four miles, descending rapidly the last half of the way, when it meets a similar gorge from the north-west, and the two uniting, break through the mountain by a still deeper chasm to the south-east—the outlet to the Hudson, miles farther south, for their brooks and freshets—adding much to the tangled wildness and sublimity of the scenery in that direction.

In the gorge, a mile and a half west of the Mountain House, is a pond or lake, with a clearing, and a small hotel, the Laurel House. A ledge of rocks at the outlet, towards the west, forms the Katerskill Falls. The supply of water is less than half its primitive volume, except during melting snows or heavy rains; consequently they dam it up, so as to make a special sensation for visiters, once a day.

Looking down from the platform above, the descent seems to be some sixty feet, with a second descent, a few yards farther on, of five or six feet. Clambering to the bottom by stairs, and rock and bushes, you are astonished to find the falls one hundred and eighty feet perpendicular! and the second descent eighty feet, instead of six! So much for the collossal scale of nature's performances in these parts, and inexperienced eye-measurements.

Thirty feet from the bottom, the hard slate gives way for a layer of soft red shale, which has been worn away by the reverse action of the falling waters, until a cavernous recess has been formed, of a perfect semi-circular form, thirty yards deep and a hundred yards across. The roof slopes down from above, and the worn deposits slope steeply up from below, until at the point of meeting at the red shale vein, is a narrow path around which visitors can pick their way behind the falls from one side to the other; some times erect, but mostly in a cramped and ticklish stooping posture—ladies with hoops being the most embarrassed, and in the most danger of "rolling" down into the abyss.

At a given signal the flood gate is hoisted, above, and the small silvery stream swells to a foaming tumult of waters that vividly recall its palmy days, and richly repays the risk and fatigue of the visit. If quarters could be had at the bottom, I had rather stay down there for cool comfort than any where else.

The Rocky mountains can not present more of unshorn wildness than these rearward gorges and summits. A gentleman and two young ladies undertook, the other day, to scale yonder loftiest cone to the south-west of the falls, merely for a day's pastime. Their absence was prolonged to the compulsory period of forty-eight hours; spending the night on the summit, disturbed occasionally by wild animals, and getting back at sunset the next evening, with tattered garments, bleeding hands and feet and faces, and famished appetites; but glorying in the achievement—which, however, they do not propose to repeat.

—But, I have gossiped long enough. If you want any more, come and get it for yourselves. The Mountain House is first class, with airy, well furnished rooms, and well furnished tables. The officials are courteous and attentive; and the gamblers and doubtful females which so infest and degrade, are not suffered to remain here an hour after their presence is discovered, but are immediately put into a stage and sent back again. For quiet comfort, healthful recreation, agreeable society, and freedom from fashionable fuss and folly, commend me to the Mountain House.

Yours, DENNSTOWN.

People's State Convention.

HARRISBURG, July 14, 1858.

Two o'clock being the hour fixed for meeting, the delegates elected assembled in the Hall of Representatives. David Taggart, Esq, of Northumberland, called the Convention to order, and moved that the Hon. WILLIAM JESSUP of Susquehanna county, act as President, pro tem., which motion was unanimously agreed to. Hon. Francis Jordan, of Bedford, and James Jones, of Lycoming, were appointed Secretaries pro tem.

David Krause and Oscar Snyder were appointed as Doorkeepers of the Convention.

On calling the roll, all the districts except two of the most remote (their delegates not reaching in time) were found fully represented.

A committee of 7 on credentials, and another of 33 to nominate permanent officers, were appointed. Both committees subsequently reported, the latter recommending as follows:

PRESIDENT.

A. H. REEDER, of Northampton Co.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Jos. R. Flanigan, Morton M'Michael, Wm. R. Smith and Wm. B. Mann of Philadelphia; James J. Lewis, Chester; Samuel C. Bradshaw, Bucks; Wm. Bleekly, Northampton; John Banks, Berks; Howell Fisher, Schuylkill; C. Albright, Carbon; S. P. Chase, Susquehanna; Henry M. Hoyt, Luzerne; L. D. Wetmore, Warren; Geo. F. Miller, Union; J. D. Strawbridge, Montour; Lemuel Todd, Cumberland; Joseph Mintzer, Montgomery; Henry Carter, Philip Shriner, Lancaster; N. S. Roland, York; A. K. M'Clure, Franklin; Wm. H. Koontz, Somerset; S. B. Rowe, Clearfield; Wm. M. Stewart, Indiana; James Veech, Fayette; Wm. M'Kennan, Washington; Geo. R. Riddle, David R. Coons, Allegheny.

SECRETARIES.

Lucius Rogers, Russel Errett, Wm. H. Boone, J. H. Puleston, S. S. Pumroy, Jacob Campbell, Jas. Jones, H. B. Swoope, John M. Reinhart, Francis Jordan, John J. Patterson, R. M. Frick, R. P. Roberts, B. R. Miller, W. H. Markle, Josiah Funk and Benj. Frick.

The report was adopted, and Gov. REEDER was conducted to the chair, when he delivered the following address:

GENTLEMEN: When I look around me upon this Convention, and see its ranks filled with men who have been often endorsed by the people of our State—who have been honored with the public confidence—who, in places of public trust, have repaid that confidence with meritorious integrity and distinguished ability—surrounded now by younger men full of talent and zeal and budding power, destined to tell upon the future destinies of our State and country, I feel most deeply impressed with the honor of the selection which has called me to this position. The thrice worn, threadbare terms of thankful acknowledgment seem to be a stale, tasteless and inadequate return for your partiality. I can only tender you the sincere assurance that they fall short of the feeling which they seek to express.

I have alluded to the high standard of ability and reputation which seems to have been adopted by the people in your selection. It is, however, none too high for the cause in which we are engaged—none too great for the dignity and honor of the work committed to our hands. To men whose love of country must be startled and aroused by the dangers that beset our institutions—whose enlarged understandings appreciate the evils that threaten us, and the remedies to be applied, I need waste no time in detail.

Suffice it to say, that the very essential doctrines of Republicanism are at issue—the right of self-government, the rule of the majority, the right of suffrage, popular liberty, all are perilled, and their ringing cry for rescue clangs upon the ear of the patriot, like a fire bell in the still watches of the night.

The American people had their origin and owe their pre-eminent national vitality and wonderful progressive power to the fact that they are grown from the purest seed of the prominent nations of the old world—from the picked men of Europe, with the largest brain, and heart, and muscle, of all their kind; who towered above all their fellows, and did not bend before the blast that was sweeping human rights, and were thus driven from their respective homes to beget a new nation in a new world, to make a new era in the history of man, before which all the other landmarks of national biography should fall into insignificance. Norman, Celt and Saxon, Hungarian, Swede and Dane, the best of their kind—pure metal, proven and tried by fire and peril and tyranny, loving liberty better than a native land covered with oppression and disgrace—struck hands in a new league, forgot ancient feuds, combined their respective qualities in a vigorous and healthy fusion, and thus made a great Union party, from whose loins sprung the master nation of the earth.

The same reasons which drove the Covenanters, the Puritans, the Huguenots, and the Lutherans from the graves of their fathers, have compelled most of us to turn our backs upon our old associates in search of the popular rights and liberties which tyranny had driven out before us. As we have been placed in their situation, and emulated their effort, let us resolve to achieve their result by begetting the master party of the land.

Vain will be this hope, however, unless we are prepared to trample under foot all selfishness; all mere pride of opinion; all the contemptible spirit of unnecessary cavil and contention. We must in all things cultivate a spirit of high honor, forbearance, and magnanimity, which shall inspire mutual kindness and respect, and when we shall have submitted our work to the judgment of the people it must bear the marks of prudent foresight and of anxious wisdom. If sources of irritation and discord exist which, without sacrifice of principle, can be healed or avoided, we should be derelict in our highest duty and liable to the bitterest regret, if we should leave them to mar our work: and, if to gratify personal feelings, pride of opinion, or mere love of success, we should wantonly sow the seeds of discord to spring up hereafter and disappoint the hopes of patriots, we shall well deserve the deep condemnation which inevitably awaits us.

On motion, the Convention proceeded to nominate candidates for Supreme Judge.

Mr. Flanigan nominated Oswald Thompson of Philadelphia.

Mr. Casey nominated John J. Pearson, of Dauphin.

Mr. Williams nominated Geo. Taylor, of Huntingdon.

Mr. Pollock nominated John M. Read, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Stavely nominated J. Pringle Jones, of Berks county.

Mr. Marshall nominated Wm. B. M'Clure, of Allegheny.

Mr. Eyre nominated Joseph J. Lewis, of Chester county.

Mr. Markle nominated James Todd, of Westmoreland county.

Mr. Purviance nominated Daniel Agnew, of Beaver county.

Mr. Scofield nominated S. B. Johnson, of Warren county.

The nominations were closed and the Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate, resulting as follows:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Read	26	32	36	39	49	49	55	58	62
Thomson	24	24	21	13	1	1	—	—	—
Pearson	14	19	29	36	32	35	37	41	45
Jones	11	16	20	22	34	37	35	29	21
Lewis	11	10	11	13	12	*			
Taylor	11	*							
M'Clure	8	*							
Johnson	6	*							
Agnew	6	14	10	5	*				
Todd	6	*							

*Withdrawn.

After the 4th ballot had been taken, the following letter was laid before the Convention, from Judge Agnew, and ordered to be published in the proceedings:

BEAVER, July 12, 1858.

DEAR SIR: You are authorized to withdraw my name at any stage in the proceedings of the Convention you may think proper.

Though never a politician in the hackneyed sense, but on occasions of moment putting on the harness of battle when my services were needed, I now most ardently wish for success against maladministration and corruption. Never has there been a more perverse, dishonest and wicked administration of public affairs than has been witnessed within the last four years, beginning in the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise," and ending in the aptly-called "English swindle," to effect, by bribes and threats, what fraud and force had failed to accomplish.

The cup of the nation's woe is brimming full; and if the hand of patriotism will not now dash it down, she must drain its very dregs. Pennsylvania is the battle-ground; and here the victory must be fought for, and won. Here, on the same field which proclaimed the triumph of her "favorite son," she must rise victorious over the wide ruin his maladministration has spread.

I beg you to return to my friends, and all who have honored me by their support, my sincere thanks for their efforts in my behalf. Very truly, yours, &c.,

DAVID AGNEW.

To R. P. Roberts, Esq, Delegate.

Mr. Read was declared duly nominated, and was unanimously ratified.

A committee of one from each Senatorial District was appointed to prepare and report resolutions, to whom all propositions of that nature was referred.

At half past ten the Convention was again to called to order. Whilst the delegates were awaiting the return of the Committee, being called upon, Judge Jessup entertained the Convention with an able address on the maladministration of President Buchanan. Whilst he was speaking, the Committee on Resolutions made the following

REPORT.

This Convention, representing the freemen of Pennsylvania who are opposed to the leading measures of the National Administration, most especially those which seek to stifle the voice, and ignore the rights of a large majority of the citizens of Kansas, and those which have prostrated the industry of the country, and are fast driving our Government into national bankruptcy, do hereby declare and *resolve*

1. That the Federal Constitution, the sovereign Rights and Union of the States, and the Liberties of the People, must and shall be preserved.

2. That we protest against the Kansas policy of the National Administration, as at war with the rights of the people, and subversive of the principles of our government.

3. That the reckless and profligate extravagance of the National Administration, causing a necessity for continued loans, without any means provided for their payment, give evidence of a want of that ability and integrity which should characterize the government of a free people, and unless checked will lead to inevitable bankruptcy.

4. That the purity and safety of the ballot box are to be preserved at all hazards, and that all frauds upon the naturalization laws, which have been so much resorted to to promote the success of the party we oppose, ought to be counteracted by wholesome and proper legislation.

5. That this Convention do most heartily approve of and endorse the course pursued by our able and distinguished Senator in Congress, the Hon. Simon Cameron, as well as that of those Representatives from this State who have steadfastly opposed the tyrannical policy of the National Administration in their attempts to impose upon the people of Kansas, by fraud and force, a Slavery Constitution, in opposition to the known and oft expressed sentiments of the freemen of the Territory.

6. That the National Administration, during all the late long session of Congress, evinced an entire disregard of the great industrial interests of the country, and indulged in a most wasteful and lavish expenditure of the public money.

7. That the revenue necessary for a judicious and economical administration of the government, should be raised by the imposition of duties upon foreign imports; and in laying them, such discriminating protection should be given as will secure the rights of Free Labor and American Industry.

8. That in presenting John M. Read to the people of Pennsylvania, as a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, we recognize the man, scholar, and jurist, eminently qualified to fill and adorn the place.

9. That Wm. E. Frazer is well and favorably known to the people of Pennsylvania, as an able and correct business man, and peculiarly qualified to discharge all the duties pertaining to the office of Canal Commissioner.

10. That we approve of the enactment of proper laws to protect us from the introduction of foreign criminals in our midst, by returning them at once to places from whence they have been shipped to our shores.

The report of the Committee was unanimously adopted.

Messrs. Flanigan and M'Michael were called upon, and addressed the Convention in an able manner.

Mr. M'Michael moved that the President of the Convention be requested to inform the nominees of their selection; which was agreed to.

The thanks of the Convention were tendered to the officers of the Convention.

At near twelve o'clock, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

—Among those in attendance on or members of the Convention, were also Ex Gov. Ritner, (in good health and spirits,) sons of Gen. Markle and Gov. John- [illegible] Charles Gilpin, Wm. B. Mann, Thaddeus Stevens, Geo. A. Coffey, S. S. Woods, Edward Blanchard, Wm. A. Cook, and also Henry S. Evans, E. C. Darlington, Wm. P. Miner, Robert C. Moore, Wm. Hazlett, Samuel Young, and other editors.

Re-Shingling Old Roofs.

I am fully convinced that thousands of dollars might be saved in our country every year by generally pursuing the following method:

Whenever a roof begins to leak, and you wish to re-shingle it, do not take off the old shingles; put the new shingles on the top of the old ones; but make use of six-penny nails in place of four-penny or shingle nails. The advantage of this method will consist in the following particulars:

1. You will save the expense of removing the shingles.

2. The building will not be exposed to wet, in case of rain before it is finished.

3. The roof will be much warmer and tighter.

4. Neither snow nor rain can beat under the butts of the shingles, by heavy winds.

5. The roof will last good full one third longer.

I have tried this plan and find it has these advantages.

It takes no more shingles, no more nails in number, only a little longer ones, and no more time to put them on, and, if done in a workmanlike manner, will look as well as if single. But it should be done before the old shingles are too much decayed. All the moss (if any) should be removed, or swept off with a stiff broom, before putting on the new shingles.—*Correspondent of the National Era.*

Edward Cole committed suicide near St. Peter, Minnesota, under very singular circumstances. He took down his gun, when by some accident it went off and killed his wife. He wrote to his son informing of the circumstances, and telling him what disposition to make of his property. He said that himself and wife had not lived on good terms, and that as the accident might be attributed to design on his part he would prevent any further trouble by leaving the world.

Governor Cumming testifies to having observed a wagon, on the road, from Salt Lake city to Provo, which was drawn by pigs harnessed to the tongue by an ingenious combination of straps and cords. In it was seated a fat man, who excited his team even into a trot, by the aid of a black-snake whip.

The new monument to Gen. Brock on Queenston Heights, C. W., will be inaugurated on the 13th October next, the anniversary of the battle of Queenston. The old monument was blown up by Letts, "the pirate," during the Canadian rebellion, some twenty years ago.

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold wintry wind; and besides, you will have to spend all your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive me, grandmother; I ought to be ashamed to vex you. But what do you mean? I am going to college; and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that," said his grandmother, "I imagine you will have a good many doors to shut, if you ever make much of a man."

"What kind of doors?" said Edward. "Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a moment, and I will give a list," said the old lady.

"In the first place, Edward, the doors of your ears must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for your future prospects.

"The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You must also close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away.

"The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the two company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. The door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out our angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than the winter's wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time, till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least, until you have something valuable to say.

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for Conscience, the door-keeper, grows very diffident if you disregard his call, and sometimes drops asleep at his post; and when you may think you are very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully [illegible] doors at the eyes, ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which will be in before you think. This "shutting doors," you see, Eddy, will be a serious business—one on which your well being in this life and the next depends."

THE SUPREME COURT.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, arguing in favor of a Philadelphia nominee for the Supreme Bench, gave the following information in regard to the latter body: "Philadelphia has had no representative on the Bench of the Supreme Court since 1846. Let us look at the composition of the Supreme Bench, past and present. Cumberland has had two Judges, Gibson and Duncan. Lancaster two, Lewis and Rodgers. Berks two, Smith and Strong. Centre two, Huston and Burnside. Bucks, Ross. Bedford, Tod. Chester, Bell. Washington, Kennedy. Westmoreland, Coulter. Franklin, Chambers. Lycoming, Armstrong. Somerset, Black. Tioga, Knox. Allegheny, Lowrie. Erie, Thompson. Luzerne, Woodward. The Bar of the State number about two thousand, of which nearly one third is to be found in the city of Philadelphia." Philadelphia is bound to have a Judge, now, as both the candidates are from that flourishing town.

Water was let into the Canal from Elmira to this place, on Monday last, and boating has already commenced. The Barclay R. R. and Coal Company, expect to ship a large amount of coal before the close of navigation. It is confidently asserted that boats will be cleared from Wilkes-Barre north during the present week. The company has fixed the maximum rate of toll upon their canal, at 35 cents per ton from Pittston to the State line.—*Bradford Reporter.*

The Old School Presbyterian Church of the U.S. reports in 1858, 33 Synods, 159 Presbyteries, 3,324 churches, 2,724 preaches, 109 churches organized and 26 dissolved, 121 ministers licensed and 66 deceased, 20,792 members on examination, making a total of 259,335 communicants, and 5,170 adult and 13,984 infant baptisms reported.

FREE LABOR VICTORY IN MISSOURI.—David Cline, Free Labor candidate for Mayor of the town of Memphis, Scotland county, Missouri, was elected over Philip Payne, Pro-Slavery, by a large majority. It is stated that Scotland county will give a handsome majority for Free Labor at the August elections.

Some unknown donor has just released the English Church, at Paris, from debt by handing in a check for the whole amount, $10,000. Some persons say this handsome gift emanates from Lord Ward, while others declare it must proceed from Miss Bardett Coutts.

Truest love is the offspring of the steadiest mind.