

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1858.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843.—WHOLE NO., 757.
AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Winter Amusements for Jane and I.

It's summer days, I tell the ground,
And you and I, and get my local.
My mind is as clear as the sky,
My soul is as pure as the dew,
And I to read by candle-light.
But when the South reveals the sun,
Beyond the equatorial line—
Was all my summer work is done,
Substantial pleasures then are mine;
Then Jane begins to knit at night,
And I to read by candle-light.
For when I read, she always hears,
And what she hears she tries to learn;
When I explain it to her, she says,
"Oh! how she loves to learn!"
And I hear her read by candle-light!

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, OCT. 11, 1858.

"M" shall appear next week.

A Lewisburger en route for Paraguay.

(A correspondent of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

U. S. Steamer Fulton, Gosport Navy Yard, Oct. 1, 1858.

In a few more days, I expect to be at sea, bound for Paraguay. With this reflection uppermost in my mind, and at the same time remembering that I promised to write you something about our craft before we sailed, it struck me that I must make a commencement, or my promise would remain unperformed.

The present vessel, bearing the name of "Fulton," is the third of this name that has belonged to the U. S. Navy. The first steam vessel built by our Government for war purposes, was commenced by Robert Fulton, in the year 1814. She was called the "Demologos," or "Fulton the First." She made but one trip of twenty-six miles to sea, when, being found entirely unfit for sea service, she was laid up at the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a receiving ship, until 1829, when she was mysteriously blown up, killing and wounding about fifty persons.

In the year 1838, "Fulton the Second" was built. She was made very strong, and carried a very heavy battery, and was calculated mainly for harbor defense. This vessel also was found to be nearly useless for ocean navigation.

Her existence ended in 1851, when she was metamorphosed into the present very efficient craft, "Fulton the Third." The engine and boilers were entirely new, and the vessel was completely remodeled and rebuilt. Her rig is that of a fore-and-aft schooner, of about seven hundred tons burden, although her water displacement is nearly one thousand tons. The number of her officers and men is 124. The armament is extraordinarily heavy, consisting of four nine inch and one eleven inch guns, besides two twenty-four pounder, boat howitzers. She has a well built, handsome and powerful direct acting inclined engine. The boilers are of the best and most approved style, being of the multi-tubular variety, Martin's patent. Her reputation for speed is world wide, and enviable, as she is considered by many to be the fastest man-of-war in the world. It is stated, upon reliable authority, that she has made twenty miles per hour. I fear her reputation slightly exceeds her abilities, and certainly the old craft will astonish me some should I ever see her reel off twenty knots. Before we are through with this cruise, I may be one of a "committee" endeavoring to make the engine do its whole duty, at the risk of having a pile of old iron stowed away amidst its dead. The Fulton has one bad fault, that is, she is prone to make submarine excursions, and it is said that when we clear the Cape that we will probably remain under water until we put in at St. Thomas for coal.

It is expected that we will flag ship of the river squadron, and will ascend the river La Plata and its tributaries to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, taking up with us our minister plenipotentiary, and endeavor to settle our difficulties amicably. Should we be unsuccessful, we are to return to the mouth of the river, and inform our fleet, (of about fifteen sail) of the state of affairs. Then it is expected a rough and tumble fight will ensue.

That one thousand mile jaunt up the great South American river, is fraught with interest; and should we have to fight our way up on our second ascent, interest and danger will be blended so intimately as to give us plenty of subjects for meditation. I hope that our expedition may be successful, without the shedding of blood, and that this demonstration may assist in teaching the weak but insolent powers of the earth that there is a just limit to forbearance. The Government has chartered five merchant steamers for the expedition.

Allow me here to bid my many Lewisburg friends farewell, and at the same time to assure them that I am most comfortably fixed in my new quarters, and enjoying the best of health and spirits. May Time use them all gently, and may we all have the pleasure of meeting soon again.

Yours truly,

Educational Department.

Our purpose, hereafter, devoting more attention to the interests of education as connected with our Common School system. In this our first No. we have much pleasure in issuing the annexed semi-official report from our County Superintendent. The attentive and general observer has not failed to notice, in the three or four years past, a marked advancement in the cause, among officers, parents and pupils. It is unreasonable to expect perfection or full development of any system, until a whole generation has grown up under it. The School System of Pennsylvania is not thirty years old, yet competent observers bear disinterested testimony that it has met with unprecedented success.

Progress of Improvement.

The present school year opens with an unusual degree of interest on the part of most of those directly or indirectly connected with the Public Schools of Union county. We can only determine the real improvement in school affairs, by contrasting one period with another. And comparing the present with the spirit that was manifested in school matters only three years ago, we have abundant reason to look to the future for a brighter sky—to breathe an atmosphere less contaminated with that influence which too often poisons the mind of the young, and bids the old war against that light which alone can perpetuate those inestimable blessings we now enjoy.

In the fall of 1855, I met thirteen School Directors and examined fourteen Teachers at the different appointments for Union county. At nearly half the places appointed to examine teachers, I found neither Directors nor applicants. This fall, at the examinations which have recently closed, I met fifty-four Directors, and examined ninety-four applicants for schools. Add to this number the ten teachers who held permanent certificates, and it will be seen that instead of wanting teachers, we have thirty-three more applicants than schools.

In point of intellectual attainments, the average number of those examined the present year have also improved on those of 1855, though many of them are young and inexperienced. Time alone can fully decide their success in the school room.

In some Districts, the Directors have heretofore been in the habit of assigning to each member of the Board those schools most convenient to him, for the purpose of providing fuel, attending to the repairs and general wants of the school houses, and employing the Teachers for their particular schools. To this arrangement, there seemed no particular objection, as it appeared to economize time, and save trouble. And as School Directors receive no direct compensation for the time devoted to the transaction of school business, there appeared no plausible reason why they should not abridge that time as much as possible. But, let us examine the results of this system. Where it was agreed that each Director should employ his own teacher, it was also understood that the other members of the Board should be satisfied with that choice. Now, if our schools were all of the same grade; our teachers were all equally qualified to teach any school, the Directors had no private preferences, and the opinion of one man was just as good as the opinion of the majority of the six who constitute the Board, then there could be no serious objection to this system. But, schools differ in advancement, and teachers differ in their qualifications. It is supposed that the Director should know the requirements of his school, and employ a teacher to suit them. But this, unfortunately, has not, in all cases, been done. Too often the first person that offered himself as a teacher was employed, regardless of his qualifications. "Have you a certificate?" was perhaps the only question asked in regard to his ability to teach. In other cases, the most competent teachers were obliged to give way to the most inferior—simply because they had first applied for the school, or chance to be particular friends of the Director. From the State Superintendent's late instructions to "Directors and Teachers," published in the Sept. No. of the Penna. School Journal, I judge that this has been a general practice throughout the State, and the evil results of it do not doubt caused him to issue those instructions.

I am very happy to report a change for the better in this respect also, for, in the majority of Districts, the Directors this fall met their teachers at the examinations, where those who had the best certificates were employed, by the vote of the majority of the Directors. To this, I found but two exceptions. In one, the citizens had taken the power out of the Directors' hands, and had elected their teacher before he had been examined. In some Districts, the Directors pay according to the grade of certificate the teacher holds, taking into consideration at the same time the age and experience of the teacher. Several experienced and successful teachers, remain unemployed, because they were considered too defective in their articulation and pronunciation.

Millburg and Limestone are the only Districts in which we found no Directors at the Examinations. I have had no private examinations this year, nor do I expect to have any. D. HECKENDORF.
New Berlin, Sept. 24, 1858.

WILL IT PAY?

This is the great question of the day. Everybody asks "will it pay?" before entering upon any pursuit, or even duty. Even ministers expect their profession to pay well, to yield a rich reward for the labor bestowed. Some do not expect a full reward in dollars and cents, but they do in virtue, religion, peace, happiness. If a man holds an office, he expects it will "pay" in some sense. If it does not in goods, at least, in honor, mental profit, or good done to others. We ought not to do anything that does not pay, and pay well. All our labors should yield a good profit. The great trouble with men is that they do so many things that do not pay. What man in his senses believes that lying, cheating, gambling, drinking, swearing, rowdying, rioting, reveling, gluttony, meanness, debauchery, tyranny, idleness, folly, vanity, pride, and such like, ever pay well? These are the things that do not pay. And the more of them a man does and has, the poorer he is, the less real pay he gets.

We believe, of all things, nothing pays better than a judicious, proper education. It pays in mental and moral strength, pays in executive ability, in judgment, foresight, intelligence on a farm is just as essential to triumphant success as in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the legislative hall. It is true, that a less degree of intelligence will raise corn, wheat, potatoes, but for all the uses of the farmer it is quite as important as in any vocation. In the application of chemistry, to the improvement of agriculture; in applying the laws of physiology to breeding and rearing stock; in adapting machinery to the various uses of labor; in studying and discovering the various characteristics of fruits, grasses, grains, vegetables; in preserving the natural strength of the soil, in discriminating the qualities of the soil, and their adaptation to the various products of the farm; in the application of the principles of economy to every department of the productive industry of the farm; indeed, in every possible way, is superior intelligence as useful on the farm as anywhere else. To secure such intelligence, education is essential. One must be educated to be thoroughly intelligent. It is true some educate themselves on the farm; their minds are ever active in the pursuit of the knowledge they need. But the most must be educated by books, schools, teachers and experiments, to be thoroughly intelligent. Now the ground we take is, that the education of young men and women for the pursuit of farm life is just as important as their education for teachers, or for any other profession or position. We do not believe in educating the boys and not the girls for the pursuits of farm life. Every farmer wants a wife as intelligent as himself. We believe that "Hettie Hasfield," and such as she is, are of incalculable more use on a farm than a woman entirely ignorant of her duties. Go into her house, or upon any good farmer's farm, and the truth that intelligence pays on a farm, would be established at once. Let the farming community awake to the interests of agricultural education.—Valley Farmer.

THEOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.—Rev. Dr. Malcom is busily engaged in the preparation of a work for which he has made preparations during most of his active life. It is a kind of Dictionary of Religious Authors—referring to all the known writers on religious subjects, ranged under proper titles, and with brief references enabling the students to obtain and peruse at length the works or portions of works thus pointed out. He had many thousands of authors named, while yet in Lewisburg, and his present residence, "Levittown P. O., Philadelphia," gives him access to the great libraries of that and other seaboard cities, and enables him to add to the materials for their very extensive and useful compendium or index of religious authors and subjects.

Hon. Henry C. Hickok, of Harrisburg, recently addressed a meeting at Freeburg, composed principally of the students of the Academy at that place. The address is highly commended by the Middleburg press. He has since spoken at the Lehigh Teachers' Association, Allentown; and is to spend all this month in Warren and the neighboring counties—a hard trip, for the encouragement of teachers, and to promote the efficiency of schools.

TYPOGRAPHICAL DIFFERENCE.—A Harrisburg paper referring to the character of a candidate for the State Senate, remarked that he "is a sterling man in all respects, and will be an ornament to the Senate." Our compositor accidentally set the word *sterling* for *sterling*, which, though in some cases not inappropriate, when applied to members of the legislature, was in this case any thing but the compliment intended.—Sunday American.

Ellen's Mistake About Heaven.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Aunt Gracy, as she tied the child's straw bonnet, and thought what a sweet little creature she was, with cheeks and lips red as cranberries, and eyes blue and serene as the skies are when May is getting ready to shake hands with June.

"My name is Susan Darling," piped the little girl.

"Well, Ellen," said Aunt Gracy, turning to the other child, "you are a good one of the little girl, and I hope you'll all have a good time among the strawberry fields."

It was Saturday afternoon, and some dozen of Ellen Dean's schoolmates had assembled at her house, from which they were to start on a strawberry expedition, and their minds had been greatly exercised on this matter for the last week.

Ellen was an only child, and Aunt Gracy was her mother's only sister, and though she lived in the city with her parents she passed a large portion of every summer at her aunt's home, in the country.

So the lady stood in the window and watched the party of little girls as they flocked down to the front gate, with their little baskets filled with lunches of biscuit and cake their careful mothers had wrapped up for them. And when Gracy saw the bright faces of the children, and heard their merry tones, and the sweet ripples of laughter that overflowed from their merry lips, she almost wished she was a little girl again, going off into the meadows, strawberrying, that fair Saturday afternoon.

A week had passed. It was Saturday afternoon again, but no bright faced children flocked out of the door of Ellen Dean's home, and there was a shadow on the forehead of the little girl, and a strange awe in her eyes, as she came softly into the room where Aunt Gracy sat reading, and whispered close in the lady's ear, "She's dead, Aunt."

Aunt Gracy laid down her book. "It don't seem possible," she said; "and it's only a week ago to-day that she lifted up her bright little face to me and said 'my name is Susan Darling.' And to think, she lies there, cold and white, and that she'll never smile or speak again." Aunt Gracy could not go on, and she and Ellen cried softly together.

"How old was she?" at last asked the lady.

"Just ten, Aunt."

"A year younger than you are, Ellen! Ah me! death comes very suddenly, and it doesn't wait, either, for the old and the grey-haired, but it takes those who least look for it; the little children, whose hearts are full of life, and hope, and happiness; and lo! death calls for them, and they are gone."

"She died of croup, Aunt; the doctor says it was a very severe attack. Oh, how I wish I could see her once more!"

"Do you, my child? It is not a long walk, and I will go with you."

Two hours later, Ellen and Aunt Gracy stood in the little bed-room whence Susan Darling had gone home to God. They had not laid her in the coffin yet, and she looked very life-like as she lay there, with her little waxen hands folded together, and long brown lashes closed tightly over the blue eyes that would never sparkle with sweet smiles any more.

Ellen stood still and looked a long time, holding her aunt's hand, but she scarcely spoke a word, only she was thinking what a sweet little girl Susan Darling was, and how they would miss her at school, in her place by the window, and what a terrible thing it was to die so young and so suddenly.

"Well, she is in Heaven now, with the God who loves little children," said Aunt Gracy as she led her niece away.

"But I know, Aunt, she'd rather have stayed in this world, where it is so pleasant, and she was so nappy with me, than go away off there. You know the people are all so good in Heaven, and sing psalms all the time, but Susie loved to play, and frolic, and go out in the woods gathering flowers and berries, and she can't do it any more, for you know Heaven is such a good place; but then this world is so pleasant."

"Ellen, my dear child," said Aunt Gracy, "who made this world, with all its beautiful sunshine, its hills and fields, and trees, and flowers, all the things we love?"

"Why, God, Aunt?"

"Well, just think; if he has made this so very beautiful, what must that world be where none of these things can ever enter? No, no, Ellen; they do something up there besides sing psalms. The flowers that grow there are fairer than the roses and lilies of this world, and the little brooks sing sweeter music, and the trees that rise in those blessed woods never put off their green leaves, and those shining hills never put on the white snows of winter. Ah, Ellen, I love to think of that bright place: of the berries, and flowers, and beautiful things that grow there, and of the little children that laugh as they wander through the woods,

and may be sport by the streams, with the blessed angels to take care of them; and then, when I have thought a long time about all these things, I remember what Paul says, and what you have read in your little Testament so often: 'It has not entered into the heart of man to conceive of it.' Just think of it, dear, we can not even imagine its wondrous beauty, and glory, and perfection.

"Is it really so, Aunt?" asked Ellen, looking up, her face kindled with new light. "May be it isn't right to say so, but I always thought Heaven was a good, but such a gloomy place; and I shouldn't want to go there until I was very old, and very tired of this world."

"And so I used to think, once, Ellen, and so, alas! a great many little children think, but they are all mistaken. I have only now to look abroad on this world, and seeing all beauty, to remember God made it, and I am certain then the home He has promised me up there will be a great deal fairer than this, and that when I get there I shall enjoy a great deal more its pleasant walks, and its softer winds, and its brighter scenes."

"O, I shall love to think of Heaven, and that Susie is there now!" and there was a new joy in Ellen's eyes.

Ballooning in Illinois.

An amateur aeronaut having gone up in Mr. Brooks' balloon, at Centralia, Illinois, and having alighted safely some twenty miles distant, tried the experiment of allowing the farmer upon whose grounds he alighted, to go up a short distance, say a hundred feet. This, too, succeeded. Then, two children went up, when by some accident the rope slipped, and the balloon speedily shot up out of sight. It was feared they would be lost. But we now learn that on Saturday morning, at daybreak, a farmer near Carthage, forty-three miles from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached to the gnarling rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hauled the balloon down, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the eldest carefully watching over her little brother. They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved."

The story that the girl told was, that, as the balloon ascended, she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic little girl took off her apron, covered him and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes, she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and, although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined, that, among the neighbors where they landed, they were the objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind, and loving consideration for her brother, may well be remembered, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section. The boy and girl were conveyed home, as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE AT SEA.—Another terrible tale of disaster at sea and loss of life comes to us from Halifax. The steamship Austria, left Hamburg on the 1st for New York, with 49 men and women and 19 children in the first cabin, 103 men and women and eight children in the second cabin, and 211 men and women and 60 children on average passengers—making in all 420. The crew consisted of about 100 persons, besides which she may have taken at Southampton, on the 4th, some 50 or 60 steerage passengers, making in all about 550 souls. Of this number, not 100 was known to be saved, the remainder having lost their life by reason of the ship taking fire—the explosion of the magazine—the flight of the officers and crew—the rush to the boats, several of which sunk—and the final burning up of the ship with all who remained on board. The reports of the catastrophe are most horrible to read.

In Charleston, Missouri, is printed a spirited little paper, called the *Courier*. Its editor is not only a wit, but also a close observer, as will be seen by the following:

"Senator Bigler is making speeches in Pennsylvania. He is a very poor speaker. It is said that all public speakers, when in want of an idea, instinctively scratch the locality of the brain. Bigler, upon such occasions, never scratches his head."

OUT OF EMPLOY.—It is computed that there are Twenty Thousand persons out of employment in the iron districts of the State. Yet we are importing railroad iron at all points, which our Farmers have to pay for, as well as our Mechanics!

Argument Before the Supreme Court.

The question of the constitutionality of the sale of the canals to the Sunbury & Erie Railroad Company, came up before the Supreme Court, holding its session at this place, on Wednesday last. The Judges were all present. The question was brought in the nature of a case to enforce specific performance of contract. Mr. Cooper had agreed to purchase \$100,000 worth of the bonds of the Company, which he refused to take until this question was decided. Charles Gibbons, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Judge Knox, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, appeared for the Sunbury & Erie Company. Judge Black, Attorney General of the United States, and Wm. L. Hirst, of Philadelphia, were the counsel opposed to the sale. The case was opened by Mr. Gibbons in a strong argument, justifying the sale—contending that the price was fully equal to the value of the public works in the hands of the State and that the proper time to object, if objection could be made, had gone by.

Mr. Gibbons was followed by Mr. M. Calmont, who appeared in behalf of Judge Black, who could not leave Washington, and asked permission to read the written argument of the learned Judge to the court, which was granted. The Judge's argument was a space, well written document, interspersed with sarcasm, quotations, and allusions, looking somewhat in dignity and also in respect to the co-ordinate branches of the Government—so much so that Chief Justice Lewis took occasion to say, when Judge Knox replied, that he would not have permitted it to be read, had he known its contents. The Judge stated, among other things, that many members of the legislature were, no doubt, ignorant of the character of the bill; others, he was constrained to say, were dishonest.

Wm. L. Hirst, Esq., followed on the same side. His speech was able and ingenious. The point on which he principally relied, was the subscription of \$500,000 to the stock of the Allegheny Valley road, which he contended was a worthless subscription, and was a sale, in the sale of the works, lessening the price to that amount.

Judge Knox concluded the argument on the part of the Commonwealth, contending for the validity and constitutionality of the sale. His argument was able and convincing. He met, as we thought, most successfully, the points of objection raised by the opposite counsel. Mr. Campbell took no part in the discussion. He was suffering from an injury to his eye, caused by a spark from a locomotive, coming to this place. The case is held under advisement.—*Sunday American*, Oct. 9.

PALE PASTURE—OCTOBER BUTTER.—We don't like to tell to many secrets; but when we say that October butter, rightly made, is the very best for Winter use of the whole season, we know what we are talking about. We say "rightly made." And that is not simply in setting the milk, skimming off the cream, churning and working it, and then packing it down, but depends, also, on keeping the cow properly while yielding her milk for the purpose. Some have a notion that mowing grounds, should never be fall pastured. Such may be, or may not be. We assume, however, that after the hay is carried off, and the meadow has lain open to the after showers of the season, provided it has a thick, close bottom, and not been top-dressed since haying, and the grass has again a good stocky growth, none so good use be made of that grass, or the ground it grows on, as to feed it off with some sort of farm stock, which it will be ready to have done, if at all, by the first of October. Then, if you have a lot of butter dairy cows, turn them in. Their milk is then richer in cream than earlier in the season, although the quantity of milk is less. The grass is fresh, clean, solid and rich. Turn them in after the frost is off the grass in the morning, and not before. If it is late in the morning before the frost melts or evaporates, give the cows a snip of hay in the stables or sheds, before they go out, and keep them in all night, with a bite of hay before them. Don't leave them in the field, for they will not eat in a frosty night, and their milk will secrete less in the chilly air than when under shelter. Then your cows are in capital health and condition; their secretions of milk uniform and the quality of the best; and such milk must make good butter, if properly treated afterwards.

Parson Bromlow, who boasted he would "preach to the White Slaves all through the North," got as far as Philadelphia, where he was met in debate by a little Yankee preacher named Pryne, who so completely "walloped" the bogus "parson" that he has gone home to Tennessee, and given up his political "mission to the North brethren!" The scabby mountebank, it is hoped, is pretty well used up.

"The Kansas question is practically a dead issue."—*Harrisburg Patriot*.

But, says the *Bradford Argus* in reply, dead things sometimes rise again, like Banquo's Ghost, "with twenty mortal murders on their crowns, and push us from our stools." Dead as the Kansas question is, it will push a number of Democratic members from their stools in Congress.

From Wisconsin.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

JERRISON, Green Co., Oct. 5.

In reading some Western letters copied in your welcome sheet, I have a word in reply to one from the *Potter [Pa.] Journal*, which says, "STICK TO YOUR HOMES." That is a piece of good advice to those who have what a man might call a home—a good farm along the West Branch of the Susquehanna—the land of my birth. But to those that till the soil on hills and rocks and mountains and scarcely make a living, I say, move West. If you can't sell, give it away, and get loose from those hillside lands. Farming is with less labor, less expense, and, as a general thing, produces more, and taxes are but a trifle, compared with eastern taxes on land. Laborers can do better in the West. Produce, such as grain, pork, &c., is, as a general thing, lower, and wages higher, and more ready pay. The mechanic can do better here, as I have experienced to some extent. There is more ready pay, or cash as I may term it, and not so much no pay. Perhaps your readers may think that I am too much one-sided upon this matter. I don't pretend to say or think that men may move west and sit down and find their bread all buttered without exerting themselves. Western people labor as well as eastern, but we get better paid for our labor. Some people move West with entirely too large a calculation and set their expectations too high. Being disappointed, they condemn the West, like the Potter county man in Wisconsin. Such men had better not move farther away from home than where they can see their chimney smoke. We want men here of enterprise—men of stability—and men of some go-ahead activities—and not such chaps as the man that moved to Stephenson county from Spruce Run, moved back, started the second time, got as far as Milton, and backed home again to Spruce Run. Let him try it again; perhaps the third time will be "the charm."

I expect you have heard of our small grain crops failing. The potato crop is also poor. Corn is pretty good—nothing to brag of. Fine fat porkers sell at \$3.25 per hundred, and in demand.

A sad accident happened in Oneida, Stephenson Co., Ill. A son of Jacob Cook, and grandson of Jacob Ziebach of Buffalo township, went to the house of Mrs. Shoemaker, and the inmates being all absent excepting a boy 9 years old, the two boys went up stairs, when Mrs. Shoemaker's boy took down a gun, and, pointing it at his companion, snapped the lock, and lodged the contents of the barrel in his heart, killing him instantly. The deceased was about seven years old.

Alexander McCalla, formerly of East Buffalo, lost the sight of one of his eyes while harvesting, by running straw into it. I attended a camp-meeting, held by the Evangelical Association, in Stephenson county, where there were fifty-eight tents on the ground.

I have had some of our Lewisburg money here in Wisconsin, passed it, and no questions asked nor Detector examined. Wm. Nell, formerly near Millburg, is doing a good business here in the manufacturing of steel ploughs. He is a good mechanic, and deserves patronage.

John Kelly, formerly of White Deer, has bought a carding machine, and is doing a good business.

John Beunage, of Kelly, has paid us a visit, and hope he may give good satisfaction concerning the west.

Yours with respect, W.G.

Arrival of the first Overland Mail from California—Congratulatory Message of the President.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The President received a telegraphic dispatch from John Butterfield, President of the Overland Mail Company, dated St. Louis, October 9th, informing him that the great overland mail arrived there to-day from San Francisco, in twenty-three days and four hours. The stages brought through six passengers.

The President replied by telegraph, as follows: WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1858.

John Butterfield, President of the Overland Mail Company—Sir: Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and "East and West" will be bound together by a chain of living Americans which can never be broken. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

It is stated, that the Scotch Water Pipes—for the works in Washington city, paid for by the U. S. Government—not having arrived in the contract time, the Government has declared the contract forfeited, and Capt. Meigs has contracted with a company in Philadelphia, N. J., for a portion of the pipes needed.

Prof. C. Cromwell, of this place, has one of the most interesting juvenile singing classes we ever saw. Some time since he gave an exhibition at Seminary chapel, which was the best of the kind ever given in Williamsport.—*Press*.

Some anxious parents in Harrisburg recently missed a little boy, and after raising a tremendous alarm and becoming worried "half to death," they found the little fellow curled up under a table at home, fast asleep!