

# LEWISBURG AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

## CHRONICLE.

An independent Family Paper—devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

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**God's Judgment on a wicked Bishop.**

It happened in the year — that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at which time Otto surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescensius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirtieth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine assembled a great company of them together into a barn, and like a most accursed and merciless scilicet, burnt up these poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that these poor folks were like to Mice, that they were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this heinous tyranny, this most detestable act, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that stood in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swarmed into him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those siltic creatures, who persecuted him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed out his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situated in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine near to the town of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German tongue the *Mouste Turm*. [Corydon's Cautives, pp. 571, 572.]

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

The summer and autumn had been so wet. That in winter the corn was growing wet; 'Twas a pleasant sight to see, all around, The grain he rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor Cried round the Bishop Hatto's door, For he had a plentiful last year's store, And all the neighborhood could tell His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day To quit the poor without delay; He told them to his great love repair, And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejected such tidings good to hear, The poor folk flacked from far and near; The great Hatto would not see, it could hold Of woman and children, young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made for the door; And while for me on Christ they call, He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

'Twas faith, 'tis an excellent doctrine!' quoth he, — And the country is greatly indebted to me For holding it in these times forlorn, Of rats that only consume the corn.

In the morning, as he entered the hall Where his picture hung against the wall, A sweet like death all over him came, For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm; He had a countenance white with alarm; — My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn, And the rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently, And he was pale as pale could be — "Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly! quoth he, Ten thousand rats are coming this way — The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he, "Tis the safest place in Germany; The walls are high, and shores are steep, And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away, And he crossed the Rhine without delay, And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care All the windows, doors, and loop holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes — But soon a scream made him arise; He start'd, and saw two eyes of flame On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd — it was only the cat; But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that; For she sat screaming, and with her feet At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep, And they have climb'd the shores so steep, And up the tower their way is bent, To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score; By thousands they come, and by myriads of more; Such numbers had never been heard of before; Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads did he tell, As louder and louder drawing near, The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the window, and in at the door, And though the walls better-kecher they pour, And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor, From the right and the left, from behind and before.

From within and without, from above and below And all at once to the Bishop they go. They have whetted their teeth against the stones; And now they pick the Bishop's bones; They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb; For they were sent to do judgment on him!

**A Wife's Welcome.**  
"The world will try the sweetest thing in life, Is the unclouded welcome of a wife. I believe that with all my heart, I have tasted some of the sweets of life, and with as keen a relish for them as any one, but I sign to the above declaration, and do not care to know the man who calls it in question."

That welcome has claimed many a wanderer on the verge of ruin; has preserved many a noble souled man from going astray; has given life and peace to the heart of many a son of toil and care, and made the cot of the poor an Eden.

The want of it has driven many a man to the bowl, the gaming table, the company of the desolate, to hell. It has made many a home a prison, many a husband an enemy, many a father a tyrant; many children fatherless and many wives widows, whose fathers or husbands yet live. And when I see a man neglecting a lovely looking wife, and seeking his pleasure in the haunts of sin, to know whether most to pity or to blame him, I wish to know if the wife of his bosom always gave him the unclouded welcome of a smile when he entered his own door.

If she did, but he cared not for it—if she spread the wiles of her pure love to twine his heart, while he broke away from the sweet enchantment—if she made it sunshine always in the house, and was cheerful in adversity as well as gay in hours of joy—if she strove to be an angel at the gate to keep him within the Eden that she loved, while he would yield to the song of the siren and wander from the arms that embraced him, to seek the embraces of others, hatred to the abandoned, then he is a villain, evener of God and justly despised of men. And such are many of those whom we see in the road to ruin. The love of a fond wife would have saved them, but they rejected it and deserved to perish.

But if—and a serious if—if she reject him returning from his day's care and toil, in the field or the shop, or the study of the forum, or the senate, (it matters not where or what his labor, he flies from them with joy to find repose and peace in the paradise of his own home); but if she whom he loves meets him without the joyous welcome of a glad heart and a sunlight eye, or with a frown, or a look of cold indifference, or of whining complaints, or the mere absence of delight; if she meets him not with the living, speaking, shining evidence that her heart leaps with gladness when his lord has come, it is not strange to me that his heart sinks, and he seeks for pleasure where he looks not for love. He can be happy without love abroad, but home, though a heaven full of angels, without love is hell.

Love is a thing of frail and delicate growth; soon checked soon fostered, feeble and yet strong; it will endure being suffer long and bear what would bring down an angel's wing to earth, and yet moment heaved toward; but not the less it droop of a word, a look, a thought; And when it dies, it dies without a sign To tell how fair it was in happier hours; It leaves behind reproaches and regrets, And bitterness within affection's well, For which there is no healing.

There is truth as well as poetry in this and of the domestic circle where poetry never had a worshiper, has felt the and powers of this truth. "A word, a look," has been the death blow to love that shed bliss in that circle, and has driven a fond husband forth to seek relief for a wounded spirit in scenes that allure to destroy. Mrs. Ellis in her "Wives in England," has most happily drawn the portrait of a wife as she should be—"a being to come home to." It is not wit, nor beauty, nor religion, that makes a wife a crown of rejoicing to her husband. Nor all these combined. A wife may have them and love her husband not; give him an unclouded welcome never; make his home no home.

"Oh! man may beat with suffering; his heart Is a strong thing and good, like to the grasp Of pain that wings mortality; but fear One cord affection clings to, part one tie That binds him unto woman's delicate love, And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed."

When such a throb as this is put into print, the most of readers laugh at it as the soft sentimentalism of the young poet. If love dwells not here, joy is also a stranger; and if love has its home in that house, "a word or look" may drive it far away.

**English and American Manufactures.**  
About a year ago last November, there was gathered a party of about a dozen persons in the store of Major D., in one of the small towns in Texas. It was an extremely unpleasant day, and the wind shook the large frame building to its very centre as it howled and whistled about it, whilst it rained in torrents. In fact it was a rainy North-er, a species of storm that none but a man who has lived in the South West can appreciate. The party within, with that propensity for fun which all Texans possess, were doing their best to drive away dull care. Some were throwing "high dice," some playing cards, and all amusing themselves as well as their means would allow. But soon all gathered around two of the number who always fell into an argument whenever they met. One of them was Tom H., a perfect specimen of an English gentleman, but an inveterate boaster of the superiority of England over every other country. His opponent was our circuit Judge, who, when a mere lad, had been badly wounded at Lundy's Lane, and ever after cherished an invincible hatred of the English. They had both become very warm on the subject. At last Tom offered what he considered a knock-down argument. The Judge had been talking of his native State, Massachusetts, and the quantity of shoes manufactured there.

"Talk about shoes," said Tom, contemptuously, "just look here once," at the same time thrusting out his dexter pedal so that all might see. "That's what I call shoes; none of your things without any shape, and nailed together; why there ain't a single nail in those shoes?"

"What will you bet of that?" said the Judge.

"Ten dollars, and the liquor!" said Tom, with the air of a man who had given his opinion and was willing to back it. The Judge was called to hold the stakes, and the Judge told him the bet that there was not a nail in Tom's shoes. Tom, in a great hurry to pocket the money, eagerly removed his shoes and handed it up for examination, at the same time feeling commiseration with the Judge on the loss of the X.

"Hold on," said the Judge; "take off your stockings."

Tom, in amazement, did so.

"Well," cried the Judge, "if there are not five good sized nails, I'll eat shoes and all!"

Poor Tom put on his shoes and stockings amidst shouts of laughter, and has never to this day bragged of the superiority of English manufactures.

**Profane Language.**  
We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—alldude to no sentence that will put to the blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent or profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money—it was one you learned when you were quite young. By now being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments, they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after the restoration of health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that these expressions they had learned and repeated in childhood.—*Exchange Paper.*

**Difficulty with France.**  
We have intelligence from Washington, that the Government has notified M. Poussin, the French Minister, that his passports are ready for him—or in other words, that he has been dismissed. It has for some weeks been hinted that some difficulty was likely to arise from the reluctance of the French Government to receive Mr. Rives, the recently appointed American Minister to that Republic; but the difficulties at Washington did not arise solely from this. It appears that M. Poussin, addressed a note, on another subject, to Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, some weeks since, which from its phreology was deemed highly impertinent. The President at once directed that the offensive letter should be forwarded to the French Government, but that Government not having noticed the demand, the President has caused M. Poussin to be informed that his passports are ready for him.

We are informed that Mr. Poussin's recall has been decided on by the French Government, independent of his difficulty with the Cabinet at Washington. Mr. de Montholon, the son of Gen. Montholon, is said to be named his successor.

**A Precious Trio.**—Three German robbers having acquired by various stratagems that amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day which they had appointed for this purpose arrived, one of them was dispatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for half the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil. The precious triumvirate were found dead together—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.—*Colton.*

The News from Europe is dull as ashes after the hot streams of lava which for eighteen months we have seen poured from the revolutionary volcano.

Of the heroic Kossuth and his coopeers, Bem, Dembinski and the rest we hear nothing and can only hope that last week's report that some of them had escaped may prove true of all. Gorzev has been pardoned by the Austrian Emperor. This is not in his favor, but it is only of a piece with all the circumstances about him since his surrender.

The Philadelphia North American says that more than three months ago, an intelligent agent of our Government was 3,000 miles on his way to Hungary, with instructions from the President of the United States to recognize the Government, in the event of one being established, and to welcome her first into the family of nations.

Nearly all the children, and many adults, in Doylestown, Bucks county, Pa., and vicinity, have had the sore throat, a disease that has slain hundreds. It is, however, easily managed if promptly and properly treated. Dr. Hendrix, we understand, has treated nearly two hundred cases. It manifests itself in the form of ulcers in the throat, with little or no sickness for several days; but if not soon attended to, is generally fatal.

We learn that dispatches went forward by the last steamer, removing Mr. Robert Walsh from the office of U. S. Consul at Paris, which he has held for some eight years past. Mr. Walsh, therefore, has been removed mainly because his sentiments and sympathies in regard to the struggles for popular rights and Republican institutions in Europe, are not in harmony with those of Gen. Taylor and his Cabinet.

The North Branch Canal.—We understand that Mr. Foster is about to proceed to the North Branch forthwith, and prepare a portion of the work for a letting, so that the work will probably be commenced in the course of the next two months. This will be glorious news to the people of the northern counties.

Merchandise has been received at St. Louis from the city of New York in twelve days, by the route of the Lakes and the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

The Legislature of Minnesota convened on the 7th inst. The number of votes polled was near 700.

**THE CHRONICLE.**

Lewisburg, Pa.

Wednesday Afternoon, Sept. 26

We regret to learn that in consequence of sickness our contemporary of the Jersey Shore Republican had to suspend the issue of his paper for two weeks, and last week could get out but half a sheet. The Berwick paper also got off but half a sheet. Our paper is in the same fashion, but we are thankful that it is for a different reason. The truth is, we have had so much job-work we could not print the other half this week—the first time this year we have been so circumstanced.

**NEWS.** A large number of new Advertisements—new Goods—new Fashions—new Battalion—new Land Sales—new Medicines—and a new firm in this No. of the Chronicle. Mr. Gooden's many friends will rejoice to learn that his industry and attention to business have gained him an interest in an old established mercantile house.

The Democratic meeting at New Berlin last Thursday, endorsed the Pittsburg Platform. Maj. Cummings spoke in German, Mr. Slenker, Maj. Heck, and Maj. C. H. Shriner, in English. The speeches of the last named Majors were particularly praised to us by several Whigs who heard them. Maj. Shriner rode his Free Trade horse in better style than ever before—so say his friends and foes.

The North Branch people are bent on the completion of their Canal. When such men as Conyngham and Beaumont go, they mean to do something.

Both parties in the State are going for the Canal—until election, at least. The speech of Mr. Heck in his favor was as well received at the Democratic meeting in New Berlin last week, as that of Mr. Fuller at the Whig meeting.

The Democrats of Luzerne have nominated for Assembly Hon. John N. Conyngham, late and probably the next President Judge, and Hon. And Beaumont, late Member of Congress. James Madison Porter, late Secretary of War, is a Democratic candidate in Northampton. It is an omen for good to see such men enter our State Legislature.

Hon. Jesse R. Burden, of Philad., and Charles Fraley of Schuylkill are also in nomination for the Legislature.

**Are You Assessed?**  
It is not too early to remind the people of the necessity of being assessed *ten days before the election*. The election takes place on Tuesday, the 9th of October. Bear it in mind, and attend to this important duty in time. Each one of you should examine the list of voters put up in your respective election districts, by your assessors, and if your name is not there, have yourselves assessed immediately—for if you are not assessed at least *ten days before the election*, or have not paid a State or County tax within two years past, you will lose your votes.

The Center county Conferees, instructed for Dr. Samuel Strohecker for Senator, did not concur with the other counties in the nomination of Gen. Packer as the Democratic candidate. The Whigs have made no nomination, but will probably support an Independent Tariff candidate.

The Whigs of Columbia county have nominated Benj. P. Fortner for Assembly, Phineas Welliver for Sheriff, David Clark for Treasurer, Geo. A. Bowman for Commissioner, Isaiah Cole for Coroner, Henry C. McCaulley for Auditor.

**CORRECT.**—During Mr. Fuller's stay in Jersey Shore, John A. Gamble, the Democratic nominee, called to pay his respects to him, and the compliment was returned by Mr. Fuller, by calling at the residence of Mr. Gamble.

Thanks to Hon. James Pollock for a copy of the Patent Office Report for 1848. May he live to be Governor.

Later accounts are that Mr. Bell, the new Governor of Texas, is a Whig. The Major's chance brightens.

"The African Methodist Republican Church, in Milton," will be consecrated on Monday next.

Symptoms of cold weather—Wood wanted.

Our Democratic friends up the river are evidently cross about the chance of Gen. Packer for Senator.

The Clinton Democrat indulges itself in this style: "We be to the fishy whelp who will at this time lead himself to the Whigs, to rotten Banks, and foul conspiracies to break down the Democratic party or its candidates! Exposure, defeat, disgrace, and shame will be his doom. A gallows as high as Haman's, a political grave amongst the vilest doomed traitors, a certain damnation as effectual as the halter and an unending and incapable of change as time itself, he will well earn and assuredly receive."

Furthermore, the Lyeoming Gazette says: "Our party friends throughout the State look to the election of Gen. Packer, as an event greatly to be desired, and we be to the recreant who exhibits the white feather on this occasion."

And all this language is addressed to intelligent men—freemen—who claim the right to vote as they choose—and above all, Democrats. The *Courier* or the *People* never addressed their subjects in a more dictatorial and tyrannical style than these party bound prigs.

**The Juniata Company.**  
Quite a number of letters have been received in Lewisburg from members of the Juniata company announcing their safe arrival in the land of promise. Louis P. Franciscus, one of the company, had on board the schooner Swallow, on the Pacific Ocean, on the 20th June, after having traversed a long and tedious journey from Vera Cruz to San Blas, where the party took shipping for their port of destination. A letter dated San Francisco, July 11, says: "We arrived in this city on the 8th inst., having been four months and one day on our journey, taking the route by way of Vera Cruz, Jalapa, Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, Salamanca, Guanajuato, Tepic, and San Blas, and from there by sea to this port. The expenses of the journey from Lewisburg to this city, were not more than about \$300 or \$350 for each person. Butter sells for \$1 50 per lb., at least it did this morning when we bought a little; milk 40 cts per quart, and yet there are thousands upon thousands of wild cattle of the finest kind within a few miles from here. Hatched eggs are 50 cts. a piece. For poultry yesterday 75 cts. apiece. To-day they are down to 62 1/2. For a common ginger cake 25 cts. Jas. M. Dinean, of our company, paid for his supper the first night after we landed, \$2 75, and had only bread, butter, beef, steak, two eggs and coffee."

We have in hand No. 28 of the *Alta California*, published at San Francisco. It is a five column paper well filled with advertisements in small type, and published at the moderate rate of \$12 per year in advance; advertisements, 10 lines or less, one insertion for \$4, and every subsequent insertion \$2 each. Besides San Francisco, we see the names of about a dozen other cities advertised, most of them, probably paper cities only—of which that named "New York of the Pacific" it is hoped may ever remain paper only. We see the U. S. authority is now submitted to without any hindrance.

New York, Sept. 24.  
The evidence on both sides, in the case of the Astor Place rioters has been closed, the arguments of counsel will be commenced to-morrow. The anticipation is that Judson will be convicted, as not a doubt remains but he was the prime mover in the affair; most of the others will in all probability escape.

Boston, Sept. 17.  
There were ten deaths by Cholera at Bangor on Friday, making one hundred and twelve deaths since the commencement of the epidemic.

We learn from the Washington News that the health of President Taylor is decidedly improving, and that he will probably make his northern tour in the course of a few weeks.

The Editor of the *Alta Californian* estimates that the population of California will be 60,000 by the 1st of November, of which 35,000 will be Americans.

Henry Clay arrived at Cincinnati on Monday week and departed again next morning, en-route for his home at Ashland.

Sobieski Ross, of Potter county, is on the Whig ticket for Assembly with E. H. Russell in the Lyeoming district.

The Independent no-party men of Philadelphia have nominated Judge Joel Jones, for Mayor and a full ticket of Councilmen.

Thaddeus Stevens is talked of as the Free Soil candidate for next Speaker of Congress.

Academy advertisement—next week.

**North Branch Canal.**  
The public generally will be pleased to learn that the work for the completion of the North Branch Canal is about to be resumed. The people are beginning to open their eyes to the importance of this work, which has already been too long neglected. The completion of this canal will open an immense trade with the interior of New York, in furnishing them with coal, iron, and taking in exchange salt, plaster, &c.

The first division of the North Branch Canal extends from Northumberland to the Lackawanna Creek, a distance of seventy-two miles, and was finished as early as 18 0. The distance from the Lackawanna to Athens, in Bradford county, is ninety miles, with an ascent of only 1894 feet to be overcome by locks, which is a fraction over two feet to the mile, on an average. This ninety miles is divided into two divisions. The Tunkhannock line extends from the Lackawanna to the Wyalusing creek, a distance of nearly fifty five miles, and on the first of December, 1841, thirteen miles were finished. From Wyalusing creek to the village of Athens is thirty-five miles, and is called the Toga line. On the first of December, 1841, twenty miles of this line were also finished. The work on this ninety miles was wholly suspended in 1842, and according to the Canal Commissioners' report of that year the total cost of work done on the Tunkhannock line up to the 1st of December, 1841, was \$1,126,265. Cost of work done on Toga line up to the same time

Estimated cost to finish Toga line 1,222,011

Total cost of both line 2,348,276

Estimated cost to finish Tunkhannock line 1,015,559

Estimated cost to finish Toga line 292,556

Total cost of North Branch Canal 3,646,691

The canal will of course unite with the public works of New York, which can easily be done by extending it from Athens to Binghamton, where it will unite with the Chenango canal, which intersects the Erie canal at Union. Several other connections with the New York works can also be made, the most available of which is by the Chenango canal at Elmira, which leads into Seneca lake and thus unites with the Erie canal at Montezuma, in the very heart of the State of New York.

The foreign intelligence by the Cambria, although not particularly important, possesses considerable interest. The Cholera was raging furiously in London. During a single week, the deaths by the fatal scourge were 1664. The mortality was still worse in Liverpool. Dublin, Vienna and Berlin were also suffering. The intelligence in relation to the crops is quite favorable. The harvest is abundant. There is not a ray of hope from Hungary. Several of the Magyar chiefs had been executed by the Austrians, while the mother and children of Kossuth, and the wives of several Magyar Generals had arrived as prisoners at Presburg. George had been pardoned by the Emperor of Austria, and had departed for Syria. A Congress of Princes is spoken of, with a view of settling the German question. Nothing particularly important from France. The commercial advices are one the whole favorable. Money rather more active—the rate range from 3 1/2 to 3 per cent. A panic prevailed in the Railway market, and prices were falling. Cotton without material change.

The ticket of Free Soilers and Old Hunkers lately put in nomination in N. York by separate conventions does not bid fair to unite the Democracy as firmly as was anticipated. We see by the New York papers that the Free Soilers of the counties of Quondaga, Madison, and Oneida are about calling a State convention for the selection of four candidates for State officers, to take the place of those put on the regular ticket as nominees from the Old Hunker side of the reunion.

We observe by the Democratic Whig, that a serious fire occurred in Bellefonte, on the night of the 13th inst., which consumed a lumber yard and quite a number of stables, among which were those of Messrs. McAllister, Gilliland, Stewart, Vandyke, Montgomery and Hoover, Sheriff Musser, H. N. McAllister, Esq., and Miss Miles. The total loss has not yet been estimated, but will doubtless be very heavy, of which, we understand, but \$800 are insured.

Married.—In Starkey, Yates Co., N. Y., August 30th, by Rev. J. Dodge, Thomas Clark, Senior, aged 99, to Mrs. Phebe Aspell, aged 72, widow of the late Richard Aspell, of Starkey.

OST.—In this Borough, last evening, a \$5 Chamberburg Bank note. The owner is a poor woman, but the finder shall be rewarded by leaving it at this office.