UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

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The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MAY 2, 1859.

To the Patrons & Friends of the Union County Star:

The undersigned, Proprietor of the "Union County Star," having disposed of all his interest in, and the good will of, that establishment, to Messrs. WORDEN & CORNELIUS, the STAR will hereafter be published in connection with the CHRONICLE. The Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle is now the oldest paper in the county. The two papers in their day have done good service, and having now joined heart and hand, for better or worse, the old and steadfast friends of each, we hope, will continue to give it their support, and the Publishers that encouragement which their energy and perseverance so richly merit.

May 2, 1859. SAM'L H. ORWIG.

TO OUR READERS ALL.

Forty-five years ago, two young men left the "*Deuckeret*" of Andrew Kennedy the elder, in Northumberland borough, to set up business for themselves in two counties just organized from old mother Northumberland. One—GEORGE SWENEY—located at Danville, where he wrought for many years, and died recently near Moresburg at an advanced age. The other, ANDREW KENNEDY the younger—who is still living, in health, and Clerk for the Commissioners at Lewisburg—took his type, &c. across the West Branch on the ice (the Bridge not being then built) to Mifflinburg, where, in March, 1813, he issued the FIRST PAPER IN UNION COUNTY, entitled "*THE UNION.*" That paper was subject to many mutations of ownership, and was removed with the county seat to New Berlin. We can not trace its history, nor do we claim for it any infallible "chain of apostolic succession" down to our day. It was the oldest paper and had a wide influence. Its spiritual successor and co-worker, *The Union County Star*, likewise was the official organ of the county, and had a large circulation until the change of the county seat deprived it of some of its resources.

About 1843, Lewisburg having no local organ for its increasing business, the *Chronicle* was established by Messrs. SAMUSER & BIRKENSHINE. The removal of the seat of justice to this borough, gave its paper more consequence and circulation. It was no longer a *local*, but a *county* journal, and became the medium for the transaction of the county business. A more extended name seemed therefore to be appropriate, and we sought that of the *Union County Star*, which expresses its general field, and as the oldest name takes precedence, while its junior retains its title and fixes its locality more definitely. The political sentiments of the two papers harmonized, and our local contests being ended and old quarrels buried in the sea of oblivion, the combination seems eminently proper, and we doubt not will be welcomed by the former patrons of both.

The STAR and the CHRONICLE each had many true friends, who are partial to the respective names, and who we trust will appreciate our motives in identifying their interests. We shall seek to have our paper more of a County Journal, and by intelligence from every quarter make it sought for by all the present and former citizens of "old Union" who may feel any interest in its state and progress.

Those who see this consolidated paper for the first time, will please take notice that we issue it on the CASH OR ADVANCE PAY PLAN—sending it away to no one until it is *paid for*, and when the time expires for which a paper is paid, *discontinue* it until subscription be renewed. For upwards of four years the CHRONICLE tried this plan, with decided advantage to printers and patrons. Our terms are reasonable, but unvarying—$1,50 per year, 75 cts for 6 months, and so on at the rate of 3 cts. per week. Clubs of four copies for $5, or of 10 copies for $10—cash always in advance. For $1, we will send to any one from this time until the 1st of Jan. next.

☞ We send out this No. of our journal to many former patrons of the *Star*, intending and hoping to win their favor and support. Any one who feels disposed to try us, can send or bring in their pay, in specie, good bills, postage stamps, merchantable produce, or cash orders on good men here, and receive the paper in return for as long a time as their money lasts, and need not fear having the paper forced upon them longer. If they do not desire to take the paper, they need not send this No. back, as it will not be sent them without the pay.

☞ There are many men who might raise, or assist in raising, CLUBS for the STAR & CHRONICLE. The papers may be sent to different persons, in our own county or in other States. At $1 each to clubs of ten—only two cents a week—every man in or from Union county should have it.

☞ The CHRONICLE has for some years past had much the widest circulation of any paper in Union county, and the STAR & CHRONICLE will be found the best vehicle for the dissemination of Real Estate and other Advertising in this region.

☞ The late accession to the number of our years as a paper, makes us outrank the *Miltonian*, and all other papers within fifty miles or more, save only the *Lycoming Gazette*, to which we doff our hat as the mother of the Typo Scribes.

*The oldest No. of *The Union* we have, is dated 1816, when it was conducted by Henry Shoup, at New Berlin. We will give a year's subscription of our paper for the oldest copy of The Union that may be brought us.

FOR THE STAR & LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

THE WHITE HOME CASTLE BANNER.

A Parody of "The Star Spangled Banner."

[Mr. Brady, in his speech in the trial of Sickles, made the following allusion to our national song, the "Star Spangled Banner," of which the venerable and aged father of Mr. Key, who fell by the hand of Mr. Sickles, has the honor of being the author:]

"The wavier of the Ranks-chief was admitted—a white handkerchief. Mr. Key was unfortunate. In it self a handkerchief of that color, even among the most savage nations of earth, is regarded as emblematical of purity, peace, good faith—of regard for hospitality, and protection against treachery. The color of the flag of truce is that which was selected in this case. I hope I may be pardoned by my learned brethren for this remark in touching a subject not to angle but sorrow, with all the feelings which belong to me—it would have been well if he had attached as much importance to the dignity of a banner, as did his distinguished sire, and had always within him a fresh recollection of those lines which identified him with the flag of our country wherever seen on earth. If he had remembered the 'Star Spangled Banner' has been raised every where, in the wilds of Africa and on the mountain height by the adventurous traveler, he would never have chosen that foul substitute for its beautiful folds. He would never have forgotten these two lines—

"*And that be it ever when freemen shall stand*
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation."

If his noble father inculcated, in lines imperishable, the duty of the American people to protect their homes against the invasion of a foe, how does it become less a solemn duty of the American citizen to protect his home against the invasion of the traitor, who, stealing into his embrace under the protect of friendship, inflicts a deadly wound on his happiness, and aims also at his honor!"

O say do you see 'round the heaven's cheerful light,
Where unpresumingly we prize our home's cheerful gleaming—
The pure joy of home which no stranger may blight,
Or can chill by a look of an unholy meaning?
"Tis our home—our own castle, our fig tree's blest shade,
Which no roving outlaw may rudely invade.
O may it be when they continue to wave
Over this castle of home in the land of the brave!

All around lovely home, behind where dark and deep,
The foul, lurking foe, as in ambush repose—
Both wily and vicious, still seeks to creep
With aspect his whole half concealed, half disclosed;
Appearing as friend, he is warned by the beam
That glows on home's hearth as its bright, friendly gleam,
When the white flag of love unsuspectingly waves
Over the viper that alone treads home's hopes to their graves.

What fills to the fiend who thus contains the core
Of our home's holiest heart by the vile collusion,
Till home, hearts, and hopes can be more no more?
His blood shall wash out his foul footsteps' pollution!
No quarter shall save such a low lurking slave
From the vengeance we wage," and the gloom of the grave;
And the home-castle's banner in triumph shall wave
Over the hearts of the free in the land of the brave.

O, "blest be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes" and the greater to rend it;
Vile outlaws be crushed on his pestilence, a brand!
Heaven hurls the avenger, and hell shall resound it.
Approve it we must, as righteous and just,
When the traitor's blood is licked up by the dust,
That the gushy may fear, and the white flag may wave
Over the castle of home in the land of the brave.

The New York Tribune

Has just entered its 19th year, and on the occasion of its appearance in a new dress, (and somewhat enlarged) last week, the editors give us some interesting statistics, showing the remarkable success which has attended the enterprise, and the unparalleled circulation the paper has now attained. The *Daily Tribune* was first issued on the 10th day of April, 1841, on a sheet presenting a surface (on both sides) of 1302 square inches; and 5000 copies were printed, which proved to be considerably more than could be disposed of. The receipts for the first week were only $92, while the expenses amounted to $525. The *Weekly Tribune* was not started until some months after. At the present time, the editors say:

"The Tribune now appears on a sheet 44 by 33½ inches in area, giving an extent of 2,918 inches. Our aggregate consumption of paper is 818 reams (41,000 pounds, or 20 cart loads) per week, mainly manufactured expressly for us at the Niagara Falls Mills. Our average weekly expenses have gradually risen from $525 to $7,800; we pay $41,000 per year to Editors, Correspondents, and Reporters; $62,000 per year for labor in the department of Printing; nearly $16,000 in that of Mailing, average about $13,000 for Telegraphing, employ 108 persons, beside carriers, carmen, &c. &c. We have used during the past year, 60,019 pounds of ink, costing over $8000, and have during that period, employed 2,240 pounds of Glue and 11 barrels of the best refined Cane Syrup in the manufacture of the Rollers whereby that ink is applied. The Steam Power-Presses and other machinery used in the rapid production of our issues have cost us over $70,000, and we pay about $10,000 per annum for Type, which those Presses, owing to the extent of our editions, rapidly reduce to a defaced and inexpressive metal.

The receipts by *mail* for subscriptions in the four weeks ending on Saturday last, and the corresponding weeks of the three preceding years are given as follows:

Mail	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.
Receipts,	$16,768	$16,842	$14,081	$18,700

The total circulation at this time is 211,750 copies, of which the Daily Tribune has 37,750, Semi-Weekly 19,000, Weekly Tribune $153,000, California edition 4000. This circulation is distributed through every State and Territory in the Union, with 1250 copies to Canada, 400 to Europe, &c. 65,186 are taken in New York, 19,740 in Ohio, 15,232 in Pennsylvania, 12,769 in Illinois, 10,098 in Indiana, and so on; and notwithstanding the well known anti-slavery sentiments of the paper, more than 3000 copies are taken in the different slave States.

GOOD BYE.—"What shall be done by the Southern States," asks the Jackson *Mississippian*, "if our enemies, the pledged destroyers of our civil and political rights"—meaning Republicans—"shall succeed in the next Presidential election? But one alternative will be left—a separation of the assailed States from the aggressing members of the Union, ought instantly to take place." We have an impression that something of that sort has been said before!

☞ If "Squatter Sovreign" will get from Douglas *himself*, over his own name, a statement that he—either personally or by his family—is in nowise interested in slave property, but is utterly opposed to slavery, it may be worth the ink it will take. Anything less than that will hardly make him a good Free Soil candidate, notwithstanding all the quibbing and sophistry and concealment of facts plied in his behalf.

Geo. W. Doane, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New Jersey, died at his residence in Burlington, on Wednesday last. He was a native of Trenton, N. J., and in the 60th year of his age.

The Movements of the Paraguay Squadron...Visit to President Lopez and his Family...Rejoicings over the Peace proclaimed...Corientes, Parana, Rosario, &c., &c.

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

U. S. STEAMER FULTON,
Flag Ship of the Paraguay Expedition,
ROSARIO, (Santa Fe,) Feb. 22, 1859.

I have lately written you a pretty long letter, but, as several interesting events have happened since, I will again endeavor to give you a hasty sketch of them. All our difficulties with Paraguay having been satisfactorily arranged for the present, the Fulton and Waterwitch left Assumption on the 13th inst.

The day after the treaty was signed, Commissioner Bowlin, accompanied by Commodore Shubrick and all the officers of our two vessels that could be spared from duty, took a farewell of President Lopez. This was the first opportunity that many of us had of seeing his excellency, and to all of us the occasion was promising with interest. Lopez has a very exalted opinion of his dignity, and is a great stickler on ceremony, so that all who wished to be present at this interview were ordered by the Commodore to appear in full dress. Nearly every naval officer has a strong antipathy for a stiff collared coat and cocked hat, yet on this occasion we mustered nearly thirty volunteers. As we marched along the quiet streets of Assumption in this style, with swords dangling at our sides, we presented quite a formidable array. As it happened that this was the first time that I had any occasion for mounting a cocked hat or a full dress coat, (although I have been taking good care of them, in traveling nearly forty thousand miles, for any particular occasion that might turn up,) I considered that Lopez was honored sufficiently by me.

We were received by Lopez and a suit of his own officers, in the reception room of his palace. He was dressed in a rich military costume, bearing his cocked hat in his hand, (not on his head, as is his custom,) and supporting himself on his cane. He appeared about five feet seven inches high, is rather fleshy, and has a marked air of intelligence and amiability. Time has used him well, as he is about sixty years of age. He is somewhat remarkable about the face on account of the relative breadth between his forehead and the lower part of his face, his fat cheeks almost resting on his shoulders. A congratulatory and farewell speech was read, in the Spanish language, for our Commissioner; to which Lopez made a verbal reply, in the same language. He spoke with great fervor and feeling, but briefly. Then, all being seated at his request, a few more informal exchanges of sociable sentiments were made between Lopez and our Commissioner and Commodore, when he fraternally embraced and shook hands with the Commissioner only. His farewell to the rest of us, consisted of a polite bow, and a sort of a benedictional raising of his hands.

Leaving his palace, we then called at his private residence, to pay our respects to his family. We met his wife, daughter, and son. A few only of our large party were personally introduced to the family, while the rest of us satisfied our curiosity by looking on. His daughter is unmarried, and about twenty years of age; she has some beauty, but evidently her best point is her *weight*. His wife, also, is very fleshy. The room was quite handsomely furnished, and everything looked comfortable. After another reunion at the quarters of the Commissioner, our party disbanded.

We have mutually exchanged national salutes of twenty-one guns each. I never heard so heavy or a more handsomely fired salute than was given by the Fulton. As the booming of the guns re-echoed over the hills of Paraguay, it produced general feelings of rejoicing and gratitude. Assumption was illuminated during the evening. It is most probable that without the presence of our large armed force in these waters, our difficulties would have remained unsettled. It is true that the laurels gained by bloodshed and brilliant actions have been denied us, but this I hope may be considered as another honor won by our country, whose true policy I believe to be a peaceful one.

On our arrival at the city of Corientes, we met five of our vessels and as we were coming down the river we met six more *en route* for Paraguay." Several of our vessels have not yet arrived from the U. S. We are now all at anchor at Rosario, the steamers coaling. During our short stay at Corientes the citizens gave our officers quite an extensive ball, at which "the beauties" of the city were well represented. The population of the place is about 12,000. We also again stopped at Parana, the capital of the Argentine Confederation. This is a new and quite thriving city, of about 10,000 inhabitants. Our vessels are all dressed in bunting today, and at noon fired a salute in honor of Washington's birth day. The Fulton is going up the Uraguay river to San Jose, to visit Urquiza the President of the Argentine Confederation. We anticipate a pleasant time. Our squadron will rendezvous at Montevideo, when all will leave for home, except the Frigate Sabine and three brigs-of-war. Yours, G.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm;

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
Whole troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of god-like form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on his naked breast
A naked cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign,
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure—
That to be victors, they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife
Imparts a holy calm—
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

The Voyage of this World.

[The following eloquent passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of A. B. LONGSTREET, President of the South Carolina College, at Columbia, to the recent Graduating Class.]

"You are embarking upon a strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony, and Caiaphas, is still in the world—greatly subdued, and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times, to be depressed by your rivals, condemned for your patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters, from those from whom you had a right to expect better things. These are hard things to bear, say you. They are so, my young friends, and you never will bear them as you should, unless you take the Good Book for your guide, and look daily to its Author for supplies of strength sufficient for your trial. Do this, and all will be well at last. With that chart in your hand, now launch your bark upon the troubled ocean of life; and when the squalls strike you, be at least as prudent as the common sailor, and be found hard at the helm, with your chart before you, and your eye fixed on Bethlehem's star. When they pass away, take your reckoning, and see where you are. If you have lost headway, right ship, or crowd sail and to your course again cheerily. Towards the close of the voyage, you will find that the small crafts which shot ahead at the beginning, but veered about by every pleasant breeze, are all wrecked, dismantled, or far in your rear, firing signal guns of distress, while you move gallantly into port. There you will cast anchor and enter a city of inconceivable splendor—the new Jerusalem—its buildings of pure gold, its walls of jasper, and its gates of pearl. There you will be welcomed, without question, to a Great College of a hundred and forty and four thousand thousands, of all nations, kindred, people, and tongues, under a Teacher absolutely perfect, and altogether lovely. In all that vast brotherhood, no unkind feeling is ever spoken, no sigh is ever breathed, no tear is ever shed; and there the sad word with which I close my counsel is never heard—*farewell*. May Heaven's richest blessings attend you through life, and Heaven's richest rewards await you at its close. Again, farewell!"

Better Prospects for Farmers.

We would not encourage any false hopes, or say a word to lead farmers or others to relax the strict economy which has been impelled, or compelled by the depressed financial condition of the country, for the past year. Still, we think, so far as we can observe and study the "signs of the times," from an advantageous point of observation, there is much to encourage the hope that a more prosperous state of affairs lies but a little way ahead of us. The use we would now make of this is, to encourage farmers to a more extended and thorough cultivation of various crops, the present Spring. The season bids fair to be a favorable one. Prices of produce are, in the main, higher than they have been for some time past, and will probably increase still further. Let every one make an effort to plant or sow an acre or two *more* than they had intended, and to till those crops already planned for, with more care. The extra produce thus secured may be a makeweight to turn the scale in favor of future prosperity.—*Ann. Agricul.*

Thomas Burnside—James Petriken—James T. Hale.

"The elder Judge Burnside presided in one of the courts of Pennsylvania when the memorable case of Parsons vs. Parsons was on trial. James Petriken, Esq., was one of the counsel, assisted by James T. Hale, Esq. Hale was speaking, and having made a strong point, which the Court challenged, he said that he could sustain it by citation of cases from the books, but he had left them at his office, close by.

"'Why did you not bring your books here?' asked the Judge.

"'Because I considered the point so plain as not to need the support of other cases; but I will step over and get the books.'

"As Mr. Hale left the house the Judge, in a pet, said, 'That man reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left all his tools at home. The Court has forgotten more law than that young man knows.'

"'That,' said Mr. Petriken, 'is just what we complain of—that your Honor *has forgotten too much*.'

"And so it proved; for the books came with Mr. Hale, and they revealed the fact that the memory of the Court had been too short on this point, if on no other.' [Hale has since been a very able Judge, and is now Member of Congress elect.]

"The case of Parsons vs. Parsons was brought by one brother against another, for the purpose of breaking their father's will, which cut off Abraham, the older brother, without a cent, giving all the property to Samuel, the younger. This Samuel was a stout, broad-shouldered Pennsylvania farmer, well-dressed and portly, showing himself to be somebody; while Abraham was a lank, lean, ill-favored man, with thin and thread-bare clothes in bad weather. Mr. Petriken, counsel for poor Abraham, asked a witness, 'What is the relative wealth of the two brothers?'

"The opposing lawyer jumped up and objected to the question. 'It was of no consequence who was richer or who was poorer; it was a question of law.'

"Petriken saw that the question would not be allowed, and calling out to his client, said, 'Abraham, stand up by the side of Samuel!'

"Abraham planted his thin figure, in shabby clothes, by the side of the corpulent, well-dressed brother; and Petriken cried out to the jury, '*Now compare the parties!*' The effect was instantaneous and complete, and far better for Abraham than any evidence of witnesses as to the amount of his property. The jury gave him a verdict; and, law or no law, he got half of his father's property."—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW POOR YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.

Young man! are you poor, and without the means of "splurging" in life as you launch upon the billows? Is your father poor, and unable to give you an outfit? Be not disheartened on account of all this. Take earnest hold of business, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the bent of your own mind for labor or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it, early; follow it, steadily and untiringly; never look backward to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp. The world owes every decent man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success; and men have only to adopt will and action to them.

To repine over a want of money and property to start with, and over the want of the props of influential relatives, is unmanly. Let a young man strive to create a fortune rather than seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads one to borrowing instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, conscious of God within you, and his providence over you, and fight your own way to distinction, and to comfort. Pity in your inmost soul the young man who, without any charge, is unable to support himself, and is whining around, and begging the influence of others, to get him into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more honorable, to eat the crust you have earned, than to flourish with coppers inherited. You may proudly confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortune. Young man, are *you* poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet hath said in words:

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth,
And boasts his titles and his family,
Who takes his name and merit on
From out a father's dying hands."

SCRIPTURE LAW.—John Graham undertook to justify Sickles in the killing of Key by quoting from the Bible, but he did not refer to the Epistle of St. James, chap. ii., verses 10 and 11, which read thus:

"Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For He that said, Do not commit adultery, also said, Do not kill! Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law."

Earthquake in Chili—Letter from Buckalew.

QUITO, 22d March, 1859.

DEAR SIR: We had this morning at 8½ o'clock, much the most severe Earthquake which has visited Quito during the present century. Its duration was about *one minute*. The spires of many churches are thrown down, roofs of houses fallen in, and the streets in many places lined with broken tiles precipitated from above. I have just returned from visiting the Pierce House, from which we removed on the 17th inst. It is in ruins—a great part of the roof is down, also a part of the second story; the chimney top, thrown with violence, carried away the stable roof, some of the furniture is crushed, and the brick and tiles are piled four or five feet deep over the bed places where we slept. We escaped the catastrophe by just five days.

My present house is uninjured, is reasonably secure against future shocks, and there is plenty of open ground adjoining for refuge. Mrs. Buckalew and I passed into the patio, and the children and servants into the garden during the shock—from our position I saw the action of the house and the movement of the earth to advantage.

A bricklayer on the roof, working at a chimney top, found it thrown in confusion around him, and took a firm grip to hold himself from following the fragments. There is more or less of injury all over the city, but details are yet unknown. I do not think the number killed, is very large. I have had time to make only a slight personal examination, the houses are very much shattered, and another severe shock would produce immense destruction.

Reports from neighboring villages represent them as having suffered severely; and we await news from the South, where previous Earthquakes have been most severe. I might fill my sheet with reports, but have confined myself in this letter to what I know. Yours respectfully,

C. R. BUCKALEW.

Hon. W. J. Woodward, Bloomsbury.

[Other accounts state that some thousands of persons, in all, lost their lives by this earthquake.]

That Thirty Million.

Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, (late a Democratic U. S. Senator,) of Memphis, Tenn., in a speech at Nashville, recently, said that it required extraordinary credulity to believe that the Administration intended to use the $30,000,000 it asked of the late Congress in the purchase of Cuba. "In my honest opinion," continued Mr. Clemens, "*the intention was to use it as a* CORRUPTION FUND *to secure the nomination and election* of John Sidell as President of these United States. There is nothing in the past history of either James Buchanan or John Sidell to place them above suspicion. Give them $30,000,000 to be used in buying Spanish officials, and unless some such miracle occurs as that of the leopard changing his spots, a part of that sum will be employed in buying the Charleston Convention, and the remainder in purchasing the vote necessary to insure election of its nominee."

RATHER SEVERE.—The Hon. Elisha R. Potter, a member of Congress from Rhode Island, on being abused by some ill-mannered member of the House, coolly said: "Mr. Speaker, when I am at home I associate with gentlemen, but when I come to the Congress of the United States I am obliged to associate with such as the people choose to send here."

When to Plow Deep.

A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says that for Corn he only plows to the subsoil, as that grain requires only friable and warm soil to carry it forward well. But for Oats he plows a little deeper, and also for Wheat, preparatory to seeding with Timothy or Clover. Deep plowing must be carried on in accordance with reason and well-defined principles.

LIQUID GLUE.—M. Kelly, Fayette Co., Ind., prepares this article by dissolving glue in boiling water, using only water enough to reduce the glue to liquid form. It is then removed from the fire, and sufficient alcohol poured in to bring it to the right consistence, stirring it briskly. It is kept in a bottle with a piece of India rubber or bladder tied over the mouth, and will he says preserve its properties for years. It is thus always ready for use without the trouble of preparing when wanted. In very cold weather it may need to be warmed a little.

Mildew on Gooseberries.—M. A. Riley, Columbiana Co., O. Gooseberries appear to be affected most by mildew in dry seasons. In the moist climate of England, this fruit is raised in the greatest excellence, mildew is scarcely known. Mulching, that is, covering the ground around the roots with straw, leaves or tan-bark, keeps the surface moist, and is used as a preventive of this blight.

Farmer, Spare that Oak.—P. W. Cook, Ashtabula Co., O., writing about the prejudice against oak trees in open fields, as not being profitable, states that he has two which furnish more food for pigs, than the same ground which the trees occupy, would produce if planted with corn.

Whitewash Soap and Lime vs. the Curculio.

In a recent conversation with Mr. J. W. Logan, Norris Co., N. J., he stated that last year he purchased a quantity of whale oil soap for the purpose of keeping insects from his rose bushes. Having more than was needed for this purpose, it occurred to him to use it upon his plum trees, and wishing to be certain as to its effects, he selected for trial a tree on which he had been unable to ripen any fruit for two or three years previous. He syringed one half of the tree two or three times with the soap dissolved in water, at intervals of about ten days, commencing when the fruit has just set from the flower. The result was, he gathered an abundance of fine, well-ripened fruit from that side of the tree, while on the other no fruit ripened. Other trees in the immediate vicinity also lost their fruit by the curculio. The soap should be used in the proportion of one pound to six or seven gallons of water.

Capt. A. Davis, Columbia Co., N. Y., who has been noted for his skill and success in fruit growing, informed us, that he had almost despaired of his plums for several years, the curculio having blighted what would otherwise have been an abundant crop. By way of experiment he took quicklime, slaked it with water just sufficient to reduce it to powder, and applied it to the trees. He put the lime in a bag made of cloth of loose texture, so that it would sift through freely, tied it to the end of a light pole, and thoroughly dusted the trees. This was done several times after the fruit had first set, and the result was a very large crop of fruit. Others have recommended unleached ashes to be applied in the same way. Any one or all of these experiments will cost but little, and if successful, will abundantly repay all time and trouble.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Make Friends of the Birds!

Remember that every family of birds you can induce to locate upon your trees, rids you of enemies, and increases your wealth. Land is still cheap upon the farm, and trees are cheap. Plant more trees, and with your other crops raise your own music. Encourage the boys to build bird boxes, and put them upon the buildings and fences. This will amuse them quite as much as robbing birds' nests, and will foster within them much better sentiments. We once visited a large rural village in New England, where they had a fashion of rearing a large bird house on the top of a long pole in the garden. This pole was a conspicuous object, on almost every street. We need not say that they had a vigorous horticultural society there, and that the place was famous for its apples, pears, and plums; its cherries, strawberries, currants, and other small fruits. The birds took care of their insects, and they will take care of yours if you will give them a chance.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Good Out-Door Whitewash.

Take unslaked lime and put it into a bucket with about as much water as will be required in use. Then throw in about half a pound of tallow for a peck of lime. As the lime slakes, the heat will melt the tallow, when it is to be thoroughly stirred in—the stirring to be repeated frequently during not if any grease rises to the surface. No definite experiments have been made to determine the exact weight of tallow for a given weight of lime. Impure or rancid lard, oil, or other grease, may be used instead of tallow. The philosophy of the process is, that the oily material incorporated into the whitewash will prevent its being dissolved by rains. Any further definite information respecting this or other preparations, which the readers of the *American Agriculturist* can procure, will be gladly received.

Test Seed Corn before Planting.

Oft-repeated suggestions for saving and keeping seed corn have been given in this journal. For whether these have been followed or not, it is well to make a preliminary test of corn, and of all other seeds much sometimes fail to vegetate. This is easily done. Select from the mass enough to be a fair sample, and place in a warm situation, or in a box of earth, kept moist, warm and mellow. An examination of the specimen, even before it commences to sprout, will show whether they are in a sprouting condition. Before further doing, than to make similar experiments on a five or ten acre field, and only learn of a bad result when too late to be remedied—*Am. Agricul.*

Clean Milking.

It is sometimes forgotten that the last gill of milk drawn from the cow's udder is the best part of every milking. Careful experiments made in England show, (according to a report lately published) that "the quantity of cream obtained from the last drawn cup from most cows, exceeds that of the first in the proportion of twelve to one." The difference in the quality also is considerable. Hence, a person who carelessly leaves but half a pint of milk undrawn, loses in reality about as much cream as would be afforded by quite a pint at the beginning; and those who strip the last part of the cream with the hand, have never to be deceived.