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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AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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TERMS—$1.50 per year, in all cases in ADVANCE—and at the same rate for a shorter or longer period. Thus, one will pay for four months, two for six months, three for eight months, 2 dollars for twenty months, half for two years, $3 for four copies one year, $10 for ten copies one year, &c. $10 to Non-Subscribers. Arrangements will (only) be entered in such cases as prompt payment for book notice at cash value before. What kind of Publications compose it the Office.

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Popular Hymns.

HOMEWARD BOUND!

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Far from the sanctuary where we've prayed,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promised of which our sages have said—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Look! you let on the bright, heaven-lit shores,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall overcome the gale—
O, how we fly 'neath the fond creaking sail—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

We live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

Earth with its trifles we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Heaven with its glories we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Come, ye drooping, sorrow-laden and oppressed,
Join in our chorus, O, come, come, come,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Sounding in triumph in mansions above,
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!
Soon as our trials and troubles are o'er,
Up to our home with the blessed we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door—
We're homeward bound! homeward bound!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last! home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright, silvery tide,
We're home at last! home at last!
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we'll shout evermore—
We're home at last! home at last!

GOOD NEWS.

Whene'er you meet, you always say—
"What's the news? What's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?"
—O, I have got good news to tell,
My Savior has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed;
'Twas there He bowed His sacred head;
But now He's risen from the dead—
That's the news! That's the news!

To Heaven above the Conqueror's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's pass'd triumphant to His throne—
That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne He will remain,
Until, as Judge, He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread His fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you too—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

SACRED SONG.

Come away! work nor play
Should engage our thoughts to-day,
Seek the Lord, read his Word,
He must be by all adored,
Children need to be forgiven
Such with Christ may live in heaven:
Happy we then shall be singing joyfully.

Jesus, hear! be thou near,
Fill our souls with godly fear;
While we pray, kindly say
"I will keep thee every day."
Then our tongues in feeble praise
Shall hosannas sweetly raise,
Happy we then shall be singing joyfully.

Meek in mind, just and kind,
May we friends and favor find,
Till we rise, with the wise,
To yon world above the skies,
Freed from sorrow, sin and care,
Crowned with bright glory there
Happy we then shall be singing joyfully.

For the Star & Chronicle.

A Word About School Teachers.

The time is rapidly approaching, when the School Directors of Union and other counties will again make choice of Teachers for the Free Schools during the ensuing Term. This is an event which in our estimation has received too little attention. In some, if not in most of the districts, little regard is had as to what kind of characters are employed to preside over the winter schools. Too many offer themselves as teachers, and obtain schools, who are incompetent to discharge, satisfactorily, the duties required at their hands. It is not so much the intellectual qualifications that we have reference to, as the mental character and influence. For it is not merely essential that the teacher thoroughly understand the different branches which he may be required to teach—these attainments are of course indispensable—but they insure no desirable success unless he possess some moral attainments also. The one who is placed as teacher of youth, not only teaches arithmetic, grammar, &c., but he teaches in numerous other ways. He teaches lessons of good or evil, wherever he goes. Whatever he says or does, so long as he remains within the limits of the district, leaves impressions on the minds of the young, that are as lasting as [illegible] "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," so, as the mind is moulded when tender, it is inclined when arrived at maturer growth.

Who are the ones, then, that are qualified to teach our common schools? Are they those who profane the name of their Creator? Is it he who induces his pupils to bring to school cheroots, etc.? Is it he who is vulgar and obscene in his language out of school? He who, in company with his pupils or others, makes his office a card table during the evening? Or is it he who endeavors his utmost to make moral as well as intellectual impressions? he who persuades the young to improve all their time profitably? he who teaches his pupils to respect God's inspired Word with reverential awe—who himself frequently perusses the Bible, and impresses the youth under his care with the necessity of heeding its instructions, both by example and prompt? We shall not attempt to say which of the above described characters are most competent to do honor to themselves and to the welfare of their schools. But that a number of those first described have been employed as teachers, the writer is well aware. He would also urge, that it is as much the duty of the Directors to inquire into the *moral character* of the applicant, as it is to examine his *intellectual qualifications*. Should any be so unfortunate as to have employed one who proves deficient or injurious in the discharge of his duties, require him to abandon his station at once. Do not allow him to feast upon your children's bread. And if no better one can be obtained, have no school at all, rather than pay an immoral pedagogue to sow the seeds of vice and immorality in your neighborhood. If you do, you allow two crimes to be committed upon your children at one time—first, to sow seeds of vice, and of course root up virtue; and secondly, deprive or rob them of their property. Let this no more be the case. Let us witness more anxiety among all in this cause at the ensuing examinations, and let no one be employed until having given full satisfaction of his qualifications of heart as well as of mind.

A Friend of Education.

Tomato Catsup.—The Columbia (Geo.) *Sun*, gives the following recipe for making tomato catsup, which is admitted on all hands so be the most palatable condiment now made. Will some of our good housewives try it?

"To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes add one quart of good vinegar; one pound of salt; quarter of a pound of black pepper; two ounces of African cayenne; quarter of pound of allspice; one ounce of cloves; three boxes of mustard; twenty cloves of garlic; six good onions; two pounds of brown sugar, and one handfull of peach leaves. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine serve, or a coarse cloth, and bottle it for future use. It will improve by age and create and give zest to appetite, almost under the "ribs of death."

The State Teachers' Association met at West Chester on the 2d inst. The constitution has been changed in respect to the membership of females, who now make the annual payment of fifty cents, as the male teachers hitherto have done. Dr. Parrish, the head of the School for feeble-minded children, delivered a valuable discourse on the proper education for the age. Hon. John M. Read of the Supreme Court, State Sup't Hickok, Tho's H. Burrowes, and other noted friends of education, also addressed the assembly.

The Springfield *Republican* tells of a farmer who had corn in tassel six weeks after planting. It was of the common variety, soaked in a solution of chloride of lime eight hours. The corn planted the same length of time, not subject to this process, is hardly a foot high. A pound of chloride of lime is sufficient to plant forty acres of corn.

Constipation.

There is no single word in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, from aam to zythum inclusive, which to our mind is so expressive of human misery and physiological depravity as this. It is mainly because our bowels are constipated that the people of the United States support twenty-five thousand drug shops and forty-five thousand doctors at an annual expense of more than a hundred millions of dollars. And it is because of this that our people pay the quacks of the irregular trade several millions a year.

But the loss of the money expended in attempts to make the bowels of the community move, and in endeavors to obviate the consequences of their obstruction, is an insignificant evil compared with the loss of health and happiness and life. The mischiefs which spring from constipation, as the parent source, are as numerous in the vital domain as are the sins which, in the moral world, originate from the evil one himself. If Satan is the father of lies, constipation is the mother of infirmities.

Where, in all this broad land, is there a man, woman or child whose bowels move naturally, who never require artificial aids? There are a few such. And they are those who know almost nothing of sickness. They are strangers to dyspepsia, rheumatism, toothache, bronchitis, consumption. They never have the cholera. They are proof against yellow fever. They are secure from paralysis. They never die of apoplexy. Organic affections of the heart never trouble them.

Constipation of the bowels causes foul blood and morbid secretions. These occasion corrupt humors, which induce torpid livers, congested kidneys, oppressed lungs, and congested brains. Then follow rheumatic pains, headache, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, sinking spells, nervous debility, lumbago, sciatica, spinal irritation, piles, spasms, colic, and, as more remote consequences still, putrid fevers, pestilential epidemics, malignant erysipelas, carbuncles and cancers. And the medicines which are given to cure these consequences are worse than the disease which they cure.

Learned physicians look for the causes of these maladies in the vicissitudes of the weather; in thermometrical variations; in barometrical states; in prevailing winds; in fogs; in storms from the east; in currents from the south; in tornadoes from the west; in blasts from the north; in commotions in the heavens above; in convulsions in the earth beneath; in ozone; in electricity; in animalcules; in excess of nitrogen; in deficiency of nitrogen; in some fault of hydrogen; in carbonaceous miasm; in a want of carbon; in catching cold; in getting hot; in exposure; in confinement; in everything except—constipation.

And why is the whole human race, with few exceptions, sick and dying of consumption? The complaint is scarcely known in the animal kingdom below man. Why should the most intelligent creature in existence be the only one who can not have a healthful action of the bowels? Surely there must be a cause. We charge the whole of it to the prevalent system of cookery—worse in some families, and hotels, and nations, than in others, but bad, ruinous, killing, all over the area of civilization. The remedy is not in the direction of drug shops and doctors, but in that of food and cook.—*Life Illustrated.*

Anecdote of Governor Seward.—Cozzens, in his last *Wine Press*, tells an old story which, he says, few persons have not heard. When Governor of New York, Seward in those pre railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and accordingly mounted upon the box of the mail coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him:

"Land agent?" said the driver.

"No," quoth Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Traveling preacher?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"No."

"What then?" said the baffled driver, "what is your business?"

"Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.

"Governor o' what?"

"Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger, with composure.

"Get caout!"

"Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted," and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him: "Good morning, Mr. Bunker. I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer.

"Who is, then?" said the startled smoker.

"Thurlow Weed!"

—They *do* say "Thurlow" has greater influence than any other man over Seward, who enjoyed the joke immensely!

A NOBLE POEM.

The New York *Independent* gives us the following most eloquent and graphic tribute to the memory of Sturge—that eminent English Quaker philanthropist—in vivid contrast with that of *Bomba*, the late detested King of Naples.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the fair land, o'ershaded by Ischia's mountains,
Across the charmed bay
Where Time waves keep with Capri's silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A King lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold fought upon given;
And Europe's great ones smoke with gums to sweeten
A corpse that stinks to Heaven.

And, while all Naples fills with mute thanksgiving,
The court of England's Queen
For the dead monster, so abhorred while living,
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true nurse, God rebukes that feigning;
By pious hands is no place
Stands a great city in the sky's red raising,
Dark beneath and red above!

Silent, for once, the restless hive of labor,
Save, the low funeral tread,
Or voice of charity, whispering to his neighbor
The good deeds of the dead.

For him, no minster's chant of the Immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitered priest swung back the heavenly portals
To let the white soul in.

But Age and sickness framed their tearful forms
In the low cottage door,
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places
And alleys of the poor.

The pallid toiler, and the negro chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human chattel in the mines of battle
The victim of defeat,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward display,
Attended the long procession
Of great the poorest, borne to a marble, sleeping
His royalest monument!

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,
In the long procession,
A brave more noble, warm, and true, and tender,
Has England's turf closed over.

And, if there fell from out her grand old steeples
No sound of funeral wail,
The mourning voice which in Hindu, tongue and peoples
Bore, that day, the news of grief.

It came from Hydrabad, from Indian meadows,
And from the tropic isles
Of Indian summer, in the cocoa and shadows
Of Occidental palms.

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian peasants,
And huts of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence
Come sailing, christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and now with England's daisies
The moss of Finland's moors!

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the street saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard, with tender ear, the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or life's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single,
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman, manliness and meekness
In him were so united,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betray'd him; but his zeal seem'd nourish'd
By failure and by fall;
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten, and the song-birds warble,
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing
Beneath thy smoky veil,
Hard by the city of his love is swinging
Its clamorous iron flail.

But 'round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above—
The fitting symbol of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!

Physical Benefit of the Sabbath.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working men, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man who puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

Joseph Belcher, D. D., deceased recently in Philadelphia, aged about 64 years. He was an English Baptist clergymen, and author of several works published by that church, and by the American Tract Society. His excellent Life of Whitefield was one of his latest publications.

James Waddell Alexander, D. D., died at the Red Sweet Springs, Va., 31st ult., in his 56th year. He was a son of the venerated Archibald Alexander, of Princeton—was Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presb. Ch. in N. Y. city—and in eloquence was well worthy of both the honored names he bore.

Rev. E. L. Bailey, of Carbondale, is preparing for publication the first fifty years' History of the Abington Association, comprising some account of the History of the Baptists in North Eastern Pennsylvania.

In October next, Rev. James Linn, D. D., of Bellefonte, will complete fifty years' labors as pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place—an event, so uncommon in Central Pennsylvania, to be appropriately celebrated.

"And Tyler too."

It is evident that Robert Tyler, the Virginian Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania, feels the responsibility of his position as shepherd and watch dog of the little flock of the faithful remaining in this State. If we remember aright, he issues a new address about once in two weeks. These long and wordy effusions of an "extinguished son of an extinguished father," are faithfully copied into the orthodox Democratic papers, to the exclusion of much more valuable matter. Whether anybody reads them we can not say, but we guess not. Such lumbering stuff must have a damaging effect upon the papers that publish it. We think they would do better to publish chapter first of those soul-thrilling romances to be continued in the *New York Ledger*. They would get their pay for publishing Bonner's advertisements, but we are afraid not for the other Robert's. And whatever may be said against the writings of Cobb, Jr., we are not afraid to aver that they are much better than the romances of Tyler, Jr. It is evident that the latter is not only a son of John Tyler, but also of Virginia. Our readers must have observed that the F. F. V.'s have the bump of language immensely developed. Gov. Wise is a fair illustration of this trait of the patricians. He finds it necessary to let off a thirty-six column letter, now and then, to free his mind and save the country. What Virginia would have done without him, or Pennsylvania without the son of his "accidency," or the Union without either, is more than we say.

The latest address of the said Robert Tyler, Chairman &c., treats of the naturalization question. He is bound to explain the explanations of the administration, and make all smooth again with our naturalized citizens, who showed some symptoms of dissatisfaction with a recent epistle of General Cass, the Nestor of the Cabinet. Robert tells us that the General's Le Clerc letter has been misunderstood. It was only intended as a "caution" to him, to keep out of harm's way. As much as to say—if we understand some of the official explanations with which the public have been favored—Mr. Cass suspected that Mr. Le Clerc had been guilty of some crime before leaving his native land, and he wished to have him understand that in that case, if he went back and was caught, the arm of the Republic would not be extended for his protection. This explanation is certainly very complimentary to Mr. Le Clerc. But Robert has another card to play—the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Massachusetts, he tells us, (as if he had just discovered the fact,) denies foreign-born citizens the right to vote till two years after their naturalization. He might have mentioned that South Carolina does the same thing, but probably he has not heard of that yet. The zealous and chivalric Chairman proposes to "resist and subdue" this movement of Massachusetts. He says, "Some other State, unless this unconstitutional and oppressive movement be at once resisted and subdued, may next amend its Constitution with a restrictive provision in duration still more offensive." We should like to hear how that is to be done—how, in accordance with the doctrines of popular sovreignty and State Rights, the Chairmen of the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania proposes to "resist and subdue" a movement of the people of Massachusetts for prescribing the qualifications of voters. But perhaps that part of his address is only a rhetorical flourish, intended to win back the hearts of our naturalized citizens, who have been alienated by the administration's desertion of them. Something needed to be done, or said, and this, though it amounts to nothing, was the best counter hit he could devise.

On the whole, we like Robert for Chairman. We like him none the worse for his awkward shots, some of which rebound and hit his friends. It was a good move to put a Virginian at the head of the Committee. He is of course used to commanding, and will naturally imbue the Democracy—if they read his epistles and take them for Gospel—with stronger Southern and pro-slavery sentiments, and greater contempt for "niggers and nigger-worshipers." We think Robert should be rewarded; and, as his father was run by the Whigs for Vice President of the United States, we propose that the son be run by the Democracy for Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.—*Montrose Republican.*

Weather in Great Britain.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Presbyterian*, under date of London, July 14, says: "Harvest Prospects are most cheering. No blight or frost has fallen on our fields, while drought, extending over May and June, injured the crops in Scotland and Ireland, so as to make the straw of the cereals short, and to cause the flax crops to be inferior. Recent rains, however, falling in Ireland and Scotland, have produced a great change for the better, and the harvest of the United Kingdom, as a whole, will be excellent. With this, and peace, we may expect, God willing, the closing part of this year to prove very prosperous and enriching to the country. The heat of the weather this week has been intense."

Chafing under the Collar.

A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method for preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he calls a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all friction, and the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheepskins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us, is better than anything else.—*Boston Journal.*

A Terrible Engagement.—From our friend J. Jewett Wilcox, clerk of the steamer Omaha, just down from Sioux city, we learn that a bloody and sanguinary butchery came off about one hundred miles out in the interior of Nebraska from Decatur, between the Omaha and Brule Sioux Indians, on the 23d inst. A band of fifty Omaha men, women and children, were returning from a hunting expedition, and while encamped were stealthy attacked in the night by a large band of the Brule Sioux. The Omahas had seventeen killed, seventeen wounded, and two prisoners taken, and succeeded in killing and securing five scalps of their enemies. The survivors of the massacre arrived at their reserve near Decatur, bringing the dead and wounded on the day the Omaha passed up. Mr. Wilcox states that the Sioux neither spared age nor sex. He saw a dead infant with a frightful wound across its forehead, killed in the engagement. The dead and wounded lying in the bottom presented a terrible spectacle. The lamentations of the friends and relatives, with faces blacked, and in deep mourning, were truly piteous and heart-rending. The wounded are in charge of the Agent, who endeavors to ameliorate their sufferings as much as possible.—*St. Joseph Journal, 30th.*

Effectually "Cleaned Out."—Col Nash once demanded the hand of a cross-grained Alabama planter's daughter.

"Squire, my business to-day is to ask for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What! you marry my gal? Look here, young man, leave my premises instanter, and if you ever set foot here again, I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry my daughter! You"—

Nash left; he saw the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would turn and take a last fond look at the home of his lost idol, when he espied the old man busy *shovelling up his tracks* from the yard and throwing them over the fence!

Read the Advertisements.—An exchange truly says that those who fail to read the advertisements in a newspaper, often lose a great deal more than they imagine. Advertisements are to be read, just as much as any other kind of news, and it is just as essential to read them. There is not an advertisement printed that is not of importance to some one. Nothing speaks more clearly of a man's prosperity in business than the manner in which he advertises, and reads advertisements.

The Tansy and its Value.—M. De Moroguer announces that this plant—dried—is excellent sheep food, and that when fresh makes capital litter for domestic animals. Its peculiar balsamic odor most effectually drives away fleas. A lap dog sleeping on a fresh bed of tansy, is immediately freed from these vermin. It should be renewed when the leaves are quite dry. This seems a better application of the plant than following the example of our grandfathers and making it into bitters.

The Nomination of Saxe.—The nomination of John G. Saxe for the office of Governor of Vermont is thus celebrated in verse:

"Prince John of Vermont," being told, t'other day,
By an elderly friend, in a cavilling way,
That though his attainments were many and rare,
He was something too young for the Governor's chair;
"No matter," quoth John, "whatever the doubt,
It isn't a point worth disputing about;
For as to the chair the President may bet it,
I'll be old enough for it by the time I get it!"

The American State Convention of New Jersey met at New Brunswick on the 15th. It was resolved that it is inexpedient to maintain the American organization throughout the State and the Union, as a national political party. A State Convention was also recommended to be held at Trenton on the 7th September—the place and date of holding the Republican Convention.....In New York State, there are signs of a similar sensible alliance against a common opponent.

Return of Paez.—The misgovernment of Venezuela, the continued outbreaks and butcheries committed in that unhappy country, have once more driven Gen. Paez, almost the only true friend she ever had, into exile. He arrived at Philadelphia a few weeks ago in the barque Rowena, and will probably end his life in this country.

The elopement of D. R. Williams, late local editor of the *Patriot & Union*, with a young lady of Harrisburg who had hitherto bore a very respectable character, has created considerable scandal in that community. It is said Williams has a wife, and he had reported that he had a divorce from her. No doubt the young lady with whom he eloped was imposed upon by this story. May her fate be a warning to others of her sex, who are too apt to prefer the companionship of smooth-tongued and well-dressed strangers, to that of well-known, respectable and honest men of their own town.

Hon. Richard Rush died at his residence in Philadelphia, on Saturday last, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. He had been sick for some time past. Mr. Rush had filled many public offices with great credit, and in the course of his life had taken an active part in politics. Mr. Rush was a son of Dr. Benj. Rush, and run once for Vice President with John Quincy Adams.

Narrow Escape.—A young gentleman of Bellefonte was out on a gunning excursion, a few days since, and becoming weary, he lay down upon the ground to take rest, laying his gun, which was cocked, upon his arm, with the muzzle toward his head. In a short time he fell asleep, but was soon aroused from his slumbers by the report of his gun. It is supposed that his dog ran against the gun in such a manner as to discharge it. Fortunately, he was "wusser sheert nah hurt."

Henry Ward Beecher writes an article in the *Independent* in which he denies with characteristic pleasantry that he is a spirit medium. He says: "Now, if any spirit or any corps of associated spirits, are employing us as a line to telegraph truth from that sphere to this, they are doing it without our knowledge or consent. We protest against the operation." Prof. Felton, of Harvard, who was claimed as a convert to Spiritualism, denies it most indignantly.

The Buchananites in Huntingdon county have purchased the Shirleysburg *Herald* office, and removed it to Huntingdon, where they will this week issue a new paper called *The Union*, devoted to the support of their faction of the party. The *Globe*, the old organ of the Democracy, is soundly anti Buchanan, and pitches into his Decompton Excellency at a round rate.—*Blair County Register.*

John I. Hart, who mysteriously disappeared from his home in Tuscarora township, Juniata Co., about two months ago, since which time nothing had been heard from him, until about one week ago, when the intelligence was received by his friends that he had been drowned in Texas.

Washington, Aug. 8.—A cargo of 600 Africans has been landed on the coast of Florida, near Tampa. As soon as the landing was effected the vessel was fired and abandoned. The statement is made on the authority of United States Marshal Blackburn.

Awful.—On the night of the 13th ult., the wife of Jordon A. Jackson, of Brandon, Miss., had occasion to raise the window of the room in which she and her husband slept, when Mr. Jackson, awakened by the noise, seized his gun, and under the belief that a robber had entered the room, shot his wife dead.

Long Dry Term.—In some of the western counties of this State, no rain has fallen since the 12th of July, and vegetation has suffered very much in consequence, the drought doing more damage than the July frost.

The Galveston *Civilian* states that wheat is being shipped from that port for New York, which is regarded as a harbinger of success in a new branch of agricultural industry in that State. There will also be a large surplus of corn for exportation.

Prosperity is not a just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. Religion is the best armor, but the worst cloak. Liberality is not giving largely but wisely. He who makes an idol of his interests, will make a martyr of his own integrity.

The General Superintendent of Police in New York city has issued an order directing the removal by the police of beggars from the streets.

A French bonnet-maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet—"Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights to *imagine* it!"

August is a good time to make new beds of strawberries. The ground should be rich, finely pulverized, and the plants set out before or after a shower, or in the evening if in that case watered.

Temptation is the half-way house on the road to ruin, and the toll-gate is only passable by the forfeiture of a very heavy fine, namely our character and our constitution.

A free soil paper, called the *Republican* has been started at Kansas City, Mo., by N. Thomas Doane. It advocats "Missouri for white men and white men for Missouri."

The Republican Convention of Kansas, on the 3d inst., nominated Marcus J. Parrott for delegate to Congress.

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