

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1859.

THE UNION—ESTABLISHED, 1814—WHOLE No. 2,388.
CHRONICLE—ESTABLISHED, 1843—WHOLE No. 816.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, NOV. 29, 1859.

1860 is at Hand!

In Four Weeks begins the New Year. That will commence the 13th Volume of the Star & Chronicle under the Senior Editor, and the 5th of the Company with the Clock System. We have no contest at all still open on the old score, but are happy to say that on the new plan we are well sustained by prompt payments, and advantage we believe of all concerned.

With No. 820—four weeks hence— closes the time of quietude of our subscribers. The beginning of a year is a convenient time to subscribe.

All whose pay has then run out (unless we know they desire our paper and will soon remit) will have their names erased from our list until we hear again from them. We give this **Timely Notice** hoping that every reader will employ us with his contenance and his cash next year. Besides the News, Literature and Fun, the Presidential Election of '60 will be the fall of interest, and we intend to do our full share on our side and show fair play to the other.

HINTS.

UNWISE.—We see notices of the formation of Seward Clubs in New York, and of Cameron Clubs in Pennsylvania. Until our party has selected its standard-bearers, we deem such unions undesirable, inasmuch as they tend to make more of a personal contest than one of principle, and to repel the friends of other candidates. Both these gentlemen can not be nominated, but entering into the convention under the name of an individual, and becoming heartily committed to his support, the members of the defeated clubs will naturally feel sore or lukewarm, if they do not revolt outright. Instead of simply advocating their choice, Clubs insensibly incline to attacks upon rivals.

KEEP COOL in this matter. A nomination is not necessarily an election. A choice unfairly made—by crowding, over-effort, or any improper influence—will compose the Opposition.

This year, we have lost three nominees in Union County, on account of feelings engendered by the numbers of candidates for nomination, and the previous warmth and subsequent unyielding disposition of their friends. In New Jersey, we failed of carrying the Legislature, through similar bad influences. And in New York, some trifling private dislikes in a few counties defeated a part of our State Ticket. These facts call for moderation.

We can carry the Presidential Election. Whether we will, depends upon the honest, considerate, patriotic, and practical common-sense of the advocates of the various candidates.

UNTIMELY.—Already, gentlemen of our party are proposed for U.S. Senator, to be chosen a year hence! What folly! We have three little jobs to do before that election comes off—we need first to elect a President, a Governor, and the next Legislature: then will be time enough to talk about another Senator—perhaps two—from Pennsylvania!

BOTH WISE AND TIMELY are the suggestions contained in the Address (in another column) of the National Republican Committee. Let Republican Clubs be formed—let Papers and Documents be circulated, this Winter, while the People have time to read, and while their minds are unprejudiced against the truth. With the good seed thus well sown, and proper standard-bearers, prudence and a reasonable zeal must bring success.

Don't it look suspicious that so many prominent Democratic politicians should feel such a deep interest in Cook's trial? It must be borne in mind that Cook was a citizen of Harper's Ferry, and it is said, the principal originator of the outbreak. He helped old Brown make that, his point of offensive warfare. Yet a Democratic Ex-Governor and two Democratic Attorneys General from Democratic Indiana came to his rescue, and the speech of D. W. Voorhes in his behalf is published in Buchanan's organ, the Constitution, the Danville Intelligencer, and various Loco-foco papers throughout the country, who say not a word for the others in the same condition. Cook has the best education of all of them. They call him a "young boy," but he was old enough to be in the army in Mexico, where he was sentenced to death for some crime, but pardoned by Pres. Polk. The people at Harper's Ferry felt the most exasperated at him of any one, or he would have been cleared long ago.

There are now discussed two little matters of great public concern in the aggregate. One is how to prevent the prevalent rough usage of trunks and other baggage and freight on railroads, &c. by real baggage-smashers. And the other is to compel Post Masters to make their stamps on letters full and legible, so that people can tell the Post Office, State, day, month and year a letter is mailed.

False Alarms.

One night last week, a bold soldier was on duty at Charleston, Virginia—guarding that serene "ling against Old Brown's friends; he saw something which had been coming at him, and being sure it was an Abolitionist or the Devil, he challenged—fired—and ran. A vest to the battle-field in the morning found a noble soldier in his coat—but a COW, very "slightly killed," yet mortally offended at such a hostile reception when she had come simply to look after her brave progeny, and not to dissolve the Union or carry off Brown!

The above married incident is no proof that the society was as brave as mortals generally are on the spot, but only business of looking out for the worst of foes in the dark. Only think! enemies all about—you exposed at one spot, they hid, and you know not "in what shape they may come." Nearly twenty years ago, our grand father, Gen. James M. Smith, then residing at the age of 76, his pension and his well-earned home in Central New York—old as the following among other incidents, over which (after the lapse of fifty years) he would sigh in his grave—but a COW, very "slightly killed," yet mortally offended at such a hostile reception when she had come simply to look after her brave progeny, and not to dissolve the Union or carry off Brown!

I served mostly as a minute-man in Connecticut, and between the British, the Tory Cowboys, and the hostile Indians, we had many enemies to encounter. About Oct. 1781, I was one of a company, say 40 guards. We were lying in a marsh, near the sea-shore, where we feared the enemy would land; and the farthest outpost was at a bridge over a sluggish creek, where one Thompson was stationed. We had no tents or fire; it had rained and drizzled, and the frosty wind blew hard enough to chill any but the heart of a Puritan Whig. We stowed under bushes, the best way we could, and were trying to sleep, when we heard a noise as of steps on the bridge; several guards fired, and fell in to the main body. We awaited the enemy's approach for some time, but no further sound was heard, and the Captain called for volunteers to visit the bridge. Tom White and I were the first to offer, but Tom went back upon an intimation that one was enough; I thought my last hour was near, but nerved my heart, and primed my gun for good service. All but the wind was still, and I doubted not some sneaking coward or savage had picked off poor Thompson, and that the British had marched over in full force. Arrived near the spot, I got upon my knees, and through the bushes faintly discovered the bridge, and a tall figure marching upon it, while a strong smell as of gunpowder filled the air. Quick as thought, my eye glanced along the deadly weapon, and I demanded, "Who goes there?" "You may come on," was the reply. That was not the watchword, and I again demanded, as loud as I could utter, "Who goes there?" "You may come on," was again the cool reply. For a moment, I was staggered, and then advancing quickly with my bagnet, exclaimed, "Surrender! quick, or die!" I could not see that he offered resistance, and again thundered out, "Who are you, sir? what is your name? and where did you come from?" I instantly recognized him as he replied, "I am a Whig to my foretop—my name is Thompson."

"What occasioned that noise?" said I. "O, I had a little battle, that's all." "But what caused the firing? Who was it? Where did he come from?" "I heard no firing, but it might have been while I was fighting. Why, you see, Norton, I heard a little rustling among the bushes, and was on my knees on the bridge, peering into the woods, when I felt him on my back, he seized my hand, and shot all his weapons at me; but I stuck my bagnet into him, and then gave him the breach of my gun till he knocked under and gave up the ghost, when I threw him into the creek. O, if you had only seen—"

"Who? how many?" said I. "Why," said he, "only one—SKUNK!" At first, I was inclined to knock the fellow down for disturbing the whole company for a paltry polecat; but as honest Thompson went on, describing the conflict in such enthusiastic terms, my high-strung nerves and gritted teeth relaxed, my hair drooped, flexible, I sweat profusely, and the revulsion of feeling was so strong that I dropped my gun, fell prostrate in the mud, and indulged in remorseless laughter till relieved by another "forlorn hope," whose emotions, as well as those of the corps on our return, were a comical mixture of fun and indignation.

Early the next morning, we all visited the scene of the deadly fray. The poor animal lay in scattered fragments, widely separated. Thompson had used up his gun—bayonet, lock, stock and barrel—mangling the enemy, first into a pan-cake, and then mincing it up for soap-grease. The planks were full of mementoes of his blows, which we had heard. He was a picture of a we-begone warrior true, not quitting his post, nor able to defend it with a weapon, even from another attack of the same sort. His hands and face were bloody, his clothes were torn, and the adhesive nature of the offensive weapons used against him by his foe gave him the irradicable nick name of "Thompson the Essence Pedlar."

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING.—The celebrated John Leband writes in his Journal, page 20, that, in 1779—"In June, this year, the first Camp-Meeting was attended, in Caroline county, Virginia, that I ever heard of. By arrangement, eight or ten Baptist preachers held the meeting three days and nights."

From Northern California.

The following extracts from a private letter, we think will be found interesting to the readers of the Star & Chronicle.

YREKA CITY, Oct. 24, 1859.

This is a place of three or four thousand inhabitants, in about 40 or 41 north latitude, 1700 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated among a multitude of hills, 600 to 800 feet in height. Some of these elevations are bare, some covered with bunch grass, and many with tall pines. I never tire gazing on the mountain peaks of California. This is perhaps the most important mining town in the North, from which other mining towns farther away (if possible) in the mountains receive their supplies of clothing, provisions, and—better yet—their news from home. Uncle Sam is very sparing of post offices, but express wagons run to all parts of the mines, carrying everything and charging only "two bits" for a letter or any other small package. It is the seat of justice for Siskiyou county; a Court House figures in the center of our plaza; a Jail disfigures one side of it, and there is a stationery gallow a little ways out of town, on a gentle rise towards the Cemetery—this arrangement probably having the best moral influence on the manners of the community! A Chinaman is in Jail on the charge of killing two of his countrymen—a degraded race, whom nobody here seems to pity—and his chance for "promotion" is deemed certain.

Business.—There is a Lecompton and an Anti-Lecompton paper published here, such as they are—two good schools. The M. D.'s are as thick as toads after a shower; but the place is very healthy, some chills and fever, but few lung complaints, and no asthma, (why shouldn't air be pure away up in the clouds? however, the rainy season is approaching, when it may be different;) but if they do get a patient, they know how to "charge." The lawyers are almost as numerous, and more unmerciful; and the undertakers' prices are too high to think of dying here! We have perhaps a dozen of dry goods stores, and a number of groceries—more billiard and other saloons than you would want to count, and houses of ill fame many.

People.—There is such a conglomeration of good, bad and indifferent men and women here—Anglo-Saxons, Spanish, Chinamen, &c.—that it is pretty difficult to classify them. Eastern people may imagine the worst society possible, but the reality is still worse in many cases, while our lower element of our outer are as gold seven times purified. The worst class are, we hope, growing beautifully less, while the best are increasing and becoming permanent residents.

Methods.—The Methodists have a church here, with a few good members, laboring, not unsuccessfully, for the improvement of society. We have also the finest Sabbath school, it seems to us, in all creation. But the truth is, as a good minister told us in Sabbath school, the other day, "Everybody formerly came here after gold; the gold looked so tempting, we thought we might dig on Sunday, quieting our consciences with the idea that we could sooner return to our families, and be religious again; and so, the Sabbath violated, we went on from bad to worse." He then told the children—some of whom had never seen any other country—how pleasant a city was where the religion of the Bible ruled, and what quiet Sabbaths they had; and little ones looked up with wonder when told of places where they had no horse-raising, no saloons open, no auction streets, no drinking and carousing in the streets, but where all stores, shops and places of business were closed on that day!

Dealings.—We pay only \$20 per month for not exactly a "cob house," but one of boards set up endwise and lined with cloth and paper. There are about 50 good fire-proof buildings here. The seven or eight months we have without rain, makes everything so dry—and then, generally, they are such light, "slimpy" buildings, "put up in a whew,"—it is a wonder every thing don't burn, and it is nothing uncommon for whole towns to burn down. We have just had a fire here, which burned 50 buildings, some of which were emphatically bad houses, but some good people lost all they had.

Excitement.—There is a crazy time generally with people speculating in mines, just now. It is stated that one of the richest quartz lodes in California has just been discovered, and people who had abandoned mining in disgust, years ago, have gone to prospecting, and putting up great mills for crushing the golden rocks. There is no use in demanding "women's rights" here, for she has her own and everybody else's rights—she can do business of any kind, by advertising in her own name, and keep property to the amount of \$5,000, whether she has a husband or not. A woman who is worthy of it can nowhere receive more kindness, consideration and true gallantry than in this State.

We now have warm days and pleasant, cool nights—not frosty enough to kill tomato plants or vines—just digging and selling potatoes on ranches in the valleys. One's ideas get considerably enlarged by personal observation and also by varied information from different parts of the world. The size and variety of products of California, it seems to me, will make it eventually the garden of the United States, if not of the world. San Francisco and Sacramento, I should think very desirable localities, on account of the pleasantness of the climate and the supply of their markets from all the world, and especially of fresh vegetables, the year around, from their immediate neighborhood.

Circular of the National Republican Committee.

In the judgment of the undersigned members of the Republican National Committee, the time has arrived for consultation and preliminary action in regard to the approaching struggle for the Presidency, and they beg, therefore, to call your attention to the suggestions which follow. The Republican party had its origin in the obvious necessity for resistance to the aggressions of the Slave Power, and maintaining for the States respectively their reserved rights, and sovereignty, in the contest of 1856, by the presentation and advocacy of the true science of Government, it laid the foundation of a permanent political organization, although it did not get possession of the power to enforce its principles. When the result, adverse to its efforts and its hopes was declared, it unflinchingly acquiesced, giving to the victor, for the sake of the country, its best wishes for an honest and fair administration of the Government.

How far Mr. Buchanan's Administration has realized these wishes, is now patent to the world. With the Executive power of the Government in his hands, the Administration has failed in every respect to meet the expectations of the people, and has presented the most humiliating spectacle of corruption, extravagance, imbecility, recklessness, and broken faith. So apparent is this, even to our opponents, that the so-called Democratic Administration, always distinguished for its discipline and party identity, is utterly demoralized and distracted, without any recognized or accepted party principle, and threatened with disruption by the rival aspirations and struggles of its leading partisans.

While the Administration has been thus faithless to the interests of the country and has thus disgraced the party which placed it in power, the Republican party has been constantly mindful of the great public necessity which called it into existence, and faithful to the fundamental principle upon which it was created. Experience has only served to strengthen the conviction of its absolute necessity, in the reformation of the National Government, and of the wisdom and justice of its purposes and aims.

Although some of the exciting incidents of the election of 1856, have been partially forgotten, the energy, enterprise and valor of a free people, the duty of Republicans to adhere to their principles, as enunciated at Philadelphia, and to labor for their establishment, was never more pressing than at this moment. The attitude of the Slave Power is now declared, its avowed policy is to strengthen the conviction of its absolute necessity, in the reformation of the National Government, and of the wisdom and justice of its purposes and aims.

Upon no organization except that of the Republican party, can the success of the Republic, the safety of the Union, the progress, and for the correction of the gross abuses which have characterized the present National Administration. It is the duty, then, of all patriotic men who wish for the establishment of Republican principles, and means to the safety of the Republic, to join the National Administration, and to perfect and strengthen this organization for the coming struggle. There is much to be done, involving earnest labor and the expenditures of time and money. There should be—

First. A thorough understanding and interchange of sentiments among the members of the Republican party, and a general recognition of the National Administration, and for the correction of the gross abuses which have characterized the present National Administration. It is the duty, then, of all patriotic men who wish for the establishment of Republican principles, and means to the safety of the Republic, to join the National Administration, and to perfect and strengthen this organization for the coming struggle. There is much to be done, involving earnest labor and the expenditures of time and money. There should be—

Second. An effective organization of the Republican voters of each State, county, and town, so that our party may know its strength and its deficiencies, its power and its needs, before we engage in the Presidential struggle. Third. The circulation of all considered documents, making clear the position of the Republican party, and exposing the dangerous character of the principles and policy of the Administration. Fourth. Public addresses in localities where they are desired and needed, by able champions of the Republican cause. Fifth. A large and general increase of the circulation of the Republican journals throughout the country.

To give adequate effect to these suggestions, money will be required, for the faithful and legal expenditure of which the undersigned will hold themselves responsible. The vast cooperation of the Federal Government will be needed against us, to which we can oppose nothing but earnest and efficient devotion to the Republican cause and the voluntary pecuniary offerings of our Republican friends. In conclusion, the undersigned may be permitted to express the opinion that the signs of the times are auspicious for the Republican party, and that, in their judgment, discreet and patriotic action, throughout the Confederacy, promises to secure a Republican victory in 1860. Unwilling, however, to encourage hopes which may be disappointed, we invite their appeal for aid and cooperation upon the assurance of success in the contest that is approaching, the undersigned are constrained to say, that they rely most confidently upon the patriotism and zeal of their Republican brethren for such aid and cooperation. Meanwhile, we have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

- E. D. MORGAN, New York.
- WM. M. CHASE, Rhode Island.
- JOSEPH BAILEY, New York.
- GEORGE F. FOGG, New Hampshire.
- J. C. GOODRICH, Massachusetts.
- L. BRANSAARD, Vermont.
- GIBSON WELLS, Connecticut.
- A. N. STEWART, New Jersey.
- THOMAS WILLIAMS, Pennsylvania.
- E. D. WILLIAMS, Delaware.
- GEORGE HARRIS, Maryland.
- ALFRED CALDWELL, Virginia.
- M. S. SCHUBERT, Tennessee.
- THOS. STONER, Ohio.
- NORMAN B. JUDG, Illinois.
- JAS. ETTCHE, Indiana.
- ZACH. CHANDLER, Michigan.
- ANDREW STREIBER, Wisconsin.
- JOS. S. TWEEDY, Wisconsin.
- CORNELIUS COLE, California.
- M. E. COSWAY, Kansas.
- LEWIS CLAPHAM, District Columbia.
- A. J. JONES, Missouri.
- ALEX. HANNEY, Minnesota.
- CASSIUS M. CLAY, Kentucky.

From a Student in Europe—No. 4.

IN GERMANY, Nov. 3, 1859.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN boasts itself a "free city," but its claims to that distinction are about as valid as were those of one Sancho Panza to the Governorship of the island of Barataria, as detailed by the facetious Cervantes. It is one of the most soldier ridden places in all Germany. Here are Austrians, Bavarians, Prussians, and Frankforters parading the streets every day, in full uniform, to the sound of martial music; and everywhere may be seen the gay trappings of the military, as freed from duty, they wander through the city, or with glittering muskets and fixed bayonets pace up and down before some public office. To an American, the sight of so many idle war-machines of different nations in a "free city" is rather unaccountable, and he asks, "What are they here for?" "To protect the Diet," replies some German.

"But the Diet is not in session." "Ah, but it was a few months ago." Perhaps they are here to keep the city from running away from the houses—perhaps to see that Frankfort nether so called "liberty" without moderation; for, since the outbreak of 1818, she has been a constant object of suspicion; and in the recent struggle in the South, her politics were notoriously bad. Where so many soldiers of separate governments are thus thrown together, it is a wonder that they do not have serious difficulties with each other. They readily fraternize, however, and one often sees representatives of each force sitting and smoking together in the greatest harmony. The Austrians wear a light-gray dress, carry full field equipment in all their parades, and are undoubtedly the most servicable soldiers.

One of the first places which the stranger visits in Frankfort is the old Roman, or Parliament house, where the German Emperors were crowned. It is a solid looking building, of no particular style of architecture—plain both in its exterior and interior, and bearing its weight of years with becoming grace. The lower story is arched in a sort of mushroom style, with stone pillars supporting the mass of the structure. Above, is the coronation hall, irregular in its form, and devoid of ornament, with the exception of a row of portraits of the Emperors from first to last, painted upon the walls and running quite around the room. Some of the figures are very fine, the faces full of firmness and intellect; while others are marked with passion, and selfish cunning, and some with absolute effeminacy. Conspicuous among the portraits is that of Charlemagne, the noblest of them all, in person a "tower of strength," in countenance a monument of manliness.

At one end of the hall, a door opens upon a Platz or square, around which are some houses of great age, and quaintest architecture. Nearly in the center of this square stands a fountain, which on coronation occasions flowed with white and red wine, where the loyal populace might get loyally drunk, and "nobody to pay." On the Frankfort side of the river, facing Sachsenhausen, is a palace of Charlemagne; but whether it contains any memorials of the great monarch, I know not, as I did not obtain admission.

Among the other objects of intellect in the city are the house in which Goethe was born; his fine bronze statue, in the Goethe Platz; Dannecker's Ariadne, one of the most perfect pieces of sculpture I have ever seen; the Museum; the Eschenheimer Thurm; and the Cathedral. At the top of the Eschenheimer tower, is a little flag or weather-cock of metal, in which, on a clear day, small boats may be seen, forming the figure 9. There is a story connected with this, that your readers may probably have never heard. A bold free-shooter, who had frequently broken the game laws, and as often eluded the officers, was at last arrested, and confined in this tower. His sentence, like that of others committing the same offence, was death. It was the custom in those days to grant to criminals about to be executed, three requests, relating to their families, property, &c., and this privilege was accorded to our free-shooter. He asked for his rifle simply, and, taking his stand at some distance from the tower, shot the figure in the metal flag. The ruling monarch was so astonished, and at the same time so well pleased, by this display of skill, that he pardoned the criminal, and gave him the office of royal game-keeper, on the principle of "setting a rogue to catch a rogue." This story has different versions; I tell it merely "as 'twas told to me."

The Cathedral has never been finished, and however beautiful it might look if the original design were carried out, it certainly is not very attractive, now. From the top, one has a fine view of the city, and the adjacent country for many miles around, with the Main flowing peacefully through the richest garden land, and, in the distance, a beautiful stretch of mountains, crowned here and there with lofty watch-towers, on which blaze signal-fires in times of war. Here, at the height of perhaps more than two hundred feet, lives a family who have charge of the

structure, and ring the alarm in case of fire in any part of the city. They also furnish "refreshments of beer, wine, &c." to visitors at moderate prices. Think of that—beer and wine at the top of a church! Strange ideas of comfort, truly, have these Germans. It is quite a common question in Frankfort—if one speaks of having visited the Cathedral—"Have you seen the ape?" The circumstance that has given rise to this question, is, that upon the top of the tower stands a large box or tank, with a lid on hinges, which inquisitive visitors raise, and see—the reflection of their own faces—for the tank is filled with water. The Ape has not acquired the notoriety of the "Man in the Custom House" at Coblenz, or the "Fool's Clock" in the Castle of Heidelberg.

The general appearance of Frankfort is pleasing, most of the houses having that bright and cheerful look which characterizes those of Berlin; but many of the streets were apparently laid out before the invention of straight-lines, and few of them are remarkable for either width or cleanliness. The sidewalks are very narrow, and, being frequently obstructed, one is obliged at times to take the middle of the street, and keep a sharp lookout on every side for donkey carts, cow teams, and market women. Jew streets is a curiosity worth seeing, but it requires strong nerves and an occasional pinch of snuff to see it properly—especially if it should be market day. It is only a few feet wide, and recking with filth; the houses are high, gloomy, and densely inhabited; and from one end to the other one's olfactory nerves are greeted with a combination of smells, unsavory enough, to say the least. Here, until a comparatively recent date, the Jews were shut up, early in the evenings, like so many cattle, and not allowed to go out until the next morning. Happily, Frankfort has become more enlightened, and they now enjoy nearly or quite the same privileges as the rest of the citizens. They have just finished a fine synagogue, richly decorated with costly marbles, carved wood-work, stained glass, &c., and, vieing in size and beauty of architecture with any building of the kind in Germany. In the old Jewish burying ground, within the limits of the city, lie the remains of Grace Aguilar, an authoress well known in America, as in Europe.

Sunday is the great day for visiting and pleasure seeking in Frankfort, and—having seen several of the principal cities—I must say, all over Germany. Early in the morning, the peasants begin to pour in to church, the women dressed in their best gowns, with cotton handkerchiefs around their heads, and prayer books in their hands, the men likewise arrayed in their finest togery. As soon as service is over, these good people may be seen lounging around the street corners, drinking their beer—and their potatoes are generally long and deep. At an early hour, too, the city people, men, women and children, may be seen by scores taking their way towards some neighboring town, where good wine and beer may be had, with the accompaniment of good music. Some spend the entire Sabbath in passing from one beer-garden to another, and drinking and conversing with their friends. It is surprising to see what quantities these Germans will drink without becoming intoxicated, or affected in the least—from ten to twenty glasses of beer, or a half dozen bottles of wine, are considered not an immoderate daily allowance.

The language spoken in Frankfort is very bad—worse than any I have yet heard. "Nicht" is pronounced "net," "ich," "ish," &c.; and in general, the pronunciation and errors are about the same as those to which you are accustomed in central Pennsylvania. But enough for the present. In my next I will tell you something of Heidelberg. T. C.

TO KEEP MILK, RICH—Take it while warm from the cow, set it in a cool place, and stir it continually until all the animal heat is out. No cream will arise after this operation. Try it and see what good rich milk you will have.

"Take no thought for your life," is one instance where a word has greatly changed its meaning since the time when the Bible was translated under the order of King James. "Thought," then, meant undue care or anxiety.

Some trees have been found in Mariposa county, California, which measure 15 or 20 feet more around them than any previously known. The newly discovered grove is very large. The California trees are one of its greatest wonders.

The late Baron Goldmidt, a Jew, in his will, left about a million of dollars to various charitable purposes to Christians in London, and a larger amount to Jewish institutions.

Douglas Jerrold says young men who marry old maids, "gather, in the spring of life, the golden fruits of autumn."

There are about three persons on an average, per week, killed by fluid lamp explosions.

Bleeding Kansas.

A few years ago, when the Missouri ruffians were butchering the peaceable citizens of Kansas, in their unwholy efforts to establish the institution of slavery in that territory, our Loco-foco neighbors sneeringly exclaimed, "bleeding Kansas, bleeding Kansas," and attempted to ridicule the affair as too insignificant to merit public attention. But now, when we listen to their long and doleful notes of lamentation over "bleeding Virginia," we are led to inquire what has effected this great change in the moral sentiments of our contemporaries? Why did they exult, palliate, and defend robbing, murder, and treason, in Kansas, and start with holy horror at the exhibition of those crimes in Virginia? Simply because the one was a struggle for slavery, and the other was against it. Robbery, arson, murder, and treason, against the government of the majority in Kansas, in point of moral turpitude is the same as it is in Virginia. The change in their tone can only be solved on the ground that the base spirit of party has induced them to "wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow." Look at the crocodile tears they shed over "bleeding Virginia." Does any man in his senses believe they are sincere? No, sir; they are ready to defend murder and treason anywhere, provided it is committed in favor of slavery or the party that sustains it. Those crocodile tears they shed, spring not from a patriotic—but from a partizan—cause. The gloomy prospects of their next Presidential candidate—the pungent conviction of coming defeat—is the onion, that has started the tear drops from their eyes. For this they ring the everlasting changes on old John Brown; for this they toil and sweat, and, on the most childish pretense, attempt to implicate the Opposition. Who can not discern the motives that prompt them to wear the cloak of hypocrisy?—Demille American.

Baptist Statistics. The American Baptist Almanac for 1860 gives the following statistics of the Regular denomination in North America, nearly complete, with less accurate returns of other denominations which practice immersion and adult baptism only, for 1858.

Class.	Byes.	Prof.	Unprof.	Total.
In the United States	12,596	8,849	10,713	32,158
In British America	104	422	1,574	2,100
Total	12,700	9,271	12,287	34,258

Class.	Byes.	Prof.	Unprof.	Total.
Regular Baptists	12,700	9,271	12,287	34,258
Regular Communicants	1,000	2,000	1,000	4,000
Adult Male Baptists	1,200	1,500	1,000	3,700
Female Baptists	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Unprof. Male Baptists	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Unprof. Female Baptists	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Total	12,700	9,271	12,287	34,258

FRISBURY'S STATISTICS, 1859.

Class.	Byes.	Prof.	Unprof.	Total.
Byes	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Prof.	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Unprof.	1,000	1,000	1,000	3,000
Total	3,000	3,000	3,000	9,000

The Cumberland Presbyterians, and other branches of the family, not included.

REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON, D. D., is not yet fifty-two years of age. From his appearance, few would regard him as less than seventy, and he has even been taken for an octogenarian. His father, now residing in West Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-four, has the rare advantage over his son of appearing the younger of the two. Some months ago, Dr. S. was spending a few weeks at the house of his father, when a gentleman called to see the former, and was met at the door by the latter, who, in answer to the visitor's inquiry, replied, "I am Mr. Stockton;" at which the stranger continued, "The Mr. Stockton that I wish to see is a much older-looking man." "Oh, it's my own," you wish to see?" was the father's reply to the no less astonished than mistaken inquirer.—Phila. Press.

FRIED POTATOES.—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes! There is nothing so easy to get, and yet so palatable, for breakfast, with a thick, tender beef-steak, or a mutton chop frying from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise in slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over, but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper, while in the pan, and flour dredged over them, is an improvement.

Cattle yards should be well littered with refuse straw. It absorbs the liquid, and prevents much of this valuable part of the manure from running to waste. It augments the quantity of the manure, and adds largely to the comfort of the stock. A dry, sheltered, well littered barn-yard, is a pleasant place in winter—you will be inclined to spend considerable time there—and we all know that cattle and sheep thrive much better for being looked at.—Genesee Farmer.

Mr. Giddings was recently passing through Syracuse, when he was called out by a large crowd, in a brief speech. He said he had just seen that some one in Richmond, Virginia, who was evidently wanting in brains, had offered \$5,000 for his! He added, that, if anybody would guarantee that sum to his Executors, he might, for all he cared, have his head as soon as he had got through with it—but not before.