

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1859.

THE UNION—ESTABLISHED 1814—WHOLE NO., 2,392.

CHRONICLE—ESTABLISHED 1843—WHOLE NO., 820.

With No. 820, this Week,

closes the time of a number of our subscribers. The beginning of a year is a convenient time to subscribe.

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

In many neighborhoods in Union county (and some out of it) we can easily have many more readers, with very little effort, either in clubs of 10 for \$10, 4 for \$3, or 1 copy for \$1.50—cash always advanced.

TRY IT, reader! and see how many you can raise!

We will send a **PROSPECTUS** to any who desire it, and will also send one to any who will send us a paper for the same.

For the Union and Chronicle, send us a paper for the same.

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The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, DEC. 26, 1859.

For all who do not think any persons—young or old, male or female, rich or poor—can expend Five or Twenty Dollars yearly to better advantage than in Periodical Literature. One or more County papers, if they are respectable—A Religious paper, an Agricultural paper, and a monthly Magazine—all these, at least, should be in every family of moderate circumstances. Better "skip" the stomach and the back than the mind and the soul.—In this connection we heartily commend the following timely extracts from the *American Agriculturist* for Jan'y, 1860:

TO ALL PARENTS, AND ESPECIALLY TO FARMERS.

The fireside is one of the happy accidents, that has molded the character of the Anglo Saxon race. The cheerless Winter has driven them into this retreat, and kept them under its influence for at least six months of the year. The love of home, the strong passion for land upon which to build a home, and the virtues of domestic life, which mark the race, are traceable to the fireside. The children are kept longer and more immediately under the influence of their parents, and domestic enjoyments become more a necessity and a study for both parent and child.

These bleak, cheerless days naturally turn our thoughts within, to home enjoyments and duties. There is a pleasure in the contrast between Summer and Winter, each giving increasing zest to the other. We have now cold instead of heat, a mantle of virgin white instead of the universal green, and rest instead of activity. Following the hint of the season, how shall we make the most of this in-door life? It should not be wasted, and become a season of mental inactivity.

A great deal depends upon the surroundings of our domestic life, the place in which the family spends these Winter evenings. We are creatures of association and habit, and social and mental cultivation can not go on equally well in all places. Too many farmers live in the kitchen, so that the associations of their daily toil are never, for a moment, removed from their waking hours. If man were a brute, and had no other office in life than muscular labor, this arrangement would be good enough. But he has a spiritual nature, and other aims in life than the daily industries by which he gains his bread, and it is meet that he should have time and place for the cultivation of his mind and heart.

Nothing but the stern necessities of poverty should force the farmer and his family to live in the same room where the cooking and domestic drudgery of the household are done. There should be a living room, away from the steams of ovens and the sights of pots and kettles, consecrated to rest, to social enjoyment, and mental cultivation. Let it be fitted up in the most comfortable and tasteful style that the farmer's means admit of. Let it be painted and papered, and carpeted, and furnished with a mirror and bookcase, and

especially let it be well warmed and lighted. It should be made so cozy and attractive, that the boys shall have no temptation to spend their evenings abroad.

The ruin of many a youth begins in the want of such a room in the farmer's home, or in the fact that it is never used. He is too parsimonious to afford fire and lights for his children, and they early form the habit of spending their evenings at the neighboring village, in the grog shop, or some place of vicious resort. Our children have social natures, and if we do not provide entertainment for them at home, they will seek it abroad. The expenses of such a living room need not be large after it is once fitted up. But were it ten times what is necessary, it would be far more economical than vicious habits in children.

Here, in this cheerful, well furnished apartment, let parents and children gather for social enjoyment and cultivation. What can be more delightful than this family gathering when the toils of the day are over? Here is one spot consecrated to rest, where the cares of the world do not invade his peace. Here the wife and mother reigns supreme, diffusing her own neatness, cheerfulness, and joy, through the family group. Here the farmer puts off his cowhide boots and working garb, and forgets the labors of the field in the tender assiduous of the husband and the father. Here he enjoys his manhood and citizenship as he reads the news of the day, or studies the science of his calling.

It is the privilege of every farmer to make his home the center of attraction to his household, a nursery not only to the bodies of his children, but of all those graces and virtues that adorn our humanity. It becomes us to remember, as we reach another landmark in our pilgrimage, the NEW YEAR, that the farm exists for the sake of the family, that manhood and womanhood are its noblest products, the true aim of all its industries. We do not fulfill the end of our existence in making the soil better, in stocking it with a better race of animals; we want to make our own race better, to bring in a higher style of manhood, with a fuller social development, and a more generous mental culture upon the farm. Make the fireside what it ought to be, and we shall suffer no loss in the departure of the genial skies of Summer. We can welcome the chill breezes of Winter, its howling storms, its biting frosts, if it make our hearts warmer, our heads wiser, and fit us the better to discharge the duties of life.

"There is one thing I would be glad to see more parents understand, namely, that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home, that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

Why Don't the Hens Lay?

In the Summer, the fowls obtained an abundance of animal food—worms, grasshoppers, bugs, and other insects. In the Winter, these supplies are cut off. Try feeding them daily with bits of refuse meat, and see how eagerly they will devour them. Some kind of animal food is almost indispensable for laying hens. Milk, or milk curds, make a good substitute. Scraps of meat cake, easily obtained in large quantity and cheaply from the lard or tallow triers, are very good for fowls. (In New York it is sold at a low price, in large cakes, the size of a barrel head, and eight to twelve inches thick—sometimes in square form.) The price is usually about \$20 per ton—one cent per pound. Let the fowls have meat in some form. In Summer, they get green vegetables. In Winter, let them have cabbage leaves, turnip tops, or potatoes or turnips boiled. Corn is passably good for fattening, but not to make eggs out of alone. Oats contain more egg material. To lay well they should have warm quarters, where water will scarcely freeze. Let them always have plenty of unchilled water; snow is a poor substitute. They want a scratching place, or, at least, access to gravel; and without lime they can not make egg-shells. Finely-powdered bones or oyster shells, or old mortar, supply lime, which they must have in some form. They have constitutional objections to laying eggs without shells. An ash heap to roll in, is good to keep off insects. Access to the sun on warm days, they will plainly show you is a treat they enjoy. In short, give them meat or milk for animal food, with some soft vegetables; lime to make egg-shells; plenty of water to drink and supply the liquid part of the egg; as much mixed grain as they like to eat; and gravel to grind it with; clean, warm houses and nests, with air and sunlight, to keep them healthy, and you will unseal the egg fountains. The nearer their Winter food and habits can approach to those of Summer, the nearer will the supply of eggs be equalized.—*American Agriculturist.*

The "Christian Israelite" Society.

(Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.)

The attention of the religious world has of late years been frequently directed to the large number of Jews who embrace Christianity. It is not the case, however, as many suppose, that they renounce Judaism; at least, not with those who belong to the sect called by the above title—but, combining the principal features of Judaism with something of Christianity, they have produced a sect at once curious and interesting. The following particulars, I have gleaned in a conversation with one of their ministers or missionaries, (a female,) who is canvassing the country, lecturing where she can obtain a room or an audience, and selling pamphlets containing their doctrines and sermons.

The origin of the new sect, was in England. In this country, New York is the centre of operations. They have synagogues like the Jews of old, but, instead of the law of Moses, they have a compound, called "The Law and Testimony," containing extracts, from the Old and New Testaments, favorable to their views and claims. The membership consists of Jews who have been converted to Christ, to which also Protestant Christians are admitted, if they signify their belief that the four first books of Moses and the four Gospels are given by the inspiration of God.

The guiding star of all their efforts—the pillar of fire which leads through the mazes of modern sectology—is the great Millennium, which, as they believe, is now approaching. At that time, Christ will return and reign with his people—which people shall consist of the 144,000 Jews mentioned in Revelations as the elect—alleging, that as Christ was of Jewish parentage, educated in the Jewish religion, and in every way directed his sympathies, labors, and sufferings, toward the welfare of the "chosen race," so, at his second coming, he will take, as co-reigners, those, who, if not brethren, are at least of the same national family. But as they would find some difficulty in this very comforting hope in the shameful rejection of Christ by the former Jews, I was told that on that occasion God hardened their hearts so that they could not believe in him as the Messiah. Another article in their belief, is that there is no eternal hell, each soul being held after death in Durance Tartarus for a thousand years, and then permitted to "go up higher."

The time when this blissful epoch will occur, is laid down as sometime between 1870 and 1880—when the 144,000 elect Jews shall have been called together from the four quarters of the earth, and shall receive divine commission to make hewers of wood and drawers of water of all non-elected mankind—these Gentiles, of course, to be those Christians who are now raising on every hill-top the sound of praise and rejoicing to the same heavenly Master—the descendants of those departed saints who for 1800 years have sealed with martyr's blood their allegiance and faith in the same Savior.—Such, according to their claims, is the divine reward for disobedience, and punishment for devotedness and faithful service. "Oh! the pity of it, logo!" the pity of such delusion and misguided folly.

Douglas Co., Dec. 1859.

Subjects upon which the Democracy can Cordially Agree.

The Washington Statesman enumerates a number of subjects upon which it says they "cordially agree," among which may be found the following:

"The Democracy can cordially agree that Protection to Home Industry is not authorized by the Constitution of the United States."

And also:

"The Democracy can cordially agree that Cuba would be a valuable acquisition to the United States; that it ought to be purchased by the Government at any cost, not exceeding \$120,000,000."

But the Pennsylvania says:

"It is evident that the Opposition intends to continue, in Pennsylvania, their game of deception in relation to the Tariff. The cry that the Democratic party of the nation is in favor of Free Trade, they know to be false."

Will wonders never cease? Which is the true Democracy?

Rural Annual and Horticultural Directory for 1860.

The publisher of the *Genesee Farmer* gets out each year a handsome little volume of 120 pages, expressly designed as a hand book for the farmer and fruit-grower. We have received the volume for 1860. It is filled to overflowing with useful and interesting information—just such matter as the farmer and gardener needs. It is illustrated with one hundred and seven pictures of fruit, evergreen and deciduous trees, insects, pigeons, &c. The publisher will send it, pre-paid by return mail, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps. Address JOSEPH HARRIS, publisher *Genesee Farmer*, Rochester N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS! a word for you.

Get out of bed early in the morning—Stretch, dance and jump till your eyes are fairly open; do up your chores and morning work with a will, and then hie off to school with a light heart and a clear head, and you will be happy all day. The active boy makes the active man; the slow, moping, listless, lazy man, was once the boy who grumbled when he had a lesson to learn. Wake up, then, and off to school.

A Fairy at Home.

"What is my Lily thinking of, so intently?" asked Mr. F., as he entered the sitting-room, where the little girl was leaning her forehead against the window-pane, and gazing out into the evening sky.

"Oh, nothing much, papa," said Lillian, starting from her reverie, and taking up a book of fairy tales that had fallen upon the carpet.

"Such a quiet time for thinking should hardly be wasted upon 'nothing much,'" said the father, kindly. "But try for a moment if you can not recall the train of ideas which I interrupted. Your book, I see, was of a sort which stimulates the imagination. I would like to know what way its influence tends."

"You will think me very foolish, papa. I was just imagining how I should like to be a fairy."

"What is a fairy?" inquired the father, innocently.

"Why, you know, papa, just as well as I do. Little nixes of people, that wear mantles made of tulip leaves, and that ride in snail-shell coaches drawn by dragon flies."

"Would you really like to be so very small?"

"Oh, that would be rather cunning, papa; but the best of it is, they have power to do such wonderful things, and always use it for such good purposes."

"Do they, indeed?" said Mr. F., in a serio-comic tone.

"There now, papa, you are laughing at me. Now you know I don't believe all this; only the stories say so, and I always like to imagine that such stories are true."

"I should not have the slightest objection to believing in fairies, if there seemed to be any need of them; but really I think all the good and most of the beautiful works attributed to them, can be just as well effected by human agencies. Tell me, now, what you would do if you were a fairy?"

"Oh, a thousand things, papa. In the first place, you need not go down town any more to that dingy old office; for, whenever you wanted money, I could tap with my wand, and up would come heaps of gold and silver. Then, you know, I would make mamma well, and keep her so. Oh, there's no end to the good things I would do!"

"Would it not be better, my dear little girl, to make the utmost use of all the power you have, instead of spending these long hours of musing in wishing for more?"

"All the power I have is precious little, you know, papa."

"Very precious, certainly, but not so little as you may suppose. Your father would much rather have his own little daughter here to welcome him home at night, than to possess all the gold and silver that fairies were ever fabled to produce. And the gentle, quiet influence of a loving sister, in the household, is worth more to your dear, sick mother, than the touch of a fairy's wand upon her brow. Depend upon it, my dear child, God has given to you a work, which, well accomplished, will be more beautiful in its results than any romance of fairy-land."

Lillian sat for a few moments in the deepening twilight, and then the summons to tea prevented any further conversation.

The first thought that entered her head the next morning was, "I'll be a fairy to-day." But the winter air was chilly, and, by the gray morning light, Lillian's fair work seemed not quite so easy and beautiful as the evening before by fire-light. At this moment, however, she heard little Lily's voice in the next room, quite wide awake, and sure to disturb her sick mother. Lillian slipped softly into the room, and persuaded Lily to come and be dressed by her, and, as the little fellow had no objection to a change of attendant, the nursery toilet was very quickly completed. Then she carried him to the breakfast-room, that he might be out of hearing distance from his mother.

Bridget had just completed the breakfast arrangements to her own satisfaction, doubtless, but, as Lillian knew, to the great discomfort of her father; for every particular article stood cornerwise to its neighbor, and the whole effect was as if a rushing wind had brought cloth, service, and eatables, and deposited them on the table according to its own sweet will. As soon as she had established Lily with his building blocks in the corner, Lillian neatly and quietly re-arranged everything upon the table, so that an artist's eye could hardly have suggested an improvement.

"Mother always did this," said Lillian to herself. "How careless I have been to not think of it before!"

At this moment, Willie burst into the room.

"I wish mother wasn't sick," he exclaimed. "There's no one to tie my neck-cloth, or put up my dinner for school, or find my books, or help me with my lessons."

"Perhaps I can fix your neck-tie. Come here," said Lillian, "and let me try."

"Oh, you don't know how. You never did it in your life."

"I can learn, though. You shall see," said the little girl, and she secretly re-

solved that she would practice tying a ribbon around a block for one hour every day, until she was perfect in the art! The neck-tie was arranged even to Willie's satisfaction, and the stray books were all found and put in the saddle. The father then appeared. An unusual expression of contentment was upon his countenance as he sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but whether he attributed anything to fairy influence Lillian never knew. She rather hoped not. It was so pleasant (she thought) to work unsuspected!

After her father had gone, Lillian put up the luncheon in Willie's dinner-basket with her own fingers, and saw her brother started for school, then crept softly to her mother's room to see what she could do for the comfort of the invalid. She dusted and arranged the room in the order that best suited her mother's taste, moving all the time with such a gentle, fairy-like tread, that the lightest slumber need not have been disturbed. She brought water to bathe the aching head, then closed the curtains to just the right degree of shade, and left her mother to her morning nap. By this time, Lily had become wearied at his efforts as self-amusement, and must have some assistance. Lillian built houses, bridges, and towers, all on the most wonderful models of architecture, but perfectly satisfactory to the small employer, who valued the most elaborate structure only for the noise it made in tumbling down.

All day long, his little attendant was fully occupied in amusing him, and she had time only to put the sitting-room again in order, and bring her father's study-gown and slippers, when his night-gear was heard at the door. Lillian placed herself demurely in her old seat by the window, and was looking out with a somewhat more happy and less abstracted expression than on the previous night.

"Some good fairy has been at work, I guess," said Mr. F., as he took the comfortable easy chair and glanced at the usually noisy little Lily, who was now deeply absorbed in Lily's favorite portfolio of engravings.

"Oh, no, papa," replied Lillian, as she threw herself over the side of the chair into his arms; "no one in the world but your little FAIRY AT HOME."

Bearing the Cross.

[It is hard for human nature to resign itself to painful sickness or incurable infirmity, but Divine grace is sufficient for the burden. Even when the ridicule or heartlessness of our fellow-men adds sharpness to the stroke of Providence, the heart that stays itself on God may be serene and cheerful. The following beautiful incident related of a poor deformed girl is an illustration.]

She had wandered alone to one of the public squares in P——, and was lost in reverie, gazing at the fountain sending up its playful waters. Presently a party of young ladies came by, and one thoughtlessly exclaimed,

"Do look at that little wretch's back!"

All turned, and with curious eyes gazed upon her. She was seated on an opposite bench; and, as they passed on, marked the tears as they overflooded the eyes of the sensitive child. Approaching her, she endeavored to speak consoling words. With a slight glance of her little hand, and eyes blinded with tears, she looked to me and said:

"Thank you, ma'am, for being so kind. My Sabbath school teacher says my cross has been placed upon my back; but, O! little lady, when people look upon me so proudly, and the boys call me ugly names, and the girls won't let me play with them, then I feel so badly, and I can not help crying. Do tell me, lady, will Jesus never take my cross away?"

Years passed by, and once more at my boarding-house I met the child, now grown to womanhood. Her countenance was spiritually beautiful, but she still bore the burden of her childhood. Being together for some weeks, an intimacy sprang up between us; and one day, as we sat conversing, she alluded to our first meeting.

"My misfortune," said she, "was long a source of grievous unhappiness; but, thank God! there at last came to me an answer to my oft-asked question: 'Shall I never cease to bear this cross?' And I never to her portfolio, she handed me the following lines, observing, 'That last line has been my consolation.'"

The tear will fall, O Father! When I see Those cruel glances Rised on me, How long this cross my Savior, must I bear? 'Till those eyes no more can show a tear."

The cross will rise, O Father! When I hear Those rude, insulting words— The bitter jeer, How long, O Lord! must I with trembling fear? 'Till those mocking words no more can hurt."

Sad are my thoughts, O Father! Well I know, Ofttime angels are mine For this deep woe, How long, kind Parent! must I seek each woe? 'Till thy heart no more with pain can thro'

Then, all my life, O Father! Teach me how Beneath the galling cross To humbly bow, O! shall I never cease to feel thy rod? 'Till those eyes in heaven, at home with God."

W. H. Hoge, a Postmaster in Virginia, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks "who has got the money?" Possibly echo may answer—Hoge!

Elliot vs. Showers.

The above is the caption of a suit which was down on the trial list for this term of the Common Pleas Court. Among the items in the Plaintiff's bill was a cask of Irish whiskey, containing ten gallons, and a half, which was sold to the defendant, one of the proprietors of the Key-stone House, of this city. The liquor, in consequence of its being impure and adulterated, was never used by the Defendant, but was allowed to remain in his warehouse, ever since last March, untouched. During the sitting of the Court, and before the case was called up for trial, Geo. W. McElroy, Esq., who made a successful chemical exposure of the barrel of old rye whiskey sold by Weiler & Ellis to Henry S. Schenck, and which was tried some time since and reported in *The Express*, was engaged by the Defendant; and the Plaintiff, hearing of the fact, and fearful of a similar exposure, withdrew his claim and started with his *Irish whiskey* again for the city of Philadelphia. Mr. McElroy, however, having previously secured a bottle full of it, submitted it to the chemical tests, and found it to be a villainous compound of poisonous substances. The steel spatula, after having been introduced into it for the space of fifteen minutes, turned the liquor a greenish black—some oxidized, and when dried exhibited a heavy deposit of sulphate of copper and other poisonous substances. Elliot left in the early train, fearful of a prosecution under the Buckalew law, leaving his libelous agent to close up the matter with the Defendant.

It is but a few weeks since a jury of Lancaster county condemned a barrel of these spurious compounds, and allowed one of these Philadelphia firms nothing for their whiskey