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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Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL

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The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the Office of the Star & Chronicle, by which we often insert important News in advance of the Philad. Mails.

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Jan. 1, 1855. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1860.

Best Post Offices in Pennsylvania.

We find in the *Tribune* the following lists of the Post Offices in this State which pay over One Thousand Dollars per year of compensation to those having them in charge, or pay over that sum of nett proceeds to the Department:

Offices.	Postmasters' Pay.	Nett Proceeds.
Allegheny City	$1,499	$1,868
Allentown	1,231	864
Altoona	1,017	1,110
Bethlehem	1,186	1,327
Carlisle	1,705	2,193
Chambersburg	1,273	1,229
Columbia	1,082	872
Danville	1,116	878
Easton	1,945	3,282
Erie	2,000	126
Germantown	1,120	1,050
Harrisburg	2,000	11,631
Hollidaysburg	1,973	1,045
Kensington	2,000	3,416
Lancaster	1,954	3,948
Lebanon	1,004	1,107
Lewisburg	1,012	903
Lewistown	917	1,005
Meadville	1,438	1,358
Newcastle	1,088	844
Norristown	1,237	1,929
Philadelphia	2,000	188,085
Pittsburg	2,000	22,839
Pottsville	1,952	2,679
Reading	2,000	4,029
Scranton	1,612	2,065
Washington	1,180	1,364
Westchester	1,753	2,047
Wilkesbarre	1,404	1,723
Williamsport	1,497	1,678
York	1,844	2,275

When it is remembered that there are *four Post Offices within four miles of Lewisburg*, it will be admitted that our town and its neighbors patronize Uncle Sam's postal department as well as any community in this or any other State.

The number of similar renumerative Post Offices throughout the Union, is given as follows:

Slave States, &c.		Free States.	
Alabama	7	California	12
Arkansas	2	Connecticut	13
Dist. of Columbia	2	Illinois	19
Delaware	1	Indiana	13
Florida	2	Iowa	8
Georgia	12	Maine	12
Kentucky	9	Massachusetts	31
Louisiana	5	Michigan	12
Maryland	4	Minnesota	3
Mississippi	5	New Hampshire	9
Missouri	8	New Jersey	10
North Carolina	6	New York	57
South Carolina	3	Ohio	32
Tennessee	6	Oregon	1
Texas	4	Pennsylvania	31
Virginia	15	Rhode Island	4
Nebraska	2	Vermont	5
	—	Wisconsin	11
	93		253

But when you come to the *cost* of transportation, the Slave States are in no particular in the rear!

The most profitable offices are—

New York, nett proceeds		$549,060
Philadelphia	do	188,085
Boston	do	169,993
San Francisco	do	111,666
New Orleans	do	108,556
Baltimore	do	88,422
Cincinnati	do	76,592
St. Louis	do	75,144
Charleston	do	35,647
Chicago	do	29,468
Louisville	do	25,593

☞ Young editors frequently make very awkward mistakes in attempting to use big words. A neighboring paper speaks of a gentleman as having "*proficiently* filled" a certain station—meaning, doubtless, *efficiently*. Another speaks of two persons as "*officious* and attentive officers"—meaning, we suppose, they are *efficient* officers. Here, two different wrong words are used instead of the one proper word desired to convey an intended compliment. A Dictionary should be at one elbow of editors, and a book of Synonyms at the other—and even then, in the hurry and carelessness so common in the best offices, they may fail to give the clear and precise meaning they desired to do.

"THE HUMAN VOICE—its right management in Speaking, Reading and Debating, including the principles of True Eloquence." By Rev. W. W. Cazalet, A. M., Cantab. Published by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York. A pamphlet of 50 pages—price not stated, but we guess 25 cents.

The inventory of the property of the late Senator Broderick, shows him to have been the possessor of an estate worth $135,000, mortgaged for about $80,000.

Fast Blacksmiths, &c.

The following scraps have been "going the rounds" of the newspapers for some weeks past. We bring them together:

Jonathan Babner, of Shamokin township, having seen in a Reading paper that a blacksmith in that city had made 245 horse-shoe nails in an hour, determined to try how many he could make in the same time. He hammered out and finished, from the rough rods as bought in the store, 262 nails in 60 minutes, thus beating the Reading smith by 17 nails. In this operation, Mr. Babner did all the work himself, blowing the bellows, forging, and all the necessary manipulation. There were several witnesses to this great smithing feat.—*Sunbury Gazette.*

There is a Blacksmith's Apprentice at Lewisburg, (says the *Argus,*) who has worked at his trade two years and a half, who recently made *two hundred and sixty* horse shoe nails in one hour.

In the horse shoe matter, the Reading *Times* evidently does not understand that as much work is required to fashion a good mule-shoe, as to make a horse-shoe. Let Mr. Rambo (of Berks county,) beat Mr. Hause's 220 horse and mule shoes in six hours and fifty-nine minutes, and Mr. Hause (of Schuylkill county) will challenge him, with the requisite number of rocks to back the challenge.—*Pottsville Journal.*

☞ To all of which we have to hint, in the words of *Shakespeare*, "If, when 'twere done, 'twere *well done*, then 'twere well 'twere done *quickly*."

☞ Talk about the closeness and meanness of the Yankees, it's all a sham and a falsehood. *Charleston* is the very focus of so-called "hospitality and chivalry," and the hotel-keepers there are to charge $5 to $7 a day for board during the Democratic Convention, $250 per day for a Hall for the Convention, and other things in proportion. Some of the Delegates talk of going and boarding on their own ships, from New York, Boston, &c.—and the National Convention have some idea of removing the Convention to avoid the imposition. At *Chicago* on the contrary—which is a Yankee city—there will be very little if any advance on ordinary charges. The Pennsylvania Delegation have engaged the Briggs House as their head quarters.

SUBSTRACTED MEETINGS.—The President of the Board of School Directors in one of the rural districts of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, lately became exercised in reference to the propriety of opening the school-houses of the district for the purpose of holding religious meetings. He called a meeting of the Board, to take action on the matter; but when they met, he seemed somewhat embarrassed as to the proper mode of "taking the vote." He finally took a piece of paper, and wrote, first, "In favor of sub stracted meetin's;" second, "In favor of against sub stracted meetin's;" and requested the members of the board to vote by marking. The Columbia County *Republican*, which is responsible for the above, believes they didn't mark.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

BY W. C. BENNETT, (OF ENGLAND.)

Your wedding ring wears thin, dear wife. Ah! summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love! what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures, too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God! your low, sweet "Yes," made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know—that day's as dear to you,
The day that made me yours, dear wife! when this old ring was new!

How well do I remember, now, your young, sweet face, that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you—ah! how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when that old ring was new?

No, no—no fairer were you, then, than at this hour, to me,
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be, that day, as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your HEART as well, when this old ring was new?

O, partner of my gladness, wife! what care, what grief, is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
O, what a weary want had I each day, if wanting you—
Wanting the love that God made mine, when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife! small voices that are here,
Small voices 'round our fire, that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God! all he has given are with us yet around
One table; every little life lent us, still with us is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love, since this old ring was new.

The past is dear—its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife! the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share, as we have shared all else, since this old ring was new.

And if God spares us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen, since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last, to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new!

ANCIENT OIL-SPRINGS.—The following quotation from the Bible would seem to indicate that the ancients were not without a knowledge of the existence of oil springs: "He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he make him to suck honey out of the rock, and *oil out of the flinty rock.*"—Deut. xxxii, 13.

FROM NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.

Names—Weather, and the Times—Scott Valley—Mount Shasta—the Yreka Indians, and their Chief, Tolo—Provisions—Mails, &c.

YREKA, Feb. 12, 1860.

Yreka is said to be the Indian name for Mount Shasta, and should be for this place, but it has obtained the name of *Yreka*. The name of our county—*Sis-ki-you*—means, a little pony.

We have had the driest, warmest, pleasantest winter, ever known here by the residents. It generally rains two-thirds of the time during the season, but we have yet had no rain to speak of, and the miners are getting discouraged. They have not water to wash the dirt they dig up, and all kinds of business suffer in consequence—for if they can't get the gold, nobody can have it to quarrel about. It usually snows on the mountains, while it rains in the vallies; and then, all through the seven or eight months composing the dry season, the melting snow supplies the rills and rivers, as well as the ditches which are prepared for mining purposes. Now, there is not as much snow on the mountains as there was last May. Quartz mining does not require as much water—they are great mills, with "stampers" weighing 550 pounds each, working "churn-dasher" fashion and crushing the rock.

Recently, we had a nice ride out in Scott Valley, twenty miles from Yreka, crossing one mountain six miles over, and so steep that our vehicle had to be chained going down hill. I did not dare to ride, and could hardly walk, down. Give me a mule on the mountains—they are so sure footed. Scott is a delightful valley, about forty miles long and three to five wide, dotted over with ranches—here a hog ranche, there a cattle ranche, and yonder a grain ranche. The hills tower in majesty one above another on every side, their hills furnishing for cattle, all the winter, a rich bunch grass, which commences growing about the time the rain and snow begin to fall (usually in November,) and grows greener and greener all the winter—and then dries, cures itself, and (although apparently dead) is good all summer too.

Throughout the Valley we had a fine view of Mount Shasta. It is perfectly white with snow, and looks as though all the sugar loaves in creation had been blended in one successful effort to reach the clouds—for the summit is often hid by the curtains which float around it. We are twenty-five miles from the base of this majestic peak, which is reported at 14,700 feet in height. Every season, parties, in search of pleasure or wonder, ascend it. To avoid deep gorges of snow, it requires ten miles of round about travel—six of them on foot—clambering over ice, and camping one night on the snow, when they leave their mules—to reach their destination. A Band ascended one season and played Hail Columbia. There are springs at or near the summit, the vapor from one of which is said to be poisonous.

We called to see the remnants of a large tribe of Indians—the Yekas—encamped for the winter in this valley. Their wigwams are built of rough boards and sticks, patched with skins. It was a warm, bright day, and we found the young Indians—some of them half-breeds—perched upon the huts, like rattlesnakes out sunning. Some were dressed in the cast-off clothing of the whites, and some were not! The old Indians and their squaws had gone to bury one of their braves, who died the night before. We took a good look into their huts, which are so low that we could hardly stand upright, even in the center, where they build large fires, and lie on the ground around it. They have two entrances, with a kind of ante-room between—the second being so low and small, that one has to crawl through it—this, to guard against intruders. We saw for food nuts, mostly acorns—dried huckleberries—and dried crickets—this last being considered quite a delicacy. These crickets have been a serious pest for three years past: last season they came like a devouring army, nearly ruining the crops in the vallies, for they eat every green thing which comes in their way. The Indians, however, dig holes in the ground, and drive the crickets in, where they smother, then dry, and after being pounded and stewed with berries are fit for use. They kill some game, such as deer, antelope and rabbits, but are afraid of the bears (black, cinnamon, and grizzly) which are plenty on some of our mountains. Their bake-houses are holes dug in the ground, and covered something like our ovens. It is said their sick are put into these holes when heated, and after sweating them profusely they then treat them to a cold bath!

There are about two thousand of these Indians in Northern California and Southern Oregon—enough to claim the attention of the General Government, which should enact laws for their benefit as well as for that of the whites. As it is, it is nothing uncommon for them to kill one of our men when caught alone, or for one of them to be dropped when in the same exposed condition. A short time ago, they came into town, and demanded a white or "Boston" man, who, they said, had killed one of their number. When told we had no Chief authorized to treat with them, they grunted, "Uh! uh! but when an Indian kills a White man, then there are plenty of Chiefs!"

Tolo, the principal among them, says the first white man killed by them in this vicinity, was one of the first party of whites they ever saw, and they killed him to see what he was! [We should call this emphatically "making *game*" of the pale faces!—ED.] This Tolo, by-the-way, denies that he has any name. The facts of the case are said to be these. When M'Kee, the first Indian Commissioner, came to treat with the Indians, he was decked out in a fancy suit, and particularly with a flaming red vest, which took the eye of Tolo. In forming treaties, an exchange of dress and trinkets is a ratification of the same, and the one who first assents gets the best presents. Tolo soon agreed to the propositions, and demanded the vest, at the same time stripping off his old rags—but M'Kee declined the proffered honor of an exchange of raiment. Tolo, being peaceably inclined, then proposed to exchange their names, to which M'Kee agreed. Tolo, then, had lost his own name, and strutted around, bigger than life, with the name of "M'Kee." But the treaty failing at last, Tolo waxed indignant—declared M'Kee a bad man, whose name was worthless, and threw it away. As M'Kee had obtained his name, and he had cast off M'Kee's name, Tolo insists upon it that he has no name at all!

—We are pretty well contented. My husband was consumptive, but his lungs are quite well here. My cheeks fairly shake with fat. We have plain fare—for breakfast, coarse flour pancakes, butter, and tea, (black tea, always—the Chinese will not touch green tea;) for dinner, beef and bread; and for supper, bread and beef! Flour is 5 cents a pound, meal 8, beef 15 to 20, pork 25, butter $1, milk $1 a gallon, eggs $1 a dozen and scarce in the winter at that, chickens $1 to $1,50 [each,] potatoes 3½ cents a pound, cabbage 7, onions 9, beets 8, beans 20, tea 6 bits to $2,50, dried apples 4 bits, peaches 6, wood $5 a cord, sugar 3 lbs. for $1, coffee 2 lbs. for $1, syrup $3 to $4 a gallon, &c. &c.

—So far from our homes, I assure you we know all about the mails, here. Papers all go and come by steamers—postage, *one* cent each. The Overland mail leaves St. Louis and San Francisco twice a week now. Letters west of Cincinnati come by overland, and east of that by steamers, unless directed otherwise; we think they come much quickest, overland. [Postage on letters, *ten* cents instead of three.] Yours, &c. M. H.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES C. CLARK.

There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime.
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
On the ever-green mountains of Life.

Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptation and woes;
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of Life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod—
And the day never smiles from his palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the gloom
From the ever-green mountains of Life.

☞ Gov. PACKER has shown his supreme devotion to his party, by nominating Hon. THOMAS H. BURROWS of Lancaster (a Douglas Dem.) for Superintendent of Common Schools. He was confirmed by the Senate—all the Opposition Senators voting for him, and seven Buchanan Democrats voting against him. Mr. Burrows was Superintendent under Gov. Ritner, and was an earnest and indefatigable friend of the cause. He is styled by some, "the father of the system," but in fact it was inaugurated under Gov. Wolf, and has been on the gain in public estimation ever since. He is editor of the "Penn'a School Journal," and for all in-door work is doubtless abundantly qualified. Whether he will be as happy in his out-door intercourse with the people, as his predecessor, is to be seen—we hope he may. Were the County Superintendents to select the man, they would have chosen Mr. HICKOK—but as the Governor looks to his own little party for the officer, they can but hope it may all prove for the best. All parties admit Mr. Burrows' eminent worth and fitness. He takes the Department, we believe, about the first of June.

WM. H. BISSELL, Governor of Illinois, died recently, after a lingering illness, aged about 50 years. Born in Otsego Co., N. Y., he first studied medicine, then law—served with honor in the Mexican war, and in Congress—accepted a challenge from Jeff Davis, who "settled"—and was elected the first Republican Governor of Illinois. A man of superior abilities, he dies much lamented. JOHN WOOD, of Quincy city, chosen Lieutenant Governor, now becomes Governor.

Cultivation of Corn.

As the farmer will soon be called upon to prepare for corn planting and cultivation, a word or two on the subject, based upon practical experience, may not prove uninteresting to some of your readers.

My plan is as follows: I plow the ground in the fall to the depth of six or eight inches. I then prepare a rich compost of hog manure and good loam. In the spring, I turn my compost heap thoroughly, so as to have it well incorporated.

I harrow the ground once with a heavy spike harrow, and afterwards harrow or pulverize with a large four horse cultivator, working it both ways. The use of the spike harrow is then continued until the ground is perfectly mellow.

The ground is marked out four feet each way, and a shovel full of the compost already referred to is divided between these hills, or I apply about four tablespoons full of Baugh's raw bone phosphate to each hill. From six to eight grains are planted in the hill. When the plants have attained the height of four inches, I weed out to four stalks in a hill, and keep the ground mellow with the cultivator.

By this simple method, I have increased my corn crop from fifty to seventy bushels to the acre. This increase I attribute to two causes. First, the deep plowing and thorough pulverization of the fertilizer. The young plants start at once, and vigorously. Having something to feed upon, and a well prepared soil for the roots to penetrate, the wire worm is headed off, and the birds are not so likely to disturb the grains as when the germination is slow.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

The Roller for Spring Use.

As the season is approaching when the roller should be brought into service, permit me to call the attention of readers to its use. The time was, when, if a farmer possessed one plow, and a heavy toothed harrow, he was equipped for cultivating the soil: but that time has passed away, and to a thorough agriculturist the roller is almost as indispensable as the plow.

The first use for the roller in the spring of the year, is to smooth down the inequalities of the mowing ground, and settle the earth around the grass roots which have been loosened by the frosts. All mowing ground should be rolled as early as the ground gets settled, so that the cattle can pass over without sinking their feet into it.

The oats ground should be rolled directly after the harrow or drill. It is quite an advantage to the crop, and greatly facilitates the harvesting, particularly if the oats should fall.

Another, and one of the most important uses of this valuable implement, is, to crush the clods after plowing the oats stubble; and I have always found it best to have the roller follow the plow pretty closely, as clods crush more easily then than after they have been exposed to the sun.

In preparing the ground for wheat, the roller should be used repeatedly, or so long as any clods remain, and by all means let the ground be rolled before the drill. No field is in complete order for drill-seeding without it.

Grafting Wax.

This being the season for grafting, we publish, for the benefit of fruit-growers, the old receipt for making grafting wax, at the same time adding a new receipt recommended by a prominent agricultural journal.

The *old* standard grafting wax is made as follows: "Three parts rosin, three parts beeswax, and two parts beef tallow. These are all melted together, and the mixture is usually applied with a painter's small brush, or a wooden blade. It is frequently worked up like shoemaker's wax by being softened with a little warm water, and applied with the hand. Some also dip strips of cotton cloth, an inch or an inch and a half wide, into the hot wax, stripping it through between two pieces of wood and applying around the graft." We prefer the first-named process.

The *new* grafting wax referred to, is made and applied as follows: "Melt two ounces of rosin slowly so as to make it throw off its spirit of turpentine. When it becomes perfectly clear, add a little less than an ounce alcohol, mix well, and at once cork tight in a bottle. Add alcohol afterwards to make it a medium liquid, and apply with a small brush or wooden blade. Like the foregoing, it is said to form an air-tight covering, which is the object aimed at by all applicants in grafting."

The perfect covering for grafts is that which will always adhere to the stock, and will not crack in the cold, in the high winds of spring, or run in the hot suns of summer.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF SALERATUS.—A distinguished physician attributes to the free use of saleratus, in cooking, many of the diseases to which children and adults are subject. To the use of this deleterious substance he attributes the death of one hundred thousand persons out of the three thousand under ten years of age who annually die in the United States.

The Grannies of Democracy.

All are familiar with Grand-ma's story of the "black man!" When the good old dame wished to restrain any of her little truants from frequenting forbidden resorts, she would cry "Black man." "Black man!" she whimpers, with a shudder, "Black man catch you!" This, her only argument, suffices for the time; she has frightened the little fellows, and, coward like—not from love of her, but from fear of the Black man—they crouch and huddle close to Grand-ma's knee. But, ere long, they learn that the old woman's "Black man" story is all *gammon*—a mere device—and now, when she screams out "black man" at them, they may be seen clapping their thumbs on their noses, giving their fingers a significant motion, the door is shut in her face, and they are off.

Analogous to this is the course of the sham Democracy. Heretofore, when they saw any of their *rank and file* likely to desert them, they would raise the bug-a-boo cry of "Black Republicans!" No other argument was offered, no other was necessary, to scare the *babes* of Democracy into line and drill. And, now, every Democratic paper throughout the land is a self constituted corporal guard to shriek "*Black Republicans!*" as if the whole Locofoco party was still timid and silly enough to become terror-stricken at their clamor. But that old woman *trick* is played out. The boys have discovered the game. "Black Republican" and "Disunion" pass for first rate *buncomb* among them now, and the Democratic party, like the old woman, is left solitary and alone, feeling as ridiculous as folly in its prime.—*Greene County (Pa.) Republican.*

Garrison on Seward.

The great abolition organ of Boston, *The Liberator*, edited by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, has a severe editorial review of Senator Seward's speech, evidently written by Mr. Garrison himself. The writer says he has always regarded Mr. Seward as the "incarnation of political circumspection," and as incapable of genuine "ultraism." He thinks "the recent speech, when closely analyzed, will be seen to be but little, if any, better than Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, 1850." He adds, "Mr. Seward has gone backward, and gone down, and he will drag many along with him; and self recovery, under such circumstances, is scarcely ever possible." But the following paragraph contains the essence of the review:

"This speech greatly disappoints us; not on the score of rhetorical skill, or power of condensation, or clearness of statement, or historical accuracy, for it is a very creditable performance in these particulars; but because it evinces, throughout, the adroit, calculating, heartless politician, rather than the wise, courageous, far-seeing statesman. It has no pulsations of life, no throbbings of humanity; it is wholly destitute of moral feeling and of purpose. Instead of re-asserting the doctrine of an 'irrepressible conflict' between freedom and slavery, it is a laborious attempt to show that there need be no collision—certainly no unfriendly collision—between these forces, and that there is no reason why they may not remain in juxtaposition, without heat or jealousy, *ad infinitum.*"

Col. CURTIN, the nominee for Governor, is well and favorably known to our people. He belongs to this Judicial, Congressional and Senatorial district, and during all his professional life has been one of the most prominent lawyers in this section of the State. As a politician, he is bold, vigorous, and uncompromising. For twenty five years he has been one of the sturdiest pillars of the Opposition in this quarter, under whatever name they sailed. In this quarter we have met him before as a candidate and a leader, and we tell the Democracy everywhere to buckle on their armor, for they will have to meet a foeman worthy of their steel.—*Lock Haven Democrat,* (a Lecompton organ.)

PROSPECTS.—We learn from a friend that Judge Wilmot, since the Democratic State Convention, puts his Congressional District down as good for ten thousand majority next fall. (Our readers may recollect, that Judge Wilmot put down the District in 1856 as good for eight thousand. "It seemed scarcely possible at the time, but the Judge's predictions were fulfilled.) In Allegheny county, where five thousand is considered a good round majority, our friends confidently expect six or seven thousand. Like encouraging reports come from Lancaster, and other sections of the State. Friends! be of good cheer; victory is certain.—*Lehigh Register.*

The Louisville *Journal*, in reference to the paltry attempt of Senator Douglas, on the floor of the Senate, to create the impression that the shoe-makers' strike in New England was the result of the withdrawal of the Southern custom, says: "These strikes are the strongest evidence against that assumption, for labor never attempts to coerce higher wages from capital unless the times are brisk. If the orders for manufactures have fallen off, the strikers would be playing into the hands of their employers by quitting work when they can be dispensed with profitably."

NON-INTERCOURSE MAN, CONVERTED.—[The Chatanooga (Ga.) *Advertiser*, gives the following romantic conversion of an anti-Yankee Georgian:]

"Not a thousand miles from here, there lives a gentleman of the real thunder-and-lightning red-flag school of political faith, a jam-up Southerner, death upon the Yankees. He was a widower, and had a daughter attending school. On ascertaining that the teacher was one of the down-east girls, he took his daughter from school, resolved to have nothing to do with the down easter—wasn't going to have his girl taught by any such person. Shortly after he took his daughter from school, he happens to be traveling on the same train with the Yankee school-marm, is introduced, is rather pleased, becomes interested, is got, and is a goner. The Yankee school-teacher is now Mrs. ———."

"Russia is abolishing serfdom, and the reform works well. Republican America is behind despotic Russia in this great work. Posterity will wonder at our toleration of this relic of barbarism."

"The Dutch Government has commenced the work of the emancipation of slaves in Java."—*Boston Courier.*

Very shortly, these blessed United States of America will be alone, among civilized nations, in retaining the barbarous institution of human slavery. Our Southern friends are even violent against us because we positively refuse to permit them to make slave from what is at present free territory! It is bad enough that slavery exists at all in this Republic. It would be positively monstrous to extend it any further on this Continent. This is what the Republican party combats, and if the North are true to her interests the principles of that party will be successful this year.—*Pottsville Journal.*

The *Brandon* (Miss.) *Republican* fairly hits the insincerity of the Democracy touching the Slavery question, in the following rough but lively epigram:

John Sherman, to prove you're bad
But one remark suffices—
You indorsed Helper's book
Called the "Impending Crisis."
John Letcher, you were indorsed
By Buffaloe's Abolition spinner;
But you were a Democrat, John,
And now 'tis one of the Old Dominion.
John Sherman's a devil—John Letcher's a saint—
(John Letcher's a Democrat—*John Sherman can't.*)

TO FRUIT GROWERS.—The *Horticulturist* says that those who wish to have plums retained on their trees until ripe, can do so by digging up an inch or two in depth around the tree in the spring of the year, and then putting about a gallon of air-slacked lime in—then re-place the ground taken out, or get fresh, and the tree will retain the fruit.

The Legislature of New Jersey has passed a law, and it has been signed by the Governor, which in effect does away with the Railroad monopoly so long enjoyed by the Camden & Amboy Company. It leaves some questions to be decided by the Courts, and if the constitutionality of the law is sustained, there will, no doubt, soon be competing lines of railroad between New York and Pennsylvania.

An old lady, on being witnessed before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town? The old lady said: "He was born, and married, and they buried him there; and if that ain't settling him there, I don't know what is."

The Rochester *Express* records the death of a daughter of Frederick Douglas. Since her father's absence, she had lost her appetite and interest in her occupation, and gradually sunk away and died. She had got the idea firmly fixed in her mind that her father would never come back, and that, if he did return, he would have to go to prison and execution.

Near Warren, Conn., is posted on a meadow fence, the following:

"Notis:—know kows is aloud in these medders eny man or woman lettin thare kows run the rode wot gits inter my medders afoursed shel have his tale cut off by me OBADIAH ROGERS."

Baron Smyth spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, "Why is an egg, undone, like an egg overdone?" He would suffer none to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution, "Because they are both *hardly* done."

Prentice says, "One of the dullest men we ever saw was named Sharp, one of the stupidest was named Smart, one of the slowest was named Swift, one of the tallest was named Low—and the ex-Governor of Virginia was named Wise!"

The Governor of Missouri has again vetoed the barbarous and unchristian bill against free colored people, passed by the Legislature of that State. Honor to his heart!

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC LIGHT BLOWN OUT.—The last number of the Neenah *Democrat* comes to us with this notice: "This is the last issue of the Neenah *Democrat.* The thing don't pay. Too many Black Republicans and Shanghais."—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.*

The wit of Louisville declares that when the Disunion Traitors shall stand upon a scaffold, with ropes hanging over their heads, they will think there is an "impending crisis" and no "Helper."

Mr. Buchanan may talk as he will about "manifest destiny," but we never knew any man whose destiny was more manifest than his.—*Louisville Journal.*