

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.
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What a South Carolinian Thinks of the Presidential Contest.

The Hon. B. F. Perry, of South Carolina, publishes in the Charleston "Courier," a long and sensible letter upon the Presidential question. His views are so moderate, and his ideas so correct, that they may be laid before the public with advantage. He says:
The probability is that the Black Republican candidate will be elected President of the United States. It is a grievous misfortune, and one to be deeply lamented by every citizen of the South. But it must be remembered that the Southern States will have brought this misfortune, grievous as it may be, on themselves, by their own divisions and party strife. Nothing can be more clearly shown. It was predicted at the time, and the South forewarned of the impending danger. If the seceding members of the Charleston Convention had retained their seats in that body, Breckinridge and Lane, or others equally acceptable to the Southern States, would have been the nominees of the Democratic party for President and Vice President. It was well ascertained that Douglas could not, under any contingency, get the two-thirds vote requisite to a nomination. After a number of ballots the friends of Judge Douglas would have cast their votes for Hunter, Breckinridge, Dickinson, or some one else acceptable to the South. But after the withdrawal of a portion of the Southern delegates they became excited and more disposed to adhere to their candidate. The adjournment to Baltimore was for the purpose of giving the friends of Judge Douglas, in the seceding States, an opportunity of sending delegates in place of those who withdrew. This fact I know. Judging from the course pursued by other Presidents, and that policy which usually governs politicians whilst in power, instead of doing any rash, violent or unconstitutional act to injure or offend those opposed to him, it is likely Lincoln will pursue a very cautious, politic and wise course towards the South. It can not be in the nature of any man elevated to the Presidency to wish to see the Government broken up under the Administration, the Republic dismembered and the country plunged in a civil war. Very likely his great effort will be to acquire popularity in the Southern States, and appease their opposition by a rigid adherence to the Constitution and respect for the rights of the South. It is not at all improbable that the South may find more favors under the administration of Lincoln than they have under any Democratic administration. It may be that "Old Abe" will go out of office quite a favorite with the Southern people! At least we should give him a trial.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3, 1860.

The Midnight Train.

Across the dull and brooding night,
A phantom with a demon light,
And breath of warning smoke;
Around him whirls the reeling plain,
And with a dash of grand disdain,
He crosses the shattered rocks.
In lonely swamp the low wind stirs
The leaf on black, luteal ferns,
That murmur to the sky,
The started by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear
As if a god were by!
Through many a dark, wild heart of health
Or booming broods, where beneath
A midnight rattle of hoarse
Their lives tremble in the blast;
By soughing waterfalls!
The slumberer, on his silent bed,
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Dreaded of his dreams;
Long leaping of phoms are hurried over,
Through hazy sheets with iron roar,
And shrill, night-drearing screams.
Past billowing bars, past flying barns,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He hears along wooded lands,
And where the heavy city stands,
Wrapped in a robe of light.
Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,
And every smile is known;
We thank you, O thou train—
That in our lives again,
We clasp our loved, our own!

QUARTZ MILLING AT PIKE PEAK—

Mr. H. H. Harris, of Milwaukee, a large owner of quartz mills at Pike's Peak, writing from the Gregory Diggings, says of that business:

"There are now about fifty mills in operation, no one of which comes up to the anticipations of its friends. The reasons for these partial failures are obvious to every quartz-mill owner in the mines. In the first place, much of the machinery has been manufactured like 'shop-clothing'—for sale cheap—and like that some clothing, is found too cheap, when brought into actual service. In the second place, few of the mills have any machinery for saving the fine gold, and nothing for pulverizing the quartz after leaving the stamps; and, in the third place, the quartz does not contain the gold that many have anticipated. The chilled stamps and cast-iron collars do not seem to work well; there is too much friction on the cams, while the stamps are less durable than the steel ones. Wrought-iron collars and steel dies seem to have the preference. There is much speculation among 'outsiders' relative to the amount of gold being taken out by the various mills, and while stories of success are heralded far and near, the failure of any one of them is kept as near home as possible. From personal observation, I should say, taking them as a whole, they are just about paying expenses. There is much cutting and trying, and experimenting with most of the mills, and will before a year to come."

A BED OF "SWEET WILLIAMS."

The N. Y. Douglas State Convention, met at Syracuse, on the 15th ult., and nominated the following quartette of Williams:

Governor—William Kelly, of Dutchess Co.
Lieut. Governor—William Fallen, of Oswego Co.
Cass. Comm.—William W. Wright, of Ontario Co.
State Prison Inspector—William C. Rhodes, of Chenango Co.

Good for Crows!—The "Fusionists" for Lincoln.

In the latter part of the stupendous resolution passed by a majority of the Democratic State Central Committee, we find as follows: "If it will not elect either of the Democrats for whom it is cast, or any of the Democrats who are voted for in the State, then the vote shall be cast for the candidate who HAS MAJORITY OF THE VOICES OF THE STATE." &c. If the fusion ticket is not elected, as it can not be, then the man having the majority of the votes in the State, will be Lincoln. We have seen it stated before that Mr. Buchanan preferred Lincoln to Douglas, and the Buchanan majority in the State Committee seem to feel in the same way.

Fruit thieves and garden rangers

should remember that by an act passed by the last Legislature, they are subject to a fine not exceeding \$50, and imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding sixty days. Some of the leading rascals who have been in the habit of stripping fruit trees, grape vines, &c., will now pay dearly for their indulgence, when caught.

Twenty Four says the three ages of a Senator are Mileage, Postage and Patience.

An Incident of Border Life.

The old settlers of Kentucky are familiar with the name of one Christopher Miller. He was one of the bold and dauntless spirits to whom we are indebted for the rescue of our State from the domination of the bold and blood-thirsty savage. History has recorded many heroic deeds and melancholy privations, but one of the most thrilling and mysterious incidents in his eventful life has never met our eyes until we found it in Finley's Autobiography; and as many of our readers may never have seen it, we will give a short account of it.

Christopher Miller, and his Brother Henry, were taken prisoners by the Indians when they were quite young, and remained with them until they had learned many of the customs of those wild inhabitants of the forest. They were expert hunters and learned to love the savage freedom of their captors. They were adopted into an Indian family, and it seemed they were much attached to their mode of living, hunting and fishing being their chief and almost only employment. Finally, Harry began, when about twenty-four to think of returning to the white settlements, and he mentioned his thought to Christopher but he would not think of returning with him, so Henry set out alone, and after much suffering and privation he reached Kentucky, where he lived for several years. When in 1795, the Indians becoming troublesome, an expedition was gotten up under Gen. Wayne to chastise and set out with it. On the march, Gen. Wayne, in order to avoid the possibility of an ambush, ordered Capt. Wells to select four rangers to keep in advance and reconnoiter the country.

The keen judgment of Capt. Wells did not fail to detect in Henry Miller the very man for such an expedition, and he was accordingly selected. During the march, Henry found little to do, no Indians being found on the route. On reaching Greenville, General Wayne, having no intimations of the subtle foe, determined to send out Capt. Wells and his daring comrades to capture an Indian, in order that through him the plans of the Indians might be discovered. They accordingly set out across the country, crossing the St. Mary's and proceeding to the Auglaize, they turned up the river for several miles, when the eyes of the rangers discovered a smoke. Hatching their horses, the gallant little band left two of their party to guard them while the other three—Henry Miller being one of them—crept along in the direction of the smoke, which they found to be on an elevated piece of open ground, surrounded by three Indians engaged in roasting venison over the fire.

They were now far out of gunshot, and our gallant rangers discovering a fallen tree behind which they thought they could approach within gunshot of the Indians undiscovered, retraced their steps, and going around got to the fallen tree—the top of which was covered with leaves—between them and the enemy. They then stole along as lightly and noiselessly as panthers, until they reached the point desired. Here their plan was quickly arranged that Miller and one of his comrades should shoot each his man, leaving the third, who was swifter than an Indian on foot, to give chase to and capture the remaining Indian. Miller was to shoot the one on the right, and his comrade the one on the left.

The sharp piercing crack of two rifles was heard, and the fated red men lay lifeless on the ground. Before the smoke had cleared away, the reserve, one McClelland, was far in the direction of the Indian who was deemed to be captured. The Indian observed him as he came bounding toward him with the swiftness of a roebuck and he let off at the top of his speed. McClelland was rapidly coming up with the retreating Indian, when coming to a bend in the river, the latter saw he must soon be overtaken and leaped off the bank into the river, a distance of twenty feet, where he sank up to his middle in the mud. McClelland made a leap on to him, and sunk down in like manner, when the Indian drew his knife and McClelland his tomahawk.

A parley ensued, and the Indian threw down his knife. In the meantime Henry and his companion came up, the two were rescued from the mud, and the prisoner bound securely. He appeared sullen, and refused to answer any question asked him. He was then washed, to rid him of his coating of mud, when it was discovered that they had taken a white man instead of an Indian. The party returned to their horses, and began at once to retrace their steps toward the camp at Greenville. On the journey, the prisoner continued moody and silent, until Henry, recollecting that he had a brother with the Indians, and thinking that this might possibly be him, approached and called him by his Indian name, when he answered him with seeming surprise, and the two brothers immediately recognized each other, for the prisoner was none other than Christopher

Miller. He had been in the middle when the fatal messenger of death had overtaken his associates, and by this trifling circumstance was saved to answer the wise ends of an all-wise Providence. He returned to Greenville with his captors, determined to remain; and afterwards renounced the white settlers the most important aid in their future contests with the wily savage. Most of his descendants still live in our midst and enjoy the fruits of his well spent and eventful life, and the reputation of his name.

Anecdote of Bunker Hill.

Entering from the shop-door with a firm but cautious step, there advanced a man of some 80 years; he was in full preservation; even the bloom had not left his cheek. A life of frugality and temperance had left him that, although he still bore about him the unmistakable and ineffaceable imprint of time. In a few minutes after, says our informant, my friend excused himself, and left the old gentleman and myself *tete-a-tete* together. Being rather of a social turn, I entered into conversation with him; first about general matters, such as railroads, steamers to England, &c.; but happening eventually to touch on Bunker Hill and its monument, I found I had touched the vein; for I had before me a witness of the great battle, able and willing, to give me a personal account of it. "I was a 'prentice boy in Boston," said he, "when the war broke out. My father lived in Concord, and was a red-hot Whig. My master 'took sides' with the British; because he could not get his property away from Boston in time, and he had too much to lose. On the morning of the battle, I heard the cannons firing, and saw the red-coats dodging through the streets. Pretty soon my master told me to shut the shop; and right glad I was to do it; for just across the way stood about the tallest house in town, and I knew the occupants, and that the roof commanded a full view of the battle-ground. I mounted up there, as you may suppose, considerable quick. It was such a good place to see from when I got there—I guess there was many as a dozen red-coats there a lookin' on too. I could see, though, easy enough, that they were mighty uneasy. I heard the roar of the cannon from the ships, but I could not get a full view of the hill on account of the smoke. After a while a breeze sprang up, and I couldn't help taking up one of the long spy-glasses that lay around, and with that I could see the hill and the whole fight plain as day. It had only just begun. A company or regiment of Britishers marched up, followed right off by another. They had almost reached the top, when a long streak of white smoke puffed out and rolled over 'em. The breeze was now pretty brisk, and as it wafted the cloud away, we could discover nothing of the ranks that had marched up so gallantly; but where I thought they would have stood, there lay rows of prostrate men. It seemed very curious to me, and boy as I was, I couldn't help calling to the officer whose glass I had: 'Hello, captain! I see a hull lot on 'an 'a'lyin' on the grass!' 'Oh, ay,' said he, 'that is part of the discipline; it is what we call a *route de guerre*, a trick in the art of war. They'll rise presently, you'll see, and carry everything before 'em'; but now another column of red-coats marched up the hill; a line of smoke puffed out just as it did before, and they lay down right away too, 'cept some few, went off as if they were lame. 'Captain,' says I, 'do you see that?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I do; but they'll get up when they hear the sound of the trumpet.' 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'like as not; but I guess when they hear that sound it will come from a darn' sight louder trumpet than any that you've got in your army; that trumpet won't be blow'd till the resurrection morning.' And I was pretty high right, added the old patriot, for I'm blow'd if it has been blow'd yet, anyhow!"

Fight between Indians and United States Troops.

St. JOSEPH, August 14.—The Pike's Peak express, from Denver City on August 7th, arrived here to-day. The United States troops from Fort Kearny and Reilly had a battle with the Kiowas, near Bent's Fort, on the 24th of July. The troops demanded that the Indians should deliver up those who had committed the late outrages, and on their refusal to do so they attacked them. Five of the Kiowa tribe were killed and thirteen wounded during the engagement. The wounded were left at Bent's Fort, and the troops proceeded down the Arkansas River; but Bent fearing an attack, sent a messenger to recall the troops. The messenger was attacked and scalped by the Indians, who left him, supposing that he was dead; but he managed to return to the fort and will probably recover. Bent, having but a small supply of provisions in the fort, and fearing trouble, released the wounded prisoners.

The Arrapahoes and Cheyennes,

who were lately in Denver City, are now encamped round the fort and promise to protect it.

The Famine in Kansas.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Aug. 17, 1860. I am informed that much is now being said in the Eastern papers about the state and condition of Kansas—some asserting that we are in a condition bordering on famine, and others laughing at the idea, and declaring that we shall not want for our Winter's bread. You will, perhaps, remember me as an acquaintance, (and son-in-law of your old friend, James H. Braine,) and will believe that the statements which I make are true. You know how poor our people were when you were with us, fifteen months ago; and when I state a few facts, you can draw your own conclusions of what our condition must be before the middle of the Winter.

In this county, and, indeed, in nearly every part of eastern Kansas, our wheat and oats were an entire failure. Our corn will not make five bushels to the acre, except on the Kansas and Wakarusa bottoms. Our potatoes will never be dug. Our Hungarian grass is heading out close to the ground, and our buckwheat must be an entire failure, unless we have rain within a week. Many of our farmers are living upon corn bread and corn coffee, and have not enough of that to last them two months longer. Hundreds are leaving the territory, and hundreds more will do so if they were able to leave. Some of us have again and again asserted that the liberal men of the East, who came so nobly to the rescue of the people in Ireland in 1847, will not let our poor starve, if they are informed of our true condition. But the fear of checking next year's immigration, is causing many of our citizens to shut their eyes against the real state of facts.

Shall such self-interest debar us from making known our leanness? I have no plan to propose; but it seemed right and just that I should write to you, as a slight acquaintance, and bear witness of what my ears have heard and eyes have seen. May God put it into the hearts of His wealthy stewards at the East to do something for the honest, hard-working, but indigent men, of south Kansas.

The N. Y. Herald on Lincoln.

Bennett writes: "The Democratic party is smashed and its fragments scattered. It can no longer resist the current of Republicanism." This final "throwing up the sponge" results from the letter of his own correspondent, whom he sent on to Lincoln's house, to pick flaws in honest old Abe's coat. The converted reprobate writes to his employer: "After a pretty thorough investigation, I find there is not a man in this region, who says a word against the honesty of Abraham Lincoln. He is universally regarded as a plain, unassuming man, possessing strong common sense, wedded to a quickness of perception that detects right from wrong, and windows the chaff from the wheat, whether the question be one of a legal character, or a determination of a true man from an impostor. "What do you think of Lincoln as a man?" I asked of a resident of Springfield. "I like him as a man, and everybody else can't help but do the same. He is honest and talks sense. * * * I have always been a Democrat, but am almost inclined to go for Lincoln." "Will the spirit in the Democratic party prove of any service to Lincoln in Illinois?" "Yes sir. Egypt is almost wiped out as a Democratic strong-hold, and with scarcely a hope to elect Douglas, there are many who, from State pride, will vote for Lincoln." Now the converted correspondent gives his own views: "We have conversed with many gentlemen in prominent political positions, but to Abraham Lincoln must we accord the palm for frankness. The subject of slavery was touched upon, and Mr. Lincoln emphatically declared that it was his principle not to touch slavery where it exists, but to prevent its spread in the Territories *non fice*. He would protect the South in its institutions as they exist." These are the hard wrung confessions of the opponents of our representative man, and yet we are called sectionalists.

The Disunionists.

To show what a wonderful influence the election of "Honest Old Abe" will have in binding the Union together and crushing out disunion, we need only remark that his mere nomination and prospect of certain election by the people, has caused nearly one-half of the disunion leaders in the South to come out and repudiate disunion sentiments. They know that Lincoln, though more intelligent and less impulsive, is as firm as Gen. Jackson ever was, and would have every disunionist who committed an overt act, as high as Haman. All their threats could never intimidate him, and those who have studied his character, know it; hence their disposition to back out from their treasonable sentiments in time.—*Miami's Journal.*

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The Simoon of the Desert.

We have seen many different accounts of that terror of those crossing the African Desert, the terrible simoon or hot wind, but the following from Col. Du Courant's new work, "Life in the Desert," presents some new points: "The heavens became suddenly obscured by heavy clouds, until the sun rays, and red as blood, warned us of the approaching tempest. Whirlwinds of sand, mingling with the falling vapors, swept the desert, which surged before the blast like angry waters. We hastily ranged ourselves in Indian file, so as to present as little surface as possible to the coming simoon, for which, on this occasion, we were not unprepared. "Gradually our lungs became oppressed, our eyes bloodshot, our lips hot and parched. The air around us scorching as the breath of a furnace, was charged with particles of fine sand and drifted before the wind like sea-foam in a storm. The lightning bolts flashed, accompanied by the crash of the thunder, which sounded over the gloomy desert like the voice of Jehovah. Men stood in wild fright, camels broke away and rushed bellowing from the track, until they fell headlong in the sand, into which they plunged their heads and long necks, seeking thus to escape the poisoned breath of the plague-wind. "At length the rainbow on the skirts of the tempest, spanning the dark space from east to west like a luminous bridge thrown across Morebund Hadramant, one end resting upon Djebel-Akhar and the other upon Djebel-Aud.

"Nine of our camels were missing, in searching for which we approached the end of one of the sand gulls, when we stumbled upon the remains of a caravan bound from Grein in Hadramant to Olu-Jacob. Removing the sand, we found several dead Arabs, victims of the fell blast of the simoon, in the terror and confusion caused by which they had evidently wandered blindly to the edge of the treacherous quicksand in which the main body of the caravan had perished. "Among them we found a young man and a girl—brother and sister—clashed in each other's arms. A slight indication of moisture on the bodies of these inspired one with hope that it might not yet be too late to restore them to consciousness. By judicious use of persevering friction, and the copious use of lavender water, with which, luckily, I was always well supplied, I soon had the pleasure of seeing the young girl revive—while Selim, by the application of similar remedies to the youth, was equally successful."

September.

It is now not far from the proper time to gather and secure your potatoes. Cultivators, however, are apt to err by gathering them too early. The roots continue to grow larger and better after the tops have attained their full growth. Still, they should be harvested before the occurrence of those soaking rains, which generally precede the setting in of winter. If potatoes are dried in a hot sun, they are apt to turn green, and become unwholesome. Gather your windfall and wormy apples, pears, cherries, &c. and boil them, together with a little Indian meal, potatoes, or other nutritious substances, and give them to your swine. You will thus destroy the worms which said fruit may contain, and prevent future generations of insects from decouring your substance. Do not throw the corn with which you feed your swine, on the bare ground, unless you are willing to have much of it wasted. A little charcoal, given to hogs while fattening, is said to be useful. They will devour it with eagerness, and it will prevent their being troubled with a certain gutted disorder, which the learned call dyspepsia. Place a few wood coals in a situation where these animals can have access, and they will devour themselves without charges for medical advice or attendance. Their food will go farther, and they will fatten faster, if permitted to ferment till it has a sweetish taste, or has become slightly, but not very sour. Select seed corn in the field as follows: When the first ears are ripe enough for seed, gather a sufficient quantity for early corn or replanting; and at the time you wish your main crop to be ripe, gather a sufficient quantity for planting the next year; having care to take it from stalks which are large at bottom, of a regular taper, not over tall, the ears set low, and containing each the greatest number of good sizeable ears of the best quality. Let it dry speedily, and from the corn gathered as last described, plant your principal crop, and if any hills should be missing, replant from that which was first gathered. In the garden, see to earthing up your celery; gather your late seeds, and dry them; sow onions to stand over winter; pull out all the weeds among your late potatoes, and other vegetables, and throw them into the hopen, alias manure manufactory.—*Essence.*

The Crops.

The Chicago Press and Tribune, in reply to a Southern paper, makes the following estimate of the Northwest: "Illinois has grown not a bushel of wheat short of 26,000,000, and Indiana about 18,000,000. The wheat crop of Wisconsin will exceed 17,000,000, Iowa 14,000,000, Minnesota 5,000,000, and Michigan 8,000,000. Your estimate of Ohio, 25,000,000, is about correct; but many of her best informed citizens think her crop will reach 28,000,000. Thus you perceive that the seven Northwestern States have produced 118,000,000 bushels of wheat. The surplus that can be spared from Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, after keeping abundance for bread and seed, will be equal to half of their whole crop. If your people in the South are likely to be destitute of bread they can draw on the 'Prairie States' for wheat enough to make two millions of barrels of flour, and we shall still have enough and to spare."

Tomatoes.

As this is the season when tomatoes are coming into use, it is well to know the opinion of medical men relative to their merits. Dr. Bennett, a professor of some celebrity, gives his opinion as follows:— 1st.—That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperient of the liver and other organs; where colic is indicated, it is one of the most effective and least harmless remedial agents known to the profession. 2d.—That a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supercede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. 3d.—That he has successfully treated diarrhea with this article alone. 4th.—That when used as an article of diet it is an almost sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. 5th.—That it should be constantly used for daily food, either cooked, raw, or in the form of catsup; it is the most healthy article now in use.

The Erie Observer.

one of the most prominent Democratic papers in Northern Pennsylvania, honestly admits the utter hopelessness of the Democratic party. It says: "We will not stultify ourselves—we will not compromise the position of this journal by misleading its readers with vain and delusive hopes when there is NO ROOM FOR HOPE. "United we stand, divided we fall," is an aphorism which has never been controverted either in theory or practice. No political party divided can succeed! We tried it in 1848, and a like result flowed from a like cause. And we are about to enact over again, in 1860, the disastrous campaign of 1848. We know it is said "there is a silver lining to every cloud," but we apprehend it will take a spy glass, at least four years long, to see, a "silver lining" in the "cloud" that spans the political horizon of the Democratic party at this time.

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