UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., TUESDAY, FEB. 4, 1862.

"THE UNION," established in 1814---Whole No., 2,509

"CHRONICLE," established in 1843---Whole No., 930.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY---
Tuesday Morning & Friday Afternoon.

☞Wm. Smith and other colored men in Milton are endeavoring to start next Spring for Hayti, where full rights and privileges are enjoyed by their race.

JAMES JONES, Editor of the Jersey Shore *Bulletin*, having become engaged as a Telegraph Operator with the Union Army in Kentucky, no paper is now issued in that town.

☞There is a letter at the Lewisburg P.O. addressed to "*Mr. Simon Simonton, Union Co. Pa.*" When the name of the Office is not given, such letters are left for a time at the County Seat. If any know such a man, tell him about his letter.

☞The London *Times* admits that the British Government expended upwards of Ten Millions of Dollars in warlike preparations, between knowledge of the capture and of the release of Mason and Slidell.

—Latest arrivals show that while English Government has not formally assented to Mr. Seward's claims of the interpretation of maritime law in the future, yet all present pretext for collision with America is past. Now for diplomacy.

☞Jona. E. Wolfe, late a Lieut. under Capt. Tho. Chamberlin, has been promoted to be Captain of Co. G, 5th Reg. P.V., (a Company mostly from Huntingdon, Pa.) Theo. M'Fadden is promoted to 1st Lieut.

Union county has been honored with 11 Captains' commissions---three Chamberlins, Roush, Hassenpflug, Church, Tate, Linn, Strohecker, Kelly, and Wolfe---of whom 9 are in service as Captains, and 1 as 1st Lieutenant.

☞An alleged abusive, open-mouthed Secession sympathizer in Lycoming county was last season ridden on a plank. Four young men were taken up for the act, fined lightly, and their sentence remitted by the Governor. A trial for compelling a similar character, in Northumberland Co., to hoist the American flag, resulted in the acquittal of the Defts, but requiring them to pay the costs. No man or body of men can be at once prosecutor, witness, judge, jury, and executioner, even against traitors, in a State where the Law is still as unimpaired as it is in ours. The proper way to put down Toryism at home, is by public opinion, socially, in business, and especially at the polls---any way but by illegal personal violence.

☞The Flying Artillery recruiting in Lewisburg for some time past, now have 85 hardy members enrolled and sworn in. The Officers are commissioned, and the Company was "accepted by Government" some time ago---notwithstanding the contrary assertion of the semi-Secessionists' organ, which continues its old tricks of trying to stir up dissensions among and against the Volunteers: happily, its aims are too well understood in this region for it to do much injury to them or the cause. Having received orders for transportation, the Company start for Harrisburg in a day or two. The following are Officers:

Captain---JONA WOLFE, Bush Valley.
1st 1st Lieut.---George Corman.
2d 1st Lieut.---Geo. H. Stover.
1st 2d Lieut.---Michael Rumble.
2d 2d Lieut.---J. D. Hubler.
Ord. Serg.---Geo. T. Michaels.

☞In the House at Harrisburg Messrs. Hopkins and Ryan (Breck.) Alexander and Strang (Rep.) and Crane (Dem.) have been appointed a committee to investigate the alleged corruption in the repeal of the Tonnage Tax.

The Penn'a Senate have expressed an *unanimous* opinion in favor of the expulsion of Traitor Bright from the U.S. Senate. The Breckenridgers in the House objected to the Resolution being taken up out of order.

The Convention of both Houses to open the triennial proposals for State Printing, adjourned without allotting. The lowest had no security at hand---and it looking like a coalition among the Harrisburg printers to extort high rates, time is given for other bidders to enter the list.

A bill is reported in Senate to change the name of the Milton Savings Bank.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.---Ralph Waldo Emerson was the lecturer at the Smithsonian course last evening. His discourse was a most powerful argument in favor of emancipation.

The panic in reference to the Burnside expedition was very great at Norfolk and Richmond.

It was understood at Richmond that Beauregard would reach there on Saturday, on his way to Kentucky.

The opinion at Richmond was that their steamer Merrimac was a failure.

Roanoke Island is fortified by the Rebels in some manner, commanding mostly the channel between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. It is believed this will be the first point of attack by the Unionists.

Since the Kansas soldiers have been in service, they have helped 4 or 4000 slaves "secede" from their traitor masters.

Gen. Halleck has ordered the execution of seven bridge-burners. This looks like fighting in earnest.

☞The Singing contests good

"PUT IT THROUGH."

"Put it through---not write, or telegraph back here; but put it through."---*President Lincoln to General Lane.*

Put it through! Right, good Abraham---put it through.
Just what you ordered Lane, to others of you.
Cheering along to the portable forth,
Go straight about it. Never turn back
What tho' at first that one life or two you do.
Into the work---the work alone---be true.
Bolted by none. Men change for gold or power,
Swayed by the gambles of the treacherous hour.
Hold fast the helm. Keep the pole star in sight.
Turn not. Veer not. Tread Truth. Live God---the Right.
Hoist your own standard in your sacred place,
Not Parties, Men, or Places. Lead on the race.
Your country calls---the World is calling the---
Good Abraham, Lane and Lane. Put it through!"

ARMY LETTERS.

The Storm at Hatteras---a Land-lubber's Experience.

[Correspondence of the *Star & Chronicle*.]

Hatteras Inlet, W. I. evening, Jan. 15, 1862.

Writing, as I do now, not knowing how this is to go, or whether it will go at all, and with no prospect of knowing that it will reach you, is like talking in the dark to one that can't answer you. However, as the wrecked seaman, expecting every moment to go down, writes his message on a scrap, seals it in a bottle, and casts it into the Ocean, if perchance some passing vessel may see it, or some friendly tide may bear it to the shore, so I, more in faith than hope, write this to you. I can't help contrasting my feeling, last Sunday evening about sunset, with my feelings just now. Then, standing on the hurricane deck of the Cossack as she went bounding over rolling waves, I was looking at the quiet, lovely sunset, the gold and orange arch, glowing just above the low reach of sand, on which stood the Hatteras light-house, its white shaft piercing the centre of the arch, and naught else to be seen, not a tree or shrub, nor thing of life---naught else seen on the white beach, save here and there the wrecks of vessels, their black hulks, dis-jointed ribs and scattered spars showing that the caravan of civilization passes this way---intense in its quiet and loneliness---in strong contrast, too, with the tossing of the waters. That golden, glowing arch, seemed as if it were above the gateway leading to the happier land. One thought of the visions of his early boyhood, when he sat and watched the western sky at sunset. The fact that we were an armed expedition, recurred only as a vague dream. To-night, in a crowded fleet in the small harbor---in constant danger of collision---weather varying every hour---wind blowing all the time and from every point of the compass---scarcely free from one collision, and breathing freely, until some other brig, or schooner, or gun-boat comes boring into us---for two days watching the terrible breakers, which we have happily past---watching the stranded steamship *City of New York*---the seas dashing over her---the sailors clinging to her rigging and sides---none daring to venture to her relief---watching half our fleet lying outside, rolling, pitching and tossing among the mad waves---our partner, the *Scout*, among the number---not daring to come in---in as much danger outside---holding our breath when they attempt---cheering when they were through safely. Indeed the constant recurrence of danger and dangerous scenes, is vividly in contrast with that quiet Sunday evening. That evening we steamed gaily up past the light-house; the little *Picket*, on which we could see Gen. Burnside, steamed round us once---aye, she looked a gallant bark, as she ploughed through the waves that seemed eager to swallow her. She is owned and commanded by Capt. Ives, a man of wealth, who offered himself and boat to the Government, and received a Captain's commission. Beyond us, a mile or more, perhaps, we saw the black hull of the *Northerner* turn and come back---we little knew, that, as she turned so proudly, she received a wrench, that might have sent her to the bottom---breaking her bay frame, one of the arches that hold the ship together. No other vessels were in sight. We turned too, the Captain preferring to lay off and on that night, to anchoring. Hatteras is not the coast where you can lie idle by. Rough at all times, constantly recurring winds make it a most uncomfortable place to sojourn even. The winds howled the whole night. The calm sunset was a quiet, barefaced lie. The vessel tossed and rocked and moaned as in a delirium.

In the landlocked harbor of Hampton roads, *last Saturday*, Jan. 11th, came to us a splendid glorious day. With not a ripple on its surface, our surf-boat gaily skimmed its waters, to land us on the white shore, by the frowning Fortress Monroe. It was really astonishing---its ramparts---its armament---its hot shot furnace---its rifling foundry---its mile and a half around it---its eighty acres enclosed, its live oaks, growing so peacefully inside, in despite of the bustle of war---its broad, deep moat. Down on the sanded shore, close to the water edge, outside the walls, just beyond the Light house, was the big Union gun, and beside it, on the sand, not mounted, the Floyd. Over on the other side, about two or three miles, across a spread of water, is Camp Hamilton, and the ruins of Hampton---its tall, ghostly chimneys, only, standing. The Tenth N. Y. or National Zouaves, light Blue uniform---a Sell-River cap---about two companies of regulars, garrison the place. We spent a pleasant forenoon---our officers' commissary lays in provisions for one day. It looks as if we would be here till Wednesday next, at least. We enjoy our dinner mightily, and the afternoon is spent pleasantly, loitering from cabin to deck---looking at the Rip-Raps---looking at Sewall's Point---seeing the little Rebel steamer come out from somewhere behind Craney Island, with Rebel flag, red and blue fore, and white flag aft---fires a gun---and a white steamer goes out to meet her; she fires another gun, and retires. Just at supper, after we had planned several expeditions for the next several days, and the officers' commissary had made up his mind what amount of provisions he would lay in, and discussed the question whether the grocery would be open on Sunday, or whether Monday would not do as well, a schooner comes along side and commenced putting on water; and a steam tug on the other, and puts on one day's allowance of beef; and Lieut. Reno comes on board, and tells the Colonel to get up steam, and be off as quick as he can, handing him sealed orders, to be opened when he gets out---somewhere. About 10 o'clock, then, we go on deck---a bright moon-lit night, with many, many stars, reproduced over again down in the calm, deep waters.

The anchor is heaved. We watch which way she heads. It turns toward Newport News. Is it James River? No, that is but to turn around. She heads to the Bay---past the Light House---past the light boat---out into the Bay---out toward the Ocean! Now, we had been discussing where we should go. The reporter for the *Inquirer* was sure we were going to a little bay behind Norfolk; another, that we were going up the Rappahannock; a third, up James River---(they go by the nicknames of "Rappahannock" and "James River," now); another, to Savannah. The Colonel stood quietly by, and hearing our discussion said, "We are going out to sea," he would tell us our destination in the morning, and retired to his berth, leaving us in doubt whether he was not punning.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 26th---we could scarcely see outside the guards, the fog was so very dense. We stopped until afternoon, keeping the whistle blowing; it broke away, and we steamed ahead until sunset.

Monday morning, Jan. 13.---Oh, what an awful sight, to some whose stomachs would ne'er let them rest! I had slept through it all, but at last pulled aside the curtains of my berth, to see wo-begone countenances---rushing to and fro---doleful sounds of wrenching---whew! what a sea-sick party! Trunks and stools making gyrations---getting in the road of those especially who were rushing aft---bowls hugged with affectionate eagerness---most aggravating of all, Lieut's Shorkley and Illair, rejoicing in the strength of their stomachs, in perfect health. Without a suspicion of ill luck, I jumped out---had an amusing time putting my pants on, getting one foot thro' a railing once instead---never knew the difficulty of putting on a leather stock before, in a rough sea. Went aft to wash---returned for a towel---was seized with a burning sensation in the pit of the stomach---rushed out desperately, to find it only a gag. Got out astern---stood there an hour, watching the ships of the fleet, and the sea-gulls that followed us, never resting. We were just opposite the Light House again, but much further out than last night, and out, too, of the heavy breakers. But in there are nine steamers in the worst of seas. The white *Eastern Queen* passes the others, and we forget her to watch them. Next comes the *George Peabody*, with the big Indian on his bow, the little *Picket* made fast by a bawser and working her little stern-paddle, rolling until its sides dipped, but she puffed away. The other propellers rolled like logs. We crossed the bow of the *Peabody* as she made out (or we made in, I can't tell which.) The little black gun-boat comes dashing out thro' the waves. The *Spaulding* came up in front of us; we laid to; the black lugger hails the Spaulding; the Picket disengages from the Peabody, and makes for the turmoil of waters; the spray dashes over her. The lugger hails us, asking our draft? "Eight feet." "Too much sea to go over." We watch the Spaulding: she makes for the Inlet---passes through. We had held our breaths---it was the wildest water I had ever seen---there were no set, heavy swells, but every breaker, gathering up its force from the deep, struck the way its own mad pleasure dictated; there were collisions---then they chased each other straight ahead, then diagonally, until they got inextricably mixed, and raised such a rumpus as ne'er was seen. We started, too---a mad ride over those mad waves---and landed safely in the Inlet. The *Picket* went thro' like a diver. Others followed us safely, except the ill-fated steamer *City of New York*. We saw her anchored at Hatteras on Sunday afternoon. Why she, with a draught of 15½ feet, should try a channel but 17 feet, during such a storm, is a mystery to pilots. This morning, we are startled to hear that four men came in from her: they are cold, and wet, and wondered why aid was not sent before: need they wonder, when they stove two boats, and only succeeded in getting thro' in the third? We watched them yesterday, anxiously, but relief was impossible. The Captain mans his boat, and the mate, our surgeon, and the *Tribune* reporter (Mr. Orent) go out. Other boats are shoving out. That little egg-shell from the white schooner near by, drops down after our heavy boat is gone, but passes her: soon after, the Captain returns, the white boat ahead of him, full of men dripping wet and shivering. "Cheer those men in the white boat!" the Captain shouts to us, and we answer with a heavy, hearty cheer. But, standing aft, do you see yonder boat dancing and bounding in the waves? It is in the channel, too, but too far among the breakers---it disappears, but we think nothing of it, as that is the way they go through there. But a steam-tug comes along, towing the *Highlander*, and on the latter's deck are two bodies they are rubbing and chafing---the dropped jaws, the white feet, (by the coats hung on the rigging, we can see they are Officers)---they carry them below, all hope gone: those are the remains of Col. Allen, of the 9th N.J. Reg., and his Surgeon, *drowned*. But we have little leisure to gaze idly at them; we are ourselves in trouble. The brig *Hope* swings around, pokes her nose into our wheel-house, and then commences rooting and rubbing from there to the stern, poking in our windows, tearing off our guards, punching in our state rooms, and has the impudence to break in Capt. Bell's berth in the ladies' cabin. After a great fuss, she is towed off, and we have moved away out so as not to be bothered---have sustained no material damage, but a little schooner has anchored in here again to the annoyance of our Captain.

PAMLICO SOUND, Jan. 22.

"Well, boys, are you enjoying yourselves this morning?" "Yes, sir, how is your health?" "Feel pretty bright---they weren't drivin' me 'round last night." We were sitting on the hurricane deck of the little steamer Pauxuxent, from Philad. For the third time we had been put on there, from the Cossack, while working the latter off. This was the first fine day we had had for a week---a real summer day---the wind had ceased to blow at Hatteras. Capt. Bennet---a short, red-faced man, with gray hairs, weather beaten, but handling his boat as easy as a toy---had been sent by the Government, with the Pauxuxent, and other vessels, to Port Royal---they put into Hatteras owing to stress of weather, (a sorry put it was, to them.) ---they were just the boats Gen. Burnside needed, and he impressed them. Several days Capt. Bennet had worked with us, but this was the only one we met with real success: "Well, boys, said he, "we are getting along like some people go to Heaven---we get there by degrees. I've been a branch pilot sixteen years, and run this boat five years, but I never saw such weather at Hatteras as all last week. I put in here for want of coal---and they've been dev'lin' me 'round ever since." His description of his interview with Gen Reno (who threatened him with a court martial for running his boat aground) was comical especially in his manner of telling. "Drat it! I don't know anything about this harbor---it changes every day---sand shoals---an old chum told me about the tide here, and I wouldn't believe him---why," says he, and gave his quid of tobacco an extra grind, "when it's high tide it's low water, and low tide it's high water---I never saw such a place." He never moved without an order, and appeared to have court martial always before him. "Now, young man! drat it, where's that young man---what's his name---young man, what'll I do next?" he would inquire of Lieut. Morris, who had charge of the boat. It was fun to see him dance on the hurricane deck, as we would crash around among the boats, at some critical moment, "Hard starboard there! nobody about? haul hard your bow-line! drat it, nobody there?" His boat is almost knocked to pieces, and requires the nicest management.

When we were first taken off the Cossack, she went up and turned around to try the first shoal of the channel---the Captain put on steam and went at the rate of 20 miles an hour. Two schooners escaped destruction by a hair's-breadth. The captain of one came rushing out, dishabille, evidently having been scared out of bed---held his breath, hair on end, fingers sticking straight out, until the danger was over; then he cursed and swore, until he made everything else stand on end, strutting up and down his deck, apparently forgetting he was *sans culotte*. The second mate said he had been on the Cossack six years, in the worst storms of the Maine Coast, but never felt as he did then. Gen. Reno was on the Pauxuxent with us, and fairly danced as the Cossack went over. She lay aground there until the next tide---then we got up to the last bar---this took three or four days. When up to the last bar, we all felt she was safe in going in. The *Pioneer* was then aground, but moved just as we got fast. She moved, we cheered, and we watched her until she went gallantly into the Sound. Tuesday night, about 8 o'clock, a little fleet of tug boats came around us. Our men were put on the *Union*---baggage on another---water blown out of her boilers, and a desperate effort appeared to be in prospect. It was very dark, and it looked black and dreary. "Good night, old 'Cossacks,'" our Captain said, as we dropped astern. Then, there was considerable noise, confusion, yelling, &c., to get the tugs fast. We then dropped further astern into the deeper darkness. There were two decks, covered. Five hundred of us---just room enough for the men to put down the knapsack and sit on it. We expected to be on board the Cossack by 2 o'clock at furthest. The first three hours went by merry enough. The singing was fine; gradually it became quiet---men dozed, sitting on their knapsacks---slid off, piled up on each other, got legs, heads, and arms, mixed---looked like a matting. I lay down outside with a blanket. It began to rain, and I went below to the furnace, and just got room enough to sit on, and for the point of my elbow to lean on. It poured down---about a dozen, sleeping, out, were wakened up, came crawling in over us, got down into the fire place, the water ran in along the deck, and wet us---then the fireman had to get up steam, and the dozen men had to crawl back over us, dragging their arms and accoutrements, and knapsack---oh, it was a night of intense discomfort to all of us. Half the time our limbs were asleep as well as our bodies, and it would be impossible to change our position. Just think of a restless mackerel, about the middle of a barrel---what chance would he have to turn around, if he got tired lying one way all the time? But we are amply repaid. The Union takes us out to the "off Co-oahs" about 8 o'clock the next morning, anchored in the Sound, with ample sea room.

We came to the Inlet on Monday, 13th---Wednesday, the 22d, we got into the Sound---*nine days making a trip of a half mile!*---The story of our trials and discomforts is that of the fleet. There were very few vessels of light enough draft. The schooner on which the Signal Corps embarked, has not been heard from. (Lucky pop for Beaver that he got a permit to sail with us.) You know we all came here with our pockets full of money---no place to spend it---it was the most trying time I have seen. Speculation got rife. Some invested in various things bought of the Sutler, and sold for fabulous prices. I saw one man carrying a box of cigars around for sale actually buy cigars of another man for the sake of spending his money. The most laughable speculation was Dick's---Richard Langley. He bought a box of cigars of the Sutler for $5.00---100 in the box---and went up stairs, which was all crazy with bargain and sales, and was retailing his cigars at 3 cents a-piece. The Sutler happened to see him, told him of it---he managed to get out with losing only 23 cents.

J. M. L.

Latest News

Union forces have penetrated between Fort Pulaski and the City of Savannah---thus gaining a chance to take the City without the delay and the danger of first reducing the Fort.

Dispatches, dated Jan. 26, from Commodore Goldsborough, in command of the naval part of the Burnside expedition, state that much has been done to repair damages. All the vessels have passed the shallow entrance into Hatteras Inlet, but two, of little importance. The fleet has entire possession of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, and a joint movement is confidently expected. He adds that any decided approach now to that quarter on the part of the rebels, with all the forces they can muster, would, to a moral certainty, result in their speedy capture and destruction.

FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 31.---The steamer Ericsson from Hatteras, arrived this afternoon with the D'Epineuil Zouaves. The Ericsson left on Wednesday afternoon, not being able to get over the bar. She brings no news except that the Expedition was about to move to its destination.

A dispatch from St. Louis states that large bodies of Federal troops are moving from different points in the direction of Springfield, where Gen. Price is encamped with a force of about ten thousand men.

If Hoofland's Balsamic Cordial will not cure in the last stages of Consumption, we know from experience it affords great relief.

Dyspepsia is a difficult disease to cure, but HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will soon overcome it. Read the Advt in another column.

$25! *EMPLOYMENT!* $75!
AGENTS WANTED.

We will pay from $25 to $75 per month---and all expenses---to active Agents, or give a Commission. Particulars sent free. Address "Elm Sewing Machine Company, E. JAMES, General Agent, Milan, Ohio." 9m9

MARRIED.

By A. W. Smith, Esq., 25th ult., MARTIN MILLS and JANE OVERLAND, both of White Deer Tp.

On the 23d inst., by Rev. A. D. Rowe, CHARLES W. SMITH and Miss MARY E. REEDER, both of Northumberland Co., Pa.

By Rev. J. O. Dale, 30th ult., JOHN A. SUMMERS and Miss ELIZ. A. SMITH, all of Milton.

By Rev. Mr. Court, 23d ult., WILLIAM KLAPP and Miss ELIZA ESTERLY, both of Turbut.

By Rev. T. T. Price, 23d inst., JOHN W. WAGNER and Miss MAGGIE A. COTNER, of Limestone, Montour Co.

By the same, 23d ult., JAMES S. HOOLEY and Miss ADALINE GRAFF, both of White Deer Tp.

By Rev. G. W. M'Cracken, 6th inst., ISAAC NEFF and Miss EMILIE GERHARDT, both of Montour County.

By Isaac Bodine, Esq., 12th ult., JACOB KRANSTETTER and Miss LUCY ANN BECKLEY, of Chapman Tp.

Died,

In Milton, 19th ult., in her 41st year, REBECCA R. (Country Rhoads,) wife of A. S. Caspar.

In Williamsport, 20th ult., THOMAS, son of Rev. Thomas and Temperance Mitchell, aged 1 yr. 1 mo. 7 da.

In Turbut, 27th ult., WM. DYER, in his 26th yr.

In Montour Tp., WM. ROWEL, aged about 30 yrs.

In Perry Tp., JOHN P. GEARHAN, in his 64th year.

In Derry, Mifflin Co., 17th ult., Judge SAMUEL ALEXANDER, aged 72 years.

In Milton, Mifflin Co., 25th ult., aged about 48 yrs., JACOB LIGHTH, Sen'r, a Captain of Volunteers in 1812.

PRIME clean Timothy Seed for sale by
Jno H Goodman.

Time-Table---Lewisburg R.R. Station.

MOVING NORTH.

Freight & Accom'n passes Lewisburg		7:55 A M
Mail Train	do	4:08 P M
Night Express	do	11:18 P M

MOVING SOUTH.

Mail train	passes Lewisburg	9:18 A M
Freight & Accommodation	do	5:02 P M
Night Express	do	11:29 P M

Lewisburg Market.

Corrected Weekly

Wheat	$1 12	Eggs	$ 12
Rye	55	Tallow	8
Corn	45	Lard	8
Oats	28	Ham	12
Flaxseed	1 50	Shoulder & Side	8 & 9
Dried Apples	$1 25	Cloverseed	$4 00
Firkin Butter	10	Potatoes	50
Fresh Butter	14	Country Soap	4 & 6
Hogs	no sale		

A NEW TOP BUGGEY

FOR SALE LOW, or exchange for a good Horse, by KREMER, M'CLURE & CO.
January 7, 1862.

Notice---School.

THE undersigned will open a Select School in the Town Hall, Lewisburg, on the 2d Monday in April. Length of term, 5 months. Com. Eng. Read. Pen. Gram. Geo. Arith. &c. Higher branches (not included above) 2d. No deduction except in protracted sickness. No extra charges. JOHN A. OWENS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

To all whom it may concern: Whereas, by article of agreement entered into by James S. Marsh, Elisha C. Marsh, Charles C. Marsh and Elisha Straub, late partners, doing business under the firm name of Marsh Straub & Co., dated March 14, 1861, the said firm was dissolved by mutual consent---the said Straub having withdrawn as a member of said firm, after the date of said agreement, of which the public will please take notice.

ELISHA STRAUB.

Late of the firm of Marsh, Straub & Co., Mt. Ety., Lancaster.

Attention, Everybody!

The subscriber having leased the LEWISBURG MILLS of Chamberlin Bros., and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, is prepared to do all kinds of CUSTOM and MERCHANT WORK in his line.

Persons supplied with FLOUR at the shortest possible notice. CHOPPING in quick time and at the lowest rates.

A Wagon will be run for the accommodation of the public.

The highest CASH prices paid for all kinds of GRAIN.

WILLIAM DREISBACH.

Lewisburg, Jan. 20, 1862.

INSURANCE.

WEST BRANCH Insurance Company, of Lock Haven, Pa.

Insures Property in both Town and Country on as reasonable Terms as any other good Company.

The large increase of Premium Notes makes it a reliable Company to insure in.

Amount of Premium Notes now in force, $386,000.00

J. W. CHAPMAN, Sec.---G. C. HAVEN, Pres.

LARISON PROSS, Agent,

Dec 16, 1861] Lewisburg

FOR SALE!

A NEW TOP BUGGEY, latest style, cheap for Cash or approved note. Apply to JOHN B. LINN, Lewisburg

TRIENNIAL ASSESSMENT,
UNION COUNTY, 1861.

STATEMENT, pursuant to Law, of the aggregate value of all property, real and personal, and objects and things (except watches) within each Township and Borough, in the county of Union, subject to taxation, by the laws of this Commonwealth, whether for State, County, Township or Borough purposes, made and returned by the respective Assessors of the aforesaid townships and boroughs to the Commissioners at their office in Lewisburg.

We, the undersigned, in accordance with the provisions contained in the 11th section of the act entitled "An Act to provide for the ordinary expenses of the government, payment of the interest of the State debt," &c., approved the 27th day of July, 1842, publish the foregoing statement; and at the same time HEREBY GIVE PUBLIC NOTICE, That on Tuesday, the 18th of February next, the Commissioners will meet at their office in Lewisburg, for the purpose of determining whether any of the valuations of the Assessors have been made below a just rate, according to the meaning and intention of the law---prior to which time, they will receive and consider the written communication of any taxable inhabitant of the county, relative to any property which such taxable inhabitant shall believe to have been reduced too low. Information is respectfully solicited.

Given under our hands, at our Office at Lewisburg, the 6th day of January, 1862

DAVID H. KELLY,
FREDK BOLENDER, } Comm'rs
J. M. WALTER,

Attest: A. KENNEDY, Clerk

FRENCH ENGLISH

Real Estate.

Adj'd Orphans' Court Sale.

WILL be offered at Public Sale on **Saturday, 8th Feb.** 1862, that

MIFFLINBURG REAL ESTATE,

late the property of JOHN REBER, dec'd---excepting the part of No. 4 adjoining Cha's H. Shriner---heretofore advertised in Bills and in this paper.

Sale to commence at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, when terms of sale will be made known by

CONRAD SHECKLER, } Administrators.
DANIEL REBER, }

TO BE RENTED,
On Shares or for Cash,

THE large Saw-Mill and 300 Acres of adjoining Timber Land and the Farm of 140 Acres, on Penns Creek, fully described in the offer "For Sale," in the *Star & Chronicle*, signed HUGH BELLAS. Apply to him personally or by letter to his Agent in Mifflinburg, Union county---

For Farm, Shares half. Saw Mill and Timber, Cash $500, or shares half the lumber.

Sunbury, Jan. 20, 1862

FOR RENT.

THE Large Frame DWELLING on Market street, between 4th and 5th, south side, suitable for two families. For further particulars, inquire of

Jan. 17 J. B. M'LAUGHLIN, Agent

Western Lots, for sale cheap.

LOT 6, blk 142, $80---lot 12, blk 264, $40---lot 2, blk 10, $30---lot 15, blk 21, $30---in DAKOTA CITY, (a County seat and Land Office site) Nebraska Territory.

Also 3 Lots in the town of SPENCER, the seat of justice for Clay county, on the line of the Dubuque Railroad, at $30 each.

JOHN B. LINN, Lewisburg.

July 2, 1861. Agent for Purchasers at Abroad.

FOR RENT.

FROM 1st of April next, that newly-built BRICK HOUSE on the River Road in the South Ward, now occupied by Prof. Held. Inquire of Mrs. VINCENT

Lewisburg, Dec. 16, 1861

Tavern Stand for Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale that valuable HOUSE, with Stable, Shed and two Lots of Ground, situate on the Turnpike (on the main street) in the Borough of Hartleton, Union Co., now occupied by Dav. Moyer. Terms easy. Inquire of or address

HENRY WHITMER,
Att'y of John Witt, Esq., dec'd
Hartleton, March 20, 1861 mtf

FOR SALE.

THE Store-Room lately occupied by A. M. Lawshe. Inquire of

J. M. LINN.

Lewisburg, May 27, 1861.

Land Warrant for Forty Acres

FOR SALE.---Enquire at the Office of the *Star & Chronicle*, Lewisburg.

New Stand---New Goods!

JOSEPH L. HAWN having taken the rooms under the Telegraph and Chronicle offices, refitted them, and filled in an extensive variety of

Hats, Caps, Gentlemen's Clothing, &c.

Also a large and splendid stock of CLOTHS CASSIMERES, &c., which he will *make up to order*, as he still continues the Tailoring Business. He is prepared to execute all work entrusted to his care, to the satisfaction of the customer.

N. B. Cutting and Repairing as done to order. [Lewisburg, April 10, 1861

NOTICE!

THE Books and Accounts of

Dr. T. S. CHRIST

have been placed in my hands for collection---of which all interested will please take notice.

JOHN B. LINN

Lewisburg, Nov. 23, 1861

TIMES BRIGHTENING!!

NEW STORE IN A NEW PLACE!
AND A
NEW HAND AT THE YARD-STICK.

B. FRANK. HURSH, having opened a

DRY GOODS STORE,

in CRISWELL'S NEW BUILDING, Market street, (nearly opposite the old Hayes stand,) will be happy to attend to the wants of all his friends who may be pleased to favor him with their custom.

He has now on hand a well-selected stock of everything which may classed under the general head of Dry Goods.

Lewisburg, Sept. 10, '61 B. F. HURSH.

The HOWARD and HOPE Express Companies

EXPRESSES Daily to and from any portion of the United States or Canadas. Office at DUNCAN & HARRIS' Drug Store, Lewisburg

DIVIDEND.

THE DIMES SAVING INSTITUTION OF LEWISBURG has this day declared a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT. on the am't of Capital Stock paid in---payable in ten days from date. H. P. SHELLEE,

Lewisburg, Nov. 7, 1861. Treasurer

MASON & CO. S.S. PIERCE

ENGRAVERS and STATIONERS,

907 Chestnut St. *Philadelphia.*

Wedding Cards engraved and printed at the shortest notice. A very full assortment of FINE Stationery always on hand. Initials to order, and every variety of Engraving, artistically executed. Any style of Paper and Envelopes made to order. June 25, 1861

FURNITURE WAREHOUSE,

on Market Square, Lewisburg.

A good supply of Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Stands, &c., on hand or made to order by [8m6] DAVID GINTER

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