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., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1859.

THE UNION—ESTABLISHED, 1814—WHOLE No., 2,360.

CHRONICLE—ESTABLISHED, 1843—WHOLE No., 788.

Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, to be paid IN ADVANCE—and at the same rate for a longer or shorter period. Thus, 50 cts will pay for four months, 75 cts for six months, 1 dol. for eight months, 2 dol. for sixteen months, 3 dol. for two years, $5 for four copies one year, $10 for ten copies one year, &c. Single No. 3 cts. Payments by mail (paid) required in gold, postage stamps, or bank notes at their value here. Most kinds Produce received at the office.

☞ When the time expires, for which a paper is paid, (unless we have a running account) it is STOPPED.

ADVERTISING neatly and tastefully published, at 50 cts per square one week, 25 cts each after insertion, 3 dol. for six months, 5 dol. per year. Half a square—30 cts, 15 cts, 2 dol, 3 dol. A quarter square—1 dol, 2 dol, 3 dol. Merchants, &c. not over one-fourth of a column, 10 dol. per year. Other sizes &c. as may be agreed upon. A square is 12 lines or smallest type, or 10 of next larger. Advertisements inf Generalizing tendency, and large cuts, not admitted.

Communications desired on topics of general interest and accompanied by the writer's real name and address.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is posted in the Office of the Sheriff Assoc. by which we often insert important News in advance of the Penna. Mails.

Connected with the office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞ Usual Advertisements to be paid for when handed in, and Job Work when delivered.

All Bills rendered in PRINTING.

☞ OFFICE on Market Square, northside, second story

Worden & Cornelius.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MAY 16, 1859.

MILITARY.—The elections for all commissioned Officers of the Volunteers throughout the State, except Major Generals, will take place on the first Monday in June next. These officers are elected for five years. The Major Generals are elected, July following, by the commissioned officers.

STATE SENATE.—The terms of *eleven* Senators expired with the last session—Messrs. Wright and Randall, of Philadelphia; Fetter of Perry and Cumberland; Brewer of Franklin and Adams; Steele of Luzerne; and Creswell of Blair; Democrats, in all *six*—and Messrs. Gazzam, of Allegheny; Coffey of Indiana; Myer of Bradford; Seefield of Warren; and Harris of Butler; Republicans, in all *five*. Those holding over are equally divided, eleven Republicans to eleven Democrats. The five Republican districts they will certainly carry, as they are all strongly Republican. Cumberland and Perry last Fall gave Porter 147 maj. over Read, but all the other districts went Opposition. With ordinary prudence and energy, our next State Senate must be Republican.

☞ It was for some time thought that James Buchanan was the last "old Federalist" in public life. But this appears to be a mistake. A correspondent of the Williamsport *Press* states that Capt. WM. P. BRADY, who for so many years, under every administration, has been unanimously elected to oversee the Senate chamber of Pennsylvania, declares himself a "*Black Cockade Federalist*,"—nothing more, nothing less—eschewing all 'isms, 'crats, and other new fangled inventions. Well, he is an excellent officer, anyhow, and as "he fought so brave at Erie," and wears a silver medal as a memento of the fact, the Captain has a perfect right to be just what he pleases! (Be it understood, however, the Captain is *not* a Buchanan man.)

Decline of Agriculture.

Some of our Western free trade cotemporaries appear to be considerably befogged in contemplating the statistics of agriculture; and, instead of taking pains to inform themselves with regard to the causes of the comparative decline in this important department of industry, they are endeavoring to scold people into engaging in unprofitable employments. Here is an extract from an article by one of these teachers of political economy:

"AGRICULTURE UNPOPULAR.—It appears from carefully revised tables upon the subject, that there is a marked falling off in agricultural pursuits of late years, both in the Old and New World, induced, no doubt, by the great desire to live easily and live lazily; to get office, if possible, and hold on to it as to an heir-loom. The discrepancy can scarcely be accounted for in any other way. It works by rote; and the desire to evade hard labor is growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength, in the face of facts going to show that the average of life in the rural employments is far above that of any other branch of business—professional, mercantile, or mechanical.

"In 1830, the agricultural population showed 77 per cent, male and female, while that of 1840 exhibited the ratio of agriculturists at 45 per cent. of the entire population, with increase of perhaps not less than 5,000,000 in the ten years."

We think there must be some mistake, either in that 77 or 45—which, we do not know, but there could not have been a falling off of 32 per cent. Yet the truth is obvious, that there are too many men living off the working population through the medium of speculations and taxes of various kinds, direct and indirect. On the whole, Farming is the most profitable, happy and independent pursuit, as well as the most honest, but not the most popular among the ill-judging.

"Sad fares the land, to threatening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, but man decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can break them as a breath hath made;
But a bold yeomanry, a country's pride,
When once 't is lost, can never be supplied."

The New York correspondent of The Kentucky *Free South* advocates the following nominations for 1860: For President, N. P. Banks of Massachusetts; for Vice President, Cassius M. Clay of Ky.

"THAT SAME OLD COON."—Col. Slifer, the State Treasurer, has completed the organization of his "Cabinet" by the appointment of Mr. Jacob Koon, Messenger.

The Gulf Stream...Visit to Gen. Urquiza...His Wealth ...Presents...The Squadron breaks up...the Fulton's Progress Homeward...Coal and Steamer Swindles on our Government.

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

U. S. STEAMER FULTON, at Sea.
Off Cape Hatteras, April 28, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS: "There is a River in the Ocean. In the severest droughts, it never fails; and in the mightiest floods, it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the GULF STREAM. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters." As I am having this one-sided chat with you, we are rushing across the deep blue waters of this mighty river, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. At this place, its breadth is estimated at about seventy-five miles; its depth, seven hundred feet; and its current, at about three knots an hour. We will soon be across it, and ploughing the waters of the Chesapeake, and then of the Potomac.

We are bound for Washington. When I last wrote to you, we were in the La Plata, at Rosario, coaling ship preparatory to our visit up the Uraguay river, on a visit to Gen. Urquiza. He is the President of the Argentine Confederation, and has been many years the most prominent actor in the many tragic revolutions of these southern nations. We met him in Paraguay, when he urged the invitation of a visit. Of course, the visit was more of a political or national affair, than social.

The Fulton and Water Witch were the only vessels that went up the Uraguay: they were also the only ones to go up the Paraguay. The Commissioner and Commodore were accompanied by as many of the officers from each ship as could be spared from duty. They were entertained, in munificent style, for several days, at his *estancia*, which is about twenty-one miles from Conception. Urquiza is probably the wealthiest man on the Western Hemisphere. He estimates his land by the *square league*, and his cattle, horses, and sheep by the *hundreds of thousands*. As a memento of our visit, he presented Com. Shubrick with a splendid sword, valued at about *three thousand dollars*. It was received with the understanding that this presentation must be sanctioned by Congress before it becomes valid.

After our treaty with Paraguay, Lopez presented us with several thousand dollars worth of *yerba mate* or Paraguay tea; but we were not allowed to keep it. If retained, this would have been put under the same restriction as the sword. I would have liked to have kept my share. I could then have "stood treat" for all Lewisburg to a cup of tea.

Our stay in the Uraguay was short, and we returned to Montevideo. Here we resigned the honor of being flag ship of the Paraguay Expedition and Brazil Squadron, by the transfer of our flag to the Frigate Sabine.

I will not boast much of the warlike appearance of that fleet of seventeen sail. It was not such as would make an American abroad feel proud of his country. We parted company with the gallant Shubrick and suit, also with Commissioner Bowlin, with regret. Being ordered to return home in company with the Waterwitch, we remained there about two weeks, until she was ready for sea. We had a lively time there, as the Americans numbered about twenty-five hundred all told.

With the exception of some bad weather, shortly after we left Montevideo, we have been highly favored in this respect. We stopped at the island of St. Catharine, at Pernambuco, and at Barbadoes, for coal, spending a few days in each port pleasantly.

Allow me to take this opportunity of letting some of my Pennsylvania friends know how grossly the reputation of our anthracite coal, for the use of the Navy, has been assailed. The Government has had several thousand tons of our anthracite coal selected and exported especially for the use of this expedition. It has cost, as nearly as I ascertain, from fifteen to twenty-four dollars per ton before being delivered aboard of our steamers, at our coaling stations, for use. This great cost arises, it is true, principally, from transportation. But what I wish to draw your attention to, is that a great portion of it was of the most inferior quality. We frequently had to throw at least forty per cent. overboard as waste. Do you ask the reason? I reply, incompetency or rascality in the persons who selected the coal. As a Pennsylvanian, I feel greatly interested in this matter. The Keystone State can, and should furnish our Navy with coal. She can do it far cheaper and give us a better article for our purposes, than any other country. We are now consuming thousands of tons of British coal, annually, which Pennsylvania might furnish, provided honest and capable men had the management of its selection and purchase. Coal for our use *must be of a superior quality*. An inferior article takes up too much space aboard ship, and will not pay for exportation. Our Steam Navy is rapidly increasing. Pennsylvania! look to your interests, and let us have your coal, not slate and dust.

By this time, I suppose, all of our steamers of the Paraguay Fleet, excepting the Metacomet, are on their way home. The boiler of that steamer has been condemned as unseaworthy, so that she will remain at Montevideo until further orders from home. The charter of this old craft has been a base swindle upon the purses of the people. In fact, all of the chartered steamers have cost enormously, and I fear would have been found very inefficient in case of action. A glance at them has given foreigners quite a favorable opinion of the *pluck* of our Navy but at the expense of our *skill* and *good judgement*. Better days are dawning. Our new steamers will partially wipe out the disgrace... "There goes eight bells," and I must make the best of our bad anthracite for the next four hours.

Respectfully yours, G.

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given ere I go,
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears,
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest!
Let me kiss away thy tears;
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day,
It may have an angel's blessing
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair—

If a cherub calls thee "father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first born; O, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother,
You will call her by my name!
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;
If she errs, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets
When my voice in blessing falls,
And her soft black eyes will brighten
With wonder whence it came;
In my heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blots it,
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncancelled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bending low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right hand angel,
Sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeeds unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!
Oh, love the jewel given us,
As I love thee—next to God!

THE THUNDER STORM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; it began to rain, to lighten, and to thunder, fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole, in an old oak tree, not far from the roadside. He did not know that lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But, all at once, he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! come, oh! come out quickly!" Frank jumped instantly from the tree, but scarcely had his feet touched the ground when the lightning struck the tree, and the thunder crashed frightfully. The ground quaked beneath the terrified boy, and it seemed as if he was standing in the midst of fire. But he was not hurt at all, and he exclaimed with raised hands, "That voice came from heaven! Thou, O dear Lord, hast saved me!" But once more the voice was heard—"Frank! Frank! do you not hear me?" He looked around him, and discovered a peasant woman who was calling. Frank ran towards her, and said, "Here I am, what do you want of me?" The woman replied, "I did not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the geese, yonder by the brook, and must have hidden himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See! there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had taken her voice for a voice from heaven. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly, and said, "Oh! my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of the poor peasant woman. It was He who willed that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

"Yes, yes," said Frank, "God served himself of your voice, but my escape, nevertheless, came from heaven."

—Always remember, dear reader! that your safety depends not on accident or chance, but it proceeds directly from your Heavenly Father, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

How little is known of what is in the bosoms of those around us! We might explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often, where we hate, love, when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

The European War...Position of the Contending Powers.

No complication of human affairs could be more exciting and tragic than such a general war as now threatens Europe. That it will inflict incalculable misery upon millions of men, is inevitable. That it may uproot existing dynasties, destroy political divisions that have been the work of centuries, and re-construct the map of Europe, is not improbable. That it may give to the down-trodden nations of the Old World extended political liberty and substantial rewards for the terrible evils which the strife, let it result as it will, must entail upon them, is possible. If the latter end is accomplished, the war will serve a useful and beneficent perpose; if it is not, it will prove, like many bloody struggles which have preceded it, but another carnival of fiendish carnage, disgraceful to the character, and unworthy of the dignity, of man.

The immediate parties to the war are France, Sardinia, and Austria, and the immediate pretext for it is the Italian policy of the two latter Powers. Italy, long the eynosure of the world—though she has given birth to the greatest gianis of the human race, and exercised a greater influence upon human destiny than any other portion of the globe—now lies bleeding, prostrate and helpless, a mere dependant upon the whims and caprices of nations which were once her abject provinces. Among her States, Sardinia has for some years past shone pre-eminent for the wisdom and liberality of her government. To all her just popular concessions, Austria has been strongly opposed. She has ruled her Italian dominions by despotic power, and curbed the aspirations of her oppressed subjects by the stern hand of military rule, and by savage cruelties disgraceful to the age. Her principal cause of complaint against Sardinia at this moment is, that the example of the latter, and the sympathy she has shown to the victims of Austrian despotism in the Italian States, endanger the continuance of Austrian control over its victims. The Austrian monarchy has always been distinguished for the tenacity of its hold upon its possessions. It clutches every inch of territory that it can acquire by force or fraud, with the determination of an old miser in hoarding up his precious gold; and the feelings, or the rights of the people who inhabit its provinces, are no more respected than if they were mere beasts upon the fields over which it holds dominion. In the present war, the whole royal family of Austria is said to cordially concur.

In *France*, the war is the most popular movement that Louis Napoleon ever made. With him war of some kind is to some extent, a necessity, to gratify the martial pride of his country; and he certainly could not have engaged in one that would have been more congenial to the feelings of his country. As the French troops are marshalled to the seat of war the recollection of the triumphs of the great Child of Destiny upon the same theatre is recalled, and their renewal is eagerly and confidently anticipated. In the war of France and England against Russia, Sardinia, instead of acting the selfish and cowardly part of Austria, actively participated in the struggle, and her brave troops shared in the glories of the memorable campaign in the Crimea. This claim to French sympathy has been further strengthened by the matrimonial alliance between the daughter of the King of Sardinia and Prince Napolea. Thus, France is in an admirable position to command the sympathies of her people, and to excite her troops to the display of those mighty energies, and of that wonderful military skill, which have repeatedly elicited the astonishment and admiration of the world.

Russia naturally feels anxious for revenge against Austria for her duplicity during the Crimean war, after the Russian troops had assisted to crush the Hungarian rebellion; and she also, probably, has ulterior objects.

In *Spain*, the influence of Louis Napoleon has long been of a dominant character. It is scarcely possible that she could by any means be induced to enlist against him in the present conflict. If she acts at all, she will be more apt to exert herself in his favor than against him; indeed, one of the prevailing fears in England is, that she has already entered into a secret compact with France and Russia.

In *England*, the public mind has been terribly exercised by recent events. The popular sentiment of the country demands neutrality in the contest; and when it is recollected what an immense debt she has incurred by her former interference in continental politics, and how little benefit has been realized by her people from the extraordinary expenditures to which they have been subjected, wisdom seems clearly to dictate that she should not become an active participant in the struggle. It is natural that her statesmen should have made efforts to prevent the war, for it is one in which she can gain but little, while she may lose much. In no quarter of the world has a more active sentiment against Austrian cruelties and barbarities in Italy prevailed, yet at the same time have long regarded the preservation of the Austrian Government as a necessary safe-guard to the balance of power in Europe, and many of them consider a combination between two such powerful nations as France and Russia, inimical to the safety of their own "fast-anchored isle."—*Philad. Press.*

THE EVENING HORN.

BY R. G. W. JEWELL.

The farmer at his plow doth stop,
His limbs are weak and worn;
He fain would cease his toilsome work—
But waits the Evening Horn.

Hark! from afar, a mellow sound;
On zephyr's wings 'tis borne—
"It is, it is," the farmer cries,
"It is the Evening Horn."

With joyful haste he now leaves off
His work till morrow-morn,
And next we see him on his road—
He heard the Evening Horn.

The bleating sheep now wend their way
Along the hedge of thorn,
And, by the chiming of each bell,
Answer the Evening Horn.

The grazing cattle lift their heads,
And now their pasture scorn;
Fast to the farm-house next they go—
They heard the Evening Horn.

The Two Great Parties.

To those who are in the habit of regarding the Democratic as the dominant party in the Union by numbers, as it is by apportionment, we commend the following table, compiled by the *Albany Journal* from the United States Census. The Republican States, with their respective white population, are placed in one column—the Democratic States, with their respective white population, in the other. It will be seen that the white inhabitants of the Republican States out-number those of the Democratic States in proportion of *two to one*:

Republican.		Democratic.	
Maine	581,813	Maryland	418,943
N.Hampshire	317,456	Virginia	891,800
Vermont	313,402	N. Carolina	533,008
Rhode Island	148,753	S. Carolina	274,563
Connecticut	363,099	Georgia	521,572
Massachusetts	985,440	Alabama	426,514
New York	3,048,325	Mississippi	295,781
New Jersey	456,509	Louisiana	225,491
Pennsylva.	2,258,160	Texas	154,034
Ohio	1,955,050	Arkansas	162,189
Indiana	677,154	Missouri	592,004
Illinois	846,034	Tennessee	756,836
Michigan	376,071	Kentucky	700,000
Wisconsin	304,757	California	200,000
Iowa	191,881	Florida	47,000
Minnesota	200,000	Delaware	71,169
		Oregon	40,000
	13,530,750		6,162,418

Democrats are fond of applying to their opponents the epithet of "Black Republicanism," as if they in some way derived their strength from the African race. We suggest to them a careful examination of the above figures, which show that the Republican is pre-eminently the Party of the White Men of the Union, while the Democratic only maintains its power at all by three million blacks held in slavery, which it represents in Congress and the Electoral College, although it will not allow them to vote either for Electors or Congressmen.

The Trout.

The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish; after which, both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insect, which appear to suck their substance from them. They continue until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male, they swim rapidly, and often leap like salmon, to a great height, when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout-pond, I placed 1,500 in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle-worms, raw wags, crickets, grasshoppers, &c., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed, and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound and tremble all over.—*Robert L. Peale.*

The late Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, being interrogated by a woman of his congregation as to what he meant by "catastrophe," of which he had spoken so much the previous Sabbath, explained the term to her as meaning "*the latter end of a thing.*" This satisfied the woman, who thought she might now safely introduce so fine a word into her own vocabularly. It so happened that the Doctor had to pass the woman's house that same evening, and being buried in deep thought as he rode along, he did not observe that a large thorn had been fastened to his hore's tail, until he came opposite the house and heard her shouting—"Ah, Doctor, d'ye see that big thorn at ye'r horse's *catastrophe?*"

Seward and Lincoln.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE OF POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

The Hon. Wm. H. Seward and the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, were invited to Boston to attend the celebration in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. Not being able to attend, they wrote letters which we publish. They speak the earnest, hopeful words of men who have *faith* in the truth, and its sure and certain triumph at no very distant day. Republicanism, like the Democracy of Jefferson, is founded upon the personal rights of all men, and the humblest citizen can comprehend and be made to understand them.

[FROM HON. WM. H. SEWARD.]

AUBURN, N. Y., April 5, 1859.

Gentlemen: I give you my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for your kind invitation to the festival you propose to make in honor of Thomas Jefferson, "the father of the ordinance of 1787, and the apostle of State rights." Occupation consequent on a long absence from my home, will render it impossible for me to accept this courtesy. I trust, however, that you will allow me to congratulate you on the unmistakeable evidence that the country is rapidly and surely returning to the only true national political platform laid down by Jefferson and his immortal associates in the Declaration of American Independence, namely, the rights of Human Nature. After a long season of misapprehension it is now coming to be seen that the Republican cause is at once a self-sustaining and self-expanding one, deriving its strength and vigor from the inherent principles of benevolence and jealousy of oppression. Henceforth I feel assured that it will advance until it shall be universally accepted by the people of our own country, and by all nations.

I am, gentlemen, &c.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

[FROM HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.]

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 6, 1859.

Gentlemen: Your kind note, inviting me to attend a festival in Boston, on the 13th inst., in honor of the birth day of Thomas Jefferson, was duly received. My engagements are such that I can not attend. Bearing in mind that about seventy years ago two great political parties were first formed in this country; that Thomas Jefferson was at the head of one of them, and Boston the head quarters of the other, it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend, politically, from the party opposed to Jefferson, should now be celebrating his birth-day in their own original seat of empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere.

Remembering that the Jefferson party was formed upon its supposed superior devotion to the *personal* rights of men, holding the rights of *property* to be secondary only, and greatly inferior, and then assuming that the so-called Democracy of to-day are the Jefferson, and their opponents the anti-Jefferson parties, it will be equally interesting to note how completely the two have changed hands as to the principles upon which they were originally supposed to be divided.

The Democracy of to-day hold the *liberty* of one man to be absolutely nothing, when in conflict with another man's right of *property*. Republicans, on the contrary, are for both the *man* and the *dollar*; but in cases of conflict the man *before* the dollar.

I remember being once amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their great coats on, which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself out of his own coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

But soberly, it is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from a total overthrow in this nation.

One would state with confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but nevertheless, he would fail, utterly, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them "glittering generalities," another blandly calls them "self-evident lies;" and others insidiously argue that they apply only to "superior races."

These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect, thus supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard—the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us.

This is a world of compensations; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, can not long retain it.

All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document, an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there, that, today and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

A REPUBLICAN WOMAN.—A Hartford paper tells the following story to illustrate how the recent election in Connecticut was carried. It is the same sentiment that animates the Republican party everywhere, and is just as sure to lead to victory in 1860 as that the election day will come. But to the story:

"In Mr. Arnold's town, a good woman said to her husband on Monday morning: 'Husband, I have *prayed to God* that Mr. Arnold may be defeated, and John Woodruff may be elected; and now, husband, don't you come home till night, and the Lord help you to do your duty!'"

Arnold was defeated—Woodruff was elected!

BISHOP JANES A FREE MASON.—According to one of the Western Methodist papers, Bishop Janes, during the recent noisy Conference in Texas, had, in the hour of extremity, given the Masonic sign, when the rabble dispersed, and the Conference was permitted to close its session. [So it seems that Border Ruffians and Bishops meet on the same "broad" platform of a secret society!]

Advice from the Bench.

Judge Marvin, of the Circuit Court in Chatauque county, New York, a short time since, had eight or ten boys arraigned for various offences, and before sentence was passed, he inquired of them each in regard to their parentage, employment, habits of life, &c. Each replied that he had been brought up a farmer; that he went to teaming, or into a tavern, learned to smoke, or chew tobacco, drink liquor, &c. In the course of his remarks on the occasion, the Judge said: "Before sentencing these *boys* I have a few words to say to the *men* of Chatauque county, the agriculturists in particular, some of whom are here to-day looking on the saddest scene that it has ever been my lot to see in this country—so many boys, farmers' sons, too, all of them to be sent to the Penitentiary for stealing and burglary. Farmers of Chatauque county! when your boys get large enough to work, find work for them at home; on no account let them go to teaming; I care not if they can get fifty dollars per month, it will be a dead loss. They will just as surely follow the example of these boys now before us, as they leave the sacred and restraining influences of home. Give them plenty of good books and papers; make home pleasant, and keep them there until they are of age, and have the wisdom to resist the temptation of the high wages on the road or in the tavern, but obtained at the expense of good character."

The Baltimore *Patriot*, an old and influential journal, of American proclivities, declares that it has no sympathy with the extreme view of the slavery question, taken by the Opposition in Virginia and Kentucky. The opponents of the Democracy in those States will find, before the campaign closes, that they have forfeited the respect of their political friends in sister States as well as the confidence of the people whose votes they are endeavoring to secure. The self-styled democrats are sufficiently ultra on the slavery issues to suit the most fastidious, and hence it is worse than folly to attempt to deprive them of that advantage. How much nobler their mission would have been had the opposition of Kentucky and Virginia endeavored to enlighten public opinion in their respective localities, instead of pandering to ignorant prejudices!

"THE TICINO."—Cæsar's decisive step was the "crossing of the Rubicon," and the step conceded on all hands to be decisive of peace or war, is the Austrian army's crossing the Ticino. This stream is a small river, rising at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, in Switzerland, flowing southwardly through Lake Maggiore, and finally emptying into the Po near Pavia. During the latter part of its course it forms the boundary line between Lombardy and Piedmont, and hence its importance in a military point of view. It is easily crossed and not strongly defended, is remote from all the centres of Sardinian population and strength, and hence is naturally chosen as the most feasible entrance for the Austrian troops into Sardinian territory.

A HINT TO TAKE NOW!—White walls and long lines of white fences gleaming amid luxuriant and embowering foliage, give to a farm establishment an appearance of neatness and rural elegance and comfort, indescribably attractive to the man of taste, and can in no way be so effectually and economically secured as by giving them a few coats of whitewashing of cattle and horse stalls, as well as inside of hog cotes and henneries, not only renders them more healthy, but prevents the animals and fowls from being infested with troublesome and filthy vermin.

THE ELDER BUSH.—Insects never touch elder bushes. The leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbage, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, may be found to prove a sure preventive. The plum and other fruits subject to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of elder leaves. (So we read.)

Raspail, a French chemist, finds camphor a remedy for that fearful insomnolence which attends the first stages of insanity. When opium and "all the drowsy syrups of the East" fail of effect, a grain of camphor, formed into a pill, and followed by a draught of an ounce and a half of the infusion of hops, mixed with five drops of sulphuric ether, is his remedy for procuring sleep.

The fashionable tailoring firm of Labrouse, No. 6 Rue Montesquieu, in Paris, issue a circular to the public in which they "offer, at all times, to the purchaser new articles of a late pattern, for the reason that all those remaining at the end of each year are exported to America." It would appear that the Paris tailors send their old clothes to the United States!

The *Western Railroad Gazette* is very "sound" on the Sickles question. It says, "In our opinion, Sickles was guilty of murdering a great scoundrel for a low minded woman who was not worth making such a fuss about." True as preaching.