

FROM KANSAS.

Lawrence, K. T., Dec. 13, 1856.

I have just returned from Topeka, via Tecumseh and Leecompton, and called upon the prisoners at Tecumseh fourteen are indicted for man-slaughter, and have the promise of a trial this week.

No attempt has been made by the authorities to re-arrest those who made their escape through the prison walls in Tecumseh. The writ-servers have not made their appearance in Lawrence for some time past.

However, Col. Titus, while in Kansas city, on his way to Nicaragua, drank to Kansas a "free State." The Colonel shows that he has been an extensive filibuster.

There are no troops on the Nebraska frontier now, as all have been ordered to the Fort, except Company "H," Capt. Noble commanding, who remain at Leecompton to guard the town.

We have just heard of the appointment of another man in the place of J. B. Donaldson as Marshal of the Territory.

But I believe in the ancient maxim, "Say nothing but what is good of the dead."

Reports from southern Kansas say that since the cold weather commenced, affairs have assumed a more pacific nature.

The St. Louis Democrat estimates that the conspiracy of border ruffians against free emigration to Kansas has injured the business of the Missouri river steamboat men more than half a million of dollars.

OREGON FRUIT.—This Territory is said to be one of the finest fruit growing countries in the world.

A PARALLEL.—New York State, with thirty-five electoral votes, polled at the late Presidential election, 595,180 votes.

THE VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.—An exchange paper says, the returns for President as far as received, foot up as follows: BUCHANAN, 1,796,277; FREMONT, 1,328,185; FILLMORE, 822,820.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor. All Business and other Communications should be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

WELLBOROUGH, PA. Thursday Morning, Jan. 8, 1857. SPIRITUALISM.—Prof. S. B. Brittan, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, will lecture upon the FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM, in the Court House, commencing THURSDAY EVENING, 15th inst., and continuing nightly through the week.

The Juror and Trial Lists for February Term will be published next week. We were unable to procure them in time for insertion in this number.

Take Notice.—The subscribers to the last year's club for the WEEKLY TRIBUNE, are notified that the time for which they subscribed will expire on, or about the 5th of February.

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.—It will be seen by reference to the notice at the head of this column, that a course of Lectures on the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, by Rev. S. B. BRITTAN, will be given in the Court House, commencing on Thursday evening, 15th inst., and continuing through the week.

He has been engaged to come here and deliver the course, at an expense of \$75. No attempt to secure this amount by subscriptions has been or will be made.

A New Year Vision.

The veracious Town Clock tolled "eleven," P. M., of Wednesday, the last day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

And so we turned on—noting all, but especially dwelling upon the sunny spots. Such as seemed blurred with tears we passed hastily, lest we might take the infection and learn to sorrow for the trials of others; and self teacheth that it is enough that each bear the allotted burden.

We had become oblivious to the outer world when a lusty summons at the door, as if beaten with a party icicle, aroused us.

We awoke to find it broad day, the fire out, and our body afflicted with decidedly ominous symptoms. In vain we looked around for the track of Midas—no hills satisfied were to be seen.

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and don't you think!—the wee thing had changed from the threatening to the melting mood. In ten minutes, or thereabouts, Master January New Year was in the last stages of dissolution.

We shed no tears; we remembered the doubled fist and the roguish leer he gave us. So we leaned back and thanked our stars for the riddance.

Dear reader, were you ever a stranger in a strange land, an exile for some weary years from the home of your childhood, and pining for a return to the old roof-tree?

You can fancy our emotions, then, as our eyes rested on the contents of that box—being nothing less familiar than a berry-brown-covered NECTAR JOHNNYCAKE!

And then we solemnly pledged ourself, lying one hand upon the johnnycake and brandishing a graysquill in the other, to indite an epic celebrating the virtues of Johnnycake, which is as much more worthy of immortality than Hasty Pudding, as the effort of Barlow is, than ours.

"Oh, you'll find out, I gath," replied Ben, wagging his head with irrepressible drollery.

And we did find out. It was just the nicest, sweetest and completest lot of cake we ever set eyes on. Fruitcake, pound-cake, egg-cake—every cake in the baker's firmament, saving and excepting Johnnycake, was there represented, we verily believe.

"Geth thy hat," said Ben, smiling like a June morning. "Juth get married and gone off. Did't you 'em?"

Goodness gracious!—how your servant gathered up great armfuls and stowed them away behind the cases, into our bosom, until we felt like the Man made of Money, and couldn't sit down at all, for increased bulk.

Well, we concluded that somebody had abused us shockingly; and applying that to our injured self, respect as a mollifier, dropped off into a healthy and refreshing sleep, thanking heaven that we owed nobody a red.

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will always consider it as a spoil, and not as a heritage—a common heritage. There will be a struggle for its possession. That is inevitable.

The strife, then, is not ended, nor will it be until victory declare for one. Freedom must triumph at last, for it is Right. That triumph may grace this age, or it may be predestinated to crown and immortalize another.

It is high time that the Republicans of Tioga begin to act. Friends, the truly wise prepare for war under the mild reign of peace.

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"About half a hundred I guess, if they're fine." "Well, boys I see you are in for New Year's. That's right, the young are young—but don't forget that the young will be old."

"Ah yes, yes, how much!" "Fifty cents." "Just the money." "Oh I like to have forgot, a couple of pounds of crackers."

Reader, they can finish their game without us, and we will follow our first acquaintance of the morning and see what he is going to do with those oysters and crackers.

"That's the way he went; over across the street, and down back. He's gone into Mr. Bates. The old gentleman has been ailing for some time."

"A happy New Year to you Mr. Bates—You are looking better to-day I think." "Well I don't know; I'm sometimes almost discouraged."

"I heard you say yesterday you thought you could eat some oyster soup, so I have brought you some oysters, and I came across some fine crackers, and thought I might as well bring them along too."

"That's nothing." "You don't know how much it is." "Mr. Bates, I had another object in calling, I knew you had been sick a long time, and must be in need. Here, Mrs. Bates, is twenty dollars—no words—you must take it—I know all about your situation. When Mr. Bates gets well he can pay me. Good day."

And old Skidint, old Pinch cent as he was called sneeringly by the frequenters of the hole in the wall, hurried away, and did not see that burst of passionate tears from Mrs. Bates, as she exclaimed, "Oh I knew, I knew Providence would send us relief."

Reader, let us part now, for I must go home. We will take a night ramble together, and, Mr. Editor, I'll tell you in a future number what I see. Yours truly, JEHOSOPHAT.

THE COLD AND THE POOR. The poor we have always with us—said the great Teacher, who became poor that we might be rich—but they seem to be especially and peculiarly with us at this inclement season of the year, when the cold wind whistles through the leafless trees in the Park, and bites the tender bodies of the thinly clad, like sharp steel.

The public charities of the city are bountiful and generous; they are, moreover, considerate and discriminating in distinguishing between cases of real and pretended want. Into these channels of organized benevolence, there always flow at this festive season of the year streams of liberal donations.

A heart rending occurrence took place in Stockport, Columbia county, N. Y., in which a child was killed in the arms of its mother, and by her sister. Mrs. Dickerman was sitting in the room with her child, a boy about two years of age, upon her lap, engaged in dressing it, while at the same time her sister, a Miss Plater, was cutting the wick of a candle with a pair of scissors.

Heroism of a Carlisle Boy in California.

The California papers of August last, gave accounts of a bold attack made by a gang of highway plunderers on the stage coach near Marysville. We have only within a few days past, however, been made acquainted with the heroism displayed on the occasion by a native of Carlisle, Mr. Wm. Dobson, who formerly lived at Pine Grove Furnace, but left Cumberland county several years since to try his luck among the adventurers to the golden region.

This afternoon about 4 1/2 o'clock, as the Marysville stage was coming in from Camp-tonville, and when near Dry Creek, it was stopped by six mounted highwaymen, who were after the treasure amounting to \$100,000. Near the point of attack, the road forks, and Mr. Rideout, dust gold dealer in Young's Hill, was on one road and the stage on the other.

Mr. Dobson, messenger for Langton & Co., immediately drew on them, and commenced firing; his first shot took effect on the spokesman of the robbers and unhorsed him. Mr. Rideout had now got to the stage, and indiscriminate firing now commenced between the robbers and passengers. As many as forty shots were fired on both sides.

The driver, Mr. John Gear, was shot through the right arm above elbow. Mrs. Tighman, wife of a barber in this city, was shot in the head; and the ball entered over the right eye. Another passenger was shot in both legs. The stage is riddled with bullet holes.

Just as the stage was about starting, and after the first party had retired, a Mexican (mounted) commenced firing from the opposite direction. Mr. Dobson returned his fire and unhorsed him. Two other men were seen coming in the thicket, who were not mounted. They were all members of the same gang it is supposed. Only two of the party were disguised. All were Americans save the one Mexican just spoken of.

A Bloody Affair in Illinois.

MONROVIA, Warren Co., Ill., Dec. 12. A bloody tragedy was performed at the "Baldwin House," in this city, this afternoon. About two o'clock the terrible cry of murder was heard, and we all started to discover the cause. Distant only a few yards, there—weltering in their blood—lay the victims of the most sanguinary, single hand contest it has been my lot to witness.

Immediately after delivering the paper into the possession of their friend, Mr. F. one of the brothers, said to Mr. C.: "I am now going to cowhide you," and one of the boys, holding a pistol to his head, directed the other to inflict the threatened punishment, which he immediately commenced.

The affair has created an immense excitement here, I assure you. The young man Crozier is under arrest, having surrendered himself into custody, and is to undergo an examination to-morrow.

The sympathies of the people are mostly with Crozier. He acts and looks the picture of despair. He is a young man, some 27 or 30 years old, and unmarried. He is said to have been engaged to the lady in question, who is at present out of the State.

The transit of Venus will take place in 1861, when the planet will pass directly between the earth and the sun, during the day, and the darkness caused by it will make lights necessary in the houses. The transit occurs once in a century, and on the last occasion the British Government fitted out an expedition to the South Pacific Ocean for the purpose of observing it from several points simultaneously, for astronomical purposes.