

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1855.

Something for the New Year.
We have been requested to say to our readers--and let each one tell a neighbor--that the instructions issued by the Post Master General in relation to the pre-payment of all letters by stamps, takes effect the 1st of January, 1856. Absolute pre-payment by "stamps or stamped envelopes" is required on all letters to places within the United States, after this month. Great care should be taken, as well in pre-paying the proper amount on letters above the weight of half an ounce, as to place stamps on single letters before dropping them in the Office, otherwise the Post Master is not authorized to send them.

The Post Master General intends to carry the provisions of the law into effect, and calls upon the Post Masters to provide themselves with stamps and stamped envelopes. It is not intended that Post Masters shall affix the stamps, but to keep them on hand, so that all persons having occasion to use, may readily obtain them.

Whether agreeable or not, this is the rule, and must be regarded.

Pennsylvania Telegraph.

This journal, advertised in another column, we think will supply the want, long felt, of a thorough State Newspaper at the Seat of Government. Col. M'CLURE is one of the most energetic business men, and able and popular editors of the day, and will we suppose devote himself to the work exclusively. Of Senator SELLENS' ability as a writer, we know nothing, but if he writes as well as he runs, he'll do. The Company has ample means to carry out their great undertaking. The price to clubs (under the advance system,) is not half what similar papers have been sent out for heretofore. The Telegraph should start with 100 or 200 subscribers at the Lewisburg Post Office.

A LESSON.—It will be remembered that by a "fusion" of Softs, Harids and "Liquor fellers" in New York State, Samuel L. Selden had about 10,000 majority over Comstock (Am.) for a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State. The State Board of Censors, however, we see it stated, have declared Comstock elected, in consequence of incorrect returns. In New York county, where Selden had a very large majority, his whole vote was returned for Samuel S. Selden instead of L. Now whether the L. was mistaken for an S., or whether the Clerks were so much opposed to the Liquor Law that they repudiated the L. by occasion of over-O-bejoy-fuling, or otherwise, it defeated him. Samuel L. Selden also had some votes intended doubtless for Samuel L. Selden. So that, although the three "Samuels" together had more than George F. Comstock, yet Sam Comstock is 15,000 to 20,000 ahead of any one of 'em, and the whole "SAM" ticket is counted "in."

We see several gentlemen suggested in various parts of the State as the next Democratic nominee for Auditor General. Mr. BANKS we do not see named. What is meant by this? Mr. Banks has confessedly no superior in his party for capacity and integrity; and his experience is worth something. Why should his party make any change? If it is simply that they may have an excuse for throwing Brawley overboard also, it is as cowardly as it is unjust. If Banks is the best man they have, let them honorably try to retain him; if Brawley is not the best for his station, let them try to get a better. Do not punish one for the sins of the other.

SHERIDAN'S CALENDAR.—The following old dish of rhyme on the weather, has been styled "Sheridan's Rhyming Calendar," and, although intended for England, will apply well to America, this year:

January snowy, July mopsy,
February flowy, August croppy,
March blowy, September poppy,
April showery, October breezy,
May flowery, November wheezy,
June bowery, December freezy.

In the Chronicle of 21st Sept. last, is a "Wild Wood Song" of former days, the authorship of which was said to be unknown. A gentleman from Delaware Co., N.Y., informs us that Wm. BEACH, of Franklin, in that county, was the author. He was a man of a poetical turn, but of irregular habits, a basket-maker by occupation. He removed to Indiana, and died, at an advanced age, a Methodist preacher.

Wm. Cameron, Esq., of Lewisburg, has been elected President of the Bank of Northumberland. John Taggart, Esq., who for a long series of years has been the able and efficient President of this institution, retires with the good wishes of all the business men, who have transacted business at the Bank, while under his Presidency.—Danville Democrat.

The Tribune says George Law spent \$10,000 to carry New York State for the Know Nothings at the late election. The Argus says if he has so much spare cash, he had better come to Easton and settle the washer woman's bill he forgot to pay, when he left there a few years ago. So: "Murder will out!"

The Beauty of Life.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—RUBEN SIMON.
Life is beautiful. Its duties Cluster round each passing day; When their sweet and solemn voices Warn to work, to watch, to pray. They alone such blessings forfeit, Who through sloth their spirits cheat, Or, in selfish stuper sitting, See the rust their armor eat.
Life is beautiful. Affections Thrill with joy its golden string. In its open blossoms nestle, Birdlike amid its branches sing; Smiling, rock its cradle slumbers, Guard with pride its youthful bloom, Fondly kiss its snow-white temples, Dew the turf that decks its tomb.
Life is beautiful, with promise Of a crown that can not fade; Life is fearful, with a promise Of an everlasting shade. May no thoughtless worldling scorn it, Wandering wide in folly's maze; Duty, love and hope adorn it, Let the latest breath be praise.

ONE DIME.

'Tis a little sum--'tis often given for a drink or a cigar--'tis soon burnt out and wasted. It takes ten dimes to make a dollar, and a dollar is a common price for a single meal. It is soon eaten--its effects are not lasting, except when it produces dyspepsia, and then it often costs a hundred dimes to purchase medicine that does not cure the disease.

To those who never dine for less than a dollar, how unsatisfactory would be a dinner for a dime. Reader, have you ever reflected how many entire families in this city, where food is so dear, dine every day for less than one dime? Did you ever think of bestowing one dime for charitable purposes, and how much good that would do? What if every subscriber to THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE should give one dime with his subscription, to be applied to the necessities of the needy and deserving poor in this city--did you ever consider what a sum it would be? Look at it--137,000 subscribers at one dime each is \$13,700. What if it were applied to purchase bread, say at five cents a loaf? It would buy 1,740,000 loaves of bread. What if we should announce that such a quantity of bread was about to be given to the poor in this city! The whole land would rejoice. How much can be done with one dime!

Let us see what we would do with it if we had but one--only one dime in the world--and yet with that must provide for a family consisting of a mother and four children for a whole day. We would not buy bakers' bread at sixpence a loaf--very small loaves, too, never weighing over a pound, however moist or however adulterated with corn, potatoes, or buck-wheat, which are harmless--or with plaster of Paris, lime, alum, sulphate of zinc, ground bones, and we don't know how many other deleterious substances. No, we would not buy bakers' bread with our dime, nor would we buy fine flour at six or seven cents a pound, else some of the children would go hungry. We might buy corn meal and make a cheap cake, or a pot of mush, or a larger pot of porridge, or we might buy two pounds of hominy, and then our dime would feed the family one full meal; but to this latter article there is one objection. Where is the fuel to come from to cook this mess?--for corn more than any other grain requires cooking to make it palatable and wholesome. Two, three, or even four hours of slow boiling is not too much. One dime will not cook as well as buy the corn meal or hominy. What then? Potatoes? Let us see. They require least cooking, but they cost with all their water--and they are more than half water--two cents and a half a pound at retail.

Then they are not cheap food after all. It will not do to spend our dime for potatoes. What then? It is no easy study to learn how to procure the most human food for a dime; to ascertain how many hungry mouths may be fed--how many empty stomachs satisfied, for one dime. It is a study too much neglected. It should be taught in all Public Schools. Certainly in all Charity, Industrial and Ragged Schools--where children are fed as well as taught. What better wisdom could you teach them than how to procure the most food for a dime? It is a little coin, but it can be made to expand. It would be real charity--genuine charity--practical charity--to teach such scholars economy in food; not how to eat less, to live upon less--for, Heaven knows, some of them live upon little enough now--but to teach them what to buy, in case of emergency, with a little coin--only one dime. We have lately learned that lesson, and we will teach it to you. We learned it of a woman--that is, the practical operation of it--though she says she learned it of us, from something she read about economizing food in THE TRIBUNE.

"I had," said she, "one day last week, only one dime in the world, and that was to feed me and my four children all day; for I would not ask for credit, and I could not borrow, and I never did beg. I did live through the day, and I did not go hungry. I fed myself and family with one dime."

"How?"
"O, that was not all. I bought fuel too."

"What, with one dime?"
"Yes, with one dime. I bought two cents' worth of coke, because that is cheaper than coal, and because I could kindle it with a piece of paper in my little furnace with two or three little bits of charcoal that some careless boy had dropped in the street just in my path. With three cents I bought a scraggy piece of salt pork. Half fat and half lean. There might have been half-a-pound of it--the man did not weigh it. Now half my money was gone, and the show for breakfast, dinner, and supper was certainly a very poor one. With the rest of my dime I bought four-cents' worth of white beans. By the by, I got these at night, and soaked them in tepid water on a neighbor's stove till morning. I had one cent left. I bought one-cent's worth of corn meal, and the grocery man gave me a red-pepper pod.

"What was that for?"
"Wait a little--you shall know. Of all things, peppers and onions are appreciated by the poor in Winter, because they help to keep them warm. With my meal I made three dumplings, and these, with the pork and pepper-pod I put into the pot with the beans and plenty of water (for the pork was salt) and boiled the whole two hours; and then we had breakfast, for it was time for the children to go to school. We ate one of the dumplings, and each had a plate of soup for breakfast, and a very good breakfast it was."

"I kept the pot boiling as long as my coke lasted, and at dinner we ate half the meat, half the soup, and one of the dumplings. We had the same allowance for supper; and the children were better satisfied than I have sometimes seen them when our food has cost five times as much. The next day we had another dime--it was all I could earn for all I could get to do--two pairs of men's drawers each day at five cents a pair--and on that we lived--lived well. We had a change, too, for instead of the corn meal and beans, I got four cents' worth of oat meal and one cent's worth of potatoes--small potatoes, because I could get more of them. I washed them clean, so as not to waste anything by paring, and cut them up and boiled them all to pieces with the meat and meal."

"Which went furthest?"
"I can't say. We ate it all each day, and didn't feel the want of more, though the children said, 'Ma, don't you wish we had a piece of bread and butter, to finish off with?' It would have been good, to be sure; but bless me, what would a dime's worth of bread be for my family? But I had another change next day."

"What, for another dime?"
"Yes; that was all we had day after day. We had to live on it. It was very hard, to be sure; but it has taught me something."

"What is that?"
"That poor folks could live a great deal cheaper than they do, if they only knew how to economize their food. You have told them how, but they are slow to learn or loth to change from foolish old practices."

"What was your next change?"
"Oh, yes, I was about to tell you that. Well, I went to the butcher's the night before and bought five cents' worth of little scrap pieces of lean beef, and I declare I think, I got as much as a pound, and this I cut up into bits, and soaked over night--an all-important process for soup, or a stew--cooking it in the same water. Then I bought two cents' worth of potatoes and one cent's worth of meal--that made the eight cents; two had to go for fuel every day, and the paper I got my purchases in served for kindling. The meal I wet up into stiff dough, and worked out into little round balls, about as big as grapes, and the potatoes I cut up into slices, and all together made a stew, or chowder, seasoned with a small onion and part of a pepper-pod that I got with the potatoes. It was very good, but it did not go quite so far as the soup, either day, or else the fresh meat tasted so good that we wanted to eat more. But I can tell you, small as it may seem to you, there is a great deal of good eating in a dime."

So there is--what a pity everybody don't know it. What a world of good might be done with a dime.
Reader, have you got a dime--that is to spare--only one dime? Give it to that poor widow. Give it? No; you owe it. She has given you twice its value, whether you are one that will feast to-day on a dollar, or be stinted with a dime. She has taught you--what you never knew before--the value of one dime.
What a pity so many should be thrown away. What a pity we could not teach this lesson of economy in food to the thousands who will suffer before Spring for the dimes wasted, through ignorance, when dimes were plenty. Knowing how to use a dime might often save a family from suffering--from beggary--from degradation. 'Tis a small coin--it will buy five copies of this paper. What if you invest it here and give this to those who would profit by learning how they can live, and satisfy the hunger of five persons all day

THE RAIL.

JOHN HENRY WELLS, who never does anything ill, has carried out his principles to the letter in the subjoined Epistle to The Knickerbocker.

I met him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat.
He was, furthermore, embellished
By a ticket in his hat.
The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from a nap,
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap.
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow lettered cap.
So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay--
Whereupon his eyes were lit
By a speculative ray.

The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And a muffled mass of men
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
On bonnets in a heap.
All the while the swaying cars
Kept rumbling o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
Shrieks of anguish to the gale,
And a muffled mass of men
On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,
And a three-repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
From their easy cushions jump.
For they deemed the sound to be
The inevitable tramp.
A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twich,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch,
And a muffled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpating heart
My friend essayed to rise;
There were bruises on his limbs
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
Of the dolphin when it dies.
I was very well content
In escaping with my life,
But my mutilated friend
Commenced a legal strife,
Being thereto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.
And he writes me the result,
In his quiet way, as follows:
'That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim
Of \$1500.'

Poisons and Antidotes.

It not unfrequently happens that serious distressing results are occasioned by the accidental employment of poisons; and it occurred to us that we might possibly do a service to some of our readers presenting them with a brief and compendious list of the more common poisons, and the remedies for them most likely to be close at hand.

ACIDS. These cause great heat and sensation of burning pain, from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies, magnesia, soda, pearlash, or soap, dissolved in water; then use stomach pump, or emetics.

ALKALIES. Best remedy is vinegar.

AMMONIA. Remedy, lemon juice or vinegar, afterwards milk and water, or a flaxseed tea.

ALCOHOL. First cleanse out the stomach with an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia, (spirits of hartshorn.)

ARSENIC. Remedies, in the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of egg, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal, and preparations of iron, particularly the hydrate.

LEAD. White lead and sugar of lead. Remedies, alum, cathartics, such as castor oil and opium salts especially.

CHARCOAL. In poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to the open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate nostrils and lungs by hartshorn and at the same time rub the chest briskly.

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE. Give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water, freely.

CHELODINA. White of eggs and emetics.

BELLADONNA. Give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, or lemonade.

MUSHROOMS, when poisonous. Give emetics, with plenty of vinegar and water.

NITRATE OF SILVER, (lunar caustic.) Give a solution of common salt, and then emetics.

OPUM. First, give a strong emetic of mustard water, and then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

LAUDANUM. Same as opium.

NUX VOMICA, (Strychnia.) First emetics, and then stimulants.

PRUSSIC ACID. When there is time, administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water. Hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

OXALIC ACID. Frequently taken for opium salts. Remedies, chalk, magnesia, or soap and water freely, then emetics.

VERDIGRIS. Plenty of white of egg and water.

WHITE VITRIOL. Give the patient plenty of milk and water.
In almost all cases of poisoning, emetics are highly useful, and of these, one of the very best, because most prompt and ready, is the common flour or powder, a teaspoonful of which stirred up in warm water may be given every five or ten minutes, until free vomiting can be obtained. Emetics and demulcent drinks, such as milk and water, &c., should be administered without delay; the subsequent management of the case will of course be left to a physician.—Hartford Times.

The Senate's Committees.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.
The Senate has to-day been engaged in electing its Committees severally by ballot--a most preposterous farce, as the Committees were all cut and dried in Democratic caucus several nights ago. Every man is elected to precisely the place assigned him by that caucus, and the ballot is merely a formality to invest the caucus doings with a mocking appearance of Senatorial action. Many of the Opposition Senators disdained to countenance the sham by voting, since nothing on their part could have any possible effect one way or the other.

The Territories is the most important Committee for this Session. It is made up of Messrs. Douglas, (Chairman,) Jones of Iowa, Collamer, Bell of Tenn., Sebastian and Biggs. Of these but Judge Collamer can be expected to favor the application of Kansas to come into the Union on her Free-State Constitution; he only can be expected to reprobate and practically oppose the schemes and high-handed proceedings of the Slavery Propagandists.

The Judiciary is the Committee next in present consequence. It is made up of Butler of S. C., (Chairman,) Toucey, Bayard, Geyer, Toombs, and Pugh--all active repudiators of the Missouri Compact, all upholders of the Fugitive Slave Law--all bitterly hostile to any practical assertion of the Equal Rights of Men. Only one is faintly opposed to the dominant party, and he (Geyer) is a Missouri Whig, two of whose colleagues in the House vote for Richardson for Speaker. Four are from Slave States; the others (Toucey and Pugh) have been emphatically repudiated by their constituents for their devotion to the Slave Power. This is the Committee to which any action impelled by the oppression of Passmore Williamson, or any Judicial question growing out of the late outrages in Kansas, must be submitted.

Military Affairs are rendered of grave and pressing consequence by the peril of broil and bloodshed in Kansas, and the invocation of Federal interposition therein. The Committee on this subject is composed of Messrs. Johnson of Cal., (Chairman,) Fitzpatrick, Wellen, Jones of Tenn., Iverson and Pratt--four Democrats and two neutrals, five of the six from Slave States, all six supporters of the Nebraska Iniquity, and every one hostile to the Free-State men of Kansas. Such is the fairness with which our masters prepare to consider the claims of Freedom in the coming struggle.

Indian Affairs touch the interests of Slavery again--the Cherokee having become fanatical slaveholders under the joint influence of National evangelism and Missionary recency to gospel right and liberty. A bill, proffering a bounty in land to slaveholding by Indians was reported to the last Congress. The Committee on this subject is consequently composed of Messrs. Sebastian of Ark., (Chairman,) Rusk, Toombs, Brown, Reid and Bell of Tenn.--all from Slave States, and all Democrats but the last. That is making the thing tolerably snug.

The District of Columbia is a nice Committee to be on, by one who likes good dinners and other good things, and it is another watchtower of Slaveryholding ascendancy. The District is always crying "Give! Give!" to Congress, and it will get nothing but sour looks from a Slaveholding Committee unless it maintains an aspect of loyalty to the peculiar institution! The Committee thereon is consequently composed of Messrs. Brown of Miss., (Chairman,) Pratt, Mason, Allen and Reid--all Nebraska men, all Democrats, and all but Allen red-hot slaveholders.

But why pursue this analysis? Briefly, Slavery guards every aspiration for Impartial Freedom as though it were treason to the country. Committees which can nowise affect Slavery are made up with some show of fairness.—N. Y. Tribune.

OLD MAIDS.

Our Fire Engines--may they be like our Old Maids--always ready, never wanted.
There it is, again. "At a public meeting, a wag gave in this toast"--did he? What a refined wag he was--wasn't he! He ought to have been promoted to the office of hooking up rays from respectable gutters, forthwith. But not a word about the gentlemanly editors who have handed down this speech, for human edification, from time to time--not the first whisper--for a wag is a nobody, but an editor is one of "the powers that be." "Old Maids!" indeed! Mothers, do you hear that word? Have you daughters whom

you wish to rush into matrimony, as the horse rushes into battle, not knowing why they run; but frightened by the constant spurring of their friends, and that vociferous scream in the rear "old maids! old maids!" We say, solemnly, if you are willing to see them plunge headlong into a sea of misery, whose waves roll on unbroken to the shore of eternity, talk to them daily of "fidgety old maids," "fadies of unmentionable age," "antiquated spinsters," etc., and speak in a peculiar tone, and let there be a meaning in your smile; and your girls will marry--yes, "marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

Who are these "old maids?" Unselfish, devoted daughters, giving their best days to the service of declining parents; faithful sisters, lending a hand to help over-wearied mothers in training up their little ones, or taking their places as foster mothers to the little ones, when those mothers are gone. "Old maids" are, with few exceptions, plain, unobtrusive, high souled, and intelligent women. "Old maids" have time to become intelligent, and they improve it. They don't have to sit down after the cares of the day are over, and weary and worn as they are, rock the cradle with one foot, while they ward off the two year old baby with the other, both hands busy with old clothes for five other little daguerotypes of somebody away in the eating saloon; or may be, at the theatre; or to put the best face on the matter, quietly reading the last new work in the parlor--

"Old maids" have no wrinkles in their faces before they are thirty-five--they are not like crooked apple trees at forty, and as withered as dried apples at forty-five--No, no, single women retain their beauty and elasticity of spirit until an advanced age; for, those little, drooping, tiny vexations, which wear away the hearts of the married so early in life, need never reach them. Single women, as a class, are not "fidgety, and hard to please;" on the contrary they are patterns of patience, and everything "lovely and of good report."--But they are often reserved; for all eyes are upon them, and they are unpleasantly conscious that they must hold in check their own warm, trustful natures, and call no man brother, lest some human hornet buzz the thing abroad.

"Old maids" are the friends of the lonely and sad; and yet, even in the highest social position, they feel, at times, unkindness and neglect; and women, who should love and respect them, forget their great worth, and join in the laugh at their "oddities and old maidish ways." What wonder, then, if "wags" dare take their names upon their lips in promiscuous assemblies? and better men, who should kick them out, stand by and listen tamely? and what wonder, when women read such dirty "toasts" as that which heads this article, without a blush and a frown, that editors find room for them in their "columns of fun," and so they are handed round over the world, and the sensitive spirits of a large class of excellent women are wounded, again and again, by the hundred times repeated insult?

"Always ready!" We don't believe that single woman lives (unless deformed or crazy) who has not had, more than once, an opportunity of marriage. When we look around us, and see a countless host of married women degraded into mere child's nurses and kitchen maids for their inferiors; men too stupid to know their worth, or appreciate their self immolation; we thank God that a blessed few remain who have not purchased tickets in the great matrimonial lottery, whose most substantial prizes bring with them sorrow and care, as well as happiness. Yes, we rejoice for their sakes, and for the world's, that there remains, unfettered with household cares, a noble band of women, "ready" for every good word and work; pattern daughters, unselfish sisters, foster mothers of poor orphans, angels at the bedside of the sick, stars in the mental firmament.

"Never wanted." We have not the least doubt but that very "wag," whose oddness witticism has been so much admired, offered himself to some ten of them, (we'll warrant, if he wrote love letters, he didn't pay the postage,) and that "toast" was the result of long studied revenge, because they wouldn't have him. Poor, old, crusty benedict that he is--a left handed blessing be on him. May nobody pity him when he is down with the gout, nobody help on his overcoat when he can't get his hands to his head for the stitch in his back; nobody read to him when his eyes are dim; may his shirts be buttonless, his nightcaps be stringless, his handkerchiefs unhemmed, may his bread be sour, his coffee be settled with lamp oil, and his beef be burned to a cinder; may bugs, fleas, caterpillars, and mice share his midnight pillow; and may all these things, and more also, be upon the first editor who reprints his slander after this date; and may all these things be upon him all others, who utter, irreverently, that honorable title "Old Maid."

E. A. W. H.—Pittston Gazette.
During the year 1853 one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for murder. Of this number only seven could read and write. What a lesson

The Physical Struggle, between Liberty and Slavery, begun!

Kansas is the theatre of physical war. Hostilities between the Democratic principle, and the aristocratic element of Slave labor society, have transcended debate, and the contest of Politics, and come at last where it was inevitable that they must come--to arbitration of the rifle and the revolver. The free soil settlers of Kansas, and the Missouri Propagandists of Slavery are confronted in actual battle.

The world will take notice that this war on the part of the Free State combatants, is one of defence. The Missourians are the aggressors. They were incursionists--usurpers of government--subverters of lawful authority--and sheer free-booters upon the politics and the right of a free people.

White true men throughout the world, will freely give their sympathy to the men of Kansas, and their justification too of any, the extreme vindication by them of their rights, is there not great probability that the feeling of forbearance or of respect even, for the alleged rights of Slavery in this Union, will undergo change? Can limits be put to a physical strife once inaugurated in the United States, between Freedom and Slavery? If Slavery really appeals to the rifle, would it be contrary to God's providence and the course of Justice, if she perished by the rifle?

The crowning dishonor of our Federal Administration is at hand, if it has instructed Gov. Shannon to sustain the Missouri ruffians. This tool has called out the militia, to fight the Free Soilers. Whatever be the wording of his proclamation, it is a call exclusive to the lawless bullies of the Missouri and Arkansas frontiers, to shoot, stab, rob, and burn the inhabitants of Kansas, opposed to the establishment within their limits, of human bondage. The Federal Republican Government approves of, and will covertly, perhaps openly, sustain Gov. Shannon in his wicked administration of his official trust.

We wholly mistake the temper of the North, if it will behold unmoved this struggle in Kansas. If Freedom be sore pressed there, and calls upon freemen for help, the manhood and generosity of New England and the Middle States, will have died out, if strong arms do not gather about her, enough not only to arrest the tide of battle, but to turn it. But we invoke the spirit of Wisdom, to avert forever the arbitrament of force between Freedom and Slavery.—Bradford Argus.

IRISH KNOW NOTHINGS.—A Know Nothing meeting was held in Frankfort, Ken., on the 18th inst., at which C. D. O'Sullivan, Esq., a native of Ireland, but a friend to the American cause, made a short and eloquent speech, in which he insisted upon the principles of the justice of the American party. In Ireland, he said, he had struggled for the right of Irishmen to govern their own country. It was for that O'Brien and Mitchell and all the other Irish patriots had contended; and he should feel himself an ingrate and a hypocrite if he should deny in America what he had struggled for in Ireland--the right of the native sons of every country to rule their own land. "Ireland for the Irish" had been the motto of all the Irish patriots at home--"America for the Americans" ought to be their motto here.

WHAT NEXT?—There is a place of worship up Broadway that has just had placards hung out at the inner doors (like an ice cream saloon) with this notification, in big, scrawling black letters, "Strangers are requested not to take seats," (then follows, in the smallest sort of type,) "until the sexton directs them to a pew." The next thing we expect will be, "Private boxes for families," and "reserved seats until the end of the first act," theatre fashion. "O tempora! O mores!"—N. Y. Express.

The Scientific American says, the past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or cow, applied by three different persons with the most satisfactory results, in relieving the pain and securing speedy cures of their felons. This, we are confident, will be very useful information to many persons. The spinal marrow should be applied fresh every four hours for two days.

SICKNESS IN OHIO.—Several parts of Ohio are said to be afflicted with sickness unparalleled in the history of the State. It is not confined to particular localities, but appears to be general on the hills as well as in the valleys, in towns as well as in the country. In central Ohio, where the chills were never before known, they have been shaking the people most cordially.

The steamer Selma arrived at Cincinnati, on the 20th, having on board quite a number of slaves, with their masters, on their way to Kansas. The slaves were landed on the Kentucky side of the river.

Alexander Mahon Esq., formerly speaker of the Senate, State Treasurer &c., died at his residence in Harrisburg on Monday of last week.

A forged check for \$1000 was paid last week at one of the Chicago banks.