LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

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THE RESULT.

The Electoral Colleges of the several States of the Union, convened this month according to law, and expressed the choice of those they represented, by casting their votes for President and Vice President, as follows :

For Fremont.

MAINE	8
NEW HAMPSHIRE	5
VERMONT	5
MASSACHUSETTS	13
RHODE ISLAND	4
CONNECTICUT	6
NEW YORK	35
OHIO	23
MICHIGAN	6
WISCONSIN	5
IOWA	4...114

For Fillmore.

MARYLAND	8...122

For Buchanan.

NEW JERSEY	7
PENNSYLVANIA	27
INDIANA	13
ILLINOIS	11
CALIFORNIA	4
DELAWARE	3
VIRGINIA	15
NORTH CAROLINA	10
GEORGIA	10
ALABAMA	9
MISSISSIPPI	7
LOUISIANA	6
TENNESSEE	12
KENTUCKY	12
FLORIDA	3
SOUTH CAROLINA	8
MISSOURI	9
ARKANSAS	4
TEXAS	4
TOTAL	174

☞The following were the majorities of the Electoral Colleges for the several Presidents,with the whole No. of Electoral Votes :

Year	President elect.	Whole vote	Majority
1788	—Washington	69	69
1792	do	132	132
1796	—John Adams	139	3
1800	—Jefferson	137	9
1804	do	176	138
1808	—Madison	197	107
1812	do	216	38
1816	—Monroe	217	149
1820	do	219	218
1824	—J. Quincy Adams	261	2 Sta's
1828	—Jackson	261	95
1832	do	286	142
1836	—Van Buren	294	46
1840	—Harrison	294	174
1844	—Polk	275	65
1848	—Taylor	296	36
1852	—Pierce	296	254
1856	—Buchanan	296	52

In olden times, Adams and Jefferson and Madison once—and in modern days Van Buren and Taylor—had a less Electoral majority than Buchanan ; but in the Popular vote Mr. B. appears to be more in the minority than any other successful candidate—giving him all in South Carolina, he seems at least 300,000 in the rear.

The SURPLUS Fremont plurality in either New York or Massachusetts, if distributed in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois, would have elected Col. Fremont.

Counting all the votes for Smith (Abolition) and the other Scattering votes, it is supposed Buchanan has no absolute majority in any Free State! while the "Empire State" gives 200-000 maj. against him or his Platform.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE—1857.

This firmly established paper will continue as heretofore to give the latest Foreign and County News, with a special attention to the Farming interest, and advocacy of Republican men and measures. The commencement of the New Year, will be a favorable time to subscribe, or to renew old subscriptions.

TERMS,—$1.50 for a single copy a year, $4 for 3 copies, $5 for 4 copies, and $1.25 each for any number between 5 and 10, and $1 each for 10 copies and over—Cash in advance, and the paper stopped when the subscription has expired, unless the subscriber desires to renew. ☞Lancaster Bank money taken at par on new subscriptions.☜

☞The LEWISBURG CHRONICLE is the best medium in this region for ADVERTISING Real Estate and other property. JOB PRINTING done in the best manner at the Printing Office—where also is located the MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The public patronage is respectfully solicited.

WORDEN & CORNELIUS,
Editors & Proprietors.

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa., Dec. 1, 1856.

West and East.

[A Yankee girl, who had been spending some time out West, getting tired returned East, and gave her opinion of her visit, to the St. Louis Republican, thus:]

Now Father, Mother, Sukey, Nell, Matty, and all the rest,
Sit down and listen while I tell you what I have learned out West.

I am back in Old Connecticut, the land of steady ways;
And if I wasn't diffident, and didn't hate self-praise,
I'd tell you what the people say about us Yankee girls,
How smart and wide awake we are to all life's twists and twirls.

But, never mind! I went, you see, to see the world myself;
And in the corner of my brain I kept a little shelf,
To stow away the facts I gained, and pull them down at will,
And had a sharp look-out the while this little shelf to fill.

Well—first I learned, ere half way there, to call my baggage "plunder,"
And "reckon" too instead of guess, and "toast" without a blunder;
Never to fall behind the time, but always be "on hand;"
For Western people never like for lazy ones to stand,
And nothing there lies long at rest, the cry is go a head;
They do not stop to talk—a thing is done as soon as said.
A famous place it is for cash—to make or lose or lend it;
The men know how to fill the purse—the women, how to spend it.

I went way up the country, and there I learned "a heap."
They have the ague "mighty strong," and it makes them "powerful weak."
Their corn is of the tallest kind, bacon their staff of life,
Corn-bread and hominy "the go," and hoe-cakes worth a strife.
They'll keep you as long as you will stay, and make you welcome too,
Nor ever count the cost of board as other people do;
They'll find a place to stow you in, however thick before,
And if another chance present could pack a dozen more.

Here I was introduced to gnats, and almost caught a flea,
Grew closely intimate with ticks, that fondly clung to me.
I learned to climb a five rail fence, and trotting horse could ride,
But got, as the old ladies say, a "misery" in my side.
At last—and this, I must confess, didn't exactly take—
So apt a learner I became, I caught the "Western shake"
But after practising a while, on every other day,
Concluded I had learned enough—and so I came away.

[It couldn't have been "Egypt" or "Nubia" where our poetess found the "folks" so "smart."

The Pedlar's Prize.

[A cold winter's night, found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room of a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up, and ordered his horse stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper,we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story, as many of his profession were generally full of anecdotes and adventures. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.]

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the West, and on my way for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was pleasant—I meant it was warm,but it was cloudy, and very likely to be dark. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down good, and it was awful dark out doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew, if it did not rain, I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting around when I told this, but I took no notice of them, one only arrested my attention. I had in my possesion a small package of placards,which I was to deliver to the Sheriff of Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber, named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall,well formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks, which an observing man can not mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was,describing the suspicious individual. He said that he did not know him. He came that afternoon and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know,and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villian left; for I had no doubt in regard to his identity.

I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The ostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me forcibly that the beast made more work of it than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went,and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and,as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet as the moon was in the east, and the road ran directly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods and had gone half a mile when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but this was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something beside the jerk of the wheels. I heard something *tumble from one side to the other of my wagon*, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this, on the instant. Of course, I felt puzzled. At first, I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride. My next idea was, that somebody had got in to sleep; but this passed away as quickly as it came; for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, quickly opened my eyes. Whoever was in there, had broken in.

"My next thoughts, were of Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me, for I had over $2,000. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed like lightning through my mind, by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and am pretty cool and clear headed under difficulty. In a very few moments, my resolution was formed. My horse was knee-deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country, without one—I drew this, and having twined the lines about my whip stock carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over the staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within could break it. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and sliped it into the stapel, the iron handle just slipping down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that, at a distance of half a mile further, I should come to a good hard rord, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own through the mud. About ten minutes after this, I heard a motion inside, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot-board.

"Of course, I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pounding grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice:

"Let me out of this!" he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there?"

"Let me out, and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are there for," said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered. "Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head," he yelled.

"Just at that moment, my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles—I slipped back on the foot board, and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there is some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes, we cleared the woods, and away we went, on a keen jump, the chap inside yelling to be let out.

Finally he stopped,and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—*one—two—three—four*, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls if not two of them, would have gone thro' me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then said,"Oh God,save me! I'm a dead man!" Then I made a shuffling noise, as though I was falling off, and finally settled down on the foot-board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip-stock, and she peeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply, he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his doing any thing there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetails,and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had made it so I could carry heavy loads there. By-and-by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler whoa to the horse, and kept it up until he became quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock.

"We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol; and more than that my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory, that stands at the edge of Jackson village; and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of ostlers in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old feller," says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, "you have had a good ride, haven't ye?"

"Who are you?" he cried, and swore a little, too, as he asked the question.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was my reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye, my revolver is ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet."

"By this time the two ostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them."

"After this, I got one of them to run and rout out the Sheriff, and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of day-light were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the Sheriff came, and brought two men with him. I told him the whole affair, in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance, he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring, I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the Sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast, the Sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning, I should certainly have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart; and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere near the small of the back, and passed upwards, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning, the Sheriff called upon me, and paid me $200 in gold,for he had made himself sure he'd got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead had been imprisoned for life."

[So ended the pedler's story. In the morning, I had the curiosity to look at the cart, and found the bullet holes just as he told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks.]

The unfinished portion of the Northern Central Railroad, from Trevorton Bridge to Sunbury, a distance of ten miles, will be let at Harrisburg on the 27th of December, inst. The postponement of the letting was for the purpose of making the necessary surveys.

Cometh a Blessing Down.

BY MARY FRANCES TYLER.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds,
Not to the one whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not to the form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worlding,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame,
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food,
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

Pulpit Peculiarities.

A clergyman was once traveling on board of a Western steamer, when among the passengers was a man who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to religion, denouncing Christ as an impostor, and all forms of religion as delusions. He was a man of ability and education and great wit, and his remarks seemed to have quite an influence on his hearers. The clergyman refrained from saying anything for a time, but finally decided to silence him. Asking the sceptic if he ever believed in the immortality of the soul, he received as an answer:

"No, I have not."

"Do you believe in the existence of God?"

"No."

"Then, sir," replied the clergyman, "I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me? Where?"

"Yes—I have read of you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray, where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool has said in his heart,there is no God.'"

At this unlooked-for turn in the argument,there was one general burst of laughter and hurrah at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded, and being unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly called a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects; but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing, "I have heard of you before."

Take a Paper for your Wife.

A friend, says an exchange, not long since, told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers which contains a good moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances:

The subscriber referred to, said our friend, in the presence of his wife, said that it had been his intention to call at the office, pay up his arrears, and discontinue his paper.

His wife very properly asked:

"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be little use in my taking a paper."

"Yes," replied she, "it may be of little use to YOU, but it is of great use to ME. I remain at home while you are gone. I wish to know what is going on in the world. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe myself."

As the paper has not been discontinued we suppose the wife's reasoning was conclusive.

The moral of this incident must not be overlooked.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.—How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought so young still look so old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant once, on being asked the reason, said:

"I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits my liver never fears being eaten up alive" But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind and unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deep into the human face as time itself.—*Concord Freeman.*

There is a mortality—not a "distressing mortality"—among Fillmore papers. Dailys and weeklys of the "late American" stripe—having accomplished their real object, by electing Buthanan—are going to the

"vile grave from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Rats and Grain.

To protect grain from rats, you have to thresh early, say in November, and then you must have a building that is rat tight, to save it in good condition. If rats have a free access to grain, it is impossible to have it free from the litter of rats. This makes it look bad, for it damages the sale of grain very much. You will observe the necessity of early threshing and careful storing. Perhaps a few hints on the construction of a grain storehouse may be of some importance to some careless farmer. The first principal object to look out for is the foundation; if this is all right, the important obstacle is overcome. This foundation consists of round posts only, for a corn-crib they should be 5 feet long, 3 feet in the ground, and 2 out; for a storehouse, they want to be 7 feet long, 4 feet in the ground, and 3 out—this will bring the bottom of the building level with a common wagon box. These posts may be made of white oak, chestnut or rock oak. They should be shaved perfectly smooth on the outside, and set with the butt end up. The upper or butt end should be squared off with a saw, then put a common milkpan on the upper end of these posts with the bottom up. This pan will prevent all rats and mice ascending to the building, for it is a hard job for rats and mice to climb a smooth post that is set with the little end down, and then to make around the pan is an impossible thing. For a corncrib, 3 posts on a side are sufficient; for grain storehouse, 14 by 20 feet, it requires 4 on a side, or one under every post of the building. Let your sills rest on the bottom of the pan, and then proceed with your building in any desirable way. I think the roof of a grain building should project at least 2 feet from the main body of the building all round. Hemlock lumber is superior to any other for granaries, for it is hard, corky, and full of slivers, which is hard to gnaw. When a building is infested with rats and mice, I would recommend portable bins made to hold not more than 100 bushels with cast wheels under them, say six inches in diameter. If bins are portable you may arrange them as you please, so as to travel around them on every side. This will give you and your dog and cat a good chance to kill these depredators. When I see a farmer feeding from 40 to 100 rats all winter on grain, when it is worth from 4 to 20 shillings per bushel, I calculate he is climbing the ladder of science feet foremost. and is liable to fall before he arrives at the top, yet many are doing business in this same way. Were they compelled to give the amount of grain to the poor that these long tailed devils destroy yearly for them, they would feel very much affronted. Open your eyes, friends, and look into this matter.—*Oswego Times.*

Threatened Violence.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that they hear from good authority that an attack is contemplated at this session of Congress upon Senator Wilson and Mr. Burlingame. It predicts that the first month of the session will not pass by, before the telegraph will send us an account of an outrage, or an attempted outrage, upon them. The malice of Brooks and Keitt, nursed and applauded by their constituents, will make itself felt. It was only by the earnest entreaties and a fear of the consequences to Mr. Buchanan, they were restrained from the commission of murder before the last session closed. But now Mr. Buchanan is elected and Border Ruffianism may run riot. Our readers will remember our predictions.

WINTER POETRY.—We do not know whether Mr. Shillaber wrote his "Sighs of Fall" for this year or not, but the following verse has a searching,and we may say, thrilling, interest to the housekeepers of 1856:

"The biting airs, the shrinking flesh appal
By sharp incisions,
And everything proclaims the approach of Fall
Except provisions.

The Lancaster Bank, since its suspension, has redeemed $65,000 of her notes in payment of debts due the institution. It is confidently supposed by some that the Bank will be put upon its feet again. The brokers of Lancaster are now paying 80 cents on the dollar for its bills.

HOAXES, OR REAL?—Bishop Hughes' Proclamation to the Catholics to sustain the Democratic party—the revival of the Inquisition—and the Mormon Pope's orders for Buchanan! are these jokes, or realities?

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Wm. Walker, the Deputy Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, was stabbed this morning, while leaving the chapel, by a prisoner named McGee. He died almost immediately.

The remains of Capt. Francis L. Bowman, who died at Fort Dallas, Oregon Territory, arrived at Wilkesbarre and were interred with Millitary Honors on the 3d instant.

It is said by those who know, that Mr. Buchanan has not yet determined upon his Cabinet, and that he has not made any offers of Cabinet offices.

The Southern Press.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, in an editorial thus acknowledges an error into which it fell during the late canvass:

"During the late canvass, we often spoke in very round terms of the universal,moral, political and religious skepticism of the Black Republicans. We asserted the party to be a mere congeries of isms. We were sincere in our assertions. *We are now undeceived.* We respect the Americans too much North and South to believe for a moment that a party so large as that which voted for Mr. Fremont is composed wholly, or chiefly, of fanatics, infidels or skeptics. We have to look out for other causes for this national movement. We find a clue to them in the article on which we are commenting. The North believes the South is arrogant, overbearing and aggressive. The North is mistaken, but sincere.

"New York,Philadelphia and Baltimore never were more busily engaged in the slave trade, for slaves are worth a thousand dollars around, and interest and humanity prompt to its prosecution.

"Homer did not know a letter in the book, and Plato held that the invention of letters had diminished human intellectuality. Reading and writing are the means, *probably the worst means* of acquiring knowledge and wisdom. The time employed in their requisition is of itself time lost, for it prevents enlargement of the mind from observation and experience. As means of acquiring knowledge, the European laborer does not find time to employ them. He is very generally the worse for knowing them, at first, because the time he is shut up in school, is so much precious time lost, in the most impressible period of life from observation and experience; and secondly, if he does read, it is for low stimulation and excitement, and is confined to Murrell's murders, Greeley's paper and Dickens' novels."

Practical Amalgamation.

The *New York Tribune*, in some remarks upon the false charges made against the Republican party as advocating a fusion of the white and black races,instances the following case, which puts the boot on the other foot:

"The late Col. Rich'd M. Johnson took one of his own slaves to wife—we do not know whether with or without benefit of clergy. We have always understood,however, that he treated her through life with uniform kindness and regard,and it is well known that he educated his and her daughters adequately, and in due time married them to two white Kentucky Democrats, giving a good farm with each. So far as we know, they still live, and are rearing up another generation of Kentucky Democrats, giving a good farm with each. So far as we know, they still live, and are rearing up another generations of Kentucky Democrats. In the full knowledge of these facts, the Jackson Democratic party choose Col. Johnson as their condidate for Vice President, and elected him in 1836, giving him the votes of most of the Slave States. He ran in 1840, and fell with his party; but that was not his fault, and he was a stronger candidate than his colleague Martin Van Buren. Had he possessed a little more sense, or kept himself at home instead of speaking all over the country, the brave kind-hearted Colonel would have been nominated for President and elected; for he was popular till death, and we do not know that his family relations ever cost him a vote."

A Western correspondent of the St. Louis Republican gives a statement purporting to show the vote cast for Whitfield for delegate to Congress at the recent farcical election held by the Missourians. It foots up a total of 4276, no less than 1159 of these purporting to be cast in Leavenworth, which never contained more than 1200 inhabitants, men, women and children, of whom two thirds are opposed to Whitfield and all his crew. At the same time, 2592 votes were cast for a Convention to frame a State Constitution, and 454 against.

JUDGE M'LEAN.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the Democratic press, to the effect that Judge M'Lean had declared himself favorable to the election of BUCHANAN. The same declaration is now re-produced in the recent letter of JOHN VAN BUREN to the Boston Committee of invitation. The Newark *Mercury* is authorized to give this assertion an explicit denial, and to say that the Judge voted an open ticket, for FREMONT and DAYTON.

The South appears to be already desirous of escaping from the odium of having threatened not to submit to a legal election of President. In the Senate,on Tuesday,when Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, justly denounced such a dangerous policy, Mr. Rusk, of Texas, corrected him, and desired to throw the responsibility of the threat entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. Fillmore.

GEN. WALKER IN TROUBLE.—The news from Nicaragua seems ominous of evil for the cause of "manifest destiny"in Central America. Walker has retreated to Rivas, which is only a few miles from the Pacific, and, therefore, a nice place for a last stand, and a good starting place for a final run.

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