

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

O. N. WORDEN, J. R. CORNELIUS & E. SMITH.

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AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY AND NEWS JOURNAL.

A late number of the *National Era* has a poem by Miss Whittier, evincing a family likeness to her celebrated brother "J.G.W." the Quaker poet. Millions of hearts will respond to the prayer of the fair Quakers in the following lines:

Dr. Kane in Cuba.
A noble life is in his care.
A sacred trust to thee is given;
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of heaven.
The marvel of his daring life—
The self-forgetting leader bold—
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meager mold.
Eyes that shall never meet his own,
Look dim with tears across the sea,
Where, from the dark and try zone,
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.
Fold him in rest, oh, pitying clime!
Give back his wasted strength again;
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,
His water-worn heart and brain.
Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,
From out the fragrant, flowery tree—
The ear that hears thee now, has heard
The ice-break of the winter sea.
Through his long watch of awful night,
He saw the Bear in Northern skies,
Now, to the Southern Cross of light,
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.
Prayers, from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save.
ALBANY, N.Y., 1857.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
I. F.
Brother! thou hast passed before us
To the bright and changeless land;
Still the veil of Time hangs over us,
On the banks of the long-remembered strand.
Early hadst thou closed thy mission,
Early hadst thou done thy duty,
Heaven's to thee no longer vision,
Thou art to thy Father's house.
The work that thou hadst done was given
Was accomplished when thou died,
Lift'st thou our souls to the bright land,
Through our Lord the Crucified.
Husband—father—son—friend—brother!
And as each, he called and true;
Alive, before thee was more other;
Love, this tribute to thy name.
Beneath hearts bleed as they ponder
O'er the past, the present, the lost;
And our thoughts unconscious wander
Where we've laid the precious dust.
Lead the stern, and cold and dreary,
As we love him to his rest;
Lead the eye, low dark, and weary?
Lead, this tribute to thy name.
Yet, the instant this note is printed,
His release from every way,
His saint and angel brightly shining,
He would wipe the tears from every eye.
Perform we our proper labor,
And while it is called to-day,
Love our work, and love our neighbor,
Watch and wait, and work and pray—
Now, we're living, and thou art dying,
Couldst thou with him still share;
And on his promise relying,
Lead us to his deathless care.
ALBANY.

ROBERT LYON'S CAPTIVITY.

["MAGAZINE"-"Ozimekton" has a sketch of the life of Robert Lyon, one of the heroes of the Indian Wars of the Revolution. A son of that Robert Lyon, bearing the same name, is residing in Lewisburg, in good health and sound memory, at the age of seventy years. He has heard so often from his father's lips his narrative, that he is sure of the correctness of the following sketch, which he has furnished for the *Chronicle*. (A son and a grandson of Robert Lyon the elder, each bearing the same name, are on record at Washington among the defenders of the country.) The account here furnished is verified by James Rahn, Sr., of Pottsgrove, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lyon.—The perusal of Mr. Magazines' work will call attention to errors and elucidate facts tending to perfect our history.]

Capture of Robert Lyon.

My father, Robert Lyon, was one of the most ancient of settlers at Shamokin, or Fort Augusta (now Sunbury). There he followed the Indian trade up the West Branch as far as the Big Island, learning the Indian language, and making Middletown and Carlisle the head quarters of the trade. He married in Dauphin county, removed to Maryland and lived there some years, when he returned and settled in Northumberland. Soon after, the War broke out, when he obtained a commission as first lieutenant, enlisted many and took up many deserters.

Lieut. Lyon was up the North Branch with supplies for men at York, and on his return lodged at the mouth of Brier Creek (Columbia county) with a company of Rangers commanded by Capt. Schotts. It was in the month of March. The company remained until the break of day, when the Captain saw the ravelle and started down the river to Jenkins Fort. After he had gone, taking about one half of the men, the Indians attacked the small number left by firing three shots in at the door, two of which struck Robert Campbell, a young, unmarried man, who was sitting on a bench eating his breakfast with Lyon. Nineteen Indians and one white man then rushed in to the house; Tom Shenap, the Captain of the Indians, pitched at Lyon with a pistol in his hand, when Lyon knocked him down, and having nothing to fight with but his knife he endeavored to stab him, but missing his throat the knife entered the Indian's mouth and cut his cheek out to the ear. By this time Lyon had received three tomahawk strokes—one in the shoulder, one a glancer on the head (chipping out a piece of the skull, leaving a cavity, in which a finger could be laid, to the day of his death), and the third on the back part of his head. He said the last blow made things look as though the house was on fire! but he fought on until he got out of the house, when two Indians presented guns and told him to give up; Lyon looked at his bloody knife, and as it was his only means of defence, he chose to yield the hopeless combat. During this contest, some of the Americans escaped, but others were taken prisoners with Lyon and Campbell. They all marched off about a mile, when it was found poor Campbell's wounds disabled him from traveling; the Indians made him sit down on a log, then struck a tomahawk in his head, drew him on his face, took off his scalp, and slapped it in Lyon's face. They then examined Lyon's wounds, and decided he was not fit to travel; they ordered him to sit down, which he refused, and said he would die on his feet; when an Indian named Leven Hopkins, who had known Lyon when an Indian trader, interfered, saying, if they killed Lyon, they should kill him (Hopkins) too—and thus saved his life.

While in captivity at Niagara, his name drew the notice of an officer in the British service, who upon inquiry found out the prisoner was his own brother, from whom he had not heard for very many years. This brother supplied him with money and clothing, and offered to procure his release on parole; but Robert Lyon preferred to be exchanged.—A true patriot, he lived till eighty years of age; and may God reward with his richest blessings more than earth can do!
Lewisburg, Jan. 1857. R.L.

The "ground hog sign" has certainly failed, this year, for a time at least.

THE U. S. SENATORS chosen this year are as follows:

Maine. Hannibal Hamlin for the long term, and Amos Nourse for the short term. Both Republicans. No change.
Massachusetts. Charles Sumner, Rep., re-elected, only 12 "scattering" votes against him.
Rhode Island. James F. Simmons, Rep., in place of Charles T. James, Dem.
New York. Preston King, R.-p., by an overwhelming maj. in place of Hamilton Fish, old-line Whig.
Michigan. Zachariah Chandler, Rep., in place of Gen. Cass. Chandler had 88 votes, and Cass 12. Alas! for "squatter sovereignty."
Pennsylvania. Simon Cameron, Rep., in place of Richard Brodhead, Dem.
Delaware. Mr. Bayard for the long term, Mr. Bates for the short term, to fill the vacancy of Mr. Clayton, Am. Both, Dem.
Florida. Mallory, Dem., re-elected.
Missouri. J. S. Green, Dem., for the short term in place of Atchison, Dem., and Gov. Truett Polk, Dem., in place of Mr. Geyer, old line Whig.
Illinois. Mr. Harlan, Rep., re-elected by 30 maj.
Wisconsin. James R. Doolittle, Rep., in place of Gen. Dodge, Dem.
Indiana. Two to choose, the Dem last year being in a minority and refused to go into an election. This year the Rep pursued the same course. Less than a quorum of each House met and choose Messrs. Bright and Fitch, Dem. By the decision of the U. S. Senate in the case of Mr. Harlan of Iowa, that body can not admit these gentlemen, as not simply one but both branches lacked a quorum.
California has two to elect.

It is worthy of note that not a single Senator of a Free State who took part in passing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854, has been re-elected. The North has lost no opportunity to visit, upon those architects of discord, condign punishment. It is a lesson which will live in history. It should serve as an everlasting warning that public treachery is sure, in the end, to meet retribution.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
An Enigma.
I am composed of 128 letters.
My 107 7 11 30 10 23 are a wicked king
115 6 20 50, a builder of Syria
75 73 72 65 53 58, a prophet of the Lord.
102 18 36 39 44 94 57 122, a king of Syria.
109 55 45 105 87 56, a prophet of the Lord.
2 5 8 91 100 73, a wicked king.
126 127 59 25 59 1 22, a champion
45 85 53 75, a mediator.
62 63 8 69, a prophetess.
3067 14 109 65 61 65 69 22 90 49, a gov. of Judah.
30 124 94 34 101 127 26, a king of Egypt.
2 110 121 129 128, a king of Judah.
28 27 41, a son of Adam.
12 59 104 32 101 128, a mighty monarch.
109 109 102 2 25 45 1 30 51 21 26, a nation in Israel.
75 27 119 68 44 109 32 27, an apostle.
128 28 112 21 21 88 112 107, was a Jewess.
84 49 81 116 65 49, was a Roman governor.
24 48 122 78 118 4, was an apostle.
85 37 113 74 2 29 118 92 108 102, a king in Prussia.
65 20 41 21 20 100, an apostle.
90 103 124 91 85 82, a king in Israel.
128 71 2 20 14 105 60 108, an emperor of Rome.
123 25 26 104 107 95, an apostle.
102 107 86 82 26 15 13 104 49 25, a disciple.
7 102 100 99 92 74, a Shunammite damsel.
124 62 24 26 100 41 2, was an apostle.
2 83 25 28 24, a book in the Bible.
27 82 75 109 90 91 21, a nation in Israel.
104 60 81 24 49 76, a book in the New Testament.
69 44 78 127 11, was a prophet in Israel.
My whole is a passage in the Old Testament.
An answer is requested. M.A.A., Kelly.
[Hereafter, Enigmas must be short, or we can not insert them.—Ed. CHRON.]

"A quill from an American Eagle fell at the foot of Senator Brown, of Mississippi, while making a speech during the late canvass. The Senator sent the quill to Mr. Buchanan, with a request that he would make from it a pen with which to write his inaugural," &c.
A very good story, but marred by the fact that the quill was picked up in the cage of a cooped-up bird, and not dropped by a free one on the wing. And Senator Seward spoiled the "glory" of its prospective use, by remarking in his dry way when told of it—"A pen from a caged eagle—a slave eagle—humph!"—We'll see if the Message has a free eagle or a slave eagle look!

Any amount of fun may be gathered from typographical errors in newspapers. The Perry County Democrat stated that "all possible levity was exercised" in the examination of teachers. Col. Tate said "Christmas was observed by a general dispensation of business." A correspondent of the Mauch Chunk Gazette alludes to "the mild and temporal climate." And the Williamsport Press says "Rev. Miles administered the rights of the Baptist Church on four ladies in the river."

Here is a gem. "It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, book-worms and hypocrites."

Senators Seward (of N. Y.) and Rusk (of Texas) will make a six months' tour around the world, immediately after the adjournment of Congress. Studious Seward needs rest and recreation—rollicking Rusk desires it. The two men are the antipodes of each other—personally, mentally, and politically—and perhaps for that very reason will prove the best of companions.

Millinburg Correspondence

To the Editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle: MIFFLINBURG, Feb. 5, 1857.
MESSRS. EDITORS: Since the *Star* is "under a cloud" and can not reflect the light and progress of this pleasant village abroad, I presume a few "pencilings" illustrative of the scenes enacted here, and the lights and shades which fit across the public mind, will be welcome to you and your kind readers.

On Monday evening last, we were most pleasingly entertained in the Presbyterian Church, with a lecture delivered by Prof. Stoddard, on the subject of Education. The Prof. in his preliminary remarks, intimated he did not know what points to dwell upon, but that his object was to hit education, and amusingly illustrated his position by an anecdote. An intoxicated father and his son were hunting squirrels. The son fired at one three times with no other effect than to drive him higher on the tree. The old man, chagrined at the ill success of his boy, took the gun, nervously, raised it up, and staggering and shaking, fired! Down came the squirrel, and in triumph the old man declared that was the way to do it. "Yes, but," exclaimed the young hopeful, "and you aimed all over the tree, and could not help hitting him." The Prof. happily hit his mark with an eloquent, brilliant, broadside fire, but we assure our readers, unlike the old hunter, he was perfectly sober. Such men and such lectures can not fail to promote the great cause of education, and we assure the Prof. his effort was gratifying and appreciated by many, notwithstanding all our old fogies and bachelors conspired to vote down the project of building a new school house at a recent town meeting.

Rev. Mr. Black has projected the meeting in the M. E. Church, since its dedication, and a number have been converted. Rev. Mr. Dashiell, of your place last night preached from the text, "What can it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" John Snyder, residing at Orwig's mill, the other day while engaged in splitting rails, met with a serious accident. A wooden wedge driven into a frosted log, flew out with great force, hitting him in the face; it broke in his upper jaw, cut a gash through the side of his nose, and bruised the entire right side of his face, shockingly. Dr. A. J. Crozier was called and with his usual skill dressed the wound, and we learn Mr. Snyder is doing well.

A laudable spirit of progress has been aroused in Millinburg, and augurs well for the improvement of our naturally beautiful place. Two new Churches, a steam flouring mill, a new school house, and a number of fine large dwelling houses, will undoubtedly "go up" during the year in proof of our assertion.

Yours respectfully, R. T.

An Antiquarian Banquet.

[A correspondent of the Boston Journal gives the following account of an interesting and unique entertainment that recently came off in Needham, Mass.]

"On the evening of December 11th, there was an antique supper and given at the Town Hall in Needham, given by persons connected with the church and society in the West Parish. Though the weather was unpropitious, the assembly was large and respectable, composed of the inhabitants of the town and delegations from the neighboring villages. Mr. Jonathan Fuller presided, assisted by Major Wright and others. The tables were bountifully spread in the style of 1776, with turkey, chickens, beef and pork; immense pewter platters covered with 'biled vittles,' baked beans, hulled corn, succatash, hasty pudding, beside other puddings and pastry in great variety, with a plentiful sprinkling of mugs of hard cider.

"The company at the table presented a very amusing appearance. Here was a party dressed in the costume of the maroons of revolutionary memory, of the court and the camp, of the parlor and the kitchen, and opposite them another company of young men, with the powdered wigs, top-boots, breeches, and skirted vests, which were worn a hundred years ago by their fathers, personating every variety of profession and calling of the 'olden time.' On an elevated platform sat ladies attired in the style of the nobility and of the court, with powdered hair combed back from the forehead, and gathered in a knot behind, surmounted by an immense comb, with the profusely powdered gentlemen who were bowing before them. On the next seat sat the grandmother with her gored dress, neat handkerchief pinned across her breast, and her double-frilled cap border bound under her chin with a fillet of black velvet. She has just left her cards and spinning-wheel for rest and distaff. In one of the rooms below, the 'Old Folks at Home,' received calls, their friends. Around this the pumpkin was drying and the squashes hung suspended from the wall. After the repast, the company were entertained by incidents, reminiscences, and music of the olden time.

Our devil wonders why it is necessary to have a Chairman for a Standing Committee!

SPEECH OF G. N. WAGONSSELLER.

Mr. Buchanan's Letter, in full!

HARRISBURG, Jan. 28.—In the House, Mr. Wagonseller, one of the Democratic bolters who voted for Gen. Cameron, made a formal defence of that vote. He had been urged to vindicate himself, in consequence of the numerous bitter attacks made upon him by the newspapers, and by his Democratic colleagues in the House. He said he had come to Harrisburg to carry out in good faith the rules and regulations of the Democratic party, so long as they did not interfere with a conscientious discharge of his duty to the whole people, but when he saw the improper influences which had been brought to bear upon the Democratic members by the President elect, in favor of Col. Forney, for the United States Senate, he made up his mind to cast aside obligations that he would otherwise have considered binding. He read the following letter from Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Mott, from which it will be seen how far he was justified in charging dictation upon the President elect:

WHEATLAND, Jan. 7, 1857.

My Dear Sir—Although I have always refrained from interfering in the choice of Senators by the Legislature, yet the highly confidential relations which a Pennsylvania President ought to sustain toward a Pennsylvania Senator, at the present moment, induces me to say a few words to you as a valued friend on the pending Senatorial election. I learn that doubts have been expressed as to my preference among the candidates, and although my opinion may be entitled to little weight, I do not desire to be placed in an equivocal position on this, or any other subject. When asked, I have always said I preferred Col. Forney, and I should esteem it a friendly act towards myself for any person in or out of the Legislature to support him. At the same time, I desire to express my warm personal and political regard for Messrs. Robins, Foster, Buckalew, and Wright. From the course pursued by Mr. Brodhead for some time past, confidential relations between him and myself have ceased. I have thus presented you my views so that if you should deem it necessary, you may speak my sentiments to such persons as may consider them of any value.

From your friend, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

HENRY S. MOTT, Esq.

Mr. Wagonseller considered this letter as an insult to Senators Bigler and Brodhead, and other prominent Democrats, and contrary to Buchanan's former expressed opinions. It stigmatized the two Senators as unworthy of confidence—that "highly confidential relations" did not exist between them and the President elect. No greater insult could be offered to the friends of Mr. Bigler, one of whom Mr. Wagonseller professed to be. The allusion to Mr. Brodhead was unmistakably plain. Mr. W. then severely reviewed the character and conduct of Forney, and said, by voting for Gen. Cameron, he thought he had assisted in electing a gentleman to the U. S. Senate, who is highly esteemed in all the relations of life. Wagonseller is a determined, resolute man, not to be cowed down, and his exposure of Buchanan's present letter, and his letter of 1845, with his presentation of Forney's letter how to ruin a female's reputation, made the *Lokeys* wince!

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?—The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked,

"Mother! what did the clock say?"
"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, gone—gone—gone—gone!"
"What, mother! what has gone?"
"Another hour, my son."
"What is an hour, mother?"
"A white-winged messenger from our Father in Heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing? what we are saying? what we are thinking and feeling?"

"Where is it gone, mother?"
"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds, while it was with us."
Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?
Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?

A TRUE VIEW.—The Governor of Florida, in his late Message, is disposed to look at the result of the late election in its true light. He says:
"Mr. Buchanan has carried fourteen out of fifteen Southern States, and many of them by large majorities, and yet he does not go into the Presidential chair backed by the moral force of the country. He is elected by a plurality, and not a majority of the people of the United States."

When Joseph's brothers were leaving him, to return home, he kindly and wisely said to them, "See that ye fall not out by the way." How pleasantly all would live if this advice were generally remembered!

The Cold Winter.

The Territory of Snow Banks, formed by the late storm, it is stated, extends over a tract about 700 miles long, from north-east to south-west, and 200 to 300 in breadth.

It was about "as cold as they can make it" in New Hampshire week before last. At Lisbon, on the 18th, a vial of mercury was thoroughly congealed—the thermometer showing forty-two degrees. Spirit thermometers in the same vicinity ranged from forty-eight to fifty-two degrees. This is considerably below the average temperature at the point where Dr. Kane wintered.

Mr. William Leddon, of Minto, Canada, was frozen to death at his own door. He attended the election at Harrisburg on that day, and on returning home found the door locked, his wife having gone to a neighbor's house, and it is supposed he sat down to await her return. Mrs. L. however, not expecting him to return that evening, remained at her son's house over night, and on proceeding home in the morning, found her husband lying at the door a corpse.

Thomas Murphy, an Irishman, living in Chicago, Ct., so exposed himself on Friday night of last week, that he died on Monday evening. He was an intemperate man, and on that night got out of bed, jumped through the window, crossed the Connecticut river barefoot and bareheaded, and was absent but two hours.

NORFOLK EXAMPLE.—A letter from Monroe, in Georgia, contains the annexed account of a systematic but bloodless war, and a brilliant victory over the arch-enemy of our country: "Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven dawned on Monroe without a liquor shop. Our citizens raised over \$1000 and bought them all out, closed the doors, passed an ordinance to tax a retail grocery \$1000, and are taking bonds of all the property holders not to sell, lease, or rent any house or land for the purpose. Yesterday (Jan. 5) was a quiet day—not a drop of liquor to be had by the thirsty fellows who usually get well soaked at every election. Some of them swore they would never trade another cent in Monroe, and some said they would never come here again; but they will be apt to get over it when they see that the town is free from groggeries."

A PROUD POSITION.—The London *Times* has an article on the probable policy of the President elect, with this flattering interrogatory:
"Who would not be the President of the United States—the choice of a nation of freemen, the object of most infinite care, solicitude, and contention to 27,000,000 of the most intelligent of the human race—the object at which every man's finger points, the topic on which every man's tongue descants—raised above his fellow men by no accident of birth, by no mere superiority of wealth, but by the presumed fitness of his personal qualities for one of the most elevated situations that a man may be called upon to fill?"

KANSAS INDIAN CHIEF DEAD.—The Independence *Dispatch* announces that Keashinga, head chief of the Kaw or Kansas Indians, died at the Kaw camp, one mile from that city, lately, and was buried the following day with the usual ceremonies of the tribe. A male member of the tribe came to one of the Independence undertakers and procured a coffin, returned to camp, and sent a squaw to carry it out. Keashinga's horse, according to the custom of the tribe, was killed upon the grave, in order that he might not find himself on foot in the untired world.

PRESTON BROOKS' HABITS.—It has been remarked by those who were acquainted with Mr. Brooks, that intoxication had become a confirmed vice with him since the Summer affair. He had seemingly attempted to drown conscience in the wine cup, and latterly has been so constantly under the influence of strong drinks as to induce the apprehension that his life would be prematurely cut short.—*Boston Traveller*.

The Richmond *Inquirer* does not seem at all satisfied with the appearance of the political horizon. It believes Mr. Buchanan will redeem his promises and pledges to the South, but is greatly exercised on account of the buoyant, jubilant spirit of "Black Republicanism," and because this fanatical, wicked organization exists with a stronger vitality than ever, and are already projecting a plan of campaign for 1860.

TIGHT BOOTS.—A correspondent of the Boston *Post*, treating of the absurdity, cruelty, and weakness of wearing tight boots and shoes, says he is prepared to prove, and boldly asserts, "that tight boots either actually bring on or greatly aggravate the following complaints: Disease of the heart, lung, and consumption, apoplexy, brain fever, rush of blood to the head, rheumatism, neuralgia, tic doloureux, chilblains, corns and deformed feet."

The Pittsburgh *Gazette*, remarking upon the Annual Report of the Auditor General, says that "the Public Works of Pennsylvania, including the debt theron, have cost the tax payers within the last year the sum of \$6,500,000 and have produced \$2,206,000 to pay for it, leaving on the debtor side of the account \$4,294,000."

A woman was lately found in the streets of Philadelphia in a state of mania potu, who was at one time the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of New York.

The less brains a person has the higher he estimates his abilities. Mr. Smallpotto thinks that it is impossible for anything to be accomplished unless he takes a part in it.

NOT ALL PAUPERS.—Last year there arrived at Castle Garden, New York 141,629 emigrants, who brought with them cash means to the amount of \$6,642,104.

A horse, forty-three years eight months and seventeen days old, which had become so weak as to be unable to stand up, was killed in Barre, Mass., a few days since.

Pittsburg Union and Sunbury Americans are to be added to the list of Democratic papers which don't "take on" about Cameron's election.

A thousand acres of land have been given at Carbondale, Ill., for the site of the first College in that part of Illinois known as "Egypt."

A Mrs. Frederick dropped dead while dancing at a party at National Hall, New York, a few evenings since, from heart disease.

HAVANA, Jan. 14.—Dr. Kane's health is improving. His parents have arrived here to look after him.

All Sorts of Items.

Henry W. Hilliard, formerly a distinguished Whig Member of Congress from Alabama, has entered the rank of local preachers in the M. E. Church, South. J. T. Johnston died at Lexington, Mo., 18th Dec. He was a brother of Col. Richard M. Johnston, and after having served in Kentucky as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and two Terms in Congress, preaching the Gospel as a Baptist Minister for thirty years without any salary.

Mr. Pelen, who has just been elected by the Missouri Legislature as a Director of the State Bank of Missouri, is an openly avowed advocate of the gradual abolition of slavery in Missouri. He was the nominee of the anti-Benton caucus, and his own declaration of sentiments was read in the Legislature before the vote was taken.

The age of a cultivated mind is often more complacent, is even more luxurious than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves, and its branches shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter.

The Horler Ruffians, having got tolerably sick of the effusive cognomen of which for a time they affected to be proud, held a convention lately at Leecompton, and adopted a new name. They resolved to style themselves the National Democratic party. "A rose by any other name," &c.

The grandfather of Wm. H. Prescott, the historian, commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, while the grandfather of his wife commanded a British ship of war, which bombarded the American works in the same action. The historian has the swords of each, at his residence in Boston.

Horse flesh, as food for human beings, is becoming very popular in Paris, so that Fremont's "mule soup" was not greatly in advance of the age. American gentlemen are also cultivating mud-holes for the purpose of raising bullfrogs, also highly prized by the French.

Since the slave insurrections, the city government of Memphis, Tenn., have passed an order forbidding negroes to preach in that city, and imposing a fine of \$50 to \$300 for teaching negroes, in Sabbath schools or elsewhere.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, now in session, has passed a resolution denouncing Senator Wilson for subversion to the South! We shall next hear Stephen A. Douglas called a Free Soiler, or Jefferson Davis an opponent of disunion!

EX GOV. SHANNON.—Wilson Shannon has returned to Kansas, and has put up a shingle at Leecompton, announcing that he will practice "law." His shingle used to read "law and order," but this is all that is now left of the poor fellow.

What a horrible catalogue of crimes—rioting, drunkenness, gluttony, vulgarity, licentiousness, maiming, stabbing and killing in various ways—Christmas and New Year's observances are accountable for! and every year seems to be worse.

The following atrocity was committed by an old bachelor, who is an editor in Wisconsin: "Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold!"

The St. Louis Democrat says the proceedings of the pro-slavery ruffians last summer caused a loss of more than half a million to the owners of steamboats on the Missouri river.

Lewis Baker, the murderer of Bill Poole, is at his old haunts in New York City. So the world wags. Five years hence, the very fact of the murder will be almost, if not quite, lost to memory.

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